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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

25 CENTS

VOL. 40

AUGUST, 1976

NUMBER 8



—Photo by Dennis Van Horn

NOV 76
64505



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$2.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$3.00 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Dear Good Friends:

In my letter to you last month I said that because of endless complications I just didn't know what to expect as far as making plans for my next chance to see Juliana and her family were concerned.

Well, today a chunk of my mind is right here at my old, familiar type-writer in my old, familiar room; and another big chunk is high in the sky with Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine. They had a real skirmish getting reservations of some kind, and they ended by departing from the Albuquerque airport at 2:00 A.M., a dreadful time to arrive or depart from *any* point. There will be a long layover at O'Hare Airport in Chicago, another drawn-out wait at Boston for the plane that takes them to Hyannis, and then someone from Woods Hole must drive 18 or 20 miles to Hyannis to pick them up.

This schedule, the only one they could work out, will take the best part of the day; and the return trip covering the same points will take another day, so there go two of Jed's eight days of vacation.

I told Jed once that I wished from the bottom of my heart that the Lowey family hadn't put roots down on Cape Cod so many generations ago. I've never seen it, so it seems far, far away to me — and it really is.

I've had many people ask me how come a resident of Cape Cod would go to New Mexico for his college education, and the explanation is exactly what I wrote about Lisa Nenneman under her little verse that appears on another page in this issue. Jed had an equally severe case of asthma, and many a night his father drove at break-neck speed to get him to the nearest hospital for emergency treatment.

When the day came to make plans for college all of the goodly collection of doctors who had taken care of him

through the years agreed unanimously that he should go to a high and dry climate. After all, Woods Hole is right on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, an extremely poor place for anyone afflicted with respiratory troubles.

The move to Albuquerque proved to be exactly the right place and his health improved almost immediately. For years now he has been freed from those dreadful attacks of asthma, and the only thing that gets him is cats, dogs or horses — anything with hair. Katharine didn't inherit any of these difficulties, but James made up for it. He was born in Albuquerque and has lived his eight years there, but any contact with furry animals leads to trouble. This is why they don't have any pets.

Whenever I've been to their home I've looked around at the tightly fenced area where the previous owners kept their show horses and wished that the children could have a pony comparable to the one that Juliana and Kristin enjoyed on the Johnsons' farm so many years ago, but this is wholly and totally out of the question. There will never be a pony for the Lowey children.

As I said in my last letter, this is a summer of comings and goings. Some of the expected guests have come and gone, but there are more ahead. One of my oldest and closest friends will be coming soon to spend some time, and if things work out all right I'll have Juliana, Katharine and James here in early August, Kristin and her three children plan to spend two or three days in Shenandoah, and, as I write these words, Betty has her mother and two of her daughters with us for a summer vacation. I just wish that I could get up and whack away at some of the meals that have been prepared or *will* be prepared, but since my disastrous trip to Albuquerque I haven't regained enough strength to do anything.

I was told by the doctors who took care of me out there that it would take

me a long, long time to get back to normal, and my local doctors have said the same thing; but the truth of the matter is that I didn't believe them for one second! I've had a lifetime habit of being up and at it, and I couldn't imagine not being able to continue this.

Well . . . I guess they knew what they were talking about! I haven't yet been able to ride as far as Dorothy's and Frank's farm — in fact, I haven't even been able to ride up to Essex and that's only about six miles beyond our city limits. I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd be downright excited at the prospect of driving up to Essex, but that day is right here!

Recently I have reread *Hard Times* by Studs Terkel and it held my interest even more than when I first read it back in 1970 when it was first published with a hard-back cover. In revising this book for a paper-back cover he included something that interested me very much, and this is the fact that people who didn't live through the 30's and early 40's simply have no idea what this country went through during the Great Depression. Those who *did* live through it don't want to talk about it because they feel that their failure to make a living was a personal weakness.

I understood exactly what he was talking about because I lived through the Great Depression and it's a subject that no one seems willing to discuss — the terrible feeling of personal failure.

I once met a man several years older than I who was retired from a top executive job in a large corporation. His work took him all over the country and through the course of the years he had met untold men of high corporate status who had lunch or dinner with him.

Somehow in the course of a long evening's conversation we got off on the Great Depression and he told me some of his experiences.

The big corporation for which he worked went under and with it went his job. He tried desperately and frantically to get another job because he had a wife and two small children to look after. There was absolutely nothing to be found — nothing. When there wasn't a cent left for food they sent the two little children to a cousin who still had a good income and could take care of them.

They lived in an apartment where the entire block was made up of identical apartments: basement, and then two floors. One by one the lights went off in their block because people had gone to take refuge with relatives. Finally they were the only two people left in that whole area once so packed and busy.

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MARGERY AND OLIVER EXPECTING MORE VISITORS

Dear Friends:

The first layer of a gelatin salad has just gone into the refrigerator to chill, so until time to add the second layer I'll write my letter to you friends.

Last month at this time we were waiting for Mary Leanna, Vinnie and little Isabel. They called during their overnight visit in Denver with Wayne and Abigail, so we knew they had reached that point in their trek east and could estimate the approximate time of their arrival in Shenandoah.

When the big van pulled into the driveway, the door opened, and the moment Isabel was planted firmly on the drive she came running to me with outstretched arms. What a lovable little girl she is — such a happy child, always in good humor and wearing a smile!

After a quick visit with Mother down the street, they returned for dinner, put Isabel to bed, and unloaded the car. I expected a least a few tears when Isabel was left in a strange crib in a strange house, but we didn't hear a peep out of her. I think that is remarkable for a little two-year-old.

The few days passed quickly, filled with visits around with members of the family, and then they were on their way again. After a short time with their parents in Massachusetts and Connecticut, they settled down for a month's stay at a family cottage in Rhode Island. We'll be looking forward to their visit with us again on the return trip to Arizona.

On the last day of June, Oliver and I celebrated our wedding anniversary with a lovely dinner with friends. On Friday of that week we entertained at a family dinner. I expected to have it in our home but Oliver insisted it was an occasion to get me away from the kitchen, so we ate out, returning to the house for dessert and coffee.

This seemed a good prelude to our July 4th Bicentennial celebration. It was doubly observed with the centennial celebration of the country church Oliver attended before our marriage. It was a homecoming for former members, so we went there for services and a basket dinner on the church lawn. I believe over 300 were there, but I haven't heard the actual count.

I'm trying to remember if I've ever told you about the very special flags which flew in Shenandoah for the first time on Memorial Day, and again on July 4th. I don't believe I have. Churches, clubs and members of other organizations made them. They are



This picture was taken earlier in the summer when Frederick and Betty (left) were visiting with Margery on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program. Maybe your letter is in one of those stacks of papers and was referred to that day!

copies of all of our country's flags from the past. They are to be flown on special occasions in the tiny park down town at a large intersection near the city hall and several churches.

Also, in this park, a time capsule was buried to be opened on July 4th, 2076. As we read the list of items placed in the capsule, we thought they gave a pretty good picture of life in 1976. How everything will have changed by the time 100 more years have rolled around! Don't you wish you could be around when these are opened, to see the puzzled expressions on the faces of persons gathered on that day? I expect many of you witnessed the burying of time capsules this year, and no doubt you had the same feelings I did.

One thing kept coming back to me these days when my thoughts were centered around our country's 200 years, and that was that *Kitchen-Klatter* has been going on for *one-fourth* of that time! If this is your first issue, I should explain that the first issues went out in 1926 under the name "Mother's Hour Letter", but soon changed to

COVER PICTURE

What looks like a hopeless collection of junk will be a handsome Indian bowl when Juliana Verness Lowey gets through with it. These pieces were found on one of their many field trips to dig out and then restore the various things Indians of the Southwest used in their daily lives. This work is being done in the archaeological department at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque.

Kitchen-Klatter, the name given to the radio program.

This weekend our next house guest, Eltora Alexander, arrives from her home in Tuscon, Arizona. That is why I'm busy making a salad and doing a bit of other advance preparation. Eltora makes this trip back to Iowa every other year, and we always look forward to her visit with us. The Alexander family lived next door to our family for over 43 years, so Eltora has many friends in the community and I'm already receiving lots of phone calls. I told her on the phone the other day that her "social secretary" has already made dates for her!

We're also looking forward to our niece Kristin's visit. She and her three boys have arrived in Lucas, so Dorothy, Kristin, Andy, Aaron and Julian are making plans for coming to Shenandoah for a few days. (Poor Kristin just missed her class reunion, but that couldn't be helped.) The crib is waiting for Julian in the room where we'll have Kristin sleep. Dorothy and the boys will stay down the street at Mother's for Eltora will be using our other spare bedroom. Our houses are close enough that the children can run back and forth as they please.

When we talked to Martin on his birthday, he expressed regret that he and Eugenie won't be able to drive down from Minnesota while his cousin and her boys are here, for it has been a long time since he's seen Kristin, and he would dearly love to see the children. Hopefully, they can take a nice vacation next year and make a western sweep, including stops in Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas to see some of the cousins. But this year they plan to vacation late in the summer, and the last we heard would probably be camping along Lake Superior where Eugenie's parents are building a new home.

Eugenie has had much more camping experience than Martin as her family enjoyed camping in remote areas in northern Minnesota when she was growing up. Several vacations combined canoe trips, portaging between water, which meant back packs. Very likely they'll settle down near the new housing project on this outing so as to offer their help. We'll hear more about it as the time draws nearer.

If you haven't written to us lately, perhaps you can snatch a few moments and start a letter today. We'd love to hear what you and your families have been doing this summer.

Sincerely,
Margery



Ours to Preserve, Protect

FOR AN OUTDOOR SERVICE by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Arrange a display of large, polished apples in a basket with a handle on it, to which is clipped a beautiful ceramic bird. This might be set on a tree stump at the site where the services are held. The trees, shrubs, and grass will provide a natural backdrop for the setting.

Prelude: Recording or instrumental (such as flute, trumpet, etc.) of "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Call to Worship: O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is Thy name in all the earth! . . . When I look at the heavens, the work of Thy fingers on the moon and the stars which Thou hast established; What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou dost care for him?

Yet Thou hast made him a little less than God, and Thou dost crown him with glory and honor. Thou hast given him dominion over the works of Thy hands.

O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is Thy name in all the earth!

—From Psalms 8

Hymn: "O How Glorious, Full of Wonder", or a similar hymn.

Shouting Litany: (The leader reads a line, with great expression and gestures where meaningful, asking that everyone join in repeating the same, using the same expression and gestures. The leader can see that it works up to a grand climax of praise.)

God created the world.
He made a mighty one.
He made the moon.
He made the sun.
Made the heavens above;
Made the earth below,
Musta had a lot o' fun!
He made high mountains
And all kinds of trees,
Made itty bitty streams
And great big seas,
Made animals by the dozens
And birds and bugs and bees.
He looked all around,
Thought it looked pretty good;
Thought some more
And decided he should
Make some people.
These people would

Care for the earth
And keep it good.
He made lots of people,
Different colors, too.

God made me,
God made you,
And God made us;
Each one to be a brother,
To love, to care for,
To help one another.
And God gave everyone
Work to do,

To care for His world
And all things in it,
To keep it as good
As He had made it.
We must never forget,
Not for a minute,
That this IS God's world,
EVERYTHING in it!
And God dearly loves
All He's created;

The stars and the heavens,
The fowls of the air,
All things growing,
Beauty everywhere!
All living creatures,
Animals and man,

Lovingly, tenderly,
God holds us all
Safe in His hand.
Shout alleluia!
Shout it again!
ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
God loves us all.
AMEN. AMEN.

—M.N.B.

Leader: There is no land anywhere in the world that has more breathtaking beauty than our United States of America. Will it continue to be so? It is a treasured part of our heritage. Will we pass it along to our descendants? What are you doing, what am I doing, to preserve and protect "America the beautiful"?

In this, our Bicentennial Year, it is right and good that we should think on these things. Just think — over a million acres of land in the United States is taken each year for highways! Ponder that a moment. How long can we continue to do this? We are the only nation in the world that has had enough land to do this — BUT FOR HOW LONG?

How many birds and animals, native to America, have already become extinct?

How many natural beauty spots have you, yourself, seen fall by the wayside of progress (?) during your lifetime?

Our forefathers fought, worked, and died that this land might be ours. What are we doing to preserve and protect it?

Perhaps you are asking yourself, "But what could I, one person, do?" I have asked (name or names) to tell us what some Americans of the past have done to preserve and protect our heritage. From them may we receive the inspiration to save and care for the great beauty and bounties with which God has so richly blessed us.

Johnny Appleseed: Children have long loved the story of Johnny Appleseed, but have you really thought very much about this great American frontiersman? His real name was John Chapman, but after he embarked on his mission in life, few people would ever call him anything but "Johnny Appleseed". He was born in Massachusetts in 1774, but spent his youth in western Pennsylvania. One writer wrote of him, "Johnny Appleseed was all heart!" From childhood his heart overflowed with love for all of the wonders of nature. Somehow he found special wonder in an apple tree; perhaps because he grew up in a section of the country where there were orchards. So it was that during his youth he collected appleseeds from the waste of cider presses in the area, and planted them, or gave them to pioneer families who came through on the wagon trails headed on west, urging them to plant the seeds when they located in their new home. "Plant them," he would say, and shake his head if they tried to pay him for the seeds. If they insisted, he would later give the money to some needy person. What matter that he wore old clothes and owned no homestead? Was he not rich in that he was free to enjoy the beauties and riches of nature which God had so richly bestowed upon this land?

Johnny spent many hours sitting under a spreading apple tree, musing on the natural beauties around him and thinking of the vast western lands where so many pioneers were going.

Finally, in 1806, at the age of 32, he filled a canoe with appleseeds and paddled down the Ohio River as far as Marietta, Ohio. For the next forty years he traveled, mostly on foot, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, passing out appleseeds, tending apple trees, and teaching the frontier families how to plant and care for the orchards which he encouraged them to plant. He became a beloved figure

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WEATHER-WISE

by
Mary Victor

Listening to a summary of weather reports from around this vast island continent of ours, one may hear a wide variety of forecasts and warnings. Perhaps news of a cyclone moving towards the coast of Western Australia, or of further floods in Queensland; there may be frost-warnings to wine-growers, or to graziers with off-shears sheep. Fishermen waiting to take out trawler or ketch may be told of high seas and gale-force winds, or perhaps there is good news for an anxious little bride-to-be who has arranged a garden wedding.

So much skill and care go into this community service, that one may suppose that the atmosphere at a meteorologists' conference would be one of mild despair, for, in spite of their efforts, most people continue to use their own methods of forecasting the weather. We hear of such barometers of change as Granny's infallible corns, swarming ants, broken rainbows, the eerie melancholy of a train whistle in the distance, and many other signs. It has been truly said that music is the universal language and a smile the universal greeting; and surely, the weather must be the universal topic of casual communication, for it is the one thing in life that we all share at the same time.

One says, "Good morning. Lovely day, isn't it? Just what the doctor ordered!", and if the other person agrees, that may well be the end of the matter. However, should he grumpily observe that a good soaking rain would have been a more sensible choice, the conversation could last indefinitely.

Countless songs and poems have been inspired by various aspects of the weather, and some other cultures believe that ceremonial songs and dances will bring rain, and follow the rituals with a fervor that should put to shame our cynical assumption that one can achieve as much by cleaning the car or washing the windows. I wonder how many times down through the ages that the great victories of war, or the massive defeats, have been due to weather conditions. How different history might be if accurate, long-range forecasting methods had been available!

The weather is responsible for our moods to a great extent, and we call on it for conversational comparisons; something may be "as dreary as a month of rainy days" or, "as welcome as a ray of sunshine", and we speak of a subject misunderstood as being

HOME IS IN THE HEART

A home is where the heart may find
A place of peace and rest,
A gathering of one's treasured things
And ones you love the best.

A home is not "a place to eat",
Or where one lays one's head,
But where the heart finds recompense
From earth's sorrows, instead.

—Betty Y. Baker

BECAUSE OF THESE

These things make life worthwhile to me:

A sunset sky, a maple tree,
A mountain standing grim and gray
Against a skyline far away;
A baby's laugh, a summer's breeze,
A roadway winding 'neath the trees;
A friend to trust, a book to read,
And work which meets some human need.

And through it all a sense of God
Lifting my soul above the sod;
The hope and peace which He can give —

These make it worth my while to live.

—Author unknown

"a cloudy issue". I can remember, at school, trying to identify cloud formations for the teacher, and the musical cadence of their names — nimbus, cirrus, cumulus, and stratus — and though I may have difficulty in recognising them now, it can have done me no harm to gaze heavenward every morning!

Humidity is always cast as the villain of the weather pattern, the blame-worthy cause of many a headache, of short tempers and long silences. Many dramatists have built up a tense scene by having the action accompanied by bolts of lightning, crashing thunder, lashing winds, or a blinding fog; in reality, the weather cares nothing for the affairs of man; the sun shines as brightly on grief as on joy; but I find an especial poignancy in a tragedy that happens on a serenely beautiful day.

Today, the meteorologist has consulted an impressive array of equipment — meters and dials and sent aloft his balloons and kites (is every weatherman still a boy at heart?) — and says that the weather for the coming week-end will be fine and warm. Well, I believe him . . . and yet, my cat, Joseph, who has a coat of many colours, is washing over his ears, and that's a sign of rain, you know.



Lisa was only a few weeks old on an early November day in 1963 when Margery took this picture.

WHEN I WALK HOME IN THE RAIN

When I walk home in the rain,
the water running down the street
becomes a raging river.

The puddles on the lawn
become great lakes in open fields.

The small pebbles
become great boulders in the way of
passing ships.

The scarlet, yellow and brown leaves
become ships on my lakes.

When I walk home in the rain,

I disappear into a world of
waterways that every child should
know.

—Lisa Nenneman

LUCILE'S NOTE: We wanted to print this little verse written by Howard's and Mae's granddaughter because it is a classic example of the powers of a vivid imagination.

Lisa has never once walked in the rain, played in the snow or done countless outdoor things that most children take for granted. She developed an extremely serious case of asthma with its attendant allergies when she was only a few months old. From that point on it was a constant succession of trips to the doctors and, on many occasions, sieges in the hospital. There wasn't anything her parents heard about that they didn't try in a desperate attempt to give her a normal childhood.

Now she is at an age where she knows exactly what she can eat or do and she never breaks through any of the "don'ts" that tempt her. Fortunately, she learned to read very well at a very early age, and this stimulated her imagination so that when she saw her school friends walking home in the rain she could, in her mind's eye, see the things that they were seeing.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We are having a gentle shower this afternoon, and this kind of rain after the corn and beans are laid by is always welcome. It is the cloudbursts we hate to see, because they never do anyone any good. So far we have been very lucky weatherwise, although there has been some very turbulent weather during the past month in Iowa. Our hearts go out to all the farm families who have lost not only their homes and buildings, but also their machinery, crops, and livestock. As much as it costs to stay in the farming business these days, it takes a small fortune to start all over again.

We had a flood in April, but it happened before any of the crops had been planted. The fertilizer had already been put on the ground and we don't know how much of that was washed away, but at least the crops haven't been under water yet, so we feel very fortunate. We had one scare when the creek stayed bank-full for two days. We had just had our hay baled a couple of days before, large bales, and Frank really scurried around to get them moved to high ground to be on the safe side.

There is a low place in the meadow in front of our house that catches a lot of water from the hill south of our house, and unless we have a prolonged dry spell, there is always a little water in it. Our mallard ducks spend a great deal of time in this puddle, and although the bayou with all of its water is just a few yards away, we have never seen them go to the bayou to swim. On the other hand, the white ducks have always gone to the bayou. They used to use the puddle, but since they don't get along with the mallards, they prefer to swim alone. Also, the white ducks do a great deal of flying from one place to another, and I have yet to see a mallard take to the air.

Our two mallard hens are setting now; also three white hens. We have no hopes of their raising any babies, because living as close to the timber as we do, it is very hard to raise any kind of fowl. Since ducks are water fowl it would be cruel to keep them shut up in a house in order to keep them safe, so we just trust to luck. Even if they do



It won't be long until the Johnsons' grandchildren arrive with their mother, Kristin Brase, and they'll see how much the boys have grown, particularly year-old Julian, pictured here, for they haven't seen him since he was a month old!

get big enough to go to the bayou, their chances there are pretty slim because of the big turtles.

Many people are concerned about the endangered species of wildlife. It doesn't seem to me that raccoons can come under the heading of "endangered species", since there seem to be more and more of them every year. The other night, about eleven o'clock, our dog barked and barked. Frank got up and went out to see what the trouble was. The dog had something cornered in between the floor joists of one of the cribs. Frank had his flashlight, and when he looked in, way back in one corner where he could hardly see it, was a white hen duck setting on a nest of eggs (he didn't even know she had a nest back there), and right beside her was a big raccoon. I don't know how the duck kept her "cool", but she didn't budge. The dog would go in, get bitten by the coon, yelp, and back out. Frank called me to bring another flashlight and come out there, and we had a conference on how we were going to get the coon out and protect the duck. I stayed outside and kept the dog with me while Frank went into the crib and pounded on the floor right above them. This sent the coon out fast, and the dog took charge from then on. The duck sat there, immobile, as if nothing was going on.

Frank got a board and nailed over the hole. Every morning he takes the board off so she can go for water; then every night he boards it back up again. The next night when the dog barked until he got Frank up, about 2:00 A.M., he had

a big possum "treed" in between the cribs, and the night after that it was another big raccoon. And so it goes.

Kristin's little bantam chickens were able to raise more babies running loose than any other fowl we have ever had. They seemed to be able to hide their young better than you could ever imagine. We did have one guinea hen once who managed to raise several children, but she had a lot of help, because all the other guineas watched over them.

For several years we have had a leak in the dining room and have had a terrible time getting it fixed. Every time we would think we finally had it stopped, a good hard rain would come and we would discover it wasn't stopped at all. We knew we were going to have to paper the house again, but I wasn't about to go to all that expense until we were sure we no longer had the leak.

That day finally came. Our neighbor Howard Goering came over and fixed the plastering for us, I ordered the paper, and the paper hangers got under way. We did the bedrooms first, and before they started on the living and dining rooms, they discovered we were going to be short a couple of rolls of paper, and there was no more in stock. It had to be ordered, so we were held up another week. I certainly didn't want to start until we were sure we were going to get the paper. Consequently, we have been living in a mess for a long time. By the time we get it finished, and hopefully that will be this week, I'm sure we will appreciate our clean house more than ever.

Peggy Dyer has named her new colt Tonto, Frank turns Cricket and Tonto out into the pasture every morning, and Tonto is so glad to get out he really puts on a show. He runs and gallops so fast, you wonder if he will be able to go that fast when he gets older. From a distance he looks just like a young deer. The underneath side of his tail is white, and he is the color of a deer, and when he runs his tail sticks straight up with the white side showing for all the world like a deer.

Speaking of deer, yesterday morning while Frank and I were having our early morning coffee on the front porch, we watched a doe down in the meadow for a long time. She meandered slowly across the meadow, stopping to listen to strange sounds, and when she got to the fence, she went over it so gracefully.

We have been making our phone calls to Kristin in the mornings before she leaves for work. The other morning Andy answered the phone. I asked him

(Continued on page 22)

FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

What a blessed relief it is for anyone to have a vacation from his usual work. Believe me, I know! In between vacations I never take a day off, and seldom do I take a night off from church affairs. When summer comes, I breathe a sigh of relief. For ten weeks our church holds union services with the Old First Church down on the town green. That is our "mother church" since it was founded in 1636. That grand old church, one of the first established churches in America, has been a mother church for so many others. Our church was its seventh child, born in 1842. In its one hundred and thirty-four years, our church has founded two other churches, both of them here in the city, and both of them very successful for many years.

I do not have to preach again until the first Sunday in September, on the last of our union series for this year. On the second Sunday of September we shall be back in our own South Church. For me, it will be the twenty-second time I have preached at the union service in the Old First Church. Little did the fourteen ancestors of mine who were members of Old First Church before 1650 ever dream that one day their distant descendant would be preaching in that church. You can well understand why I get a particular satisfaction when I preach there. It is not everyone in this country who can have the experience of preaching in his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather's church. On my mother's side of the family there are still many distant relatives living around here. How surprised I was to discover that I am distantly related to some of the members of my own church.

Since we stopped going to Nova Scotia for the summer, we now spend more time here at the parsonage in the early part of the summer, and that means I have more opportunity for gardening. It also means that for the first time we now have the comfort of some air conditioning. Our parsonage is very large, and we are air conditioning only six of the rooms, but those six certainly do make a big difference. I wonder what those old New England ancestors of mine would think if they were to come back to life and visit an air-conditioned parsonage?

A few weeks ago I told you about the new church history we had published as a church bicentennial project, and now there is more to tell you. Our *History of South Congregational Church* has won some national recognition. It



Betty Driftmier and our mother, discussing some of the early pictures in the church history book Frederick mentions in his letter on this page.

has been selected as one of the finest church histories to be published in recent years. Naturally, we are quite pleased. I wrote only a minor part of the history, and several other persons must take the credit for doing such a fine job on the book. And speaking of honors, I should mention that our annual Every Member Canvass Brochure published earlier this year has received considerable favorable comment. For the first time we had the cover of the brochure printed in full color. The secret of our being able to have such a superbly printed financial brochure is the fact that it is a gift. The paper and the printing is provided free of charge by some good friends of the church.

The other day we had a visitor here at the parsonage who wished to talk to me about her son's refusal to go to college. Actually, what she wanted to hear me say was a strong argument for making the boy go to college whether he wanted to or not. Of course, I could not say anything to comfort her at that point. Today, no parents can force their children to go to college if they do not want to go! And I am not at all sure that it would be worth anything to force such an issue. The sun does not rise and set on a college diploma! I sometimes think that most of the best people I ever have known have been people who never went to college.

The important thing is for each man or woman to possess a general sense of what, under various disguises, superiority has always signified and still does signify. The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration of the really admirable, the dis-

like of all that is cheap and trashy and impermanent — this is the critical sense, the appreciation of ideal values that is so essential for the good life, the Christian life at its best. Some people have it, and others do not. Those who do not have it can get it in college if they want to. But we must keep in mind that some people can be wise in this way naturally and by genius. They can be intellectual aristocrats without a college education. There are others with a college education who still are unfamiliar with the highest standards of life, vulgarians, unable to scent out human excellence.

We have just about had it where New England weather is concerned. Last week we decided to give a dinner party for seventy guests. On the day before the party, we had four men working in our garden, mowing, weeding, raking, trimming until the back yard was like an out-of-doors parlor. It was beautiful! We had tables and chairs all set up under the trees, and then just thirty minutes before the guests arrived, it started to rain! Imagine! A friend helped me carry all of the tables and chairs into the house. Betty rushed to set the dining room table for eighteen, another table in our library for twelve, and then we put one card table in the reception hall, five in the living room, three in the television room, and three on our big screened-in porch. What a rat race that was! Never have we worked so hard, so fast, and under such difficulty, but the party went off without a hitch. As a matter of fact, several of our guests were under the impression that we had intended to eat

(Continued on page 17)

MARY BETH'S HOUSEHOLD

A BUSY ONE

Dear Friends:

I have been up and about this day for several hours and now it appears that I can safely settle down for a typing visit with you with few, if any, interruptions.

Since I wrote you last many, many big events have occurred at our house. Paul has graduated. He now has the tassel from his mortarboard and the red, white, and blue neck cord from his graduation gown draped over, and hanging down, from his gasoline engine model plane, which hangs from the ceiling of his room. Those two bits of memorabilia are very interesting hanging together. Two eras of his life are past history, and the biggest part remains yet to begin. In September he will begin attending classes at Marquette University in downtown Milwaukee.

Adrienne has finished up her sophomore year of high school by receiving the Academic Award for obtaining second position in her class, and it all came on her sixteenth birthday. Her award was a new book by Jim Bishop entitled *The Birth of the United States*. It covers in interesting detail the four days preceding July 4, 1776.

Adrienne's main birthday present from us was driving lessons from a commercial firm in Waukesha, one of our neighboring towns, where Paul was taught so competently last summer. She was totally surprised to get this course as a present. Most of her friends now have their licenses, but we held off so long with Paul that she did not expect such a move for another year. What I didn't tell her was that I had terribly selfish motives for investing in these lessons. She is so active in athletics, and drama, and general socializing with members of the high school, that I could see myself turning into a chauffeur when Paul was no longer available.

Her classes at the driving school involve 30 hours of classroom work, six hours observing and listening to the instructor when another student is behind the wheel, and six to ten hours actually driving with him. Allow me to suggest to you if you have a child who is geographically beyond the physical limits of a school-sponsored driver-training program, this method of learning to drive is vastly more desirable than waiting until the child is eighteen, and you can teach him yourself. She fills me in on the details of what she is learning after each day's classroom session, and it is startling to me the things I did not know, and I must drive six to ten thousand miles a year.



A trip to the beach on a warm day is a treat for Paul Driftmier. Since he has a summer job, we doubt that there are many such occasions.

Katharine did not learn to drive with these commercial companies, but from the area school's high school course, and she is *not* the excellent driver that Paul now is, and Adrienne will soon be. Each morning when I start out

A GOOD HOUSECREEPER

She has no floors to scrub —
Not a muddy track;
For Mrs. Turtle carries
Her house on her back!

It is built so cozy,
The shape is so quaint;
But what does she do
When it's time to repaint?

She's a good housekeeper,
I have no doubt;
But how does she move
Her furniture about? —Mildred Grenier

THE FLOWER ARRANGER

Wild flowers arranged artistically
By the Master's invisible hands
Makes me deeply and humbly aware
Of the feeble efforts of man.

Each garden is planned so exquisitely,
In mold and shape and line —
One cannot help but show reverence
For their intricate design.

Though floral arranging may well be
achieved
Through study and human skill,
Mortal creations can never compete
With the Master's flawless will.

—Don Beckman

to take her to Waukesha I say a silent prayer of thanks that this is the last time I shall have to endure the white-knuckle period that *must* accompany the fellow who sits next to the inexperienced, learning driver. I could never "hack it" as a driving instructor! Imagine doing that five days a week, four to eight hours a day!

The third big event for the month was Katharine's twenty-first birthday. My mother was here visiting, so we went out for a lovely dinner — which made it a double treat, because it was a lovely treat for me, too. Being twenty-one doesn't have quite the exciting connotations that it did before the legal age for anything and everything was eighteen. But it is still a milestone for her, and I'm mighty glad she was here rather than in Texas to celebrate it.

Two more "biggie" events for us were that both Donald and Adrienne found jobs to their liking. Don was ready to settle for any kind of job, but to find a large, new real estate office in the next town, which was happy to accept him as a summertime employee, was a real break. He has had his realtor's license for five years now, and finally the market for buying houses is again picking up in our area, so he has something to put on a clean shirt for each morning, and away he goes. And Adrienne was hired by yet another little neighboring city to serve as a life guard at the city's lake during the time that the city-sponsored life-saving lessons are being taught. All her summers of Red Cross training are now paying off. She is simply delighted, because it begins the day that driving training classes end. And she'll get a tan as a bonus!

And I am delighting in the hours to myself at home. I do stray out for groceries when they're needed. I am reading for pleasure instead of school books, as I did last summer. I am cleaning out closets and drawers and making real headway on the year's accumulated house-type tasks. And best of all, I'm cooking again on more than a 45-minute maximum preparation time limit! This is going to be a good summer. It will be plagued with that malady of swiftness that seems to beset every day of this stage of my life. Paul complains that the days in the plastics factory are long. I could say to him confidentially that before long all his days will go by too swiftly, but I won't, because he wouldn't believe me — yet!

Until next month,

Mary Beth

PLANTATION PARTY

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Just let your imagination go as you think of the old southern plantations you have heard and read about, and then try to create this plantation atmosphere on your lawn or patio.

Of course you will want to use some colorful party lanterns, if possible, or get the effect with paper streamers and balloons. How about turning some shrubbery into "cotton plants" by sticking puffs of cotton to the ends of shrubbery branches and among the leaves? Large watermelons might be used as part of the decorations. If you can borrow some white old-fashioned wrought iron lawn tables and chairs (or the old drug store style) it will certainly add atmosphere a-plenty.

ENTERTAINMENT

Lawn games were very much a part of southern plantation summertime hospitality, so set up the croquet set and other lawn games which may be played in competition (dividing guests into small groups) or just letting guests choose the one in which to participate. Announce that whenever they hear the bell ring, they must change games at the conclusion of the game they are then playing. Or players may just finish the game and advance to next until they have played all of the games.

How about having a record player, or cassette player, concealed somewhere with Stephen Foster music being played softly as background music for the party?

When guests seem to have tired of the more active games, change to some stunts or quiz games.

Waterlogged Quiz: 1. A bird that is aquaminded. (waterfowl) 2. A place to land. (waterfront) 3. A plant to eat. (water chestnut) 4. Water fairy's favorite place to sun bathe. (water lily) 5. Welcome to a cowboy and his nag. (water hole) 6. Used by the painter. (water color) 7. Used as a preservative. (water glass) 8. H₂O from a great height. (waterfall) 9. Familiar to residents of Africa. (water buffalo) 10. A household fixture. (water closet) 11. Soaked. (waterlogged) 12. Useful in some storms. (water spout) 13. Usually owned by the city. (water works) 14. Supplies most of us with a most useful product. (water tower) 15. Power. (water wheel) 16. A division. (water shed) 17. Deadly. (water moccasin)

On My Plantation: This is a quiet sit-down game. The player designated by the leader starts the game by naming something found on a plantation. The



These young men are known as "The Dixie Stompers". It is a group our nephew Clark Driftmier organized at Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio. They played at a number of parties this past year, and will be getting together when school resumes in the fall. Clark is the third from the right.

next person to the left names something found on a plantation also, but it must start with the last letter in the thing named by the first player, and so on around the circle. If a player cannot think of an object, he must drop out of circle. The object is to see who can remain playing the longest.

Your group might be one which would enjoy the reading "Wortermelon Time" by James Whitcomb Riley.

Follow this by displaying a watermelon and having guests write down their guesses on how many seeds in the watermelon. (The melon might be cut later in evening and served, carefully counting the seeds.) Or, the seeds from a melon might be placed in jar, with each guessing the number.

Planter's Prospects: Leader says, "I have certain things I'm going to plant on my plantation, and I want you to tell me what will come up." (The object listed first is the object planted and the leader will use each in this manner: "If I plant a _____ what will come up?")

1. Favorite morning drink (orange blossoms)
2. History book (dates)
3. Cow (milkweed or cowslip)
4. Infant (baby's breath)
5. Boat (leeks)
6. Bee (honeysuckle)
7. Teacher (apple)
8. Theologian (Jack-in-the-pulpit)
9. Male relay racer (Johnny-jump-up)
10. Menagerie (adder's tongue, snake-root, larkspur, foxglove, pussy willow, dandelion, ragged robin, snapdragon, etc.)

Balloon Tennis: Use a large balloon for the ball. Hands are used for the rackets. Divide the players and line them up on opposite sides of a bad-

minton net, or even a double folding card table. The ball (balloon) is put into play by the leader, who tosses it into the air above the net. Players try to keep the ball in the air. Whenever it lands, the players on whose side of the net it lands are the losers.

Plantation Music: Each player is given a slip of paper on which is written some simple stunt to perform. To play the game a player is designated to leave the room (or circle, if outdoors). The rest decide on some song and also the spot within the circle and the rest begin to sing (or hum) the song, singing softly if the player is far from spot designated for performance, the singing getting louder as the player nears the correct spot, reaching a climax when the player is at the spot. Then the player does the assigned stunt. The person voted the best performer might be given a box of cotton balls.

REFRESHMENTS

A sing-along might conclude the entertainment while refreshments are being made ready, or around a campfire if you decide to end the evening with a wiener roast or grilled hamburgers.

Why not end with a plantation buffet? The menu might be potato or shrimp salad with crisp crackers, mixed fresh fruits, served from a large watermelon basket (this will be a beautiful centerpiece for the refreshment table), and fruit punch or lemonade. The beverage may also be served from a watermelon punch bowl. One of the large, round, striped melons is good for this. Take a slice off the top and cut out the edible part (this can be made into melon balls to use in the fruit mixture). Take a slice off the bottom of the bowl so it will sit upright.

JUST HORSIN' AROUND AT THE WAYNE BIGGS FARM

by
Evelyn Cason Tuller

The Missouri Ozarks have a beauty and appeal of their own. But "pretty is — isn't always as pretty does." Hills and rocks which have spent their creative urge in beauty are not as cooperatively creative in practical productivity; and the remark made of some Ozark acres that you couldn't raise Cain there with a barrel of monkeys at times becomes more than a laughing matter.

As elsewhere, Ozark farmers look for all the help they can get from modern equipment and up-to-date methods. The Wayne Biggs' farm near Marshfield, Missouri, is no exception, where grain farming depends on the latest trend in machinery and methodology.

Where does that leave horses? Doesn't everyone know that when modern machinery took over, horses were put out to pasture? But have they gone out of existence? Not on Wayne Biggs' 130 acres.

"I've always loved horses," Wayne quickly volunteers. And when something is so important, it can't help but find a way to become an important part in a chosen way of life.

It was an old barn on the Biggs' place which led to the revival of an important farm product. Horses.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man" is a philosophy that could be easily applied to Marge and Wayne Biggs. Their farm adjoins busy Interstate 44, and is located less than thirty miles from Springfield, the Ozark playground city noted for its summer fair and show-horse activities. As a horse-lover living nearby, Wayne had shown horses, and had become acquainted with others who shared his interest.

"Do you have a place we could put our horses?" these friends began to ask Wayne. Many of them came from some distance, bringing their horses for showing, or even just for pleasure purposes during an Ozark holiday. The old barn was there, sufficient to serve their needs, and Wayne was happy to oblige a friend.

Then there were others. "For several years I occasionally boarded horses in my old barn for tourists stopping at a nearby motel and restaurant, who inquired where they could sleep their horses." Along with farming, Wayne was engaged in the construction business. As requests for quarters grew, and outgrew the old barn, a large structure was erected with stalls to hold 23 overnight "guests".



"It was back in the late 40's, and ours was the first Horse Motel in the United States," Wayne related. "And it was characterized as a successful venture when a columnist gave it a plug, with a humorous mention that a Missouri farmer who had built a horse motel would have no problem getting a loan for such a 'stable' enterprise. Whatever the first reaction, I've gotten \$5,000 worth of free advertising from people who visited these quarters, then went back home to tell of a motel for horses. I've had clippings sent me from all over the states, and recently one which appeared in a Guam paper was added to our scrapbook."

Today's version of the Missourian's unique venture is recall of the old joke, "Mule Barn, Jack speaking," Marge had told us. "You should hear the double-take some callers do when they hear 'Horse Motel, Wayne Biggs speaking.'" But some animal owners, aware of the popular stopping point, call ahead for reservations to make sure their special guests will be cared for.

One thing led to another. If visiting horses could be housed, what about their owners? Why not furnish convenient accommodations for them right on the premises where their charges were stabled? Once more, Wayne and his construction crew went to work in their "spare time", and for the past four years the conventional type of motel units have been available to accommodate Ozark tourists.

But it is the unconventional which corrals the distinctive flavor, setting it apart from either the average Ozark farm or vacation motel. Wayne and Marge look forward to their "typical" days, for experience has taught them that such days are loaded with events which could never be expected at either of such ordinary establishments.

Royal bloodlines have graced the Horse Motel quarters, and been treated accordingly. Temperaments ranging from docile pet to condescending prima donnas have found understanding attention at the hands of Wayne and the attendants. With 23 special guests coming

and going, everyday is "Show Time" at the Horse Motel.

Imagine the excitement of eleven Arabian mares and stallions, imported by plane from Poland to New York, overnight guests (with phone-ahead reservations) in stop-over stalls en route to Scottsdale, Arizona! A regular customer is the Box Hollow Truck Line, which fills the stables when they make their run with a truckload of horses. But ask Marge and Wayne about their most exciting day, and they don't hesitate. What can follow an act composed of six llamas, a dancing horse, and a brace of performing dogs? "If anyone thinks life on an Ozark farm would be routine and boring, tell them it's not always that way," reported Wayne. "There's never a dull moment here."

Even at ten o'clock at night, Wayne and Marge are enthusiastic hosts. Our own carload had first discovered their quarters after having been caught in Springfield on a night of the Ozark Empire Fair, with all the motels filled to capacity. We headed east on Interstate 44, tired and discouraged, strangers looking for a place to spend the rest of a short night. Twelve miles out we drew a blank at the first lodging sign, with their remaining room too small for the five of us. There were two motels 12 miles ahead, my husband was told.

As we watched the highway, I spotted the strange billboard sign. "Horse Motel," I read. "Maybe they'll let people sleep there," I added hopefully. We found the cutoff, headed toward the welcome lights, and found just as warm welcome at the late hour as if we'd made it in the middle of the afternoon.

Our three teenage granddaughters were disappointed that we hadn't delivered the promised swimming pool for an evening in the water. When they saw a horse trailer being unloaded at the barn, their spirits revived slightly. Their excitement mounted when, even before we'd been delivered to our rooms, they'd received invitations to visit the stables the next morning and make friends with the "Horse Motel" guests.

Wayne and Marge have no children of their own, but they "adopt" the young visitors, as well as the young boys who help them on the farm. And their Ozark hospitality goes the extra mile, just as it had when a young leader and his wife had driven in with their group of Boy Scouts. The wife, after falling in love with the horses, had insisted that her husband buy a horse for her own pleasure. To make their evening complete, Wayne escorted the couple to enjoy a nearby horse show, while Marge

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SUCH A RELIEF

by
Evelyn Birkby

The picnic table is situated under the great mulberry tree in our back yard and on the table is my typewriter. It is nearing the close of the day and the glow from the west is showing a variety of colors from the setting sun. All is serene except that every time I take a breath my chest hurts!

It is strange how a person's mind can conjure up the worst visions possible when self-diagnosing a pain. When this ache started two weeks ago I decided it was nothing at all, just tension and tiredness from the summer work schedule. Certainly it would go away soon. So I tried to ignore it.

Than a good friend of ours died suddenly with a heart attack. Apprehension began. Each time the pain came, no matter how slight it might be, I convinced myself it was from a heart condition. By the time I called the doctor for an appointment my illness had acquired the symptoms of *every* serious ailment known, and a few I thought up all by myself!

The doctor surveyed the situation and declared my problem a simple, uncomplicated case of pleurisy. My apprehension immediately declined. Sure it was, and is, painful, but it is treatable. Such a relief! Some of my imaginary ailments have *no known* treatment and are *always* fatal.

The doctor gave me some kind of a shot, a number of antibiotic pills, told me to go home and rest, and that was that.

So, I am sitting here hurting but being very thankful for all the ailments it isn't, rather than complaining about what it is. My only regret is that I didn't have sense enough to go to the doctor earlier, get treatment sooner and save myself a great deal of worry about all those ailments I did not have.

As I sit here in the quiet area behind our house I'm conscious of the hum of the bees as they vie with the birds for the water supply. The birdbath is situated in the center of the rose garden and it is a lovely and colorful part of the yard. No wonder people send flowers to those who are ill; they really do lift one's spirits.

My mind wanders from our own backyard to thinking of our three sons and wondering exactly where they are. We know in a general way, for they are all working at Philmont National Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico, but it would be interesting to know the specific location they are at this moment in the thousands of acres of mountains, forests and plains which the Ranch encompasses.



On the day of Jeff's graduation from Nebraska Wesleyan University he posed with his two brothers before donning his cap and gown for the ceremony. Bob is on the left, Jeff is in the center and Craig on the right. All are sons of Evelyn and Robert Birkby.

Bob is again working as Director of Conservation with eight staff persons working with him. His base is at headquarters but he is off to the high country often to supervise the surveying and trail-building projects.

Bob mentioned in a recent letter that much blasting had been done earlier on one of the rocky outcroppings near the Rayado River. One of the conservationists' projects was to get concrete into a high notch in a cliff some 600 feet above the river. It is a tremendous undertaking, but will help complete a beautiful trail through one of the finest areas of the ranch.

Craig is working this year as Assistant Director at Beaubien Camp. This is one of the largest overnight camps at the Ranch and has a permanent staff of about ten. Their main emphasis is Western Lore, so the staff dresses in boots, ten-gallon hats, blue jeans and western-style shirts. They teach wrangling, chuck-wagon cookery, and tell stories around the campfire of the early days of the Old West. Craig says they are having about 180 Scouts per night at the Beaubien Camp. Sounds like an exciting location for a summer occupation.

Jeff is a Conservationist near Miner's Park Camp. He is surveying and building (with the help of the Scouts who come through that area) a trail up to a new rock-climbing area. It is a beautiful place to work and the climbing specialists who make up the Miner's Camp staff are a fine group so Jeff has company whenever he wishes. Jeff's new degree in biology with his emphasis on botany gives him a great background for assisting the young Scouts in the

area of conservation.

Incidentally, on his way down to New Mexico, Jeff took a circuitous route and visited graduate schools to help finalize his fall plans. (More about this next month.) Craig rode along to keep him company and they had a fine time visiting universities and even taking a short two-day backpacking trip into the wilderness near Bozeman, Montana. They arrived together at Philmont, then to proceed with the summer's employment.

I've been waiting to tell about Jeff's graduation from Nebraska Wesleyan University until his graduation picture arrived. The University had a photographer take a picture of each person as he received his diploma. We ordered several, but they have not come as yet. I'll use one of the snapshots we took that day, and not wait any longer to share the good news that our second son did, indeed, graduate with his Bachelor of Science Degree in Biology.

Attending college functions during the final year is done with mixed emotions. We much enjoyed the Honor's Convocation, the Baccalaureate services and, finally, the Commencement for the class of 1976. Grandma Dulcy was able to go with us, although Grandpa Shorty could not attend because of his broken hip. Craig came in at the last minute from Sioux City, Bob arrived from Arkansas and with Robert and me the family was complete.

It was a beautiful day, a bit overcast in the morning but clearing before the afternoon ceremonies were over. Thank goodness funny incidents come along to lessen the tension of such events. We found fine seats near the front of the auditorium for the Baccalaureate service and later discovered we had just joined the Class of 1926! Then, no matter where we sat in the auditorium it seemed that Jeff was always positioned far over in a distant aisle and seat.

But at last Jeff's name was called, he walked up onto the platform where he received his diploma and was congratulated by President Vance Rogers. It was a moment to treasure.

The day concluded with me driving Craig to Omaha from Lincoln to catch a bus to Lake Okoboji where he attended a two week lakeside laboratory class with his Morningside College colleagues. Robert and the rest of the family loaded up Jeff's belongings and eventually arrived back in Sidney.

Now the sun has gone down behind the house, behind the trees and behind the bluffs. The colors of the sunset are fading. The air is growing cool. It is time to go inside and, with a sense of great relief, call it a day.

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

PISTACHIO REFRIGERATOR DESSERT

- 1 cup flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup nuts, chopped
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2/3 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 of 9-oz. carton refrigerator whipped topping
- 2 3/4-oz. boxes pistachio instant pudding mix
- 2 1/2 cups cold milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine flour, sugar, margarine or butter, butter flavoring and chopped nuts. Mix well. Press into greased 9-by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Cool.

With mixer beat cream cheese which has been softened to room temperature, powdered sugar and the refrigerator whipped topping. Spread over cooled bottom crust.

Beat instant pudding, cold milk and almond flavoring together. Spread over top of cream cheese layer. Refrigerate until firm. Serve with whipped topping and a few nuts for garnish if desired. A very delightful and pretty dessert. Makes 15 servings. Excellent for club refreshments. —Evelyn

CARAMEL BANANA

- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 1 Tbls. butter
 - 1 ripe banana, peeled and sliced lengthwise
 - Dash cinnamon
 - 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 - 1/4 cup honey
 - 1 large scoop vanilla ice cream
- Melt the brown sugar and butter in a flat pan. Add the banana and saute until tender. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Pour in banana flavoring and honey. Gently baste the banana with this liquid until the banana is well coated. Serve immediately over ice cream. Serves one . . . and everyone else will beg for a taste. —Mary Beth

GLAZED MEAT LOAF

- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. oil
- 1/2 tsp. basil, crumbled
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/8 tsp. rosemary, crumbled
- 1 1-lb., 4-oz. can pineapple chunks
- 1/2 cup syrup from pineapple
- 2 large eggs, beaten
- 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped parsley
- Rosy Glaze

Saute onion lightly in oil with basil, pepper, nutmeg and rosemary. Do not allow onion to brown. Cool slightly. Drain pineapple, saving syrup. Combine 1/2 cup syrup from pineapple with eggs, bread crumbs, salt, onion mixture, ground beef and parsley. Mix well. Shape into a large meat ball, pat down slightly, and set on lightly greased pie pan. Bake in moderately slow oven (325 degrees) for 45 minutes. Remove from oven, and drain off any fat from pan. Arrange drained pineapple chunks around meat ball. Brush meat ball with Rosy Glaze and drizzle remainder over pineapple. Return to oven and bake 15 to 20 minutes longer. Makes 6 or 8 generous servings.

Rosy Glaze

Combine 1/4 cup catsup, 2 Tbls. syrup from pineapple, 1/2 tsp. vinegar and 1/4 tsp. prepared mustard, and mix well. —Margery

BAKED STUFFED ZUCCHINI

- 8 or 10 small zucchini
- 2 medium onions
- 1 clove garlic
- 3 Tbls. cooking oil
- 1 cup spinach or other greens
- 1/2 lb. ground beef, browned
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/2 cup grated cheese
3 eggs, beaten
1 cup bread crumbs

Cook zucchini in boiling water for 5 minutes. Drain. When cool, cut lengthwise. Scoop out seeds. Chop onions and garlic. Saute in oil. Chop spinach or greens and zucchini pulp needed to make zucchini shells of right thickness when scooped out. Drain off juice. Combine with remaining ingredients, including sauteed onion and garlic. Spoon into zucchini shells. Sprinkle more bread crumbs over top if desired. Bake at 350 degrees 30 minutes.

These freeze nicely. Freeze before baking, packaged in foil or freezer wrap. Remove from freezer, bake as directed adding about 15 minutes.

RASPBERRY ROYAL PIE

- 1 10-inch baked pie shell
 - 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries, thawed
 - 4 cups miniature marshmallows
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
 - 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- Drain raspberries, reserving 1/2 cup syrup. Melt marshmallows with syrup in double boiler; stir until smooth. Add flavoring; mix well. Chill until thickened; mix until well blended. Fold in raspberries and whipped cream; pour into baked pie shell. —Margery

FROZEN COLESLAW

- 1 large head cabbage, shredded (half red and half white gives a pretty color)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 large carrot, grated
- 1 cup vinegar
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 tsp. mustard seed

Sprinkle the shredded cabbage with the salt; toss well and let set for one hour. Drain off any excess water. Add the green pepper and grated carrot and mix well. Combine the vinegar, sugar, water, and seeds in a saucepan and boil for one minute. Cool. Pour over the cabbage and spoon into freezer containers and freeze. Thaw before serving. This is delicious and it is surprising how crisp it is. —Dorothy

PEACH CRUMBLE A LA MODE

- 8 sliced peaches
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 to 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Slice peaches into buttered 8-inch square pan. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine remaining ingredients. Mix until crumbly. Sprinkle over top of peaches. Bake at 375 degrees about 20 minutes or until golden brown on top and peaches are cooked through. Serve warm with ice cream.

Other fruits may be used besides peaches, either fresh or well-drained canned fruits. A little cinnamon may be added if desired. Note the variation given in sugar amount. Some fruits are sweeter, and some families prefer less sugar than others. Judge according to your own taste as to the amount of sugar added. A quick and easy dessert which is tasty enough for company. —Evelyn

RUBY'S FAVORITE CUCUMBER SLICES

- 4 cucumbers, peeled and sliced
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 4 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Prepare cucumbers and onion. Place in container. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into cucumbers and onions. Store in refrigerator several hours before serving.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup plus 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 eggs, separated
- 6 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 baked pie shell

Blend flour, cornstarch and 1 cup of the sugar in saucepan. Bring cup of water to boiling and add to flour mixture, cooking, stirring over low heat until thickened. Very slowly add beaten yolks. Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice, lemon flavoring and butter. Pour into baked pie shell.

Beat egg whites until stiff. Slowly beat in remaining sugar. Spread over filling. Brown in 400-degree oven 8 to 10 minutes. —Margery

CASSEROLE BAKED CHICKEN

- 1 fryer (approximately 3 pounds)
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 12 small red, new potatoes
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. granulated chicken bouillon
- 16 small white onions, peeled
- 1 tsp. leaf basil, crushed
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley (optional)

Using 1/2 tsp. salt and the pepper, sprinkle the chicken pieces. Melt the butter or margarine and the vegetable oil in a large heavy casserole or Dutch oven. Add the chicken and brown on all sides. Scrub the potatoes and pare a band around the center of each. Combine the boiling water and chicken bouillon in a cup, stirring until dissolved, and pour over the chicken in the casserole. Place the onions and potatoes around the chicken, sprinkle with the basil and remaining salt. Cover and bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees, basting once or twice with the juices, 1 1/4 hours, or until the chicken and vegetables are tender. After the chicken has been put on a platter, you can garnish with the chopped parsley.

ORANGE MARMALADE SQUASH

- Squash (zucchini or butternut)
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup orange marmalade
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1/2 cup almonds
1 Tbls. butter
Buttered bread crumbs
Peel and dice squash. 2 to 3 cups will do nicely for this recipe. Cook in lightly salted water until just barely tender. Drain. Place in casserole. Combine eggs, milk, marmalade and flavorings. Beat with fork to mix. Brown almonds in butter. Add to egg mixture. Pour over squash. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees about 20 minutes, until golden on top and mixture has set.

An unusual texture and blend of flavors for the familiar squash we grow most frequently in our gardens. Excellent for a company meal. —Evelyn

CANTALOUPE PIE

- 1 medium cantaloupe
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 8 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 baked pie shell
- 3 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 6 Tbls. sugar

Select a cantaloupe of good quality. Cut in half, remove seeds and scoop out pulp with spoon into a saucepan. Place over medium heat until it comes to a gentle boil. Mash as it heats. (This should make about 2 to 3 cups pulp.) Combine 1/2 cup sugar, flour and salt. Add to heated cantaloupe and cook, stirring, until thick. The amount of flour seems large, but it takes considerable thickening to obtain correct consistency. Beat egg yolks. Add water. Add a little of the cantaloupe mixture to egg yolks to heat gradually. Stir egg yolk mixture into cantaloupe mixture. Continue cooking, stirring, until thick and creamy. Remove from fire. Add butter and flavoring. Pour into baked pie shell. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar together until frothy. Continue beating, adding the 6 Tbls. sugar gradually, until thick peaks form. Top pie with this meringue. Bake at 400 degrees until delicately brown on top.

This makes an unusual pie — a conversation piece as well as very delicious. —Evelyn

DOROTHY'S NECTARINE ICE CREAM

- 6 eggs, beaten
- 3 cups sugar
- 4 1/2 cups milk
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 quart cream
- 9 fresh nectarines
- Additional milk

Combine the eggs, sugar, milk and salt in a saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture coats a metal spoon lightly. Do not boil. Remove from the heat and stir in the flavorings and cream. Cool thoroughly. Peel the nectarines. Remove seed and place the fruit halves in a blender, or press through a coarse sieve. Add to the cooled mixture and pour into the freezer can. Add enough more milk to fill the can 2/3 to 3/4 full. Freeze. This makes six quarts.

BAKED SOUR CREAM POTATOES

- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. finely diced onion
- 1 tsp. instant parsley flakes
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 5 cups cooked sliced potatoes
- 3/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Mix everything together except the potatoes and cheese. Place half the potatoes in a greased baking dish. Top with half the sauce and half the cheese. Repeat layers. Sprinkle the last of the cheese over the top. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 25 minutes. This will serve six easily. —Dorothy

FROSTED SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup lemon-lime soda
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup diced pineapple
- 2 bananas, sliced

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Add soda and flavoring. Cool. Fold in the pineapple and bananas. Pour into pan and refrigerate until set.

Topping

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 level Tbls. flour
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup whipped cream or topping

Combine sugar and flour. Blend in egg and flavoring. Gradually stir in juice. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick. Cool. Fold in whipped cream or topping and spread over firm gelatin. —Margery

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

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CRABAPPLE
GOOSEBERRY
SWEET POTATO
GUAVA WATERMELON
HAM GRAVY



There are a lot of flavorings we haven't got around to making yet . . . and a lot we never will. But that doesn't keep our creative folks from dreaming about some of them we'd like to try. Some, we feel, would charm the taste buds right off your tongue. But before we offer any new flavorings, we must be sure that they come up to the fine quality of the old ones. They must be just right, in honest flavor, tempting aroma, and attractive color. In short, they have to be just right, or they'll never get into a Kitchen-Klatter bottle.

Any new ones, by the way, will join this proud family: **Almond, Banana, Black Walnut, Blueberry, Burnt Sugar, Butter, Cherry, Maple, Coconut, Lemon, Mint, Orange, Pineapple, Raspberry, Strawberry and Vanilla.**

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AMANA OATMEAL COOKIES

1/2 cup lard
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
2 1/2 cups flour
2 1/2 cups rolled oats
1 tsp. soda
4 Tbls. sour milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 cup raisins, if desired
Cream lard; add sugar and mix well. Add one egg at a time and beat well after each addition. Add flour, oats and soda alternately with milk and flavorings. Add raisins, if desired. Drop by teaspoons onto greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes about six dozen cookies. —Margery

ORANGE SYRUP FOR FREEZING FRUIT

1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
3 cans water
2 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp. powdered ascorbic acid
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
Fresh fruit (peaches, apricots, cantaloupe, etc.)
Combine all ingredients except fruit. Peel fruit directly into juice mixture. (This is especially important for fruits which discolor, such as peaches.) Spoon into freezer containers, leaving 1-inch head space. A little crumpled freezer paper or aluminum foil in top of each container will keep fruit from floating. To serve, thaw slightly, but serve while fruit is still firm and a bit icy. Lemon juice may be substituted to make a lemon syrup. —Evelyn

PICKLED CARROTS

2 lbs. carrots, sliced
1 green pepper, sliced
1 3 1/2-oz. can cocktail onions, drained
1 10 1/2-oz. can tomato soup
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup red wine vinegar
1/2 cup salad oil
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/4 tsp. pepper
Cook carrots until tender. Drain. Combine carrots, green pepper and drained onions in a bowl. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over vegetables. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate at least 2 days to marinate. Lift from sauce and put in serving dish. A little of the sauce may be spooned over as desired.

This is a very unusual way to prepare carrots. They make a beautiful addition to a relish tray.

CELERY ALMONDINE

4 cups celery, sliced in thin diagonals
Boiling water
3 Tbls. butter or margarine
3 Tbls. flour
1 1/2 cups chicken broth
1/2 cup half-and-half
Salt and pepper
1/2 cup chopped blanched almonds
3 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
1/2 cup bread crumbs
Barely cover the celery with boiling water and let it come to a boil again and drain. Make a cream sauce with the butter or margarine, flour, chicken broth and half-and-half. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Stir in the almonds and pour over the celery in a medium casserole. Combine the cheese and crumbs and sprinkle over the top. Bake about 20 minutes in a 375-degree oven. —Dorothy

A FAVORITE SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
2 Tbls. lemon juice plus pineapple syrup and water to make 1 cup liquid
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 cup shredded cheese (American or Cheddar)
1 cup whipping cream, whipped
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Measure lemon juice, pineapple syrup and water to make 1 cup liquid and add flavoring; then add to gelatin. Chill until partially congealed, then add crushed pineapple and shredded cheese. Fold in whipped cream. Chill until firm. —Margery

ICE CREAM PIE

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2/3 cup marshmallow creme
2 1/2 cups Rice Krispies
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
1 pint orange sherbet
1 pint vanilla ice cream
Melt butter or margarine, butter flavoring and marshmallow creme together. Add Rice Krispies and press into 9- or 10-inch pie tin. Chill. Remove sherbet and ice cream from freezer just long enough to soften to the point where it can be scooped from containers and piled into pie shell. Alternate orange and vanilla. Swirl with knife to make marbled effect. Cover with foil and place in freezer until time to serve.
Various flavors of ice cream and sherbet may be used with this pie.

—Evelyn

MY MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

Your request from readers for an account of their most memorable meal takes me back to an experience some twenty years ago.

While living in St. Louis and assisting a physician-surgeon, I found myself on a call basis on Thanksgiving Day. Normally I would have flown home to spend the day with my family and friends.

Through our clinic I literally met thousands of people from all walks of life. While feeling very sorry for myself on the day, the phone rang early in the morning and it was an English butler who worked for a wealthy family on a private street two blocks from my modest apartment. With his employer's permission he had asked fourteen people to dinner who were unable to spend the day with their respective families. Among the guests was a registered nurse on private duty, the executive housekeeper of a major hotel nearby, the manager of a large funeral home and others who fell into the same category of having to work on holidays. (I wonder how many people think of those who must work at necessary jobs on holidays?)

We were graciously received at the formal entry of the huge three-story mansion and ushered into a living room of huge dimensions. Beneath oil portraits of ancestors, beautiful furniture from many generations of times past, we were seated and introductions followed with pleasant conversation. A burning fire crackled in a marble fireplace. Small glasses of wine were served with hot and cold hors d'oeuvres.

Dinner was announced and we were escorted to the dining room which boasted authentic Chippendale furniture and a magnificent Waterford crystal chandelier. The table was set with English china, crystal stemware, sterling flatware and the centerpiece consisted of a long sterling bowl filled with English holly and small pink flowers; this flanked by four silver candlesticks with coats of arms of the original English family who had come to America generations ago.

A clear soup was served and following this was small trout drenched in a superb sauce and garnished with lemon slices and watercress. A salad course was then served and eventually the main course which was roast beef accompanied by peas and mushrooms, glazed carrots and small browned potatoes and small muffins. Each course was served on a different china pattern.

Dessert consisted of white fruit cake and individually molded ice creams in the shape of turkeys! Coffee, nuts and mints were served in the living room

afterwards and after our gratitude was properly expressed we departed for our various places of work. All of us had left this mansion's telephone number with our call services and gratefully, the phone never rang for any of us during the meal. A small favor was at each placemat and mine, upon examination later, was a small antique English porcelain salve jar with a miniature painting on its top.

Time has flown by and most of the people who attended this dinner party are now gone, as well as the old gentleman who owned the house. The English butler and cook returned to England and both died shortly thereafter. Time dims many memories but the events of this particular day will always remain with me. The unselfishness of the butler and cook who prepared and served this meal on their day off will always be remembered and for a brief span of time we enjoyed the gracious hospitality of a mansion and its staff who provided us with a home away from home on Thanksgiving Day.

Someone should write a book about this butler and his experiences in working for English royalty, etc. He, along with a Lord and Lady he was working for, escaped from the south of France to England on a coal barge thru submarine-infested waters during World War II. He left an enormous estate having been given lifetime pensions from all of his former employers.

He never felt his career as a butler was below any walk of life. He ran the entire household, paid bills, employed other servants, made travel arrangements for his employers and had, himself, traveled all over the world. He was often more knowledgeable in all matters of protocol and what was correct and incorrect than those for whom he worked. After all, he had been trained for his entire lifetime for his position.

And a comment about entertaining... we do not entertain often but when we do we prepare a menu far in advance that requires little time in the kitchen. People today are very busy with their lives and we prefer to enjoy and visit with our guests rather than be in the kitchen forever.

We recently entertained friends and served a new casserole (new to us) which consisted of thinly sliced potatoes, ground chuck, carrots, celery, onions, a package of frozen vegetables, a can of tomato and a can of mushroom soup, dotted with butter and sprinkled with bread crumbs it makes for a filling and nutritious meal. A baked pineapple dish goes nicely with this (excellent with ham), a tossed salad provides greens, and baked sweet pota-



These three charming little girls are the daughters of Ester and Gary Cox of Sidney, Iowa. The twins are named Cindy Mae and Cheryl Anne. They are now five years old. Their little sister, Nancy Liane, has celebrated her third birthday and is big enough now to enjoy the same activities as her sisters. Many of you feel well acquainted with these children from hearing about them when their mother comes occasionally to visit on the Kitchen-Klatter radio programs. When we learned they had recently had their picture taken, we asked Ester to let us share it with you. Aren't they little dolls?

atoes add some color variety to the eye. Small bran muffins were also served, as well as coffee and a dessert. Everything went into the oven except the muffins which went in 25 minutes prior to dinner; at the same time the coffee pot was plugged in. Dessert was a coconut cream pie made the day before and chilled, minus meringue, of course.

As we cook we thoroughly clean up the mess of dishes, pans, etc. Between the main course and dessert we prepare hot dish water and those dishes soak while we enjoy our dessert and coffee. Clean-up time afterwards is minimal. We all have attended dinners where the host and hostess are so nervous jumping up and down, etc., they do not enjoy their meal, nor do their guests. One feels more secure in their kitchens without help from guests we decided long ago. Our basic rules are simply prepare a menu in advance, do your shopping early, cook everything possible ahead of time or have it ready for the oven, etc., have dessert prepared in advance and when your guests arrive simply sit down, visit and enjoy them.

—Missouri



DAVID DRIFTMIER WRITES FROM CANADA

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you from our apartment in Burnaby, British Columbia, (the city that is right next door to Vancouver). Although it is summer, one would not know it by looking out the window. Right now there is a very heavy rain falling, which does not look like it will stop soon, and which has been with us for the last twenty-four hours. I have been living in the Pacific Northwest for over three years now, and I am used to our long, rainy winters, but our summers usually give us more sunshine than this!

Most of you probably read my father's account of our wedding. During the winter months after our wedding we were both very busy, with many of our activities centering around the university. This summer Sophie is continuing her job as a bank teller, while I am enjoying my summer job as a landscaper. (I shall go back to teaching again next fall.) After spending a great deal of the last year in a library, it is a very good feeling to spend entire days in the fresh air, working with geraniums, fuchsias, and shrubs. I can see why the Denver Driftmiers are so enthusiastic and interested in their nursery work!

Because neither of us is a student at the present time, we have found that we have a great deal more time to spend with each other, pursuing other interests. One of the things that we are doing together is taking a course in wilderness survival. Our teacher is a man named John Hasell, who, for several years, was the director for all the Outward Bound schools in Canada. The Outward Bound wilderness survival schools are found all over the world. Any of you who have heard of



David and Sophie enjoy their hikes around Victoria. On cool days they don matching sweaters which were made for them by a lovely elderly woman friend.

the schools know that they are good places to learn outdoor skills. About the most important specific skill that I learned was the knowledge of how to camp in the rain. Like most people, I simply never liked to camp in the rain, and so I avoided it if I could. Though the one overnight trip planned for the group started in the sunshine, it soon became apparent that the prevailing condition for the trip would be rain. "Now the conditions are perfect for learning survival techniques", Mr. Hasell said, as the drops first began to fall.

We did not all immediately share his enthusiasm, but he gave us suggestions as to where and how to put up our tents and the right way to cook in the rain, and much to our surprise, most of us stayed remarkably dry. It's really quite comfortable to lie in your tent and cook your food on your stove just outside the door. For one thing, probably *because* it was raining, we

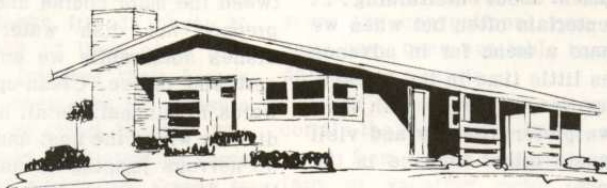
were the only ones in the campsite. In the quietness of that spot we watched a hummingbird make his way from branch to branch, while high overhead an eagle soared in great circles. It was a most unusual and beautiful sight!

Sophie and I joined the group so that we could have a greater feeling of self-reliance in the woods. Self-reliance, in fact, is at the base of the Outward Bound philosophy. This philosophy goes on to say that one should remember that others also rely on you, and at the same time you also very much rely on others. Only when each individual recognizes the true potential of his or her self, and the potential of the others around him, can the very best survival techniques be brought into action. All of this happens in a world where the following law (called Murphy's law) reigns supreme: If something can go wrong, it almost certainly will! Therefore one must always be prepared for the worst. Only with this basic self-reliance and cooperation with the people around us can we work to make this a better world. That is pretty sound basic thinking, is it not?

Here in the Vancouver area for the last few months and the next few weeks there has been a great deal of activity centering around the United Nations' "Habitat" conference being held here. It is very exciting because representatives from almost every country in the world have come here to exchange ideas on just how to shelter, feed, and provide energy for the world's growing population. Films have been made and booths have been set up to exhibit different ways to build such things as a good water system and a good downtown section. Much of the program is open for the public, and Sophie and I will make our first visit this weekend. It is certainly good to know that in a world which is always so troubled, it might just be that the spirit of cooperation shown here in Vancouver now will give many people a brighter tomorrow.

As I make my rounds as a landscaper, I am made more aware of just how beautiful this city is. The mountains and the sea are almost always within sight. That, and the fact that the area has a long growing season, seems to inspire people to plant gardens. Flowers, at this time of year, are everywhere. Sophie and I really like to explore the area and we are finding more favorite places all the time. If you are in the area, do call us up! We would like to hear from you, and perhaps we could tell you about some of the interesting places to visit.

Sincerely,
David



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KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

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

VEELSS TUB EY EB EEIDCGNV
SOERD FO DORW HET YLNO TON
RREESAH DNA NOW ROUY

Did you hear about the bride who serves meals that melt in your mouth? They're still frozen.

You can make lovely hanging planters from the white or colored plastic detergent bottles. Any size will do, but it must have a screw-on cap, and no handle. Cut circles on each side of the bottle, directly across from each other, and about three inches from the bottom of the bottle. The size of the circles that you cut out will depend on the size of your bottle. Leave about two inches from each side of the bottle. Bore two small holes in the top of the cap. Run about twelve inches of plastic cord up through one hole and down the other, tying the two ends together with a knot on the underside of the cap. With this loop, you will hang the planter. Put gravel in the bottom of the planter along with a few charcoal chunks, then fill with potting soil, and a little fertilizer. Plant ivy, wandering Jew, or philodendrons, or some other trailing vine in the planter.

Or you may wish to fill your planter with water and keep a philodendron plant in it. You may decide to put a sweet potato in the water and let it grow a pretty vine.

Advertisement seen for baby clothes: "We Glorify Your Heir".

To keep cut flowers fresh looking longer, cut the stems at an angle and harden them by plunging them into cool water up to their necks. Splitting the stems about two inches at the bottom permits more water to enter such woody plants as roses, dahlias, and chrysanthemums. Scraping the stems two or three inches from the bottoms keeps zinnias, asters, and marigolds fresh longer.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: James 1:22: But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.



Margery is always on the lookout for embroidery work for Mother. This spring she found lunchcloths, one in cross stitch and one in lazy daisy. The first completed one is being admired in this picture.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded in the house all along, and that the table arrangements had been made up a day in advance. At one o'clock the next morning as we were still doing dishes, Betty and I agreed that we never again would plan a big dinner party for the out-of-doors - never, never, never! The strain on the heart is too much.

You may be interested to learn what we served for dinner on that notorious night of rain. As the guests arrived, I greeted them on the porch and gave each a glass of fruit punch. We had a table of snacks in the T.V. room just off the porch, and from there the guests were free to roam about the house doing their best to keep out of each other's way. Serving buffet style in the dining room we had broiled halves of chicken, shrimp fried rice, peas, tossed salad with Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing, rolls, and relishes. For dessert we had hot fudge sundaes made with a choice of peppermint stick or vanilla ice cream, and served with cookies on the side. It was a lovely dinner party in spite of the rain-spoiled garden plans, but it just about killed us.

We've been enjoying a grand visit from our daughter Mary Leanna, Vinnie and our delightful granddaughter. After a short stop in our home, they'll go to Connecticut to visit Vinnie's parents, then on to the cottage in Rhode Island where our children enjoyed so many summers during their youth. Before long their vacation will be over and they'll be heading back to the Indian Reservation in Arizona for another year of teaching in a most unique and interesting school.

Wherever you are, I hope you are having a lovely summer. I hope God's blessings are just showering down on you! Life is so short, and the summers come and go so quickly. When are you and I ever to meet? Be sure and give us a ring if ever you drive through Springfield. If we are home when you call, we would love to see you.

Sincerely,
Frederick



DESCRIBE A GOOD SALAD

Let's see: tangy, but not too tart. But not bland, either. Creamy, certainly. But not runny or gooeey. Good, mouth-watering aroma. But not a "strong" smell. Good, high-quality ingredients, but put together so skillfully that no one flavor dominates. No greasy texture.

Let's stop and consider what we've written. Sounds like all the things we've been saying about **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**, doesn't it? If you haven't yet tried our dressings, why not pick out one of them: **French**, say, or **Italian** or **Country Style**. Take it home and try it on the family. We honestly believe you'll want to use all three, all the time, from now on.

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, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601. We pay the postage.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Fungi known to gardeners as mildews seemingly appear out of nowhere and attack the surface of plants. They form whitish (occasionally blackish) felty coatings on leaves, stems, buds and especially on the young succulent part of plants. All powdery mildews are parasitic and obtain their nourishment through tiny suckers which penetrate the epidermal cells of host plants. The powdery mildews thrive best when the atmosphere is humid. Cool nights followed by warm days favor the growth of mildews. Crowded plants are most susceptible. To control the fungi spray or dust with copper sprays and Mildex or Karathane.

Downy mildews thrive in wet weather and attack cucumbers, gourds, melons, pumpkins and squash. It shows up in irregular yellow spots on the upper surfaces of leaves and in brown to purple patches on their undersides. The fruits may fail to develop and the leaves may die if not controlled. Use Zineb, Ziram or Nabam for satisfactory control.

You will often find the gray felty coating on beans, garden peas, sweet



The Loweyes, Juliana, Jed and their children, James and Katharine, enjoy their large walled back yard, and eat many of their evening meals on the table under the tree when the weather is nice.

peas, lupines and any member of the family Leguminosae. Sometimes it attacks dahlias, clematis, delphiniums, and hydrangeas. Dusting or spraying with sulphur usually gives good results but it must be done after each heavy rain.

Powdery mildew is a common disease of roses where it causes curling of the leaves and forms a white coating on the buds. Use Mildex, Ferbam or Karathane for control.

Question: My cabbage plants all turned yellow and look sickly. I have kept the loopers off the heads (none are firm the way they should be in August) so that is not a problem. My garden is small and I must plant cabbage very close to where it grew last year though I try to alternate the rows. Can you tell me what is wrong and how to prevent it another year?

Answer: From your description, your cabbage may be infected with Club Root, a common disease in members of the Cruciferae family. Affected plants wilt on hot days and are stunted. Their root systems are scabby and become swollen, rotten and bad-smelling. The spores of this parasite persist in the soil for years. Liming the soil about six weeks before planting helps, but it is best to not grow cabbage in this area for a few years.

WILDFLOWER

Wildflower, gift of wonderment,
Given that we may know
Perfection does not come from man
But is nurtured by the presence of
His ever-watchful hand.

—Julia Yancey Petty

DETHRONED

Queen Anne's lace, your noble name,
Alas, has been defiled,
For your critics say that you are
naught

But a carrot that is wild!

—Julia Yancey Petty

Take a break!

Yes, take a half hour from your busy schedule to listen to Kitchen-Klatter each week-day over one of the following radio stations:



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|------|---|
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| 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. |



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

While browsing at the bookstore recently, a title caught my eye: *Laura*, the life of Laura Ingalls Wilder by Donald Zochert (Henry Regnery Co., Publishers, \$8.95). Readers of the *Little House* books will appreciate this new book. Donald Zochert's affectionate biography of Laura will open an exciting new world — the world of reality that underlay the Ingalls family's adventures. Besides exploring firsthand the documented records of Laura's life, the author draws for the first time on her unpublished memoir, composed before she began to write her famous stories. The result is the authentic story of her life with Ma and Pa and her sisters and then with Almanzo Wilder, the "farmer boy" of the book.

Some of the highlights of Laura's life are revealed for the first time. There's an account of how the Ingalls family homesteaded in Missouri before moving on to Indian Territory; the full story of Laura's life in the Big Woods after the adventures of *Little House on the Prairie*, as well as long-awaited detail to the story of the mature Laura. This includes her early marriage, her middle years as a farm wife and writer in the Missouri Ozarks, and the growth of her ideas about life.

In the later years when Laura and Almanzo moved to Mansfield, Missouri, on Rocky Ridge farm, she wrote, "Life was not intended to be simply a round of work, no matter how interesting and important that work may be. A moment's pause to watch the glory of a sunrise or sunset is soul-satisfying, while a bird's song will set the steps to music all day long."

Laura's favorite season was autumn. It meant a summing up, a taking stock, an invisible harvest. She wrote, "Right seems to be obscured and truth is difficult to find. But if the difficulty of finding the truth has increased our appreciation of its value, then we have gathered treasure for the future. We lay away the gleanings of our years in the edifice of our character, where nothing is ever lost. What have we stored away in this safe place during the season that is past? Is it something that will keep sound and pure and sweet or something that is faulty and not worth storing?" Author Zochert reminds us



A favorite picture of Laura Ingalls Wilder. Regarding her *Little House* books, she said, "Running through all the stories, like a golden thread, is the same thought of the values of life. They were courage, self-reliance, independence, integrity and helpfulness. Cheerfulness and humor were handmaids to courage." Photo: Laura Ingalls Wilder Home, Mansfield, Mo.

that the treasure Laura gathered poured forth in both her books and her life.

Laura Ingalls Wilder was a pioneer girl. She has been beloved for the grace, the charm, the courage, and the strength of love and affection that shine through her books. *Laura* is written with the same simplicity and will be greatly appreciated by all *Little House* fans. Thanks to Donald Zochert and all who helped him for this beautiful biography, *Laura*. (Available from the Laura Ingalls Wilder Museum, Mansfield, Missouri 65704. \$8.95, plus

\$1.00 postage and handling.)

Harper Trophy Picture Books for young children recently published in paperback are *The Noisy Book* (#JP1), *Country Noisy Book* (JP2), *The Indoor Noisy Book* (JP3), and the *Winter Noisy Book* (JP4). Written by Margaret Wise Brown and illustrated by Leonard Weisgard, they are the stories of a little dog named Muffin and the noises he hears in the various books. Noises are important to children, and they will enjoy making the different noises and developing sense-perception. (All published by Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$1.95 each.)

For those of you who like the light-verse writing of Richard Armour, his latest is *The Spouse in the House* (McGraw Hill Book Co., \$6.95). The present collection has as the central theme the home and family looked at in the unexpected Armour way. A married man, a parent and grandparent, his is the *Voice of Experience*.

THAT'S HOW THE COOK CRUMBLES

Consider how the housewife reads
A cookbook and its counsel heeds
And how she adds, with spoons and
pinches,
Some cheese and chives, and never
flinches,
Adds pepper also, pours in wine,
And tests it well and finds it fine,
Then serves her triumph, happy-faced,
To guests who salt before they taste.

It has been said that Richard Armour has the happy ability of making light of daily living problems. His latest book is both human and humorous.

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AUGUST DEVOTIONS – Concluded
striding along the frontier trails, and a legend in his own lifetime.

Johnny Appleseed died in 1846, but his memory lives on as the frontier hero who found great joy in God's world of nature, and found a way to share it with those he met and with those who were to come after him.

John James Audubon: John James

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These models are free, so write for yours now. Thousands have already been mailed, so write today to Dept. 4907, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria St., Chicago, Illinois 60646.

Audubon was born in Haiti in 1785, his father being a French naval officer. He was later sent to France to be educated, where he developed a great love of art and became a portrait painter of commendable ability. His chief interest, however, was seeking out bird habitats and painting pictures of the birds he found.

He came to America in 1798, living near Philadelphia. He continued to devote much of his time to the study and painting of birds. As he reached adulthood he tried several business ventures, but they did not prove successful, nor bring him the fulfillment he wanted in life. Recognizing his great ability in painting birds in a most natural and true-to-life manner, his wife encouraged him to devote all of his time to producing a book about birds, illustrating it with his paintings. She was willing to work to support the family while he did this.

His book, *The Birds of America*, contained 1065 life-sized figures of 490 species of birds in their natural poses. Throughout his life he continued his study of birds, wrote about them, and painted them. He encouraged others to enjoy birds and to be interested in their preservation.

After his death in 1851, bird lovers and students of ornithology all over the country formed groups and organized Audubon Societies for the preservation and protection of native bird life in America. Like Johnny Appleseed, John James Audubon used his own particular talents and his time to see that we, and future generations,

should continue to enjoy God's beautiful world.

John Muir: John Muir was born in Scotland, coming to Wisconsin in 1849 at the age of eleven, and spending his boyhood on a farm where he thoroughly enjoyed the beauty and the quietness of the countryside. Later he attended the Wisconsin University and enjoyed all the hustle and bustle of city and campus life. While still a young man, soon after college, he somehow lost his sight temporarily and, fearing he was to be permanently blinded, he began a life of wandering throughout North America, determined to see as much of God's beauty as possible. Fortunately his sight was restored, but he continued his travels, and gradually developed a keen insight into nature as he saw it, and into the need for conservation. His travels took him from Wisconsin to the Gulf of Mexico and up to Canada and Alaska, but he particularly enjoyed traveling in the wilds of the Sierras and the Rockies. He made the Yosemite Valley his headquarters for ten years. It was chiefly through his efforts that the Sequoia and Yosemite regions were made national parks. In fact, he is credited with being one who was instrumental in getting our National Parks system established.

Among his discoveries were 65 glaciers in the Sierras and the Muir Glacier in Alaska. He also became a grower of Tokay grapes in the Alhambra Valley in California, beginning an industry that continues today. But all of his life he continued to travel, and to promote the conservation and preservation of our natural resources, for which we owe him our grateful thanks.

Leader: If we would not grow weary of this world and all its ways, our constant care must be to keep our spirits wonder-wise to God's world about us, and to be aware that it is our duty as citizens of this great land to lend every effort to preserve and protect it for future generations. It is a trust passed on to us by those great Americans who have gone before.

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Benediction: We lift our voices unto Thee in praise for the beauties and the wonder of Thy world. O God, grant us the wisdom and skill to be good stewards as caretakers of the bounties Thou hast bestowed upon us. Grant us the knowledge and will to keep our land "America the Beautiful", we ask in Christ's name. Amen.

Anything worthless you enjoy first and then pay for.

Anything worthwhile you pay for first and then enjoy.

Anything worthwhile is worth paying for.

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Collin H. Dong, M.D., suffered from excruciating arthritis pain as a young physician. Finally, after trying every conventional treatment, he turned to nutrition and began experimenting on himself. After arduous trial-and-error, he came to a remarkable conclusion. Arthritis seemed to be caused by an allergic reaction to certain foods! Eliminating those few foods started to eliminate the pain that accompanies arthritis!

What Worked For This Doctor Worked For Thousands And Thousands Of His Patients!

No matter what you have heard or read regarding the treatment of arthritis, you cannot ignore these amazing results. Here are comments from just a few of the thousands whose lives have changed from pain to joy!

ALL THE PAINS ARE GONE

• **50-year-old office worker:** "After a week I began to feel better. And now, two months later, all the pains are gone. I have not felt like this since I was 18 years old."

NO WHEELCHAIR SINCE GOING ON THE DIET

• **From a woman patient, age 75:** "Within a couple of weeks — that seems such a short time now but I am sure it was just that — I started to get relief from the pains. It was just like a burst of sunshine through the clouds. Just youthful energy. I have not been in a wheelchair since going on the diet."

• **71-year-old jewelry salesman:** "I feel like I had two lives, one that I had with pains for 20 years, and one that I have without pain now."

"I CAN DANCE"

• **67-year-old retired secretary, suffered from arthritis for nearly 40 years:** "Now I can drive my car. I can hold a pen and write again. I can dance and I am full of pep."

• **And a 58-year-old woman with arthritis since she was 12:** "Yesterday I played tennis with my daughter. Every time my son looks at me he says he cannot believe it is the same mother that was bed-ridden and in such pain."

As the doctor himself says, "These people have become independent, self-sufficient, productive citizens again. There are millions throughout the country who could obtain the same results."

UNQUALIFIED PRAISE, EVEN FROM OTHER PHYSICIANS!

• **Ione E. Railton, M.D.,** Associate Clinical Professor of Medicine, University of California Medical School: "Dr. Dong in his new approach to the problem of arthritis has pointed the way and his results are obvious. His patients are walking and working again."

• **John R. Upton, M.D.,** formerly Chief of Obstetrics and Gynecology, St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco: "I am only one of Dr. Dong's grateful patients who will

be forever indebted to him for his excellent care. The elimination of the overriding cause of my arthritis pain through a prescribed diet was a miracle."

• **Mr. Paul Elfenbein,** Rhinebeck, New York, "I threw away the pills, went on the diet and am now completely relieved of all pain and discomfort. Your book did for me what \$5,000 in examinations and medications couldn't."

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Woman's Day magazine said of this diet, "The dishes are simply so delicious and so suitable for almost any diet, that we offer them as good eating for everyone."

Turn to page 168 in the breakthrough book and you'll find a 30-day plan of complete meals that will delight the most demanding gourmet — stuffed avocado, brochette provencal, shish kebab, turkey with oyster dressing, stuffed mushrooms — even desserts like vanilla souffle, angel food cake, Italian anise cookies. On page 141, the doctor tells you exactly which foods you can eat at all times, which food you can eat occasionally and those few foods that you should never eat — and he reveals the name of the chemical additive that could be worst for your arthritis.

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"Twenty million seriously ill arthritic victims are waiting for a new answer to their agonies instead of 30 aspirin everyday," says Dr. Dong.



Now, thanks to his wonder-working diet there is an answer, and the doctor is a living testimonial to the extraordinary results this diet can achieve. At age seventy-three, he is as robust and active as a man half his age.

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

how he was getting along with his baby-sitting job, and he said "Just great." He was just getting ready to leave for his tennis lesson, which he takes early in the morning before his mother has to leave. When Kristin came to the phone she said that they had made their final plans about coming to our house. Art has five days off in a row, so he is going to drive with them as far as Grand Island, Nebr., where they will visit relatives; then he will go back home (she didn't say how, but I suppose by bus or plane), and she will drive on to Lucas. She would like to have me take a bus to Grand Island to help her the rest of the trip, which I plan to do if things work out so I can get away. I don't know what her plans are for getting back home again, but I'm sure she and Art have this all worked out.

I was so in hopes that some of her cousins with youngsters would be around sometime during her visit, but it looks now as if she won't get to see any of them. Mary Lea, Vinnie, and Isabel have already been here, and Juliana and the children aren't going to make it until later in the summer, so they are all going to miss each other once again.

In my next letter I should be able to tell you about their visit. Until then..

Sincerely,
Dorothy



We hope this picture isn't too dark for you to see Juliana, in the foreground, on an archaeological "dig".

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

"We never went out for a walk at night," he said, "because it was like being in a ghost town to get back to our apartment."

He told me countless things about that endless ten months of desperation and I've never forgotten any of it. My attention was fixed so rigidly on what he was saying that it wasn't until he stopped, emotionally exhausted, that I asked him what he had heard from other corporation men of his age or therea-

bouts and he said instantly:

"Never ONCE have I heard a single person say a single thing. They feel it was something to be ashamed of — not having a job and not being able take care of your family."

In rereading Stud's Terkel book I came across this a good many times. And if you read it you will find it also. I'm glad to say that this paper-back book is only \$2.25, a great contrast to a hard-back book that would be at least \$12.00 or more.

Your letters have meant so much to me through these months when I couldn't do much of anything. I'm truly grateful for them and only wish that I could answer each one. But I couldn't sit at this typewriter even to start, and I'm sure that everyone understands.

Always faithfully yours

Pink

JUST HORSIN' AROUND - Concluded

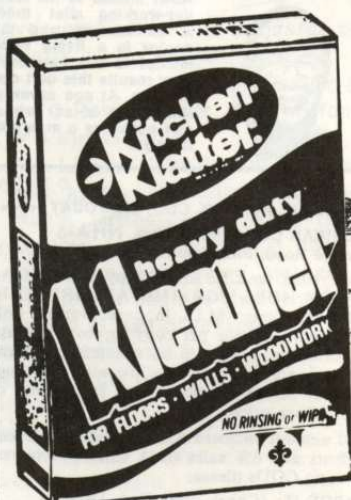
stayed home to watch the motel. Never a dull moment on their 130 acres — and many busy ones! The construction business spills over into the off-season, when expansion takes place on the home front. A 28-trailer unit has just been sold, to allow the couple to concentrate on their other projects.

Just one motel room was vacant after we checked in, and it was rented soon after we came. "So I turned off the lights and went to bed," Wayne told us the next morning. "There are nights that it is twelve before we are full and able to close up."

But he is looking forward to earlier bedtime hours next year. Seven more units will be added, and, he promised our granddaughters, a swimming pool. "Especially when people travel with children, they stop earlier, and want time to enjoy a cool swim." The winter months will be spent on expansion, to be ready for the busy season to come.

"Mighty proud to have you" is the hospitality that comes natural to Ozark acres. Wayne and Marge top the list, whether their guests are imported horses, performing dogs — or tired strangers seeking the "greenpastures" of a pleasant night's sleep. The welcome mat is out.

If anyone ever tells you they can't raise Cain with a barrel of monkeys on an Ozark farm, tell them you know what can be done with a pack of llamas and a new idea. Good hard work, modern methodology and machinery, spiced with a proper mixture of "horsin' around" are the grass-roots enjoyment Marge and Wayne Biggs share on their 130-acre Marshfield farm.



Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner may not be the prettiest thing you see on your vacation, but it could well be the most welcome. Vacations can be pretty dirty times, especially if they involve fishing and camping. Just think how often you'll be reaching for the familiar box . . . for smoky pots and pans, the cooler, the boat, even the car (can't travel without ice cream bars, sodas, catsup, etc. — all spilled or dripped).

When you're packing for the trip, don't forget Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner. You like it at home . . . you'll love it there!

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

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LET THERE BE

Where there is hate, let there shine love. Where darkness be, let there be light; where misery, aid and comfort; where sadness, a measure of gladness.

PEACEFUL VALLEYS

I like a panoramic view,
With valleys nestled here and there.
Where people live from sun to sun,
Without a worry or a care.
Oh, there might be a hen to set,
A cow to milk, some wood to get.
But far away from city strife,
I long to live the quiet life.

I know that I would miss my friends,
My roots are where I've always been.
My church, and loved ones living near,
To leave them all, I couldn't bear.

And yet, I gaze so longingly
Upon the lovely scene.

I find that I must drive with care,
And leave behind my dream.

—Virginia Blakemore Moody

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

WE
PAY
POSTAGE

SAVE DOLLARS

G231

© 1975 NUTRITION HDQS.

BY MAIL POSTPAID

VITAMINE

400 UNIT CAPSULES

☐ **50 DAY 88¢**
SUPPLY

☐ 100 \$1.49 FOR ☐ 500 \$7.25 FOR ☐ 1000 \$13.98 FOR

Limit: One of Any Size to A Family.

ONLY WITH THIS AD OFFER GOOD 2 WEEKS

Mail Coupon with remittance to

NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS

104 West Jackson, Carbondale, Ill. 62901

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N3908

Compare our prices on

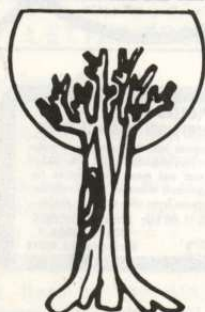
NATURAL-ORGANIC

VITAMINS

AND SUPPLEMENTS FROM

NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS

All prices **POSTPAID!** Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.



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 **99¢**
250 for 3.95
**SUPER
GINSENG**
250 MG.
100
TABLETS **2.98**
500 for 12.95

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

50 MG.
**Vitamin
B6**
100
TABLETS **95¢**
500 for 4.25

19 GRAIN
**SUPER
LECITHIN**
100
CAPSULES **1.59**
300 for 4.39

**ACIDOPHILUS
CAPSULES**
(OUR SPECIAL PRICE)
100
CAPSULES **1.98**
250 for 4.25

**BREWERS
YEAST**
250
TABLETS **65¢**
1,000 for 1.95

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

ALFALFA
Tablets
100
TABLETS **49¢**
500 for 1.95

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

Our "TOP-B"
B-COMPLEX "50"
Famous Formula at a
Sensational Low Price!
Every Capsule Contains 50 mg.
B1, B2, B6, Niacinamide, Panto-
ic 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**

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; 4000D)
100
TABLETS **49¢**
1,000 for 3.50

**ORGANIC
IRON**
Supreme
100
TABLETS **1.49**
500 for 4.95

Natural
**BONE
MEAL**
100
TABLETS **49¢**
1000 for 3.95

SUPER
POTENCY
500 MCG.
**VITAMIN
B12**
100
TABLETS **95¢**
500 for 4.25

100 MG.
**VITAMIN
B1**
(THIAMINE)
100
TABLETS **85¢**
1000 for 7.50

**GARLIC &
PARSLEY
TABLETS**
100
TABLETS **75¢**
500 for 3.25

**Money Saving
MAIL ORDER
BLANK**

These sale prices good for next 2 weeks.

**RUSH
Your
Order
Now
to:**

THE BEST TIME TO SAVE IS NOW!

NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS
104 West Jackson St.—Dept. N1345
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 _____

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