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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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—Photo by Kim Jew



## Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good and Faithful Friends:

This is a lovely summer Sunday, and I really feel back home once more writing to you from my same old desk and settling down, in print, to the pages where I have visited with you for so many years.

I simply couldn't begin to send on to Juliana the enormous pile of letters there were in reply to her report about Emily's and Rich's wedding. I, too, felt that it was an unusually interesting report of the big affairs that went on in Albuquerque during the entire period before and after the wedding vows were exchanged at Saint Mark's on-the-Mesa Church.

I was deeply touched by Juliana's candid statement that it seemed good to hear those marriage vows of centuries ago repeated with heartfelt emotion. As she wrote in her letter to you, there have been times during this last decade when you were hard-pressed to understand that a wedding ceremony was actually taking place. Although both Rich and Jed were reared as members of the Catholic church, Emily and Juliana were reared as members of the Episcopal church. Both couples were mature enough to work out a philosophy that was satisfying for both of them.

Rich's parents and other members of the family in the East, left almost immediately for their return trip to New York, but there were old University friends who stayed around for a few days and sort of got caught up with everything. I guess after putting on an elaborate reception for about 66 people, Juliana and Jed stayed very much at home and just sat. It's certainly no mystery for me to understand this!

In Juliana's last letter she said that a gorgeous color photograph of James and Katharine had been taken at the church, and that she was having the photographer make up a copy for me that is to be my birthday gift. When I talked to James to wish him a happy birthday he told me about being in ANOTHER WEDDING and said his father told him that he was showing so much ability in this field that he had just



This was taken just before the marriage that united Emily Driftmier and Richard DiCicco. Emily's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driftmier, are standing to the left and Rich's parents are standing to the right.  
—Photo by Kim Jew

half a notion to rent him out for such affairs. James just howled when he told me this and I howled too.

Thus far our summer has proved to be very much like past summers. I am not yet able to ride far enough to contemplate a trip of any kind, not even to Omaha . . . and for this I am grateful since any talk about Omaha means hospitals and doctors to me. I have such a yearning to go back to New Mexico for a visit with family and friends, but right now that would be downright foolhardy to attempt.

We're lucky to have a big family because sooner or later someone will be coming through. Emily and Rich left their plane in Omaha and rented a car for the drive to Shenandoah, and this was a joy to us for I hadn't dreamed that we would get to see them soon even for a few brief hours — just overnight, to be exact.

Howard and Mae took them out to the Country Club for dinner, but that long flight of steps makes it as totally inaccessible for me as if it were Mars. I had to settle for having them come to breakfast the next morning just before they were ready to start the plane trip back to New York.

Our spring table really looked tranquil and lovely, if I do say so myself. We had chilled crystal sherbet glasses filled with just-thawed-out blueberries (a gift from our friend Mae Alm) to start out, and then moved on to some extremely delicious tiny little finger-length sausages that we can find in only one place around here. These were accompanied by piping hot biscuits (got out the last of our strawberry sun preserves to go with these) and delicately poached eggs

purchased from Ray Stewart who NEVER lets us down when it comes to those fine big brown eggs.

We waved goodbye regretfully for goodness knows when we'll see them, but perhaps a happy meeting will turn up before we expect it.

Mother's birthday on April 3rd seemed somber to us, but long-time friends remembered the day by sending lovely tulips. We get a chance to visit with Ruby Treese often, for as I've frequently commented: "When someone has been part and parcel of all family goings-on, they come to seem exactly like real family."

Ruby has been positively deluged with calls from people who would give their eye teeth to have her help, but she tells them exactly what she has told each of us: she had worked right on the job for thirteen years, preceded by many years in other homes in Shenandoah.

And as she says too, laughingly, I already have a job because I take care of little Amy while her mother is working as a nurse out at our local hospital. Mike, of course, is in school the entire day, but only next year will Amy be there a full day.

Oh, I just cannot tell you what a joy and comfort little Amy was to her "Grandma Driftmier". She could sit beside her bed and play patiently for many hours with all kinds of toys and trinkets. She kept an unbelievably sharp eye on her Grandma Driftmier, and the instant Mother wanted or needed anything, Amy went racing to the kitchen to tell her Grandma Treese that she was needed right away. I have never seen a little child so devoted to an old, old



person.

Incidentally, Ruby does exceptionally beautiful handwork of all kinds, and I was deeply touched when she sent an exquisite white sweater with Christmas appliques to Katharine, and a very heavy and sturdy looking sweater to James — one just like the sweater Mike is wearing in his picture.

All members of the family who come to town always go to see Ruby so it looks as if Ruby too will never be quite free of us even though we're no longer under the same roof. It's a priceless feeling to know that if sudden disaster strikes, just one call to Ruby will bring her instantly to our comfort and aid.

During this last month I have had a couple of pressing ideas that keep me a-tossing' and a-turnin' at night. Both ideas are in what might be called a far from firm shape, but at least I think about them when sleep eludes me . . . and this is much of the time.

For at least two years, since my devastating bone ailment overtook me, I have been trying to think how I could read *The Story Of An American Family* into a cassette tape. Obviously a book of that length could be read by one person only once and I just didn't know how to go about getting the whole thing started as a project.

Well, it is our great and good fortune here in Shenandoah to have a librarian who is "on her toes" and knows how such projects are handled. It isn't a simple matter to figure out, but she helped me to the best of her ability and then sent my name, address, suggestion to be explored, etc., to the proper place in Des Moines.

I had a very prompt reply from the director of this commission and began to understand exactly how the problem could be handled. When I explained what I wanted to do as a service to my fellowmen who suffered their own particular handicaps, he said: "Well, do you have any connection with this book that you want to make available on cassette tape?"

I stumbled around a little hard-pressed for words and then allowed as how I was familiar with it: I had written it!

There are details to be worked out, of course, but to get the whole project going will take a little time since I'll be reading the tape myself. Once done, the usual procedures for following up on how it is to be circulated, etc., will be taken care of and I can even make the entire matter crystal clear by telling about it in our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.

Oh, there are so MANY, MANY things that I think about and wish to discuss with other people. You would not believe the total number of letters that hit my desk in even one day and SCREAM for an answer. I can be up for such brief periods of time that all of it



We love this picture of Emily Driftmier DiCicco on her wedding day flanked by James Lowey and Katharine Lowey who have always loved their Aunt Emily and will miss her very much. They have spent many happy days together.

must be spent typing business letters. I can't begin to answer these letters, and I'm not exaggerating when I say that they haunt me at night.

I've discovered that countless other people have the same notions that I have, and they are usually hit hard around 2:30 A.M. when no one in a house with other people could dream of whacking away at the typewriter.

In any event, I want you folks to think over in your own minds what you consider any urgent and difficult situation that most of us live in today, and then get these ideas down in black and white and mail them to me. Please write on the envelope: PERSONAL LUCILE. That way it is bound to reach me.

You share your ideas with me and I, in turn, will share them with those of you who do not have my tremendous blessing in communicating with other people. Right now I know exactly the problem I'd tackle first in a letter, but I'm just going to hold my steam and let you folks speak first. We surely should have a lively interchange of ideas!

Until next month . . .

Lucile

## COVER PICTURE

Emily Driftmier DiCicco on the day of her marriage, March 12th, 1977, to Richard Louis DiCicco. They are now at home in Arlington, Virginia. Last month Juliana gave us full details of this wedding since she was very much on the scene, so if you missed that issue (May, 1977) just borrow it from someone for complete information.

## MY MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

My most memorable meal was in Marbella, Spain, on the Costa del Sol. My husband, Glenn and I were part of a business tour group. Unfortunately, I had spent about 32 hours of our week's tour in the room of our hotel, ill from the strange water. When I was able to sit up and take nourishment, I insisted on the best meal I could get, hang the price.

We were directed to the *Torre Del Duque* restaurant. We got there about 7:00 p.m., and the dining room didn't open until 8:00. We were made comfortable in the lounge in front of a stone fireplace. We ordered 7-Up. A waiter appeared with a beautiful tray of hors d'oeuvres. I was famished, but I managed to restrain myself. At last we were escorted into the dining room. It was decorated in red plush and black leather. Five waiters hovered around us.

The wine waiter looked a little puzzled when I ordered *botella aqua*. He politely jotted down my order, after a nod from my husband.

We turned our attention to the dinner menu and settled on *Picadello de Carne* and a dessert soufflé. *Picadello de Carne* turned out to be a highly seasoned chopped beef cooked in a sauce of olive oil, onions, capers, olives and raisins. And what an array of vegetables: beautiful glazed carrots, tiny, white potatoes, luscious spears of tender asparagus (*esparragos* to Spaniards). It was almost too beautiful to eat.

The wine waiter reappeared carrying a silver champagne bucket on a silver pedestal. With a flourish, he removed the bottle and showed the label to my husband. He then pulled out the cork, poured a small portion of the clear liquid into a wine glass, and handed it to my husband. Glenn tasted it as I stared open-mouthed.

"That's water all right," Glenn nodded.

The waiter filled my glass and finished filling Glenn's. With the same respect in which he would have treated a rare, expensive wine, he carefully replaced the bottle of water in the champagne bucket, and covered it with a napkin.

"My!" I signed, as I took a long, grateful sip, "This is the most glamorous water I've ever tasted."

The soufflé was a delight. It was six inches in diameter and rose four inches above the dish. It was hot, light and feather soft. Neither of us could eat more than half of our \$8.00 dessert. We spent \$30.00 for one meal!

We'd missed the trip to Seville because of my illness, but I will never forget that bottle of water which arrived in a champagne bucket or the gracious waiter who served it to those crazy Americans from Iowa. —M. K., Iowa

\* \* \*





## Say It With Showers

by  
Erma Reynolds

Going to give a bridal shower? The dictionary defines such an affair as bestowal of presents on a prospective bride. If you are planning such an occasion, be sure to include more than gift-giving in the party's program, to make the affair fun for both bride-to-be and invited guests.

While on the subject of showers, did you ever wonder how this sort of donation party got its start? Legend has it that many years ago a Dutch maiden fell in love with a young miller who was practically penniless because he goodheartedly gave most of his flour to the town's needy. Her father opposed their romance because he had plans for marrying his daughter to a rich man. When she refused to go along with his matrimonial scheming, and vowed to wed her miller sweetheart, her father punished her by withholding the traditional dowry.

The townsfolk, learning of the father's heartless decision, felt sorry for the young miller who had befriended so many of them, and set about remedying the situation. Most of them were poor, unable to contribute money for a dowry, so instead they gave the couple items from their homes — pots, pans, crockery, linens — enough useful equipment to allow the sweethearts to set up housekeeping.

So supposedly, from this generous gesture, the gift-giving idea eventually evolved into our modern-day bridal shower.

Now, to get to the shower you are planning to give. First you must decide on a theme. Kitchen, linen, canned goods, and lingerie are especially popular. The sort of life the bride-to-be will be living, or the locale of her home, will be a help in choosing your theme. Find out, if you can, what type of other showers she has been given, to avoid a repeat for your party.

The feature of a bridal shower is the gift presentation. Come time for opening the packages, have ready a table for the

honored guest to use, locating it so everyone can watch the proceedings. Supply scissors to snip ties, and have a large container at hand to hold discarded wrappings. Appoint someone as "card keeper", who sits close by and makes certain the donors' names are kept with their gifts.

There are stunts you can use to add fun to the gift opening. Before the guest-of-honor arrives, equip one of the guests with pad and pencil, and seat her in an inconspicuous spot where her actions won't be noticed. From the moment the bride-to-be starts opening her gifts, until she finishes, every remark she utters is written down by the person. You can be sure, when this list is read aloud, the results will surprise the bride-to-be, and amuse the guests.

Another fun gimmick is to have the bride-to-be guess the contents of each package before she opens it, announcing how she plans to put the article to use.

Of course you'll want to carry out the "ribbon and ring" bit. Appoint one person to sit by the honored guest's side and take care of package ribbons. If the bride-to-be does not object, she is asked to remove her engagement ring, and an end of ribbon from the first opened package is tied to this. If she does not have an engagement ring, or is reluctant to use her ring for this purpose, tie a knot at the end of the first ribbon as a substitute. When ribbon from the second package is available, tie this to the first ribbon, and start winding them over the ring or knot. Keep doing this, making a ball that grows larger and larger.

After all the gifts have been unwrapped, have the guests stand in a close circle, with hands behind their backs. The bride-to-be, moving to the right, around the circle, unwinds the ribbons into the hands. This is continued until the end of the ribbon is reached, and the guest who gets the ring, or knot, supposedly is the next to be married. If she is already married, the honor goes to

the first unmarried girl at her right. Or, as another alternative, if a married lady gets the ring, it indicates she'll soon receive a gift from her spouse.

Here's a word of warning! Watch out for the dull lull that afflicts so many showers after the gift opening, and it's still too early to serve refreshments. There's a simple remedy for this problem. Set the guests to playing games with a bridal or romantic theme. Here are suggestions for a few games:

**Wedding Day:** A large calendar page, showing the month of the bride-to-be's wedding, is placed on the floor. Circle the date of the wedding with a red felt pen. Each player in turn stands on a throwing line, about 10 feet from the calendar, and tosses three paper clips, trying to land them on the important date. Player who makes a perfect landing on the nuptial date, wins a prize. Or, if no one makes this landing, the one who comes the nearest to the wedding day, wins the prize. If more than one player lands on the date, these contestants keep throwing until there is one champ.

**Bride and Groom:** Place lots of alphabet soup letters about the party rooms. At the signal, players hunt for letters that will spell the first names of the bride and groom. First person who can assemble these names, using letters she has found, wins a prize.

**Bridal Advice:** Give each guest a pencil and two slips of paper. Each is instructed to write on one slip a question any bewildered bride might ask, while the second slip contains the answer to the question. Question slips go in one bag, and answers in another bag. After the contents are given a vigorous shake, each guest draws a slip from each bag, sight unseen. Then, each in turn, reads her question and answer aloud. Needless to say, such advice will be hilarious.

**Pet Names:** Give each guest a pencil and paper. Allow 10 minutes for them to make a list of pet names the bride might call her new husband. At the end of the time limit, lists are checked. A name mentioned by more than one player counts one point, and a name mentioned by only one player counts five points. Guest with highest score wins a prize.

**Matrimonial Mixup:** Give each guest a pencil, and list of mixed-up wedding terms. Allow them about 10 minutes to unscramble the words. At the end of time limit, player with the longest, most correct list, wins a prize.

NIGR (ring), TBEUUQ (bouquet), DAMSEDIRB (bridesmaid), TMSAEBN (bestman), IERBD (bride), WOLREF RIGL (flower girl), RONTAM FO NOH-RO (matron of honor), GINR EABERR (ring bearer), MORG (groom), MRIE-NIST (minister), GUTESS (guests), CERVINGEI NELI (receiving line), DIN-GDEW AKEC (wedding cake), SER-

(Continued on page 17)



## LETTER FROM BETTY DRIFTMIR

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

Lucile visited with me the last time I saw her about writing an occasional letter for our family magazine, and I told her that it would give me genuine pleasure to do so even though I couldn't think off-hand just how I'd work it into my usual 18-hour day. But it is something that I enjoy doing, and I've learned that you can always squirm around enough to accomplish things that you truly enjoy! Frederick, of course, will continue to keep you up to date on family events just as he has done for so many, many years.

Recently I spent two-and-a-half very exciting, interesting and exhausting weeks in northeastern Arizona for the one and only purpose to be of as much help as possible when Mary Lea and Vincent (Palo) welcomed their new baby.

I am an old-fashioned woman, I guess, for to me having children and grandchildren is complete fulfillment. Thus this trip was one of the most rich experiences of my happy life; and it was further enhanced by the opportunity to observe at first hand the school in which our son-in-law is teaching. I think that most people in our country today, old or young, are truly concerned about our schools, and it seems to me that a glimpse of the kind of a school that most of us are not familiar with would be interesting.

The Rough Rock Demonstration School is a unique ten-year-old adventure in community development and local control of Indian education. American education has always had as its cornerstone and foundation the local community and the involvement of the people served by the school itself.

However, Indian education has been characterized by control of outsiders who, in their positions of authority and expertise, made the decisions and directed the way. The significant area in which the Rough Rock Demonstration School is pioneering lies in the involvement of Indian parents and the leadership of the all-Navaho school board. The Director and entire staff of the school are responsible to this all-Navaho elected school board, and NOT to the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The dual purpose of the school is to teach the Navaho children their own language and their own culture in such a way as to give them honest pride in their inheritance; while at the same time teaching English as a second language and enough knowledge about Anglo culture to prepare them for living productive lives off the reservation if they wish to do so. This is no small task.

The Rough Rock Demonstration School has developed a whole community (or "compound" as they call



This young lady was chosen as queen at an Indian festival.

it). In one area are located the Elementary School, the clinic (health facility), two dormitories and most of the staff housing.

About a mile away are located the Middle School, High School, Trading Post and a smaller portion of the staff housing. The school is equipped to handle five-hundred students and has about four-hundred-and-fifty this year. It is located in the most densely populated area of the reservation (no part is truly populated, you understand), and so busses bring nearby students into school each day and return them at night. However, many students live so far away that they go home only for weekends and live in the dorms during the school week. It is in the dorms that parental involvement has its greatest impact.

I went through the dormitories and met the wonderful, warm-hearted and creative Navaho woman who is the supervisor of them. She has several young Navahos who help her, but there is a roster of Navaho parents who live in the dorms a month at a time to give the children security and the feeling of comfort that comes when parents are present.

It is also their function to teach the tribal stories, tribal games, tribal dances and other folkways that are important to the preservation of the best in the Navaho culture. I was truly thrilled to see this cultural preservation in action, and decided that perhaps we Anglos had let some of our heritage slip away from our young. Certainly we should be doing much more about preserving our heritage for those who are to follow us.

Since Vincent teaches in the Elementary School, I was most interested in its organization. They do not have classes in kindergarten through fifth grade, but have divided their students into three phases.

Phase I students are the young children who know little or no English to start with. Their teachers and assistant teachers are all Navaho, though Anglo teachers come into their rooms to begin their instructions in English as a second

language. In both of these classrooms I saw Navaho costumes of long skirts and colorful velvet tunics.

In one room the grandmother just sat in repose. In the second room another grandmother was working on a loom making a handsome Navaho rug. Experience has taught the staff that simply having a Navaho grandmother in the room is comforting to the smaller children and frees them from fear and tension that would inhibit learning. Here again, I think that we could learn from the Indians. Indeed, I have recently learned that the Springfield schools are making more and more use of parent volunteers in very enriching and creative ways.

Some of the three Phase II classrooms have Navaho teachers and some have Anglo teachers. All three rooms have Navaho assistant teachers. Special teachers come to these rooms to teach the Navaho legends and the written language. Special experts in English reading also come into the Phase II classes. There are three Phase III classrooms where practically all instruction is in English. Vincent has the oldest students in the Elementary system, some of whom are beyond the age of the usual 5th grade children. Here again, the reading experts and the Navaho specialists come in to enrich the regular class work.

I traveled rather quickly through the Middle School which has the oldest and least adequate facility. The High School is the newest and most modern building. On the day we visited, the students in the math class were installing on the roof of their room a solar panel they had constructed with the help of their teachers.

The English class was learning to use complicated video material that the school had just received, and the biology and chemistry labs left very little to be desired. The teachers I saw were Anglo with Navaho assistants, but here too the specialists taught the deeper matters of Navaho culture.

I went into an ancillary building where textbooks were being both illustrated and printed. Since most of the Navaho history and culture have been handed down through the generations by word of mouth, these pioneers at Rough Rock are capturing it in pictures and in words for the first time. I was fascinated to read just a few of the textbooks that they have already produced.

Having already read material about Rough Rock Demonstration School brought home by Mary Lea, I was prepared to appreciate the experiment in local leadership and involvement which this school represents. I was downright thrilled by what I saw.

However, I was disturbed by the  
(Continued on page 20)





## The Dust Storm

by

*Fern Christian Miller*

Back in the 1930's, the Midwestern states had a number of dust storms the like of which were unheard of even in difficult pioneer times. The dry weather had been extreme all during one winter and early spring on our Missouri farm. The soil was so dry crops were shriveling even in early June.

One afternoon my husband, Albert, was in the field trying to save his corn by harrowing up a dust mulch. I was pulling every moisture-robbing weed from my little vegetable garden. Suddenly, the sky became strangely overcast with an eerie reddish glow. The air became hot and still. I stared at the forbidding sky in puzzlement. I could not remember having seen it look just like this before!

I left the garden to check on our sleeping baby. Then I watered the chickens, and placed the evening feed in the feeders inside the hen house. It was beginning to get dark and the chickens were going in to roost although it was only about three o'clock. Whimpering a little, the dog curled up under the porch. I slid a pan of water beside him because the air was so hot. Albert came in from the field driving the team which was dripping with perspiration.

"What is going to happen? What time is it? Just look at that sky!" Albert called to me.

I was looking! I went to help him unharness the team, then took out the milk pail, for the cows had come into the milking shed. Albert milked and then turned on the windmill, but the wheel hung motionless in the still air. He hooked up the hand pump and pumped

enough water for the stock and then filled two pails for the house.

"Cover the water with a cloth as the air is filled with tiny particles of reddish sand," he instructed me anxiously.

The hot air pressed down so terribly we could hardly breathe. The sky became as dark as night with the dust. We went inside the house but found that the air was too oppressive to close the doors and windows. We soaked cloths in water, wrung them out, and hung them over every window and door.

Our throats felt parched. The baby awakened and began to whimper. I bathed him, then made a pitcher of lemonade. We all drank some, even the child. I covered the pitcher carefully so no dust would enter. Unfortunately, we had no icebox at that time so had no cold ice or place to chill the lemonade.

There was no wind, no thunder, nothing but this strange darkness under the deathly silent, lowering clouds of dust. Neighbors began to call back and forth on the party line to discuss the strange phenomenon. We ate a bit of cold supper, as it was too hot to light the kerosene burner. After we ate we kept soaking the cloths, which hung over the doors and windows, as fast as they dried. The water in the pan in which we rinsed them was soon black with dust.

Finally, we took sponge baths and went to bed, lying on top of the sheets to keep cool. Our clean, white sheets were soon gritty with particles of sand. It was a sleepless night! I gave the baby frequent sips of lemonade and several times bathed his hot little body. Albert and I

took turns dampening the cloths over the doors and windows.

The next morning I swept up piles of red sand which had collected below each door and window. Albert swept the porches. We attempted to eat our breakfast, but the milk was sour, although we had hung the bucket in the cold water of the well as usual the night before. I finally made coffee, boiled eggs and made soda hot cakes out of the sour milk, so we ate well.

About noon the sky lightened, the oppressive sand clouds started to drift away, and the sunlight began to penetrate the haze. A fresh breeze moved in, turning the windmill to pump the water. Now we could clean up from our ordeal.

For a long time rain did not come, so every leaf and blade of grass was covered with a layer of red sand for days.

We heard later that terrific dust storms had hit Texas, Oklahoma and the Kansas Great Plains area, and the tremendous clouds of topsoil had simply drifted over Missouri and settled. We were not hurt as severely as the states which lost soil as well as crops. Naturally, our early crops were failures, but later rains did renew the pastures, fall gardens and late-planted sorgo and beans. With effort we managed to keep the cows fed as well as our small flock of chickens.

Even as today, the farmers were dependent on the vagaries of the weather. We have never seen a real dust storm here in Missouri since the 1930's, but with the strange, dry winter just past, we wonder what the summer of 1977 will bring.

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### YOU CAN TRY!

Existing? Try living!  
Listening? Try understanding!  
Looking? Try observing!  
Thinking? Try planning and solving!  
Reading? Try absorbing!  
Touching? Try feeling!  
Talking? Try to say something valuable!

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### INSCRIPTION FOR A COOKBOOK FROM THE GROOM'S MOTHER

My darling, here's a little book  
That tells you how I bake  
The cakes and pies and other good things  
His "mother used to make."  
For men are hungry creatures, Dear,  
But this we know about them,  
That cooking would not be such fun  
If we had to eat without them.

So take this book with my fondest love,  
And a thought I now impart:  
When you feed a husband, keep in mind  
His stomach's near his heart.

—Unknown



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you on a Saturday night while I take a little recess from learning my pulpit work for tomorrow. You see, I always preach two different sermons on Sunday — one for the early service on the radio, and one for the eleven o'clock service — plus a story for the Sunday school children.

As a matter of fact, I have to learn sixteen typewritten pages of material each Saturday night except on those occasional Sundays when my associate relieves me at one of the services. I write everything out and then read it into a tape recorder. I listen to the sermons on the tape recorder until I know them well enough that I can preach them without any reference to any notes of any kind. My rule is: look the members of the congregation in the eye and never take my eyes off them! I do not memorize! This means that if I want to quote a poem, I have to read it right out of the book. There is a big difference between memorizing and learning. When you memorize something, you speak it without thinking, just the way a parrot talks. When you learn something, you have to be thinking all the time, adding a little bit here, taking off a little bit there, and perhaps making it better or worse than the one you wrote out in preparation.

I have all of my sermon preparation finished by Friday night, and I spend Saturday night listening to the tape recorder and learning, but today I had a shock. When I heard one of my sermons on the tape recorder, I did not like what I had prepared, and that meant that I had to write an entirely new sermon. It took me many hours to write the one I did not like, and I had to write the new one in just two hours.

Would you believe it? I had two different clergymen tell me this past week that they never prepare their Sunday sermons until after they have listened to the radio broadcast from our church. Whatever I say on the radio, they take as their basic theme for whatever it is that they preach. I was amazed! One of the men was a protestant, and the other man was a Roman Catholic priest. I happened to learn this when they both called me to ask for the name of a book that I had quoted in one of my radio sermons. Well, more power to them!

To all of you who have been asking me for the past many years when it is that I intend to publish a book of my sermons, I have some information. I fully intend to have a book ready next fall. This summer I shall be working on copy for it, and hopefully and prayerfully it will be ready for printing in September. The minister



Frederick performs a wedding ceremony in his church.

who preached in my church before I came here twenty-one years ago wrote more than a dozen books. You may have some of them, for they were very popular. His name was Dr. James Gordon Gilkey, and he was a very splendid preacher and writer.

Just this morning Betty said to me, "How do you think you will manage to write a book with your two grandchildren visiting us all summer?" Well, it will be difficult. I know that I am going to want to spend a great amount of time with little Isabel and Christopher, but there will be time to work when they are otherwise occupied. This is a very big house, and my study is hidden away where I can find lots of privacy when I want it. We are now counting the hours until they arrive safely from Arizona. We have urged them to fly, selling their car out there and then buying a new one when they get here, and I hope that they do just that. It will be so much easier for them if they can get the children here in the course of one day.

We are going to have some excitement in our town this week. Tuesday has been declared a day to sell our citizens on the idea that they can save their downtown area from the path of urban decay and blight. The downtown merchants are one by one closing their stores and opening new ones in the shopping malls that are going up around the outer edges of all of our cities. In the very heart of our downtown shopping area there are dozens of empty buildings where once-prosperous shops attracted thousands of customers. The most recent store to close was an enormous department store with eight floors of shopping space now standing empty. At night, no one goes downtown without fear of being attacked. It is a tragic situation, and it does not help our church one little bit. Our church is located just off the heart of the shopping area, and when we have a program at the church in the evening, we

have to have special guards watching our parking lots. On the special Tuesday it is planned that the people will be assured that the situation is going to improve. Many thousands of dollars already have been spent in an effort to turn things around, but the people are not yet convinced. What the city fathers plan to do this Tuesday in the way of convincing will be most interesting to see.

As far as I am concerned, there is only one way to save the downtown areas of our cities, and that is to pass legislation forbidding the commercializing of the rural areas. Betty and I have noticed how the European countries have practically no rural shopping malls, and as a result, their cities are still thriving, exciting, fascinating places. Dublin, Ireland, is a good example of this. Any weekday in downtown Dublin is the way our American downtown areas used to be thirty years ago at the peak of the Christmas shopping season. The Dublin streets are crowded with happy shoppers. Also, the rural areas around Dublin have no big shopping malls. When people ask us why we go to Europe so often, the answer is quick in reply. We love the European cities. We feel so much safer in Dublin, and in London, and in Madrid, and in Paris, and in Amsterdam, etc., etc., than we feel in New York, or in Boston, or in Chicago, or in our own city of Springfield. Sad isn't it?

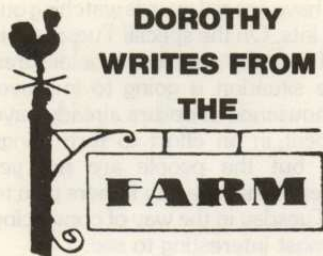
You would never guess what we had for supper tonight that we never before had had on our supper menu. We had dandelion greens, and we loved them. One of the ladies in our church brought some over to the parsonage, some that she had dug in her own lawn. Betty prepared them in the same way that she prepares beet greens and spinach, and what a treat they were. I asked, "How does it happen that you and I have lived in New England most of our lives and never eaten dandelion green?" Isn't that funny? When it comes to being slow to change our eating customs, we human beings are funny creatures.

At this time of the year we eat fiddlehead ferns picked in the woods, and I suppose that there are some of you who never have eaten fiddleheads. Believe it or not, we had a friend with us for dinner one night this past week, and she had never eaten eggplant. Many times we have had people eating at our table who never in all their lives had eaten black walnuts until they ate them at our house. New England people do not eat black walnuts the way Midwesterners do.

Earlier today, Betty and I attended some of the annual meeting of the state conference of our denomination. It seemed strange for me to realize that I was one of the senior men present. With all of our hundreds of ministers in this state, very, very few have been in their

(Continued on page 22)





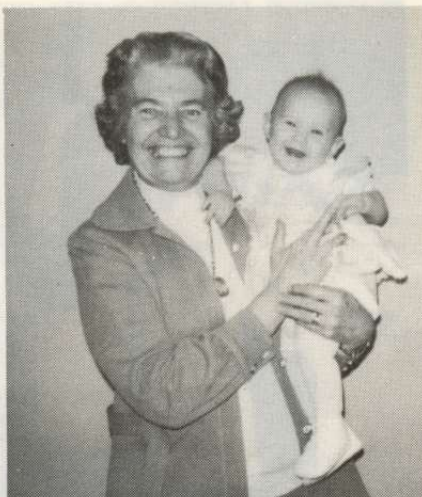
Dear Friends:

This is such a beautiful spring day, after a week of intermittent showers, that I would like to be in the yard with Frank, where he is planting some pampas grass, a rose bush, and a magnolia tree, all things he requested for his birthday; but since my letter to you must be mailed today, here I am at my typewriter. Things he plants always grow because he has such a green thumb that I know I'm not needed there. My monthly chat with you is more important.

A few months ago I told you about our friends, the Bob Woodcocks, who were blessed with their first child after eighteen years of marriage. Lisa is such an adorable healthy and happy baby that when I stopped by their home recently I took my camera so Marilyn could get a picture of me with Lisa. I wanted to send it to Kristin, but decided to share it with you before I send it on to her. Bob has been our fuel and gas man for years, even before he was married, and he always stopped by once a week for a cup of coffee and a chat, whether we needed anything or not. Now we are lucky to see him once a month. We told him the other night when he stopped on his way home that his habits had certainly changed a lot since Lisa arrived. He laughed and said that he had to hurry home every night now so that he could play with her before she went to bed, and he can hardly wait until she is big enough to go with him on some of his calls.

Last December when our friend George Beukema of Kanawha, Iowa, was here he said that he and Colleen were going to be grandparents for the first time in February, and were pretty excited about it. When we received the birth announcement Frank and I thought it was the cleverest one we had ever seen. When we wrote to George and Colleen to congratulate them we asked where his son and wife had ever come across this clever announcement. He wrote back that the original was sent to him in 1944 by his aunt and uncle, and he had kept it all these years. When they were told they were going to be grandparents he got it out and their daughter-in-law decided she wanted to use it. When I said I would like to share it with our readers, he said it was all right, so here it is:

The 1977 Beukema De luxe Model released



Dorothy Johnson holding young Lisa Woodcock. See her letter for details.

February 9, 1977, at 7:00 P.M.  
at the Hancock County Memorial  
Hospital, Britt, Iowa.

Michael Beukema, Designer  
Susan Beukema, Co-designer and Pro-  
duction Manager  
Dr. L.W. Eller, Supervisor and  
Follow-up Man.

#### SPECIFICATIONS

**Brian John**, New Model — New Mold — none like it. Their first venture as a corporation!

**Make** — Boy, when better babies are built, we will be too old to care.

**Weight** — 6 lbs.

**Wheelbase** — 18 inches, easy to handle, easy to park.

**Lighting** — Bright blue lamps, automatic dimmers.

**Horn** — High frequency vibrator type, loudest when fuel tank is empty. "Ask the man who owns one."

**Tires** — Yes, but never at night.

**Engine** — Two cylinders. WOW!

**Body** — Well insulated, no squeaks, but plenty of squawks and rattles.

**Exhaust** — Water cooled.

**Color** — Customary pink.

**Special Equipment** — Powder puff, safety pins, removable seat covers.

Produced under 100% labor conditions. Annual models are not anticipated.

Thanks to my good friend Peggy Dyer, my kitchen is freshly painted. She likes to paint and I don't, so she said if I would get the walls washed she would paint for me when they came for the weekend. Knowing I would never get a better offer (and it had needed painting for a long time), I was quick to take her up on it. When I told Kristin, she wanted to know what color I painted it this time and when I told her blue again I'm sure she thinks I'm crazy. The last three times the kitchen walls have been painted, they have been blue — a little different shade each time, but still blue. She thinks I

should change the color so everyone will know I painted. But just as I tell her, blue is my favorite color, I spend three-fourths of my time in the kitchen, and I can live with it very comfortably. To me this is reason enough.

Our Birthday Club met for a pre-Easter luncheon at the home of Addie Evans and Margaret Peterson. I was going to help them with a luncheon, decorations, etc., last year about this time, but Addie was in the hospital at the time we were going to have it, so we put it off until this year. Instead of playing games after we ate, we had a very interesting program. The exchange student in Chariton High School this year is Yunus Apok, from East Malaysia, who has been living on the farm with Addie's son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jay B. Evans. Along with Addie's own grandchildren, he has called her "Grandma" all year, and of course he has been in her home a lot. She had never seen his colored slides or heard him give the talk that he has been giving at the various clubs and organizations, so she thought this would be a good time to see them, and allow the rest of us to see them also.

The Evans family have all become very fond of Yunus. He is a wonderful young man who has been a real joy to have around. They will miss him a lot when he leaves in June to return home. Yunus is seventeen, next to the oldest child in a family of eight children. He lives on what is considered a medium-sized farm of 50 acres, which his father owns. He says the farms vary in size from twenty to one hundred acres. His father raises pepper, vegetables, and rubber trees. They get two pepper crops a year, and raise vegetables the year around. The average rainfall where he lives is 120 inches, but some areas have two hundred inches, coming during the monsoon season from November to March. In the rural areas most of the houses are built on stilts because of the heavy flooding. He lives in a house on stilts.

East Malaysia is a developing nation, and to them an education is the most important thing. All schools are government controlled and paid for. The government assigns the schools where the pupils will go. Yunus spent his first six years in a school four miles from his home. He walked to school every morning and home again at night. At the end of the six years he had to take an examination to see if he qualified for further education. The next three years he spent in a large secondary school ten miles from his home. Here he lived in a dormitory. At the end of that time he again passed the examination and was sent to another secondary school in the same town, where he also lived in a dormitory. Once again he passed the

(Continued on page 22)





## ON LEARNING TO COOK

by  
Judith A. McDowell

How well I remember the first meal I ever cooked for my husband after our marriage! We were living in Denver at the time, far away from our Iowa families. We didn't know a soul (aside from each other!), and the only place I knew to go for advice was the big cookbook I had received as a wedding gift. Even if I had been within earshot of my mother, it wouldn't have done me much good. She had not been taught to cook by her own mother, had never liked to cook, and figured I could learn to cope on my own in the beloved family tradition.

Before my wedding I had never put together an entire meal in my life, unless corn flakes and coffee qualifies as "breakfast"! So for our first dinner I spurned my natural instinct to fry hamburger, and decided on something more "homey". This meant that the menu was to be fried pork chops, boiled potatoes, and canned peas. Now having been forewarned by a friend that the real trick to cooking is having everything appear at the table at the same time, and having it hot, I decided that the common sense approach was to plan ahead. Would you believe it, I worked all afternoon on that gourmet delight!

Having mastered pork chops, I decided to attack a meatloaf. "Attack" is the proper term, because the first one was literally our "piece of the rock"! Being very bright and determined to learn from my mistake, the second meatloaf we ate with a spoon.

It took two lessons before I learned it is best not to stash anything in the oven in a hasty search for hidden storage space. How often do you peek into the oven before turning it on to pre-heat? A bag of potato chips nearly reached the incendiary stage before the odor of charred paper issued a warning, and a beautiful layer cake with seven-minute icing quickly resembled a giant stale marshmallow under the same conditions.

When our first Christmas rolled around we were still far from home, and my husband invited a bachelor-friend to share Christmas dinner with us. (His

confidence in me never ceases to amaze me!) The turkey, (my first), turned out beautifully, and in smug complacency I turned to make gravy, another first.

Where in the world did all those lumps come from? I certainly didn't remember putting them in the pan! Undaunted, I came up with the obvious solution: I would strain those lumps right out, and no one would ever know. Smiling to myself, I did just that, and gasped in horror when I realized I had poured all the gravy down the drain, and there I stood with a sieve full of lumps! Well, I don't think anyone really missed not having gravy with their turkey dinner that day!

Months later I confessed my ignorance to a friend whom I had always considered to be Super-Cook of the Century, and she admitted that she had roasted her first turkey complete with the undisturbed bag of giblets. It had never occurred to her to look inside the bird! That made me feel a little better, I must admit.

It was Super-Cook and her husband who had been two of my first culinary victims. She was a superb southern cook, and I wanted to show her that Iowa Yankees could be just as domestic when it came to turning out a down-home type meal. Memories of my grandmother's delicious butter beans brought on waves of nostalgia within me, so that's what I decided to serve.

Well, there is nothing worse than a burnt pot of beans, and burn them I did. The only nostalgia created by my efforts is the fact that to this day, whenever we get together, our friends still kid me about the time I invited them to a bean dinner. I had become so engrossed in those beans that for some reason I gave no thought to anything else. So that's what we had: beans (burnt!) and water!

I've been putting meals on the table for sixteen years now, and while I'll never be Iowa's answer to Julia Child, my family doesn't seem to mind. Mother's cooking is always best, they say, and I've discovered to my complete surprise that it holds true even with my own children.

What they don't know won't hurt them, I figure! Through trial and error I have learned a thing or two, but how much easier it would have been if Mother had taught me the basics. On the other hand, we'd have missed a lot of laughs!

Cooking still is not my long suit, but it's part of the job, so I don't complain — well, not much, anyway! A friend once told me that cooking is nothing but confidence. That may be true, but lacking that confidence, I have developed two simple tricks when it comes to company meals. Number one is to develop two or three special menus. Practice makes perfect, and you can use those menus over and over, providing the guests are people you don't see very often. For those folks who seem to turn up with regularity, I've found that if you keep the food simple but serve it fancy, any meal becomes special. By using sprigs of parsley, a colorful relish tray, pretty linens, and above all, candles, you can easily create a party. After all, it's the people who count. Months later they'll remember the good time, but won't recall a single thing they had to eat.

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### TOO CLEAN FOR COMFORT

To the limit my nerves are taxed,  
Curtains are crisp and floors are waxed;  
Everything about this house is so clean  
I feel like a mouse — afraid to move  
Lest something break.  
And I'm too dead tired to bake a cake,  
Wonder how long before it will be mussed  
a bit,

And again I can start to live in it.

—Unknown

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### FATHER'S DAY QUIZ

1. Who was the "father of a multitude of nations"? Abraham
2. What man is called the father of modern photography? Daguerre
3. Who might be called the father of Arbor Day? J. Sterling Morton
4. Father of the printing press was whom? Gutenberg
5. Who would we call the father of medicine? Hippocrates
6. Who is called the father of the American Revolution? Samuel Adams
7. Who is called the father of waters? Mississippi
8. Who is called the father of angling? Izaak Walton
9. The father of his country was? George Washington
10. A blind author who dictated his writings to his daughter was? John Milton
11. Whom would we call the father of the space age? John Glenn
12. What father is least popular? Father Time
13. The Bible says the father of musicians was? Jubal —Mabel Nair Brown



## LATEST NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

Greetings from Chadron, Nebraska! My last letter was written to you from Hardin, Montana, and at that time I shared with you our plans to move, or as Aaron so aptly terms it, to play "fruit-basket upset." If nothing else, moving lends the perfect opportunity to count one's blessings, literally, and marvel at the vast accumulation of those things we never needed to begin with, including the beautiful junk we couldn't possibly do without. It is also the perfect time to practice the virtue of patience, and I am firmly convinced that the family who can survive a do-it-yourself move can probably survive almost any other major calamity. Anyway, I am happy to report that the arduous task (accomplished in sub-zero weather, no less) is now behind us, and we are gradually adjusting to our new surroundings and growing accustomed to changes in daily routine.

The boys had a delightful time exploring the nooks and crannies, cupboards and closets of the two-story, somewhat-remodeled, older home we purchased. After sharing a bedroom in the Hardin house, you can imagine how nice it seems for each one to have a room of his own. Besides the rooms for Andy and Aaron, a toy room, a guest room, and bathroom are also situated upstairs. The master bedroom, Julian's room, a living room-dining room area, large kitchen, pantry, bathroom, and utility room comprise the lower floor. How very grateful we are to have this spacious house! Being only two blocks from school is another added attraction.

We have a large yard, and I don't know when I have enjoyed yard work more than I have this spring. The yard presented a real challenge because no one lived in the house or cared for the lawn last summer. We pulled large, dry weeds until we had a pile as high as the garage door before we even began to rake behind the house. And you should have seen the result of our raking efforts — a regular haystack! It took hours to prune the four large lilac bushes and the lilac hedge between the house and the garage. I think those poor bushes had been neglected for years. One chore yet to be done is the removal of two dead elm trees. Thank goodness they are a manageable size. When the elms are gone, I am hoping the yard will have the appearance that someone does live here this summer!

We have found Chadron to be a warm, friendly community. The town has a population of something over 6,000 people, plus student population of Chadron State College. I discovered by reading the college general bulletin that the town of Chadron was founded in



Julian Brase, youngest son of Art and Kristin Brase, recently celebrated his second birthday.

1885 and selected as a college site in 1910. We look forward to many enjoyable outings this summer as we explore several museums, parks, and historical landmarks in this area. Points of interest are located not more than an hour's drive from Chadron in each direction. Of course, our excursions are always planned with the hospital schedule and treatment routines in mind. Andy and Aaron are old enough to realize that their father can be called to the hospital day or night even on his days off, and although they may be disappointed when a picnic or other event is cancelled, they realize that we will work it in at another time.

Flexibility is a key word in our household, particularly for me. Although Art has an extremely capable person employed full-time in his respiratory department, there are many times when he needs an extra person as well, so I lend a hand with much of the paper work, weekly reports, monthly reports, and some patient care, including visits to patients using respiratory equipment in their own homes, or at the nearby nursing homes. We have been very gratified by the appreciative response of people in this area to the expanded services which are now available through the department. One example is the computerized pulmonary testing service which is utilized primarily as a diagnostic procedure.

Now I am going to get on my soapbox and implore you to *please stop smoking* if smoking happens to be one of your habits. Of course, there are people with lung problems who never smoked, but nevertheless, people who do smoke almost invariably suffer a loss of lung capacity and lower their resistance to infection as well. Smokers are definitely a greater surgical risk.

I realize the difficulty of breaking a smoking habit of perhaps many years standing, but I think the decision to quit is one that is not regretted. Also, it has been my observation that those people who stop smoking all at once are more

successful in breaking the habit than those who try to stop by cutting down gradually, little by little. *End of Sermon.*

I had coffee with my neighbor and good friend, Kyra Bachle, this morning, and she kindly agreed to keep Julian for a while so I could come home and type in peace. Kyra and I have several interests in common, one of them being music, and we have attended more than one concert together this spring. Kyra is an accomplished musician herself and is the organist for the church she attends. A second hobby we share is reading, and a book you've enjoyed is one you just can't resist suggesting to a friend.

Kyra's boys are three and four years old and they enjoy the weekly story hour at the public library. Julian is still too young to sit attentively for that period of time, but he has fun looking at books with his brothers or me. Grandma Johnson gave the boys a set of science encyclopedias, and Julian has practically worn the covers off of those books. He loves to talk about the bright pictures of birds, fish, insects, monkeys, and other animals.

When Andy and Aaron were exploring the basement of this house, Andy discovered a small desk which probably came from some country school once upon a time. It was dirty, and one leg was broken, but Andy cleaned it up, fixed the leg, undercoated and enameled the surface. With the help of a stencil, he painted Julian's name on the top, and the desk was then his birthday present to his little brother. I bought a chair to go with the desk. The desk and chair are a cheerful blue, and Julian was much more excited with his present than I expected him to be. Of course, he will use the desk more as he grows older and learns to color, draw, paint, and play with clay. So Andy felt his gift was a happy choice, and so did I.

By the time you read this letter, school will be out. Even though Andy and Aaron both like school, they are counting the days until vacation. This is a busy time for farmers, and I hope weather conditions will cooperate to provide a bountiful harvest come fall, as all of us depend on the farmer's labor whether we live in the country or not. Boys and girls involved in 4-H will be busy with projects for upcoming county and state fairs. I'd like to take this opportunity to wish everyone a very pleasant summer.

Sincerely,

*Kristin*

## AN OLD VERSE

A kind heart is the garden,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

—Author Unknown



## A DREAM COME TRUE

by  
Evelyn Birkby

If a fairy godmother could wave a magic wand and create a beautiful castle, she could not have done better than Colleen Moore. Miss Moore, a popular screen star of the 1920's, took a dream from her childhood and brought into existence an exquisite masterpiece.

Now permanently displayed in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, Miss Moore's creation is a *fairy castle* which must be seen to be believed. Measuring nine feet square, with the highest turret rising seven feet above the floor, the castle is built of light-weight aluminum on a scale of one inch to the foot.

More than one-hundred artisans, Miss Moore's father and many friends collected miniature items, built, painted and assisted in various ways to create the castle. It took seven years and reportedly half a million dollars to build and furnish.

During our recent visit to Chicago, Craig and I went to see this magic palace. As we stepped into the area where it stands, the guide told us in hushed tones that it is occupied by invisible fairies *about five inches tall!*

Reminding us that we were going to view a creation which is far more than a doll house, the guide commented that the castle is really a storehouse filled with real jewels and treasures. She also suggested that we watch for the many characters depicted in the murals, carvings, glass windows, tapestries and paintings.

Our tour began with the kitchen. Pictures of nursery rhyme characters are brightly depicted on the walls. A copper stove with a huge oven, similar to the one in the gingerbread house visited by Hansel and Gretel, dominates the room. Copper pots and pans gleam on a hanging rack. I searched with my eyes until I spotted a tiny glass goblet on the table, all that remains of a set of six with which Colleen played as a little girl.

The room next to the Kitchen is King Arthur's dining room. The floor is highly polished parquet. The semi-circular table is set with solid gold dishes, goblets and silverware. Each chair around the table is emblazoned with a shield, symbolic of the knight who uses it. On the sideboard stands a complete set of Royal Cauldon porcelain dishes. Hanging on the walls are petit point tapestries made in Vienna. Each single-strand silk stitch is so fine it surely must have been put in with the assistance of fairy fingers.

As we moved from the dining room to the drawing room the unusual floor covering caught our attention. Created of one-inch squares of rose quartz and bordered in jade, it was imported from Peking, China. Decorating the walls is a



**Evelyn stands in front of Colleen Moore's amazing fairy castle.**

charming mural depicting the Cinderella story. A rosewood piano, silver furniture and an ivory table which holds the smallest complete chess set in the world, are the main pieces of furniture. A curved fireplace holds a gold, diamond and emerald clock which is smaller than a dime. It really runs!

The chandelier in the drawing room is a masterpiece of pearls, emeralds and golden chains with a gorgeous tear-shaped diamond drop. All of these gems came from Miss Moore's personal jewelry collection.

The second floor on this side of the palace includes two bedrooms and two baths. The bedroom of the Princess is exquisite. The floor is inlaid mother-of-pearl with a gold border. The bed is made of gold and shaped like a fairy boat with a delicate bedspread of white silk in a spider-web design embroidered with gold thread. Emerald and diamond chairs are fashioned from matching jeweled clips. A tiny dresser holds, among other treasures, a jewel box in which the Princess's diamond ring is kept when she is not wearing it. Stained glass windows are designed with leaves, flowers and colorful birds.

The Princess's bathroom is a vision of crystal, jade and silver. Real water pours into the silver tub through what looked to me like silver dolphins. Grecian jars next to the tub hold perfumes and oils needed after a bath.

The Prince's bedroom is ruggedly masculine. Following the theme of an old Russian fairy tale, colorful motifs are painted on the walls and ceiling and carved into the furniture. A white bear rug on the floor was made from a piece of ermine with teeth which once belonged to a little mouse!

The bathroom of the Prince is done in alabaster with gold mermaids and turquoise frogs and figurines among the decorations. The tub itself is made of alabaster in the shape of a Chinese lily. Over the mirror is a sapphire surrounded by diamonds. The Prince's miniature razor has a removable blade. Now we

know that men fairies grow beards.

Going on around the corner of the castle, we came to the formal entry hall. Almost three stories high, fairy size, a circular staircase lifts ethereally in front of windows etched with the stories of Jack and the Beanstalk and other legendary persons. Many treasures are in this hall: 2,000-year-old statues, an ancient Egyptian jar, busts from Rome, India and Greece. Items belonging to mystical characters, such as Jack's harp, Hans Brinker's skates, Cinderella's glass slippers, etc., are displayed. Two five-inch-tall silver-and-gold knights in armor, once a part of Rudolph Valentino's collection, guard the door.

Behind stained glass windows depicting Bible stories, the chapel came into view. Next to the high altar is a sunburst made of gold which holds a sliver of wood purported to be part of the true cross. An intricately detailed ivory organ stands near a candelabra which holds vigil lights illuminated by wheat-sized electric bulbs. Decorated with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, the large center diamond in the candelabra belonged originally to Miss Moore's mother.

The final room in the castle is the library. Decorated with a nautical theme, the high copper-domed ceiling depicts the constellations. The floor is inlaid with signs of the Zodiac. The fireplace is made of copper in the shape of a fish net. Carved figures of Gulliver and Crusoe stand above the two doors. Bookshelves are reached by tortoise-shell steps. A stamp-sized dictionary, which started Miss Moore's miniature collection at the age of five, is in the library. Upholstered copper settees in the shape of shells scattered around the room made me wish I was only five inches tall so I could sprawl in comfort on their cushions and read the diminutive books.

The garden and front entrance presented the outside view of the castle. A gate opens to show Cinderella's silver coach standing beside a weeping willow tree. This tree weeps real tears into a small pool. Nearby in a tree rocks a *Rockabye Baby* cradle made of gold and pearls. Delicate flowers bloom in profusion throughout the garden.

For a long time after Craig went off to visit the submarine exhibit I studied the rooms with their miniature furnishings, fearful I would miss an important detail. Just as I turned to leave I thought I heard the faint flutter of a tiny fairy wing as it moved past the piano in the drawing room and the brush of a wee foot upon the stairs. The enchantment of the fairy castle had given me a magic moment to remember.

To reap a harvest of truth and beauty, you must cultivate the true and the beautiful.



# Recipes

## Tested by the KITCHEN-KLATTER Family

### STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB PIE FILLING

(Enough for 4 pies)

- 2 quarts fresh strawberries
- 2 quarts fresh diced rhubarb
- 5 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup quick-cooking tapioca
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Prepare fruit. Combine with other ingredients. Let stand 15 minutes to create juice. Freeze the filling in 9-inch foil pans, covering well with foil before freezing.

To bake: prepare a 2-crust 9-inch pie dough recipe. Line a 9-inch tin with the pastry. Remove one of the pie-shaped fillings from the freezer and slip into unbaked pie shell. Top with dots of butter and top crust. Bake at 425 until bubbly and the syrup bubbles do not break — at least one hour.

This is a great recipe to make in quantity and bake immediately, or prepare for the freezer for later eating. Frozen rhubarb and strawberries may be used but allow for extra juice and sugar if the fruit has been frozen in syrup.

—Evelyn

### RASPBERRY RAINBOW CAKE

- 1 1-lb., 2½-oz. pkg. white cake mix
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1 jar raspberry preserves
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

In mixer bowl combine cake mix, gelatin, flavorings, flour, eggs and water. Mix well. Add oil and beat 2 minutes. Pour into two greased and floured 8-inch square (or round) pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes.

Spread preserves between cooled layers and frost top with preserves. Frost entire cake with sweetened whipped cream or serve with the whipped cream.

—Hallie

### POLYNESIAN MEDLEY

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/2 lb. chicken livers
- 1/2 lb. cocktail franks
- 1 15-oz. can pineapple chunks
- 1/4 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 envelope instant chicken broth (or 1 Tbls. granulated chicken bouillon)
- 3 Tbls. cider vinegar
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce

Combine ground beef, egg, bread crumbs, milk, salt and nutmeg in a medium-sized bowl; mix lightly until well blended. Shape into 3/4-inch balls.

Saute livers in a little butter until they lose their pink color; place them in a baking dish. Brown franks in drippings in same pan; place on top of sauteed livers in baking dish. Saute meat balls, part at a time, until well-browned in same frying pan and add to baking dish. Drain syrup from pineapple into a 1-cup measure and add water to make 3/4 cup liquid, if necessary. Add pineapple chunks to baking dish.

Mix brown sugar, cornstarch and chicken broth in a small saucepan; stir in pineapple juice, vinegar and soy sauce. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and boils for 3 minutes. Pour sauce over meat and pineapple. Cover and bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes to blend flavors. This is great for a buffet dinner.

—Donna Nenneman

### SOFT OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups rolled oats
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs and rolled oats. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk and flavorings. Stir in the raisins and nuts. Drop on lightly greased cookie sheet and bake in a 350-degree oven between 10 and 12 minutes.

—Dorothy

### FANTASTIC FROZEN SALAD

- 1 10-oz. carton frozen topping mix, thawed
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 16-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Mix all together in order given. Pour into a pan, mold, or wrinkle cups; cover well and freeze. I like to put in the cups of muffin tins to freeze, and when well frozen I remove the cups from the pans and put in plastic bags. This way I can take out what I need when ready to serve. Besides being delicious, salads of this kind are simple and quick to make.

—Dorothy

### CHICKEN LIVER CASSEROLE

- 1/4 cup all-purpose corn oil
- 1/4 cup white rice
- 1 lb. chicken livers
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup canned mushrooms, chopped
- 2 cups beef bouillon

Heat oil in skillet. Brown the raw rice in the oil. Remove the rice to a greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Brown slightly the chicken livers and onion in the remaining oil. Place these ingredients and the mushrooms on top of rice. Heat the beef bouillon in the skillet and pour over top of casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes.

—Betty

### SPINACH CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cooked spinach, drained
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. onion, grated
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- Salt to taste
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Buttered bread crumbs for topping  
Cook spinach, drain and chop. Melt butter or margarine; stir in flour and butter flavoring. Cook, stirring, until smooth. Add milk. Continue simmering, stirring, until white sauce thickens. Add grated onion, nutmeg and salt to taste. Place half of the spinach in buttered casserole. Slice eggs over spinach layer. Add remaining spinach. Pour white sauce over spinach and top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

Nutmeg is an unusual spice to use with the spinach and it does great things to enhance the flavor of this casserole. If preferred, the nutmeg may be eliminated. A bit of Cheddar cheese, grated, would make a fine variation.



**KRISTIN'S SNOWFLAKE CAKE**

- 2 cups, plus 2 Tbls. sifted flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 4 egg whites

Combine all ingredients except egg whites in large mixer bowl. Beat two minutes. Add egg whites and beat two minutes longer. Put into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes.

**ROSEMARY CHICKEN**

- 2 2-lb. broiler chickens, cut up
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced
- 2/3 cup catsup
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. leaf rosemary, crushed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard

Arrange chicken, skin side down, in a single layer in a shallow baking pan; arrange sliced onion on top. Mix remaining ingredients in a small pan and bring to a boil. As soon as the boiling point is reached pour sauce over chicken. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 30 minutes. Turn chicken over so skin side is on top; baste with sauce and continue baking for another 30 minutes or until tender, basting several times so chicken will be well glazed.

—Mae Driftmier

**LO-CAL CHOCOLATE BROWNIES**

- 1 square unsweetened baking chocolate
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. no-calorie liquid sweetener
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 3/4 cup walnuts

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Melt chocolate and butter or margarine in a saucepan in the preheated oven. Remove and add the sweetener, flavorings and eggs. Stir until well blended. Add flour, salt, baking soda and mix well. Fold in nuts and pour into a 8-inch square greased pan. Smooth batter evenly in pan. Bake 20 minutes. Cool and cut into 32 pieces. Each piece contains about 56 calories.

—Lucile

**BLUEBERRY-LIME FLUFF**

- 1 1/2 cups reconstituted frozen limeade
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped (or 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping)
- 1 cup frozen blueberries, thawed and drained

Bring 1 cup of limeade to a boil. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot limeade; then stir in the remaining 1/2 cup of limeade and the flavoring. Chill until thick and syrupy. Beat with an electric mixer until light and fluffy. Fold in the whipped cream or topping mix and blueberries. Turn into a mold and chill until set.

—Dorothy

**BROCCOLI WITH MUSTARD SAUCE**

- 1 large bunch broccoli
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can chicken broth
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 2 tsp. sugar
- Salt to taste

Cut and trim the broccoli into bite-size pieces and cook in boiling salted water until barely tender; drain. Saute onion in butter or margarine until it is soft. Add the flour and when well blended add the milk and chicken broth. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Stir in the lemon juice, mustard, sugar and salt, until well blended. Add the broccoli and heat until broccoli is warm. Serve at once. Six to eight servings.

—Mae Driftmier

**PEACH NECTAR SALAD**

- 2 12-oz. cans peach nectar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 can white cherries, drained and pitted
- 2 bananas, diced

Heat the nectar to boiling. Add to the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add the remaining ingredients; pour into a flat glass dish and chill until firm.

**Topping**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/3 cup salad dressing
- 1 cup prepared topping mix
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Blend the cream cheese and salad dressing together until smooth. Stir in the topping mix, marshmallows and pecans. Spread over the top of the salad. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce leaf.

**BLUE CHEESE DRESSING**

- 1 6-oz. pkg. blue cheese
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 12-oz. carton sour cream with chives
- 1 clove garlic, finely minced

Combine all ingredients; mix well and refrigerate several hours or overnight to blend all flavors thoroughly. This dressing will keep for several days. Excellent with all tossed vegetable salads.

—Mae Driftmier

**CUCUMBER-CHEESE SALAD**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 3/4 cup hot water
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup salad dressing
- 1 tsp. prepared horseradish
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 cup shredded cucumber
- 1/4 cup finely sliced green onions

Dissolve gelatin in the hot water; add the cream cheese, salad dressing, horseradish and salt. Beat until smooth; then stir in lemon juice and chill until partially set. Stir in cucumber and onion. Chill until firm. Serves four.

**CREAMED ONIONS AND PEAS**

- 1/4 cup homogenized shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2 cups cooked onions, drained
- 2 cups cooked peas, drained
- 1/4 cup homogenized shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup sharp Cheddar cheese, shredded

Melt shortening. (Butter or margarine may also be used if preferred.) Stir in butter flavoring and flour. When smooth and blended, add salt and milk. Stir, cooking over low heat, until mixture thickens. Pour sauce over onions and peas in 2-quart greased casserole. Melt remaining shortening and butter flavoring in skillet and add bread crumbs. Stir to coat. Spoon over casserole mixture. Top with cheese. Bake at 400 degrees for about 30 minutes or until thoroughly heated and cheese is bubbly.

This is an excellent casserole. Tiny pearl onions are pretty to use, but onion slices or pieces will do nicely. Cook in salted water until tender and proceed with recipe. Leftover vegetables could be used in this recipe as well as the peas and onion. Note that butter or margarine may be used in place of the homogenized shortening both in the white sauce and in "buttering" the bread crumbs.

—Evelyn



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## STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

- 2 cups strawberries
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup cold liquid
- 1 cup cream, whipped (or 2 cups prepared whipped topping)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Clean and stem strawberries. (Frozen berries may be used — thaw and reserve juice.) Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Combine any strawberry juice with enough water to make the 3/4 cup cold liquid. Stir into gelatin mixture. Chill until syrupy. Beat until light and fluffy. Fold in whipped cream or prepared whipped topping, strawberries and flavoring. Spoon into mold and chill until firm.

This is a very versatile recipe. Raspberries, pineapple or blueberries could be used. Vary the gelatin and flavoring to suit the fruit used.

—Evelyn

## BETTY'S SHRIMP BATTER

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 cup water
- 1 egg

Mix flour and water; stir lightly. Add egg and beat well. Dip shrimp in batter and fry in oil.

## ASPARAGUS AND HAM CASSEROLE

- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country-Style dressing
- 1/4 lb. processed cheese, cubed
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1/4 cup pimiento, chopped (or sweet red pepper)

- 1 Tbls. onion, minced

- 3 eggs, beaten

- 2 cups asparagus

- 3 cups cooked ham, diced

- Buttered bread crumbs and cheese for topping

Combine milk, dressing and cheese over moderate heat. Cook, stirring, until cheese is melted and mixture is smooth. Remove from heat. Stir in bread crumbs, butter or margarine, butter flavoring, pimiento and onion. Gradually stir in beaten eggs. Cook asparagus 2 or 3 minutes in a small amount of water. Drain. Add asparagus and ham to first mixture. Spoon into casserole and top with buttered bread crumbs and cheese as desired. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.

This casserole freezes very well. Cover and freeze, unbaked. When time to cook, place in oven directly from freezer. Add another 30 minutes to baking time, or cook until hot and bubbly and crumbs are brown.

—Evelyn

## CIRCUS PEANUT SALAD

- 12-14 circus marshmallow peanut candies

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin

- 2 cups hot water

- 1 can crushed pineapple, drained (save juice)

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

- 2 cups celery, cut fine

- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, cut up (optional)

- 1 pkg. whipped topping mix, prepared

Melt candies and gelatin in the hot water. Add enough cold water to the drained pineapple juice to make 2 cups and add to hot gelatin mixture. Stir in the flavoring. Partially set; then add rest of ingredients, folding in the topping last. Place in a 9- by 13-inch pan to refrigerate.

—Verlene

## MUSTARD CARROTS

- 1 small onion, chopped

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

- 1/2 cup water

- 1/8 tsp. pepper

- 1/2 tsp. salt

- 5 cups carrots, sliced 1/2 inch thick

- 1/2 cup light cream or half-and-half

- 1 Tbls. flour

- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard

Cook the onion in butter (or margarine) until tender. Add water, salt, and pepper and bring to boil. Add the carrots; cover and simmer until barely tender, six or eight minutes. Mix the cream, flour and mustard, stirring until well blended and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Pour sauce over carrots.

## REFRESHING LEMON DESSERT

- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges

- 1 8 3/4-oz. can pineapple tidbits

- 1 17-oz. can fruit cocktail

- 2 Tbls. lemon juice

- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 1 box instant lemon pudding mix

- 1/2 cup coconut

- Maraschino cherries as desired

Combine canned fruits with their juices into a large bowl. (NOTE: do not drain the fruit, put all the contents of the cans into the bowl.) Add lemon juice and flavoring. Stir in dry instant pudding mix. Fold in coconut and maraschino cherries as desired for color. Chill. Serve with whipped cream or whipped topping which has been flavored with Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring. Perch a maraschino cherry on top for garnish.

This is an extremely simple dessert. Fresh fruits may be used by adding enough of any kind of fruit juice to the instant pudding mix to follow directions given on box. Then fold in fresh fruits and flavorings plus coconut.

—Evelyn





Dorothy Johnson always helps her husband bring in the bales.

## STAN, THE HIRED MAN

by  
Evelyn Witter

In the twenty years we've been farming we've had every size, shape and personality of hired man in existence, but none stand out in my mind like Stan. He scared me silly.

His voice rumbled like thunder. His hair dazed me because it was mixed red, brown and blondish and stood straight up. His eyes were albino blue and small, set deep in his head. He was well supplied with chest expansion and biceps.

He spoke some English, but mostly expressed himself in a Slavic tongue. He never smiled or laughed.

"Couldn't you get some other man?" I asked Bill more than once.

"Why?" was his aggravating answer. "He's some worker!"

Stan stayed on. I slinked away from him whenever I could, and I locked the door at night. The sight and sound of him made me terribly nervous, but the months went by and Stan stayed on.

Every morning he'd bellow, "Missus! I eat now!" In the darkness of early morning I'd wake in fright as if I were in a strange jungle. Then I'd mix a batch of pancakes the recipe said was for a family of four. He'd finish them all, with gobs of butter and syrup dripping off each bite. By the time my husband was up, I was a nervous wreck and Stan was well into the day's work.

I don't know how long I could have taken the tension of having Stan around if a sweet little blond woman and five robust children hadn't arrived. They drove up the lane one bright summer day and announced they were Stan's family.

I felt confused as a calf being turned to pasture for the first time. Certainly this eye-pleasing little group couldn't be associated with that big, burly man!

About this time Stan emerged from the tractor shed and let out an ear-splitting roar. He grabbed the little blond and swung her around and around.

The children, grins wide and happy,

kept calling "Daddy! Daddy!" He kissed them all and patted their smooth brown-red heads. Affection and love took hold of every line in his face. And what was more surprising was that his wife and children looked at him as if he were from Olympus.

"I send for them," Stan said, finally remembering me. "We got enough money now. We rent a farm of our own."

Since then, I have learned that Stan owns a lovely farm. He has sent several children through college, has held leading positions in his community, and is admired and liked by all.

But these reports are not totally unexpected. I learned what kind of a man Stan was from the looks in the eyes of his wife and children when they saw him.

What dismays me is that I was so stupid as to judge a man by appearance alone. If I had expended the energy toward understanding that I used up in fear, how much richer our lives would have been and how much pleasure we would have had from friendship with a really fine man.

## FRIENDS

As we grow older, the thing that becomes more and more clear to us is the importance of friendships, and one can conceive of no greater satisfaction than that he may constantly add to his list of friends, and thereby obtain a fuller measure of life. To live for the most there is in life must mean that we cannot live to ourselves alone. If we wish real success we must work and build together.

—Unknown

## MY CREED

To laugh when the clouds are darkest,  
To smile in the midst of pain,  
And remember the golden promise  
Of the rainbow after rain.  
To say a kindly word  
To all who pass along,  
To keep content within my heart,  
And on my lips a song. —Unknown



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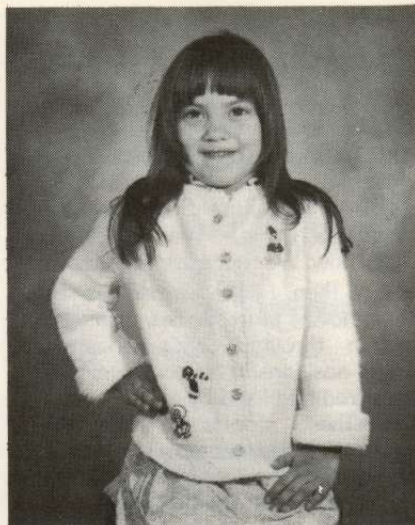
## CATCHING UP WITH THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

Although it has been a while since I've written you, this honey of a typewriter is still warm and limber from the hours of dependable service it has been providing since last we visited. I have typed two term papers for Adrienne, a long one and a short one, and two English papers for Paul, which were not quite term papers but amounted to many, many pages. Does it come as any surprise to you that there is going to be a crash course in college-level typing this summer for the two youngest members of the family? Somewhere along the way our school lost the services of a typing teacher, and I have not made it my business to see that my responsibility was met by enrolling my high school kids in typing lessons outside of school. I made sure they could drive an automobile, but somehow typing was lost in the shuffle. Perhaps it could be that those seeking the automobile licenses were more vocal on that subject! Yes, I'm certain this has to be the explanation. Regardless of the cause, I do not intend to face another year with Adrienne Driftmier and ten lengthy papers due in the courses she has scheduled for in her senior year. My own teaching schedule is adequate without a sinister prospect like that. Paul will be moving into the dormitory downtown at Marquette University next September and I'll be out of reach by then.

Piled up here beside me on my clean desk, the cleanest desk you ever did see, which I'm determined to keep clean since it took me eight months to find the time to really sort, throw, or file the stacks of papers, are three really interesting books. There is a priority in their reading order which must be observed. First must come the operating manual for my new dishwasher. It seems as though this house is growing old mechanically in every nook and cranny. The submersible pump way down deep in the ground under the house is acting in an abnormal manner. The septic system in the back yard gurgles and hiccups in ominous tones, making us wonder if the long-promised sewers will come down our street in time, and most recently the dishwasher squirted its last. It seems too bad, with the family almost moved out, to have to replace a dishwasher, but I honestly don't believe I could maintain my teaching schedule and keep my wits without my washer, dryer, and dishwasher, and this trusty typewriter, of course. The new dishwasher is now installed, and contrary to my sometimes-rushed procedure, I intend to read the instructions before an emergency arises.

The next most important piece of reading material is the recipe book and



This sparkling-eyed little girl is Amy Nicholas, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Nicholas and the granddaughter of Mrs. Ruby Treese. We looked forward to her arrival as eagerly as if she really belonged to our family since Ruby had been with us for so many, many years. Ruby stood by the folks for 13 years, and her grandchildren, Amy and Mike Harms (see page 18) truly took the places of the great-grandchildren whom the folks could rarely see. On page 23 you will find details that surely fill the bill when it comes to finding the one perfect gift for some child dear to you, and perhaps you'll have some of your own gift shopping done just as easily as we have depended upon Ruby for so many years.

operating instruction book, all in one, mind you, for the Christmas goodie Don bought me, a microwave oven! I have had to totally readjust my thinking and style of cooking patterns. Cooking an egg or bacon in less than a minute is entirely foreign to all my natural instincts. On Christmas day I cooked a standing rib roast which had been in the freezer for three long years, certainly longer than is recommended, in this wonder oven. In less time that I could anticipate, this piece of meat was done, and it was juicy and pleasing to the tongue. Here I have at my finger tips another working mother's answered prayer, but this time I am going to have to take the time to study how to use it and then log hours of practice. There is a microwave cooking class which is repeatedly taught at the technical institute not far from our house that I am tempted to attend this summer.

The third enticing bit of reading is a book I heard about months ago, but which I did not get a chance to read until I was in Anderson in March. As Adrienne mentioned in her letter, she and I started out to visit the colleges she was most interested in during our spring break from our school. We then stopped in at my home in Indiana for a breather from our travels and for a nice visit with my mother. We managed to both visit the colleges and have a restful time with my

mother and it was at her house that I picked up the book entitled, *Give Him a Stone* by Gordon Weaver. It was inscribed on the flyleaf with a nice note to "Aunt Katharine", my mother. You see, the young man who wrote the book is my cousin, and he was writing about his father, my mother's brother.

In order for you to fully appreciate my feelings about this relative of mine who can write, you must realize that I have been a reading member of the Driftmier clan for just twenty-two years. Many of you have been reading *Kitchen-Klatter* for decades or listening to the radio broadcasts for more years than I am old. I had never known a family of writers until my marriage, but particularly, I had never intimately known such a talented and gifted writer as my new husband's older sister, Lucile. I fell heir to an old copy of the *The Story Of An American Family* when I had yet to meet all of the members, my new in-laws. It was through this book that I learned who was who in my newly gained family.

For years now I've been terribly impressed with these writers' skills, and although I have been contributing to *Kitchen-Klatter* for a few years, too, I never lost sight of the fact that I was a contributing writer by marriage only, not as a blooming writer suddenly discovered.

Well, now, I have discovered a very talented writer in my family tree. I confess that I began to read *Give Him a Stone* because it was my cousin's work and I was curious to see if he could measure up to Lucile. Before I had read many chapters I was totally hooked on this boy's style and ease of writing. But of great interest, too, this was the story of Gordon's life as he grew up in Milwaukee. He's a grown man now, living in Stillwater, Oklahoma, where he teaches at the University while he continues to write.

As soon as we were back from Anderson, I ordered my own copy of Gordon's book, and then I wrote him a letter telling him how much I enjoyed it. I also introduced him to all of my talented in-laws by sending him a gift copy of *The Story Of An American Family* and a subscription to *Kitchen-Klatter*. He writes a fictionalized narration of his background while Lucile and her family write factually.

By the time I write to you again we shall have come to a definite decision about our cats. Our nice but not elegant living room furniture has become worn after twenty-two years. "They just don't manufacture things like they did in the good ol' days," she said jokingly! We have determined, furthermore, to send the whole clutch of worn frames out to be recovered. But, either the cats' toenails go, or the cats go, or Don will go, I fear.

(Continued on page 20)





With your own eyes you can see how mystically beautiful this angel truly is, but in a picture you miss the gorgeous details of carving and the exquisite big weeping white birch that is now at the peak of its beauty. The base for this sculpture is from 8 to 10 feet, and the angel's height is about 5 feet. Without a step ladder one could not begin to see the beautiful details carved carefully so many years ago.

## A GLIMPSE OF ROSE HILL

Many, many years ago when I was working as a full-time newspaper reporter, an assignment came to my desk to get myself out to Rose Hill, our Shenandoah cemetery, and tell something about what one might expect to see out there.

At first I was anything but enthusiastic about this writing job, but very quickly I realized that it was genuinely a history of our early community. It will never be possible to establish without a shadow of doubt exactly when the first burial was made, but Indians used it before the earliest settlers of Shenandoah began to use it around 1872.

It is a deeply touching experience to drive out there, particularly at dusk on a summer evening. Through the years we've had countless people on our city Park Board who took a deep interest in making Rose Hill a beautiful place, and as a consequence we have magnificent trees and shrubbery of all kinds. There is nothing of the bleak Western cemetery about Rose Hill.

There are stones never to be forgotten, and one of my great favorites has been the weathered stone dated 1877 that says: "Freddie Was Always a Good Boy." Dear little Freddie was not yet two years old when he was buried.

Many, many small lambs are carved on stones dated in the 1870's and 1880's. There are variations in these lambs. For example, two little marble sheep are placed as if they were pillows on the graves of two small children.

It is no longer the custom to use elaborately carved stones, but if you have grown up in a small Midwestern town there is a sense of loss to see that the elaborately carved stones of past

decades with their open Bibles, tasseled drapes and fraternal emblems belong to a bygone day. The uniformity of stones used today does not evoke the touching and heartfelt memories of the past.

It is impossible to suggest the tranquility and peace which one feels, as he walks through the curved paths past white birch trees and pines, blooming roses, brilliant tiger lilies, and low-growing evergreens. At sunset, there is something of western Nebraska in the clear sky and sudden music of meadow-larks. Below lie the train tracks, which have taken away so many from this small, southwestern Iowa corn village — and brought them home again in the end. Regardless of which direction one may turn, there are sharp, clear memories of personalities. And the lines of Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology" come into one's mind uncalled — "All are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on the hill."

—Lucile

## SHOWERS — Concluded

SUH (ushers), RUHCC (church), EIKSSS (kisses).

Finally, come refreshments. The table decorations carry out the shower theme, or play up romance. The menu consists of heart-shaped sandwiches, cake, ice cream, coffee or fruit punch. The cake could be frosted with white icing with the name of the bride and groom enclosed in a heart-shaped frame "painted" with red icing on the cake top.

A house — be it castle, mansion, cottage, or apartment — is only as much home as the people who occupy it.

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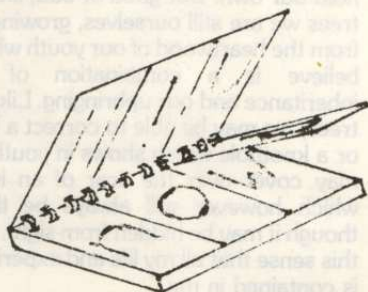
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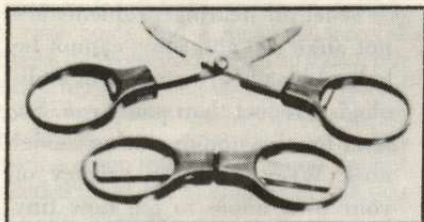
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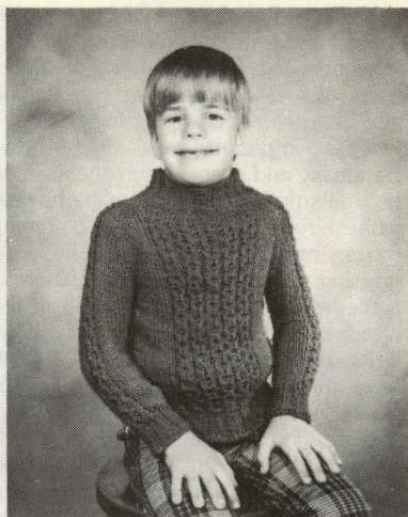
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This little boy is Mike Harms, and when I look at it I can only think that he seems just plain down to business! (He's a grandson of Mrs. Ruby Treese, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Harms.) These two little children (Amy and Mike) mean a great deal to our family, and we expect to follow them right along as they advance through our Shenandoah schools.

## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

In her new book *Personal Geography*, Elizabeth Coatsworth writes, "The bristlecone pine is supposed to be the oldest tree in the world, older than even the sequoia. One measures the age of a tree on a cross-section whose rings show the amount of growth which the tree enjoyed each year. There is a wide circle for good years, and a very narrow one, sometimes almost none at all, marks the years of drought. I know that we show no such physical proofs of our experience, but I think our lives are not unlike those of the trees. Some years are good years and we expand in them; some years are bad ones and the most we can do is to hold our own. But good or bad, like the trees we are still ourselves, growing out from the heartwood of our youth which I believe is a combination of our inheritance and our upbringing. Like the trees, we may be able to correct a bend or a knothole which shows in youth; we may cover over the scar of an injury which however will always be there, though it may be hidden from sight. I like this sense that all my life and experience is contained in me."

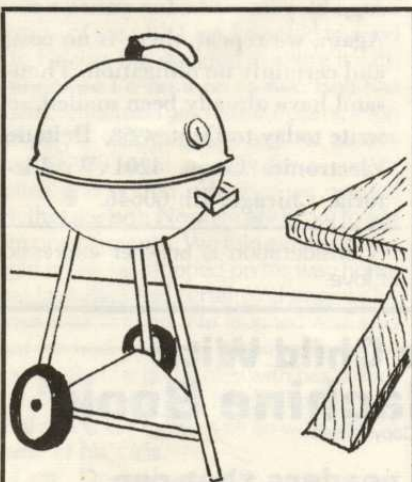
In *Personal Geography* Almost an Autobiography (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$8.95) Elizabeth Coatsworth tells of places and ideas and human relationships, and reflects on her career as an author of poetry, novels, essays, and more than eighty books for children, among them the Newbery Medal-winning *The Cat Who Went to Heaven*.

The selections in her book are all moments in her life, caught in passing, and, she writes, "should be read as written—picked up and put down, and I hope picked up again." Whether she is writing of her girlhood in New York, or her extensive travels, or her career as author, or now as a widow who armchair travels, *Personal Geography* makes good reading.

With all the excitement created by the Kinte clan—Alex Haley's *Roots*—it is interesting to read a new book for children (ages 7-11) called *Harriet and the Runaway Book* (Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, New York 10022, \$5.95) by Johanna Johnston. This is the story of Harriet Beecher Stowe and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. As a child Harriet heard and was moved by the sermons against slavery by her father, Lyman Beecher. Aware of her own creative urges, Harriet herself longed for freedom. "If only she'd been a boy," her father would say. When her family moved to Cincinnati, across the river from the state of Kentucky, Harriet witnessed the abuses wreaked upon the runaway slaves. After her marriage, the inspiration for *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came to her. She made people all over America understand—and care. *Harriet and the Runaway Book* is the story of how a creative artist made her own inner journey to freedom.

Referring again to Alex Haley, in reading *Underfoot An Everyday Guide to Exploring the American Past* by David Weitzman (Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York, \$12.95) I found his article "My Furthest Back Person—The African" as well as practical help in exploring and preserving the past—your family's, your city or town, America's past. Clues to the past are everywhere. The spoken word of the older generation is helpful. Now the historian's tape recorder brings a new dimension to the oral tradition. Magic boxes—cameras—show us the faces of our ancestors. David Weitzman writes of resting places, "The tombstone's message in a nearby cemetery is for some an admonition, for others an assurance of ultimate peace, and for the local historian a most enduring record of all who have lived in this place before." He reminds us that the old mill has a story to tell of work in America long ago and remains a symbol of self-sufficient communities.

*Underfoot* is a book rich in history and very practical. It provides an awareness of what still exists and could still be lost. All over the country people are discovering remains of early industries—glass factories, print shops, grist mills. Any of us could find a bottle of Dr. David's Cough, Cold & Fever Drops, or a diary of a great-great-grandmother. Countless stories and customs are waiting to be discovered. This would be an excellent addition to a library.



## SPRING HOUSECLEANING (Cont'd.)

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Did you know that before Julius Caesar reformed the calendar, June had only 29 days? He added the 30th. Named in honor of the Goddess Juno, June is the month of weddings and roses and the time for weeds and insects to invade the garden. This year we are relying on mulch to keep the weeds down and to help retain moisture. All the lawn clippings are saved and hauled to the garden where they are spread between vegetable rows. We also try to work some in between perennial clumps and around tomato plants. Of course, if you have only a small area of grass, lawn clippings will not go very far but they do make a quick-decaying tight mulch that will help to hold down weeds. If you can manage it, do keep two dusters on hand. Use one for non-poisonous material to be used on all vegetables and the other to take care of pests on flowers and roses. Store bug dust and the dusters in a dry place out of the reach of children.

Mrs. K. L. writes that she has several plants which require an acid soil. "Where can I get something to make the soil sour and how much should I apply? I have two blueberry bushes, a hydrangea and two other plants with unfamiliar names that are said to require an acid soil. I have already asked at our local

farm supply and they cannot help me."

Aluminum sulphate is used to make soil acid. It should be available at the farm supply places or in garden centers. If all else fails, look through the garden-aid section of seed and nursery catalogs. It is offered in 1-pound and 3-pound bags. Follow the instructions on the container for applying. It is easy to use.

Last fall a reader requested that I tell in an early column how to prevent cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and broccoli seedlings from wilting and dying soon after the plants are set in the garden. The trouble is cabbage maggots that attack the roots and stems of genus Brassica of the Cruciferae family. You can treat the soil with calomel or other pesticide before planting but an easier method, for us at least, is to place a small collar of tar paper around each plant as it is set in the garden. The winged gray flies that emerge from the soil at cabbage-planting time lay white eggs at the base of the stems or in cracks in the soil nearby. The eggs hatch in 3-7 days and the young larvae or maggots quickly find the roots and up to 100 have been found feeding on a single plant. This causes the underground parts to rot. Dusting the plants with rotonone at regular intervals around the base is helpful.

The best time to hold your tongue is the time you think you must say something or bust. —John Billings

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Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

*From Our Family Album*

Both Dorothy and Frank lived in California during World War II, and about the only big advantage they had was to be on the same shift at the huge aircraft plant where they worked. They always were lucky enough to keep off the "graveyard shift" and it was a wonderful sensation to sign out at the end of eight hours and head for home.

Incidentally, this is an unusually good picture of Frank and Dorothy. When we pick it up these days we all yell in unison: **TIME!!!!** Whatever has happened to **TIME!!!!**

**MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.**

This genuine dislike for cats all harkens back to the days when Margery Driftmier Strom kept her cat Mitsy's litter box under Don's bed. Therefore, when Donald makes an ultimatum about the cats or their toenails going with reference to the soon-to-be-beautiful upholstered furniture, I have great cause to believe him. I'll not forget to keep you posted.

Until next month . . .

Mary Beth

**BETTY DRIFTMIER'S LETTER**

—Concluded

funding problems they have in trying to obtain their government money through the Bureau of the Bureaucracy of Indian Affairs. The Director, who is a very able and eloquent Navaho woman, showed me huge organizational charts that must be filled with figures to illustrate their needs beyond the question of a doubt.

But even after that, it takes trips to the Reservation Headquarters and to Washington, D.C., many times to maintain their productive experiment from year to year. Hundreds of people from all over the world have come to observe this experiment in bilingual-bicultural education. Several other schools have been started in other areas of the Navaho reservation (it is a vast area, as I'm sure you know), and other Indian tribes have sent observers.

I met most of the Anglo members of

the staff, and some I talked with intimately in Mary Lea's and Vincent's home. I listened very carefully. These young people were highly committed, many of them coming to Rough Rock from Peace Corps or Vista experiences. All of them found teaching difficult because of the distrust the Indian children have for Anglos.

Unfortunately, many Anglos leave at the end of one year and very few last beyond two years. Even so, much is given and much is learned and the education is valid. I found it a very interesting and stimulating experience and, since we live in a world where it is becoming increasingly important to be able to communicate with people who speak languages other than our own, its full value is beyond calculation.

Affectionately your friend . . .

Betty Driftmier

**TO PRESERVE CHILDREN**

Take one large grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and the dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles; sprinkle the field with flowers; spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set to cool in the bathtub. When well cooled, place beside the cooky jar.



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**FREDERICK'S LETTER** — Concluded present churches as long as I have been in my church. Each year I see fewer and fewer of my old friends who worked with me in state affairs in the 1950's.

In the old days I was always so active in state meetings, but now I find myself sitting back and letting the younger men have their say and their way. Most of them are entirely too liberal for me, and there is little that I can do to stem the tide of modern thinking. I feel very young at heart, and our church here in Springfield is one of the few big ones in the state which is growing and prospering, but because of my conservative views on many things, my influence at the higher levels of church work is on the decline. I shall accept that gracefully. Life goes on!

Sincerely,

Frederick

**DOROTHY'S LETTER** — Concluded examination and was sent to live at the Senior Secondary School for his last two years, forty miles from his home.

Yunus has had one year at this school and it was here that he met a young man who has greatly influenced and encourage him. He is a man with the American Peace Corp, by the name of Reubin Ankeny, from Sherwood, Ohio, who is a teacher in the school, teaching classes in mathematics, science, and physics. Yunus said he knew nothing about the American Field Service exchange program until Mr. Ankeny told him about it and encouraged him to fill out an application. He took the written examination, was interviewed, and the most thrilling day of his life was the day he was told he had been chosen to spend

a year with an American family in the United States.

Yunus speaks English fluently, and no wonder — this is the only language used in all the schools he has attended. His parents do not speak English, so their own language is spoken in the home. When he reaches home in July he will have one more year at the Senior Secondary School, where he will be working very hard and studying long hours for the final examination he will take which will determine his entire future. They get one chance only. If he passes, he will enter the University where he wants to major in economics and art. If he fails, he will have to do whatever he can find to do, but it will be the end of his education. He is determined to go on to college, and with this kind of spirit I'm sure he will reach his goal.

I'm sure I have used up much more than my allotted space for this time, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

## BE CONTENT

Take what God gives, Oh heart of mine,  
And build your house of happiness,  
Perchance some have been given more,  
But many have been given less.  
The treasure lying at your feet,  
Whose value you but faintly guess,  
Another builder, looking on,  
Would barter Heaven to possess.

—Unknown

## FATHER'S DAY

Americans are not the first people to honor their fathers on a special day, although our American Father's Day was started in 1910. The ancient Greeks were the first to honor their fathers with a special day. To begin with, this holiday was the annual Springtime Festival dedicated to Zeus, father of the gods. But after they ceased observing this pagan ritual, it became customary to present their own fathers with gifts, usually a large cluster of ripe grapes. Even as far back as two thousand years before Christ there was written, on a clay tablet, a son's tribute to his father. It was written by Elmesu, a Babylonian, and in it he besought the gods to grant his father good health and "enduring days."

Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Washington, was responsible for the first American Father's Day. Later the custom spread throughout the United States. In 1936 a National Father's Day Committee was formed with headquarters in New York City. The Father of the Year is elected annually. Among men chosen have been Douglas MacArthur, Ralph J. Bunche, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Harry S. Truman.

—Mildred Grenier



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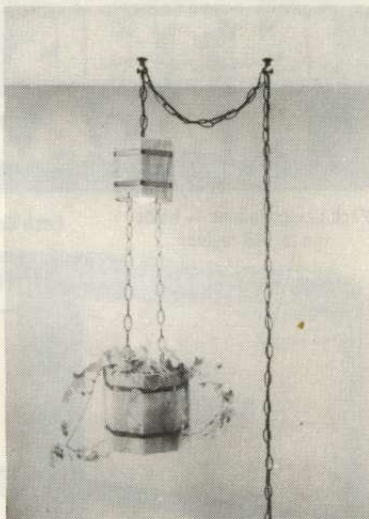
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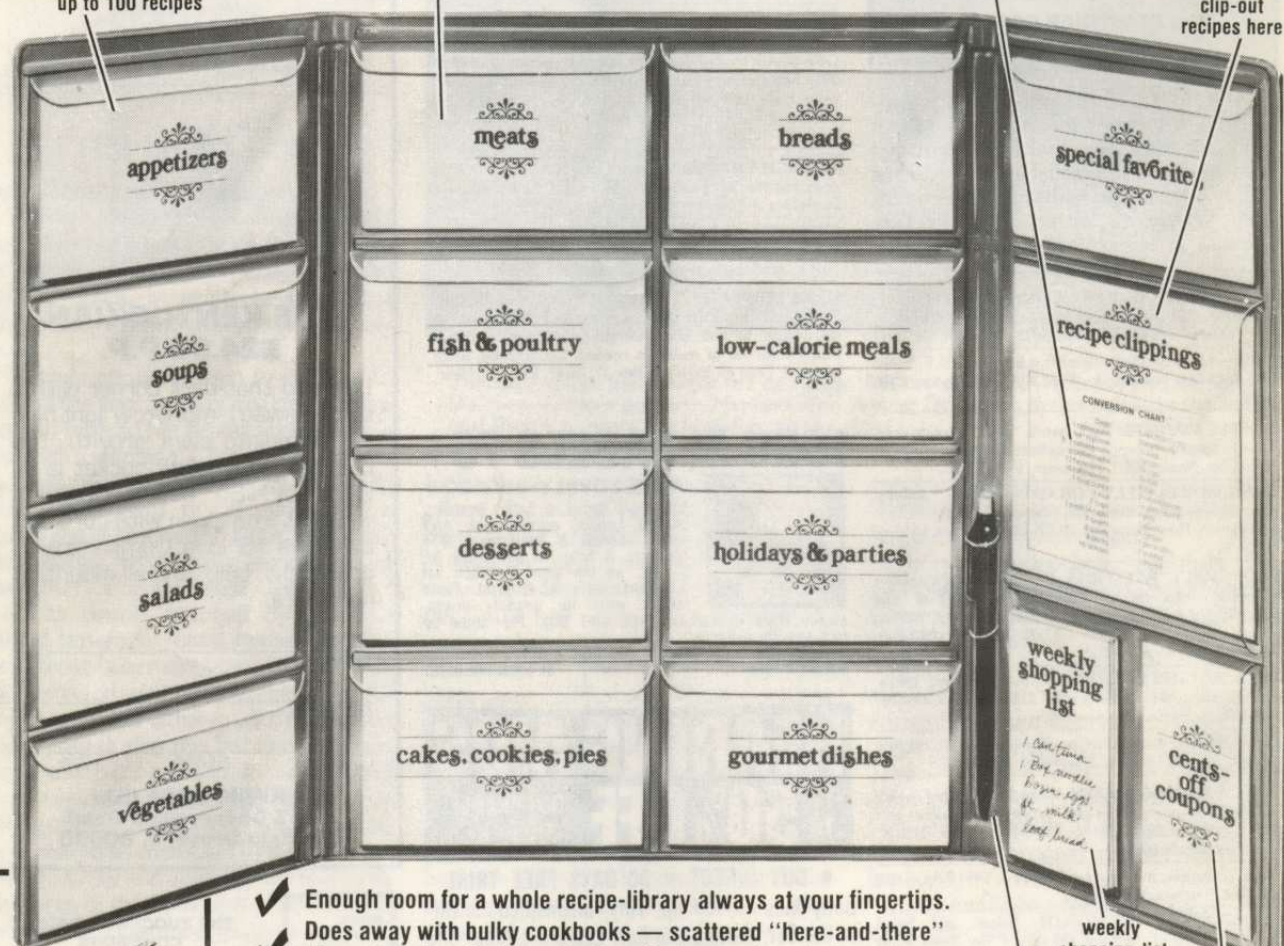
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