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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

On this good old-fashioned August "Dog Day" I think back over the summer that is so soon to be gone and feel actually confused by the goodly collection of people who have come and gone since the first of June. I have only one regret about any of it: my health hasn't permitted me to be up-and-at-it as I always did in years gone by. At least I made one great gain — the hospital bed came out of the living room and I moved back into my own room. Thank goodness this was accomplished just before Juliana, James and Katharine arrived. I was mighty grateful for this, believe me.

Since they are waiting for my letter to wind up this issue I would like to bring you up to date on Mother's situation.

All of us have so long been accustomed to Mother's seemingly inexhaustible ability to keep going in a pattern virtually unbroken since Dad passed away, that it actually came to us as a shock when she admitted to feeling badly and was suffering a great deal from a badly swollen and inflamed left hand and arm.

Now Mother is even worse than I am about "seeing a doctor" and it took our combined efforts to get her out to the hospital for x-rays and tests. She hadn't been in the hospital for around forty years and certainly thought very little of it! We kept reminding her that very few people ninety years of age had managed to stay clear of the hospital for around forty years, but she was in no frame of mind to listen to her children speaking up in such a fashion.

Well, her kindly and competent doctor who told her that he'd grown up on Kitchen-Klatter, located the trouble almost immediately: acute rheumatoid arthritis. We all felt greatly relieved when we found out what was

wrong. Certainly there can be few things more severely painful than acute rheumatoid arthritis, but at least it can be treated and improved (slowly) over a period of time.

She began to perk up when she was returned to her home even though it had to be by ambulance, and with Ruby right on deck (she had been on her annual vacation when this first began) she is back with only familiar things around her. This helps a lot.

Talking to people tired her very, very quickly, so we stop by a lot and stay very briefly. For many years one of her great joys in the summer months was to go out on the front porch and shake hands with her Kitchen-Klatter friends when they pulled up in chartered buses. That day is over.

I wanted to explain this so that people wouldn't feel hurt if they called and were unable to see her. She is extremely frail and her condition just doesn't permit interruptions of any kind.

I had a wonderfully happy visit with Juliana, James and Katharine. MY! How much they have grown since I last saw them. I really didn't see them at all when I was out in Albuquerque the last time on that ill-fated trip of sheer disaster. So it seemed to me that I was truly getting acquainted with them almost as if I had never seen them before!

They had been back to see the Lowey side of the family at Cape Cod and were in Albuquerque only around ten days when they took off again for Iowa. I'm positive that every grandmother reading these words will understand when I say that summer trips are much better than winter trips. There are so many, many more things that they can enjoy and do.

Both of them swim well and our municipal pool was a great attrac-

tion. "I'll tell you *one* thing" James said firmly when they returned from their first trip to the pool, "It's just not like swimming in the Atlantic ocean!" I've never been able to swim in either place, but I could get his point with no trouble whatsoever.

Making model planes and ships from these kits they have today kept them absorbed for long stretches of time, and both children had borrowed bikes that they enjoyed tremendously. They've made the trip to Shenandoah frequently enough that they know where things are around the town, but we confined the bike riding to our own block.

James' idea of paradise is to fish, and when they are at home in New Mexico they go up into the mountains almost every weekend for fishing and camping. He has learned to clean his own fish and get them ready for the skillet. Katharine has a pole but is really more interested in wading in the little trout streams and looking at all of the mountain flowers.

Juliana and I had a truly enjoyable time visiting with our radio friends, and on several occasions James wandered in and put in his two-cents' worth. Katharine is a genuine chatterbox — talks constantly except when she is asleep, but she'll have nothing whatsoever to do with the microphone and disappears in a flash when the big clock says that we are ready to start.

They had a wonderfully happy visit with Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank at the farm. James spent all of his time fishing, but Katharine found Little Buck, the pony, a great attraction and rode him around until he tired of it and brushed her off when he went under a tree. This happened several times, and the outcome was that Little Buck crawled under a fence during the night and took himself up to the Andy Bear (a small, empty house on the farm) and stayed right there until Katharine had departed!

Margery and I have had a very busy time of intense concentration preparing for publication a new up-to-date version of *The Story Of An American Family* that was published originally 25 years ago. Just imagine the sifting and sifting that had to be done to hit the high spots of our "whole big family" over a span of 25 years!

This has not yet gone to the printers in Des Moines (I should say it differently . . . I should say it has gone to them but they are waiting for the paper we selected before they can start printing.) If we don't have a major catastrophe of some kind we

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## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

It does not seem possible that we shall be in the air and on our way to the Canary Islands in less than twenty-four hours. In one way, time has dragged slowly all through the summer as we have waited for this new adventure, but in another way, the days have literally flown by. We have been so anxious to get started, and yet we have had far more things to do before leaving than we have had the time to do. If you have been listening to us on the radio, you know just how busy we have been. There was one ten-day period when we were at a luncheon party and a dinner party every single day, and that is far too many parties. However, if you were to ask me which one of the parties I would have liked to skip, I would not be able to name one of them. Each one was a delight, and, may I say with regret, each one added more pounds to the waist line. I have been doing much radio preaching this summer, more than I have done any other summer, and there have been weddings and funerals to conduct. Of course, you are aware of the fact that I do not preach in my church during July and August. The church is having union services now with the famous Old First Church on the Green at Court Square, and I do not preach until the first Sunday in September.

Until we decided to visit the Canary Islands, I was not too sure just where they were. I had a vague idea that they were in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Africa, and I was not too far off course. Actually, they belong to Spain, and they are about eight hundred miles southwest of Gibraltar. We must fly to Madrid tomorrow and then change planes there for the islands. There are seven islands in the group, and each has its own peculiar and distinctive beauty. They all emerged from the depths of the sea in a series of volcanic eruptions, and they are still emerging, much like that island we visited off the coast of Iceland two years ago. Some of the islands have towering peaks and lofty ranges with out-of-the-way secluded valleys filled with lush tropical vegetation. Other islands have large desert areas where we shall be riding camels and donkeys. I did not know until just yesterday that Christopher Columbus stopped at the Canary Islands on his way to America.

Some of our friends have asked us why we have chosen to go to the Canary Islands in the summer time when they are so famous as a place to go in the winter. We have learned that there is very little difference between the summer weather and the winter weather.



This picture of our brothers Wayne and Frederick is particularly interesting to members of the family, for we see how remarkably Wayne looks like Grandfather Field, and how much Frederick resembles our father, Martin H. Driftmier.

er. Actually, those islands have a climate all their own, and if it is similar to any other climate, it is the climate of the Hawaiian Islands. We used to live in Honolulu, and we did not mind that climate at all. Like the Hawaiian Islands, the Canary Islands are swept by the trade winds, and that means that the islands with mountains get lots of rain off and on during the year, and the flatter islands get very little. The two islands which are the closest to Africa, get almost no rain during the summer.

The one place where we shall be concerned about the weather, will be in Madrid. We plan to spend a week in Madrid, Spain, and it can be very hot there. All summer long, most of Europe has been having a heat wave, and we hope that the rains will have come by the time we get there. It is a good thing that we made our boating trip on the Thames River in England two summers ago instead of this summer, because this summer we would not have been able to get our boat very far up the Thames because of the terrible drought England has been having. You will remember that I rented a large cabin cruiser in London two summers ago and took it right up to the headwaters of the Thames River. Because of the low water this summer, even much smaller boats than the one we had have not been able to go much beyond Windsor Castle on the Thames.

The last week of our vacation is going to be at a little guest house way up in northern Spain, not far from the French border. Some friends of ours bought an old flour mill that was powered by a water wheel, and they converted the mill into a nice home with three additional apartments which they rent to their friends. People who have

been there have told us that El Molino is surely one of the most tranquil, beautiful, serene and civilized spots in the world. El Molino is the Spanish word meaning The Mill. The valley has high mountains on both sides, and the river that flows through the mill has some beautiful trout. Agriculturally, the place is described as superb, and we have been told that at least once a day a large flock of sheep with their stately lead goats draped with large copper bells around their necks go past the mill to graze in the surrounding fields under the watchful eye of the herdsman and his dogs. The lamb and beef along with the famous Pyrenean ham are advertised as ranking among the finest in all of Europe.

I had a letter from our El Molino friend yesterday, and in it he gave me a bit of information about the way he feeds his guests. His wife, a Dutch girl, does the cooking for the most part, but Betty and I will get our own breakfasts in our little apartment. Lunch is served by the swimming pool or out on a picnic in the surrounding countryside. Three or four of the seven nights we shall be there will find us dining in a typical local restaurant where the food is excellent, and not highly seasoned as food in other parts of Spain is apt to be. He said that the standard of cleanliness in these little country restaurants in northern Spain exceeds that of the rest of Europe and is equal to anything here in the United States. We never before have done anything quite like this, and so it should be an adventure.

We have had so much pleasure from our good summer's visit with Mary Lea, Vincent, and adorable little Isabel. I know that you think I am the

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## Mix Up Some "Share-ity", '76 Vintage

SKIT TO BEGIN A NEW CLUB YEAR

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Notes for Production:** A Narrator will read the script as the various characters appear on stage at the proper time, costumed as indicated. A large glass jug is placed upon a table on center stage, a funnel being placed in the jug opening. Each character will carry on stage with her a container in which is a small amount of water, lightly colored with food coloring, except for the last to appear, who has water colored a deep red. If the containers used are outrageous ones for the amount of water — a coal hod, a large watering can, a milk pail, dish pan, etc. — it will add to the fun. Each person pours her "spirits" into the jug as her contribution to the club's "Share-ity" concoction. Do a little experimenting with the food colorings beforehand so that you are sure to end up with a bright red color, having some of the others, pale yellow, pale pink, etc.

If you want to make this a really "super" production, have a pianist or organist provide appropriate background music, as was done at the silent movies.

**Narrator:** Good afternoon, young ones, middle-aged, and sage,  
How wonderful the year before us! The world our stage!

The scenes will shift often throughout the year;

The part assigned you may bring a tear.  
For this club year is just like a play.  
Give your part the best, come what may.

Life doesn't ask us to make good; it asks only that we give our best on each level of experience. Someone has said (and I'll paraphrase it) that in this new year ahead we ask not that you make this year a perfect one, but that you each do your best to do your part in whatever program or project you are asked to share with us.

Teamwork, unselfish teamwork, is

the foundation for a good club year. There is no limit to the good a person can do if that person doesn't care who gets the credit. There is no place for "big wheels" in our organization. To make it a good, successful year will take the cooperation of every bloomin' soul. I call it "SHARE-ITY."

If we will put together all the talents, the abilities, the visions, the knowledge, and the ambition of all our members, we are just bound to come up with something mighty special, our own "SHARE-ITY, '76 Vintage" to make this a great club year.

Watch and listen now as my helpers and I show you how it can all come about:

**Narrator:** (Walks to the table and points to the big jug.) We have here our mixing jug to hold our "Share-ity Elixir". Let's see now what we will put into it. (Steps to one side as the various characters come in to add their contributions, to the jug.)

**Adventurer:** Dressed to represent Amelia Earhart, can be swinging a helmet in her hand and carrying several maps and charts, plus a container with her "spirits of adventure", which she pours into the jug.

**Narrator:** I hope that in each of us is a bit of that spirit of adventure, the willingness to try something new, which the dauntless Amelia Earhart exemplified so well. We need that spirit of adventure to "egg" us on, to get us out of the same old rut. No adventurer is going to sit back and say, "But we have ALWAYS done it this way." No indeed! Dump in a goodly amount of that spirit of adventure! Let our "git-up-and-go" git going!

**Trailblazer:** Dressed as Carrie Nation or Daniel Boone.

**Narrator:** How much we need the spirit of the trailblazer, such as Carrie Nation or Daniel Boone. Carrie didn't

wait to see if someone else would do what she felt should be done. She simply took her little hatchet and went to it. A trailblazer must have plenty of the old-fashioned stuff Grandma called "gumption", the determination to open up a way to get where she wants to go. Be generous, gal, with that trailblazer spirit you add to our "SHARE-ITY" mix. It must be powerful enough to make each of us ready to grab a coonskin cap or a hatchet, and be up and away toward new horizons.

**Prophet:** Dressed in flowing robe (draped sheet), long hair, perhaps carrying a scroll under one arm, or the club historian's book.

**Narrator:** The wisdom and spirit of the prophet is needed that we may evaluate past achievements and to motivate us to future goals. Perhaps as we evaluate we need to be the kind of prophet that Rachel Carson was, to see mistakes and resolve to correct them. Rachel Carson was just one person; yet there are those who say her book, *Silent Spring*, may have saved us from destroying the very earth on which we live. Yes, we want plenty of the prophet's wisdom and foresightedness in our "Share-ity" jug.

Set your face in the right direction of some fine and worthwhile thing.

Give yourself a goal to reach for, something worth the mastering.

Though it looks beyond your grasp and hopeless it may seem,  
Do not turn away discouraged;

keep your eyes upon your dream.

—Thanks to an unknown author

**Drum Majorette:** Dressed the part to "lead the band", who struts smartly onto the stage.

**Narrator:** Of course we need fine leadership throughout this year. This means not only from our president and other officers, but good leadership if you are chairing a committee. Even if you are not one of the officers, you can still be a leader among the followers, leading in cooperation and understanding. Pour in plenty of that leadership spirit so that we all may step right out on a limb to open wider views for the rest of us old plod-alongs! It is these people who will shake our complacency, perhaps, and upset a few apple-carts along the way, but my! they can also put a little excitement in our lives. Add a goodly portion of daring and inquisitiveness to that jug!

The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky,  
No higher than the soul is high.

**Fisherwoman:** Dressed in fishing gear — boots, old jacket, slouch hat, fishing  
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## The Most Memorable Meal I Ever Ate

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

When I read your request for the most memorable meal we'd ever eaten I thought instantly about the following incident and decided that since it had stayed in my mind all of these years it surely had to be the most memorable.

This happened back in the early 30's during Depression Times, and during those years you just fixed plain and simple food with no trimmings at all. That was the way my mother had taught me to cook because it was the way she cooked.

In these times it is hard to realize such things, but I was nine and a half and I didn't realize that we were going to have a new baby at our house. Papa just told us that Mama had to be away for a few days and I would have to take her place fixing meals and looking after the other children. I had one brother who was two years older than I, one brother who was younger, and two younger sisters, so all the time Mama had been gone I fixed our meals and took care of everything. I was nine years old and small for my age — could just barely reach the top of our old wood-burning range. I felt very important the whole time Mama was gone.

Then unexpectedly my uncle came to visit us and since we hadn't seen him for a number of years, Papa asked me to stay in charge and told my uncle he had to make a little trip the next day and he could go along.

When my uncle came in the house he looked all around and said he was surprised that Papa had been able to find someone to come in and keep things going. Papa said that I had kept everything going and had fixed all of the meals too. MY! I felt so very, very important when this happened!

The next morning Papa and my uncle told us they were going on a little trip to pick up Mama because she wanted to get home, and all of us were ever so very happy that Mama was going to be back home.

Well, I just landed into everything as fast as I could, and it was time for fresh garden stuff so I fixed up a big

meal. I can't remember now what all we had, but it was a big meal — I know that for sure.

We expected Mama and Papa and our uncle back about noon, so with the kids helping me we had the house just spotless and everything ready to go on the table. Then they got home, and just imagine how we felt to see Mama again and TWO babies — we had twin sisters!!! It's no wonder I can't remember everything we had to eat, although I do recall fixing boiled chickens with noodles that Mama had put away for us before she left the house — we hadn't dreamed, of course, that she hadn't been just visiting someone but that she had been in the hospital!

Even in this day and age with push buttons and all kinds of appliances it would sort of scare me to think of my granddaughters having the kind of responsibility that I took for granted. I've fixed many a meal since then and have eaten in fine places when we traveled, but nothing is as memorable to me as the meal I fixed on the day Mama came home from the hospital with our baby twin sisters.

—Mrs. L. M., Iowa

Dear Lucile:

What is the single most memorable meal that I can remember? And will you settle for two?

One I can look back on with a chuckle and another that will always serve as a reminder, should I forget, that God is a merciful God.

The first occurred during the early fifties, at what farm-folk call "silo-filling time". My husband had heard and read about the dug trench-type silos, and since we had no bonafide upright style silo, thought this was a solution to ensile some much-needed feed for the winter.

The date was set and the neighbors were contacted, so I asked how many hungry men I should expect at the dinner table that noon. "About a dozen", I was told. That was to be the understatement of the year I was to learn as the day progressed. No sooner had the man with the ensilage cutter come, and

set up his machine, (self-propelled field cutters were still unheard of then), the racks, loaded with bundles of corn and sorghum, rolling in, and the chopping begun, when the curious passers-by started dropping in to see what was happening, as a trench silo was a novelty then.

As the "traffic" had to pass my kitchen window to reach the scene of activity, I soon became aware that although the curious came, none left. Rather, they stayed to lend a hand, watch, and visit.

A farmer's wife is somewhat conditioned to surprises — but this?? Since there was no time to panic or even for a mild case of hysterics, I opened more jars and prepared dishes definitely not on the original menu; no one went hungry. When I recovered enough to count noses, I found that I had fed two dozen!!! But what did I feed them? I could hardly be expected to remember, could I?

The second, really most important and gratefully remembered meal, was Christmas in 1964. Our sons' wives and our four grandchildren had recovered sufficiently from a most serious car accident to gather at our home for a Christmas gift exchange.

I need not look at the pictures we took that night for it is as vivid as if it just happened. One daughter-in-law, partially toothless, in a wheelchair, both legs in casts, her scalp neatly stitched back in place, and the other daughter-in-law, a bandage to cover the side of her head where part of the ear had been lost, and her good arm protecting her broken ribs and an arm which was now held together by a pin from her shoulder to her elbow; their husbands (our sons) and their youngsters, (whose little bodies had been a mass of deep, huge bruises and some lacerations), clustered about them so happy to have their "Mommies" home: to once again remember the silent prayer of thankfulness in the hearts of "Grampa and Gramma" that evening.

Once again, the menu is long forgotten, but the gratefulness that our loved ones had been spared is one never to be forgotten.

—R.L., Nebr.



### THE OLD LAKE

The old lake bashing bravely in,  
We loved its cold embrace,  
Never daunted by its mighty roar,  
Rolling a rhythmic pace.

Rooted with silent memories,  
The foaming waves surround,  
A mysterious gray green friend,  
Where legends still abound.

—Ruth J. Jorgensen



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

During the past two weeks we have had some nice showers, not too much, but enough to give the crops the boost moisturewise that they needed at this critical time of tasseling and silking. Our beans and corn look very good, and now the pastures will begin to green up and the hay should grow faster. We have had it extremely hot and dry the past few weeks, as has everyone else in the Midwest.

Our visit with Kristin and her three boys has come and gone, and although it was terribly hot and humid while they were here, we managed to have a good time. They aren't used to the extremely high humidity we have here in Iowa, so they really suffered more than we did. I guess the only one who didn't seem to be bothered by the heat was 15-month-old Julian, and he was too busy getting into everything to notice.

I think I'll go back and take up where my letter last month left off. After Kristin let us know the exact date they would be coming, I had four days in which to get ready for them. The paper hangers finished the day she called, and I had to get drapes put up and the house back in order again. A couple of years ago Kristin said she thought it would be lots of fun to come some summer with the boys and stay at the Andybear (our other house a half mile up the road), so Bernie helped me get it ready. We spent a couple of days giving it a good thorough cleaning (even washed and ironed all the curtains), set up the crib, borrowed a high chair, and had it clean and shiny for them to move into for their visit. We have only one spare bedroom, and by the time you set up a crib and a couple of cots, and find places to put the luggage, there isn't much room to walk around, so this arrangement worked out very well. We have a couple of bicycles, so the boys went back and forth at will. Kristin spent her days here and didn't go back until time for bed, and of course they had their meals here. Sometimes they ate breakfast before they came down, and sometimes they ate here.

We have a portable television and an extra radio we took up there, and after dinner Andy and Aaron would go to "their house" and rest awhile and watch some programs they wanted to see. When Andy was just a little boy



The Johnsons' daughter, Kristin.

and they used to come back to visit, every time we passed the house he'd say, "Grandma, tell me again why you call it The Andybear"? And this is what I told him: "When you were a very little boy your favorite story was The Three Bears, and every night before you went to bed this story was read to you. You would point to the picture and say, 'This is the Papa Bear; this is the Mama Bear; and this is Andy Bear.' When we got this place you were the only grandson we had, so we decided to name it The Andybear." Now that he is twelve he thinks it is "neat" to have a house named after him.

The boys fished, hiked, played in the creek, and when we happened to be going in to Chariton in the afternoons for something, we would take them along and leave them at the swimming pool while we ran our errands. Julian was happy just pulling everything out of the cupboards. He is the busiest baby I ever did see. Nothing that is within his reach is safe. He wanted to be outdoors all the time, and if no one was free to go with him we had to keep the doors hooked. He could be playing happily on the front porch, but no matter how quietly someone would try to sneak out the back door, he heard them, and as quick as a wink he was gone. His favorite occupation outside was chasing the kittens, and the ducks, or running up and down the cave.

Andy and Aaron are both awfully good to play with him and watch him once in awhile. He is happy with anyone as long as Kristin isn't around, but when she is in sight or he hears her voice, this is where he wants to be. When she wanted to be with her dad, or fishing with the boys, she just put Julian in his backpack, strapped it on, and away she went.

One of the weekends while they were here we drove to Shenandoah. My 45th

class reunion was being held at that time, and since Kristin planned to take the children down to have a visit with their Granny Driftmier and all their other relatives sometime anyway, we decided this would be a good time to go so I wouldn't miss all the fun of seeing my old friends, and I wouldn't have to miss any of her visit either.

We drove to Shenandoah on Saturday morning and got there in time to have lunch with Mother and Ruby. After lunch I went to the open house and registration for the class members. As we registered we were given the cutest name tags to wear that one of the girls had made for us. Each tag had our senior picture on it as it appeared in the 1931 yearbook. All kinds of delicious cookies, iced tea, and coffee were served, furnished by the members who live in Shenandoah. It is always so much fun to watch people come in to see how many you recognize and can call by name. Kristin took the older boys to the pool; then she brought Julian and came to meet some of my old classmates. Of course she already knew some of them and enjoyed seeing them again.

The committee had arranged for a bus to take all those who wanted to go on a tour of the town to see all the changes that have taken place since we were in high school, and you can well imagine that there have been many.

Margery kept the children at her house so Kristin could go with me to the banquet at the American Legion Country Club. She wasn't the only daughter there, as one of my closest friends, Barbara Aiton, and her husband Bill had brought one of their daughters, Mary Win, with them. They live in Colorado and I get to see Barbara once in a while when I go to Denver to see brother Wayne and family.

On Sunday Margery fixed dinner for Kristin and family while I attended a picnic for class members at the country cabin of one of the members. The Shenandoah residents furnished the covered dish dinner for everyone. They feel this is what they can do for all of those who come from a distance to participate in the activities. Since I am in and out of Shenandoah quite frequently, I'm considered as one of those on the committee, and I'm happy to be able to contribute. Our class reunions, and this is the fourth one we have had, have always been a lot of fun and a big success, and the credit must go to the wonderful group who live in Shenandoah who are always ready to contribute so much time and effort to seeing that everyone has a good time. We are all looking forward to our 50th.

Lucile and Betty entertained us for Sunday night supper. Monday morning  
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## WISCONSIN SUFFERING FROM SEVERE DROUTH

Dear Friends:

I have a few hours of uninterrupted time in which to report on our family's activities since last month. Adrienne will be home shortly from Silver Lake, and she'll be hot and tired. Her life-guarding job runs from half past nine in the morning until two thirty in the afternoon, and getting there and returning is stiff! Now that she has successfully passed her driver's test and is a licensed driver, she thinks it would be pleasant if I would allow her to take my car to her destination. I confess to feeling selfish to refuse her pleas, but I think she is pretty lucky to have a super-swift 10-speed bicycle to "zap" up and down the hills between our house and her job.

I wish you could see that drive she has. If you live in a city, let me tell you it is probably one of the most beautiful six-mile stretches of road in southern Wisconsin. Right in front of our house is county road "B", and going west it winds through many kettles and drumlins which were formed when the glaciers ground and slid their way south. Now, filled into the biggest kettles are no less than four good-sized lakes, and the road Adrienne travels winds between these lakes and up and down some hills that require good leg muscles to cross. When I think of the in-town riding on my bicycle, which I did as a kid, that took me past a wire and cable factory, and I was forced to duck in and out of traffic from the two huge factories in town, I think Adrienne is a pretty lucky little girl to have such a beautiful ride.

One of the highlights of her trip is the mile or two where the road follows the Pabst Farms. As if the natural beauties of this area weren't enough, Mr. Pabst has finished the installation of his fourth circular above-ground irrigation system. According to Paul's *Scientific American* magazine, this method of irrigation is the greatest step in the progress of agriculture since the horse was replaced by the tractor. When these gigantic circular traveling sprinklers are near the road where Adrienne is riding, she gets a long cool shower, but regardless of where she is, Mr. Pabst has the only productive fields in Wisconsin this summer. His crops are getting their needed moisture, his beet crop is harvested, and his corn is beautiful. We have all been down to watch these giants doing their work, and it is fascinating.

I understand that this system was developed by a farmer in Nebraska 25 years ago. I imagine it is terribly expensive to drill a well in the center of



Katharine Lowey was so pleased to have her little cousin Emily to "mother" when she visited her Lowey relatives in Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, this past month. Emily is the 18-month-old daughter of Jed's sister Beth and her husband Bill Rowe.

each of these fields (quarter sections), but imagine being able to use water which is right below your fields that had previously been inaccessible.

The drouth which the Wisconsin farmers are suffering through is truly devastating. There has been rain to the west of us in Iowa, and this week there were several heavy rainfalls through Illinois and Indiana, but we are burning up. We noticed that the big trees on the back of our lot were wilting, and we presumed that it was the result of the lack of water, but one of our largest oaks finally withered to the point that it dropped all its leaves. This was a startling sight in the middle of summer, and now we discover that we have a dead tree which is the victim of oak wilt. This disease is sweeping across central Wisconsin, attacking the red oak branch of the black oak family. Our woods are heavily populated with this species of tree, and I shudder to think of the possibilities if

it spreads too seriously.

Speaking of the lack of rain reminds me of the opposite bit of bad luck the people of Houston, Texas, had in early June. We heard on the radio that there had been torrential rains in an overnight period that dropped about fifteen inches, I think, and parts of Houston were in unbelievably flooded conditions. I mentioned the name of one of the hospitals to Katharine, and she reminded me that this was right across the street from her dormitory at Rice University. Immediately our thoughts ran to the fact that all her clothes, books, bedding, and school furniture were stored in the basement storage of her dormitory. She determined to call one of her friends who was still on campus, and she learned that all the suitcases and trunks which were sitting on the floor of the storeroom were six inches deep in water. And they would stay wet until the end of August when the students returned.

We were further startled to learn that floods and rain damage are considered "acts of God", and are not covered by our liability insurance. After what seemed like weeks the people on the campus were able to get themselves dried out enough to begin considering what to do with all the trunks all over campus that were molding. The library has lost thousands of books; the computers in the math building were drowned; the bookstore lost vast supplies of books; everything was under water. Finally they enlisted the aid of the students living in Houston to come to the campus and take one person's belongings and personally see to their possible recovery. Katharine has not heard yet what is the outcome on her clothes. She will have a monumental cleaning bill at best. I'll let you know next month how she finds things.

Sincerely,  
Mary Beth

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you have to give next month — or  
what to serve for company?**

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## A TEACHER FOR MARIA

by

Mrs. Henry Kuhr

Several years ago the National Women's Group of our church began a new project of teaching adults to read. How I wished I could take part, but all the adults I know read as well, or perhaps better, than I. That I would have such an opportunity never entered my mind.

Several miles from us lives a young Mexican woman. At fourteen she emigrated to Texas to work and earn her own way, and finally to marry. Her husband died, leaving her with a small daughter. She came to Nebraska when a man from our community met her there and married her. Maria sometimes came to our Women's Group Meetings at church with her neighbors. She was friendly and seemed to enjoy it all.

When I invited her to come again, she said, "How can I? I can't read. I couldn't take part. I need a teacher." Impulsively, I said, "Maybe I could help you a little. I used to be a teacher."

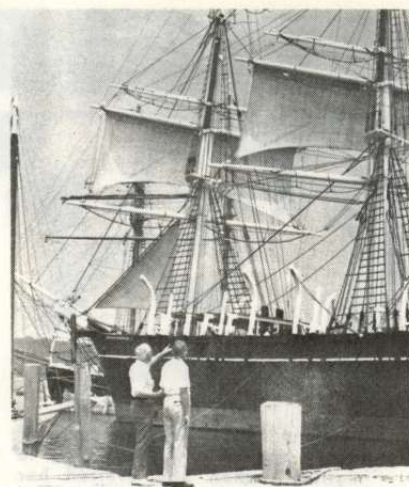
Thus began our once-a-week school sessions. If something interfered, each one was free to explain why we couldn't have school. Maria read better than she admitted, perhaps not aloud or for a program, but she had read many books and magazines, including history and physiology textbooks. What she needed, and wanted, was arithmetic, since she had only the equivalent of two years of school in Mexico and some night classes in Texas. However, the classes were so large there was no chance for individual instruction.

She's learned to carry in addition, borrow in subtraction, the multiplication tables, and long division. She's even progressed to fractions and decimals. (From these terms I used, you know I do not know the New Math.) I know my teaching is neither modern nor scientific, since it has been more than fifty years since I taught school. Nevertheless, it has been a most rewarding experience.

She's learned to spell, which is no small goal when you think that in our language, a word can be spelled several different ways, still pronounced the same, and each have a different meaning.

I've given her my favorite recipes; first chocolate chip cookies, which her daughters love (she has had another daughter since she came to Nebraska), and coffee bread. Hers is probably better than mine by now.

Maria had taught herself enough before we started school to pass the driver's test, and to become an American citizen. This really thrilled her.



Frederick Drifmier points out to his brother Wayne some equipment on one of the tall sailing ships in the harbor along the Atlantic shoreline. Abigail and Wayne were fortunate that the weather was perfect for their visit in Massachusetts and they could do considerable sightseeing.

To hear her say, "Now, I am an American citizen!" made me ashamed, for she treasures what we all accept so lightly.

Maria has taught me much more than I can possibly teach her: lessons in determination to learn, appreciation of our country, and to be thankful for the opportunity to learn. To hear her say when we meet someone, "This is my teacher," is thanks enough. I shall always be happy that I have been privileged to be a teacher for Maria. Maria has found a teacher. We have each found a friend.

Since I have written this, Maria has progressed to studying on her own. We see each other frequently, and if she needs help, I'm still available.

If anyone ever has the opportunity to help someone learn, use it, *please*. It has been one of the most rewarding things I have ever done.

## COVER PICTURE

The high point in the summer for Frederick and Betty Drifmier was, without a doubt, the visit from their little granddaughter Isabel, pictured on the cover with the doting grandfather. Mary Leanna said, "The minute we arrived Mother and Dad took over. Isabel went along with them whenever the car pulled out of the driveway. After six months of living on the Indian reservation, she was fascinated with all the sights and sounds of the city. But most of all she enjoyed playing in the lush grass in the back yard of the parsonage and on the wide concrete driveway — two things she doesn't have at home."

## WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

by

Eleanor C. Wood

Having an idle half hour to spare I found myself thinking of the noises that pervade our daily lives. And of the sounds that used to fill our days and the differences between then and now. Today sounds are so impersonal: sitting at my living room window I hear the clatter of my neighbor's power mower, the hum of a plane's engine overhead, the snarl of an electric saw as it buries its teeth in the trunk of an old, familiar tree, the greedy racket of the sanitation truck as it gulps down waste and grinds it.

Jane Austen wrote that "Everybody has their own taste in noises as well as in other matters." I doubt if we had the choice we would have settled for what we have now. Brooks Atkinson believed that "in a baleful world that is booming and crashing . . . these are not important things, and no one thinks about them much. But they are the warp and woof of peace in the country, and infinitely precious as tokens of the world as it was intended to be. Little things have an ancient lineage that is honorable."

The sounds we remember had a clear and personal relation to our daily lives. There was the patient clop-clop of the milkman's horse, accompanied by the cheerful clink of the bottles. The faint chip of the iceman's pick. The splat of the daily paper as it sailed gaily from the hand of the newsboy on his bicycle and landed (usually) on the veranda steps. The clink of wood dumped into the kitchen woodbox. The cheerful rhythm of the treadle-operated sewing machine. The thump of a carpet beater on the rug tossed over a clothesline. The tinkle of a cat's collar bell. The slam of a screen door. The clang of a trolley car bell, and the clangor of an organ grinder's brash notes. The long, diminishing whistle of the through express. The staccato of fire crackers on the Fourth. The fizzle of the bottle of homemade sarsaparilla. The deep, slow boom of the village clock. The snap of a sail on a canting boat, and the slap of small waves against the fishing wharf. The crunch of the big coffee grinder with its enormous wheels, at the village store.

For all these we have exchanged, sometimes for the better, whistles, shrieks, rumbles, blasts, buzzers, roars, explosions, loud speakers, and the sonic boom. We live better, we are told; travel faster, know more. But what will we have to *remember*?





## FARM ARTIST "BUILDS" BARN FOR HIS LIVING ROOM WALL

by

*Evelyn Cason Tuller*

How do you recycle an old barn, its once-solid construction now in a state of disrepair and quite literally falling apart at the seams?

Such was the plight of the old barn near Oskaloosa, Kansas. No longer useful for its rightful purpose, but brim-filled with nostalgia and memories too good to throw away.

That was the decision facing Waldo Shultz, the owner of the weather-beaten frame building. You don't turn your back on a faithful old friend, just because it has outlived its usefulness. Neither do you let an eyesore detract from the neat appearance on your farm home.

Mr. Schultz made the logical decision. To tear down the building — and to preserve the boards in an heirloom picture which portrays the barn as it had proudly served in its better days. The

barn was "rebuilt" on canvas as it appeared in its native state, with the frame structure cut from the original boards and cemented to the canvas in third-dimensional form. The background and surrounding scenery for the barn was painted by Mrs. Harries. The frame for the finished farm scene was constructed from additional board material salvaged from the demolished farm building.

The Antique-Barn reproduction, as well as a number of other souvenir pictures which were "built" by Mr. Shultz of surplus barn boards, were displayed by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Billy Shultz, at the Flea Market held at White Cloud, Kansas, on September 7, 1975.

Mr. Schultz was "commissioned" by others who had seen his conversation piece and liked its outstanding effect, to build similar memory pictures of their own family barns.

Recycling at its utmost? With a man of ideas, such as Mr. Shultz, what couldn't have been done with "London Bridge Is Falling Down"?

## SEPTEMBER

September is a month of beginnings. Students, eager or weary, begin school again with its usual pressures of classes and studies.

Fathers and mothers, back from vacation, begin the daily routine again with its usual pressures of making a good living and living a good life.

And autumn, after a long hot summer, begins a new season with its pressures of harvest and the preparation for winter.

All make a new beginning.

Begin, then, boldly, courageously. Begin with the joy for being alive.

That's the kind of pressure worth keeping.

## REMEMBERING THE FARM

The barn was cool and dusky,  
An ideal place to play,  
I remember the blending of color tones  
Of the hay in the stalls that day.

Frisky kittens and sleepy cats,  
In hues of orange and gray,  
Dust motes danced in wide bands  
Of sunbeams through the open doorway.

New-mown alfalfa and clover hay  
Perfumed the air with charm,  
Today I'm longing nostalgically for  
Quiet yesterdays of the farm.

—Ruth J. Jorgensen

## A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

This is something that should have been written at least 18 months ago, but we hated so to take the step that we just kept putting it off and putting it off.

Well, now the time has come when we must increase the subscription price of this magazine by 50¢ per year, thus going from \$2.50 per year to \$3.00 per year. The past few years expenses have gone up and although we've tried our best to pare them where we can, some are not within our control, and thus we can't do anything about them. If we are to continue with the magazine, we must increase the price a little. Goodness knows, we want to keep it coming to you! The many thousands of people who have kept track of us for around 50 years can understand why it seems genuinely unreal to us to imagine daily life without this magazine. Through these unpretentious pages (never any color, never any frills) we've made friends all over the world — and this is literally true.

On our part, we'll try even harder to make each issue as interesting and informative as possible. If you have any suggestions for improving the contents, we'd appreciate hearing from you.

SO — when you renew your subscription be sure that you enclose \$3.00. If you're a brand-new subscriber, enclose \$3.00. All foreign subscriptions will be \$3.50.

These changes will go into effect with the September issue that will be started on its way to you on August 26th. How long it will take to reach your mail box is totally beyond our control. We just know that when the 26th of every month rolls around a big truck pulls up to load sack after sack of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazines and gets them to the post office. Once these magazines leave our plant there is nothing in this world we can do about hurrying them along!

Best wishes to each and every one of you, and our confident belief is that you will understand why we had to increase the price by 50¢.

Leanna, Lucile and Margery

## HANDS

Hands, there are, that fashion, turn, grip, fondle, pick up, mend, drive, write, feed, point, claps, pray, tie, nail, lift, feel, signal, draw, build, finger, caress, operate, and on and on and on.

Yes, hands are important. Very!

Be sure you take good care of them.



## OFF TO THREE WINDS

by  
Evelyn Birkby

As fall comes into view the winds of change blow through the house. This is true at various times of the year, but somehow autumn with its varied patterns gives a sense of newness more intense than at other seasons.

This is really the time when resolutions should be made rather than on January 1st. What better time than the end of summer, for example, to clean out the storage shelves, check the fit of the clothing put away last spring, and agree that a diet could well be the first priority for September of 1976?

At any rate, this past week has been one of tearing into the basement for a real cleaning and sorting session. I am a *saver*! It catches up with me at varying intervals and this summer is one of them. As this project began I *resolved* to try and become a *tosser*. (How I do wish this came naturally to me as it does to Lucile.) No sooner had I made this resolve than I began running into items I thought our sons might use this fall.

For years I've saved back articles which the boys could use "someday". Now that day is approaching. The Indian blankets are carefully folded onto the pile of bedding so the boys can check them over for items they wish to take with them for this coming school year. And the dishes and pots and pans not needed in the kitchen, and the curtains, throw rugs, and lamps, can someone use those items?

This summer has been especially crowded, storagewise, for all three boys have had their belongings here at home. These boxes must wait for their owners, for most of the items are college books and papers and some clothing. My judgment bows to theirs when it comes to their possessions.

But the pile available for their consideration is growing back on the basement sorting table. Craig will have an apartment situation for the first time this fall, for he is going to be one of the head resident supervisors at his dormitory at Morningside College. He will not be doing all of his cooking, but he will have a small kitchen where he can cook up treats and share with the boys in the dorm. I imagine his choice will be brownie pans, muffin tins and cooky sheets. He has already asked me to put together some of his favorite recipes: cherry chip cookies, Goombahs and snickerdoodles. He doesn't know it yet, but I have a copy of the Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook ready for him with notes in the margin and recipes underlined which should be useable.

Craig has had a great deal of cooking



At last Jeff Birkby's graduation picture arrived. President Vance Rogers of Nebraska Wesleyan University at Lincoln is shown presenting Jeff with his diploma.

experience on various camping trips. This summer he has been assistant camp director at Beaubien Western Lore Camp at the Philmont Scout Ranch and during the periods of time when the cook has been gone he's done a considerable amount of general cooking, so this will not be an entirely new experience for him.

This will be Craig's third year at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, so the car will soon be packed and ready to take him up north along Interstate 29 (how thankful we are for this fine highway to Sioux City). Craig is majoring in math and biology so it will be a busy year of studying ahead.

Jeff had a long period of uncertainty last spring as he completed his undergraduate studies. He visited a number of universities trying to decide where to go and what to do this fall. When he decided to visit Montana State University at Bozeman, he invited his brother Craig to go with him. This gave them a fine opportunity to visit as the bus moved across the states between Iowa and Montana, and a chance to share a few days backpacking in the wilderness area near Bozeman.

Both found the area particularly beautiful with many opportunities for the rugged outdoor activities our sons enjoy so much. A member of the university "outdoor club" came to see Jeff during his visit there and told him of the many activities available in the nearby mountains. Now, it was truly the excellence of the university and the fine faculty which made Jeff decide to attend the Montana State University, but the mountains, streams and recreational areas close by did not make it any more difficult to make up his mind!

Since Jeff is too far away to check on housing personally until he arrives,

he will probably spend the first term in the graduate students' dorm, but I do hope he can take some of this excess bedding along with him when he goes west. He will be working on his Master's degree in biology and teaching in some area of that field at the university. It is my guess he'll find many opportunities for field trips as the months of study progress.

Bob will undoubtedly lower my pile of expendables the most when he gathers up his belongings to head south. He is planning to go directly from his summer's work at Philmont to Springfield, Missouri, to get his housing lined up for the fall semester. When this problem is solved, he will come home long enough to gather his belongings and return to Springfield where he will begin his work as Instructor of English at Southwest Missouri State University.

Bob enjoyed his stay at Fayetteville, Arkansas, while he worked on his Master's degree at Arkansas University, so he decided he would much prefer living in that part of the country. He enjoyed the Ozark Mountains and found the people delightfully relaxed and friendly.

Hopefully, Bob will find a large enough apartment that he can take many of the items I've been saving for "someday" when they would be needed. He has already made a chair and davenport for his own use, and is developing such an interest in woodwork that a place of his own would give him a great deal of pleasure.

Every place these sons of ours will be located this fall has areas of beauty. We are near enough to Sioux City to get there often and plan to attend Homecoming, Parents' Day and any other special event possible. Part of the fun of having a student in college is sharing in the great events such an institution presents.

Bob's location will not be too far away for us to get down at least once during the year. I would like to wait until he is settled and then get a chance to see just what kind of arrangements he has. The university is new to me, also, so that will make for an interesting visit as well.

Now Jeff is another matter. Bozeman is a far piece from Sidney, Iowa. Do you suppose, I suggested to Robert, that we just might be able to take that vacation long delayed from last year and go to Montana? He didn't say no, so we'll just have to wait and see. In the meantime, I must return to the basement to sort out some more useables for consideration when the boys return home and prepare to, again, go riding the winds of change which will be taking them in three different directions this fall of '76.



## PATCHWORK & PATCHES

by  
Verna Sparks

A recent visit with my daughter's family turned out to be almost a disappointment. They love to have me come and spend a few days, and I do enjoy going as often as I can. This time, however, I got turned off almost before I had time to slip into my house slippers.

First the oldest granddaughter brought out a pair of those patchwork denim slacks and asked if I liked them. I peered over my glasses to have a better look, and answered honestly, "No, Claudia, I don't, and no offense." In the course of our conversation I learned that they were quite expensive, but were the current fashion.

My reaction was one of disgust, for all I could see was *patches*. I remembered the yards of denim I had used throughout the past to keep my husband's overalls in good condition. The railroad shops were hard on clothes, and I spent hours mending, stitching, repairing overalls, coveralls, and jeans during my young days. I thought anyone who would pay a high price for a pair of *denim patches* just to be in style must be slightly insane! I leaned back in my chair and watched Claudia cut two inches off each leg, then turn back another inch and carefully hem them. We chatted about many things while I worked with my crochet hook and completed one more square for my granny afghan.

Claudia told me she had just received a raise on her new job at the bank. She told me that once a week she goes to night school, and assured me the jeans would be just the thing to wear on these occasions. I listened intently, admiring her ambition and achievements, reveling in my grandmother's role while she relayed to me her worthwhile experiences. After the evening meal, Grandson Jeff came in, attired in his suit of denim, and before the evening was over I found that my son-in-law sported a suit of the same material. It didn't surprise me. Clothes were clothes, and there was no age limit. My son-in-law makes good money. Why shouldn't he wear what is in style?

I kept turning over in my mind the sight of this new type of wearing apparel that I had just seen, comparing it with the overalls I used to be so familiar with. There was no comparison. How I hated those faded overalls, and did everything I could to keep them from fading. I carefully laundered them, rinsed them in bluing rinse, starched and ironed them, and constantly patched the snagged and worn places. I



Julian, son of Kristin & Art Brase, likes the overalls his Grandma Johnson gave him.

couldn't believe what I was seeing. Who could dream up such a fantastic idea? Well, I guess whoever did was smarter than I. I'm sure the originator is making money, because patchwork is really in.

Grandson Chris has a closet of jeans patched and unhemmed, with the ragged edges raveling a little more after each wash.

After a few days with my daughter, other interests took up my time, shopping and visiting with her and the children. The patchwork episode sort of faded away, until one day she called me into the bedroom to show me something. She turned the spread back on one of the boy's beds, and here to my astonished eyes was a comfort she had made completely of denim squares. She explained she hated to throw the old jeans away, so came up with the idea, and in her spare time ripped, measured, and cut the squares, then pieced them together on the sewing machine. Later she put the pieced top to some backing and tied and bound it.

I think I came to my senses when I saw this finished product. Even if the children were extravagant in buying their clothes, I could see what she had saved on this nice, warm comfort. My heart warmed because my daughter was so excited in telling me about it. She exclaimed, "Mother, Chris just loves it because it is made out of all his own blue jeans."

I marveled certainly while I watched Sue and her family. Her role as mother over this teen-age family now is fantastic. Their growing up has been a period of changes which have called for demands on both sides, sometimes to the extent that she and her husband are required to use the utmost care in working out the problems confronting them. I do believe they have handled the situation wisely, and have gained the confidence of their children.

Now I have made up my mind always to be very tackful in my reactions to things my grandchildren share with me. I forget my past and square my shoulders to face the future of my family with all the pride and joy a grandmother can muster up.

### THINGS SAID AND UNSAID

Great fortune and fame are as nothing compared to the rewarded feeling one always experiences when one who is near and dear has successfully overcome the trying ordeal of a serious illness or intricate surgery.

What is more painful to the onlooker, in those moments of waiting and despair, than to think of all the things we said to that person that we shouldn't have, and of all the things we should have said but didn't? And yet how warm the thought when we discover there is still another chance.

May the words of our tongues and pens be spoken and written with greater care, so that they will be easily acceptable to everyone who hears or reads them. —Don Beckman

### YOU TELL ME I AM GETTING OLD

You tell me I am getting old.

I tell you that's not so!

The "house" I live in is worn out, and that, of course, I know.

It's been in use a long, long while; it's weathered many a gale; I'm really not surprised you think it's getting somewhat frail.

The color's changing on the roof, the window's getting dim, The wall's a bit transparent and looking rather thin,

The foundation's not so steady as once it used to be —

My "house" is getting shaky, but my "house" isn't ME!

My few short years can't make me old. I feel I'm in my youth. Eternity lies just ahead, a life of joy and truth.

I'm going to live forever, there; life will go on — it's grand! You tell me I am getting old? You just don't understand.

The dweller in my little "house" is young and bright and gay; Just starting on a life to last throughout eternal day.

You only see the outside, which is all that most folks see. You tell me I am getting old?

You've mixed my "house" with ME! —Dora Johnson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Johnson, now deceased, wrote the above lines when she was in her 89th year . . . her first, and only, literary effort.



# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### PARTY CHICKEN

4 large chicken breasts, boned and skinned

3 or 4 ozs. chipped beef, chopped

1 can cream of mushroom soup

1 cup sour cream

Cover bottom of greased flat baking dish with chipped beef, arrange chicken on beef. Mix soup and sour cream together and pour over chicken. Bake uncovered for 3 to 3½ hours at 275 degrees. It will be a beautiful brown. So good. —Margery

### BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

6 Tbls. butter

1 cup brown sugar

1 cup boiling water

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

3 Tbls. cornstarch

2 Tbls. flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1 2/3 cups milk

3 egg yolks

1 baked pie shell

Melt the butter in a skillet over low heat and heat, stirring, until golden brown. Add brown sugar and stir until melted, and boiling. Add boiling water carefully, as it bubbles up quickly. Add the flavorings and remove from heat. Blend the starch, flour and salt. Gradually add milk and blend until smooth. Stir into the brown sugar mixture; bring to a boil again, stirring, and boil for one minute. Remove from heat again. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add a little of the hot mixture gradually, stirring, and then add the yolks to the hot mixture. Return to the heat and bring to boil again and boil one minute. Pour into baked pie shell, top with meringue made of the 3 egg whites and 6 Tbls. sugar. Place in hot oven to lightly brown the meringue. —Margery

### SPECIAL OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup margarine

1 cup white sugar

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

2 eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 2/3 cups sifted flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1 2/3 cups quick rolled oats (raw)

1 cup raisins

1 cup chopped nuts

Cream the margarine and sugars until fluffy. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Add to the creamed mixture, blending well. Mix in the rolled oats, raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a 375-degree oven. These are especially good when topped with a thin layer of powdered sugar and butter frosting. —Dorothy

### EASY BROCCOLI

1 pkg. frozen broccoli spears

1/2 can Cheddar cheese soup

3 Tbls. milk

Cook broccoli as directed on the package. Drain. Heat soup and milk. Serve over broccoli. —Margery

### TUNA RAMEKINS

1 2-oz. can mushrooms, stems and pieces, drained

1 stalk celery

4 shallots or 2 Tbls. onion, minced

2 Tbls. butter

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 small eggs

3/4 cup buttermilk

1/8 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. basil

1 can tuna, drained

1/4 cup Cheddar cheese, diced

1 cup canned or 1 sliced tomato

Saute drained mushrooms, celery and shallots or onion in the butter and butter flavoring. Beat eggs lightly and add to buttermilk. Stir in seasonings. Combine sauteed vegetables, egg mixture and tuna. Spoon into individual ramekins or a casserole dish. Sprinkle cheese over top. Lay tomatoes on top of cheese. (If canned tomatoes are used, drain very well.) Bake at 325 degrees about 30 minutes, or until mixture sets like a custard. Makes 3 or 4 fine servings. With a tossed salad and hot bread this is an excellent luncheon or supper dish. It may be made early and refrigerated until time to bake and serve. —Evelyn

### TWO-LAYER FRUIT MOLD

1 1-lb. can grapefruit sections, drained (save syrup)

1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges, drained (save syrup)

2 cups liquid (see below)

1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin

1 cup boiling water

1 cup limeade

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1/2 cup mayonnaise

Drain the fruits, using syrup, with water to make 2 cups liquid. Heat and pour over strawberry gelatin. Add strawberry flavoring. Pour into 8-inch square pan and chill until firm. Dissolve lime gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the prepared limeade and orange flavoring. Chill until beginning to thicken. Blend in mayonnaise and add fruit. Pour over firm first layer and chill until set. —Margery

### COOKED CARROTS

6 medium carrots, sliced

2 Tbls. melted butter

1/4 tsp. dried basil leaves, crushed

1/4 tsp. salt

Cook carrots in salted water for 15 minutes. Drain and toss with remaining ingredients. If you don't like basil, try this with a little dill weed.

### ZUCCHINI COOKIES

(Or Apple Cookies)

2 eggs, lightly beaten

1 1/2 cups sugar

3/4 cup cooking oil

3 cups flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

1 1/2 cups grated zucchini or apple

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1/2 cup nuts

Beat eggs lightly. Add sugar. When well mixed, stir in oil. Combine dry ingredients. Mix part of dry ingredients with zucchini or apple. Mix dry ingredients and zucchini or apple mixture into eggs, sugar and oil. Add remaining ingredients. Chill. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 12 minutes. These brown nicely around the edges and become glazed on top. Do not overbake. This cookie is not overly sweet and keeps very well. A delicious way to use either zucchini or apple to make a nutritious snack and an unusual cookie for almost any purpose. —Evelyn



**LEMONADE PIE**

- 1 6½-oz. can frozen lemonade
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 4½-oz. carton prepared refrigerator topping
- 1 prepared pie shell

Have ingredients and utensils very cold. Beat the ingredients together until soft points are formed (will not be stiff points). Pile into precooked pie shell and chill until serving time. Elegant!

—Mary Beth

**SWEET-SOUR CABBAGE**

- 1 head cabbage
- 2 apples, diced
- 1 onion, diced
- 4 cups water
- 1/2 cup mild vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 5 whole cloves
- 5 peppercorns
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 slices bacon
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Chop cabbage. Combine in kettle with apples, onion, water, vinegar, salt and sugar. Tie spices in bag and put in kettle. Simmer about 30 minutes. Fry bacon. Pour drippings from bacon and butter flavoring over cabbage during last 10 minutes of cooking. (If too much liquid remains, pour off most of it before adding bacon drippings. Leave just enough water to keep from sticking during last 10 minutes.) Serve hot with bacon pieces over top.

—Evelyn

**HAMBURGER ROLL-UPS**

- 1/2 cup minced onion
- Shortening or oil
- 3 Tbls. minced green pepper
- 1/3 cup minced celery
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 7 Tbls. water
- 1 recipe of biscuit dough (2 cups biscuit mix)
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk

Cook onion in shortening or oil lightly; add green pepper, celery and hamburger and cook, stirring, until hamburger loses pink color. Add salt, pepper, flour, Worcestershire sauce and water and cook until thick, stirring. Remove from heat. Make up biscuit dough. Roll out into rectangle. Spread with hamburger mixture. Roll up; seal edges. Slice in 1-inch slices. Place on greased pan. Bake at 425 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve with sauce made of the mushroom soup and milk. —Margery

**PLAIN JANE COOKIES**

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 5 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 to 1 cup milk (or water)

Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in egg and flavoring. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk. Bake at 375 degrees for about 8 minutes, or until brown.

This is a very versatile recipe. Any kind of shortening, for example, may be used. Either brown or white sugar is fine, or half and half. The liquid can be whole milk, canned milk or water. It can be rolled out and cut with cookie cutters, or rolled into balls and pressed down with a glass dipped in sugar, or even patted into a pie tin and made into bar cookies. When using brown sugar try adding 2 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. ginger and 1/2 tsp. nutmeg. Nuts and/or chocolate chips may be added. Be careful not to overbake. They are a nice tender cookie and great for "dunking".

—Evelyn

**PEAS WITH CELERY & ONION**

- 1 pkg. frozen peas
- 1 stalk celery
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- Butter

Cook peas, celery and onion together until peas are done. Drain and toss with a little butter.

Very good for a change. —Margery

**ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE**

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups asparagus, cooked partially and drained
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1 pimiento, cut fine
- 1 1/2 Tbls. onion, grated
- 1/2 cup cheese, grated
- Crushed cereal crumbs, or cracker crumbs, buttered

Make a white sauce by melting butter and butter flavoring; stir in flour and cook over moderate heat, stirring, while the mixture bubbles and cooks. Gradually stir in milk and continue cooking until mixture thickens. Combine with remaining ingredients, with exception of crumbs. Spoon into casserole and top with buttered crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

—Evelyn

**SIMPLE RAISIN CREAM PIE**

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 3-oz. pkg. vanilla pudding and pie filling
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup prepared whipped topping mix
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Pour boiling water over the raisins to cover and let stand five minutes. Drain well. Prepare the pie filling mix using the two cups of milk. Stir in the flavorings and cinnamon. Chill thoroughly. Fold in the whipped topping and the raisins. Spoon into the pie shell and chill until ready to use. Garnish with a dab of topping mix when ready to serve.

—Dorothy

**WATERGATE COOKIES**

- 1 regular size box white cake mix
- 1 box instant pistachio pudding mix
- 1/2 cup oil
- 3 Tbls. 7-Up
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)
- 1/2 cup coconut

Mix together thoroughly. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls about 2 inches apart on a lightly greased baking sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes at 350 degrees. Makes 4 to 5 dozen. —Margery

**CRUMB CAKE**

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 cups flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

**Topping**

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. butter

Stir vinegar into sour cream and set aside. In large bowl put flour, sugar and shortening and blend until like fine meal. Stir in eggs, sour cream mixture, flavorings, baking soda and cream of tartar. Place in greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. The batter is very thick.

For topping blend flour, sugar and butter and sprinkle over top of batter. Bake at 350 degrees until done, about 40-45 minutes. —Margery



## KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

Mail your order now for this wonderful 464-page cookbook of choice Kitchen-Klatter recipes. Only \$5.00 per copy. (Iowa residents, please add sales tax.) Make checks payable to:

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

If you can turn off some dreary TV presentation and read a good book that holds your interest, you are well educated.

### SEPT.

		1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10
12	13	14	15	16	17
19	20	21	22	23	24
26	27	28	29	30	

# x 3

Multiply September by 3, and that's the number of times you have to dish up appetizing, delicious meals. And that doesn't count after-school snacks, bedtime tidbits or the church supper. Where do you get the inspiration for a little variety . . . a little fun in the old menu?

Look to **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** for help. They add snap to any recipe: old favorite or brand-new from this month's magazine. They add delicious, come-again flavor and aroma, never weakened or carried away by steam. They're economical, too, but best of all, there are sixteen to choose from:

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

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

### SHIMMERING CHERRY SALAD

1 can Bing cherries  
3 cups liquid (cherry juice plus water)  
2 3-oz. pkgs. black cherry gelatin  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring  
1 pkg. whipped topping mix  
Drain liquid from cherries. (Use any size can of Bing cherries you desire.) Measure juice and add enough water to make the 3 cups. Heat to boiling. Stir in gelatin and flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Divide gelatin into two parts. Fold cherries in one part and place in bottom of 9- by 13-inch pan or pretty glass bowl if preferred. Chill. Prepare whipped topping according to directions. Whip remaining gelatin until fluffy. Fold whipped topping into whipped gelatin and spoon over top of first layer. Keep refrigerated until time to serve.

—Evelyn

### OATMEAL PANCAKES

1 1/2 cups uncooked rolled oats  
2 cups buttermilk or sour milk  
2 eggs, beaten  
1/2 cup flour  
1 tsp. sugar  
1 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
Combine rolled oats and buttermilk or sour milk and eggs. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into first mixture. Add flavoring. Bake on hot griddle. Makes delicious, nutritious pancakes.—Evelyn

### ORIENTAL CHICKEN

3 to 3 1/2 lbs. chicken parts (or cut-up fryer)  
Salt and pepper  
1/4 tsp. ground ginger  
1 tsp. minced garlic (I used powdered.)  
1 cup chicken broth  
1 8 1/2-oz. can pineapple slices, drained (save juice)  
1 4-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced  
3 little green onions, sliced  
1/4 cup cornstarch  
3 Tbls. soy sauce  
1 Tbls. vinegar  
Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Place in slow cooker. Combine ginger, garlic, chicken broth and juice drained from pineapple. Cut pineapple slices in quarters. Arrange pineapple and water chestnuts over chicken. Pour sauce over all. Cover and cook on low for 3 or 4 hours, or until chicken is tender. Add onions. Dissolve cornstarch in soy sauce and vinegar. Add to the pot. Cover and cook on high for 15 minutes. Remove chicken and serve sauce over Chinese noodles.

—Margery

### HANNA'S DELICIOUS BARS

1 cup white sugar  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
2/3 cup butter  
1/4 cup water  
1 cup semisweet chocolate chips  
1 cup sweet chocolate chips  
4 eggs  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1 1/2 cups flour  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup chopped nuts  
Combine sugars, butter and water. Bring to boiling; then remove from heat. Add chips and stir until melted. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add flavorings. Combine flour, soda and salt. Gradually add to first mixture. Lastly, fold in nuts. Pour into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake until done at 325 degrees.

—Lucile

### GOOMBAHS

1 14-oz. pkg. light caramels (about 50)  
1/3 cup evaporated milk  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1 1-lb., 3-oz. pkg. German chocolate cake mix  
3/4 cup butter or margarine, melted  
1/3 cup evaporated milk  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1 cup (6 oz.) pkg. semisweet chocolate pieces  
Place caramels, 1/3 cup evaporated milk and burnt sugar flavoring in top of double boiler. Melt over hot water, stirring occasionally, until melted. While this is melting, grease and flour a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. In large mixing bowl combine dry cake mix, butter or margarine, 1/3 cup evaporated milk, remaining flavorings and nuts. Mix. If necessary, use hands to blend as it may be a bit dry. When dough holds together, press half of mixture prepared pan. Bake at 350 degrees for six minutes. Sprinkle chocolate chips over this bottom crust. Spread melted caramel mixture over chocolate bits. Crumble remaining dough mixture over top, or drop in small amounts from spoon. Bake about 16 more minutes. Cool about 15 minutes and refrigerate if desired to set caramel layer. Cut into small squares . . . makes about 36. An excellent variation is to add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring to the chocolate cake mixture.

This is a very delicious and rich cake/candy which is a great favorite with young people.

—Evelyn





## Let's Have a Party

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Having a party for the teachers? How about making it a *Mother Goose Party*, with decorations on that theme and the committee members dressed in Mother Goose costumes? You might even ask others to come as their favorite Mother Goose character. For a wider range in costume, just make it a *Storybook Ball*, and thus any book character might be represented.

If it is a Mother Goose party, then let some familiar children's games be ice breakers for this adult group. It can be loads of fun.

When tired of active games, number off into small groups. Allow ten minutes for each group to make up a Mother Goose rhyme which can be sung to the tune of "Polly Wolly Doodle", or some other familiar tune. Have each group sing their song and award a prize to the cleverest one.

A *Scavenger Hunt* always makes good entertainment for a fall party. If you prefer not to have the "scavengers" knocking at the doors of peoples' homes, round up the many unusual items yourself, and hide them in a large park, in someone's large back yard, or some similar place. Make each list different, and instruct the scavengers that they may not pick up, in fact try not to let on that they see, any item not on their list.

At one such party I attended, all of the items were something that could be worn or used by the players. So after time was called, each group had to choose a leader from their number, and that person had to model all the items found, which ranged from a corset, old pair of laced high-top shoes, a pair of spats, a wig, and a grass skirt, to a pair of false teeth (toy ones), and false eyelashes. It was hilarious.

*Campfire Hang-Out:* This can be the usual wiener roast or grilled hamburger party, so popular in the fall, except that each guest is told to be ready

with something for the entertainment around the campfire. This may be a game, a song, a stunt, a reading; or the hostess may suggest that two or three work together to plan a skit or other entertainment. If you think someone may come unprepared to perform, have ready some laugh-provoking forfeits which that unlucky person must pay.

A *Pioneer Party* for a parent-teacher party could be a good deal of fun, too, and very appropriate this year. It might well be an outdoor party, with a campfire and wiener roast to conclude the evening of fun. Ask the guests to come in pioneer costume — jeans and gingham dresses (or calico prints) would be fine, and then for entertainment do some of the old-fashioned musical party games — "Skip, Skip, Skip to M'Lou", etc., or some square dancing. Singing around the campfire is always a nice way to end such an evening — and to rest a bit after all that exercise.

*Places, Persons, and Things Quiz:* What person, place, or thing is suggested by the following nickname?

1. The Old Dominion (Virginia)
2. The Eternal City (Rome)
3. The Brown Bomber (Joe Louis)
4. The Happy Warrior (Alfred E. Smith)
5. The Little Giant (Stephen Douglas)
6. The Windy City (Chicago)
7. The Sultan of the Swat (Babe Ruth)
8. The Champ (Franklin D. Roosevelt)
9. Tin-Pan Alley (Music district of New York City)
10. Black Maria (Police wagon)
11. The Great Compromiser (Henry Clay)
12. The Wizard of Menlo Park (Thomas Edison)
13. The Great Commoner (William Jennings Bryan)
14. Black Jack (Gen. John J. Pershing)
15. The Fourth Estate (The public press).

*The Drama Hour:* Each person is given a numbered letter. Each set of letters forms a word, such as all number ones might form the word "dance",

number twos might find their letters form the word "style", and so on. Each group of numbers get together and figure out what their word is from the letters they have; then they must act out their word. Those with word "dance" might put on a mock dance recital; "style" might be a style show. The number of lettered words given out will depend upon the number attending. Five or six to a group work out nicely.

Man must work. That is certain as the sun. But he may work grudgingly or he may work gratefully; he may work as a machine. There is no work so rude that he may not exalt it; no work so dull that he may not enliven it; no work so impassive that he may not breathe a soul into it.

—Henry Giles

# THE 3 AND ONLY

Guess we can't say "one and only" when we refer to **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**, because each of the three has a personality all its own. Each is made from a very special recipe. And each has its own following; some people prefer **French**, some **Italian**, and others insist on **Country Style**.

But all three have one thing in common: quality. The ingredients are the finest we can buy, and they are blended with loving care in spotless kitchens. They aren't too sweet, nor are they so tart they pucker your mouth. They're smooth and creamy, too. Sound good? They ARE good. And they're at your grocery store. Pick up some. Your family will thank you.

## 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.





## SEPTEMBER REVERIES

by

Virginia Thomas

My YOUNGEST starts to school today. My thoughts will not stay on the task at hand. It is so strange and silent here without her, and how strange and new it all must be in her new school world!

Oh, I would be so glad, World, if you could be gentle with her through these adventuresome new days. It will all seem new and strange and BIG to her who has been used to Mother at her beck and call when the unusual came up in her back yard domain of swing and sand pile and doll house.

She waved gaily, but did I detect a bit wistfully, too, as she boarded the school bus. So began for her the GREAT ADVENTURE into the world. Before it ends, she will make friends, perhaps some enemies. She will know loss and tragedy, but joys and happiness, too, the like of which she has never known before. She may cross mountains and oceans. She will need to find a faith and courage to live with day by day.

She will learn that though all people should be equal, all are not free. She will find many heroes and heroines along life's road, but also the unjust and the scoundrels. Please, World, give her the insight to recognize both, and to find joy in the good things of life, to know laughter but to find the grit to adjust to failure and disappointments. But for these first days in the big world, do treat her gently. Let her keep the "shine" on life for a while!

September is quite a month — a betwixt-and-between month. We are still close to that leisurely feeling that is summer, but can also see the challenges and new beginnings that is fall, with the hint of winter to come.

To me September is the "promise" month — the promise of the abundant harvest that is just around the corner, of new club and church activities, of the brilliant fall spectacular of color as Mother Earth begins to adorn herself in the rich autumn golds and browns, bright yellows and deepest

scarlets, of pumpkins piled near the smoke house, of a gorgeous harvest moon, of long walks to savor the very last of summer greenery and flowers.

September is a time to remember friends. With those near it is a joy to share the beauties and bounties of the fall, and to take up new goals and dreams in the various organizations. But it is time to share the good things in life with friends far away through letters or perhaps a phone call.

Summer is gone. September is here. And life's pace is quickening. I intend to enjoy every moment of it, and at day's end lie down to drift off to sleep, perhaps to a gentle September rain beating a sleepy tattoo on the roof.

## BE A VOLUNTEER!

by

Dorothy Enke

Most of us, when joining an organization, do so with every intention of doing our best for the group, and being fully cooperative with its program. All too soon we begin to feel pressed in from every side as increasing demands are made upon our time and activities.

One foolproof method of circumventing the pressure of too many duties and too little time is to become a volunteer. When your group embarks upon a new project with great enthusiasm, don't just huddle in a panic trying to decide how you are going to avoid being called upon to work on one more committee.

Take a moment for a realistic appraisal of the situation. Is the project important enough to warrant the time and work involved? If you are definitely in favor of it decide quickly what you *can* do, and what you'd *like* to do to get this project moving. Then, *before* you are assigned to a committee to which you have nothing to offer, get on your feet and volunteer to do the special thing you know that you can do, one that you can fit into your already crowded schedule.

If you volunteer to take charge of the decorations, which you'll enjoy doing and can manage in your free time, no one is going to expect you to head the Kitchen Committee, or take care of the Entertainment. You will be doing your share and you will also be happy in the performance of it. Other members know that you have a definite assignment and will not be apt to foist extra chores on you.

Having volunteered to perform a task in a specific area can give you a feeling of freedom and ease that would not be possible had you been drafted, under protest, to do the same job. You'll find that having willingly pledged yourself to particular respon-

sibilities you will want to discharge them to the best of your ability. Thus volunteering really becomes a sort of challenge to yourself, but it is one you will enjoy meeting.

Once you have acquired the habit of volunteering quickly to do the thing that you feel you can do best an interesting phenomenon occurs. Automatically and unobtrusively your fields of interest and areas of endeavor will expand. You will not always find yourself volunteering to take care of the decorations. You may find yourself offering to serve on the program committee because you are truly interested in the type of programs to be developed in your group.

So go ahead! Be a volunteer. In the beginning it may be an entirely selfish act, born of desperation, as you try to avoid a dreary, time-consuming assignment which just isn't your thing. As you grow in knowledge and experience, however, you will find that volunteering is not a matter of token service to your organization. It is serving the best way you can in the fields in which you have the most to offer. You will discover a greater self-fulfillment in your work than you had ever thought possible.

## NO EXCUSE SUNDAY

To make it possible for everyone to attend church next Sunday, we are going to make it very special.

A cot will be placed in the sanctuary for those who say "Sunday is my only day to sleep."

Eye drops will be available for those with tired eyes from watching TV too late on Saturday night.

We will have steel helmets for those who say, "The roof would cave in if I came to church."

Blankets will be furnished for those who think the church is too cold and fans for those who say it is too hot.

We will have hearing aids for those who say the pastor speaks too softly and cotton for those who say he speaks too loudly.

Score cards for listing hypocrites present.

One hundred TV dinners for those who can't go to church and cook dinner also.

A selection of trees and grass for those who like to see God in nature.

A putting green near the altar for those who say "Sunday is my day for golf."

Sanctuary will be decorated with both Christmas poinsettias and Easter lilies for those who have never seen the church without them. —Author unknown



## 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.

DNA HET EY EVAH NEEB YB RO  
ROU LEEPTIS DROW REEHTWH  
HHCIW TTIRNSAOD DOLH TASF  
DANST RREEBHNT EEEHTFRRO  
TTHAUG.

\*\*\*\*\*

Advertisement seen at a shoe store:  
Come on in and Put All the Family on  
Easy Feet.

\*\*\*\*\*

September is the time to dig and pot plants as begonias and geraniums that have been growing outdoors all summer. Place them in a sunny window for blooms in late winter or early spring. They should be cut about halfway back and potted in containers just large enough to hold their roots.

Don't forget, also, to dig and pot some plants of parsley, chives, and other herbs to set in cold frames or sunny windows to provide fresh picking for tasty winter dishes.

\*\*\*\*\*

To have a friend, you must first be one.

\*\*\*\*\*

September is also the time to harvest the pretty gourds you have been growing all summer. After a light frost has killed the vines, pick the gourds and wash thoroughly with warm, soapy water; rinse in warm water with a few drops of household disinfectant to get rid of any organisms that might make the gourds mold or decay. Dry and hang in an airy, dry place to cure, or spread on newspapers in a warm, dry room. Rotate occasionally.

When the gourds are dry, soak in cold water for about three hours, then use a metal mesh scouring pad and a paring knife to remove the thin skin that covers the fruit. Now, you are ready to finish as you desire. You may coat lightly with floor or furniture wax and rub to a soft gloss to preserve the gourd's rich appearance. Or you may use a maple stain and a clear varnish to make colorful gourds to use in bouquets and winter centerpieces. Many people enamel the gourds in bright colors. Gourds properly preserved can be stored and reused indefinitely. Preserved and refinished gourds, combined with Indian corn, bittersweet, cattails, milkweed, or many straw flowers make



I doubt if you can see what Isabel is holding in her hand, but it is a feather found under her grandfather's bird feeder. Her mother, Mary Leanna, is teaching her the new word.

unique and lasting arrangements for table or mantle.

\*\*\*\*\*

If doing some fall freezing for the freezer, here is a hint that you might find useful, if you are using the plastic freezer bags. Remove both ends from a one-pound coffee can. Drop a bag down inside the can, stretching the top of the plastic over the top of the can. Now you can easily fill the bag without the problem of holding the bag open. When full, slip the bag through the can, and seal with a wire "twist 'em".

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** I Timothy 2:15. Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle.

\*\*\*\*\*



We're your friendly fingerprint folks, and we like to come to visit. You'll find us on the front door and the back door . . . the garage door and the basement door. Around light switches, on the bathroom mirror and the kitchen cabinets. On the window shades and the walls in the halls.

And what gets rid of us best? You know: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. No waiting, no mess, no foam to rinse away. Just dry powder into the water, stir, and wipe us away! Easy on hands, easy on paint, rough on dirt (even greasy dirt). And, because you add the water, economical, too! At your grocery store.

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With the children in school again and the house settling down to a normal routine, take time to listen to the **KITCHEN-KLATTER** radio visit on one of the following stations:

KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:35 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.



It has been a while since we've shared a picture of our brother Howard Driftmier. His wife Mae snapped this one at their daughter Donna's house. The lovely embroidered pictures on the wall are some of Donna's handwork.

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

In April 1975 we set out twenty new hybrid tea roses and gave them loving care all during the growing season. They rewarded us with lavish blooms and vigorous growth. When cold weather threatened, we discussed winterizing the bushes for our cold Minnesota temperatures. The ten bushes on the south and east side of our home were mounded with soil and when this began to freeze a bit more each night, we covered the mounds of soil and protruding canes with heavy plastic bags that had once contained peat moss. The same procedure on the west and south side was followed, except the mounds of soil and canes were first wrapped with heavy insulation bats that came around the cartons of fresh flowers shipped us from the wholesalers for the floral shop.

Last spring, when we uncovered the roses, an equal number from each side succumbed to the winter and were replaced with new roses. All the peace roses survived, and four white and two red varieties wintered, but we lost the two pink and two yellow roses.

Both climbing roses along the south entry came through in fine shape. One was covered with a bat of insulation, laid in a trench and covered with soil, then marsh hay. The other was simply laid in a trench and covered with soil and hay.

From this experience we learned that using insulation bats as added protection is not helpful. This fall we will simply cover the canes with a mound of soil and then a thick layer of marsh hay and hope for the best.

Mrs. K.J. writes, "Friends brought us a lovely striped leafed plant that they said was a 'wild pineapple'. The leaves are very stiff and have spiny edges. How do I care for it and do you think it could be a 'pineapple' plant?"

There are several types of pineapples grown for indoor decoration and you have a variegated form that is rather unusual. This plant requires good lighting (indirect sunlight is preferable), and the soil should be kept moist, but not soggy-wet. Pineapples like a warm temperature of 70 to 85 degrees, and the feeding of a soluble plant food every two to three months during spring and summer. Do not feed during fall and winter. Set the plant where the spines cannot catch on clothes where people may brush against it. Pineapple plants are slow-growing and long lasting, thus make good decorative plants for the home.

### JUST DO A BIT MORE . . .

He or she who does a little more than asked . . . who takes a little more care than usual . . . who puts the small details on an equal footing with the more important ones . . . is the one who is going to be successful.

Each little thing done better is the little bit growing into something bigger.





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

You readers who have been fans of Gladys Taber and her *Stillmeadow* books will be pleased to know that her latest, *Harvest of Yesterdays*, tells of her years before *Stillmeadow* (her 17th-century Connecticut farmhouse). You won't be disappointed in this reminiscence of her life from childhood to the present, most of it revealed for the first time, with all the lovely little touches that make it a Gladys Taber book.

Mrs. Taber writes of her early childhood in the mining country of the Southwest and Mexico, and then the small-town life in Appleton, Wisconsin, where her geologist father settled down at last as a professor. Since we are now in the beginning of another school year, let me quote what she writes about her high school education;

"We had a group of the most gifted teachers I have ever known. We also had an academic curriculum with no frills. We had a student body with a single purpose, to learn all they could and to get good grades. This may have been due to the fact that some parents and most grandparents who settled in this town had never had enough education and revered it beyond measure. Or possibly the fact that it was the home of an excellent small Midwestern college made a difference. I do not know. In any case, dropouts occurred only when some boy had to stay home to help on the farm because of an emergency."

Other chapters are devoted to her years at Wellesley College during World War I and her marriage to music instructor Frank Taber; her life in New York during World War II, pursuing her writing career and then to the present, with thoughts about people and pets, especially her beloved cockers and Irish setters.

She has some other thoughts worth passing on:

"As I reflect on our time I feel sure the basic values of life are not changed, or the basic experiences. We are born, we grow into maturity, we die according to the law of nature. Our highly mechanized civilization has not redesigned the human heart. We find happiness, we suffer sorrow, we make our



This year our niece Lisa Nennen placed first in vocabulary in a scholastic contest of 6th graders from Omaha and suburban area schools held at Brownell-Talbot School. The happy girl is shown with her certificate and trophy.

contribution to the world around us, whether it be a blessing or a disaster. Every man's life is entangled with others."

And her thoughts on friendship:

"Friendship means sharing interests and this means widening one's horizon. It involves loving kindness and patience, never fault-finding or criticism. Too often I hear people explaining just what their friends have done wrong. I do not consider this true friendship!"

*Harvest of Yesterdays* (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa., \$7.95) is full of Gladys Taber's special insights and refreshing humor. Don't miss it.

All of us probably know and admire one of those amazing creatures who can successfully manage a demanding career and an equally demanding household without batting an eye, but few of us would put ourselves into that category, know how difficult it is to cope with the inevitable crises that arise almost daily. What do you do if you suddenly find yourself facing a last-minute deadline in the office, a sick child at home, a husband with a business crisis of his own, a dinner party to be given tomorrow night, a lecture to be given at luncheon the next day, and a child's birthday to be celebrated the day after that? "Learn to juggle," says Tish Baldrige in her book *Juggling* (The Viking Press, \$8.95). She developed a powerful sense of organization and a sense of humor—both of which she recommends to any woman with a hectic schedule.

On one special matter, writing thank-you notes, Tish Baldrige says, "I tell the children about the beautiful thank-you note I received from Mrs. Harry Truman when she paid a visit to the Kennedys; I show them samples of

Jacqueline Kennedy's artful notes, and Lady Bird Johnson's, and other special letters that have been saved. If the children can get it through their heads that the famous and the overly busy take time out to be thoughtful, perhaps they will not find such actions such a terrible chore." Bravo to Tish Baldrige!

*Juggling* is a warm how-to book for the career wife and mother.

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**NEW CLUB YEAR SKIT – Concluded**  
reel or pole, minnow bucket, bait box, all of which must be set down, of course, to pour her "spirits" into the jug.

**Narrator:** Oft I've listened while others told

Of all they've caught with reel or pole.  
But no matter how hard I try,

I never bring home any fish to fry!

How very much we need in our jug a large amount of the patience of a fisherman! Patience just to get and keep



Wayne, Abigail and Betty Driftmier stop for a view of the Atlantic.

all that gear together, as we can plainly see. But patience, too, to wait and hope for results – patience to wait long enough that we need not be content to tell stories of "the one that got away", but can show real results from our efforts. Pour in a few more drops of patience in our "Share-ity" jug.

**Cheerleader:** Dressed in short skirt, white boots, etc., who comes running on stage to give fifteen rahs for (name of club).

**Narrator:** One of the most valuable assets we can bring to our club is the spirit of enthusiasm. Enthusiasm for the year's plans; enthusiasm enough to carry them through. We must have enthusiasm when new projects or needs are brought before our group; enthusiasm and pride in just belonging to this fine group. The cheerleader is bouncing and cheering from the time the game starts until the whistle blows at the end. There's no bogging down when the going gets rough – that's the time to be most enthusiastic, to cheer the more! Stand right up now as our cheerleader leads us in fifteen rahs for our club. (Insist that the group cheer with enthusiasm. If not, do it over again.)

**Narrator:** That should get us off to a good start, but pour a lot of that enthusiasm into the jug. We will need it.

**Lovebug:** Make a paper costume to which are glued hearts of all sizes. There can be candy kisses glued on here and there. This is the person who will add the final (very red) water to the jug.

**Narrator:** Shape up, sisters, Learn what our club is all about, And may the lovebug bite 'cha' 'Fore the year is out!

Goals and ambition, dreams and plans, are all part of a successful club year, but without friendship, the spirit of love, it will all seem mighty flat. As we work together, dream together, yes, and even argue together occasionally, perhaps, if we sprinkle love around generously, it will give new meaning to our own personal lives and to the

life of the club. "Friendship is enduring and an everlasting part of everything that brightens life and warms the human heart." Lovebug, dump in all the love spirit you have there.

**Narrator:** Steps over to table, puts cap on the bottle, and shakes it vigorously, so that it mixes to form a bright red color. The various characters file back on stage and gather on either side of the Narrator.

**Narrator:** As you can see, when we mix together in generous amounts these spirits of the adventurer, the trail-blazer, the prophet, the patience of a fisherwoman, the enthusiasm, the inquisitiveness, and love, we will come up with this wonderful "SHARE-ITY" that can truly set our club on fire for this year of 1976-'77. Like it, we can become mighty potent stuff!

**DOROTHY'S LETTER – Concluded**  
we drove back home, and we all felt we had had a wonderful weekend.

It was too hot to do much cooking, so we ate as simply as possible. In fact we had only one family dinner, and that was to celebrate Belvah's birthday. One thing we did have plenty of was homemade ice cream. This is always a special treat for Kristin, so we tried to keep plenty on hand. We started out with vanilla, then the next freezer was strawberry at Andy's request. We next made banana for Aaron, and last we made lemon for Kristin. So I managed to get in a freezer of everyone's favorite.

I should have mentioned first that I did take the bus to Grand Island to help Kristin drive to our house. Art had a four-day weekend from work, so he drove them that far where they had a nice visit with his brother and family, Don and Mary Brase. They are a wonderfully warm and hospitable couple, and although I hadn't wanted to bother them, they insisted that I stay all night in their home. They had some other friends in for supper and we had a lovely time. Art went home on the bus and we drove on to Lucas. When Kristin went home I went back to Grand Island with them and Art came to get them. Don and Mary took us to dinner at a place they like to go in St. Paul, Nebr., and we had an enjoyable evening.

Although they were here almost two weeks, it seemed all too short, but Andy had to be home for a tennis tournament, so as they get older and involved in more things, this will be the story.

I must go and make out a grocery list before I go to town, so until next month . . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy



## WELL, AT LEAST THE SPOT IS GONE!

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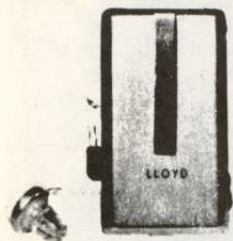


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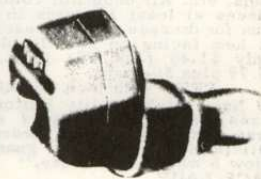


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Lucile and her grandchildren have a late afternoon visit on the porch.

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### LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

hope very much to have this ready for you in a month or so. You'll surely have notice when it is done and ready to put into the mail.

It is impossible to convey in any way the emotions that we experienced as we worked with this material. I found myself living through all of it once again and I'm sure that Margery did too. I wish that every family could keep a record of some kind because we're living in a world and Time when things seem to be taking place on another planet and and people lose touch with each other so quickly, so abruptly.

School seemed to start very early this year. I can't remember all of the dates I've heard from various places, but I know for sure it isn't like it used to be! James and Katharine must be in their classrooms on August 23rd - unless that's a Sunday! I haven't a calendar in front of me, but I know that it's around the 23rd if not actually on the 23rd.

Some of the wonderfully loyal and faithful people who work down at our Kitchen-Klatter plant had great vacations at a wide variety of places and I'm happy for them. Surely they deserved every minute of it. There's nothing like a successful vacation to make the routine work seem less monotonous - when you first get back!

Until next month I am always

Faithfully yours...

Lucile

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

typical proud grandfather when I call my grandchild "adorable", and there is one thing I want you to get straight right now. You are absolutely correct! I am the typical grandfather, and my typicalness amazes me. I never thought

that I would be that! Oh, she is so pretty, so lovable, so intelligent, and so clever when it comes to making her grandfather do anything she wants done. If she were with us very long, I would spoil her utterly and totally. Every time a motorcycle roars by the house she points her finger at me and says: "Stop the noise!"

My father-in-law gave a birthday luncheon for Mary Lea at a little country inn down in Rhode Island, and Betty and I had a delightful time taking turns entertaining Isabel throughout the long dining hour. She was as good as gold as long as she could speak to someone who took her seriously. She did not fuss or cry, and she ate a very good meal of a glass of orange juice, a small cup of beef soup, four crackers with cheese spread, some fresh sea scallops and creamed potatoes along with a little broccoli, and all of it topped off with a big dish of ice cream. How about that for a two-year-old? At the cottage by the lake, her favorite occupation is picking wild blueberries. She can pick a cup of blueberries from bushes along the shore in almost no time at all, and she is very good about not eating them until they are served at the table.

When someone asked me how I manage to be so busy and yet at the same time have so much fun, I replied with those famous words of the English scholar, G. K. Chesterton: "Gullibility is the key to all adventures. The greenhorn is the ultimate victor in everything; it is he that gets the most out of life." As long as I live, I shall be a greenhorn without enough sense to be scared, and with enough gullibility to believe that everyone is my friend. I like it that way.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



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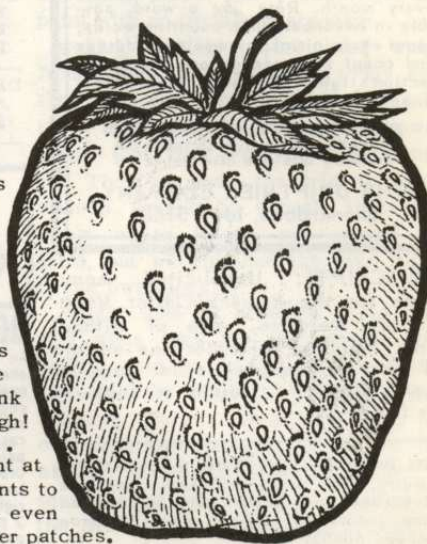
I am writing you a line to let you know how my Giant Robinson Strawberries turned out. I ordered 100 plants in 1972 and they were sent to me just at the right time for planting. I set them out in medium good soil. I have never seen any strawberries like them. I have to take issue with you on one thing. You advertised that they grew as big as golf balls. Many of them were as big as 2 golf balls. In all my years growing strawberries I have never raised so many lovely berries on such a small patch. We harvest around 80 quarts per season. I can give positive proof to you on this subject by the neighbors around me as they all share my crop of Robinson's beautiful (hardy) Giant strawberries.

We use the blue grass clipping and place it in the rows next to the strawberries while grass is green. We have never used fertilizer on them. They are the greatest. Thanks for selling me.

Your good friends,  
Mr. and Mrs. G.C.G.

**ACTUAL SIZE**  
Biggest strawberries most folks have ever seen!  
**CAUTION . . .**

The most frequently noted "complaint" on these marvelous berries is that people just don't think to order enough! Honestly . . . you will want at least 50 plants to start . . . even for smaller patches.



## Don't Pass Up The Great New Quinault Everbearing 10 Plants for \$1.95

25 for \$3.95 50 for \$6.95 100 for \$11.95

Great-tasting! Heavy-bearing! A wonderful new everbearing variety that's well on its way to being the greatest performer OF ALL THE EVER-BEARING STRAWBERRIES. You won't believe the size . . . they have been found big as tea cups! Plant this fall and harvest big, red, delicious Strawberries every few weeks all summer long! Order at least 50 plants to try them out. **PLACE YOUR ORDER TODAY.**

### FULL 1-YEAR GUARANTEE

All House of Wesley, Nursery Stock is guaranteed to arrive in good healthy condition, ready for planting and to thrive for one year thereafter. If not, just RETURN THE SHIPPING LABEL within one year of receipt and you will receive a refund of your purchase price. **GUARANTEE IS VOID UNLESS SHIPPING LABEL IS RETURNED**

## Why Be Satisfied With Ordinary Strawberries When You Can Have The GIANT ROBINSON

They're big! They're juicy! They're sweet! And so big you can expect to pick quarts from just 30 berries! They make excellent jams, fresh desserts, and freeze well, too. The Giant Robinson ripens fast and produces lots of new runners for a bigger patch each year. A 9 x 12 ft. area will produce all the berries that an average-sized family will need. Don't miss this chance to own a Giant Robinson patch at these low prices. **ORDER NOW** while you can get 25 plants for just \$1.95!

These are strong, healthy plants with well-developed crowns and roots . . . all indexed virus free . . . for superior fruit, double yields and increased plant vigor. Don't compare Giant Robinson berries with ordinary varieties.

**HOUSE OF WESLEY,**  
Nursery Division  
Bloomington, Illinois 61701

### CLIP & ORDER TODAY

**HOUSE OF WESLEY, NURSERY DIVISION**  
Dept. 6944-45  
Bloomington, Illinois 61701

HOW MANY	CAT. NO.	ITEM	COST
	567	Quinault Everbearing Strawberries	\$
	754	Giant Robinson Strawberries	

Postage and handling \_\_\_\_\_ .50  
Illinois Residents please add 5% sales tax \_\_\_\_\_  
**TOTAL ORDER \$ \_\_\_\_\_**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_