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—Photo by Blaine Barton

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(Reg. U.S. Pat Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When I sat down at this typewriter a few minutes ago, I had in mind to say something about the swirling snow outside, and then a recent letter from one of you friends flashed into my mind and I decided to follow through on something that she had done.

She was scheduled to entertain a social group of some kind and before her guests arrived she got out a big piece of heavy white cardboard and wrote in big red letters:

"Under no conditions, whatsoever, will we hear one single word about the weather. It is a no-no subject."

Each guest who arrived was so taken back by this that they had to think quickly of something to say! Nary a soul said one word about terrible weather troubles, etc., and the woman who told me the details of this meeting reported that they hadn't had so much good hearty laughter for a long, long time.

So you see . . . I'm refraining from talking about the swirling snow outside.

Our household has seemed so much more lively and "cozy like" since Betty Jane Tilsen's mother has been with us these past few weeks. Betty Jane and I always get along without arguing about anything more important than "Don't use that knife—use this one", but since I grew up in a big family I have sort of a feeling in my bones that it's nice to have people around. Certainly, these shut-in weeks have been much, much more pleasant since Lu has been with us.

(Lu's real name is Mrs. Lucille Rice, but she's been Lu to almost everyone for years. It actually helps us in our home to have a Lu and a Lucile—that could get confusing.)

As I am typing here at my desk this morning, Lu is out at the dining room table cutting out a dress for me. Because of assorted complications, I simply cannot buy anything "ready-made" unless there are so many alterations that the whole thing would be better off started right from scratch. The dresses that she has been working on since

she's been here will absolutely save my life, and she really will never know how very much it means to me even though I have tried to express my thanks.

In addition to these dresses, she has altered several curtains that needed attention years ago—and just didn't get it. All of my table silver has such a gleam that it puts the sun to shame, and she has whipped up some recipes that we've enjoyed very, very much.

In other words, Lu belongs to the old school that says Satan finds mischief for idle hands, and it's perfectly apparent that Satan never gets within a mile of Lu. When the day comes to an end, we have a big crackling fireplace fire and an old-fashioned looking walnut bowl filled with popcorn, so I'm compelled to say that I truly fare very well indeed. It's been a far cry from some other winters that I have known.

I believe that the one thing I regret almost more than anything else is not being able to sit in my wheelchair for prolonged periods of time. I bring this up because there are so many, many letters I would love to answer, and I'm sure that a goodly number of people who enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes must wonder why in the world they don't get a reply.

Well, perhaps you won't feel cross with me when I explain (as I just have) how little time I can sit at this desk and type. (If a day is planned for testing recipes, I can contribute only a certain amount of time to chopping, stirring, etc., and on those days I can't make it to the typewriter at all.)

Right now, I'd like to give a blanket answer to some of the queries that I simply could not answer individually.

I've lost track of the number of people who have written to ask me to write to my daughter, Juliana, in turn, and see if she will rent their guest house for a couple of weeks, let's say, or a month or even several months.

I wish that for the sake of you friends this could be managed, but that guest house of the Lowey's is in constant use. It's virtually unheard of not to have someone staying in it at any given time. If there are more hospitable people in this world than Juliana and Jed, I surely never heard about them. They keep in touch with a terrific accumulation of relatives and old friends, and sooner or later they all seem to come to Albuquerque . . . and the guest house.

My niece, Kristin Brase, who lives in Chadron, Nebraska, has felt so cut off from all of this kind of activity for one reason and one reason alone: her geographic location. The last time she mentioned this to me I told her to move down to any point on U.S. 66 or U.S. 54 or Interstate 70 and she'd never again need to feel cut off from family and old friends. If you ever come to the point

where you actually have a choice of where to locate, bear in mind what I've said if you have a hankering to see relatives and old friends.

It's a real pleasure for us when my sister, Dorothy, makes the trip down here to Shenandoah to help with the magazine and with the broadcasting. The last time she was here we went to town and bought a game of Monopoly, and MY! the memories that brought back to me.

The last year my brother, Frederick, was a student at Tarkio College (this is around 22 miles or so south of Shenandoah) he made two friends who were unusual and interesting people: one a student and one a professor. I was in Shenandoah that winter, and it became a taken-for-granted situation that Frederick and these two friends would drive up from Tarkio approximately 5:00 P.M. each Sunday and settle down for a rousing game of Monopoly.

Since all of them ate dormitory food during the week, I found it a very interesting project to fix up a tempting evening meal (really a brunch, when you come down to it) and with my Sunday responsibilities behind me (I played the organ at the Congregational church that winter) and our regular big old Sunday dinner out of the way, I could concentrate on fixing things I knew they'd be unlikely to encounter at the dormitory.

Once all of this was out of the way, we were prepared for our guests from Tarkio, and believe me, it was truly a happy evening. I never had much luck with Monopoly, but the student from Chicago virtually always ended as the sole owner of all the properties. (I remember that he always owned Boardwalk and I always landed on it and promptly went into bankruptcy.)

Perhaps a set of Monopoly might be just the thing for you if there are people living near you who would take an interest in it. Even when Dorothy is not here, Lu, Betty Jane and I can have a lively time of it; I cannot sit up long enough to play the kind of a game that we played years ago, but we just leave the card table up with the game on it and pick up from there the next time we want a session.

I am sure virtually everyone knows that Hallie Kite Blackman is our office manager since so many thousands of you have met her when you visited our Kitchen-Klatter plant. You'll be interested to hear that recently we had a delightful time at her house.

Her husband Gene's oldest son was married very recently, so Hallie had an open house that was truly a masterpiece. Lu, Betty Jane and I were all able to go to this because there were strong-backed, strapping big fellows to carry me

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank just asked me to check the temperature on our indoor-outdoor thermometer and I could hardly believe my eyes. It has actually gotten up to 46 degrees this afternoon. After weeks and weeks of below-freezing temperatures, it is certainly a welcome relief. I believe the month of February has been the coldest month we have had this winter. The only other time I can recall offhand when February was this bad was in the early 50's. I had resigned my job in the County Superintendent's office in Chariton and the girl who took my place was from England. Her father was very ill and she wanted to take her children and go home to see him and be gone six weeks. I told her I would fill in for her while she was away.

We had one of these long cold spells with much snow. We don't have a garage for the car, so we pulled it up as close to the house as we could for protection, and Frank got up every two hours and went out and started it. One morning, when I was ready to go to work, the thermometer said 35 below zero. I started to town and didn't get a mile from home when the gas line froze up. I walked back to Uncle August Johnson's house and he took me to work.

I think everyone is looking forward to spring. I know we are. The ice on the bayou must be at least three feet thick, and most of the winter it has been covered with snow, so we are wondering if we will have the same fish loss we had last year. Another problem the heavy snow cover on the ice has caused is with the cattle. We have never had to put a fence around the bayou because the cattle won't try to cross it on the ice. This year the snow has been so heavy the cattle discovered they could cross to the other side.

We usually see so many cardinals around the house and barn lot in the winter, but this year they seem to be scarce. Frank was commenting about this several weeks ago; then a few days ago we began to see some again. Now we wonder where they have been all this time.

We saw quite a sight the other evening just as it was beginning to get dark. Frank came in and told me to "come quickly" because he wanted me to see something. Southwest of the house in the cornfield (which, by the way, has been picked since I last wrote to you) there must have been between 20 and 25 deer, little ones and big ones, eating corn left in the field, frolicking and jumping around.



Aaron Brase, the Johnsons' grandson, recently celebrated his ninth birthday.

I have been lucky enough to be in Shenandoah at just the right times recently to get in on a couple of parties at the office for girls who were leaving work. These were both baby showers and were held during the afternoon coffee break. For both parties, the girls had covered one of our large work tables with an appropriate paper tablecloth with plates and napkins to match. The centerpiece for Julie Graham's party was a large stork. One of our employees, Sharon Beenen, is skillful at decorating cakes and she had made one in the shape of a baby buggy frosted in white and decorated with pink and blue flowers. Ice cream, colored mints, and nuts were also served.

For Lana Thompson's party, the baby buggy cake was pink with blue wheels. The centerpiece was a tree branch painted yellow. Tied to this with green ribbons were two rattles, a package of colored pins, a package containing plastic pants, another package with bibs, and five individual boxes of baby cereal wrapped in pretty paper. Around the base of the tree were two receiving blankets. Both girls were given gift certificates.

My friend, Maxine Siglin, had a clever centerpiece on the table when she entertained the Birthday Club at her house for a luncheon in February. The table was covered with a pale green cloth and in the center was a tree branch with bright red paper hearts edged with white yarn and tied to the tree. Around the base was artificial green grass like you put in Easter baskets. The food was delicious and after the table was cleared we played bingo. I ended up with the smallest box on the table, but the biggest prize, because inside was a note saying that in a plastic bag on the back porch was one of Dorothea's famous angel food

cakes.

When my daughter, Kristin, was growing up, her favorite pastime was reading. She followed me around the house constantly with books she wanted me to read to her. From the first days of school on she could read to herself and had such power of concentration you had to scream at her to get her attention. Andy always loved to be read to, and now so does Julian, but Aaron would never sit in your lap long enough to hear more than a couple of pages of a book. He would rather be on the floor playing with his little cars. Kristin told you in her letter last month how Aaron has finally discovered the joy of reading. In our last telephone conversation she mentioned that so many of Julian's favorite books were ones we had given to Andy and in the front of each one we had written "From Grandma and Grandpa Johnson" and the date. She was so glad we had done this, and I thought I would pass this suggestion on to you, just in case you have been giving book gifts and haven't written your name and date in the front.

Kristin also mentioned that all the books were "To Andy". Of course, there was a good reason for this. They now had such a large collection of books they didn't need any more. We always gave Aaron little matchbox cars to add to his collection, and Julian is just now old enough to like books. However, the next time I go to Chadron to visit them, I will take both boys to the bookstore and let them pick out a book or two so they can have their names in the front.

Since Andy and Aaron have always been enthusiastic about all kinds of sports, Kristin and Art are glad the Jaycees in Chadron promote organized wrestling for the young children, ages 5 to 13. This gives the young boys an opportunity to learn how to compete and lose or win as the case might be. They have their little wrestling tournaments in the neighboring towns, and have a lot of fun meeting other boys their age. Both boys have come home with ribbons or trophies, not always first but pleased with what they got to put on the shelves in their rooms.

Last year, Kristin cut out all the clippings from the paper where the boys names were mentioned, but this year she just subscribed to the paper for us. This way she says we can keep up with all the activities going on in Chadron, and they can have their own copies for scrap-books.

I must take this to the post office and run some other errands, so until next month . . .

Dorothy

Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success. —Henry Ford



“Lavender Blue”

Luncheon & Fashion Skit

by
Mabel Nair Brown

“Lavender blue, dilly dilly, lavender blue”, goes the old song which sets the theme for a springtime luncheon. Lovely spring flowers, pretty ribbon frills—what could be more feminine accents for such an affair?

It is hoped that lilacs, hyacinths, or violets are some of the possibilities for flowers which will be readily available in your area. With them use a few soft pink rosebuds and white baby’s breath for accent. Add swirls of curling ribbon (curled with a knife or the dull edge of scissors).

DECORATIONS

Table Centerpiece: For the centerpiece for the buffet table, anchor five very slim white tapers in a foam base in a large glass basket. Surround the base of the candles with an arrangement of lavender blue flowers, white baby’s breath, and greenery, with a pink rosebud placed here and there for accent. If you have lavender and white lilacs in bloom, use those, perhaps with a few pink tulips. Swirl a few curls of the ribbon around the base of the basket and out onto the table.

Consider a tablecloth of pale pink or a very delicate green for a lovely effect.

If the guests are to be seated at bridge tables, centerpieces might be a single taper in a glass holder with a candle ring of fresh flowers and greenery and some swirls of ribbon.

Program Booklets: Make the cover of lavender blue paper. Draw a music staff with a few notes on it across the center of the front cover, using white ink. For the inside pages use white paper, writing the program and menu with lavender ink. Tie the booklet together with narrow pink and white ribbon, tying a spray of lily-of-the-valley into the bow. The theme words “Lavender Blue” might be printed below the staff on the front cover. The theme title, “A Lavender Blue Luncheon” and the date may be written across the bottom of the front cover, or at the top of one of the

inside pages.

Take-Home Souvenir: The pretty little annual, the blue ageratum, would make nice small potted plants for each guest to take home as a souvenir. One might purchase these from a greenhouse as boxed plants and then set each plant in its own tiny pot. Wrap each pot in a square of florist’s foil and tie with a ribbon. To make these do as place card favors also, just tie a little gift card to each plant and write the guest’s name on it.

ENTERTAINMENT

Suggested musical numbers to go along with the theme include “Lavender Blue”, “My Blue Heaven”, “Two Little Girls in Blue”, “The Blue Skirt Waltz”, or “Where the Blue of the Night”, to name a few.

Skit: “Fashions You Wouldn’t Be Caught Dead In!”

Narrator: The fashions we are going to show are truly original and they are so exclusive you may be sure you’ll never find them duplicated! But on one thing I’m sure you will agree after seeing them, they are within the reach of even your budget and mine. So on with the show!

(Note: As narrator describes the costume, each model steps on stage and parades about in exaggerated model manner.)

1. Here we see Milady starting her day in a practical, casual duster, just the thing to get the day off to a good start. Note, too, her cuddly lamb’s wool slippers, perfect to wear as she trips her early morning fantastic. (Wears short housecoat with dustpans and dust cloths fastened to it. Large powder puffs are fastened to a pair of old slippers.)

2. Our next model wears a charming housedress in a lovely pink checked pattern with comfortable cap sleeves and scooped neckline. No need to be embarrassed by an unexpected caller when you answer the door wearing this little number. (Wears housedress with pink blank checks pinned on it. Bottle caps are fastened to the sleeves and

small plastic scoops outline the neckline.)

3. Milady models another daytime dress, so good for a luncheon with the “girls”. The dress is made of the popular waffle weave fabric and is accented with large silver buttons and matching Peter Pan collar and hat. (Waffles are pinned to a plain dress with large silver colored scouring pads for buttons. The collar and hat are made from foil pie pans and another mesh scouring pad is the pompon on the hat.)

4. Every woman wants that perfect “go everywhere” smart little suit. Well, here it is in that new box jacket style. Note the skirt in the basket weave pattern, the large dangling earrings which match the big jacket buttons, the matching basket handbag, and the fashionable string gloves. (Wears a large cardboard carton for a jacket. On a belt around her waist, berry baskets are suspended all around from strings of different lengths. The buttons and earrings are jar rubbers. Lengths of string are fastened to the fingers of a pair of gloves.)

5. Whether it is a wedding, or some other dress-up occasion, Milady will be perfectly gowned if she is wearing this lovely creation of tissue sheer in her favorite pastel color with a darling hat to match. With it she wears the smart T-strap shoes and carries a chic little envelope bag. (A plain dress is covered with cleansing tissues—any color—and a hat is fashioned from the same. Tea bags are fastened to the shoes and a small envelope is the handbag.)

6. If Milady is sports minded you will adore this darling skirt and shorts combination in the clever twin print, and isn’t her roomy pouch bag just right for carrying sunglasses, lotion and the dozen and one items that are so necessary for a gal to have along? If it is to a tennis court you are going, carry your tennis equipment in the matching tennis bag. (A pair of shorts is covered with colored comic pages from newspaper and the top is made from the regular black and white pages. The pouch bag is a large brown paper bag and the tennis bag is a gunny sack or some other large bag.)

7. Are you going to the beach? Then we offer you the perfect answer as to what to wear. Is it adequate cover-up, as well as sunburn protection that you wish? Then you’ll love this overall bathing suit with the gay beach hat and bag of multicolor straw. Try it—you’ll like it! (Wears man’s denim coveralls with “rope” necklace of clothesline rope to which snap clothespins are pinned. The large, floppy hat is made of brown wrapping paper to which multicolored drinking straws are attached in “porcupine fashion”. The same straws decorate a large brown paper bag for the beach bag.)

(Continued on page 21)



by
Nancy Troxel Hoegh

As I prepared for my wedding to Curt Hoegh, I decided I would like to build the celebration around a central theme. A symbol would express our feelings about each other and our coming life together and, hopefully, would be presented in a manner so people would remember how we felt about our day. I narrowed down my symbol to two ideas: a dove, representing the beauty and peace of our love, and a butterfly.

The butterfly is so beautiful and colorful and has such a profound meaning in the way in which it develops from a simple, (though to me also beautiful) caterpillar. Just as this creature develops, so I felt I had grown as I studied in school, college and as a teacher, to see what potentials I had. Gradually, I became ME.

After waiting, looking, and dating, I finally met Curt Hoegh. In my life cycle, it is a new stage that demands more giving and reaching out. Again, I thought of the butterfly, for the scales on its wings have "dust" particles which come off onto the hands of anyone who touches the wings. A part of the butterfly becomes a part of the person touching it, just as I felt Curt's life and my life had now begun to be part of each other's. These are the reasons I finally decided I wanted to use the butterfly as a symbol of our wedding.

Our wedding invitations greeted each guest with a butterfly and were printed in our colors of light orange (or apricot) and chocolate brown. The day of our wedding, the men participants in the ceremony appeared in brown tuxedos with light orange shirts; the girls wore light orange dresses trimmed with white Cluny lace into which tiny butterflies had been woven. All of our dresses were styled in an old-fashioned design with Cluny lace shoulder ruffles. The ring bearer carried a butterfly-shaped pillow trimmed with lace to match the lace on my gown. My flower girl's and candle-lighter's dresses were accented with an appliqued lace butterfly in the bodices. My bridesmaids wore white butterfly necklaces; the flower baskets included butterflies.

My bridal bouquet was attached to the same Bible my mother carried at her wedding. It included ivy which my mother rooted after the ceremony. With good luck and a green thumb, perhaps we will have a daughter who someday may be able to use the ivy in her own bouquet.

The background for the ceremony was a painting I had done two years ago for Westmar College (LeMars, Iowa). It is a religious abstract painting which includes a dove, cross and the head of Christ. With our minister's approval, this painting was hung behind the altar in the sanctuary. We felt it gave an added blessing to the ceremony.

The reception was held in the church fellowship hall. The guests were served wedding cake from the center of a 16-foot bridal table, the top of which was covered with glittery light orange fabric and skirted with white satin. At both ends of the table were identical footed punch bowls filled with orange sherbet punch, coffee in matching silver pots, sugars, creamers, mint and nut dishes, napkins and flatware. Having the line split at the middle and go to both ends of the table sped the serving and provided plenty of punch and coffee at all times.

The white cake featured a lighted fountain between the pillars that supported the center cakes. These cakes were then connected to side cakes by stairways on which stood eight dolls dressed as attendants in the bridal colors. The center cake held the bride and groom dolls and the highest cake above that displayed the Christian marriage symbol with its two wedding rings entwined on a gold cross. The cross was circled by pale orange carnations, baby's breath and two tiny white butterflies. Light orange frosting roses

adorned flower holders which extended from the sides of the cakes. Greenery, orange carnations and baby's breath entwined around the base of the cakes. Sugar-coated and white nylon tulle butterflies, decorated with pearls, were perched all about the cakes. On either side, triple candleholders held pale orange tapers.

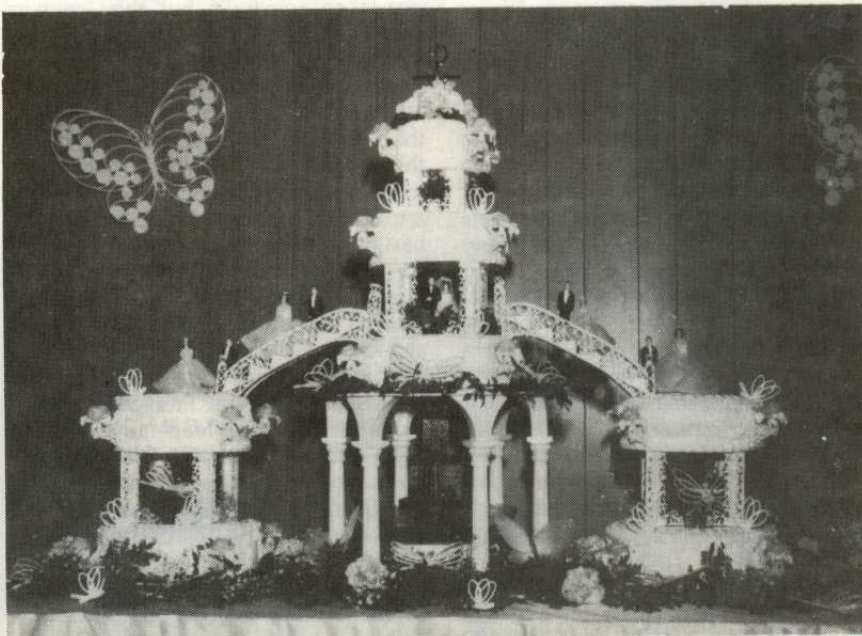
The white napkins used were imprinted in gold with our names, the date, butterflies and wedding rings. The mints were shaped from butterfly molds and had chocolate bodies with light orange wings. Two large wicker butterflies hovered on the paneled wall in the background.

The choice of a butterfly theme was a most happy and satisfying one. Butterflies are beautiful, just as people are beautiful. As we began our marriage, Curt and I felt that we were breaking loose from our old cocoon of a life and flying into a marvelous future with God as our companion.

IN HIS KEEPING

I'm glad my times are in Thy hands;
It is so sweet to know
That everything by Thee is planned
For me where'er I go.
The hand that holds the ocean's depths
Can hold my small affairs;
That hand that guides the universe
Can carry all my cares.
I'm glad I cannot shape my way;
I'd rather trust Thy skill.
I'm glad the ordering is not mine;
I'd rather have Thy will.
I do not know the future;
I would not if I might,
For faith to me is better far
Than faulty human sight.

—Unknown



Nancy and Curt Hoegh's butterfly wedding cake.



Adrienne Driftmier, Class of 78.

ADRIENNE DRIFTMIER VISITS WITH US

Dear Friends:

Tycoons of Wall Street, BEWARE!

This Saturday morning I had my first opportunity to become really involved in the world of high finance.

It all began with a letter of acceptance from Northwestern University in Evanston, and the subsequent decision to attempt to withdraw a college loan from our local bank in Delafield, Wisconsin. My parents thought it would be a "maturing" venture to withdraw the federally insured sum in my name, and I must agree that even the idea of such a weighty debt did add years onto my age. Unfortunately, the bank considers I will be a reasonable risk only after I have turned eighteen, and have accumulated some collateral. So I was forced to leave the bank building somewhat discouraged but not to a serious point.

Acceptance to such a promising school as Northwestern has suddenly made me realize how short and precious a time I have left to relax at home. This may be the last frigid winter I shall spend in Wisconsin for quite a while, as my plans for a Masters degree in Business Management and later a degree in Business Law will keep me occupied in Chicago for almost nine years. It's awesome to consider such a goal, and it will be interesting to see just how much of this challenge I will be able to meet.

School in Chicago will not offer such a wonderful seasonal escape as that which my sister happened upon by choosing a college in sunny Texas. Winters have been only a little colder and slightly more affected by frequent snowstorms here in Wisconsin than in Chicago, just 100 miles south of us. If I thought I would

have the opportunity to make use of it, I would be tempted to pack my cross-country ski equipment and take it to Northwestern with me. I certainly have enjoyed the sport here.

Chicago is such an exciting, cultural city, just minutes away from the Northwestern campus by the "el". As children, one of our most popular family excursions included a day-long adventure exploring the Museum of Science and Industry, the Field Museum of Natural History and the Shedd Aquarium. Although my sister, my brother and I begged to be taken more often, the jaunt was usually accomplished only once a year. How exciting that soon I will be living close enough to go much more frequently! These centers still hold much fascination for me. Each trip unveils displays I had never noticed before and time speeds so quickly I have yet to study all of the cases at the Field Museum.

Last spring, in the company of my Western Cultural History class, I discovered my favorite spot, the Chicago Art Institute. We had spent the year studying reproductions of the masters who painted from 1400 to 1900. It was quite an experience to actually see the originals displayed less than an arm's length away.

At the time we made the trip, I was captivated by the works of the Impressionistic period, the late 1700's to 1800's. The colors and textures implemented by the artists lent each piece such beautiful emotional impact.

I have just finished reading Irving Stone's, *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, a biography of Michelangelo. I would love to return to the Art Institute and take a little more time in his Renaissance period. Paintings from this period are not nearly so romantic, but they contain much deeper religious meaning and symbolism.

As much as I am looking forward to the adventures which wait for me in college, there still is so much left to accomplish in this, my final year of high school. In order to get a jump on the job market, seniors are dismissed from school early in May to best guarantee employment. This means that work others may complete in June, I must have finished a month earlier. The thought of so many hurried assignments already makes me panic.

The importance of my high school graduation changes radically when considering the leap my sister, Katharine, is making. Her college graduation marks the beginning of an undefined journey, while my life will still be patterned and concrete for several years. My course sounds much safer!

The genius of Alexander Graham Bell contained some advice for all graduates: "When one door closes, another opens; but we often look so long and so

regretfully upon the closed door that we do not see the one which has opened for us."

Enjoy your spring,
Adrienne

"LET'S COOK" GAME

Answers are staples and condiments found in the kitchen.

1. A girl's name (Ginger)
2. Used in a corsage (Flour)
3. A very wise person (Sage)
4. A large lake (Salt)
5. What a goat is (Butter)
6. A kind of cracker (Soda)
7. What is done to a cake and a cosmetic (Baking powder)
8. A kind of greens (Mustard)
9. Grows on trees and a girl's name (Nutmeg)
10. The total and what variety is to life (Allspice)
11. An endearing name (Sugar)
12. Letter of the alphabet (Tea)
13. A crop and used when we iron (Cornstarch)
14. Not tall, a letter of the alphabet, and a suffix (Shortening) —Evelyn Lyon

FAMILY PIE

One handful of Forgiveness,
One heaping cupful of Love,
One pound of Unselfishness;
Mix together smoothly with Faith in God.
Add two tablespoons of Good Nature for
flavor;
Then sprinkle generously with Thought-
fulness.
One Complete Pie serves any size family.
—Unknown

PREREQUISITE

It is required of me . . .
To work and trust and learn;
Hold fast the good; forsake the wrong;
To grow in grace, and share His gifts
Unselfishly.
The Lord requires of me . . .
To do justly.
It is required of me . . .
To love with all my heart and soul and
strength and mind,
As well to love my neighbor as myself;
To countenance joy; to pray always,
And thankful be.
The Lord requires of me . . .
To love mercy.
It is required of me . . .
To be a friend to all I meet;
To savor truth, and righteousness duly
seek;
In quiet confidence my strength to find;
His will to do;
And faithful be.
The Lord requires of me . . .
To walk humbly in His sight.
—Thelma M. Griffith



LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY

by
Annabelle Craig

I learned to pray at age four, thanks to a group of women who took time out daily to gather in a house to pray. The home was honored and after the service they returned to their own home-making.

Mother died at my birth and one of these elderly ladies and her husband kept me in their home until something could be done with me. In those days we had no welfare or child aid, so people did the best they could for each other.

I loved the prayer sessions because everyone was so occupied that I was forgotten—I could roam about meddling in dresser drawers, stealing cookies from the pantry, lapping cream off crocks of milk with my tongue. One day I pulled a lady's curls. She screamed and they decided they had caused me to be a bad girl because they had never taught me the most important thing in life—how to pray.

They proceeded to teach me about Jesus and his love for all humanity, about the Bible and about God's presence with us in our lives.

At age six, the old folks that cared for me went on to their reward. The editor of a small newspaper, who had a large family and a big house, let me sleep on the floor of his attic. Piles of discarded clothing lay in corners, also stacks of good books. There was an old mattress on the floor by the brick chimney so I had a good warm bed. I put a burner and chimney on a quart fruit jar and made a coal oil light. It sat on the floor and I could read many hours each night. This was home to me for about twelve years. I ran errands for the family, attended church and school and later worked in the print shop.

No family made me lonely. Prayer fed my solitary soul and brought comfort, love, patience, understanding and enthusiasm.

After recovering from the flu epidemic of 1917, my body weakened, I returned to school. School was hard because of my shabby clothes. With God's help, I studied hard and went to the head of the class as far as grades were concerned. Then mothers made me pretty dresses in return for my helping their children with their homework.

My "friends"—the good books in the attic—always explained the solution to the things that I would pray about. I established good habits and had good morals.

At eighteen, with high school behind me, I was learning to be a nurse. I asked God for a husband, home and children, and to let me teach others to have a close relationship with the only lasting friend—Jesus Christ.

Soon I met a sailor and the resulting marriage lasted nearly fifty years. God gave us a home and children who are good citizens. We had love, joy, peace, prosperity, mingled with sickness, misunderstanding, loss of income, death, and all the good and bad that goes with life.

Now the children are far away with their own families doing God's work. Husband rests in a nearby cemetery—his soul in eternity. I live alone in the home we built together. A large German shepherd dog helps me. I have used the seventy years allotted to man. Now I can say from experience that the strength and understanding prayer has brought, have seen me thru the problems of the Springtime of life and during the Fall and Harvest time when my feeble efforts were blessed. Now, in the Winter of my days, I look back and realize the greatest experience that ever happened to me was when I was four—of the neighboring people who took time to teach me the things everyone should be taught as a child. Thank God for them.

All my failures can be explained by something an old book in the attic taught me.

I got up early in the morning
And I rushed right into the day;
I had so much to accomplish
That I didn't take time to pray.
Problems just tumbled around me
And heavier became each task.
I whined, "Why doesn't God help me?"
He said, "You didn't ask."
I groaned, shouted and grumbled;
I tried every key in the lock.
I cried, "Why doesn't He open?"
He said, "Annabelle, you didn't knock."

So I got up early this morning
And paused before entering the day.
I had so much to accomplish
I had to take time to pray.

If you cannot forgive one who has wronged you for his sake, forgive him for your sake.

NEVER LOSE HOPE

by
Dr. Frederick Field Driftmier,
D. D. L. H. D.

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BATIK YOUR OWN HANGINGS

by
Mildred Grenier

Batiking is an old, old craft that is fast gaining popularity today. It was first developed by the Oriental people. Pioneer man also used it. When he needed something to put over his windows in the winter, he pressed wax over cloth and made a translucent covering that would keep out the wind, rain and snow.

Batik hangings are very expensive to buy. In craft shops the 11"x14" hangings are priced from \$25 to \$50; larger ones, perhaps 3'x4', will sell for around \$250. They are fun and creative to make and the cost of materials is so low as to be unbelievable.

Get all materials ready before starting a batik project. The cloth needed must be all natural fabric, such as 100% cotton or all linen. Pieces of discarded sheets are good. New material must be laundered to remove fillers.

Needed also, are: 1. wax, such as paraffin, or 50% wax and 50% beeswax, 2. container in which to melt the wax, 3. fabric dyes—either powdered or liquid (buy red, yellow and blue dyes and any additional tint can be mixed from these), 4. an assortment of man-made brushes in several sizes, 5. lots of newspapers, 6. waxed paper and, if possible, blotting paper, and 7. an old electric iron on which you do not mind getting wax.

Trace the design that you wish to use onto the cloth; a dressmaker's carbon is good for this. Go over the lines with a permanent black ink, fine-lined, felt-tipped marker. Melt the wax in a small can set in a larger pan of water (the wax may catch on fire if it gets too hot, so always melt by this method).

Dip a brush into the melted wax and paint over the black lines. If you wish to do a very simple batik of only two colors, brush melted wax all over the inside of the design—it may be a star, shamrock, Christmas tree, etc. Use waxed paper under the cloth. Be certain the wax penetrates the cloth. Turn the cloth over and paint the spots where the wax has not penetrated. Allow to dry thoroughly.

Now, dip the cloth in the color of dye solution desired for the background; the dye will not penetrate the waxed parts. The result is a white design against a background of dyed cloth. After the dye has dried, brush the entire background with melted wax; allow to dry two or three days.

Next, the wax must be removed from the cloth. Place blotting paper or paper toweling on a newspaper, then the batik, then another layer of blotting paper, then another newspaper. Set the iron at its highest setting, and iron over the top of the newspapers. The papers will absorb

the wax. Keep changing papers until the wax has left the cloth—the cloth will still have a stiff texture, even after the wax has been removed.

To make a batik of more than two colors, mix the dyes that are needed in hot water in jars. After you have gone over the designs with black ink, then melted wax, and allowed to dry (as directed above) paint all the other areas of your design in the colors you want them to be by dipping small brushes into the dye solutions and painting the design directly onto the cloth. The painted designs must be allowed to set from three days to a week.

When the dyes are set, reheat your wax and brush the warm wax all over the surfaces you have painted, being certain that the wax penetrates the cloth. Let harden for several days.

Now you are ready for the final background dying. This dye solution must be in a large enough can or pan to allow you to dip in the entire piece of fabric. (You can fold the hanging into small layers, and dip into the dye solution if it is in a smaller can, but this is not always satisfactory.) After the dye has set, brush the background with melted wax and allow to harden for several days.

Remove all the wax from the cloth as described earlier. The batik is now ready to hang. It may be hemmed at the top, a dowel added and the bottom fringed. Or, the batik may be framed and placed under glass.

MEET OUR WRITERS



—Photo by Bray Studio

Mildred Grenier

In an upstairs office in my home in St. Joseph, Missouri, I spend eight hours a day writing. I have been a free-lance writer for over 27 years.

I would never want to influence anyone into believing that free-lance writing is the easy way to riches. It certainly isn't! To consider the monetary

rewards of the profession would be unfair, however. Most of the satisfaction comes from the "doing", not in the pay received.

It has been a satisfying profession. Since the first of my poems was published in 1950, I have had over 2,000 pieces published in some 100 publications. Besides writing for magazines and newspapers, I have just completed my tenth book, *The Complete Capsule Course for the Free-Lance Writer*. In my spare time, I teach a Creative Writing Class at Missouri Western College in St. Joseph.

I was born Mildred Bromley near Fairport, Missouri. I attended several elementary schools in DeKalb County. After graduating from Weatherby High School, I attended college in what is now Missouri Western, then taught all eight grades in a one-room country school.

I loved teaching. I felt just like a combination mother, janitor, bookkeeper, secretary, and everything. It was a wonderful learning period for me. Back then, the teachers would spend nights in the homes of the students. I'm thankful for the opportunity to have taught in such a situation.

Later, I taught at Osborn Elementary School. In 1942, I married Joseph Grenier, another school teacher, and began following him from one military base to another in the southwestern part of the United States while he was in the service. Following the war, my husband returned to teaching and I stayed home to rear two children: Kent (who was killed in the Viet Nam Conflict) and Candice (who is now married and resides in St. Joseph with her husband).

It was during the time our children were growing up that I started writing. Along in 1951 or 1952 I began writing the "Little Recipes for Children" for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. It was a thrill to see my work in print and it really did help me get started. Later, I wrote the column, "Over the Coffee Cups", and have been contributing articles, columns and poems to *Kitchen-Klatter* ever since.

The main lesson I learned about being a writer is to write every day, not to wait for the inspiration before starting to write. I think creative writing of any kind depends 99% on perspiration and only 1% on inspiration!

Idea for articles can come from many sources; much of my inspiration comes from reading newspapers. If I can get an idea started, it is exciting to pursue some particular aspect of the subject and then work on it to see if an article will materialize. By writing on a large variety of subjects, I have kept active and successful in a career which might have been abandoned long ago if I had tried to specialize.



A SPECIAL REUNION

by
Evelyn Birkby

As so many projects do, this one was begun by one person. It was Cousin Charley, I think, who first suggested having a Corrie Cousin Reunion. He had attended one on his mother's side of the family and found it so exciting he recommended that the paternal side of his house do the same.

Grandfather and Grandmother Corrie produced five sons and one daughter. They, in turn, produced 17 children. A closely knit family, the original six children kept in close touch; in most instances the next generation, the Corrie Cousins, did the same. Even though distance made it impossible to see some of them, at least most everyone knows where the others reside and something of their lives.

Several of the cousins have kept in especially close touch with me, and wherever possible, I did the same with them. I visited recently with my dear cousin, Olivia Doner Dodge, who now lives in Battleground, Washington. Olivia and I were very close as we were growing up, for we were the two youngest of Grandfather's and Grandmother's grandchildren. It has always been a joy to visit with Olivia, for it was in her childhood home that Grandmother Corrie lived after the death of her husband, and after she had lost her sight. I can still see that small, gray-haired, proud figure sitting and rocking in an old rocking chair in the house in Walsh, Colorado, where she spent those final years of her life.

Besides seeing Olivia whenever possible, cousins have stopped at our home in Sidney as they traveled across the country, always with a sense of pleasure at keeping our family ties secure.

At any rate, it was on one of his stops in Sidney, as Charles and his wife were going from their home in Clinton, Iowa, to Tucson, Arizona, to visit his mother and sister, that Charles suggested our having a cousin reunion. He would act as secretary, he said.

So out went letters with a questionnaire enclosed. Each first cousin was asked if a reunion was an acceptable idea, when should it be held, where and for how many days? If anyone would like to host such a gathering, Charles asked, please indicate.

When the answers were returned, several places were mentioned as possible locations for the reunion—Colorado, for it was central in mileage to most of the concerned relatives, the Ozark region of Missouri or Arkansas for its beauty, and, also, a personal invitation from Cousin Olivia to come to Battleground, Washington, and make her



Ruth Corrie Gerhardt, Evelyn's sister, holds up a lovely decorated cake served at the special dinner enjoyed at the Corrie Cousin Reunion held in Battleground, Washington.

home the center for the celebration.

It was decided to accept Olivia's offer. The time chosen was the one voted upon by the majority who answered the questionnaire.

Notices were sent out to everyone as to time and place. Three days was the choice for the length of time for the reunion. Olivia now went into action and wrote each cousin, telling of usual weather conditions in Washington and suggesting places to see if time permitted. She included the plan to prepare a piece of poster board for each of the 17 cousins to fill with pictures, items of interest, etc. These posters were finally hung in the long hall of Olivia's home, along with one she had prepared with the complete family tree.

On the appointed day, the relatives began to gather. Several from California drove up to Washington and made a sight-seeing trip out of the journey. Those from a greater distance flew to Portland to be met by one of the local cousins. Housing was arranged in a variety of ways, depending on the needs: some brought campers, some stayed with nearby relatives, some arranged for motel rooms.

Any who could do so brought along food: fruits and vegetables from California and Arizona, baked goods and canned items from kitchens and basements. It was decided that each couple would put \$20 into a "kitty" to help with the food expenses.

Olivia had prepared a great amount of provisions: a large ham, a huge turkey, several salads, a quantity of pies, rolls and bread, etc. A younger second cousin volunteered to organize the meals and did a marvelous job! Three picnic tables had been set up on the veranda and in the yard. Glass sliding doors facing this space made the area easily accessible to the kitchen.

Some 21 gathered around the tables the first evening to the turkey and "fixin's". By the following noon, the

number had reached 29, with the ham and other sandwich ingredients as the main course. That evening, a banquet was held which was the high point of the celebration with 35 present. Two fresh salmon had been baked for the feast with salads, relishes, fruit, hot rolls and a decorated cake to round out the menu.

The final day of the reunion presented no problem with food, for enough leftovers were available to satisfy everyone. Apple pie topped with ice cream appeared before the final dispersal of the clan, however, to make the last meal special.

Paper plates and cups were used for each meal to keep down the task of dishwashing. Even then, some pots and pans had to be washed and the kitchen straightened. (Remember how we used to be told to go and "redd up" the kitchen?) It made just one more happy opportunity for each person on the cleanup crew to add more visiting to the day.

And talk was the major activity of the reunion. No one ever said the Corries lacked conversational ability! (Three of the original family of five sons became ministers.) Tapes were made of family recollections and historical material. Each cousin recorded what was remembered about his own father or, in Olivia's case, mother. Preserving memories of Grandfather and Grandmother Corrie was a treasured part of the gathering.

It could have been, what with some of the in-laws and children new to each other, a bore. But it proved to be not one bit boring! Everyone, down to the youngest and newest members of the family, seemed delighted to become acquainted and learn more about his heritage.

The West Coast families had set up a tentative schedule for the three days, but much that happened was spontaneous. After the special banquet, for example, entertainment was supplied by the "younger generation". These delightful young people sang, played guitars, talked and shared, finally, some of their favorite recordings.

Later that evening, the "older" cousins began telling stories, putting on skits, dragging out the family jokes, reciting pieces they remembered from church and school programs, and even sharing some of the "stuttering jokes", which were the favorites of my Uncle Frank. The fact that Uncle Frank actually DID stutter, and had a fantastic sense of humor, made it a delightful part of the fun he always shared with his family.

All in all, to quote my sister, Ruth, it was a "glorious" few days. Only one of the 17 first cousins has died, a rather remarkable record in itself. Many of the cousins and their families were able to come, some at a great sacrifice. And

(Continued on page 21)

FEED THE SOIL

by
Monica Brandies

With natural resources running dangerously low, we are still paying out of our taxes and our pockets to haul away and bury what we well might use. Recycling may be a complicated process in some businesses, but in the home garden it is a simple way to save.

Do you rake your grass clippings or catch them in a bag? Save them. There is an attachment that fits on many lawn mowers to chop leaves and grass and spread them back onto the lawn as a mulch. Lacking this, rake and pile them, weighing them down with soil, bricks, or logs.

Unless you live in a high-rise apartment you don't need a mechanical garbage disposal. The soil will absorb your food scraps without fuss or mess and put them to use. It will also take the contents of your ashtrays, bird cage tray, cat litter box, and the weeds you pull in your garden. Branches of your Christmas tree are good winter covering for bulbs and perennials. In the spring, burn them and put the ashes on your soil. Spread old newspapers between garden rows or under the shrubbery. They are made of wood pulp. They'll rot. Give back to the land as much as you can and it will repay your efforts.

There are two principles involved here. The first is decomposition. The micro-organisms from the soil break down the organic material until it becomes humus, that dark, rich ingredient of soil that increases its water-holding capacity, absorbs the rays of the sun, liberates the plant nutrients and prevents their washing away. Humus forms the ideal binding for the particles of all types of soil and makes it friable, easy to work, and easy for roots to penetrate. It promotes bacterial growth and ultimately makes the difference between a living, producing soil and dead dirt. But humus continues to decompose back to the elements, most of them gaseous, and it must be constantly renewed in a continuous cycle of production and replenishing.

This process can be as slow and simple as the breakdown of leaves on the forest floor. It can also be scientifically speeded up to turn large piles of material into compost or humus in two weeks. Books are written on the subject, but it boils down to soil microbes using nitrogen, air, and moisture to turn organic matter into humus.

Spread your waste materials on the ground where bacteria and fungi are abundant and decomposition will get to work with such speed as temperature and moisture encourage. Should the surrounding plants show the pale green leaves that indicate nitrogen deficiency,



A trailer enables you to haul good things in large amounts. You might be able to borrow one for a day.

apply a nitrogen fertilizer such as blood meal or cottonseed meal. If you feel that naked garbage or newspapers are unsightly, or have wind or dogs threatening, you can put a layer of grass clippings or leaves on top.

You can also bury garbage under a layer of soil. A shallow trench provides your own landfill, free, convenient, and beneficial. Or you can build any one of a variety of compost piles by putting layers of leaves, weeds, garbage, and soil in fenced-in bins or bottomless garbage cans. Compost contains only a small amount of fertilizer. It is valued more for soil improvement than nutrient enrichment, so you may need fertilizer, too.

The second principle is mulching: covering the ground to cool it in summer, keep it cold in winter, prevent its drying out and cracking, enable it to absorb the rainfall, and prevent erosion. A heavy mulch will also prevent weed growth. The underside of a mulch layer is always decomposing.

If you can find enough material to mulch your entire garden area permanently to a depth of 4 to 6 inches, you can forget about plowing, spading, hoeing, or weeding forever after and only plant and pick. This method is described in detail in Ruth Stout's *No-Work Garden Book*.

Once you begin using all of your own organic material, you may find you can use a lot more. Your neighbors will probably be glad to pass theirs on until they notice that you are working less but your garden looks much better. After that you may have to move further abroad!

There are places from which you can haul home a trunk or truck load of free mulch. Sawmills and lumber companies usually have piles of sawdust they will be glad to give away. Some city sewage plants produce treated sludge. Most farmers with animals will share their abundance of manure if you are willing to work. If there is a race track nearby you may be welcome to the piles—

mostly straw (horses live very well)—beside the barns. If you look around the local fairground, you will probably find material already well aged. Everytime it rains, your plants get an automatic feeding of natural fertilizer solution. (You may have to add fly spray if you gather manure in the summer, but the heat of decomposition tends to burn off pests and weed seeds, and odors dissipate in the air within a day or two. They are never as bad as a week-old can of garbage.)

Check the classified section of your phone book for other sources of manufacturing by-products: nut shells, wood ashes, etc. Watch for piles of old corn husks or rotten hay and ask; you can often have them for the hauling.

There are even people who will be glad to deliver compost by the truck load. Utility companies and tree experts grind their excess branches into wood chips that make excellent mulch and are as attractive as the shredded bark sold in garden stores. Many cities vacuum the leaves from the streets and will be glad to bring you a load. A few phone calls can bring a super abundance, and if your own garden isn't big enough to absorb it all, consider this as a garden club project.

Our cities and our industries are spending a great deal of planning time and money to get rid of much that can be valuable to the land. Maybe we can't solve the big problems of distribution, but we can start in a small way to help each other by helping ourselves.

COVER PICTURE

Here are three generations in a very straight-forward picture snapped on the last day of December, 1977. It was an extremely busy time for our faithful photographer, Blaine Barton, but he made it over to the house to photograph my daughter, Juliana Lowey, and her two children, James and Katharine. The very short time they could spend with me meant a great deal.

—Lucile



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Oh what a winter we had in New England! How glad we are that it is almost over! There is an old New England attitude which refuses to accept the fact that there are four seasons of the year. Some people believe that there are only two seasons: winter and summer. On several occasions, I have seen heavy snows in the month of May, and it is not unusual for us to get snow in October, but I also have seen the thermometer hit 68 warm degrees in the middle of January. There really are four seasons in a New England year, but they don't always seem to come at the right time.

The reason some people don't recognize a New England spring when they see it is their false expectations. They expect too much spring, too soon. Spring comes much less dramatically than they realize. It comes in the sky, in the lakes and ponds, in the air, and on the ground, not with the suddenness of a sonic boom, but slowly, with sureness and patience. The stars rise four minutes earlier each evening. The Big Dipper swings over the Pole Star. The skies get bluer, the clouds get whiter, the sun arcs higher, and the sunrises and sunsets get more colorful and interesting. People who speak of spring as coming early one year and then late another year are merely judging from their own particular point of interest. Actually, the progress of spring is always the same, pulsing with the great heartbeat of the universe.

I wonder if you had as many beautiful sunsets in your part of the country this past winter as we had here in Massachusetts. We have a friend whose apartment house windows give her a splendid view of the western sky and the mountains. Whenever she sees a beautiful sunset developing, she runs to her telephone and calls us. She knows that we do not get the same views she gets, and if Betty and I are in the rear of the house at sunset time, we miss the westward beauty altogether. She has called us time after time this past winter, and how grateful we have been for her "sunset alerts".

There is a delightful story about the father of the poet, Emily Dickinson. Her childhood home was not far from where we live now. One evening, the people in her town of Amherst heard the church bell ringing loudly, and they could not understand why. Then they discovered that Mr. Dickinson was ringing the bell to alert all of his fellow townsmen to the



Dr. Frederick Driftmier honors Mrs. Ruth Ekberg who has been a member of the South Congregational Church Choir for fifty years.

presence of a beautiful sunset. How appropriate it was for him to use the church bell to do that.

I wonder who it was that came up with the idea about always planting peas on April Fool's Day? Many people do that out here in New England. It seems to me that it is still too cold for pea planting. After all, right here in Springfield we still get an occasional low of fifteen degrees in the month of April. As a matter of fact, our average low is 27, and our average high is only 56. What I like best about April is the singing of the birds. All winter long, the birds don't sing, they only chirp. But now they are singing their hearts out; some are singing love songs, and some are singing battle songs, and I like to think that some are singing songs of praise.

Here in Massachusetts, we get something in the month of April that most of you do not get. We get to have a holiday. It is called Patriots' Day, and it marks the anniversary of two Revolutionary War battles, Lexington and Concord. The only other state to have a Patriots' Day is the state of Maine. Those two battles were fought on April 19, 1775, right here in Massachusetts, and I think that we are justified in this show of patriotic observance.

A few days ago, I had an experience that threw me into despair one moment, and then gave me another reason for *never losing hope* the next. With tears in his eyes, a college student told me about a problem he was having with his teeth. He had gone to a local dentist and was told that before any dental work could be done, the dentist wanted a down payment of \$500, and then when the work was completed, he wanted another \$500. The student explained that he was working his way through school, that his parents were very poor, but that he would pay the dentist a few dollars each week. At that, the dentist showed him to the door! The boy came to me and said: "What am I to do, Dr. Driftmier? I have to get help, but I don't know where to turn."

What the boy had told me about the dentist's lack of compassion made me very angry, but I kept my temper under control. Then I telephoned one of the best-known dental surgeons in this part of the country and told him the boy's story. Even though most people have to wait several months for an appointment with that dentist, his reply to me was: "Send the young man to me this very afternoon. I shall stay after closing hours and take care of him at no cost." There I was, so upset and angry one moment, and then a simple telephone call and I was on top of the world again!

That experience reminded me of the story about the old doctor who had a reputation for never refusing help to anyone, whether rich or poor, but eventually he grew very tired and was slowing down. When his telephone rang at 2:00 A.M., he asked the caller: "Have you any money to pay me?"

"Certainly! I shall pay you well for this!" was the reply.

"Then go to the new doctor in town," said the old doctor. "I'm too old to get out of bed for anybody who can pay for it."

Did I ever tell you about the time I had a hospital patient politely refuse my offer to say a prayer for her? I always say a prayer before leaving a hospital room, and I was caught by surprise when I asked: "May I say a prayer for you?" She replied, "No, that won't be necessary. I have some friends in Boston who are praying for me!"

I can think of only one other time when someone refused my offer of prayer. There was a lady in our church who was celebrating her 95th birthday, and her family invited me over for a party. I stayed a few minutes, ate a piece of birthday cake, and then, just before putting on my coat, called everyone to attention and asked them to stand for a prayer. At this point the old lady said: "Well, don't say any prayer for me! I don't need it!"

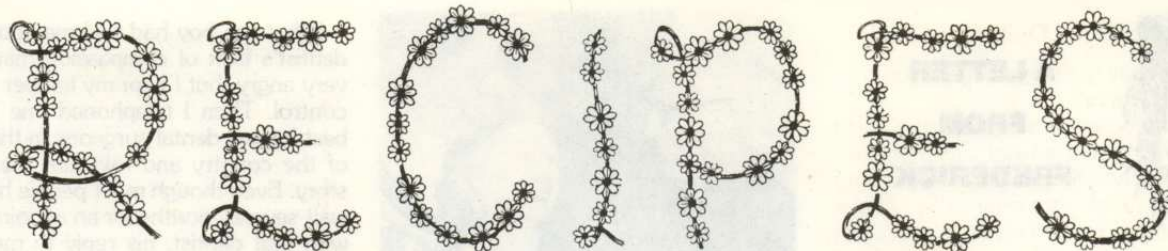
There was a hushed silence as the embarrassed guests waited to hear my reply. With a smile and a bit of a chuckle, I said: "Oh come now, even if you don't need it, all of us here want to thank God for this happy occasion."

The old lady's daughter said: "Mother! Of course we want Dr. Driftmier to say a prayer. We are so grateful to God for having given you such a long life!"

"Well, all right," said the birthday lady, "but you just keep in mind that this prayer was not my idea."

I started to pray, but I had no more than spoken the first few words, when the old lady interrupted by calling out in a loud voice: "Don't forget whose idea this was." Again, I started to pray, and once again she stopped me. Then, much to the amusement of us all, I said: "Now you listen to me! Your family wants me to say

(Continued on page 20)



LEMON MUFFINS

- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 Tbls. grated lemon rind (optional)
Sugar and cinnamon

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg yolks one at a time; add flour mixture to this, alternately with lemon juice. Add flavorings. Do not over mix. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold with grated lemon rind into batter. Fill lightly greased muffin tins three-fourths full. Combine a little sugar with the cinnamon and sprinkle over each muffin. Bake 25 minutes or until nicely browned. Makes ten muffins.

—Verlene Looker

SPECTACULAR LAYERED DESSERT

- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1 regular-sized pkg. vanilla pudding mix (prepared according to directions)

Beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually beat in 1 cup sugar and almond flavoring. Beat until very stiff peaks form. Set aside.

Cream shortening and powdered sugar together. Beat in egg yolks. Add milk, flour, baking powder, salt and lemon flavoring. Beat well. Pour into two greased and floured 8- or 9-inch layer cake pans. Top each layer of batter with half the meringue. Bake at 325 degrees for 35 minutes or until the meringue is light brown. Cool.

Prepare the pudding mix according to

directions (either cooked or instant will do nicely, or the canned pudding can be used if time is a problem). Place one baked layer on plate and spoon pudding over the top. Place second layer on top.

Some of the pudding can be used as topping, or whipped cream or whipped topping, if desired. Chopped nuts or coconut can also be sprinkled on top the meringue before baking for a festive look.

—Evelyn

ENCHILADAS SUPREME

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 15-oz. can Spanish rice
- Shredded lettuce
- 1 lb. Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1 pkg. flour tortillas

Fry beef and drain; add Spanish rice, lettuce and one-fourth of the cheese. Divide the hamburger evenly among the tortillas and roll. Place side by side in a baking pan.

Sauce

- 1 10-oz. can mild enchilada sauce
- 1 16-oz. can refried beans
- 1 28-oz. can tomatoes

Combine in blender and blend very well. Pour sauce over filled tortillas and heat until bubbly in a 350-degree oven. Remove and cover with the remainder of the cheese and return to oven until cheese melts.

—Donna Nenneman

COCONUT-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine (If margarine is used add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 2/3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 2/3 cups quick-cooking raw rolled oats
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup flaked coconut

Cream butter or margarine and sugars. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Combine flour, baking powder, salt and soda and stir into butter-egg mixture. Add remaining ingredients and stir well. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake for 10-12 minutes at 375 degrees.

BERNIE'S VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup salad dressing
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/3 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup grated carrot

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Let cool. Add flavoring and salad dressing. When well blended, stir in remaining ingredients. Pour in one-quart mold or flat dish and refrigerate.

This salad is very good served with meat or fish.

—Dorothy

SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE

(Slow-cooking pot recipe)

- 1 to 2 lbs. ground beef (part pork sausage could be used)
- 2 28-oz. cans tomatoes
- 2 medium onions, quartered
- 2 medium carrots, cut in chunks
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 2 Tbls. snipped parsley
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tsp. dry basil
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- Dash of pepper
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- Cooked spaghetti and Parmesan cheese

Brown beef and pork in skillet. Drain excess fat. Transfer meat to slow-cooking pot. In blender put one can of the tomatoes (juice and all), onions, carrots and garlic. Blend until chopped. Add to meat in pot. Chop remaining can of tomatoes and add (juice and all) to meat. Add tomato paste, parsley, sugar and seasonings. Cook on low for 8-10 hours. Just before serving, remove bay leaf and turn pot to high heat. Add the cold water and cornstarch which have been combined. Cover and heat for about 10 minutes. Serve over cooked spaghetti with Parmesan cheese sprinkled on top.

NOTE: An easy way to cook spaghetti is to heat to boiling a large kettle of water. Add dry spaghetti, turn off heat, cover, and let set for 20 minutes. Drain.

BIG BLUE CLOUD DESSERT

- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted (If margarine is used, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)

In a bowl, combine the above ingredients. Press evenly into the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake for 8 minutes in a 375-degree preheated oven. Cool.

- 1 lb. marshmallows
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1-lb., 5-oz. can blueberry pie filling
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

- 1/2 cup graham cracker crumbs

In top of double boiler over hot water, melt the marshmallows, milk and salt. Cool. Fold in whipped cream and vanilla flavoring. Spread half of mixture over the cooled crust. Combine the pie filling and blueberry flavoring and spread this mixture over the whipped cream-marshmallow layer. Top with the remaining cream-marshmallow mixture. Sprinkle with the 1/2 cup graham cracker crumbs. Chill well. —Betty Jane

SAVORY BISCUIT-TOPPED CASSEROLE

- 1 cup cooked diced chicken or turkey
- 1 cup frozen or canned mixed vegetables
- 1/4 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 cup chicken broth
- 1/2 cup milk

In fry pan over medium heat, brown the sausage. Remove sausage from pan and place on paper towel to absorb fat. Discard drippings. Melt the butter or margarine. Blend in flour and heat to bubbling. Gradually stir in the chicken broth and milk. Stir until smooth. Cook, stirring, until boiling. Remove from heat and stir in chicken or turkey, mixed vegetables and sausage. Taste and add salt and pepper if desired. Pour into two ramekins or a small casserole. If making ahead, cover and place in refrigerator. When ready to use, prepare the following biscuit dough:

- 1/2 cup unsifted flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1/4 cup milk

Combine dry ingredients. Stir in the cheese. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add milk and stir with fork until well blended. Spoon on top of chicken. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. —Betty Jane

JULIANA'S CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

- 3 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 4 squares bitter chocolate, melted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups milk

Measure flour, baking powder, soda, salt and cinnamon and sift together three times. Cream butter; add sugar and beat until fluffy. Add beaten egg yolks and melted chocolate. Add flavorings to milk and stir into butter mixture alternately with flour mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in three greased and floured 9-inch cake pans for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Let cool and spread with a mocha frosting between layers and on top and sides.

BROCCOLI-TOMATO CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen broccoli
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1 8-oz. can stewed tomatoes, cut up
- Buttered bread crumbs

Cook broccoli in unsalted boiling water for 5-7 minutes or until broccoli is tender; drain. Combine eggs, soup and oregano. Stir in tomatoes and cooked broccoli. Turn the vegetable-cheese mixture into a 6- by 10-inch baking dish. Sprinkle with the buttered bread crumbs. Bake, uncovered, in 350-degree oven for about 30 minutes. —Dorothy

PIZZA SAUSAGE SANDWICH

- 8 Kaiser rolls or English muffins, sliced in half
- 2 lbs. pizza sausage
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 4 green peppers, cut in strips
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1/2 lb. mozzarella cheese, grated
- 1 18-oz. can pizza sauce, heated

Mix sausage, salt, pepper and oregano together. Shape into eight patties. Place on baking sheet and bake for about 25 minutes at 325 degrees. Saute green peppers in oil. (Do not overcook.) Place one sausage patty on each bottom half of roll or muffin. Sprinkle about one ounce of the cheese over each sausage patty. Return to oven until cheese melts. Top with the sauteed green pepper and heated pizza sauce. Top with other half of roll or muffin. —Betty Jane

GENEROUS DRIED BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1/2 lb. dried beef (or less)
- 1/2 lb. soft process cheese (or less), diced
- 4 eggs, hard cooked
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 3 cups uncooked macaroni (Creamettes if possible)
- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine dried beef, cheese, eggs, onion and macaroni and put in large buttered baking dish. Combine soup, milk and butter flavoring. Pour over first mixture. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. Bake 1 1/2 hours at 325 degrees.

Note that this is a generous amount and makes a large casserole. The amount of dried beef and cheese can be cut down as desired. The Creamettes are a tiny form of macaroni and make this dish especially nice, however, any macaroni will do. —Evelyn

CARROT-PECAN CAKE

- 1 1/4 cups salad oil
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- 3 cups grated raw carrots
- 1 cup finely chopped pecans

Combine oil and sugar; mix well. Sift together dry ingredients. Sift half of dry mixture into sugar-oil; blend. Sift in remaining dry ingredients alternately with eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition. Add flavorings and carrots and mix well. Fold in pecans. Pour into lightly greased 10-inch tube pan. Bake at 325 degrees about one hour and 10 minutes. Cool in pan upright on rack. Remove from pan. Split cake in three horizontal layers. Spread Orange Glaze between layers and on top and sides.

Orange Glaze

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine sugar and cornstarch in saucepan and place over low heat. Slowly add the orange juice and lemon flavoring stirring until smooth. Add butter, orange flavoring and salt. Cook over low heat until thick and glossy. Cool before spreading on cake. —Dorothy

MRS. BOND'S POTATO CASSEROLE

- 2 pkgs. frozen hash brown potatoes, thawed
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 Tbls. minced onion, sauteed
- 1/2 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese (or more)

Layer potatoes in a baking dish. Mix all other ingredients together except cheese. Pour over the potatoes. Sprinkle the cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees until bubbly and brown. Let set ten minutes before serving. —Betty Jane

TOMATO SOUP SUPPER

- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Thick slices of bread
- Cheddar cheese, grated

Combine soup, water, milk and butter flavoring. Simmer. Make toast with thick slices of bread (preferably homemade), butter it, or not, according to your taste. Place toast in a soup bowl. Grate cheese over top. Spoon tomato soup over toast and cheese. The friend who sent this in likes to add a piece of pie to the menu and call it a meal. It is an unusual, although simple, dish, satisfying and tasty.

—Evelyn

SEVEN-GRAIN CEREAL BREAD

- 1/2 cup seven-grain cereal (available in health food stores)
- 1 cup water
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 cup water
- 2 to 3 tsp. salt
- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 eggs
- 5 to 6 cups flour (unbleached white or all-purpose)
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 Tbls. water
- Sesame or poppy seeds

In small saucepan combine seven-grain cereal and 1 cup water. Cook, covered, for 20 minutes. Stir occasionally and add more water if it seems too dry. The cooked cereal should be of the consistency of cooked oatmeal, etc. Stir in butter or margarine, flavoring, honey, 1 cup water, and salt. Set aside to cool. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water to which 1 tsp. sugar has been added. Put 2 cups flour in large mixing bowl. Stir in cereal mixture and yeast mixture. Beat in eggs. At low speed with electric mixer, beat for 1/2 minute, scraping sides of bowl. Beat 3 minutes at high speed. Remove mixer and stir in enough additional flour to make a soft dough. Turn out onto lightly floured breadboard and knead until smooth and elastic, five

to eight minutes. Shape dough into ball.

Place dough in lightly greased bowl, turning once to grease all surfaces. Cover and let rise in warm place until double. Punch dough down; turn out onto lightly floured surface. Divide in half. Cover and let rest 10 minutes. Knead each portion and shape into loaves and place in two greased 8½- by 4½-inch loaf pans. (Or shape into 3 long loaves, like French bread, and place on greased cooky sheet.)

Cover. Let rise in warm place until double. Combine egg yolk with 1 Tbls. water and brush top of loaves gently. Sprinkle with seeds as desired. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes, or until golden brown on top and makes a "thumping" sound when plunked with the fingers (just as you "thump" a watermelon to see if it is ripe!). Remove from pans and cool on wire rack.

This is an exceptionally delicious and nutritious bread. It makes a fine hot bread for any menu desired, toasts into a delicious hot breakfast bread and is fine for meat and/or cheese sandwiches. The baked loaves may be wrapped carefully and frozen for future thawing and reheating.

—Evelyn

SALMON BALL

- 2 cups (1 1-lb. can) canned salmon, drained
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. prepared horseradish

In bowl, combine all ingredients and mix well. Refrigerate about four hours or until firm enough to shape into a ball. You can roll the salmon ball in parsley, if desired. Refrigerate at least one hour before serving. Serve with crackers or rye bread. Makes a 5-inch ball.

—Verlene Looker

ROAST BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained (reserve liquid)
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 pkg. stroganoff sauce mix
- 1 10¾-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 cups cooked roast beef, cut into thin 1" by 2" strips
- 1 8-oz. pkg. Italian-style Rotini macaroni, cooked and drained

Saute mushroom slices in butter or margarine; set aside. Prepare the stroganoff sauce according to directions, using the mushroom liquid as part of the milk called for. Add the mushroom soup, sauteed mushrooms, and paprika. Stir in the beef strips and macaroni until thoroughly mixed. Transfer to a casserole and bake, covered, at 350 degrees until heated thoroughly. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier



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Come Read With Me

by Armada Swanson

"Info To Go . . . At Your Library" is the slogan for National Library Week, April 2-8. And believe me, there are all kinds of materials available "to go" at our Sioux City Public Library and its branches, including books, records and magazines. A new project is now available that extends library services to older people, the handicapped and homebound, with delivery by van.

Recently, a program was offered to acquaint children with foreign languages. Through the cooperation of the Language Department of Morningside College, with students majoring in languages in charge, children in third through sixth grades were taught French and Spanish.

The other day when I checked out books at the public library, Morningside Branch, friend Fern asked if I'd read the book *Plain Prayers for a Complicated World* (Reader's Digest Press, distributed by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$4.95) by Avery Brooke. I have now been enjoying it—a household book of the spirit—for reading in solitude, at a child's bedside or aloud around the dinner table. Following is one called "How Large Is Your Love":

O Lord, how large is your love!

My heart sings to you and the stones beneath my feet and the sky above my head sing also.

All around me is your world and I know that you know all of it and it knows your love.

My thoughts leap at the wonder of it. It is all yours, from the little stones at my feet to the unending sky above.

O Lord, such a great knowing you have beyond counting and such a loving beyond measure! And I am caught up in it and sing of it to the world and to you.

Plain Prayers is a beautiful book that expresses in everyday language those things common to human experience in the modern world.

Another book, *Tranquility Through Prayer* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95) by Jonathan Griffen, tells of the author's constant stress and negative attitude. During a visit to an English cathedral, he discovered the soothing effect of prayer and found a new sense of peace. A few memorable prayers are listed:

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

—Psalms 118:24

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

—John Keats

Gladness of heart is life to a man, joy is what gives him length of days.

—Ecclesiasticus: 30:22-23

The Whistling Teakettle and Other Stories about Hannah (Harper & Row,



James Lowey has a wide array of interests, but perhaps his very favorite is assembling planes of all kinds that are manufactured in kits today. He has never yet been stumped by any of the kits.

Publishers, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$5.95) by Mindy Warshaw Skolsky, is for readers ages 7-10. Hannah, who lived in a small town between a mountain and a river, had an

unpredictable father who remembered to wear a tie when he came to school for Parent's Day but then presented her with an ice cream cone in the middle of class. She had a loving aunt who kept sending her gifts of lumpy, itchy hand-knitted things which she would rather not wear. She had a secret place on a hill, where the summer grass came up to her eyes, and she had a very special grandmother who always refused a gift, saying: "Thank you, but it's not a necessity."

Young readers will enjoy Hannah's adventures and surprises in these four stories, which include her first trip alone "over a bridge that just might break" to her grandparents' candy store in the Bronx, where she helped make bubbly malteds and saw two robbers routed by the whistle of the new teakettle—the first gift her grandmother accepted. The words and pictures about Hannah make a delightful book.

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- 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.



From Our Family Album

This picture is dated May, 1914, and was my sister's (Dorothy Johnson) first expedition to the outside world. She was two weeks old when Mother dressed her up in one of her fancy dresses and also rigged up my brother, Howard, (standing) and me in our usual white outfits. We lived right across the street from Aunt Helen Fischer, who snapped this picture. Aunt Helen was one of the first women in this area to own a camera and to use it frequently.

—Lucile

**HIGH SCHOOL PROM AND
BANQUET SUGGESTIONS**

by
Virginia Thomas

It is that time of year again — the thoughts of juniors and seniors are turned to that great event, THE PROM. My! no preparations are too elaborate for that, and for months, yes, even a year or two, the juniors have been trying to fill their treasury in anticipation of this great event. Naturally they want the "best one ever" and, if possible, a brand-new, super-duper theme. If someone in your family, or among your friends, is planning such an affair, pass along these suggestions as planning starters.

Just now the entertainment world seems to be taking a long look back at some of the different eras—the twenties, the forties, fifties, and others. One of these eras would provide a terrific prom theme for decorations, program, waiter and waitress costumes, and table settings.

Think of the possibilities of setting up miniature ice cream parlors, with the white chairs and tables, even a "Speak-easy" where punch might be served, in a Roaring Twenties setting. The raccoon coat, the flapper dress, rolled-down hose and long beads, the ukelele and mandolin, the "rumble seat" in the car, all these are prop ideas to recall this era in time.

There are the "zoot suits", the swooning bobby-soxers, to bring back the forties and fifties. Musical numbers of those years will help to tie it all together.

How about creating a particular setting from some popular tourist attraction around the U.S.? Think what a little imagination and willing hands could do in creating a miniature Jackson Square straight out of New Orleans, or a Rockefeller Square—perhaps with your own home-town version of the Rockettes for entertainment. It may be some world-famous restaurant or night club which you choose for your setting, complete with stage shows and famous personalities on the program (impersonations are such fun!). Think of the beauty in a Cypress Gardens setting!

Perhaps you want to take a peek into the future and make yours a "Flight of Fancy" prom, with a look into the way you think the world will be in the year 2000. You can really let imaginations go on this. It could be your prom world supposedly take place on a space center in outer space!

If it is romance you want, can you think of a more romantically beautiful prom than one using the theme "Camelot"? Castles, bridges and moats, knights and kings and princesses, formal gardens and forests. A "Camelot" theme gives so many possibilities for decorations.

ANOTHER "HUMDINGER" OF A PROBLEM

Our problem is so complicated I get dizzy when I think about it. And it seems we're bound to lose good friends before it's over.

Only two houses are on our dirt road here in the woods, ours and a long-time neighbor. He lives beyond us where the road comes to an end. His property and ours join along a deep, clear creek. In the hardwood forest surrounding both our houses, his and our children have grown up enjoying not only the beautiful trees in the different seasons but observing and appreciating the deer, wild turkeys, pileated woodpeckers and other wild creatures that are becoming more and more scarce. Our families sometimes visited each other after supper and listened to the whippoorwills and owls calling. We often remarked how fortunate we were to live in such a lovely, peaceful place far from the world's turmoil.

But one day my neighbor signed papers to destroy that peace and beauty. He sold stripping rights to a coal company. In return the company agreed to pay him "several thousand dollars", and after stripping would set out pine trees and build him a lake. He didn't consider that the land would be virtually destroyed, that in a hundred years nature would still not have recovered. He didn't consider what those three generations of his descendents would be missing, that there are some things money can't buy. A hardwood forest with a wood thrush and a creek is one of those things. The same three veins of coal under his land came under ours, but we didn't hesitate in saying "no" when the coal operators approached us.

Our family sorrowed, and not only for the land. We foresaw the long months of blasting, the dust and noise, the heavy machinery going by our house. How would this affect our grandpa, bedridden and blind from a stroke? How would it affect our grandma, blind from glaucoma and very tender-hearted toward all of nature?

Shortly after signing the papers, our neighbor was notified he had two months to remove his house from the property. He hadn't expected that. He tried everywhere to buy land on which to put his house, but those who were willing to sell asked a small fortune.

So he threw himself on our mercy. Would we sell him enough land for his house? Our family talked it over. We anguished for him. He'd been such a good friend for so many years. We longed to take away his problem, but our loyalty was to something greater, something that would affect more than one family, more than one generation. Our reply: "We'd like to help you but we love every inch of this land. We want to

pass it on to our children and grandchildren intact, so we cannot sell you a piece of it."

When next he came to see us he said he'd managed to buy an acreage, but in order to move his house there he'd have to cut forty feet of timber all along the road through our property. Would we give him permission?

Once more our family discussed it. It seemed to us he was presuming on our love for him. Wasn't he asking permission to demolish what was priceless to us just to enable him to make "several thousand dollars" out of the destruction of his own land?

We realized that perhaps we'd lost perspective on the situation. We asked a mutual friend of good judgment to walk the road through our property and evaluate what cutting forty feet along the road would mean. He came back with the report: "No way! too much would have to be cut." So again, painfully, we said "no" to our neighbor.

We hoped this would be the end of our emotional turmoil, that he would solve this problem of his own making without involving us anymore. But that wasn't to be. In a few days his wife telephoned. Weeping, she said her husband was sick in bed from all the worry. His head and arms were aching beyond endurance from the work of dividing the house in sections for removal. Unless they could cut the limbs from some of our big oaks he would have to remove the roof from their kitchen so it could pass through our

(Continued on page 20)



Something Missing

Sure, everything looks fine . . . except where's the salad? In the first place, we need the salad for the nutritional benefits it brings to the table. But there's more to it than that: the salad adds texture and color to the plate.

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This stately old farmhouse is located near Watkins, Iowa. The outline was drawn on canvas from a photograph and then embroidered by the owner, making a beautiful heirloom picture. Anyone wishing to do a needlework picture from a photograph can find help in needlecraft shops or selected craft books.

SLICK TRICKS

by

Katherine Epperson

Hold the cheese grater under hot running water a couple of seconds before you grate the cheese—grating is much easier.

After you have broken the greens for your tossed salad, put them in a covered

plastic container and set them in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator for about five minutes (no longer!). Your salad will be crackling crisp.

Leave the roots on an onion if you aren't going to use all of it at once as it will keep better. Or chop it up, spread out on a pan in the freezer until frozen, then store in a plastic bag in the freezer.

Nuts too expensive? Or prohibited by a restricted diet? Sprinkle Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring over dry cereal flakes. Use in recipe-specified amount and you will have both the flavor and the texture of nuts.

"Doctor" commercial mincemeat with chopped apples, syrup from spiced peaches, cherry flavoring, and a bit of cooked, finely chopped pork or beef and your pie will make your guests think that you've spent hours preparing old-fashioned mincemeat.

You hate to section oranges and grapefruit? Pour boiling water over the fruit and let stand four or five minutes. The peel will then shell off easily, and all that white membrane will be loosened for quick removal.

You need just a little lemon juice? Squeeze the rest of the lemon and strain the juice into a tablespoon into which you have pressed a square of aluminum foil. Freeze it, then remove from the spoon and wrap the foil around the frozen juice. Store in freezer.

Make your own croutons for salads or stuffing from day-old bread purchased at a bakery outlet. Use Texas toast, if available, or one of the heavier-type breads. Remove crusts and cut into cubes. Put in a skillet and, over low heat, toss the cubes in a mixture of butter or margarine and your preference of herbs. I like thyme, basil, dried parsley flakes, and paprika. Bake on a cookie sheet about an hour at 200 degrees. Time depends on type of bread.

Dieting? but you still want a piece of pumpkin pie? Use evaporated skim milk in the mixture and cut down on calories by eliminating the crust. Grease the pie pan, then give it a "dusting" of cornmeal. When the pie has cooled, the cut pieces will come out as neatly as if on a crust.

Don't throw away all those nice celery leaves. Spread some on a cookie sheet and let them air dry a few days. Then crumble the dried leaves; put in a jar; and set on your herb shelf for a delightful addition to soups, stews, etc.

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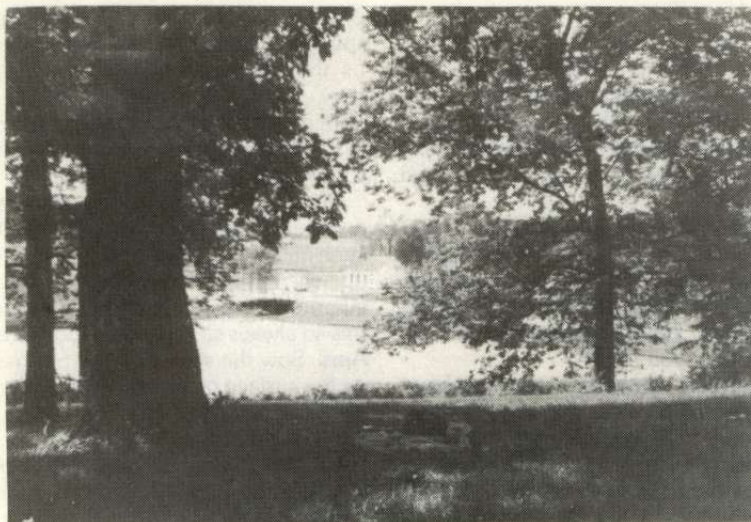
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Manti, a historic settlement of the Mormons during their overland journeys, has been preserved and developed as a recreational area near Shenandoah, Iowa. The tall trees are reminders of the many young tree sprouts planted by our pioneer forefathers as they traveled across the country.

ON PLANTING A TREE

by Joe Taylor

The other day I noticed a small walnut tree growing in the barnyard that adjoins my house. Since the sprout was only four or five inches tall, I knew it would not last long if the barnyard's other resident, a young calf, decided to munch on it. So I decided to move the tree to my small timber where it would be protected by a fence and would have a better chance to grow. Very carefully, I dug around the small, fragile stem to loosen the roots enough so I could lift the tiny tree from the ground. Having succeeded, I began the short walk to the timber.

The spade sliced through the forest's skin of dead leaves and humus and went directly to its heart—the black, moist topsoil. As I knelt down, I picked up a handful of humus and began to examine it. White mold covered most of the leaves. Bits and pieces of twigs and sticks were partially decomposed and crumbled in my hands. A tiny earthworm wiggled amid the skeletal remains of leaves, twigs, and insects. Next, I lifted the crumbly mass closer to my nose and smelled a pungent, earthy odor that was not unpleasant. I realized that what I held in my hand was a most precious thing because that six or eight inches of soil and that inch or so of humus made life on Earth possible. For without the green, oxygen-giving plants that derived their nourishment from those few inches, no life could exist.

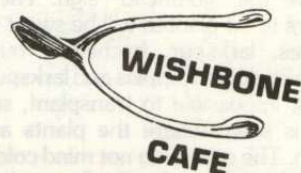
So I took care as I packed the precious material around the walnut's roots, making sure the black soil was on the bottom and the humus and leaves on top, just as it was before I started to dig.

As I stood up and surveyed my work, I wondered if that little tree would find its

niche in the life of the forest. What would become of it? Would Nature protect and spare it so it could mature in sixty, eighty, or a hundred years? Or would it die in a few years and become a rotting mass on the forest's floor long before its time? Or would man, using bulldozers and chain saws, destroy in a few minutes what Nature had taken years to create? As I turned to leave, I uttered a silent prayer that Nature would protect that tiny tree and that small forest.

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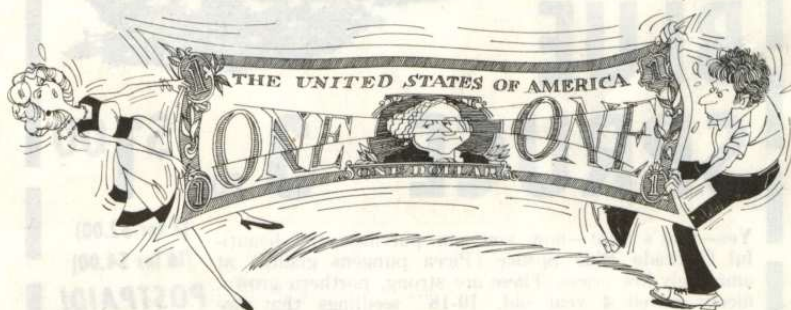
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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

While it is still too cold to do any actual gardening, I am drooling over seed packets and waiting for the weatherman to give the "go-ahead" sign. The first flowers to be planted will be sweet peas, poppies, larkspur, bachelor's buttons and calendulas. Poppies and larkspur are almost impossible to transplant, so the seed is sown where the plants are to bloom. The others do not mind cold, wet soil and come up after the first prolonged warm spell. The young pansy plants will go into the prepared bed north of the greenhouse where they get shade most of the day. Pansies should be put out as soon as you can work the soil as they do not mind cold, frosty nights. Onion sets can go in the ground and you can plant all members of the cabbage tribe—these include cabbage, kohlrabi, cauliflower, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, rape, turnips

and mustard for greens.

If onion maggots riddle your young sets and make them inedible, try seating the sets right on top of the soil so that most of the bulb is above the earth. Then sprinkle an all-purpose garden dust along the row. Repeat the dusting if it rains a great deal.

A reader wrote in to learn where onion sets come from — "I would like to grow my own sets if this is possible," she stated, "because the sets are getting increasingly harder to find and are so costly. Can you help?"

Onion sets come from seeds that have been planted the previous year. "Ebenezer" and "Stuggarter" are two fine varieties to plant for sets. Sow them as early as the soil can be worked. Pull the young bulbs, dry and store for sets the next year.

Mary T. wants to know how to start portulaca or moss roses. "I tried starting seed indoors," she writes, "but I sowed the fine seed too thickly and before I

could separate the tiny seedlings to transplant them, they all died. It seemed as though they 'dried off' right where they emerged from the soil even though I kept it plenty wet. I love their pretty rose-like flowers but find them too expensive to buy as seedlings."

Moss roses do well in dry, sunny spots and once you have grown the plants in such an area, they will self-sow and come up when the ground is warm in early summer. I am too impatient to wait for this so always start seeds indoors in early April. Sow the seed as thinly as possible on the surface of moist Jiffy-mix or other sterile planting medium. Press lightly into the surface and pop the container in a clear plastic bag. Set in a warm place where there is good light. As soon as seedlings appear, gradually remove the plastic. Keep the medium barely moist—never wet.

Your plants "damped off" (from fungus disease that attacks young seedlings causing them to keel over at the soil line). When the fleshy stems start crowding in the starting flat, carefully transplant to soil-filled flats, spacing plants three inches apart each way. When the weather is warm outdoors, transplant to your beds and borders.

"HUMDINGER" LETTER — Concl.

land. Could they have permission?

Again, we held a family conference torn with emotion. Grandpa said, "I don't believe I can take much more of this." Grandma said, "Maybe a limb or two wouldn't hurt. After all, we love the people too." But the younger family members said, "If we let them start cutting, who knows where it will end? No! No!" So again, we answered in the negative.

As I write this, only a few days remain before our neighbor must make his move. Will he force us to come to another heart-rending decision? Are we wrong in our unbending commitment to our belief in good stewardship of the earth?

—A.H., Alabama

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
a prayer, your guests want me to say a prayer, I want to say a prayer, so please don't interrupt me again."

She got the message, but when I said, "Amen", she started to laugh and said: "You are a good man, Dr. Driftmier, but this whole thing strikes me as very funny!" Then we all laughed, and the crisis was over.

Sincerely,
Frederick

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress.

—Dickens

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A SPECIAL REUNION — Concluded
those who couldn't be present in person shared with pictures, letters and tapes with those who were privileged to attend.

As I write this report, hoping it will encourage some other family to try the same experience, it is with a renewed feeling of regret, for I was one of the cousins who did not get to go to the reunion. It came at a time when I was needed to help with the radio broadcasting. Now, sometimes my schedule can be juggled to accommodate a trip, but the week of the gathering was not one of them. It was also a week of special responsibility with my local church and, on top of all that, the house was filled with company!

At any rate, the problems outweighed the possibilities, and no way cleared for me to go. I shall always be thankful that those who could attend took the time and effort to write me in detail and see that I received pictures and tapes concerning the reunion. It was the next best thing to being there.

"LAVENDER BLUE" — Concluded

8. For the sweet young thing who prefers the scantier bathing costume we offer the bikini in the latest bandana print and styling and contrasting beach bag. (Men's large red bandana handkerchiefs make the top and bottom of the suit, with the bottom pinned on "triangle diaper style", with a huge safety pin. A large blue bandana becomes the beach bag and is tied to a long stick, carried over-the-shoulder hobo style.)

9. Eve would have been right at home in this lovely evening sheath gown so elegant with the 18-carat gold trim embroidered fabric with its plunging neckline and side slit interest. With it she wears the elegant gold earrings and carries a stunning mesh bag. (Wears long dress or nightgown to which carrots are fastened with a string of carrots dangling at the neckline along with a rubber sink plunger. One side of gown is split to the hip line and another plunger dangles in this slit. Copper scouring pads are fastened to other earrings to dangle to the shoulder, and a mesh drawstring vegetable bag is used for the handbag.)

10. Finally, it is night time and time for Milady to relax at home in a casual caftan. What better to wear while relaxing at the fireplace than a caftan made from an eye-catching American Indian print? (Wears a bright Indian blanket in wrap-around fashion. Might carry a huge "Dagwood sandwich", magazines, books, hot water bottle, and alarm clock as if getting all set for an evening at home!)

Respect the person next to you as an individual. Do not trample on his rights and sensibilities any more than you would want him to trample on yours.

My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle of Hamburg!

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted — see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Élysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting break-through for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.*

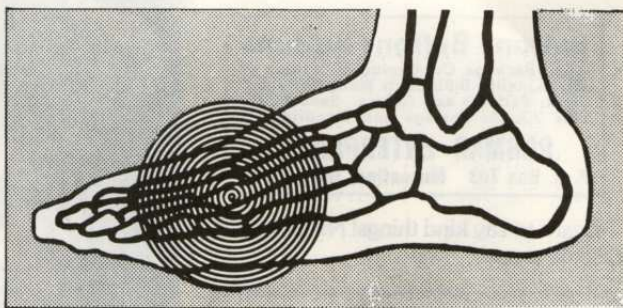
This wonderful invention was a custom-made foot support called Flexible Featherspring. When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes *my pain disappeared almost instantly.* The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that women also can wear them—even with sandals and open back shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Hamburg with my own countrymen.

Today thousands of Americans including those who have retired—many with foot problems far more severe than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

Here's why Feathersprings work



for them and *why they can work for you.* These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom fitted and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

Whatever your problem—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet, Flexible Feathersprings will bring you guaranteed relief with every step you take.

Don't suffer pain and discomfort needlessly. If your feet hurt, the miracle of Hamburg can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today.

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Received my wife's Feathersprings two days ago. They are super—neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is much better . . . As a retired physician, this result is amazing. C.O.C.—MD/Tucson, Arizona

"My husband felt a great relief and no more pain. They are truly an answer to our prayers. Only wish that he had heard of them twenty years ago. Mrs. F. S./Metairie, Louisiana

"I feel that these arches are the best money I ever spent on my feet or rather the best buy I ever made." Mrs. E. E./Theresa, Wisconsin

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The Girls Are Way Ahead

The government and the business community are finally worrying about inflation and energy conservation. The women in this country have been concerned about them for years.

They have been watching their pennies, and they've been making things last. They know that clean clothes last longer. And the nicer they look, the less temptation to replace them with new.

That's why so many depend on **KITCHEN-KLATTER'S Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** and **All-Fabric Bleach**. They get the dirt out, keep things looking new, and are perfectly safe for all washable fabrics. And they save money at the same time!

**Kitchen-Klatter
BLUE DROPS
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ALL-FABRIC BLEACH**



Katharine Lowey was tickled to death when she rummaged around upstairs where her mother (Juliana) grew up, and found a perfectly dreadful old battered stuffed animal named Bambi. Bambi was Juliana's favorite book for a long time, and she was in 7th heaven when she found this old, old toy that she bought for herself when she was five years old. As you will notice, one ear is completely gone!

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

in my wheelchair into the house and back out to the car when it was time to leave.

I guess there were about a hundred people there and I had a grand time visiting with people and enjoying the gorgeous plants and flowers that were all over the place. The big assortment of food was absolutely delicious, and when we got back home again I said that I'd be willing to bet that I'd had a better time than countless people who leave for Europe or some such place all set to have a tremendous vacation. In reality, these glamorous-sounding trips often seem to be leaving quite a sober feeling in those who participate.

Last month, I mentioned an apartment house that Jed's firm in Albuquerque had as an assignment, and it struck me as so unique I wanted to tell you about it.

Such countless numbers of women work today that it's a terrible problem to deliver a child (or children) to a good day center, pick them up at the end of the day, etc. etc. Many a woman has simply had to give up a job that genuinely interested her because she couldn't find a good situation in which to leave her child while she worked.

This apartment house Jed worked on (he's an architect-engineer) surely had the problem licked. I cannot recall if it was three or four stories high, but on the first floor they had a wonderful playroom for small children and excellent supervision. When the weather was bad, this interior area was used.

Then the building was constructed

with an open court and in this court there was all kinds of outdoor-type equipment—the kind that children really go for. Surrounding all areas where children might have access to driveways or streets, was very high and tightly woven fencing; this outside area was also closely supervised.

Well, what it comes down to is that working parents could leave with the secure knowledge that their child (or children) was very thoughtfully and conscientiously cared for during the working day. Since all of them lived right in the same apartment house, there was none of the getting acquainted that some youngsters experience.

And since all of the children actually lived in that apartment house, it was truly home to them, and they never had the lonely feeling that so many little youngsters feel when they are dropped off here and there in a totally different atmosphere.

There is only one genuine complication with such a set-up: the price of land. I'm afraid in a heavily populated area where every inch is so valuable, it would be difficult to find a builder who would relinquish land for the set-up I have described. This apartment house that I've told you about is almost on the edge of the city—not at all near a heavily built-up area. At any rate, no harm is done in telling you about this day-care project because change comes swiftly in these times, and it just might be that someone reading this will someday have occasion to remember this idea.

If things have been hard for you this winter (I'm afraid that means just about everyone), I hope that our approaching spring will give you a new lease on life. I guess there's scarcely a one of us who couldn't use a change!

Until next month, I am faithfully yours,

Lucile

RECIPE FOR REVIVAL

If all the sleeping folks will wake up,
And all the lukewarm folks will fire up,
And all the dishonest folks will confess up,
And all the disgruntled folks will sweeten up,
And all the discouraged folks will cheer up,
And all the depressed folks will look up,
And all the estranged folks will make up,
And all the gossipers will shut up,
And all the delinquent folks will pay up,
And all the dry bones will shake up,
And all the members will study up,
And all the preachers will speak up,
And all the true soldiers will stand up,
Then there will be a great revival.

—Mrs. Henry Raber
(From *The Budget*)

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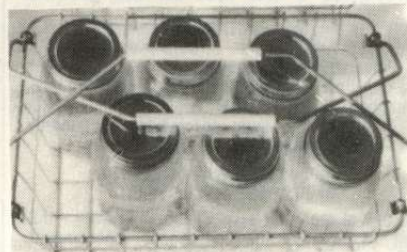
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