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—Photo by Blaine Barton

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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 Friends:

As a rule this room where I type is extremely quiet, but today as I write to you there is enough of a din just outside the window by my desk to leave me feeling addled.

We are in the process of having a brand-new redwood fence installed, and the area being tackled right now is producing enough clatter and commotion to make me feel that the whole thing is taking place inside my room, not outside.

It's possible that some other fence in town looked worse than the fence we're doing away with, but if there is, I've never laid eyes on it. I wasn't spurred into action on this project just to be doing something to improve the place, but the old fence was so close to pitching on to the ground that after every heavy wind we looked to see if our old fence still stood. We were so completely prepared for this disaster that it was almost a disappointment to see the old thing still standing and lurching in all directions.

Most of the time when you want a new fence you just line up your workmen, tell them what you want done, and that's that. But our complication came from the fact that years and years ago Russell made that fence and started beautiful plantings all along it. I wanted those plantings saved at any cost, so the competent and patient workmen preserved every single planting that I treasure so much. I guess this gives you a good idea of why it has taken so long and why such a torrential flood of conversation has gone along with every inch of it.

Well, when Gene Blackman and his sons (the carpenters) are all through I will have a beautiful redwood fence with every original planting intact. It's a real triumph to complete such a complicated project.

I'm not a person given to wild fits of being up in the air or down in the depths; I try and do not always manage to succeed in staying on pretty much of an even keel. But today I'm in a real fit of joy and happiness because in less than one

week I will once again see Juliana, James and Katharine. Oh my! it seems such a LONG time since I've seen them and it is . . . the longest time since they have come into my life and given me so much solace and comfort in the lonely years that have passed since Russell died.

This trip Juliana is tackling in a different way — no more 4½-hour layover in the Denver airport. She and the children are leaving Albuquerque during the noon hour so Jed can take them to the airport, and then they are boarding a TWA plane that goes directly to Kansas City. They will be met there by Ralph Edgar, the manager of our local airport who is a wonderful pilot, and he will bring them safely up to Shenandoah. I'm always sitting in the car down at the local airport waiting for that plane to come into view, and I'm always trying to keep dry eyes. (It's just awfully easy to shed a few tears after I haven't seen them for a long time!) We drive past our Kitchen-Klatter Products Company Plant, take a good gander at Earl May's big test garden and then, once again, are home at last. Thank God for good planes and good pilots. They make a tremendous difference to our world, and I just wish that all of their flights were so innocent in purpose.

I haven't seen the children now since that ghastly departure by ambulance plane from Albuquerque more than a year ago. Believe me, I don't want anymore flights like *that*.

I've had lots of fun rooting around in the kitchen to fix the things that I know they enjoy and look forward to eating at "Granny Wheels' " house. Betty Jane and I have some pretty lively discussions on this whole subject of food, and if you heard 30 minutes of some of these arguments you'd get an impression of Kitchen-Klatter that you don't get under ordinary circumstances.

Katharine will have her seventh birthday while she is here and I think we're going to have two things to celebrate. First both she and James can have a session at our local swimming pool, and then we'll drive into the country to meet good friends who have offered to give them a real fishing bout with sunfish and bullheads that are big enough to kick up a real fuss when they can't escape from the hook. It will be up to James to scale these fish and it will be Katharine's responsibility (even if it is her birthday) to make the sauce that will go with them.

Thus far this summer we've had the usual trickle of company. As Betty Jane and I said one long evening last winter: "Oh, if our company could only be strung out over the year instead of piling up during the short summer months."

Well, there's no help for this because jobs are jobs and you take your vacation when you're told to take it; school is school and you can't wrench children

away for any length of time. In many parts of our country you can't even get around with any ease during the winter, so I'd be willing to bet that I have a great chorus echoing: "Oh, if it could just be strung out another way." Well, it can't and that's that.

So far we've had Betty Jane's family — her only brother and his wife, her mother, and a cousin to whom she has always felt very close. In only a few days Hanna will arrive and then she will spend the rest of the summer with us and help to fill that empty void we'd have otherwise.

As I write this we have Betty Jane's son, Nicholas Tilsen, visiting us. He is a professional chef at a very fancy restaurant in San Francisco. What a pleasure it has been for me to have this opportunity to visit with him. I always had a secret hankering to have a cafe of my own, and I wanted to ask him questions about what goes on behind the scenes. It has been a golden opportunity to glean some realistic facts.

Even as I am writing this letter I am waiting to hear a car door slam and to greet Abigail and Clark. They're en route back to Denver from Oberlin, Ohio, and I know their visit has to be a very brief one, but even a glimpse of someone is comforting when you feel most warmly towards them.

I'm not sure yet if we'll see our niece, Mary Lea Palo and her family. They are going back to New England and I have a strong feeling that this is where they will settle down. Arizona worked out pretty well for a spell, but now with Isabel and Christopher on deck they think that daily life will be less complicated in the East. The name of their Arizona town was "Rough Rock" and I guess that's just what it turned out to be.

Betty Jane and I are trying to figure out what kind of a rig we can put our hands on that will enable us to take at least short trips. Feeling totally done in after a short drive to Omaha makes me feel mighty sober at the prospect of tackling a real trip.

I've been spending much time recently thinking about subjects that you friends might find interesting. I'd really like to know exactly what is your biggest problem; everyone has problems, of course, but what is your *humdinger* that just about gets you down. I'd like to have some letters about this. And if you're actually without the real McCoy when it comes to problems, what about shuffling through your memory and dragging out the experience that came *mighty close* to getting you down. I enjoy hearing about these human experiences and I think other people do too. We'll NEVER use a name or address, so the sky is the limit when you come to expressing yourself. We'll send a check for \$25.00 to anyone whose letter we print. At least that will

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Since last writing to you I've had a very delightful trip and visit with our daughter Kristin and family in Chadron, Nebraska. I think it was last December when Kristin called me and asked, "Mother, what was the name of the town in Nebraska where you went to college for a year?" When I said Chadron, she told me there was a possibility they would be moving there the first of this year. I couldn't have been happier—not only would they be getting a few miles closer to us, but in the 45 years since I left Chadron I had never been back, although I had planned to some day drive to Montana (where Kristin lived at that time) by way of Chadron, but never did. Now, at last I have been there.

Mother's Day and my birthday happened to fall in the same week this year, and since it had been many years since Kristin and I had spent Mother's Day together, I had planned to make my trip coincide with these dates. However, Kristin called and said our oldest grandson, Andy, would be participating in the state junior bowling tournament at North Platte on the last day of April, and he would be thrilled if Grandma could meet the family there and watch him bowl, so this is what I did.

Frank and Bernie took me to the bus in Osceola on a Friday night, and Kristin and Art met my bus in North Platte at noon the next day. We went right to the bowling lanes and watched Andy (who was unhappy with his scores), and left to drive back to Chadron at 2:00 when he was finished. We all thought he did well, and although he didn't get a trophy he didn't need to be the least bit ashamed. He is only thirteen, and I told him I know a lot of adults who would be tickled to death if they could bowl a 169 game, but since he had bowled three games over 200 the week before in practice, he was hoping he would do much better than he did in the tournament.

I had forgotten how beautiful the countryside is around Chadron, especially on the highway between Alliance, where we stopped to eat supper, and Chadron. We passed the Chadron State Park and I was hoping we would find the time to get back out there one day and drive around, but the days were so full that we didn't manage to get this done. Hopefully there will be other trips and we can do some of the things we had to pass up this time.



This is the first picture we have had for a long time of Dorothy Johnson and her three grandsons. Andy 13, is holding Julian 2, and Aaron 8 is standing to the right.

I had never heard of Chadron or the college there until that summer of 1931 when I was barely seventeen and had just graduated from high school. Howard and Eltora Alexander, our next-door neighbors for many years, had sold their shoe store and moved to Chadron. Howard had a traveling job and Chadron was centrally located in his territory. Eltora was alone much of the time with the little girls, Mona who was seven, and Mary Ellen who was six months old, so that summer when they came back to visit in Shenandoah it was decided this would be a good place for me to go for my first year of college. I would be company for Eltora, and could help with the children. This is what I did until the first of February. At that time the Alexanders moved back to Shenandoah and I made other living arrangements. A good friend of mine, Frances Nylen, said her Grandmother White lived just a half a block from the campus and she rented rooms to college girls. She would see if I could move in there and share a room with her, which I did.

Getting back to 1977, as we drove into town Art took me past the college. I recognized the five buildings which were there 45 years ago, but what has happened since really floored me. Another thing Kristin and I had planned to do was to take an alumni tour of the campus, but we also postponed this. However, we did drive all around it a couple of times and I was impressed with what I saw. Mrs. White's house looked the same, and is now the Catholic Newman Center for students. Another house on Main Street that I recognized was the home of another friend, Helen Schaeffer. I found out later that her father still lives there, so I went to call on him and he gave me Helen's married name and address so I can contact her.

The town has changed so much that there were very few things I remembered. Where I lived with the Alexanders the neighborhood has changed so much I was barely able to recognize the house. The Methodist Church I attended with the Alexanders is no longer there. A fire station has been built on this spot. All in all it was quite an experience to go back to Chadron.

Mary Brase, Art's mother, was also visiting there, so on Mother's Day we took a picnic lunch to the lovely park out close to the hospital. Art was able to eat dinner with us and spend a little time before he had to go back to the hospital to give a few respiratory treatments. Kristin had her good friend across the street, Kyra Bachle, bake and decorate a big cake for Mary and me in honor of the day. During the week we celebrated the birthdays of Mary, Art, and me. On Art's birthday Kristin cooked a big turkey dinner and invited Art's assistant and his wife and family to come to enjoy it with us. Kristin had been invited to a baby shower later the same night and I went with her.

I was happy to meet several of Kristin's friends, two of whom take the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, Mrs. Christine Small and Mrs. Lee Wahlstrom. Mrs. Small lives across the alley from Kristin and she asked us over one morning for hot chocolate and pound cake. Mrs. Wahlstrom's husband is on the hospital board where Art works, and she felt she already knew Kristin and Art when they moved there, so they were anxious to have me meet her. Kristin and I stopped by her house briefly one afternoon, long enough for a cup of tea and some delicious cookies.

Another highlight was attending a program put on by Aaron's second-
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PAUL REVERE PIONEER PARTY

by

Mabel Nair Brown



July is the perfect time to have an outdoor party; key it to a Paul Revere pioneer theme and you are all set for a good time.

INVITATIONS

Decorate the front cover with a picture of an old-fashioned lantern. If the cover is red, the inside pages white, and you tie them together with a blue ribbon or blue yarn, you will carry out the desired colors. The invitation may read something like this: Listen my dear, and you shall hear of a party we've planned with Paul Revere. Be at my house at eight on July, (date) and be ready to follow Paul Revere's lantern light. (Signed). You might like the guests to come in casual wear or pioneer play costumes, since it is an outdoor party. If so, indicate this on the invitation.

After the guests have all assembled inform them that they must follow Paul Revere and his lantern to find the party scene. Arrange for someone to be in costume and to carry a lantern—if you have a friend with a saddle horse, this would be great. Otherwise "Paul" might be seated in the lead car and let the lantern hang out of the window; or perhaps you are having the party at a nearby park, or on the lawn at a friend's home within walking distance—just so the guests follow the lantern light.

DECORATIONS

If possible to find them among your farmer friends or antique buffs, do use many lanterns hung about the party location. Red, white, and blue bunting or crepe paper also helps to add a festive and patriotic effect. Perhaps your party will be in a park where there is a band shell available. In that case go all out to decorate it with patriotic colors, such as was done for the speaker's stand for the Fourth of July programs in years gone by. You may even use a flag on a standard on the platform. If need be, improvise a speaker's stand area on your picnic area by draping bunting around three sides of a square formed by driving four tall stakes into the ground. The person costumed as Paul Revere stands

in the speaker's stand when giving directions about the games for the party. A phonograph may be concealed at the speaker's stand, along with several records of stirring marches to use as directed. It would be fine to have one of these records playing as the guests arrive at the picnic spot.

ENTERTAINMENT

Start the party off with a grand march around the grounds, with everyone wearing a paper "cocked hat" in which a feather has been stuck. (The hostess will need to make these ahead of time; they can be made from newsprint or old newspapers.) Use the music of "The Washington Post March" or "Stars and Stripes Forever". Stop the music and have all continue marching (why not a drummer keeping time on an oatmeal carton drum or a child's toy drum?) as they all sing the Yankee Doodle verse in which "he stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni".

Meet General Washington: One player is chosen to be George Washington. Two other players are chosen and the three stand ten or twelve feet apart in the form of a triangle. Have ready a paper tricorn hat and a folding fan. The guests are blindfolded, one at a time, to be presented to the general. If it is a man, he wears the tricorn hat. After being blindfolded, the player is turned around several times. He is then to advance eight steps, remove the hat, and bow to General Washington. If it is a woman player, she must wave her fan prettily and curtsy to the general. The other players will enjoy seeing someone bowing or curtsying to a tree or just open space! Those who happen to do it correctly might be given a candy mint.

Red, White, and Blue Spelling Bee: Have ready small squares of paper, an equal number in each color. On each square use a marking pen to print a letter of the alphabet—you will need several of each letter in each color, more of some of the letters used most often, as "e", "i", "a", etc. Divide the guests into three groups, designating one as reds, one as the blues, and one the whites. Each

group will need a score keeper. Each group is given all the letters in the correct color in a deep bowl which is held by the captain of each group. The players are then given five or ten minutes to spell out words with their letters, the catch being that the reds must spell only objects which are red in color (apple, rose, barn) and the other group colors do likewise. Only one player at a time can grab a letter from the captain, which the captain has sorted out of those in the bowl. The players must stand in a line then to correctly spell the word, which the score keeper can then write down. Then another word can be formed. Award a prize to those spelling the most words in their color. Prizes might be tiny lapel flag pins. Soft recorded music might be played while the spelling bee is going on.

Historical Charades: This is old-fashioned entertainment but always fun. Divide the guests into small groups. Allow about five minutes for each group to plan a charade on some event of historical significance which they then act out upon the "speaker's stand", while the others try to guess the event. Each group can do more than one charade if the interest is good. Another idea would be for the hostess to pass out slips of paper with a suggested event on it.

Celebrity Walk: Have ready slips of paper on which are written the names of famous people in our nation's history: Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Dolley Madison, Betsy Ross, Abraham Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart, etc. Pin a slip on the back of each person. They are to circulate and visit to try to learn their own identity. Conversation must be guided by the names worn. For example, George Washington might say to Dolley Madison, "I'm so glad you saved the picture when your home burned," and she might say to him, "I always wondered if you ever got your dollar back". Once a player guesses his own identity, the player drops out of the game.

States and Capitols: Write the name of each state on a slip of paper. To play the game, pin a name on each person, and if the guest list is small, give each person several state names. Now give every one an equal number of slips of paper on each of which is written the capitol city of a state. At the leader's signal, players hurry to pin the capitol name slip on the correct state. It will be a mad scramble. When all are finished, those who pinned the wrong name on a state might receive joke "booby" prizes. If a player comes to a state which already has a name pinned on it, but it is the wrong one, the last player simply pins her name on top. Judges will decide who is right.

Grand Finale—Seventy-six Trombones!: The leader assigns to each person the name of an instrument in a

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A LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

The last time I heard someone ask: "Did you ever have one of those days when just *everything* went wrong?" I was flying the Atlantic Ocean and heard the captain of the plane ask that. It had been a terrible trip with one emergency after the other, and when we finally reached England only to learn that we could not land because of the dense fog, the captain came out with that disturbing announcement over the public address system in the plane. Well, I remembered that incident today when I caught myself saying to a neighbor the very same thing. This was a day when just *everything* went wrong. As a matter of fact, it went so wrong that it is actually funny. I am glad I can laugh, for if I could not, I would be crying.

It all began a few days ago when the Property Committee of the church voted to install a fine cabinet-type shower to replace the old bathtub in our third-floor bathroom. Although we have several bathrooms in this big old parsonage, we have only one shower, but now that matter is almost corrected. The plumbers (two of them) arrived this morning bright and early. What a job they had bringing the 250-pound bathtub down two flights of the stairs, but with much groaning and straining, they finally accomplished the herculean feat. Then they carried piece by piece the new shower stall, made of heavy metal and weighing a great deal, up the two flights of stairs to the third floor. It was then they noticed that the shower stall had been damaged in shipment and suggested that I call up and arrange to have an undamaged one delivered. Down the two flights of stairs came the first shower stall, and up the stairs went the new one which was delivered within the hour with much apology from the dealer. It was then that the plumbers told me the dealer had neglected to deliver the 400-pound base to the shower. Another phone call brought the forgotten base.

If you could have seen those two plumbers dragging that heavy piece of stone up to the third floor, groaning with every exertion, you would have looked on in amazement, wondering why they did not walk off the job and quit. They had to call in two carpenters to help cut out a section of the floor and a piece of the wall so that the shower base could be properly set into place and sealed with cement. Then they discovered that the wrong base had been delivered! Yes, I kid you not! All of that effort was for nothing! The dealer had another chance to apologize, and a new base was delivered, but the plumbers refused to carry the 400 pounds back down the two



This picture of Mary Lea (Frederick's daughter), Vincent, Isabel and Christopher Palo was just about the last one taken in Rough Rock, Arizona, before they started east to make their home.

flights of narrow stairs. "If we drop that thing," said one of the men, "it will surely knock down the wall of your house, and it might kill someone." I agreed to their getting two more plumbers to lend a hand. Finally the wrong one was safely down, the new one was safely up, and I thought that at last the work would be completed. But there was another hitch!

After trying for one full hour to install the glass door to the shower, the plumbers insisted that it was the wrong door. I insisted that it simply could not be. I showed them the sales slip with the numbered door listed. I showed them the same numbers on the side of the shower door, but to no avail. It really was the wrong door. Once again I called the dealer who by this time was becoming hysterical. I spoke very slowly, and very calmly as I explained the latest blunder. While we waited for the new door to be delivered, the plumbers worked to install the mixing valve that controlled the water supply to the shower.

"Dr. Driftmier! Dr. Driftmier!" called one of the plumbers. "Do you have anything in the house for a bad case of nerves? You won't believe this, but it is true! They sent us the wrong mixing valve. There is no way that this one will fit." The poor man was babbling like a baby by the time he got down to the kitchen with the unusable mixing valve. Both plumbers at this point walked out the door haltingly, stumblingly, and in utter despair. I followed them out to their truck telling them not to feel badly, that it was not their fault, and that I was terribly, terribly sorry. As they drove off, they said that they might come back some other day to complete the job. When I finish writing this letter to you, I would love to take a cold shower in the new shower stall, but that cannot be until another day. Right now I am trying to get up my nerve to call the dealer to tell him about the wrong mixing valve.

Thank heavens I can tell you that things are going well at the church. The

chief frustration we have there is that of not having enough work for all of the many volunteers who would love to work for the church. We have such splendid people in our church membership, and they are all so willing and quick to volunteer, and it keeps the paid staff busy seeking ways to make use of so much talent. Isn't that great? The other day someone asked me what I liked most about the South Congregational Church, and I was quick to reply: "I like the fact that I have to spend so much time writing 'thank you' notes." It is the truth. Every day I must write several notes thanking people for all kinds of things—gifts to the church, special church jobs done well, suggestions for church improvements, etc., etc.

After being here in this pastorate twenty-two years, I finally decided to give up trying to keep my birth date a secret. Little by little, the people had been learning it, and on my sixtieth birthday, I came right out and mentioned it from the pulpit. I did not know what was about to happen. In great secrecy, a committee of church members who *did* know my birth date had been making arrangements to present me with a beautiful gift on my sixtieth. After the church service, I was presented a gold ring with my initials on the top, a beautiful etching of the church on the right side of the ring, and an etching of our magnificent rose windows on the left side of the ring. Inside the ring it said: "From your South Church people, May 8, 1977."

My first reaction was one of embarrassment. I hate to have the people spending their money to buy me a gift. My second reaction was one of utter delight! I am like a little boy with a new bicycle. I just *love* the ring, and I am so proud of the fact that it was given to me by the people. As long as I live, it will be one of my cherished possessions. I am also proud of the fact that the ring was crafted in the shop of one of my dear friends, Mr. Ernest Davignon of Holyoke, Mass. His shop is noted for the designing and manufacturing of very special jewelry. Some of you may have heard Ernest Davignon speaking on Kitchen-Klatter a few years ago when, on two different Saturdays, he was my guest. He is the man who has the fine collection of antique cars.

Do you remember my telling you how happy I was when my little granddaughter first spoke to me over the telephone? That day she said just one word: "Hello." Several months have gone by since then, and now I have the thrill of hearing her ask: "Is my grandfather at home? I would like to speak to him, please." Tell me, does every grandfather have the right to think that his granddaughter is the most intelligent and the most beautiful, and the most healthy child in

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OUR MOST MEMORABLE VACATION

by
Mildred Grenier

Our most memorable vacation was a trip to beautiful, historic South Dakota. One of the factors which helped make it so pleasant and worry-free was the excellent highway system into and across the state. Fine tourists facilities helped tremendously, also.

Our first stop was the World's Only Corn Palace in Mitchell, S. D. This building gets its name from its unique decoration and design. The entire exterior, and portions of the interior, are covered with corn—yellow, white, blue and red—arranged in geometric patterns and outlined with grasses and grains. In a series of panels these corn pictures depict a theme such as *wild game*, *hunting*, *pioneer history*, etc. Along its roof are Moorish minarets and towers which give the building the appearance of a palace.

We were told that the Corn Palace is redecorated each year during Indian Summer at an approximate cost of \$15,000. This project requires between 2 and 3,000 bushels of corn. The individual cobs, with the corn on, are sawed lengthwise with small power saws. The halves are then nailed, flat side down, to wooden panels which are then fastened to the brick walls of the building.

While in Mitchell, we went to see the Museum of Pioneer Life for a peek back into the pages of history. Here are Indian collections, an art gallery, Lewis and Clark statues, pioneer rooms recreated with authentic home furnishings, restored autos, a country schoolhouse, etc. It is all so realistic and lifelike we actually felt as if we had flipped back the pages of the calendar and were living in pioneer time.

Driving west, we came to the Big Badlands which lie along the White and Cheyenne rivers in southwestern South Dakota. Here, unwinding for a distance of more than one hundred miles, is a labyrinth of valleys and narrow ridges with mountains, domes and spires of various colors. These formations, sculptured by nature into a myriad of interesting shapes, are composed of the harder types of strata that have resisted erosion. Laid bare by wind and rain, the rock materials reveal the story of their formation, and also yield the fossilized remains of many animals and reptiles.

The Dakota Indians named the Badlands *Mako Sica* which means "bad lands to travel across", but we loved this scenic and weirdly beautiful drive.

A stop for water at Wall Drug brought us to this unusual store which draws an average of 10,000 visitors per day during the tourist season. When we were there we could get a cup of coffee for 5¢,



Fossil remains in the Badlands of South Dakota are covered with a protective dome of glass to keep them from further weather erosion. Jeff Birkby ponders the ancient bones of some pre-historic animal.

breakfast of two eggs and two slices of toast for 49¢ and the view of a huge cottonwood, the first tree ever planted in Wall (in 1906) and preserved when the drug store was built. It is an exceptional store and well worth the time it took us to stop.

Beautiful Mount Rushmore would have to be called the highlight of our trip. Nestled in the heart of the Black Hills, this historic stone sculpture is truly awe-inspiring. I could hardly believe that this memorial is taller than the Great Pyramid of Egypt! The figures are the largest ever made. The head of Washington, for example, is as high as a five-story building—about 60 feet.

We learned that the word *carving*, used in connection with Mount Rushmore, is only a figure of speech. Excess rock was removed with dynamite. The remaining rock was then wedged off with a small drill, a hammer and a wedging tool. The sculpture was brought to a smooth finish with a small air hammer by a process known as *bumping*.

We stayed for the evening program in the amphitheater at the foot of Mount Rushmore. The lighting ceremony in which giant floodlights played across the features of the faces of the presidents, bringing out the natural colors of the granite, was breath-taking.

Nature has its own great sculpture nearby at Mount Rushmore Cave. As we toured the cave, guides told us that long ago the forces that formed the Black Hills cracked and fractured the limestone and thereby created channels for the movement of percolating waters. The water dissolved the limestone from the walls of the fissures through which it flowed, thus forming the passages, galleries and chambers of the cave. With its stalactites, stalagmites and dozens of other beautifully shaped formations, the cave is a fairyland of beauty and enchantment.

In Bear County, U.S.A., located in the same area, is the world's largest privately owned family of black bears. Timber wolves, bison, elk, deer, mountain lions, fox, coyotes, bobcats and a variety of other creatures roam freely through the park. We were the ones who were caged—in our car. The animals are considered more dangerous and unpredictable in such a place than in the wild, because they have lost their fear of humans.

We also enjoyed the picturesque Badlands Petrified Garden with its displays of petrified trees, flowers and other plants.

On our trip to South Dakota we discovered that it is one of America's great family vacation lands, an ideal place to take your family someday.

MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

Dear Lucile & Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

What was my most unforgettable meal? It was served to me by my family when I arrived home at noon from the hospital on January 4, 1959.

You see, on January first I gave birth to our fourth child, a son. This made our family complete, with two boys and two girls. The three older ones ranged in ages from five to seven-and-a-half years at that time. It also gave Gramp, who made his home with us for 25 years, his second grandson and was he thrilled!

Our menu was composed of mashed potatoes, gravy, roast chicken, creamed green beans, pickles, cake and ice cream. It wasn't fancy, but when friend-husband took time to line up dinner before he came to get us at the hospital, it was heartwarming to lonesome Mom.

My biggest thrill was that Gramp and the three children at home were anxiously awaiting our arrival on that Sunday noon, when the kitchen door flew open and Mom was hugged and welcomed home by all.

The table was set, not for six, but for seven. Gramp had the children set the table with baby dish, spoon, and glass, and the high chair was waiting there as big as you please for the new-born baby. Brother and the two sisters had no idea baby brother couldn't even sit up, let alone eat at the table! Needless to say, Gramp had a big laugh.

He left us a little over two years ago to be with Grandma who passed away in 1950 shortly after we were married. Gramp spent many of his hours the last 16 years of his life with a grandson he wanted and loved so much. Gramp was 92 years young when he passed away.

—Mrs. E. L., Nebr.

The things the flag stands for were created by the experience of a great people. Everything it stands for was written in their lives.

MARTIN STROM WRITES FROM MINNESOTA

Dear Friends:

These last few months certainly have been busy ones for the Strom household in Maple Lake. Eugenie and I have just finished teaching Vacation Bible School, and now it is time to begin preparations for the semi-annual meeting of the church, and the annual church picnic.

This summer seems busier than last because we have two additional responsibilities, a dog and a garden. Since Mom and Dad have both retired and are now doing a great deal more traveling to visit friends and relatives, we have agreed to take care of their dog, and have accepted her as our own. Wendy is a darling and most entertaining companion, especially for Eugenie on those many evenings when I must be away at meetings. She is a joy to behold as she frolics about the parsonage, and she certainly enjoys all of the attention she receives from the young people of the church and from Eugenie's piano students.

Our second new responsibility, the garden, demands equal attention. This is our first gardening experience together, and we have enjoyed watching everything grow and having the fresh vegetables for our table. These rewards make all of the tilling, planting, watering and weeding worthwhile. I have lately been thinking that it would be a worthy project to try to breed a strain of rabbits which would eat only the weeds and dandelions, solving two problems at one time.

As I am sure Uncle Frederick must have said many times over the years, the lives of a minister and his or her family are surely hectic. Eugenie and I are looking forward to having some time to ourselves, later this summer. We are making plans to spend several weeks camping and will soon be gathering together all of our camping gear to make sure it is in good repair, then we will select a campsite from among the many beautiful recreational areas this part of the country has to offer. Possibly you are aware that my camping experience has been limited to a few weeks in Montana and a summer in Vermont, but Eugenie has been raised in and around the woods along the North Shore of Lake Superior, and for her, hiking and camping are a way of life. Each time we "take to the woods" she has more to teach me about living in harmony with our natural environment.

Because Maple Lake is predominantly a farming community, many of the young people in the church have also had little or no opportunity to enjoy camping in the woods. Last year, we took several of them with us on a camping-retreat for several days at a nearby state park.



Martin Strom tells in his letter about "inheriting" Wendy, the Lhasa Apso dog now making her home in the parsonage at Maple Lake, Minnesota.

Those who went with us last year are excited about doing the same again this summer, and we expect that a few others will be joining us. It will take some additional planning this year if we decide to take Wendy (our dog) with us. Before, we have enjoyed lying in our tents at night and watching the chipmunks, raccoons, and skunks wander through the campsite examining our equipment and looking for forgotten scraps of food. We wonder what will happen if the dog barks?

In addition to all of the time Eugenie spends working with her piano students and with the adult and youth choirs of the church, she has been working on a special project of her own; manufacturing beautiful necklaces which she has sold locally and given to friends and relatives. These have provided her with the opportunity to use some of her very creative artistic abilities, and have been much admired. (See ad on page 23.)

Since my letter in the January issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, we had the good fortune to spend a wonderful mid-week "weekend" visiting Eugenie's cousins, Jeanette and Joanne in Duluth. Jeanette is a librarian at the public library, and invited us to accompany her to the Fourth Annual Elizabethian Madrigal Dinner sponsored by the Music

THE COTTAGE

Our red-roofed cottage, snug and small
Has an ivy-covered wall.
Spills of daisies sparkle where
The scent of roses fill the air.
With drowsy eyes a striped cat
Is our grey velvet welcome mat.
And on the path up to the hill
A eucalyptus, white trunked, still,
Bows her head as we walk by,
Beneath a bright blue denim sky.
Every night a cricket throng
Bursts into a joyful song
As we gaze at the stars above
Thankful for both peace and love.

—Coral Nilsson

Department of the University of Minnesota at Duluth. This dinner was an amazing experience for all who attended, as the entire evening was a living drama in the style of sixteenth century England.

After arriving and registering, we waited in the lounge area until we heard the crier announce: "The Baroness Jeanette Smith and company, please ascend to the Hall!" We were ushered up a candle-lighted stairway to the Ballroom which had been converted for the occasion to resemble a castle dining hall. When we had finished our salad and all 400 people were seated, the program began with an introduction by the court jester who explained our situation and place in Time, and introduced the Lord and Lady of the Manor.

The first fanfare accompanied the procession of the singers who were acting out the part of the guests for the evening. These thirteen madrigal singers sang beautifully the unaccompanied authentic songs of the period, before, during, and after the delicious meal. Successive fanfares ushered in the Wassail Bowl, the Boar's Head, the Prime Ribs, the Flaming Plum Pudding and the beginning of the main portion of the evening's concert. During the meal, we were also entertained by guitar and recorder players and small vocal groups who wandered among the tables.

The meal was delicious and served expertly and with great care and speed, and the program was superb. This event was held on five evenings in April, and you can be sure that we plan to attend again next year, and many years after that. For those within the Duluth area who have the opportunity to attend, I can think of no better way to spend an evening than to be dined and entertained at this annual event.

On this trip to Duluth, we also took the opportunity to visit The Depot, the splendid old railroad depot in Duluth which has now been converted to a museum. Joanne's husband, Steven Gerber, works at the depot, so I had often heard it spoken of, but was surely not prepared for the treat we had in store. In addition to fine exhibits on the early days of Duluth's history and of the old logging industry in the area, there is a fine natural history department.

Most impressive, however, was the main exhibit for which the museum is known. It is a railroad museum unlike any other I have ever seen. On display here are not merely a few train cars, but whole trains showing the development of the railroad industry and how its machinery had been adapted for use in the logging and mining industries of northern Minnesota. Perhaps it is because I carry within me the enthusiasm for railroads that I learned at Grandfather's knee, but no trip to Duluth is complete without visiting this

(Continued on page 23)

HAPPY LITTLE TRAVELERS

by
Janice Doyle

One hot muggy day last summer, my husband Tom announced that it had been too long since he had seen his mother and that we were leaving in three days to drive to Detroit to visit her. Several years ago this would hardly have affected me, as spur-of-the-moment trips were commonplace for us, but this particular year such a trip was a bit awesome because our three sons were ages three, four and six. Detroit was two days of Interstate travel from our Arkansas home, which also meant two days on the road for the return trip—*four days in the car with three preschoolers!* I would not have spoiled Tom's trip for the world so I began what turned out to be a creative spurt of motherhood.

We were leaving in three days! I had so much to do! After a quick check of our clothes to see what needed to be done in that area, my thoughts turned to the overwhelming (I thought) task of planning activities for car-bound small fry. I called in a neighbor girl to stay with the boys while I made a very thoughtful trip to town. Three plans were emerging in my head which were to make the trip a happy time for us all.

As I looked over the toys in a large discount store these standards determined my purchases: nothing that was very large or bulky, nothing which required reading, and nothing which couldn't easily be shared or which didn't come in three similar models. Card games, colors, toy cars, sewing cards, magnetic games and small puzzles went into my basket. I paid for these and then roamed the grocery store for snacks and treats with these two thoughts in mind: "crumbless and not gooey". With an accumulation of edibles in tow, I left for home feeling quite smug.

Behind the locked bedroom door at home I spread all my purchases on the bed and divided them into small piles. My plan was to fix individual sacks with some items for each morning and afternoon we would be traveling. In each sack I put treats—three sticks of gum, a small bag of candy, suckers, etc.

One sack contained three boxes of colors and three coloring books with a good treat of candy corn. Another sack held three small cars and three suckers. Perhaps the sack with the most memories held cellophane tape and scissors for each boy with an assortment of colored paper in odd sizes for them to cut and tape as they wished. As each sack was filled I taped it shut and labeled it according to the day to be opened: "Monday morning" or "Wednesday afternoon" and so on until there was a mystery sack for each morning and afternoon.



This picture is of Martin, Wyatt and Kevin Doyle on the steps of Abraham Lincoln's house in Springfield, Ill., one of the stops made during the trip.

A sudden burst of inspiration caused me to write "Emergency" in bright red letters on a pink sack holding several new *Sesame Street* puzzles. Oh, I was glad to have that the day we visited Grandma's friend who has a house full of antiques!

All the sacks were kept together in a box in the trunk and four-year-old Wyatt was responsible for repacking them when the designated morning or afternoon was over. This procedure certainly helped keep the car free of clutter than usual.

Knowing that the long stretches of Illinois and Indiana farm land could be quite boring scenery for little fellows, I devised notebooks for each boy to keep as we traveled. For this project I used three stenographer's notebooks, clipped a pencil to the top of each and labeled one for each boy. The pages were then filled with pictures of things for which the boys were to look as we rode along.

A neighbor loaned me a stack of farm magazines so that we had pictures of implements of all kinds and colors. Interspersed with these were pictures of cars, trucks, brick houses, barns, ponds, silos, cows, horses, crops in rows, and so on until many pages were filled. Three-year-old Martin had two or three pictures on each page, while the older boys had four or five on each page. As each one found an item on his first page he put a large "X" on it and when he had found everything on that page he received a dime and could go on to the next page. We found this activity an excellent way to teach three "town boys" farming terms and methods and it made the time pass quickly.

We helped them spot things and it was not unusual to have six or eight items at a time for which to watch. "Now Martin, is it a blue pickup or a blue station wagon you need? Oh, there's your wooden barn, Wyatt! Look, there are three silos together, Kevin, just like your picture."

What money they accumulated was theirs to spend as they wished. They certainly learned fast how many dimes they needed for soft drink machines to produce their cans and bottles of pop.

Keeping peace while being so confined was still not an easy task, but one more plan which contributed to calmness was each child's own pillow with a favorite pillow case for rest time. A quick stop at nap time to get all three pillows from the trunk gave each child a comfy and secure feeling and he could nap or just rest awhile. We did maintain the rule that during the time designated for resting if our oldest son could not get to sleep he still must not talk. This gave my husband and me some (deserved!) quiet to talk or just enjoy the scenery.

All my preparations paid off when we arrived at Grandma's house happy and at peace with each other, ready to enjoy the new and different environment of a big city for a few days. When the time came to leave, we were not anxious to resume our stiff sitting positions again, but the boys were looking forward to more mystery sacks and more notebook pages to complete.

OUR LENDING LIBRARY

We, in our family, have always been great readers and lovers of books, passing them on from generation to generation. As a result, I now have on my shelves books dating, not only from my own childhood, but from my mother's and grandfather's as well. However, since I am an only child and have no children of my own to whom to pass these books, I had been wondering what to do with them. I thought of donating them to the public library, but sentiment prevented this. Still, what a shame it would be if these books were never enjoyed again.

Then, my mother hit upon what has proved to be a most satisfactory solution, a *summer lending library* for the neighborhood children. We began with three little girls, ages 7, 8, and 9, and last summer we added another girl and two boys. We supply a notebook in which each child keeps his own record of each book he borrows, crossing out titles as he returns the book. We have a few rules: only one book at a time may be checked out by each child, and that book must be returned before another is borrowed.

Not only have the children taken this responsibility seriously, so that no book has ever been lost or damaged, but they seem to enjoy the change from the modern-day fare offered by school and public libraries. They proudly add the titles of our lending library to their lists of books read during the summer, and receive credit for each one when they return to school in the fall.

—Linda Alexander

A FAVORITE TIME

by
Rita Farnham

As I begin filling jars and freezer bags with vegetables from our small garden, I think of how I learned to prepare food for storage. My thoughts go back to the days when my brothers and sister and I were children and of the joy our mother found in canning and preserving food.

With the first hint of garden-making time, Mother began collecting jars, lids, sealing wax, spices and vinegar, and all the paraphernalia that is needed to keep food from spoiling. Friends and neighbors often gave her jars and we children helped by washing them. Mother also permitted us to gather the vegetables. It was work, but it was fun too. We loved to look for the cucumbers. Each morning they had to be picked for they seemed to grow overnight. Sometimes we would find a huge yellow one, and we'd wonder how it ever got that big without us noticing. Mother let us wash them in tubs of cool spring water. She'd have us place all the large ones together, the middle-sized ones in another spot and all the little ones in a separate container. Each size was used to make a certain kind of pickle. I remember how good the kitchen smelled at that time. The aroma of dill and turmeric, sweet cider vinegar, mint and mustard flowed throughout the house.

The filled jars were carried to the cellar, that white-washed underground storage place that Father had built right after he and Mother were married. Mother always beams when she tells how she and Father made a garden the first year they were married and every year since.

Rows of green beans, beets, peas, and carrots already lined the shelves each year as we placed the pickles in the particular area Mother had provided for them. Later there would be stone jar pickles, sauerkraut, and tomatoes to complete the inventory.

When berry-picking time came, we children were permitted to help with the picking occasionally, but more often our father would rise early before we were awake and pick a large water bucket full. He was fearful that we might get into a wasp nest or step on a poisonous snake.

From this juicy ripe fruit Mother would fill several jars, but she kept the largest berries for dessert. These pie and dumplings were truly filled with love. Blue-teethed smiles surrounded our table on those occasions. When the berries became smaller, Mother would cook them until a juice formed. She would let this juice drip from the berries which were held in cheesecloth. The juice was used to make jelly to be served on thick slices of home-baked bread. How good this tasted in the wintertime



HERE ARE HALLIE BLACKMAN'S OTHER GRANDCHILDREN. (See cover story below.) Since they live in Las Vegas, Nevada, there was no way we could get them in the cover group. Tracy, on the left side, is eight years old; her brother Lenny is two years old and looks as if he COULD be a handful. The adorable little girl at the right is Ronda Sue, one year old. They are the children of Ron and Sue Blackman who live in Las Vegas, Nevada.

after we children arrived from school, cold and hungry.

The peach-canning season came later in the summer. While she placed the golden halves in thick syrup, Mother would sing of the day when the peaches were blossoms in the spring. The kitchen smelled of cinnamon and cloves when the preserves and butter were made. Later came apples and a favorite of mine, apple butter.

As time passed, a large freezer was placed at the end of the long kitchen. Corn and okra and home-butchered meat and poultry were easier to store now. Fresh pastries and bread could be frozen for future use, also.

Mother likes this new way but she's kept her old ways too. In late summer potatoes, turnips and onions are still stored in the cellar. Bright orange

pumpkins and yellow squash join them in the fall. Ears of Indian popcorn hang from the rafters of the screened porch and strings of colored peppers brighten the corner.

Even though our father is no longer with us, Mother's garden still grows. If you should stop by, most likely you would find her there. If not, go through the screened door into the blue-checked kitchen. Probably you will smell fresh-baked bread or chili sauce cooking. It is still one of my favorite places and, when food preservation is being done, one of my favorite times.



I'LL FLY THE FLAG

I'll fly the flag
On the Fourth of July;
Fly it proudly
So all who pass by
May know what my country
Means to me —
The right to work, to worship,
To be free.

I'll fly the flag
On the Fourth of July for you,
Red man, black man, yellow or white
Who call this land your country, too.
Let it remind us all to work
Together for our common good;
Let us UNITED live,
In peaceful brotherhood.

—Mabel Nair Brown

★ ★ ★

DAY

Day got up, and stretched its limbs,
Filled with wonder at its whims.
It seemed to smile on everyone,
And winked at good old Sol the Sun.
Time flew by, and day was spent,
And everyone wondered where it went.

—James F. Harvey

COVER STORY

Countless thousands of you readers have met Mrs. Hallie Blackman when you have visited our Kitchen-Klatter plant because she is the vice-president of our company and the executive office manager. However, Hallie at work and Hallie with her grandchildren are two different things entirely, so this month we wanted to share with you how things are when the family comes to see her.

In the front row is Brad Hopkins, one year old; he is the son of Jocelyn and Max Hopkins of Omaha. On the other side of Grandma Blackman is Micki, daughter of Dennis and Kelly Blackman of Northboro, a small town not far from Shenandoah.

In the back row is Chris Hopkins, six years old and a brother of Brad. The other two children are Kevin and Tressa Kite, children of Kent and Connie Kite, who live right here in Shenandoah. I have spells of being downright envious when I see Hallie with her grandchildren so close at hand.

—Lucile

GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE "THE AIR-DOME"

by
Harold R. Smith

Slightly beyond the turn of the century, our village was offered the unique opportunity to view a new form of entertainment called *moving pictures*.

Two enterprising brothers owned a small downtown lot and decided it would be an ideal place for an outdoor theater. A local carpenter was hired to build benches, erect a small screen, and enclose the lot with a high board fence. A hand-cranked projector was purchased and two reels of film were rented from a distributor in a nearby city. Posters were printed and nailed to trees and buildings in our village by small boys who were given free seats as their reward. Word soon spread to other towns and opening night found the theater filled to capacity. Becoming an instant success, the theater was opened two nights a week. In those days of small wages for the average person, often one dollar a day or less, the two brothers did very well, grossing around eighty-five dollars per week!

As the years passed, the brothers constructed an indoor theater on Main Street which boasted a small marquee, comfortable chairs with backs (most everyone agreed these were needed), a gravity coal furnace, a larger screen and two projectors with sound equipment for the *talkies*, which by now had been invented. A little ticket window was manned by a person issuing admissions for a small fee. Later a gentleman sold popcorn to supplement his income. The public was skeptical, at first, in accepting *talkies*, but the sound films soon won wide acclaim and the theater opened to large crowds three nights a week.

During this time, a two-story brick building on an adjacent street burned, leaving only the outer walls intact. Purchased by the brothers, the brick walls were razed to nine feet and carpenters were engaged to build a lattice-work front where a ticket booth was located. Two gates, one for entering and one for leaving the theater, were built into the front. The lattice-work was painted white and interspersed with small electric bulbs. The effect, when lighted at night, was breath-taking.

At the rear of the theater a screen was erected surrounded by more lattice-work. Two fountains splashed into a cement pool where goldfish swam languidly through green moss.

One brother owned a greenhouse and flowers were planted wherever possible in the outdoor theater. These were replaced whenever necessary to insure a profusion of blooming flowers. A two-story projection booth was constructed.



This delightful picture was sent in the radio mail by a doting grandmother. Dressed in lovely old-fashioned costumes are Leah, Sarah and Martha Draayer of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

From the top one could see the flower beds and the expanse of garden-type benches arranged in rows on the cement floor.

Before a movie started, colored lights from a rotating wheel played in wavering patterns upon the screen, the landscaped areas and the splashing water of the fountains. Patrons would come early and visit with friends and neighbors; children would play in the wide aisles under their parents' watchful eyes. The outdoor theater became an overnight sensation and people traveled great distances to view this setting especially created for showing movies.

From the start the local people referred to this theater as the *Air-Dome*, for it truly did have a dome of air with a canopy of stars sometimes accented by a silver moon. In the hot humid nights of Missouri it was refreshing to sit outdoors in the *Air-Dome* and be entertained. When cool weather approached, signaling the end of the season, the showing of films resumed in the indoor theater.

One unusual event occurred during the history of the *Air-Dome*. The owner gave permission to a couple to be married in a public ceremony using the theater background of flowers, fountains and colored lights. A large number of guests were in attendance. The entire event was filmed and later viewed on the screen by the newlyweds and the patrons.

In time one of the brothers passed away and the *Air-Dome* was closed permanently. The indoor theater remained open but played to fewer people as cars had become numerous and long distances could be reached in a relatively short time. Now people could drive to the larger cities where air-conditioned theaters showed newer films on larger screens. Another threat loomed on the horizon in the form of television.

One bitterly cold winter night a fire

started in a building next to the theater. The volunteer fire department fought the blaze unsuccessfully and within a short time the nearby theater was also on fire. By the next morning the theater was gutted. Only the front portion and marquee remained. The roof had collapsed as well as the walls. The theater's final signature was written in ice fantasies created by frozen sprays covering the debris.

In time the ruins were bulldozed and the lot cleaned up. The *Air-Dome*, unused for many years and in a state of disrepair, also was demolished by the bulldozer and the remains hauled away.

From my upstairs window I can see the vacant lot where the *Air-Dome* once stood. Now patches of weeds thrust up their heads and dry, lifeless grass stands in mute brown spots. A portion of the projection booth's foundation remains, a monument to another era. Under a sunny sky, small children play in the lot tossing a ball back and forth and I regret that they will never share the wondrous beauty and magic of the outdoor theater of yesteryear we called the *Air-Dome*.

TO A DINNER GUEST

Please be seated in my kitchen,
We will visit while I cook,
Compare our friends and relatives
And fashion's latest look.
If the biscuits should be burned
And the meat too rare, that's fine,
For I have had a perfect visit
With a valued friend of mine.

—Coral Nilsson

"FOR THE BIRDS" STORY

Fill in the blanks with the proper names of birds, and read this story.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon when the three children took a walk down the road. "We are really having a (1) _ _ _ _," Sally said. "(2) _ _ _ _ your head, Jack, or that tree limb will knock your hat off. If you (3) _ _ _ _ your head, you will see it."

"Little Bobby is a good (4) _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _," Jack said. "See him run ahead of us! If I (5) _ _ _ _ my neck, I can still see him going around the bend. Isn't he a (6) _ _ _ _ _ _ one?"

"As sure as my name starts with (7) _ _ _ _ he is!" Jane laughed. "Our little brother is really something to (8) _ _ _ _ about."

"You watch me like a (9) _ _ _ _ _ _," Bobby said when the two caught up with him. It was getting late and the light was beginning to (10) _ _ _ _ _ _ . Let's go home and play a game of (11) _ _ _ _ , Jack said. "And I can't wait to get a (12) _ _ _ _ _ _ of cold water!"

ANSWERS: 1. Lark, 2. Duck, 3. Tern, 4. Road Runner, 5. Crane, 6. Swift, 7. Jay, 8. Crow, 9. Hawk, 10. Flicker, 11. Rook, 12. Swallow. —Mildred Grenier

SOARING HIGH

by
Evelyn Birkby

In one of her syndicated newspaper columns, Erma Bombeck likened the raising of children to flying a kite. First, she explained, parents spend much time and effort getting their offspring off the ground. Then, little by little as they mature, the children are allowed to fly higher. As the parents let out more of the string, each tug pulls at their emotions. Finally, when the children are high enough and strong enough to make it alone, either the parents let go of the tether or the children cut the binding cords and go soaring high into the far blue reaches of the sky.

As I read this column it seemed to have been written just for me. Not only did it express my own feelings about the purpose of being a parent, but having three sons who are avid kite flyers, I'm well aware of the trials and tribulations of this particular hobby.

At any rate, my mind has returned many times to Mrs. Bombeck's column as I go across the yard to get the mail from the box beside the road, or answer the phone with expectancy in my heart. Our three sons are off in three far-flung directions this summer, so the phone and the mail provide the lines of communication we treasure.

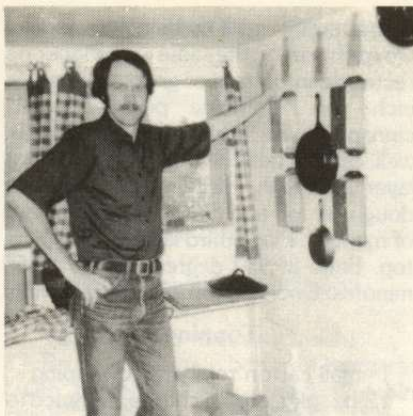
Craig was home for a short time after he completed his junior year at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa. He helped pick strawberries, asparagus, lettuce, gooseberries and other fresh produce from the garden. He helped his father begin the badly needed task of painting the house. He went with me to an antique sale and we shared several drives to Shenandoah for needed errands. Each trip was a joy and an added bonus as we moved into summer.

Just as the peas were ready to be picked (could Craig have foreseen what was coming?), he left by bus for Madison, Wisconsin. He is now in residence on the campus of the University of Wisconsin as one of fifteen undergraduate students on a National Science Foundation Research Participation Grant. Most of the fifteen are from Wisconsin, with one each from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Iowa.

When I asked Craig to explain his summer research project he grinned before handing me the paper listing his particular assignment. He is working with Dr. J. G. Zeikus on "*Production of methane by thermophilic bacteria and the degradation of cellulose and lignin by bacteria*".

"Do you understand this area of research?" I asked Craig.

"I'll know far more about it by the end of the summer," he chuckled. "What I do know is that bacteria and enzymes are involved and the rest is far too



The bread pans hanging on the wall of Bob Birkby's Springfield, Missouri, kitchen attest to the reputation he has developed as a bread baker.

complicated for you to understand even if I told you!"

"I know," I sighed. "You left me far behind the first day you stepped into a science class."

The campus at Madison is situated right on beautiful Lake Mendota with excellent facilities for water sports. Easily accessible are other outdoor recreational areas, so Craig will not lack for activities during his spare time. Working in a different area of science with a new professor will undoubtedly make his summer work a valuable experience.

Jeff, our middle son, is deep into his research work near Miles City, Montana. His home college is still Montana State University at Bozeman, but he left there last April for the eastern part of the state. At that time he began working on his master's thesis while doing research work with the Montana department of natural resources and conservation.

Jeff wrote that the eastern part of Montana is far more beautiful than he had expected. It lies at the confluence of the Powder and Yellowstone rivers, with many geological formations similar to the Badlands of South Dakota. It is also famous, Jeff informed us, for the rattlesnake population. He has, to date, tactfully refrained from telling us the number of snakes he has seen in his work on the Montana prairie.

Toward the end of May the city of Miles City had a bucking horse sale. Rodeo committees and stockmen came to buy horses for the summer circuit. A carnival moved in and the entire event became a huge celebration.

Miles City is a coal-mining area, so apartments are in short supply. Jeff felt extremely fortunate to find a place to live soon after arriving. It is a basement apartment in a large, old house; with four rooms, freshly painted and carpeted, and with "loads of new furniture." For Jeff's first apartment it sounds more than adequate.

Since Jeff is working with plants and

grasses, his first task in the research work was to stake out experimental plots, build fences and install irrigation systems. He needed golf tees to mark out some of the 1- by 2-foot grids of prairie, so went down to the local sports store. When he told the clerk he wanted 6,000 golf tees the man must have been startled.

So Jeff is spending the summer checking on temperature, rainfall, moisture fed into various plots by irrigation, measuring growth and I don't know what else! The main grasses in his study are the *western wheat grass* and the *blue grama*. Here, again, our son is far ahead of his parents in knowledge of what is happening in the botanical world.

Before Bob left Springfield, Missouri, for the summer, Robert, Craig and I drove down to visit him. It was a delightful short trip across western Missouri from our home in southwestern Iowa. As far as I could remember, this was my first real opportunity to see Springfield and the nearby Ozarks. We did take one short trip south to the Mark Twain Forest area for a picnic and hike. Returning via a circular drive, we drove near many of the southwestern Missouri tourist areas. Marking them carefully on the map, it is hoped we can return.

Bob's apartment was amazing! On the third and top floor of an old southern mansion, Bob dubbed it his "Skyhouse". It included two large bedrooms, a bath and a half, a nice kitchen, living room with fireplace and dormer window and a spacious dining room with a window seat and large windows across on end. It was quite a commodious place for a young man whose only furniture was a sofa, chair and coffee table!

My favorite spot in the apartment was that window seat. With my morning cup of coffee, I shared the treetops with the bird families nesting right near the windows. Bob's favorite place was a small terrace off the south bedroom. He had a chair and a grill so on warm evenings he could prepare his evening meal on this high little perch.

As you read this, Bob is in England and Scotland visiting places of literary interest which will be helpful in his field of teaching. He also intends to search out some of the places of family ancestry in the two countries. Spending six weeks in the British Isles should give him enough time to really learn a great deal about the area. But more about that when he returns.

So I watch the mailbox and listen for the phone. Our three sons are very good at keeping us informed of their whereabouts, a fact for which we are extremely thankful. In the meantime we are happy for their new experiences, wish them well and, with our blessing, hope they will soar high.



Recipes

Tested by the KITCHEN-KLATTER Family

NOTE: Two of the recipes in this issue were made by Verlene Looker who works at our Kitchen-Klatter plant. Verlene shared these recipes with us and they are both absolutely scrumptious. Since food is such a tremendously important part of our business we feel mighty fortunate to have employees who love to experiment with different recipes, and it's a Red Letter day when someone brings something to have with afternoon coffee. —Lucile

HAM-ORANGE SALAD

2 cups cooked canned ham, cubed
1 1/2 cups mandarin orange sections, drained
1/2 cup celery, diced
1/2 cup walnuts, broken
1/4 cup green onions, minced
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 Tbls. vinegar
2 Tbls. cream
Dash of pepper
Lettuce
Place ham, oranges, celery, walnuts and onion in bowl. Mix mayonnaise, vinegar, cream and pepper. Pour over salad mixture and toss lightly. Serve on lettuce. Six to eight servings.

—Verlene Looker

STREAMLINED APRICOT TORTE

1 pkg. active dry yeast
1/4 cup warm water
1 1/3 cups butter or margarine (softened to room temperature)
3 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
4 egg yolks
1/2 cup dairy sour cream
1 1/2 cups chopped pecans
3/4 cup sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 16-oz. jar apricot preserves
Dissolve yeast in water. Combine butter or margarine and flour in large mixer bowl, blending at low speed until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add egg yolks, sour cream and yeast mixture. Blend at low speed until a dough forms. Shape into a ball. Divide into three equal portions.
Slightly knead dough and roll out on a

floured surface to 9- by 13-inch rectangle. Do each portion the same way. Place one rectangle in bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Combine pecans, sugar, cinnamon and apricot preserves; mix well. Spread half the mixture on the first layer of dough. Place second layer of dough on top and cover with remainder of mixture. Place third layer of dough on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 55 minutes. Cool and top with the following:

Topping

1 small carton refrigerated topping
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
Mix the topping and cream cheese well. Spread on top of cooled torte.

—Verlene Looker

ANGIE'S ZINGY SALAD

1 3-oz. box lime gelatin
1 cup hot water
1/2 cup salad dressing
1/2 cup canned evaporated milk
1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
1 cup small-curd cottage cheese, drained
1 1/2 tsp. horseradish
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1/2 cup chopped pecans
Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Chill until it just begins to congeal. Combine the salad dressing and milk and fold into the gelatin. Add the rest of the ingredients and pour into a 6- by 10-inch glass dish. Chill until well set.

MONSTER COOKY

1 dozen eggs
1 lb. butter or margarine
2 lbs. brown sugar
4 cups white sugar
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
3 lbs. peanut butter
8 tsp. baking soda
18 cups rolled oats
1 lb. chocolate chips
1 lb. chopped nuts
1 lb. M & M candies
Mix in a very large bowl the eggs, butter or margarine, brown sugar, white sugar and vanilla flavoring. This will need lots of stirring. Add the peanut butter and mix well. Add soda, rolled oats and chopped nuts. Lastly, stir in the chocolate chips and M & M candies. Shape into balls and flatten on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes. Do not let them get too brown.

This recipe can be cut down to smaller quantities very easily. They store and freeze well for future use.

NOTE: This recipe does not call for any flour or baking powder. —Hallie

GRAPE FLUFF PIE

1 6-oz. can frozen grape juice
1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
1 9-oz. carton refrigerator whipped topping
1 prepared graham cracker crust
Combine undiluted frozen grape juice and sweetened condensed milk in blender. Blend well. (If mixer is used, beat at high speed until mixture is light and fluffy.) Pour mixture into bowl. Fold in whipped topping. Pour into prepared pie shell. Refrigerate at least 3 hours.
This is an elegant pie that is extremely simple to prepare. For company or club refreshments, top with a bit of whipped topping and garnish with split seeded grapes, green grapes or with grapes which have been dipped in slightly beaten egg white and then in sugar to give a frosty appearance. —Evelyn

FRESH RHUBARB FRUIT DESSERT (Low Calorie)

2 cups diced rhubarb
1 can diet strawberry pop
1 pkg. unflavored gelatin
3/4 to 1 cup water
1 cup crushed pineapple
Place rhubarb in saucepan and pour pop over. Cook until rhubarb is done. Soften gelatin in water and add to hot cooked rhubarb. Stir in the pineapple. Put in dish and refrigerate until set. Serves 4 to 6. —Hallie

OLD-FASHIONED CABBAGE SOUP

3 cups cabbage, shredded
1 cup raw potatoes, cubed
1/2 tsp. salt
1 small onion, diced
1/8 tsp. caraway seed
2 cups water
2 Tbls. flour
2 cups half-and-half (or milk)
1 tsp. butter
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
Boil cabbage, potatoes, salt, onion and caraway seed in 2 cups water until potatoes are tender. *Do not drain.* Add flour to a small amount of half-and-half or milk, beating with fork until mixture is smooth. Add to cabbage mixture. Cook about 4 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add remaining half-and-half or milk, butter and butter flavoring. Return to heat and cook until mixture simmers (do not boil). Serve with crackers, tossed salad, fruit and cookies for an interesting, hearty meal.

This recipe was given to us by Mary Lou Mika and came originally from her grandmother. Mary Lou helps put the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* together, so is an important part of the office staff "down at the plant". —Evelyn

BANANA-PINEAPPLE ICE

1 1/2 cups sugar
 3 cups water
 1 8 3/4-oz. can crushed pineapple
 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate
 1/2 cup lemon juice
 3 bananas, diced (about 1 1/2 cups)
 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, diced
 Combine sugar and water in a 3-quart saucepan. Bring to boiling and cook until sugar is dissolved. Cool to room temperature. Stir in rest of ingredients and pour into a half-gallon container. Freeze for several hours, or until partially frozen. Stir thoroughly; cover and freeze until firm. Makes about one-half gallon.

—Mae Driftmier

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

2 cups small shell macaroni (dry)
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 2 cups chicken broth
 3 or 4 cups cooled diced chicken
 1 cup diced Velveeta cheese
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1/2 cup celery, chopped
 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
 1/2 cup pimiento, chopped
 Mix all together and put in greased 7-by 11-inch baking dish. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Uncover and bake for 1 1/2 hours or until crusty at 350 degrees. Let set 15 minutes before serving.

—Lucile

CABBAGE WITH GREEN PEPPER

3 cups shredded cabbage
 1 green pepper, cut into strips
 2 Tbls. cooking oil
 1 tsp. cornstarch mixed with 1/3 cup water
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. caraway seed
 Saute cabbage and green pepper in hot oil until cabbage starts to get tender. Stir in rest of ingredients and cook until cabbage is done. Serves four.

ORANGE-GINGERED CARROTS

10 medium carrots, scraped and sliced
 2 Tbls. sugar
 2 tsp. cornstarch
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
 1/2 cup orange juice
 1/4 cup margarine
 Slice the carrots crosswise on the bias about 1/2 inch thick. Cook, covered, in boiling salted water until just tender, about 20 minutes. Drain. In a small saucepan combine the sugar, cornstarch, salt and ginger. Stir in the orange juice and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens and starts to boil; then boil 1 minute. Stir in the margarine and pour over the hot carrots, tossing to coat with the orange sauce.

—Dorothy

SLOW-COOKING CHICKEN DELUXE

1 frying chicken, cut up
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
 1 tsp. seasoned salt
 5 Tbls. fresh orange juice
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

Toasted almonds (for garnish)

Brown chicken in butter or margarine with butter flavoring added. Combine with remaining ingredients (except almonds) in slow-cooking pot. Cover and cook until chicken is tender. This will probably be 4 to 5 hours depending on the size of the chicken and the temperature of your particular slow-cooking pot. When ready to serve, place meat on platter, thicken sauce with a little cornstarch if needed, and pour over chicken. Top with toasted almonds.

This is delicious with a fruit salad or fresh fruit. Canned shoestring potatoes heated in a skillet in a little butter, and fresh rolls, will make this a fine meal for a busy day.

—Evelyn

ORANGE FLUFF WITH MINT TOPPER**1st Layer**

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 3/4 cup boiling water
 A pinch of salt
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
 1 15 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple drained
 1/2 tsp. vinegar
 Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into mold. Chill until almost firm; then add second layer.

2nd Layer

1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1 cup miniature marshmallows
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 4 Tbls. mayonnaise
 1 cup whipped topping
 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges, drained
 Dissolve gelatin in water. Stir in marshmallows, blending until smooth. Dice cream cheese and add. Whip to blend. Chill until slightly thick. Beat in Country Style dressing and mayonnaise. Whip until smooth and fluffy. Fold in whipped topping and drained fruit. Spoon over top of first layer. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves for a delightfully refreshing salad.

That mint topper (1st layer) could be used on other gelatin salads besides the orange layer as given.

—Evelyn

GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

1 can cream of celery soup
 1/2 cup milk
 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 1 can green beans, drained
 Crushed potato chips
 Combine first four ingredients and put in casserole. Top with about 1 cup crushed potato chips. Bake at 350 degrees until bubbly and thoroughly warm.

—Donna Nenneman

BAKED TOMATO WEDGES

2 Tbls. fine dry bread crumbs
 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
 1/4 cup chopped parsley
 1/2 clove garlic, minced
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, softened
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1/4 tsp. basil
 4 medium tomatoes
 In a small bowl mix the bread crumbs, onion, parsley, garlic, butter or margarine, salt, pepper and basil. Cut the tomatoes into wedges and place in a greased shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with the herb-crumb-butter mixture and bake at 425-degree until tomatoes are tender, about five or six minutes. Serves four.

—Mae Driftmier

PEANUT BUTTER FINGERS

1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup margarine
 1 egg
 1/3 cup peanut butter (I used the chunky.)
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1 cup flour
 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
 Cream the sugars and margarine. Add egg, peanut butter, soda, salt and flavorings. Beat well. Stir in the flour and oats. Spread in greased 9-by 13-inch pan. (Dip fingers in water to spread.) Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Edges will be brown but center will be soft and is supposed to fall. Do not overbake.

Topping

1 cup chocolate chips
 1/2 cup powdered sugar
 1/4 cup peanut butter
 2 Tbls. milk
 Immediately after taking from oven, sprinkle with the chocolate chips. Let set 5 minutes; then spread with knife. Combine the powdered sugar, peanut butter, and milk. Swirl icing over melted chips. Let cool and then cut.

—Lucile

KENTUCKY COLESLAW

- 6 cups finely sliced cabbage
- 1 cup finely sliced carrots
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup mayonnaise (not salad dressing)
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 or 3 drops hot pepper sauce
- 3 Tbls. dry minced onion

Toss together lightly the cabbage, carrots, sugar, salt and pepper. Drench with milk. Cover and refrigerate for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, combine remaining ingredients. Mix with cabbage mixture. Refrigerate again for one hour.

It will settle some during this time. Some of the dressing may be drained off if desired. Keeps only 24 hours.

This is similar to coleslaw served at a popular chain of fried chicken restaurants.

—Betty Jane

QUICK BREAD

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1 egg, beaten

1/4 cup cooked bulger wheat, cooled
Combine the flour, sugar, salt, soda and nutmeats. Mix together the orange juice, flavoring, melted shortening, egg and the cooked bulger wheat. Make a well in the flour and pour in the liquid ingredients. Stir but do not beat. Pour into well-greased 9- by 5- by 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour. Turn out of pan to cool. Slice thinly and serve with butter, cream cheese or honey.

This could be iced with a thin orange glaze.

—Hallie

MEATLOAF CASSEROLE

- Potatoes, finely diced or sliced
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 1/8 tsp. dill weed
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup crushed soda crackers
- Salt and pepper to taste
- American-Swiss cheese with jalapeno peppers

Grease an 8-inch square baking dish. Peel and cut up potatoes making a layer in bottom of pan. Pour 1/4 cup water over potatoes in pan. Combine remaining ingredients except cheese. Pat meatloaf over potatoes in pan. Place cheese slices over the meatloaf. Cover and bake for one hour at 325 degrees. Uncover and bake 15 minutes longer.

VIRGINIA POUND CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup butter
- 1 1/4 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 tsp. mace
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 eggs
- 1/4 cup milk

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease and dust lightly with flour a bundt pan.

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Cream the butter until very fluffy. Very gradually beat in the sugar until extremely light. Mix in the mace and flavoring. Add one egg at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk, beating after each addition. Turn into the prepared pan. Bake about 75 minutes or until a cake tester comes out clean. Cool on a cake rack for 20 minutes before removing from pan. Turn right side up to finish cooling.

Bake the day before it is to be served, if possible.

—Lucile

PINEAPPLE-MINT SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 20-oz. can unsweetened crushed pineapple
- 1 10 1/2-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows
- 1 8-oz. pkg. buttermints, crushed
- 1 pint cream, whipped (or 1 9-oz. container whipped topping)

Pour gelatin into pineapple, undrained; add marshmallows and let set in refrigerator for at least 12 hours. Fold in the mints and whipped cream, or topping, and freeze. This is good either as a salad with the meal served on a lettuce leaf or as a dessert.

—Mae Driftmier

ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

- 3 small zucchinis
- Salt to taste
- Flour for dredging
- 4 medium tomatoes
- 1 small garlic clove, crushed
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/4 tsp. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs

Wash and cut zucchinis in lengthwise quarter. Sprinkle with salt and let stand for 15 minutes. Wipe off the salt and dredge in flour. Fry in hot oil to brown on all sides. Place the zucchini quarters side by side in a buttered baking dish. Peel, seed and cut the tomatoes into cubes. Saute in oil for 5 minutes, adding salt to taste and the garlic, parsley, sugar, pepper and oregano. Spread tomato mixture over the zucchinis. Sprinkle the bread crumbs over and dot with butter. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Six servings.

—Mae Driftmier

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MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The season for winding down has finally arrived for me. The first noticeable indication that it has arrived is the ability for me to write my monthly visit-letter with you on a school night. Once again I beg your understanding of printers' schedules, and remember that my school is not quite out when I am writing this but I shall be a free bird when you read it.

I am right now in the never-never land between the end of the final term and the week of final examinations. After this comes the crush of grading tests, computing the year-end averages for each child in each subject, and climaxing it all with Awards Day.

This is when we all gather on the lawn outside the school and present to the children with a year's average of 90 and above particular awards based upon the degree of their excellence. Finally the top student in the class is given a beautiful book inscribed with his name and a quotation from some sage of the past in honor of this student's year-long performance.

A second award is always presented in each class, and that is made to the student who most consistently reflected the high aims and purposes of the Academy. We call this the Character Award, and although we all claim to have classrooms full of "characters", there is usually one student who has striven harder than the rest to be his best even though he never makes academic best.

There has been almost no doubt for many months who was going to receive the academic first place in my class. This chap so outdistanced his classmates in grades that it wasn't difficult to be mulling over in my mind what kind of book I would buy him. I have already made my choice of a book for him — a history novel because he has been positively turned on by our study this year of American History — so that was easy to decide upon.

However, of greater complexity was the problem of which of the children should receive the commendation for outstanding character. During the last month of school I finally made my choice, and I have bought a book of poems and some prose of outstanding seventeenth and eighteenth century writers. We spent the entire third term of the school year reading from a book entitled *Prose and Poetry Journeys* by Greer, Van Arsdale, and Wilber which was copyrighted in the new series in 1935! How on earth our school managed to secure a large stock of these wonderful books I cannot explain, but they have been a delight to teach from and to read from. We spent many enjoyable hours reading poems together, many of which brought such a



Paul Driftmier, son of Mary Beth and Donald, enjoys working with plants.

lump to my throat that I was glad I wasn't reading from the podium as the children were.

One of my husband Don's favorite poems to quote from, from his school-boy days, is James Russell Lowell's "The First Snowfall". Invariably when a winter day would break forth with a shower of snowflakes, he would wax poetic at the dinner table with lines from this poem. We always groaned appreciatively at his remarkable recall, and laughed around the table when the poem was unfolded for us each year. Well, you can imagine my shock and delight upon leafing through this prose and poetry book to discover THE poem with a section on appreciation of the poem and an explanation of the poet's frequently alluding to the death of small children in his poems. He had experienced the death of a two-year-old when he was a young father, and it poured out of the man's heart in many things he wrote. In spite of the sorrowful note with which the poem ended, the class and I enjoyed it thoroughly, and they memorized it. Now, when they are grown mothers and fathers they can pour forth this sweet poem whenever the first snowflakes of winter come down.

(I really need to correct a point here. Lowell did not end his poem on a sorrowful note at all, because he reminded the reader that the good "All-Father" sent the snow and healed the woe in His all-loving way. Lots of hope and re-affirmation of faith in his closing lines.) There were many nods of understanding from the little folk in my class who had experienced the loss of a grandparent, and in their uncomplicated way of living they understood what Lowell was trying to say. Poetry is a wonderful vehicle for carrying a message.

The family has begun to gather for the summer months. Paul is relieved of his

burden of studies, but as yet he has not found a job to keep him gainfully employed and out of my hair. There is nothing more agonizing than a healthy, strapping nineteen-year-old boy unemployed and grumpy. Adrienne has her plans all arranged now for teaching swimming in the neighboring towns. With all the lakes in our area she might be able to expand this to giving private swimming lessons. Katharine will be home to rest after a long academic year in Houston and Don is selling houses.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

FOR THE PRICE OF A STAMP

by
Dorothy Enke

Think what you can do with the help of one postage stamp!

You can send a quick note to that friend you have always treasured.

You can send a letter to a loved one, deepening the ties of affection.

You can make a child happy by sending a letter to him personally. The postman will be greeted eagerly by a child waiting for a letter.

A postage stamp can carry your message of sympathy in times of sorrow. It can hasten your congratulations on achievements, and on honors won. It can bring a letter of encouragement and support to someone desperately needing a helping hand.

It's exciting to realize that almost all the shopping services of the world can be brought to your fingertips through the mail.

A postage stamp can open new horizons to you, if you have the courage and interest to write to a stranger congratulating him on his public service, or his work in the arts or humanities. You can even commend him for the inspiration his life has given to others.

A postage stamp will carry a welcome letter to a shut-in, or to someone ill, or injured.

Perhaps it's your day to sound off. A postage stamp will carry your letter to your congressman telling him what you think of the state of the nation.

If you don't feel up to attempting to change the ways of the federal government all by yourself, you may feel closer to problems in your own community. Write a letter of constructive remonstrance to the editor of your local paper. A postage stamp will take it to him. He might even print your letter in the paper to aggravate others into action.

A postage stamp is for sharing. It is of no use at all when carried in your billfold, or lying in a desk drawer. It must be on its way to someone else if it is to accomplish what it is meant to do — give wings to our words.

NEWS FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA

Dear Friends:

These last two days I have been spending quite a bit of time out in our garden. A neighbor down the street from us runs a nursery, and so buying our bedding plants was more fun this year because he shared with us some of the things that he knew about each plant as we picked it out. I have to admit that I am very enthusiastic about our flowers and I enjoy watching them grow. I know that they don't need to be watered every day, and yet I usually like to spend a few minutes with them each morning.

Sophie today jokingly suggested that I treat my flowers like they were my own children. In a way, perhaps she is right! When she made this comment I had finished showing some of our new flowers to the people who live upstairs from us. I suppose that anyone who has children likes other people to see them just as I like my neighbors to see my flowers. Do not flowers need constant care and attention if they are to grow in the most beautiful way possible? Do not children need consistent attention and love if they are to reach their fullest potential in life?

As many of you know, for the last year I have been a student teacher in the public high schools here in Burnaby. The last time I wrote I promised that I would write to you about some of our problems in the high schools today. In many ways, of course, there are no differences between what goes on in schools today and what went on in schools at any other time. There is still the academic workload and there are sports and clubs that teachers direct and students participate in and grow with.

What is different is the world from which the students come. You do not need to be told about the great changes in society that have resulted in everything from public scandals to broken homes. The adolescents of today are perhaps the ones who feel these changes the most.

The teachers I most admire tell me that a teacher really teaches two subjects. Firstly, there is the academic subject, whether it be art or mathematics. However, perhaps just as importantly, the teacher teaches the way that he or she behaves in class. It is important for the teacher to have just expectations of the students and to be consistent in his dealings with the class. No matter what is going on in the young person's home and no matter what is happening in the world, it is important that there is a classroom to which he returns each day to find an environment that can be relied upon.

It has recently occurred to me that you are not very well acquainted with part of



James and Katharine Lowey, Lucile's grandchildren, have a great time playing with their friends, Lisa and Andrea Adkins.

my family and, since you have had the opportunity of getting to know much of the Driftmier family through the letters that you read each month in our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, I would like to tell you about my wife's parents and grandparents. They have already been introduced to you a little over a year ago by my father, but let me tell you something more about the people whom I have come to love a great deal.

Often when Sophie and I have a vacation for one week or more, we either climb into our car or board a train and make the 650-mile journey to the city of Calgary that lies just on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. There we are greeted by Sophie's mother and father, John and Susan Lang, as well as Sophie's two grandmothers. Sophie is so lucky to have two grandmothers—especially because they have such a wonderful sense of humour and make such good conversationalists! Before our stay is over we visit them several times. Sophie's father's mother lives in an apartment not far from the Lang's house, while Sophie's maternal grandmother lives in an apartment that was built especially for her at the back of the Lang's house.

John and Susan Lang are both very busy people. John owns and supervises a very successful construction company that specializes in the installation of dry wall in large commercial buildings. He enjoys his work and the people that he works with. His real passion, however, is a good competitive game, whether it be bridge or tennis.

When I am visiting I am always asking for and getting some good pointers on how to play these games. Susan Lang does not leave home in order to keep busy! Just as my grandmother Driftmier used to have a radio studio built into her home, Susan Lang operates a small importing business from an office at home. She enjoys making handicrafts, painting pictures and reading.

Really to know anyone well, it often makes a great difference to know about a person's past. Sophie was born in Budapest, Hungary, and did not come to Canada with her parents until she was four years old. The Langs are people who have known a kind of unhappiness that has not been experienced by most North Americans. To hear their story of how first the communists took everything that they had, and then how they made a daring escape across the border, would make any North American glad for the blessings of democracy. We should never take these blessings for granted.

I have often thought about the traditional pioneer spirit that still lives on today in many people and in many ways. John Lang was a journalist in Hungary as well as the author of several novels. He arrived in Canada with very little money and with a language that could be of little use to him here. It took the hard work and the perseverance of a pioneer to support his family in this new land. He has a certain love of life and a keenness of mind that has made him the successful businessman that he is today.

If any of you are Hungarian, or lucky enough to have some Hungarian friends, you know very well the delicious art of Hungarian cookery. Sophie's mother and her two grandmothers are masters of this art and oh, my! how I enjoy every meal and every snack when I am there! Some of the basic ingredients in the Lang's kitchen include paprika (a kind of mildly hot pepper that is put into most main dishes), sour cream, cabbage and, perhaps best of all, the walnuts, raisins and almonds that go into many of the desserts! There are many other ingredients that I am not too sure about, and the whole process that takes place in the preparation of this great food is really a total mystery to me. All that I know is that I enjoy it!

Perhaps one of my favorite meals is a large serving of chicken *paprikash* served with cabbage, followed by a very sweet dessert called *palacsinta* (the *cs* is pronounced as *ch*). These good recipes Susan has agreed to share with you and you can find them on the recipe page, if not in this issue, then in some forthcoming issue.

And so, as you can see, Calgary is one of our favorite visiting spots. I feel tempted to tell you about some of the areas in the Rocky Mountains that we visit on family outings from Calgary, but there really isn't enough space to do that here. I will try to remember to tell you about them the next time I write.

In the meantime, have a wonderful summer!

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

Freedom permits you to do your worst or to do your best. Choose . . .



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

On the Fourth of July, 1976, many Americans were watching exciting events of the Bicentennial celebration. Certainly the arrival of the tall sailing ships in New York Harbor was one of the most publicized. *The Tall Ships A Sailing Celebration* is a complete documentation of the most dramatic event of our time. The 50 full-color photos add a significant part to the book. Text by Hyla M. Clark, *The Tall Ships* is published in association with Operation Sail 1976 (Tree Communications, distributed by Two Continents, 30 East 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017 \$7.95).

The great parade of ships included many international sailing vessels, and featured 16 of the world's largest sailing ships, colorfully known as *Tall Ships*. For the purposes of Operation Sail, a *Tall Ship* was one that could not sail beneath the 125-foot Brooklyn Bridge. The giant Russian Ship *Kruzenshtern* was the longest in the parade, and the smallest was the *Gazela Primeiro*, now owned by the Philadelphia Maritime Museum. As host ship, the United States Coast Guard trainer *Eagle* led the way. Certainly those taking part, as well as spectators, felt like participants in a piece of history.

A tremendous picture book of a spectacular event is *The Tall Ships*.

The Old House Catalogue, compiled by Lawrence Grow, lists 2500 products, services, and suppliers for restoring, decorating, and furnishing the period house—from early American to 1930's modern. It is a modest step toward meeting the real needs of owners of old houses and those who would like to take part in the growing movement to retrieve the livable past.

Lawrence Grow writes, "*The Old House Catalogue* is designed for those who want to give it a try, who have found or are still searching for their old house—in the city, in the suburbs, in the country. It is a book of dos and don'ts, of gentle advice for making the best of a difficult undertaking. Hopefully, some of the real excitement, the deep pleasure of making an old house your own, will emerge in these pages amidst all the warnings."

Structural products, hardware, lighting, fabrics, paints, furniture and accessories are all included in *The Old House Catalogue* (Universe Books, 381 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10016 \$7.95).

The Spuddy (Delacorte Press, \$6.95)



Hanna Tilsen is the youngest daughter of Betty Jane Tilsen who makes her home with Lucile. When school opens this fall Hanna will be a senior at the Marshall University High School in Minneapolis.

by Lillian Beckwith is a story involving an intelligent stray dog, the Spuddy; eight-year-old Andy, unable to speak; and Skipper Jake, a herring fisherman. The setting is a tiny Scottish fishing village. Each had put his trust in someone and had been deserted, but caring and courage brought them together as Andy found strength he didn't know he had.

When Barbara Abercrombie began giving poetry readings in elementary schools, she found the need for a book introducing poetry that would excite all readers; even those who said they hated poetry, didn't find it interesting, or couldn't understand it. In *The Other Side of a Poem*, she uses poems and excerpts from poems by modern American poets to show the various ways of looking at one. A poem can be an invitation to try something new, tell a story, make you laugh. It can be about as ordinary a thing as a sentence, or have "delicious sound that you can taste and roll around in your mouth like Life Savers". It can make music with words, make you think about the world, express feelings, explore dreams. One such poem is "What Is Once Loved" by Elizabeth Coatsworth:

What is once loved
You will find
Is always yours
From that day.
Take it home
In your mind
And nothing ever
Can take it away.

The Other Side of a Poem edited by Barbara Abercrombie is for children and adults who don't think they like poetry, and even those who do. (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 \$5.95, ages 8 and up.)

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STRANGE FRIENDSHIP

by
Jean Holt

It was remarkable that we should have become friends in the first place — two young girls and an elderly woman.

Inseparable friends, JoAnne and I confided everything to each other, went everywhere together, even shared our homework. Memories of those always-together days are as fresh as springtime.

Wanting privacy to share our first thoughts of puppy love in the days of not quite child, not quite teenager, we built fence tents using all the quilts we could sneak from the closets at her house and mine. We ate cookies and complained to each other about having too many chores to do. Gradually quilt tents were replaced with quiet walks.

An elderly lady, Grandma Duncan, moved into the house next door to JoAnne. JoAnne's mother had her

introduce herself with a plate of hot cinnamon rolls. It wasn't evident Grandma Duncan was blind until she reached for the rolls and found JoAnne's arm instead.

"Why didn't you tell me she was blind?" JoAnne demanded of her mother when she returned home.

"I didn't know it myself."

"Well, she is!"

A few days later, on one of our walks, we found Mrs. Duncan sweeping fallen leaves from her front walk. "We'll do that," we offered in unison, and she went back inside the house. Nearing the door the smell of baking gingerbread filled our nostrils. I said, "You don't suppose she bakes stuff, do you, JoAnne?"

"Beats me," she replied.

When we returned the broom to the front door, Grandma Duncan insisted we come inside. Cutting the warm gingerbread, she topped it with a most delicious lemon sauce. There were also tall glasses of ice cold milk on the table.

Sensing our surprise, she said that just because a person becomes blind doesn't mean she ceases to live an ordinary life.

Dishes done, we scooted on home, amazed our new friend was able to cook, but carrying a warm memory of the delicious treat we'd just enjoyed.

Time passed and JoAnne and I found ourselves in a freshman algebra class. It was soon evident that algebra wasn't to be our easiest subject. As we were struggling together over unyielding equations around the kitchen table one evening, Grandma Duncan came to visit JoAnne's mother.

"Hello, girls, what are you studying tonight?" she asked cheerily.

"Algebra," we groaned.

"Come, now, it's not that bad. Did you know I used to teach high school algebra? Let me help you."

Amazed, we said, "Sure," but we silently wondered how anyone sightless, could help us.

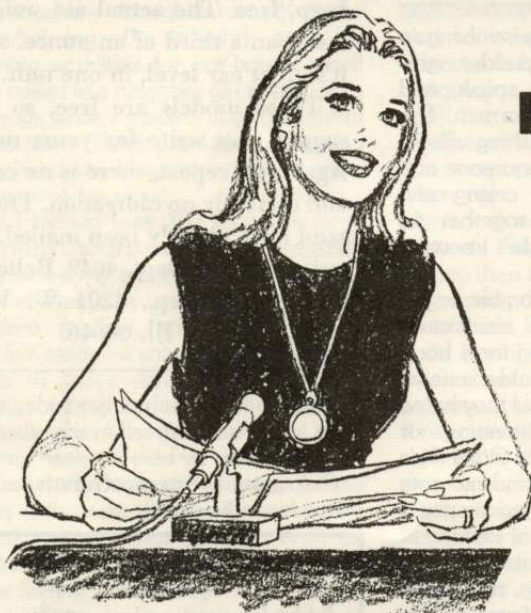
Pulling up a chair, she asked for a newspaper, some blank paper and a lead pencil. Carefully unfolding the newspaper in front of her, she placed the notebook paper on top of it and said, "Now what is your first problem?"

Before long she had algebraic equations and figures somewhat haphazardly covering the notebook paper and spreading onto the newspaper. She was a whiz. To two young girls she was amazing! Spending countless hours with her that year around the kitchen table, we never failed to be astonished at her sharp memory and her ability to get algebra across to us.

Other things about Grandma Duncan were as surprising as her algebra problem-solving ability. Walking into her living room to discover her crocheting, I finally asked her how she could manage to crochet, "with her problem and all."

"Honeys, I don't look at my blindness as much of a problem at all. Oh, sure there are things I once did that I can't do anymore, and sometimes I miss some of those activities, but so many of the good things in life have continued for me. Take this crocheting, for example. I'm making dustclothes and they don't have to look perfect." Digging down into a little sewing basket beside her, she brought out two of the nicest dusters and said, "Here, girls, these are for you." They looked like a large mitten of soft yarn without a thumb. Fastened closely together all over one side were short pieces of variegated yarn, giving a woolly, shaggy effect.

Grandma Duncan helped JoAnne and me conquer algebra that year. More importantly, she helped us conquer our petty prejudices to handicaps — not only to her blindness, but physical weaknesses of other kinds as well. The algebra's long since been forgotten, but she taught us a new kind of love, one that lingers still.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

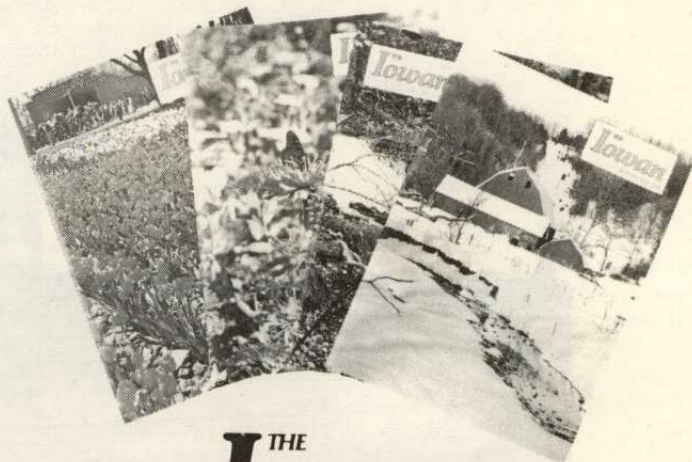
Many gardeners are growing and grooming flowers to be exhibited in forthcoming shows. Edith F. writes, "I hope to exhibit some of my lilies in our flower show and at the county fair. Last year I entered a day lily and the judge wrote 'not a lily'. I sent away for several named varieties of true lilies so I wouldn't make the same mistake again. I understand that a day lily is a *hemerocallis* and not a true lily. I have lovely day lilies and would like to enter them in our show but there is no class for *hemerocallis*. I am not a member of the garden club (hope to join when my children are older and less demanding of my time)."

There are many flowers that have "lily" as part of their name but they do not belong to the lily family, *Liliaceae*. Common ones are day lily, canna lily, calla lily, torch lily, glory lily, plantain lily and lily-of-the-valley. If there is no class for any of these in the flower show schedule, enter in "perennials not listed". Most flower show schedules include this classification as well as one for "annuals not listed".

The scale of points used for judging lilies is condition 30, vigor 20, flower substance 10, form 10, and color 10. Condition includes grooming and maturity. A lily in best condition is when the lower flowers are open but not faded and the upper ones are still in bud. The more open, unfaded flowers, the higher the points. Penalties are given for sun bleach, thinning, wilting and broken petals. Points are taken off for evidence of disease and insect damage. Placement refers to the arrangement of the flowers on the stem. If the flowers spiral on the stem vertically rather than being crowded, you have a better show specimen. Leave the anthers on (unless you must ship specimens for a distant show) and see that the flowers and foliage are clean and remove aborted buds and spent flowers close to the stem. Do not leave a stub. Vigor is indicated by the length of the stem, the number and size of the flowers and the size and attractiveness of the foliage. Good substance in the flowers is indicated by a crisp, firm texture.

True lilies are divided into four flower forms—trumpet (funnel), upright (erect or star), reflex (recurved) and bowl (where the petals are broadest below the middle and the flower is out-facing with slightly curved tips). Many lilies have no recognized typical color because of so much interbreeding. Any dullness or cloudiness or insipid coloring would be penalized. Dotting and spotting with another color should be uniformly placed.

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Kitchen-Klatter trucks, along with other local trucks, provided a shield of protection for the hangar at the Shenandoah airport. Last spring high winds were about to do extensive damage to nine planes stored inside the hangar.

—Photo by The Evening Sentinel

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PAUL REVERE PARTY — Concluded band. Then the record of a rousing march number is played ("Seventy-six Trombones" would be a good one) and the guests must march as in a marching band, going through all of the imaginary motions just as if they were playing the instrument that was assigned to them. The director will mark time, of course, acting as drum major at the head of the parade, leading the group where refreshments are to be served.

REFRESHMENTS

Cake and homemade ice cream would be perfect for such a party, along with a cold fruit-flavored drink or lemonade.

This time of year you might like to have a campfire and roast wieners and toast marshmallows, which nearly everyone enjoys. If serving cookies, they can be cut in hatchet or star shape.

GARDEN MOTTO

With the kiss of the sun for a pardon
And the song of the birds for mirth,
You are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

—Unknown

Nobody has everything. Everybody has something. The way, then, to a happy heart is to enjoy what one has.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded the world? If so, then I not only claim the right—I demand it! Yes, and in a few months I shall be bragging again about my new grandson.

Speaking of children, I must tell you this. One of my business friends pointed out to me that the largest business enterprise in the world, the one with the most employees, and the one spending the most money is the business of creating and rearing children. It is a fact, and I thank God for it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

grade class for their mothers. Because there are two second grades and limited space, the invitations read "one member from each family and no little brothers or sisters", so Aaron asked if his grandmother from Iowa could come with his mother, and the teacher called Kristin and told her I was welcome. This made Aaron happy and I was also glad that I could go because it was an awfully cute program.

Another reason I was anxious to return to Chadron once again was to see if I could track down the whereabouts of my old friend, Frances Nylen Chambers. Chadron had been her home until she married and moved away, so I felt sure I could locate someone who could tell me what had become of all the members of her family. Frances and I were both very poor correspondents and during the war



From Our Family Album

Our family was very small when this photograph was taken on June 5, 1915, in a Des Moines studio. It was our first real trip and we were as excited as if we had gone completely around the world. Mother was holding Dorothy who had had her first birthday only a month earlier, and Howard and I are standing.

—Lucile

years she moved around a lot and I moved back to Iowa, so we lost contact with one another. Sure enough, I found a lady who gets a Christmas card from her every year and who gave me her address. How I found this lady is a long story so we will just skip that part, but the important fact is that I did find her and called her home in Wyoming. Needless to say she was shocked to know whom she was talking to and when I told her I was calling from Chadron she wondered what in the world I was doing there. We would have liked very much to have gotten together but it was impossible this trip. Next time I go to Chadron I hope to drive; then somehow we will manage to see each other.

On the home front we have all been busy. The crops are all in and up and look good. We have had a nice shower or two. Frank has gotten some of his hay mowed and baled. In between times it keeps him busy just keeping the yard in shape.

I had two birthday dinners. Louise and Roy Querrey had us over there for dinner on my birthday and Bernie had a dinner for me later.

I gave the program at a meeting of the Derby Garden Club one afternoon. I was impressed at what this small club has

done to beautify a city park in this little town.

Our first family visitors of the summer season have been Margery and Oliver, who stopped to spend the night with us on their return from spending a few days with Martin and Eugenie. We are always happy to see them and expect to see them more often now that they are retired. We are expecting our grandson Andy any day now for a visit, but I must not take up any more room in this issue. I'll tell more about his visit next month. Until then

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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—Unknown

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MARTIN'S LETTER — Concluded
great museum. I am sure the people of the city of Duluth have every right to be proud of The Depot and the fine task begun by the people who work there.

I am sure also, that I must return to my work preparing for next Sunday's service. Perhaps I will have the opportunity to share a letter with you again when obligations are less pressing. Until then, God be with you all.

Sincerely,
Martin Strom

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
pay the postage!!!

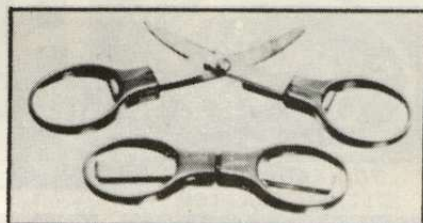
As usual, I've run out of space, I don't know how Mary Lou, whose job down at our plant is to set all of this type, ever gets me pinned down to write my letter, but somehow she does. Never, never did anyone have more dependable and loyal and faithful friends than the ones I have down at Kitchen-Klatter. For their help I give thanks every night in my prayers.

I'll be with you next month . . .

Lucile

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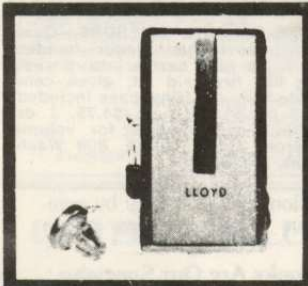
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