

**NUMBER 9**

—Photo by Ruth Shambaugh Watkins



# 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 MARY LEANNA PALO

Aunt Lucile asked me to use her space this month because her back won't permit her to be at the typewriter for much time at one stretch.

—Mary Leanna

Dear Friends:

By the time you read this we—Vincent, Isabel, Chris and I—will be living in Maine. We're still not sure what we will be doing or exactly what town we'll be located in, but we do know that Maine is where we want to live.

What is it that attracts us to the biggest of the New England states? Well, there are three answers to that. One reason is that we will be closer to our families. Even a drive of six hours or more would seem short after having lived over two thousand miles away for several years. Secondly, we like the quality of life available there. It's a clean, (relatively) unpolluted state with lots of woods and water for outdoor recreation. We love boating, something we were never able to pursue in the Southwest. We're hoping to be the proud owners of a canoe or sailboat one of these years. We want our children to grow up loving the water as we do. Finally, we like the people. The Maine natives we've met have all been friendly and resourceful people. You've heard the phrase "Yankee ingenuity"? I think it must have originated in Maine.

We would like to think that we're the only ones who appreciate Maine right now, but actually there are more and more people each year leaving the eastern cities and looking for what is left of rural New England. This is why we're currently in Springfield staying with my parents (Frederick and Betty) while Vin does his job-hunting. There is a lot of competition.

I've been in kind of a limbo this summer. Almost all of our possessions are packed in boxes so I haven't been able to embark on any major projects. For the most part I've just been taking care of the kids and enjoying sharing them with family and friends. You've heard what a proud

grandfather my father is. Well, I'm just as proud a mother, only I take no credit for my children. They have seemed to me remarkable since birth!

Christopher, by any standards, is a big boy. At five months he weighed nineteen pounds and was twenty-eight inches long. His development has kept pace with his size—even doctors who see him think he is older than he actually is. I have noticed that quite frequently it is the smaller, wiry babies who are early crawlers and walkers. But Chris is very coordinated and it looks like he will walk before Isabel did (she didn't start until she was fifteen months old). Chris has always been quietly happy, but since he has moved up to a sitting position he is now ecstatically happy. He loves his new outlook on the world.

I don't know if you have read anything about birth order. There has been a lot of research lately showing that there are certain generalizations that can be made about individuals based on their position in the family.

For instance, a greater percentage of first-born children go to college and go into professions (such as law or medicine). Second-born children tend to be the peacemakers of the people, with sunny, mellow personalities. There is much more along this line but the book I could check my facts in is packed away. At any rate, I have a healthy skepticism for any statistical analysis of human nature, but it is true that Christopher is a ray of sunshine.

I first met Katharine Lowey (Lucile's granddaughter) when she had just turned two, and was spouting off from her high chair in words of four syllables. So when Isabel turned two, silently, Vin and I wondered if she would ever talk. Now Isabel is three and that particular worry has long since been laid to rest. Isabel not only talks, but I am constantly amazed at her memory and the appropriateness of her conversation. When we lived at Rough Rock she could correctly identify more people, houses and cars than I could. When she sees any friend of ours she always asks about the friend's spouse, family or job.

Although I am opposed to sexual stereotyping, I do feel there are definite characteristics that are masculine or feminine. Christopher is "all boy". Even now he appears to be charging through life almost as if he had an imaginary football under his arm. Isabel is far more graceful and charming than she could possibly have learned to be from me. But I like this age of "free-to-be-ness". Christopher is learning how men can be affectionate from his warm and loving father. "Nana" Driftmier took Isabel to a local toy store to pick out two belated birthday presents for herself. I loved her eclectic choices: a Tonka army jeep and a china tea set.



Christopher David Palo, 5-month-old son of Mary Leanna and Vincent Palo.

So the kids keep me busy. But I'm looking forward to getting settled somewhere and being able to spend more time on writing, cooking and crafts. I will keep you posted.

Sincerely,  
Mary Lea

## END THE DAY WITH GOD

Every evening fold thy hands a while  
In the twilight hours  
And give thanks to thy Lord.  
Then, with peace in thy heart,  
Turn serene to take thy rest.

—Gertrude E. Strobel

## "CLIQUE"

Rumor has it that our club is run by a CLIQUE. Careful investigation shows that this is true. Furthermore, you will find that the Clique is composed of faithful members who are present at almost every meeting, who do all the work, who give willingly of their time, energies, and efforts and who sincerely believe that the more one puts into his affiliation with the organization, the more he will get out of it.

There is no question that the enthusiasm, responsibility and efforts of those members are of inestimable value to the membership and the organization. And it is suggested, therefore, that you join this Clique. It is very easy. Begin by attending meetings regularly; take a lively interest in its activities, accept responsibilities in its floor work and on its committees. Show a continual interest in all affairs pertaining to your club's activities. Before you realize it you will become a member of a Clique, and you would be surprised to know how anxious they are to have you.

—Adapted from a bulletin



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM HOT NEW ENGLAND

Dear Friends:

When you receive this letter, you are going to ask yourself: "What is this business about Frederick and Betty going to Switzerland? I thought they were going to Iceland and Greenland!" We were, but then our plans changed. We flew to Zurich, rented a car, and then for twenty-one beautiful days, wandered around the Alps. You will hear all about it in my next letter.

Before leaving for Switzerland, we had a busy summer in Springfield. Each morning, granddaughter Isabel and I went to the park to feed the ducks and play on the swings. Twenty-two years ago I was doing the same thing at the same place with son David. Actually, nothing has changed except my weight and the color of my hair. There were mornings when I would have sworn that some of the ducks remembered me from those earlier years! Naturally, I had every reason to believe that my granddaughter could slide down the slides, and swing on the swings, and climb on the ladders better than any other man's granddaughter. I never thought that I would grow up to be the "typical proud grandfather", but that is just what I am.

This has been a summer of funerals, weddings, and dinner parties. Just before taking off for Switzerland we gave two "mystery ride dinner parties". We invited guests to come to the parsonage at six o'clock, and then we loaded them into our air-conditioned church bus and drove to some exotic restaurant. I had made reservations well in advance, but the guests had so much fun trying to determine where it was that we were going. One night we ate in a magnificent restaurant right on the banks of the Connecticut River about twenty miles up the valley. That particular "mystery ride" turned out to be a bit more mysterious than I had anticipated. I got lost trying to find the place. The guests were in high gear with laughter when they found me going around the same traffic circle for about the third time! Each time around I went off at another wrong exit and then had to go some distance to get back onto the highway.

It has been a hot and sultry summer here in the Pioneer Valley. The cigar-wrapping tobacco crop has done well in the heat, but nothing else has. Not even our air conditioners did well! Can you imagine a brand-new air conditioner breaking down and having to be sent back to the factory after only two months of use? It happened, and of course it happened during the hottest week of the summer when the temperature was up in the nineties. Fortunately, we did have two rooms where the air conditioners did manage to keep running, but the rest of



Betty and Frederick Driftmier of  
Springfield, Massachusetts.

the house was like a pressure cooker under steam. Along with the heat, we had some spectacular thunder storms. Never have I seen more dramatic lightning than we had in this part of New England this summer. The night that New York City lost all of its electricity, we had a frightful electrical storm here, but we did not lose our power.

During the summer months, our church holds union service with another Congregational church located about four blocks away. All of the services are held in the other church for two reasons. In the first place, that is the mother church, founded in 1636, and it has had services in its sanctuary every Sunday for more than 300 years. In the second place, our own church is unbearably hot. I doubt if there is any church in all New England that can be hotter than our church on a hot, hot Sabbath day.

This was the summer when I really did what I have been promising to do for a long time. I wrote a book. I really did! I decided to write the kind of a book that would include some of my best advice for those Christian people who have had

### TO A GOOD FRIEND

So many things you've given us,  
We treasure each apart —  
Your courtesy, your wisdom,  
Your understanding heart.  
And then to make the measure full  
And overflow a bit,  
Your priceless sense of humor,  
Your ever-ready wit.  
So often you have been the one  
To make our laughter start,  
And a laugh is God's own medicine  
To ease the human heart.  
For all the help you've given us  
Our thanks ring clear and true;  
We feel we're better people  
Because of knowing you. —Unknown

reason at times to be discouraged with themselves. As a clergyman for the past thirty-two years, I have had much opportunity to observe what it is that decent, loyal, God-loving, church people need to be told about themselves in their hours of discouragement. If this book encourages, and inspires its readers the way it encouraged and inspired me as I wrote it, I shall be so grateful. The book has not yet gone to press for the simple reason that I have written too much. I must keep the book within easily readable limits, and that means I must take out one or two chapters. When it is available for your reading, I shall let you know.

Betty and I had a marvelous weekend down in the state of Maine. Here in New England we say that we are "going down East" when we speak of going to Maine. For the second time in all of my professional life, I preached a sermon during my vacation. Until I was first asked to preach at the big religious conference center of Ocean Park, Maine, two years ago, I had consistently turned down opportunities for summer preaching. When summer comes, I need a rest from the many hours of concentrated study that I must give to each sermon. But how could I turn down the honor of being included in the Sunday preaching schedule of a conference center which brings clergymen of all denominations from all over the United States? I couldn't. I accepted again this year.

We spent that weekend with members of my church who live near Ocean Park and who regularly attend the Sunday services there. What splendid hospitality they showed us, and what delightful food they served us. We ate fresh Maine lobster until we could not eat another bite.

Our friends live on the shore of a small cove where the cold Arctic current brushes down against Maine's rugged coast. There are approximately 2500 lobster traps set in that one small cove. A skindiver who went down below the surface to look at the traps (or "pots" as most people call them) came back and said: "I could hardly see the sand on the bottom because of the thousands of lobsters crawling all over the place." While they are very plentiful right there in Goose Rocks Cove, they are not that plentiful in other places. As more and more people learn to like lobster, I sometimes wonder how long there will be enough to meet the demand. Unless someone learns how to "farm" lobsters, they will soon become extinct.

I hope all of you and your loved ones are well. My special thanks to those of you who took the time to call on us when you were out this way.

Sincerely,  
Frederick





## All Set to Go!

(A Skit to Open the New Club or Women's Society Year)

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** A small table or one of the double size bridge tables is placed in center stage with three chairs around it. The president, secretary, and treasurer of the organization (the vice-president may be included if desired) arrive on stage as the skit begins. Each carries a large suitcase or box in which are placed the various "helps and aids" about which she is to speak and then places upon the table in full view of the audience. These articles are described later in the skit. Each speaker tells about her item with great interest and enthusiasm. The more oversized or outlandish the container or item or the label upon the product is, the more fun the skit will be.

As the ladies arrive on stage the president speaks:

**President:** I'm certainly glad to see you two so prompt and we are here well ahead of time so we will have plenty of time to check to see if we are all set to go with this new club year. Let's sit down and see what we have. (They seat themselves at the back and sides of the table.) You know we agreed at our meeting last week that we three would bring anything we thought might help our club to have a really good year. I'm anxious to see what you girls brought, so why don't you start, (name)? As secretary I am sure you are as hopeful as I that we can keep everything running smoothly this year.

**Secretary:** That word "smoothly" is the cue for my first help, that is for sure. (Holds up and then places on the table a large bucket in which is a wide wooden paddle. If you can possibly find a farmer who will loan you a genuine pail of tractor grease, do so. The big label should read: "VELVET GLOVE LUBRICATING GREASE".) I am determined that we keep plenty of good old lubricant on hand to keep our club wheels turning merrily along. When the going gets rough, the project load a little heavy, I just hope the grand oil of enthusiasm and ambition will get us rolling. No sir-ee, Mama don't 'low no heel dragging goin' on 'round here—that's my theme. We're going to keep everything greased up to run smoothly.

**Treasurer:** That is a good aid and I

heartily agree with you, but still—well, you know there are those who will resent that grease job. We have all kinds in the club you know. That is when I think this item will come in and do the trick. (Holds up giant size jug of bath oil, relabeled "SOFT SOAP".) There are sure to be those who will respond to a little soft soaping. There ARE times, I've found, when a little flattery WILL get you somewhere. A few thank you's, a few words of appreciation—yes, soft soaping has its place among our club aids.

**President:** I guess it's true that "the minds of great people run in the same channels". See what I brought—Soothing Syrup. (Holds up very large bottle filled with colored water, and labeled "SOOTHING SYRUP".) I imagine that there will be many times that I'll have to pass around this bottle during our meetings, don't you? The soft answer and a smile, along with a sympathetic heart and an understanding mind can certainly do a lot to smooth troubled waters. I just hope we can all keep this in mind this year. Maybe I'd better take a big swig of this before the meeting even starts today!

**Secretary:** (Displays several sheets of SANDPAPER.) I know from experience that there are just bound to be some of our members who rub each other the wrong way, who carry a chip on their shoulder to every meeting. Well, with this sandpaper and love and these PATIENCE PILLS (displays a large jar filled with "pills"—oversized ones might be white Life Savers, or the large anti-acid tablets) we can smooth off the edges of ruffled feelings and petty irritations. Sometimes, though, I've noticed that it takes several applications to get results, but I guess we can stick with it, can't we girls?

**Treasurer:** One thing I thought we could use time and time again is this GUMPTION GADGET. (Displays the gadget—a homemade affair made according to imagination—perhaps an old-fashioned potato masher attached to a wheel, an inflated balloon and a toy motor; or it can be a weird contraption made using boxes, covered with foil.) Our grandmothers talked a good deal

about gumption. They seemed to have plenty of it, but nowadays we seem to hear a constant refrain of "Oh, I'm too busy", or "I don't want to get too involved", or "That is just too much work". Our club would take on new life if we can just get this GUMPTION GADGET to working. We need to put a little of that old-fashioned ingredient called "spunk" in our lives, else we will all be singing that "My git up and go has got up and went" blues. More power to GUMPTION, I say!

**President:** (Displays a giant box of AILING AIDS—a large box done up to resemble a box of "BandAids", and she might pull out a giant size bandage, or how about a baby's pacifier?) As president I feel I must have plenty of FIRST AID at hand, kindness, love, a ready smile, everything I can think of to soothe the hurt feelings, the ruffled pride, the quick anger, the little green jealousies that can eat away at a warm club fellowship. Oh, the wounds may still bleed a little, but perhaps something I do or say can take the sting out of the wound, I guess, really, every member should be ready with an AILING AID handy at all of our meetings, I don't believe my box alone will be enough!

**Secretary:** (Displays a huge bottle labeled "STICK 'EM GLUE".) We surely need to keep plenty of STICK 'EM GLUE on hand to seal friendship within our club and with the world beyond our circle. Each time two or more of us are together the opportunity for friendship is there. Friendship—how wonderful it is! It spreads a glow and a warmth that gives greater meaning to each day of our life. You know I don't think it would be a bad idea to squirt a dab of this on each member as she arrives at each meeting. That ought to help us stick together, hadn't it? I see the ingredients list: agreeableness, kindness, love, interest, listening, and cheerfulness among others. Yes, this will be good to have on hand this year.

**Treasurer:** It certainly will, and right along with it why don't we anoint every member well with this COURTESY CREAM? (Displays a giant tube labeled "COURTESY CREAM". Make it by folding several layers of newspapers into tube shape, tape to hold and then cover with aluminum foil, shaping the top of tube by twisting and squeezing. Glue on a large cardboard cap.) Many a club meeting gets off on the wrong foot due to the lack of a little common courtesy. Whispering among members while someone else has the floor, thinking about something else instead of listening to what is being said, riding roughshod over ideas not your own, being late to meetings—oh, so many little annoying things can disrupt a meeting. Let's be generous in the use of COURTESY CREAM.

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## One Banner: Then More

Sometime ago, the president of our Ladies' Aid suggested a banner be made to hang in the sanctuary of our church. We wanted the banner to give the congregation a specific thought to stimulate their faith. We, the banner committee, in turn, wanted to be given an opportunity to express our faith through this means. Keeping these objectives in mind, we began listening and watching for unique expressions, as well as searching for ideas to help meet these goals. We looked through books, magazines, brochures, bulletin covers, advertisements, and tracts. Our findings were compiled in a banner booklet and we are even now, constantly adding to it.

Months have passed, and several banners have been made to coincide with our church year, as well as some for special occasions.

First, an idea was sketched on a piece of paper. Several ideas from many sources were culminated into one banner. The design was then enlarged to full size on newsprint and paper patterns

were cut for each piece. Sometimes the patterns were placed on an opaque projector and traced on paper taped to a wall. Sometimes they were drawn to scale.

Then fabric and colors were chosen—the background first and then each piece. These were cut from the enlarged paper patterns.

The entire design was laid out on a background and pinned in place. Then it was studied to make any necessary final adjustments. "Sobo" glue was used to attach the different appliques.

The banners have dowels as the supporting rods through the top seams and are hung against the wall. Decorating fringe, braid, and tassels were sometimes used. Designs vary for the tops and bottoms of each banner made.

Our banners are approximately 35x65 inches. Felt is the fabric used most often: the available colors are bright, it is easy to cut, the edges don't fray, and it hangs well. The biggest disadvantage of using

felt is that it is expensive. Burlap we have also used. It is inexpensive and has an interesting texture.

Some fabrics take better to stitching than gluing, but this adds variety, especially when decorative stitches with yarn or embroidery floss can be used.

Our church feels that banners should not become permanent fixtures, but rather should be used on holidays, changing seasons, special events and emphasize the symbols of the church year. If they are up too long at a time they tend to gather dust and the effectiveness of their message can be weakened by too much exposure. Our goal is to change them often, tie in their message with the events in the church and bring variety to the rooms in which they are used.

Making banners is one more way of reaching out to God and to our fellowmen.

—(Contributed by the Trinity Lutheran Ladies' Aid Banner Committee, Coon Rapids, Iowa.)

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## A HANDFUL OF HELPFUL HINTS

by  
Mae Dragoo

Does anyone use squirrel and rabbit for food anymore? I remember my mother telling about the excellent meals Grandmother used to prepare around the wild game Grandfather brought in from the woods. It might be one way to thin out the rabbit population which seems to appear out of nowhere. The garden is still producing quantities of tomatoes, okra, zucchini, corn and melons, so the rabbits are an endangered species around our place.

These extra end-of-the-garden foods are now going into delicious casseroles in family-sized portions to freeze for future meals. Spaghetti sauces and chili can be made and frozen. The last of the green peppers and onions can join the tomatoes in making up great toppings for

meatloaves and pizzas as well.

A letter from Mrs. M. W. of Topeka, Kansas, says: "I put apple butter into an enamel kettle on my gas stove, keeping the fire low and stirring often so the sweet mixture will not stick. If the oven is going I put smaller quantities into a roaster and let the apple butter bake away until it thickens. The first batch is always eaten with freshly baked hot

## COVER PICTURE

On a very hot late summer day it makes sense to sit down surrounded by flowers . . . a perfect setting to daydream. The little girl is Heather Watkins, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Watkins, who moved from the congested Bay area in San Francisco to a quiet Iowa farm. (Heather's grandmother was Jessie Field Shambaugh, one of Mother's five sisters.) She will board the bus in September to enter the eighth grade in the Clarinda schools. —Lucile

biscuits and my family would feel deprived if they did not have at least one such meal each fall. My mother served it to us, and her mother before her. If apple butter is not on the schedule, plain warm applesauce with hot biscuits is delicious. A can of applesauce warmed with a little Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring added (yes, vanilla!) gives a surprisingly fine homemade taste. Hot biscuits made from scratch are good, but a harried homemaker can just open a can and build happy memories with her family with these easy-to-prepare foods."

J. E. from Wayland, Iowa, sends along a hint on how to fix cattails so they will not fall to pieces. "If you have a patch of cattails near watch them, when they start coming out and are brown, cut them, take them home, tie them around the stems in bunches with some bale twine. Hang them in a garage or some out building and let dry. Get them early and

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## PETE, A WELL-QUALIFIED RANGER

by  
Shirley E. Jipp

An area in Monona County, Iowa, has a fascinating past and a colorful present. It is the Little Sioux Mid-America Scout Ranch near Little Sioux, Iowa. Within this camp are some 1900 acres of rugged, hilly country which abound in wildflowers, thousands of trees, some hay meadows and a small lake tucked away behind a conservation dam. The camp, plus nearby Preparation Canyon State Park, we call the "Ozarks of Iowa". The area is interesting, rich in history and legends and harbors an abundance of wildlife.

In 1970, Larsen and Jipp Construction Company of Blair, Nebraska, contracted to build for the Scout Camp the ranger's home, an organizational building used for Scouting equipment, three camp shelters, a couple of water towers and several roads. After the buildings were completed, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Jennings left their dry-cleaning business in Massena, Iowa, to become caretakers of this beautiful camp. With a natural affinity for wildlife, Pete Jennings can tell story after story of personal observations during the past seven years he has spent as ranger at Little Sioux.

On a Sunday afternoon this year, we visited with Pete as we picnicked on the Scout Ranch at a table overlooking the lake above the dam. Cliff swallows chattered happily nearby while darting in and out of the banks on the west side of the lake. I was surprised to learn there are a number of bluebirds in the area. There are ducks, also wood ducks and hooded mergansers. Twice Pete has observed a bald eagle sail over the lake and light in the top of a tree.

"That eagle was a magnificent sight," Pete told us. "The bald eagles like to follow the ducks, then pick off the stragglers or slow flyers. They cannot grasp them off the water, but do so from the land or while the ducks are in flight."

One of the most beautiful sights Pete has seen recently was a pair of snow-white birds with long black legs and what appeared to be black beaks which he believed to be cattle egrets. These birds are thus named because they follow cattle and feed on insects stirred up by the grazing stock.

Pete also listed animals which are plentiful within the park: deer, raccoons, squirrels, coyotes and what he thought were grey foxes and bobcats.

Of the thousands of trees on the ranch, some 40% are ironwood. There are also oak, black walnut, basswood and many buckbrush bushes. A number of wildflowers grow in the woods; Dutchmen's-breeches, pasque-flowers, jack-in-the-pulpit, yellow violets,



Martin Jipp, thirteen-year-old son of the author, points to a beaver-chewed tree near the lake at the Little Sioux Scout Ranch near Little Sioux, Iowa.

dogtooth violets, buttercups, solomon's seal and some columbine.

There is plenty of other work at the camp besides looking after the wildlife. Last winter Pete spent many days clearing brush away from the lake so it can eventually be used for canoeing. He engineers and constructs roads within those many acres with a small tractor and loader.

Another job is keeping a lookout for fires. Last Easter Sunday a brush fire was reported on and near the Indian burial ground some two miles from the main buildings. To get to the location of the fire meant driving on a narrow, winding road above the park. Pete fought the fire until 2:00 a.m., then had to inch his way home carefully by pickup on that dark, winding road.

The afternoon we visited the Scout Ranch, Pete Jennings was an entertaining guide as we wound our way up to the Indian burial ground. It is located on a high clearing and one can see for miles around in all directions. Pete told us that fragments of pottery and other artifacts found here were sent to the University of Iowa where it was determined that Indians lived here about 2,000 years ago.

This Mid-America Boy Scout Ranch, open all year, is basically a short-term camp for Scouts, with several thousand attending throughout the year. Scouts have come from Germany, Japan, Sweden, Australia and Peru to camp with the Iowa and Nebraska boys. One weekend there were 3,500 Scouts who attended a Bicentennial Camperall.

Non-Scout groups can also use the facilities, and many church and community organizations come for retreats.

If you are looking for a quiet place such as this to hike or to enjoy nature, fall is a

gorgeous time here with color beyond imagination. Whenever you go, the Little Sioux Scout Ranch and the nearby Preparation Canyon State Park, promises opportunities for rewarding outdoor experiences.

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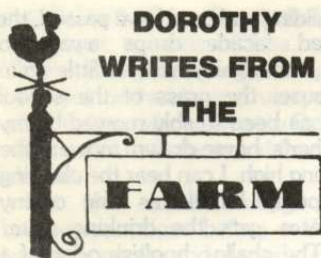
### P.S. AN ADDED NOTE ON PREPARATION CANYON.

Monona County, Iowa, has other interesting and historical ties. Preparation Canyon State Park, a few miles beyond the Scout Camp and midway between Moorhead and Pisgah, is a lovely area which is steeped in Mormon history. Once a community of some 588 citizens, Preparation was established by a group of Mormons who stopped in Iowa instead of following Brigham Young to Salt Lake City. Local residents have varying opinions of why the name Preparation was chosen. Some say it was used because the Mormons felt this was only a stop in preparation for the eventual trip to Salt Lake City. Others declare it was selected to serve as a constant reminder that people must religiously prepare for the hereafter.

As you follow the State Park signs you suddenly find yourself looking far down into Preparation Canyon. It is a tremendous valley of different shades of green, hay meadows, some row crops and grazing cattle. It is flanked on three sides by hills that would surely be called mountains if they were in the Ozarks. And there's a touch of blue haze one often finds in the mountains. Preparation State Park runs along the top of the bluffs which skirt the canyon. It is a beautiful place to picnic, has ample tables, grills and parking places for both the casual, hurried visitor, or for those who come for a longer, more relaxed stay.







Dear Friends:

I don't know how the temperatures have been where you are, but at our house we have been spending our time just trying to keep cool. Also, we live in the south-central section of Iowa where the drought seems to be the worst. It is hard to tell yet how much damage the hot, dry winds have done to our corn and beans, but we do know the pastures are in poor shape. We are much more fortunate than a lot of people because we still have plenty of water for the livestock. Some of our friends have had their ponds or creeks dry up.

Our grandson, Andy Brase, was with us for five weeks, and it was certainly nice having him around to help with the chores, run errands, and just to visit with. It is seldom we have a young person around us anymore, and Andy and I had a lot of good talks together, discussing how he feels about the attitudes and actions of some of the young people today, his special interests, his hopes and goals for the future. This was only the second time he had been here alone, and the longest visit he has ever had with us.

I spent the last week he was here getting some sewing done for all three boys. I had some material on hand I had gotten especially for T-shirts but had never made, and since I wanted to send something home with Andy for Aaron and Julian, I took prompt action. By doing some maneuvering I was able to get three matching shirts out of one piece, and Art took a color picture of the boys wearing them. The shirts are white with navy and red stripes, and the boys looked nice in them. I also got two matching shirts out of another piece for Andy and Aaron. Julian doesn't need as many as the older boys because he has had so many passed on to him.

Kristin, Art, Aaron, and Julian spent the Fourth of July weekend in Grand Island, Nebr., with Art's brother Don and family, so I decided that instead of sending Andy on the bus to meet them there I would drive him out. This way I was able to take some boxes of things Kristin wanted, which were going to be difficult to mail. I was happy when Bernie said she would go with me so I would have company on the way home.

Our friends the Roy Querreys had a farewell dinner for Andy (and us) at their house the night before we left. Andy likes them very much and this really pleased



The St. Paul's Lutheran Church near Kanawha, Ia., where Dorothy Johnson attended their annual chicken barbecue dinner.

him. Although Andy had been telling us all week he hated to leave and would just as soon stay all summer, when the day actually arrived he could hardly wait to get to Grand Island to see the family. We picked up Bernie in Lucas and got under way about 7:30. I had promised Andy we would take the time to go a little out of our way so he could go through the beautiful Arbor Lodge at Nebraska City. He had driven through the park on his way here, but hadn't had time then to go through the house.

We arrived at the Brases quite a while before Kristin and Art did. Don and Mary had known we were coming and had anticipated our staying with them, but Bernie and I felt it would crowd them to have so many people sleeping there, so we insisted on going to a motel. We checked in and had time for a short rest before Kristin called. They had just arrived and said Mary was expecting us for supper. It was so good to see them all again, and to see Andy and Julian together. Andy had been afraid Julian would forget him, but Julian was so glad to see Andy that he wanted his brother to hold him all the time.

The next afternoon Don and Mary had to attend a reception, so the rest of us adults took the children to the Stuhr Museum. Andy had been at the museum last year, and he was anxious to have Bernie and me see it. I was very much impressed, not only with the beautiful museum itself, but with reconstruction of the typical small Nebraska town at the turn of the century. It was terribly hot and we didn't get to see all the old stores and business establishments that have been moved to their present locations, but we did go through all the houses and the hotel. Of course the main attraction for the children was a ride on the Nebraska Midland Railroad Co. train with its authentic steam engine and cars. According to our big ticket, this is

Nebraska's only authentic operating steam railroad. At any rate it was lots of fun.

By this time we were all about to melt with the extreme heat, but I had gotten permission from the motel management for my family to join me in a cooling swim in the motel pool. I had to prove to my doubting oldest grandson that his grandmother could still swim, as well as dive off the low board. There had been considerable discussion about this when he was here, and I knew it was hard for him to believe that his elderly, gray-haired grandmother could actually swim and dive.

After supper at the Brases they took us out to the home of Pete and Mildred Baasch. Mr. and Mrs. Baasch, whom I had met last year at Don and Mary's, live on a farm just on the outskirts of Grand Island. They belong to the American Game Breeders' Association and have over 400 birds at the present time. Among them are six breeds of wild geese, six breeds of pheasants, three breeds of peacocks, four breeds of ducks, lots of Buff Cochins bantam chickens, Buff Orpington chickens, wild turkeys, and pure white and ringneck doves. I was the most interested in the beautiful pheasants and peacocks. I have never seen such magnificent peacocks.

It was late when we left the Brases to go back to the motel, and we told everyone goodbye because we were heading home in the morning. Kristin was knocking on our door before we were out of bed. Julian had gotten her up early, so after he had gone back to sleep she came over to have breakfast with us, which we appreciated. We made it home in good time.

Another quick trip I made this past month was to Kanawha, Iowa, where I was once again a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walt Grimm at the 17th annual chicken barbecue dinner put on by the women of their small country church, the St. Paul Lutheran. I attended this annual affair two years ago and made many new friends, and this year it was good to see them again and also meet a lot that weren't there the last time. Iola and Walt had called and asked me to come last year but I wasn't able to make it.

Since it is impossible to serve 400 people in a small church without a basement, the dinner is always held in the summer so they can take their trays outside and sit at picnic tables. Iola tells me the weather has almost always cooperated through the years and it hasn't rained. This has been the driest year since 1936 and no one expected rain, so it rained. However, it didn't start until most of the people had been served, and everyone was so happy when it began to sprinkle that they just sat still and went right on eating. When it began

(Continued on page 16)





—Original etching by Larry Greenwalt

## Country School Days

by  
Shirley Weston

The past year I have worked as a teacher's-aide in the elementary school of our small town. It was an enjoyable job and many times I was reminded of my own school days.

I was fortunate in being able to spend all eight of my elementary years in a rural school. It was with sorrow that I watched the country schools consolidate and disappear from the American scene for they had much of value.

Our school was kept up to date. We received new texts and supplies as needed. Annually our school building was thoroughly cleaned and, if necessary, it received fresh paint and repairs.

We had only one classroom and one teacher. We had no principal, which was very good; I was mischievous and I am afraid would frequently have been called to his office.

There were three large windows in each side and two on the south end of our schoolhouse. Besides providing plenty of light, these gave the children a view of the woods and hills. Squirrels, chipmunks and birds entertained us from the trees.

The school was located just a half mile from our southern Minnesota farm and set in a wooded hollow with a road in front and creeks on the other three sides. In the middle of the land was the schoolyard. In this small area, hopefully, we were to stay and enjoy our recesses.

Playground equipment was nonexistent. The swing had long ago been broken and we seldom were in the mood to use the baseball and bat.

Playing along the creeks was the favorite recreation. In winter they were fine to skate upon and sometimes to fall into. In spring and fall we fished for

minnows or just walked along the banks. Often we got so far away we had to run for dear life when the bell rang. There were numerous occasions when we didn't make it back in time for class. Sometimes we remained hidden in the woods. We would watch in high suspense as the teacher came searching for us. When she got on the other side of the building, we would make a frantic dash for the door. We were often scolded for going off the school ground but it didn't help for long, for we were too full of life and curiosity. Nature was at our doorstep and the call of the nearby creeks and woods was too strong for our young hearts to resist for long.

Once inside the classroom we caused no serious disciplinary problems. It was simply the fascination with the beautiful outdoors that got the best of us.

The friendships which were made in those early days were lasting. The school had few students and, we were in too close quarters to stay angry with one another for long. Our teachers were able to pay us individual attention. Teachers weren't forgotten when we graduated and we remained friends long after the school years were past.

Finally, the school was closed. The building and grounds were purchased and resold a number of times. Seemingly, each owner would remodel the building a little further and a little differently, until now it bears little resemblance to the schoolhouse it once was. The grounds are a well-groomed lawn with shrubbery and flowers. An attractive footbridge stretches over one of the creeks where we used to play.

Whenever I drive by there are other things for me to "see". After the initial curiosity and fascination at the changes

in the building and yard have passed, the remodeled facade drops away. In memory, once again, there is a little white schoolhouse: the grass of the school ground has been freshly mowed by my grandfather's horse-drawn mower, the flag is flying high, I can hear the clanging of the pump handle as one of my schoolmates gets the drinking water supply. The chalky, bookish odor of a country schoolhouse becomes very real, as in my imagination, I walk in amid the greetings of familiar pupils and teacher and go to sit at my old desk.

## FIRST DAY BLUES

by  
Donna Ridhour

As I sit here looking out my living room window, I can still see two children hurrying down the sidewalk. The smallest child cannot keep from skipping every few steps as though anxiously anticipating the day ahead.

She didn't want me to walk with her, and she didn't hesitate as the door slammed behind her. She only smiled, waved, and ran down the steps to join her older sister.

The children turn a corner and are no longer visible from my window. As they disappear, I can't help thinking, "There goes my baby!"

Today is the first day of school. The hustle and bustle of two children and my high school principal husband getting off to school have passed and all is quiet. Not even the dog has lingered to keep me company. Sitting here, I can remember laughing at my friend's tears the day her youngest child went to school. Today, it is not a laughing matter.

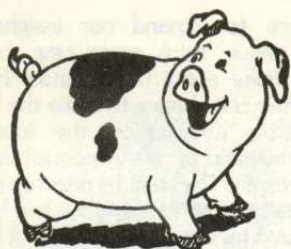
Only yesterday, it seems, my entire day consisted of diapers, formulas, and naps. How quickly that changed as my baby began to crawl, then walk, and finally talk. Fixing a meal with a child hanging on my leg became a common practice. I'll never forget the "Me do it myself" stage, it nearly got the best of me.

Now my little girl is no longer a baby. Today is the beginning of a whole new exciting world for her. Almost without realizing it, she has become a "big girl". She has become a very independent individual who has her own tastes and her own friends. And yes, she even has her own opinions. She is ready to go to school this morning.

But I don't know that I am ready for her to go. I can see that I have become dependent upon her. Now, I will have to walk up town after the mail and not have anyone with whom to chat. There will be no little hand thrust into mine. Who, but me, will care that a squirrel is running across our yard with a nut in his mouth?

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## How to Hold a Luau (Outside of Hawaii)

by  
Barbara Wright Coats

Do you prefer pork or beef as your main dish at mealtime? I've always preferred beef, but one of my most exciting evenings was spent eating pork. Not only was the evening interesting, but the pork itself was superb. It was also special because I had a part in the planning and preparing of the meal and program for the mission groups of a two-county association of our Baptist churches.

We decided to have a Hawaiian luau for one of our quarterly meetings. Our denomination has missionaries on the islands, so Hawaii is included in our mission studies. Many of us will never get to this enchanting part of our country, so we decided it would be fun to bring a bit of Hawaii to our counties.

A whole roasted pig is traditionally the main dish at a luau; this whole pig is roasted in an earth oven. If a group did not want to (or could not manage) the outdoor cooking, roast pork done in the oven could be substituted.

Originally, the natives of Hawaii caught *wild* pigs (puas) which they roasted in a pit (imu). Neighbors and friends brought other foods to complete the meal. During the meals of long ago the natives sat on the ground. Most Hawaiian luaus today are given by hotels for the tourists and everyone is seated in a comfortable chair.

We planned to have our luau as much like the original as possible, but had to move the dinner inside the church basement because of rain on the night of the banquet. We took the church tables which have folding legs, left them folded and placed each table on gallon paint buckets. This made the eating space the correct height for the guests who were seated on the floor.

Our *tame* pig was cooked in an earth oven. Since our church is located in a rural area, it was possible to dig an enormous pit 8x4x4 ft. (This could be done on any farm property, however, if the owner permits and an ample supply of firewood is nearby.) The men of our church dug the pit. Then, several days before the event, three of the members butchered and scraped a pig. Two days prior to luau day, the pit was filled with firewood which was left burning overnight and all the next day. Firewood was added as needed in order to have enough hot coals in the pit to get the pork well done.

The day before the feast, the pig was

singed with a small torch to rid it of any remaining hairs. A steel bar was inserted through the carcass. This bar extended six inches at each end which then had wires connected to them. These wires were long enough to extend through the hot coals and dirt to the top of the ground.

Once the bar and wires were in place, several of us soaked brown paper bags in water and wrapped the 160-lb. porker in three thicknesses. The brown paper bags were tied on with string. When this was finished we literally had "a pig in a poke"! The brown paper was then covered with approximately one-quarter inch of water-soaked newspapers. In Hawaii the pig is wrapped in a leaf which is found only on the islands.

The wrapped, whole pig was placed in the pit surrounded on all sides by hot coals approximately one foot deep. Hot coals were also scooped over the top, then a layer of earth was shoveled over the pit and the entire area was left undisturbed for 17 hours.

When it came time to move the pork from the pit, two more bars were attached to the wires above ground. The earth and top layer of coals were scooped off and the pork was moved from the pit to the church basement with the rods, the wires and a stretcher-type arrangement; an efficient way to move the hot meat. It seemed as if the guests were awaiting the arrival of this "Hawaiian Hog" as one would await the appearance of royalty.

The pig was served with an apple in its mouth, buffet-style. It was sliced and seasoned as the guests came by. It was well done, very juicy and the seasoning permeated the meat very well. This was the most d-e-e-e-licious pork I've ever eaten, at least three times better than regular pork.

The rest of the menu was served family-style: baked potato, poi, green beans, a pineapple-gelatin salad, relishes, nuts, a Hawaiian coffee and tea. Everyone who has eaten poi in Hawaii says it tastes like paste, but our girls made it from bananas and we thought it was delicious.

After-dinner speakers included a recent vacationer to the islands, and a native Hawaiian war-bride who lives in our county.

Decorations for our luau were lighted torches, real palm trees anchored in buckets of sand, miniature hula girl dolls,

coconut shells, fresh pineapples and travel posters. The girls in our mission group made small paper palm trees which were anchored in marshmallows and set in the bottom of nut cups, one for each place setting. The program cover had a picture of a pineapple and the program booklet contained the hand signs for the hula. Real and artificial leis were placed on each guest upon arrival. Seventy-seven people from several churches were present for this very different and enjoyable evening.



### LABOR DAY THOUGHT

Labor is not work or study in the oppressive sense if one enjoys it or understands its purpose.

And Labor Day salutes those who recognize the importance of each person's performance.

# LISTEN! to the KITCHEN- KLATTER RADIO VISIT

**each weekday over one  
of the following radio  
stations:**

**KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.

**KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.

**KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.

**KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.

**KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.

**KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.

**KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

**KSIS** Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



## KATHARINE DRIFTMIER'S SUMMER SOUNDS "DIFFERENT"

Hello!

This summer, as always, has been quite busy around the Wisconsin Driftmier household. Mother and Father temporarily retire for the summer from their teaching duties which leaves them more time to do this and that. Paul, Adrienne and I have many activities to keep us entertained too. Our energies are spent in separate directions but each evening we all come home hungry and the individuals blend back into a family for a few hours of sharing.

As we have grown up, our parents have tried to cultivate in us a confidence that we can do things for ourselves. We've always been encouraged to accept the challenges which confront us: physical, spiritual or intellectual. The more independent I become the more I praise them for their endeavors. Because of their teachings I recognize the pride derived from a job well done. This summer has been especially rewarding for me because I learned how satisfying it is to be able to do almost any job myself.

The first part of the summer I stayed in Houston to work with some friends doing construction work. With a little training I was soon helping with the remodeling of old apartments and learning first hand the methods involved in the jobs we usually hire someone else to perform. Julie and Stewart, my employers and friends, are both faculty members at Rice University who busy themselves with this construction work on their own time. By consulting with professionals, they have become professionals themselves in the lines of plumbing, electrical work, sheet-rocking, carpentry and the many other duties involved in construction. By helping them I was exposed to their contagious enthusiasm: the satisfaction of a job well done.

Because it was fun, I didn't mind getting up each morning and biking out to the apartments for a good day of sweat and backache. I had to begin with odd jobs. I scraped paint and peeled off old calking and chipped hard, greyed grouting from around ancient tiling and bathroom fixtures. After I mastered the bathroom work I was allowed out into the main rooms. Woodwork needed sanding, old wainscotting needed scraping and calking and there was taping and "floating" on walls and ceilings throughout the units. True, my work was not highly skilled, but practice helped me improve, and the comradeship with the other workers gave each day its chuckles.

I was amazed to see the condition in which some tenants leave their apartments! The filth with which some



**Katharine and Paul Driftmier (daughter and son of Donald and Mary Beth) will both be returning to college.**

people live makes me think they simply don't see the dirt after a while. In Houston roaches are a menace since the weather is warm and humid so much of the year. Behind peeling kitchen plaster and inside bathroom closets I'd find huge families of roaches living healthily and undisturbed. Being a northerner, I'd never encountered such a problem. Ugh! So we tried to prevent any further infestation by calking all their crevices and passageways.

I learned to do many things I'd never dreamed necessary... or possible. It was a wonderful opportunity to branch beyond my books and learn what I may someday be doing for my own home. I've been lucky; not many college students have the chance to enjoy their summers and learn as much as I have.

Now, back home in Delafield, Wisc., I'm playing during the days and working at night. Jobs were scarce in our area this summer, so I was very fortunate to find any employment at all. By coincidence we had our carpets cleaned by a man who needed a part-time helper, so I hired onto his crew immediately. Now I am a nocturnal carpet cleaner who spends her late nights in restaurants and offices and banks carrying big buckets of steaming hot water to the young man who operates the cleaning machine.

The crew, all males, find it amusing that I, a "girl", would want to strain with my muscles doing what they consider to be a man's work. I'm amused, too. I'm not doing a man's job, I'm doing a good job. We all have a good time. The work is hard but we enjoy getting to see different restaurants before we decide to eat there ourselves. Now we know which ones have clean carpets! It's different to sit waiting for a building to close before going in to work; this is the life of the night laborer. It's fun to do something a bit different, and it's fun to keep busy.

Summer "vacations" never last long enough or let us loaf in idleness as we imagine we will, but they do allow us all a

chance to expand our insights and experience, think some new thoughts and make some new friends. For me summer is a chance to leave the heat of Houston and enjoy the love and comradeship of my wonderful family in Wisconsin. The months pass too quickly into fall and school and the trip back to Texas. This will be my last year at Rice so I'm especially anxious about it! I'll write you about the new turns in my life soon.

Sincerely,

Katharine Driftmier

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## ANOTHER WISCONSIN DRIFTMIER IS HEARD FROM

Dear Friends:

Since this is the first time most of you have heard from me directly, I have a vast spectrum of subjects to write to you about.

I think it likely that you know I am a student at Marquette University, majoring in Biology. This I hope to combine with what art ability I possess and with the two subjects launch myself on a career in Medical Illustration. Although Marquette has no art training courses, I plan to take a course in Drafting for Engineers; and I hope that this will give me the right kind of background knowledge I will need. My minor at Marquette is Anthropology, a field I find extremely interesting. I owe this interest in a large part to my Uncle Max on my mother's side of the family who was an archaeologist by hobby, and to my Uncle Frank Johnson in Iowa. His arrowhead collection has intrigued me since I first saw it as a little boy. This reminds me of when I went out into the field with him and had the good fortune of finding a point. It wasn't until this year that I learned that he and my father had planted it for me to find! Anyway, I hope that between biology, anthropology and art I will be kept busy throughout my school career.

It is still summer and thoughts of school will have to wait for the priority they deserve. At present my mind is knee-deep in thoughts of money (a common occurrence in my head), my job, girls, my family and friends. The first and second thoughts nearly always surface at the same time. Right now I am not so gainfully employed in a job that sounded too good to be true. I am finding now why this is so.

After answering a help-wanted ad in the newspaper, and being hired, my first week was spent in training, learning how easy it is to sell a VACUUM CLEANER! I have now spent my second week learning how hard it is to make money. In order to make the two hundred dollars they promised me, I have to display this vacuum to twelve different people. If I show it eleven times I don't make a cent! I

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## A HAPPY JAUNT

by  
Evelyn Birkby

While a long, leisurely vacation may be the choice of many, it is not always possible to fit into work schedules. At least this year our family has been unable to come up with a long span of free time. The alternative has been to take short weekend jaunts and do as much as possible near home.

With Craig spending the summer in Wisconsin, that seemed like a fine direction to go on one of the long weekends we maneuvered between canning the pickles and tomatoes, my Kitchen-Klatter work and Robert's ASCS duties.

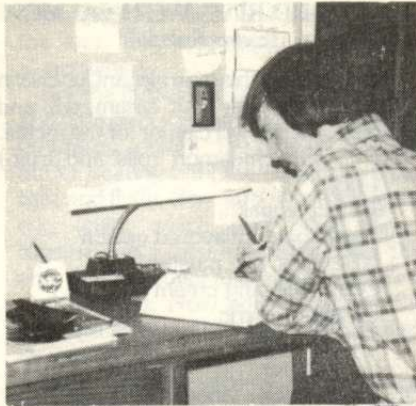
Leaving Sidney early in the morning, we drove along Highway 34 across to central Iowa and Interstate 35, then north to 80 and on east. We arrived at West Branch in time for lunch in the excellent city park next to Herbert Hoover's birthplace. About an hour was spent in the little house where the president was born, the Friend's Meeting House, the blacksmith building, the museum and the gravesite. I was especially touched by the display of flour sacks so beautifully embroidered by people in Europe whose lives Herbert Hoover helped save with his food programs.

Leaving West Branch, we headed north along the beautiful Iowa countryside and arrived in McGregor in time for a leisurely catfish dinner in an old building which at one time housed a brewery, noted because of a fresh spring of water nearby. Long out of the brewery business, the fresh water is now used in the glasses of the restaurant — and the fried catfish was delicious!

Robert pitched his small backpacker's tent at Pike's Peak State Park overlooking the confluence of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers. We snuggled quickly into our sleeping bags for a relaxed night's sleep.

Several places of interest in Wisconsin were passed by as we hurried on to Madison to get Craig before continuing the sightseeing part of our trip. Madison, Wisconsin, is an interesting city and we wished we had more time to spend there, but other places claimed priority. Craig showed us the bacteriology building at the University where he was doing his summer undergraduate research. The lake next to the campus provided a place of beauty and a narrow black-topped road for an unusual drive back into a wooded area. Craig showed us where he has done much canoeing and kayaking during his free time. The Outdoor Club of the university gave him interesting contacts and opportunities to do some of the activities which Wisconsin affords.

Craig joined us as we drove west and



Craig Birkby has had a busy, studious summer at the University of Wisconsin. He is now back in Sioux City, Iowa, starting his senior year at Morningside College.

south of the city and into the Governor Dodge State Park just north of Dodgeville on Highway 23. The park includes a rough and rugged 5,000 acres with two lakes within its boundaries which provide places for fishing, canoeing and swimming. Hiking and nature trails, evening programs and musical presentations, fine campsites and interesting camper-neighbors helped us to enjoy our all-too-short stay.

Our evening meal was eaten in a very unusual restaurant, Don Q's, near Governor Dodge State Park. It is a large remodeled barn, now expanded to include a motel complex which has as a "conversation piece" a 67-foot church steeple. The steeple was moved to the area when a nearby church was being demolished. Now remodeled into a lovely series of rooms, it is used primarily as a honeymoon suite.

A terrific cloudburst and thunderstorm made our night at this state park a memorable one. For some reason, Craig had more intelligently pitched his tent a little higher than ours and was dry all during the night. Robert and I were the ones who had a heavy wash of water running right under us. The tent, thank goodness, was waterproof with a sturdy "floor", but had a soggy, muddy exterior of canvas to roll up and store in the car the next morning.

The most unusual place we visited during our Wisconsin weekend was the "House on the Rock" which is located between Dodgeville and Spring Green on Highway 23. It was worth the entire trip to see the house and accompanying museum buildings.

Built by artist-sculptor Alex Jordon, the fantastic house seems to be firmly rooted on top of a chimney rock which thrusts up sixty feet above the Wisconsin River. Mr. Jordon began building on top of this high pinnacle in 1940. Planning to create a simple studio-retreat, he laboriously carried up the first rocks and necessary mortar and building materials. When the project began to grow larger,

he got an electric hoist to assist in the heavy lifting tasks. Now a thirteen-room multi-level house, the blending of nature's materials—wood, rocks, trees, plants, water—with oriental art objects, antiques, stained glass and Mr. Jordon's own sculptures, has grown from the simple one-room beginning.

A ramp makes it easy to walk up and into the house. Many of the walls are of hand-carved shesham wood panels from India, ceilings in some places are of rosewood latticework once used in a Kashmiri household as room dividers, stained glass is featured in windows, myriads of hanging and standing lamps and in one spectacular piece of furniture: a large stained glass church window made into a coffee table.

I particularly liked the music room with its grand piano (how could even a hoist have gotten the piano up so high into its ethereal setting?) and a quiet small book-lined room for reading undisturbed.

I presume his gathering of materials for this unusual house helped Mr. Jordon with his collections of outstanding antiques. To house this assemblage he has built a complex of museum rooms. A "Street of Yesterday" is the basic design with 1880 store fronts, rooms and houses giving excellent background for the wealth of antiques of fabulous quality.

If I had a favorite place it was in the area called, "Music of Yesterday", which features some of the most fantastic mechanically operated musical instruments in existence. For example: The Blue Room is a baroque setting of mirrors, velvet drapes, crystal chandeliers a blue and white plush rug and a complete set of instruments played pneumatically to form the only mechanically operated symphony orchestra in the world. *The Franz Josef*, a marvelous three-story "music box" which is called an "orchestron". Built in 1898, it was presented originally to Franz Joseph for his golden anniversary as Austrian Emperor. *The Mikado*, which was discovered dismantled between stone walls in a storehouse cellar in a little town in northern Holland where it had been hidden during World War II. Rescued from its tomb, Mr. Jordon brought this huge musical masterpiece to his museum and now has it reconstructed and operable in a large room built for its display. Animated oriental figures dance, move arms and legs, eyes and eyebrows, and play instruments in time to mysterious music. We stayed and listened to it play "Ritual Dance of Fire" and "Danse Macabre", watching closely to catch every move of the carved Japanese figures.

"How can such a place be described?" I asked Robert as we walked past the Mill House with its entrance gate and huge water wheel.

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# Recipes

## Tested by the KITCHEN-KLATTER Family

### CANDY BAR COOKIES

- 3/4 cup butter
- 3/4 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 Tbls. evaporated milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups flour

Cream the butter and powdered sugar. Add the flavoring, milk and salt and mix well. Blend in the flour. Roll out and cut with a 2-inch cutter. Place on ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 325 degrees for 12 to 16 minutes. This depends on your oven.

### Carmel Filling

- 28 light caramels
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Combine in top of double boiler the caramels and milk. Heat until caramels melt; remove from heat and stir in remaining ingredients. Spread some filling over each baked cookie.

### Chocolate Icing

- 1 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate bits
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar

Melt chocolate bits with milk over low heat. Remove from heat and stir in remaining ingredients. Spread a little of the icing over the caramel filling of each cookie. —Donna Nenneman

### CORN CHIP SALAD

Combine equal parts of:

- Shredded lettuce
- Crushed corn chips
- Chopped onion
- Grated Cheddar cheese

Add:

- 1 8-oz. can Mexican-style chili beans, washed

Toss well and chill. Before serving add:

- Chopped, seeded tomatoes
- Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

This is a salad that can be made in quantity for the size crowd you wish to serve. —Donna Nenneman

### MUSTARD RING WITH SALMON (Extra Special)

(Lucile says this is an elegant luncheon dish. Served with sour cream, dill, and shrimp, friends will clamor for the recipe. Try it with cinnamon rolls and fruit.)

- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1/2 tsp. tumeric
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- Sliced stuffed olives
- 1 7-oz. can red salmon, drained

Beat eggs in top of double boiler. In another container mix together thoroughly the sugar and unflavored gelatin; stir in mustard, tumeric and salt.

Add the water and vinegar to the eggs; stir in the sugar mixture and cook over boiling water until slightly thickened, stirring continuously. Cool until it is thick. Whip cream and stir in. Grease 1 1/2-quart ring mold and arrange on bottom the sliced olives and salmon. Carefully fill mold with mustard mixture; cover and chill. After it is set, unmold on salad greens and fill center with the following:

- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
  - 1/2 cup sour cream
  - 1 tsp. dill (fresh if you have it)
  - 1 cup tiny shrimp (frozen or canned, drained if canned)
  - 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Blend mayonnaise, sour cream, dill. (Taste for seasoning.) Add shrimp and lemon juice. Mix well. Chill and fill center of mold.

### DOROTHEA'S APPLE CRISP

- 6 to 8 apples (pared and sliced)
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- Dash of salt
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Mix the sugar, flour, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt together and sprinkle over the apples in a 9-inch square pan. Stir the lemon flavoring into the water and drizzle over the apples.

### Topping

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup coconut

Mix ingredients together for the topping and spread on the apples. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 50 to 60 minutes, or until the apples are done. —Dorothy

### RASPBERRY DESSERT

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 quart fresh raspberries, cooked and thickened
- 1/2 cup pecans, finely chopped
- 1 regular-sized pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Cream butter or margarine and brown sugar together until fluffy. Add egg and blend well. Stir in flour to make a smooth dough. Pat dough into a lightly greased 9-by 13-inch pan. Bake 20 minutes. Remove from oven and spread raspberries on top. Then mix the instant pudding mix according to package directions. Spread pudding mix on top of raspberries and sprinkle pecans on top. Refrigerate until time to serve.

Frozen raspberries or the raspberry pie filling can be used. —Verlene

### APPLE-NUT BREAD

- 1 cup shortening (half margarine)
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup raw, unpeeled and finely chopped apple
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs, sour cream and flavoring. Mix well. Sift together the flour, salt and soda and add to creamed mixture. Fold in the apple and nuts. Turn into loaf pan and bake for one hour and 15 minutes at 350 degrees. —Juliana

### ESCALLOPED CABBAGE

- 1 medium-sized head cabbage
- 1/2 tsp. salt

### White Sauce

- 1/3 stick margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Buttered cracker crumbs

Cut cabbage in small wedges. Cook in salted water, using the 1/2 tsp. salt, for 10 minutes. (Do not overcook.) Drain well. Make the white sauce by melting margarine, adding flavoring, and stirring in the flour, salt and milk. Cook until boiling. Place half of cabbage in greased 2-quart casserole; cover with half of white sauce. Add another layer of cabbage and white sauce. Cover with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake at 325 degrees about 45 minutes. —Hallie



**CHICKEN SOUFFLE**

This chicken souffle was served at a luncheon by the Afternoon Guild of Frederick's South Congregational Church. Many requests were received for the recipe and we are sharing it with you.

—Lucile

16 sliced buttered bread (crusts removed)  
3 or 4 chicken breasts (boned, skinned and sliced)  
1/2 cup salad dressing  
1 cup grated cheese (A combination of Cheddar and Italian cheeses was used.)

5 eggs

2 cups milk

1 tsp. salt

1 can cream of mushroom soup

Grease a 9- by 13-inch pan. Line the bottom with 8 slices of the bread. Place prepared chicken breasts over the bread. Spread with the salad dressing and sprinkle over 1/2 cup of the cheese. Cover with the remaining 8 slices of bread. Beat the eggs; add the milk and salt and pour over the chicken in pan. Refrigerate overnight. When ready to bake, spread the mushroom soup over top. Bake for about 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Cover with the remaining 1/2 cup grated cheese and return to oven for about 15 minutes longer.

**ANNA'S APRICOT SALAD**

1 quart home-canned or 1 #2½ can apricots

1 #2 can crushed pineapple

2 1/2 cups drained fruit juice

1 3-oz. pkg. apricot gelatin

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin

Dash salt

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1/2 cup chopped pecans

1 9-oz. carton whipped topping

Drain the apricots well and cut into halves. Drain the pineapple. Heat the drained fruit juice from the apricots and pineapple to boiling. Dissolve the two packages of gelatin in hot juice. Stir in salt and softened cream cheese. Cool until syrupy. Add fruit mixture and nuts. Fold in whipped topping. Pour into 2-quart mold. Chill several hours or overnight. Turn out on chilled plate.

—Hallie

**KATHARINE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE**

3 cups sifted cake flour

4 tsp. double-acting baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

1 cup unsalted butter

2 cups granulated sugar

4 eggs, separated

1 cup milk

1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Preheat oven to 350 degrees and prepare three round 9-inch layer cake pans. Butter and flour the sides and bottom of the pans.

Sift the flour. Add the baking powder

and salt to the sifter and dust this over the flour. Mix these gently together with a wire whisk.

Put the butter into a large mixing bowl and beat until it is light colored and fluffy. Gradually cream the sugar into the butter beating until the mixture is again light and fluffy. Beat into this mixture the egg yolks which you have stirred together until they are runny. Beat this until the egg, sugar and butter mixture is well blended. Now add alternately the milk and flour until they are well blended. Beat in the flavoring.

Beat the egg whites in a second container until they mound in firm glossy peaks. Do not overbeat them. Gently tip the beaten egg whites into the cake batter and fold them into the batter. Bake for 25 minutes or until center of each cake springs back from a gentle touch. Remove pans from oven for a few minutes and turn them out onto a wire rack to cool. Ice them with whatever pleases you.

—Mary Beth

**CARIBBEAN BARS**

3/4 cup margarine or butter, softened

1 1/2 cups brown sugar

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

3 eggs

1 cup mashed ripe banana

2 1/2 cups unsifted flour

2 1/2 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips

1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream margarine or butter, brown sugar and flavorings. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well. Mix in the mashed bananas and blend in the flour, baking powder and salt. Stir in the butterscotch chips and nuts. Spread in 10- by 15-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. While still warm drizzle top with glaze made of 3/4 cup powdered sugar and 4 tsp. water.

—Verlene Looker

**APPLESAUCE RED-HOT LAYERED SALAD**

1/4 cup red-hots candy

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin

1 cup boiling water

1 cup applesauce

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened

2 Tbls. cream

1 Tbls. mayonnaise

Dissolve red-hots candy and gelatin in the boiling water. Add the applesauce. Pour half of this mixture into an 8- or 9-inch square pan. Refrigerate to set. Meanwhile, cream together the cream cheese, cream and mayonnaise. Spread the cheese mixture over the chilled gelatin and pour remaining gelatin over the cheese and chill until firm. This makes a pretty red and white ribbon salad which is excellent with pork.

—Donna Nenneman

**CHICKEN PAPRIKASH**

2 big onions

1/2 cup oil

1 Tbls. paprika

1 tsp. salt

1 cut-up fryer

1 tomato

1 green pepper

1 Tbls. flour

2 to 3 Tbls. sour cream

Fry onions in oil until golden yellow.

Add the paprika, salt and chicken pieces. Stir, cover and simmer slowly, adding enough water to almost cover the chicken. After one-half hour, add chunks of tomato and green pepper. When the meat is tender, take out pepper and tomato skins. Sprinkle the flour on the chicken and cook for ten more minutes. Sour cream may be added with the flour or placed on the table separately.

NOTE: This is one of Susan Lang's (Sophie Driftmier's mother) recipes which we promised you a couple issues ago. Betty Jane and I made this and it was delicious.

—Lucile

**FRIENDSHIP TEA**

2 cups sugar

2 cups instant orange breakfast drink

3/4 cup instant tea

1 envelope instant lemonade

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. ground cloves

Combine all ingredients and store in a tightly closed jar. Use as you would instant tea. This is good both as a hot or iced tea.

—Donna Nenneman

**STRAWBERRY-APPLE BAKE**

(Low Calorie)

4 apples, cored and cut in half

1 can diet strawberry pop

Place apples, peel side up, in baking dish. Pour pop over apples. Bake in microwave oven about 7 to 10 minutes.

—Hallie

**TOMATO-APPLE CHUTNEY**

10 cups diced peeled ripe tomatoes, (about 5 lbs.)

6 cups diced pared tart apples (about 3 lbs.)

2 large onions, chopped (2 cups)

1 lb. seedless raisins

2 cloves garlic, minced

1 lb. dark brown sugar

1 Tbls. salt

1 Tbls. cinnamon

1 tsp. ground allspice

1/2 tsp. ground ginger

1/2 tsp. ground cloves

2 cups cider vinegar

Combine all ingredients in a large kettle. Heat, stirring constantly, to boiling; cover. Simmer 10 minutes; uncover. Simmer, stirring often, 30 minutes longer, or until thick.

Ladle into hot sterilized jars; seal, following manufacturer's directions.



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## DUTCH-STYLE BEEF AND CABBAGE

- 1 1½-lb. beef round steak, cut ¾ inch thick
- 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. cooking oil
- 3 large onions, sliced
- ¾ cup hot water
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 tsp. instant beef bouillon granules
- 1 small head cabbage

Trim excess fat from meat; cut into cubes. Combine flour, salt and pepper; coat meat with this mixture. In skillet quickly brown meat on all sides in the hot cooking oil. Drain off fat. Transfer meat to slow-cooking crockery cooker; add onions. In same skillet combine water, vinegar and bouillon granules. Stir together, scraping browned bits from skillet; pour all into cooker. Cover and cook on low heat setting for eight hours.

About 15 minutes before serving, cut cabbage into 4 or 5 wedges. Cook in a 3-quart saucepan in a large amount of boiling salted water until tender, 10-12 minutes. Drain well. Serve beef mixture over hot cooked cabbage wedges. Makes 4 or 5 servings. —Juliana

## DANISH CREAMED ONIONS

- 3 large onions (about 2 lbs.)
- ⅓ cup vinegar
- 2 ½ Tbls. cornstarch
- ⅔ cup sugar
- 1 ⅓ cups commercial sour cream

Slice onions and simmer in salted water until tender. Drain. Combine remaining ingredients and add to onions. Simmer until sauce thickens. Serve hot. (Do not boil, just bring to a simmer, this prevents the cream from separating.) A delicious sauce for cooked onions which could be used on other cooked vegetables as well. —Evelyn

## GREAT GREEN GRAPE SALAD

- 2 to 3 cups seedless green grapes
- ⅓ cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- ⅓ cup commercial sour cream
- Nuts, if desired

Wash and dry grapes. (The small seedless grapes are used in this; some areas call them white grapes, some call them green. Canned grapes could be used if very well drained.) If grapes are rather large they can be cut in half. Combine grapes with brown sugar, nutmeg and flavoring. Place in covered dish and refrigerate for 24 hours. Fold in sour cream and nuts, if desired. If the grapes seem too "juicy", some of the liquid can be drained from the bowl before adding the cream. (I like that tasty juice!) Keeps well. —Evelyn

## LEMON CHEESECAKE

- 12 ozs. cream cheese
  - 1½ cup sugar
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 egg
- Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a 9- by 13-inch pan.

Cream the cheese until soft and fluffy. Gradually add sugar and flavoring. Add egg and beat well. Spread evenly in pan.

- 1 two-layer size lemon cake mix
- 2 ozs. cream cheese
- 2 eggs

- 1 cup water

- Canned cherry pie filling

Combine cake mix, cream cheese, eggs and water. Beat four minutes at medium speed. Spoon over cheese mixture in pan. Bake 40 to 50 minutes. Cool five minutes and remove from pan. Cool completely upside down.

To serve spoon canned cherry pie filling over top of cake.

—Donna Nenneman

## LOW-CALORIE PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- ¼ cup butter
- ½ cup peanut butter
- 5 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie liquid sweetener
- ⅓ cup skim milk
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Grease a large baking sheet.

Combine the butter, peanut butter and sweetener and blend well. Combine the milk, egg and flavoring and add to the peanut butter mixture. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add to the other ingredients, blending well. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto the prepared baking sheet and bake for about 15 minutes.

Yields approximately 52 cookies. Each cookie contains approximately 32 calories. —Betty Jane Tilsen

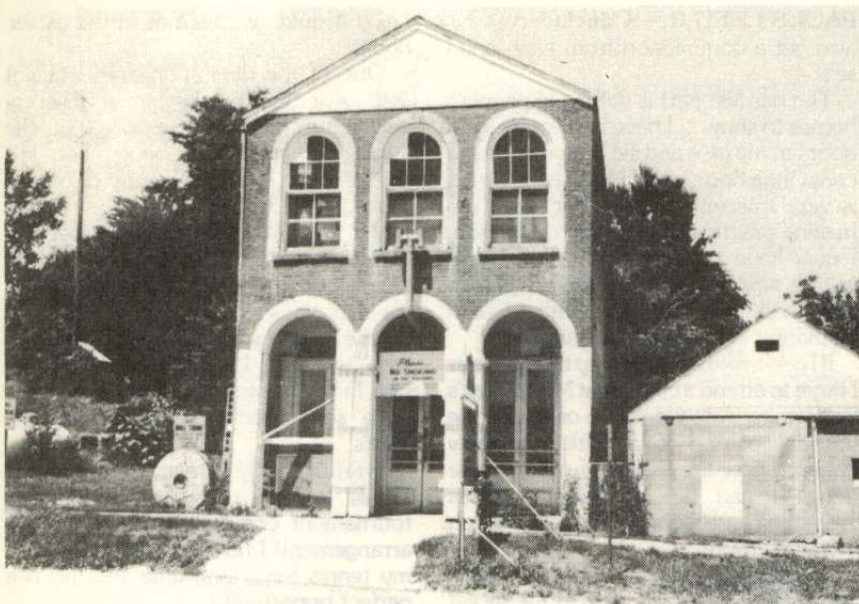
## DELICIOUS POWDERED MILK

- 1 gallon reconstituted powdered milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- A pinch of salt

Prepare the powdered milk according to directions on the box to make one gallon. Add the butter flavoring and salt to taste. Increase or decrease flavoring until the amount gives a like-whole-milk taste.

This recipe comes from our retired minister friend who likes to "mess in the kitchen and invent stuff". He stated that his family has used powdered milk for years, and with the addition of the Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring it becomes a much more desirable product. —Evelyn





This building, which once housed the Lone Tree Saloon, is now occupied by the Brownville Mills. Notice the old mill wheel at the side of the building. This is just one of the restored historical places which can be visited in Brownville, Nebraska.

## BROWNVILLE, A VILLAGE OF CONTRAST

by  
Evelyn Cason Tuller

Take a retreat into yesterday and a journey into tomorrow; see a village of contrasts and a tapestry of time Rip Van Winkle might have enjoyed in sleepy comfort.

These can be found in Brownville, Nebraska, a Sleepy-Hollow sort of town, but deceptively so, for it is also the setting for an atomic-age marvel.

It is easy for today's adventurer, wandering through the memories that haunt the village byways, contemplating the shadowy-edged streets shaded with reverie, to accept the possibility that Rip might have slept out his hibernation in some overgrown cave of the timbered bluffs near Brownville. If so, it would be interesting to know how the hippie-type refugee from history would have felt waking up from his nap and beholding the wonders of Brownville in the 1970's.

Brownville is a village of shaded streets, weatherbeaten buildings, well-kept brick storefronts and family dwellings which have history preserved within their walls. The Muir House, a two-story brick mansion dating back more than a hundred years, preserves in Victorian-style many of the original furnishings. The Carson House is furnished as it was in the 1880's. A reproduction of the land office in which the first homestead papers in the United States were filed is now the Brownville Historical Society's Tourist Center.

Brownville House still serves meals in its authentic Victorian atmosphere and you can almost catch a glimpse of elegant

ladies and gallant gentlemen dressed in 19th Century-style going in to dine. The present-day Village Theater is housed in what was originally the home of the Christian Church. A repertory theater for productions from Nebraska Wesleyan University in Lincoln presents plays here during the summer months.

The Brewery Cave, used by the Brownville Brewery; the Texas Trail, once the route of long-horn herds driven from Texas to Fort Kearney; The Wheel Museum, with early agricultural equipment and buggy displays; the Walnut Grove Cemetery, with stones dating from 1854; and the home of Governor Furnas, founder of Nebraska publications and an early-day leader in agriculture, education and public service; the Brownville Mill which produces stone-ground flour and cereal products, all these places, and more, are reminders of early pioneer history which make a Brownville visit one to be remembered.

Pioneered with excitement, preserved with pride, the town has served as gateway to the vast, unclaimed plains stretching westward. Port of call for river steamers, Brownville played host to gamblers and roustabouts, cowboys and sodbusters during the frenzied times of western migration. Living side-by-side with the mighty Missouri, the town became accustomed to the moods of the river; whimsical, fretful, violent and occasionally tragic. In its acquiescent moments, the powerful river has served well with its cargoes of merchandise and

passengers to prompt the community to prosper into a flourishing river port.

In the latter years of the Century, several capricious twists of fate changed Brownville downward from the growing territorial outpost to a temporary (Continued on page 17)

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## PAUL'S LETTER — Concluded

also get a commission from each one I sell.

The hardest part is getting in people's homes to show it! I have had people slam doors in my face and sic dogs on me and chain their doors shut. Needless to say, it is very frustrating work. Because I am making practically no money on this job, I may have to take a part-time job at school next year shampooing rugs with the college students with whom Katharine is working this summer.

If I can make some money this summer I hope to attend a concert at Milwaukee's Performing Arts Center to celebrate the birthday of one of the girls I am now dating. There are also many inexpensive things I can do on dates such as swimming and biking, but concerts catch my fancy more.

Starting this September I'll be living on Marquette campus in one of the nicest dorms available and with a roommate of my choice. I feel very lucky in this respect since many students were not able to choose the room or roommate they wanted. Marquette has a terrible problem with student overcrowding. It is so bad that local hotels are being bought to supply housing. Previously being a commuter, I had to go through a lot of hassles to get a room on campus, but in the end I succeeded.

I've enjoyed sharing this visit with you.

Sincerely,

Paul Driftmier

\*\*\*\*\*

## ADRIENNE DRIFTMIER TELLS YOU ABOUT HER SUMMER

Dear Friends:

I awakened this morning to the heavy beat of rain drops on my window pane and thunder rumbling ominously some distance west of here. Though some may mourn the departure of the sunny weather we have been enjoying, other swimming teachers around Wisconsin rejoice with me as they cancel their classes and take a day off.

As I had hoped, I am working on the sandy beach of a beautiful lake in Oconomowoc helping youngsters overcome their fear of the water and teaching them to swim. It is interesting work, as any job dealing with so many different types of people is bound to be, and it certainly is rewarding to consider that each student who successfully completes his prescribed course may not join the 9,000 unfortunate souls who drown each year.

Because I am responsible for finding my own transportation to work each day, I invested in a new red ten-speed bicycle. The ride in the morning is delightful and quiet, as gentle breezes stir the tall fields of corn on either side of the road, but by four o'clock when I ride back home, the breeze has turned into a stiff wind, and the air is hot as an oven. The scenery is still beautiful, but I don't

enjoy it quite as much as in the earlier hours.

One of the darling children I taught last year in the beginning level of swimming has been enrolled at the Academy beginning in September. His mother and I had frequently discussed my experience as an Academy student. I flatter myself that this may have been an influence on her decision to engage me as a tutor. She is concerned because her six-year-old son does not yet read. He will be joining students at the Academy who can read. I am going to work with him in the basics of phonics so he will have some background when school starts.

In return for this service, I am receiving tennis lessons from her husband, a tournament competitor. Such an ideal arrangement! I have wanted to improve my tennis for a long time and this is a perfect opportunity.

City recreation departments, like the one I work for, are wonderful operations. They provide inexpensive lessons in so many worthwhile activities. Delafield, Wisconsin, holds sessions in golf, baseball and swimming for all age levels. Paul and I are both taking part in the golf program. We hike down to the course on Tuesday and Thursday evenings where we receive instructions from the former St. John's Military Academy golf pro who happens to be a neighbor of ours. Someday Paul and I will be good competition for our father whose drives would make Arnold Palmer proud.

Although I do enjoy being busy and active, I regret that I have so little time to spend reading. In the first weeks of summer I formed a large stack of books I wanted to finish if I had time, but the pile seems to decrease extremely slowly. During the summers years ago, before I had a job, I spent most of my time at the library and the bookstore and read a dozen or so novels during vacation. There are so many good books to read that I wish I had more time instead of less.

I hope all of you are enjoying the summer with your family as much as we are enjoying ours in beautiful Wisconsin.

Love,

Adrienne Driftmier

## DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

to rain harder those who hadn't finished came inside the church, and the men and boys scurried around to bring in the folding tables and chairs and set up as many as they could. It was a lot of fun and excitement, and the rain had put us all into a gay frame of mind.

Frank has just come in with the mail and says there is a letter from Kristin. We always get a cup of coffee, go to the front porch, and read her letters together. So this is where I'm headed.

Until next month . . . .

Dorothy



**BROWNVILLE — Concluded**  
retirement: a series of fires, a flood in 1881, a killing freeze which wiped out bountiful orchards and vineyards, the sought-after railroad went to Omaha, the county seat to Auburn and the capitol to Lincoln.

But the colorful village became heritage-conscious before such a trend became popular and started a campaign for a comeback. In the early 1950's, the Brownville Historical Society began to promote history as its most important product, preserving tradition with dignity and restraint, courting visitors to share its pleasure in the past. Stressing the recreational facilities in the area, picnicking, boating, flea markets, festivals and other activities were developed. The Belle of Brownville, an excursion boat, was brought in to carry visitors up and down the river and accept chartered cruises for various organizations.

Now, when a visitor turns the corner, in a blink of an eye he is brought up to the tempo of an atomic world. Around the corner from the historical Brownville stands the Cooper Nuclear Station, the power plant which furnishes electricity to the Nebraska Public Power District. It has a capacity of 800,000 kilowatts—the largest generating capacity of any nuclear power plant between the Mississippi and the West Coast.

The adrenalin of change has coursed through the capillaries of the tiny Nebraska complex, but it is a subdued change, almost as if modern activity has slowed its pace to yesterday's drawl. There is no frenzied bustle around the nuclear station, just an underground hum which seems in rhythm with yesterday's leisure, pleasure and souvenirs.

The plant is a pleasant, impressive, unobtrusive building complex located on more than 1,000 acres three miles south of the town of Brownville, adjacent to the Missouri River and rubbing elbows with the surrounding cornfields. It was named for a pioneer Nebraska family, active in business, civic and electrical affairs, dating back more than 100 years when Henry Cooper, the first family member, arrived in Brownville.

On a hot, dry night one might imagine Rip Van Winkle wandering in startled surprise, asking questions about this strange new world which greeted him after his nap. Hopefully, Rip would learn reassuring facts of the progress taking place next door to his old familiar haunts.

Yesterday's memories, the future's bright promise, at Brownville they have come together.

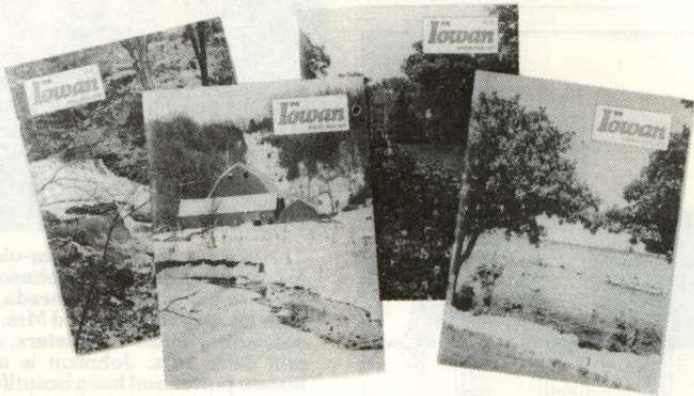
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## THINGS HAVE CHANGED

The kids don't go to the same kind of school we did. They don't wear the same kind of clothes, they don't study the same kind of courses.

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Fortunately, laundry techniques and products have changed, too. Now the wise mother knows she can depend on the **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins: Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** and **Kitchen-Klatter All-Fabric Bleach**. They move the dirt and grime up and out and down the drain. They restore clothes to new-looking brightness. They even leave them smelling sweet and clean. And they do it without harming or weakening delicate colors and fabrics.

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This darling little four-year-old with his setter puppy is Alan Johnson who lives on a farm near Bethesda, Iowa, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arlen Johnson. He has two sisters, Jenise and Jana. Mrs. Johnson is a well-known potter and has a beautiful pottery studio in her backyard.

## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

A birthday gift from my family which has brought me pleasure is a plant stand, at the top of which rests a cascading, leafy Swedish ivy which Mother gave me. Perhaps that is why a paperback book called *Houseplant Handcrafts* caught my eye while browsing at the bookstore. *Houseplant Handcrafts* gives many ideas for imaginative display of plants, using a wide range of inexpensive materials such as driftwood, shells, and tree stumps. Creative plant holders mentioned include a patchwork clay pot, coffee cans covered with thin slats of wood, and coconut planters. Instructions for dish gardens and terrariums are mentioned, as well as sixteen pages of colored pictures which give beautiful planting ideas. *Houseplant Handcrafts* with text and color photography by Derek Fell, is a Countryside Book, published by A. B. Morse Co., 200 James St., Barrington, Illinois 60010, \$1.50. It will be fun to try some of the creative planters mentioned.

*That Was the Life* (W. W. Norton Co., \$10.) by Dora Jane Hamblin is the upstairs-downstairs story of America's favorite (some say) magazine, first published back in 1936.

While serving on *Life* magazine, reporters and photographers were propelled around the world—to cover Albert Schweitzer's ninetieth birthday, to cover the Queen's coronation in London, or a tremendous gale on the East coast. *Life* offered a dazzling display of spectacle, with an uncommon staff and employer, and the book is about those people, how they worked, what the office was like, and how they got the story. Dora Jane Hamblin, Iowa born, worked on the staff of *Life* for twenty-five

years. *That Was the Life* makes exciting reading.

*The Art of Real Happiness* by Norman Vincent Peale, D.D. and Smiley Blanton, M.D. is another inspirational bestseller. They write, "Successful living hinges on the capacity to believe. The unconquered and unconquerable of this world are those who have mastered the art of faith. They draw constantly on this inner source of strength . . ."

The authors list a few simple rules that a person can follow for good mental and physical health:

1. Strike a balance between, work, play, and rest.
2. Try to evaluate yourself correctly so that your goals are not beyond your capacities.
3. Having decided on your goals, be sure you are moving toward them.
4. Then, having put your best energy into your efforts, leave the rest of it to God.

In *The Art of Real Happiness* Norman Vincent Peale and Smiley Blanton join forces to create a practical new approach to joining the ages-old truths of the Bible with modern psychiatry. (If not available at your bookstore, write Fawcett Publications, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Conn. 06830, \$1.75, plus 50¢ postage and handling.)

Golda Meir, Prince Charles of England, Mrs. Billy Graham, Mao Tse-Tung, Mamie Eisenhower, and Anne Morrow Lindbergh are among the very "special people" that Julie Eisenhower admires and writes about with skill and personal knowledge—people with the courage to face adversity, to withstand the pressures of living in the limelight and, above all, people with enough strength and faith to hope. The title of her book *Special People* (Simon and Schuster, \$8.95) is appropriate because of her sense that history comes alive in the personalities of those who make history.

The opportunity to read about some of the most famous and least approachable people in the world adds to the charm of *Special People*.

## ALL SET TO GO — Concluded

**President:** Well, I think that about wraps up our "preparedness kit", girls, except for this. (She grins as she pulls out a large gallon jug which is labeled "KNOCK-OUT DROPS" and one of the large basters used in cooking roasts.) If all else fails I might be tempted to use a few KNOCK-OUT DROPS to bring relief to an embattled meeting. No, seriously, girls, I know that I'll never have to use this, especially if we use our other aids. I think I hear voices, so the rest of the members must be coming. We are ready, so let's meet them with a welcome smile and get this new club year on the road!

\*\*\*\*\*



*Ia City to Clarinda*

#9

Lo Ia City	7:30 A.M.
Ar Des M.	11:35 A.M.
Lo Des M.	4:00 P.M.
Ar Osceola	6:10 P.M.
Lo Osceola	6:20 P.M.
Ar Viola	8:45 P.M.
Lo Viola	9:35 P.M.
Ar Clarinda	10:05 P.M.

Lo Clar	1:45 A.M.
Ar Viola	6:35 A.M.
Ar Osceola	8:30 A.M.
Ar Des M.	10:35 A.M.
Lo Des M.	11:45 A.M.
Ar Ia City	2:45 P.M.

Lo Des M.	12:30 P.M.
Ar Van Wert	3:20 P.M.
Lo " "	3:35 P.M.
Ar Clarinda	6:16 P.M.

### A TRAIN SCHEDULE JOTTED DOWN BY M. H. DRIFTMIER (DAD)

All of us Driftmier brothers and sisters knew that our father never threw away anything, and this small piece of paper surely stands as proof of my statement.

In these times when people drive to Iowa City from any point in the state, it seems almost incredible that it could have been such a complicated journey back in 1924 and 1925.

Now that trains have virtually disappeared (even the tracks are gone in most areas mentioned here) you couldn't duplicate this schedule for love nor money.

Howard is the executor of our parents' estates, and thus it fell to him to go through countless old file boxes stored in every possible nook and cranny in our family home. One afternoon recently he stopped by with the slip of paper that has been duplicated here.

I looked at it with feelings that I cannot describe, for it is the record of our sorry trip to Iowa City in 1924, and back again in 1925. I refer to it as a "sorry trip" because I went there with two legs and returned with only one. For this reason I can recall every bit of it as clearly as though it had happened only yesterday instead of more than 50 years ago. —Lucile

### A TRUE STORY

## My Friends Were Astonished At The Change In My Appearance...

I always pampered my skin... Special creams, lotions, exotic balms... I used them faithfully. Yet nothing helped, I was ready to give up.

Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't owned and managed a mink farm where we lived.

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men, who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband for years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were! I thought about them all that day. In my opinion it had to be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

After I'd used the mink oil my complexion looked fresher, clearer, smoother... just like it used to be. There was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it. My friends and relatives



were astonished at the change in my appearance.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Emlin® Mink Oil Essential Creme. It contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for.

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Emily Oliver, c/o E.M.O., Inc., 180 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60601

KK97

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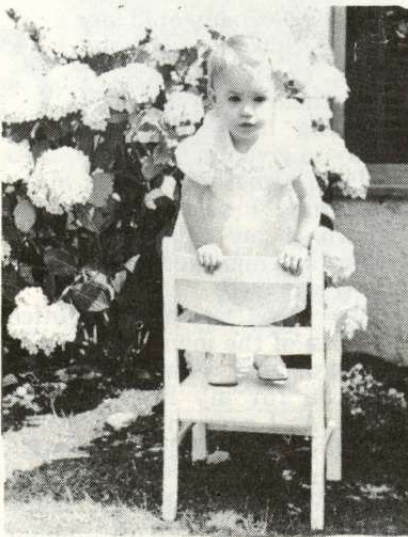
### FIRST DAY BLUES — Concluded

Lunch won't be nearly as enjoyable. Who wants to watch *Sesame Street* alone?

Maybe a job would be the answer, but who would hire a person who only wants to work from 9 to 3 and wants all weekends, holidays, and summers off? Not only that but I would also want off whenever one of the girls was sick and whenever they were involved in any activity. When they get home from school and shout, "Mom, where are you?", I want to be here to offer them a cookie and to share their day with them.

I have been told by parents and grandparents that children grow up so much faster once they have started school. The girls will be ours for such a short time before the world claims them. I don't want to miss one minute of

## From Our Family Album



This picture of Kristin and the infamous "music chair" dates back to 1945 or thereabouts.

The chair was a gift around the time of her first birthday, and when it arrived it looked innocent enough: painted a pale pink with white trimmings AND a music box under the seat. This music box played familiar nursery rhymes and little did we dream what potential for trouble it contained!

Kristin, (daughter of Frank and Dorothy Johnson) took to the chair instantly and spent endless hours rocking in it to hear the beautiful music. BUT, my daughter, Juliana, was tremendously taken by that chair too, and consequently a continual battle raged between the two little girls over who was going to get to the chair first. (At this point I should explain that

our two families lived in the same fourplex and thus there was no way to keep our two little girls from being in constant contact.)

Matters finally reached such a point that Dorothy put the chair into the closet off the living room and thought that would solve the problem. But Kristin saw exactly where she put the chair and carried on in such a frenzy that Dorothy had to get it out again. And we were back with the same old struggle.

We reached our final great crisis on the day when one of our friends brought to us a lug of fresh apricots that had to be preserved immediately. In preparation for doing this job in Dorothy's kitchen we moved all of the dining room chairs away from the dining room table with the exception of one: that one was placed ON the table, and standing on that chair was the musical chair. We figured, foolishly, that with the chair wholly beyond their reach we'd have no grief from Kristin and Juliana when we tackled the apricots.

Never were two mothers more mistaken! Just as we were ready to finish the preserves we heard a crash and then a wild scream coming from the direction of the dining room. We dashed in there instantly and saw the musical chair on the floor and both youngsters up to their usual fight. We couldn't believe that either one of them had been able to scale such a height, but they certainly had—and we still don't know HOW since they were still such tiny little children.

I believe Dorothy saved that chair, but I'm not certain about this and she isn't here to ask. I just know that the musical chair was truly the bane of our lives for a long, long time. —Lucile

NOTE: Kristin is now Mrs. Arthur Brase and mother of three sons of her own.

enjoying them.

But I can't sit around here feeling sorry for myself. There are a hundred and one things to do and cookies to bake. This first day of school will soon be out!

### HELPFUL HINTS — Concluded

you will have good luck."

"This is my first year to freeze squash and it is so easy I wonder why I didn't try it sooner," writes S. S. from St. Joseph, Missouri. "I cut the squash into pieces or slices, freeze in a single layer on a cookie sheet and when frozen, slip into plastic bags, seal and store. When I'm ready to use it, I just take out the amount I want and cook just as I would fresh squash.

Some of the butternut squash is being cooked up and packaged ready to make into pies and breads later in the winter. I have several baking pans filled with the cooked yellow squash which I prepare just as I would sweet potatoes."

"I always add some bread crumbs to scrambled eggs," writes Mrs. A. B. from Hastings, Nebraska. "It makes them taste better and also stretches the number who can be served. With four children I need all the food stretchers I can find! Sometimes I add a tablespoon of flour to the milk before I beat it into the eggs and then sprinkle a little grated cheese on when the eggs are almost done. This adds volume and nutrition."



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

This has truly been an exciting summer. Many readers have stopped to see the Little Chapel of the Flowers and made a notation after their signature in the guest book stating that they read about it in *Kitchen-Klatter*. If we are home, we invite them in for a cup of coffee and to chat for a moment. I'll admit to being a mite envious when they say they have toured The Driftmier Company and met the Kitchen-Klatter clan. Hopefully at some future date this pleasure will be mine.

Back to the joy of gardening — it has been a joy to work with flowers this year because here in our section of Minnesota we had such nice rains all through spring and early summer. The plants got off to a fine start and our dahlias were in full bloom in early July which rarely ever happens here. The flowers seemed to preen themselves for the many visitors who stopped to exclaim at their beauty. This year we planted calendulas at intervals along all the beds and borders. It proved to be a smart move as they started blooming very early and have continued all season long. Every day or two we go around the beds and remove the spent flowers from the calendulas and any others nearby. This is the secret of getting annual flowers to bloom constantly.

Let me tell you about a very special variety of calendula that received raves from all who saw the plants in bloom. It is called "Fiesta Gitana" or "Gypsy Festival" and proved to be as colorful as any fiesta. The lovely double flowers ranged in color from creamy-yellow to deepest orange and many flowers had charming dark brown eyes (centers). The dwarf plants grow about 12 inches tall and equally wide. "Fiesta Gitana" won the Fleuroselect Bronze Medal and the All-Britain Bronze Medal this year. Keep it in mind for 1978.

While on the subject of calendulas, I ought to tell you about other varieties we have tried and found to be excellent. They are "Kablouna", three shades and mixed colors, "Pacific Beauty", an old standby with a color range from apricot, creamy-white, to flame, and "Geisha Girl", a unique flower form that is like a large incurved Japanese chrysanthemum. We grew this one last season and were disappointed in the germination—only five plants from a packet of seed. However, this may have been our fault too—seeds must be covered and the container covered as they germinate only in total darkness. Keep this in mind when you plant your calendulas next spring. No matter which variety you choose, calendulas will give you a long season of bright blooms.

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## The Joys of Autumn

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## MEET OUR WRITERS

Through the years many, many very fine writers have contributed material to the pages of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. We thought it might be interesting to hear more about these individuals, so we are asking them to send us an autobiography to share with you from time to time. First autobiographer is Evelyn Cason Tuller.

—The Editors

Checking back in my records, I find my first sale to *Kitchen-Klatter* was a poem in 1961, about three years after I first started writing. I think I get much of the satisfaction out of my articles printed in *Kitchen-Klatter* because they seem to be "letters home". Evidently, many of my old friends are faithful readers; every so often someone says, "I saw your article in *Kitchen-Klatter*." Special rewards are notes, such as one from my first-grade teacher telling me of family memories when she read "The Old Soapstone". Since her sister now lives in our old home place, it was fun to let her know her house had made it into print.

I grew up in Denton, Kansas, and graduated from Business University in St. Joseph, Missouri. During World War II, I was a Personnel Placement Officer in Washington, D.C., (in fact, our offices were about the first to move into the Pentagon, and they practically built the place around us on the job). I returned to Washington during the Korean conflict as secretary to the Employment Manager, Office Secretary of Defense. For five years I served as secretary to the pastor of the First Baptist Church of St. Joseph, Missouri, and later to the City Manager of Excelsior Springs, to the manager of the Congress Inn in St. Louis, and to a legal attorney in Kansas City Corps of Engineers.

Perhaps the readers have noticed the new name I've added to my by-line. My first husband was a hotel engineer, which accounted for some of my moves. After his death in St. Louis nine years ago, I came back to Kansas City, then, because of family illnesses, returned to our home town at Elwood, Kansas. Charles Tuller had lost his wife in death five years ago; though he was stationed away from here, coincidence brought him back to his old home. As next-door neighbors and fellow gardeners, we became acquainted and have now been married three years. I became an "instant grandma", acquiring seven grandchildren, with our youngest redhead added two years ago.

Charley is a Federal Meat Inspector. For two years, on travel detail much of the time, he loaded up my typewriter, my dishpanful of writing materials, and I learned to write on the run and enjoy the catching-up time of a motel room. An extra pleasure was visiting the Kitchen-



Betty Jane Tilson and I have now lived together long enough that her family is almost as real to me as my own family. This picture was taken just before the crowd started in on delicious picnic food at Betty Jane's mother's home. (Note the firewood stacked against the side of the garage—a most typical scene for a family that lives in St. Paul, Minn.) In the middle is Betty Jane's eldest daughter, Heather, and she is flanked by her two children, Jennifer and Jessica. Hanna, who has spent much time with us in Shenandoah, is at the right in the picture. The two people standing are Betty Jane's daughter, Naomi and her son Nicholas whose permanent home is in San Francisco. All of them have been here in Shenandoah, so where their mother and grandmother lives in not an unknown place to them.

—Lucile

Klatter office on one of those trips, meeting a couple of the staff, and stocking up with *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbooks* for Christmas gifts.

I started writing in the 50's and am now a full-time free-lance writer and home-maker. My by-line has appeared in national magazines as well as religious and regional publications. I've recently finished a picture book which is now in the hands of the publisher.

After twenty years, I'd neither encourage or discourage others to get into writing. It is hard work, there are heartaches and discouragement, but for some of us it seems we have no choice. To those who say they would write if they had time—a writer makes time, stealing moments and learning shortcuts. For example, I learned what dishpans are for: soaking dishes, washing dishes and then, when the dishpan springs a leak, making it into a wonderful catch-all for that writing which never does get caught up.

—Evelyn Cason Tuller

## A HAPPY JAUNT — Concluded

"It can't," Robert answered. "This is the type of place which one simply has to see to believe."

As we drove Craig back to Madison to complete his summer's work, we talked of all that we had crammed into such a short trip. Knowing that we did not get to see many places of interest in the area simply whetted our appetites to return again some day when time permits.



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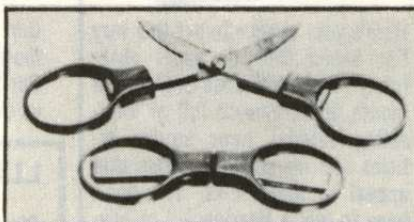
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## SEPTEMBER THOUGHTS

When September comes, I often recall His first day of school, that long-ago fall — When, firmly, I held his small hand in mine, and The teacher assured, "He'll do just fine."

School days passed quickly, the years fairly flew — and Soon he exchanged the vows of "I Do"; I grasped his hand firmly, again, and to say —

"God's blessings be with you, as you travel Life's way!"

—Marjorie A. Lundell

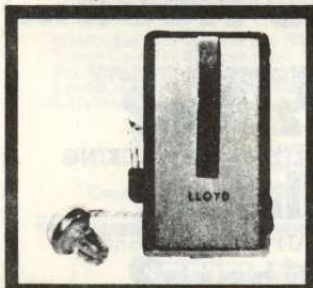


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