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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Blaine Barton

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MISS W. E. PEARSON  
302 HAMBURG AVE.  
ST. JOSEPH, MO. 64505



# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U.S. Pat Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

About five minutes ago, I sat down at my desk to start the day feeling halfway perky. It's a good thing I felt all right for those few minutes because the mail came up from the office and instantly my eyes saw what to me is the single most unwelcome piece of mail in the world: tax returns!

Since there must be countless thousands of people who received the same documents this morning, I know full well that I have a lot of company in feeling dismayed—just not even *halfway* perky at all.

As a rule I stay away from the whole subject of taxes, but when I see what is done with the money we working people turn over for taxes it makes me shudder. The materials and services which we *truly* need are limitless and most surely have nothing to do with nuclear weapons of all kinds, bombers that cost several billion dollars each, and production of countless arrays of highly lethal explosives that my mind can hardly bear the thought. If all of the money spent in this fashion could be devoted to health, decent diets, housing that is more than tar paper shacks, sound education . . . well, it would be a heavenly blessing to see the desperately needed projects accomplished. My stand is on the side of Life and not on the side of Death.

You don't often hear me speak up in this fashion. Sometimes I am inclined to think that if I don't say in forthright honesty exactly how I truly feel, I am a mighty poor citizen and could not think of myself as a Christian in any sense of the word.

Well, now that I have this concern off my chest I can get down to the details of daily life—and they don't vary much as details go.

We had a perfectly lovely Easter. This time our guests weren't our usual family group, but my dear friend Betty Jane's family from Minneapolis and St. Paul. They've come to seem just like family to me and I follow their ups and downs with as much lively interest as I follow my

widely scattered Driftmier clan.

Last month I told you about Betty Jane's mother, Lu; if I thought she was running a race with herself to accomplish even more, I can say that I was right. Even with the house full, she kept right on hemming, fixing zippers, cutting out a new dress, polishing silver, etc., etc. She seems to feel *better* if she is going full tilt all of the time because there certainly were plenty of people around to help with whatever needed doing.

Betty Jane's eldest daughter, Heather, and her husband, Robert Baum, drove down with their two daughters, Jennifer and Jessica. Oh, they are lovely little girls and made up for the fact that my own little granddaughter, Katharine Lowey, couldn't be here. Incidentally, Katharine has hair that looks like spun gold, while both Jennifer and Jessica have hair as black as a raven's. I'd love to see a color shot of those three little girls together; you couldn't beat it for sheer contrast.

Another of Betty Jane's daughters, Hanna, stopped here exactly 30 hours! She had spent her school's annual "Travel Week" by going to Washington, D.C. Her reaction to that big city was that she truly wants to live there permanently if she ever has the opportunity. I don't believe I've ever heard anyone else express that desire!

Another daughter, Naomi, took ten days off from her job and flew to Shenandoah from San Francisco where she is now living and working. Betty Jane and I may be anchored to a small Iowa town, but we felt we'd really been many miles away by the time our last goodbye was said.

Incidentally, sister Dorothy left in the morning of the day our guests began to arrive. The last statement Dorothy made was to marvel once again at how I could have had a group picture taken with Katharine wearing the horrible shoes that showed up far too clearly in the photograph on our April magazine cover! I'd gotten so accustomed to seeing Katharine's shoes in such fierce condition that I hadn't even noticed them until Dorothy's remark. I told her that I thought you friends wouldn't feel too shocked by those shoes, but she wasn't completely reassured.

Then I reminded Dorothy what my grandson, James, said about his shoes when he was visiting here last summer. He needed new shoes, so his mother took him down and bought a pair—real foxy looking in white with red and blue trim. The next morning, as he was preparing to leave for the return trip to Albuquerque, I looked at his feet and was shocked almost speechless. They looked TERRIBLE—just HORRIBLE!

"Why James!" I exclaimed. "Are those the brand-new shoes you bought just yesterday? How could they look so awful in only a few hours?"

"Granny Wheels", he said very earnestly, "if I would go to school wearing those new shoes looking the way they did yesterday the kids would KILL ME!" That seemed like powerfully strong talk to me!

Juliana is just getting back on her feet after a five-day session of illness with something never diagnosed. It seems there is so much sickness this year that simply cannot be identified. They *never did* decide the cause of James' recent hard bout.

It seemed that every house in this country had at least one person who was sick this winter. I've never seen such an epidemic of illness, and with so many variations. Betty Jane and I had a brief run-in with something that felt like flu, but who was to know? Even the doctors are at a loss to understand some of these ailments.

It is wonderful to have spring again! I grew sick and tired of what seemed to be an absolutely endless winter. We've used more firewood than in all the other years we've had our fireplace put together, and the heating bills from two furnaces are enough to make a person think he should probably be getting his eyes tested. It seemed to be a major struggle to get cars to move if they had to spend the night without shelter. All in all, it has simply been a *downright mean winter* which couldn't get over and done with too fast for me.

The picture this month from "Our Family Album" on page 22 looks so crazy that I couldn't simply write the names of the people involved and let it go at that. You really have to take a good long look at it to get the full impact!

One Sunday afternoon back in 1942, Dorothy and Frank, Russell and I, and a fifth person (none of us can recall her name because we knew her so briefly in Hollywood) decided to have a picnic in the mountains where an old gold mining camp had once been operating. The location was up a rocky road full of big pot holes; the carefully packed lunch was simply a mess when we arrived at a beautiful little place.

A rushing small river came tearing down the mountain side, separated just long enough to make a tiny lake, and then roared on down the mountain. A very small footbridge was built across the stream, so Russell seized upon the opportunity to photograph all of us in this idyllic situation.

Russell had a very fine new German camera and tripod. He had all of us go across the little footbridge, sit down and focus our full attention (with big smiles) on the camera perched on the tripod. Then he set the automatic shutter which gave him exactly 30 seconds to dash over and join us.

If you look closely you will see that  
(Continued on page 22)





## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

With Easter behind us, you would think that perhaps I could slow down a bit, but such is not the case. Now we are in a frantic rush getting ready for our Annual Meeting. There are budgets to prepare, statistics to be gathered, and reports to be written. Although I write an annual report which is presented to the people in printed form, the report I actually give at the Annual Meeting is a report in pictures. Every spare moment I have, I am going through all of the dozens of slides I have made during the church year and making decisions about which ones are to be shown.

I began showing pictures at annual meetings when I had my first parish church down in Bristol, Rhode Island. The pictures proved to be so popular and did so much to encourage attendance at our Annual Meeting, that I have kept up the custom and improved upon it. If your pastor has not tried this technique, urge him to do so. If he needs a few hints, ask him to write to me. I shall be glad to tell what I have learned about this method of giving a report in pictures.

As I write this letter, our church young people are making final arrangements for their eight-day trip to England. It will be such a marvelous educational and spiritual experience for them. They will be spending a part of the time in the homes of English people of our same religious background. Our denomination began in England when some of the church fathers objected to the high church worship of the Church of England, and they eventually came to this country and became known as the Pilgrims.

One of the largest and most magnificent Protestant churches in America is the Riverside Church in New York City. That is the church where Harry Emerson Fosdick used to preach, and it is a church with one of the finest pipe organs in all the world. Recently, we had the organist from that church come to play a recital on our church organ. What a musical thrill that was!

The manufacture and installation of our organ cost approximately \$100,000 a little over five years ago, but already we are having to spend a great deal of money to maintain it. The evening of the organ recital I prayed that nothing more would go wrong with our organ. Recently, something has been going wrong with it every few weeks. Before your church puts in a new pipe organ, write to me for suggestions.



**Dr. Frederick Driftmier (seated third from left) and the staff of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., have been busy preparing for the church's Annual Meeting.**

I am on the Board of Trustees of our new Roman Catholic hospital here in Springfield, Massachusetts. It is a truly great hospital with perfectly superb facilities for handling medical and surgical emergencies. Just the other day, the hospital handled a rather unique emergency for an acquaintance of mine who lives a few blocks from us. Chris Haseltine was starting to do some work in his basement when he saw a big bat. He went after it with a frying pan and a shovel, slamming away for all he was worth, and in the battle he was scratched or bitten, presumably by the bat.

Chris was concerned about what had happened, and he took himself and the decapitated bat to the hospital emergency room. The doctor on duty immediately gave Chris tetanus toxoid and told him about bats carrying rabies. According to the bat's victim, the doctor said: "You realize, Chris, that almost no one ever survives rabies. We must send that bat to Boston for laboratory tests to find out if it is rabid. If it proves to be, you will have to have 23 vaccine shots in the stomach, and there is the possibility that the shots could have bad side effects!"

Within 24 hours the Boston laboratory tests came back negative. My friend breathed a sigh of relief, for he had heard how uncomfortable rabies shots can be. The situation was considered so urgent that while waiting for the lab reports about the bat, our hospital was getting the serum ready for immediate injections if the treatment proved necessary. Once rabies germs are thought to be in a person's blood stream, the doctors must work very fast. But at the same time they

dread giving the injections, unless they are positive that rabies is involved, because sometimes the injections themselves can cause damage to the spinal cord and brain.

The staff doctor who handled the case said that bats are the one species you have to assume rabid unless proven otherwise, and for ten percent of the bats in the United States that assumption is correct. They bite each other, and so they can carry rabies even if no symptoms are exhibited at the time. Even scratches from their claws, as in the case of my friend, must be considered a potential source of rabies because bats can carry rabies germs in their saliva and transmit them to fur and claws when they lick their coats. The doctor emphasized that anyone who even vaguely suspects that he or she might have been bitten or scratched by a bat should go at once to the hospital. Always try to capture the bat so that it can be examined for signs of rabies. Do not crush its head in the process! One certainly does not want to take those rabies shots unless necessary, and so try to have the bat captured and examined.

This is of concern to me because at least twice or three times a year we have bats inside our church. Most churches with tall belfries do have bats on occasion. They are almost impossible to keep out. I am grateful that our church has no more than it does.

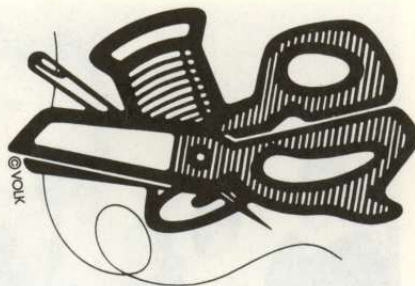
Many people have asked for a copy of the poem I read on the radio last month about the message a man gave to his infant son. It was written by Irving  
(Continued on page 22)



# With a Thread in Her Hand

## A Luncheon or Banquet

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



With the current revival of interest in the art of needlework of every description, of weaving and of home sewing, a bit of the history of these arts will prove an interesting basis or program theme and decorations for a women's guest day luncheon or a mother-daughter banquet.

A display of needlework might be set up in a separate room, or at one end of a large banquet hall. It might be best to solicit definite types of needlework, weaving, and home-sewn items, to avoid too large items and overcrowding.

**Program Booklet:** Make the booklet covers of pastel shades of construction paper cut in the shape of a large thread spool. Cut white inside pages upon which is printed the menu and program. On the front cover glue short lengths of yarn to give the appearance of thread on the spool. Staple covers and inside pages together.

**Table Decorations:** The theme offers many possibilities for decorations. Crocheted baskets filled with spring flowers would make lovely centerpieces. Small items of needlework such as needlepoint and embroidered pictures (leave needle and thread fastened to some which are partly completed), small crocheted novelty items, knitting needles stuck in a bit of knitting, small hand looms, embroidery hoops (with material in hoops), embroidery scissors, thimbles, spools of thread, a small basket filled with yarn — these are a few suggestions to use on the tables, perhaps with swirls of yarn and lace to "tie" the displays together.

**Place Favors:** "Spool of thread" favors can be made by making spools of cream-colored construction paper. Wind yarn on the spool for thread and stick a toothpick into each spool of thread as the needle, taping a short length of yarn to one end of the "needle" as if the needle were threaded.

For an embroidery hoop favor, fashion a pair of hoops from pipe cleaners or folded aluminum foil. Insert a small piece of "stamped" material in each hoop. Instead of the "stamped" design, the person's name might be written with a marking pen, thus it becomes a name card.

## PROGRAM

If this is a mother-daughter event, you may wish to have the customary toast to

mothers and daughters, but suggestions offered here will be for the history part of the program. A leader will give the introductions with other helpers presenting brief historical facts. (You may wish to enlarge upon this part of the program by researching in your local library for additional material.) Several musical numbers may be added to give variety.

### Introduction:

From ancient days to present,  
From her awakening until 'twas time for bed,  
Milady oft found sweet contentment  
With a shuttle, a hook or needle,  
And a bit of thread.

A woman's romance with a needle and thread has spanned centuries. How proudly we display the lovely table linens, the sheets and pillowcases which a great-grandmother made "from scratch"—growing the flax, spinning the thread, weaving the cloth, then putting in the hems with those tiny even stitches. Perhaps it is an old, old sampler, or a lovely afghan we cherish.

**A Story About Thread:** Historians tell us that thread dates back to the Stone Age, at least, since remnants of linen fishing nets and cloth and flax were found in Stone Age dwellings.

The ancient people used two tools for spinning thread—a spindle and a distaff. These first distaffs were often merely a cleft stick which held the raw fiber. This distaff was tucked under the left arm and the hand of that arm twisted the thread, or yarn while the other hand wound it on a spindle.

Ancient Greek spinners twisted the raw fiber against their thighs and protected the thigh from getting sore by wearing pottery cases fitted over the thigh.

So we see that the spinning wheels which our pioneer women used were a comparatively new invention.

**Needles, Pins, Thimbles:** Needles and pins are such ordinary items that we never stop to realize how it would be not to have them. I can well remember my grandmother telling of the time when there were no pins or safety pins. I was impressed when she told me a baby's diaper was TIED on instead of being pinned on and, when the first safety pins came on the market, young mothers were warned not to use them for fear they would come open accidentally and

harm the baby. Grandmother said the convenience soon overcame her scruples!

The first needles (bodkins) were merely sharpened pieces of bone, wood, even stone. Think of the patience it took to sharpen them with no sharpening tools with which to do it. Often a rough stone was used to file a bone to a point. Even in the time of our great-great-grandmothers, needles were expensive and carefully treasured.

Housewives, tailors, and sailors found that use of a sharp needle—of whatever it was made—meant pricked and sore fingers, and so a finger protector became a necessity. The first known thimbles were made of leather, but protectors of stone or bone may have been used during earlier ages.

Metal needles and thimbles came into use as fabrics became more refined and the textile industry was developed. Since everyone sewed in that era, from those in lowliest cottage to the ladies in the royal household, the thimbles that came into use reflected the station in life in which the owner lived.

**The Romance of Lace:** One of the legends I like best concerning the origin of lace is the one which tells of the European peasant girl who so admired the beauty and the delicacy of a spider's web that she decided to copy it with thread. Her lover shaped and smoothed short lengths of wood to hold and to weigh the threads to prevent them from tangling as his sweetheart worked. Thus the first bobbin lace. This was a popular art from the 17th century up to the early 1900's. Then, with so many machine-made laces, the making of handmade bobbin lace declined. Like so many hand crafts, it has now been revived.

Fine crocheted lace and delicate tatting have decorated women's garments, as well as babies' layettes, for centuries.

In colonial days these fine crocheted laces often added an elegant touch to the ruffled jabot and the cuffs of men's shirts. Those elegant ruffled, lace-trimmed shirts are right in fashion today.

The homes of yesteryear—and the fashion is popular today among some of the craft-minded "in" crowd—were decorated with crocheted or tatted doilies, crocheted tablecloths and bedspreads. Someone has said that in the earlier days, when there was not the color and variety we see in home furnishings today, and when a woman's lot was to be definitely "in the home", crocheting, knitting, quilting, tatting, and embroidering gave her the only outlet to use her own creativeness, and to achieve some color in her home.

**Patterns:** Ellen Curtis, at 33, was a successful business woman when she married William Jennings Demorest in  
(Continued on page 21)



## Love's Career

by  
Donna Ridnour

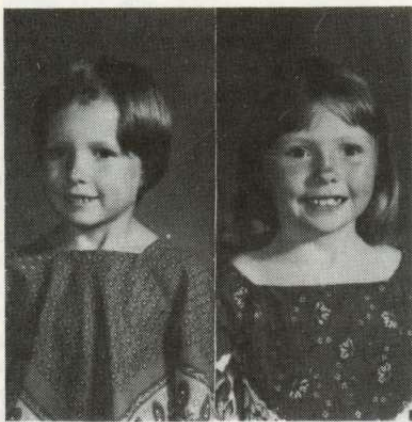
Seven years ago when Jenea was born, I exchanged my grade book and red pencil for a dust cloth and mop. That is how I see my transfer from the so-called working woman to just a housewife. I did so willingly because aren't housewives the "non-working" women in our society? I looked forward to the easy life where I could sleep late, coffee with the neighbors, rock my baby, and in general just do as I pleased each day.

What a rude awakening I had when Jenea decided that her hour to rise and shine was 6 a.m. Then I discovered that before I could have the girls over for coffee, a path must be cleared for them to reach the table and that they couldn't get into the bathroom unless I kept the overflowing clothes hamper emptied. Also, I realized that chores such as mowing the lawn, which my husband had done before, were now my responsibility. At this point, I began to protest to those people who insisted that I was a "non-working" woman. I honestly believe that there is as much work, challenge, and initiative demanded from a housewife as is demanded of a career woman.

The problem with being a housewife is that the work I do is often taken for granted by the members of the family. Once the family has been home for five minutes or more, the results of my labors are no longer visible. The polished tables are piled high with books, coats, and school papers; and the vacuumed carpet is liberally sprinkled with cooky crumbs and potato chips. Jenea and Janine have both changed clothes at least once and possibly twice, so that the once-empty clothes hamper is again overflowing. The cookies that took an hour to bake have been devoured and the girls are still starving to death.

Unlike the career girl, I cannot leave my work at the office until the next morning. There are no days off nor paid vacations as benefits. Nor are there any specific hours in which to perform my job unless I could say any hour of the day or night. There are always messes to clean, clothes to wash, and bathtubs to scour.

As though there aren't enough jobs to do at home, I also have become involved with volunteer work because people tell me I "don't have anything better to do with my time". The real reason, however, is that I just haven't learned to say "no!". In fact, as I write this, I am eating a sandwich so that I can start knocking on doors this afternoon. Who would knock on doors for fund drives or be the Scout leaders, Sunday school teachers, and room mothers if we housewives joined the ranks of office workers?



Janine (five) and Jenea (seven) are the daughters of Donna and Duane Ridnour.

As a housewife, I don't receive a wage which can be placed in a pay envelope at designated times. However, I am paid. I receive a paycheck whenever I hear, "Gee, Mom, I'm glad you washed this blouse. I wanted to wear it today.", or "May Julie stay all night?", or even "Your noodles are *almost* as good as Grand-

ma's." A hug, a smile, or a simple thank you cannot be deposited in the bank nor can the government deduct taxes, but this type of payment is deposited in the heart and draws interest for many years to come.

Being a housewife means that I have to be a jack-of-all-trades. Chauffeur, cleaner, furniture refinisher, seamstress, and painter are only a few of the skills that I have acquired. Even more, being a housewife means that I have to see each day as a new challenge, that I have to enjoy spending long hours with only a radio for company, or that I can enjoy having conversations on a five-year-old level.

Housewifery is a career which requires intelligence, creativeness, patience, and foresight. I am pleased that I have the freedom to initiate new challenges each day and to channel my energies in such a way as to fulfill myself as an individual and to make the lives of those dear to me more enjoyable. I am a career woman. I am dedicated to making my house into a home and to holding my family together with feelings of love, trust, and security.

## THE MEANEST MOTHER

I had the meanest mother in the whole world. While other kids ate candy for breakfast, I had to have cereal, eggs, or toast. When others had pop and candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich. As you guess, my supper was different from the other kids', too.

But, at least, I wasn't alone in my sufferings. My sister and two brothers had the same mean mother as I did.

My mother insisted upon knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were on a chain gang. She had to know who our friends were and what we were doing. She insisted if we said we'd be gone an hour, that we be gone one hour or less . . . not one hour and one minute. I am nearly ashamed to admit it, but she actually struck us. Not once, but each time we did as we pleased. Can you imagine someone actually hitting a child just because he disobeyed? Now you can begin to see how mean she really was.

The worst was yet to come. We had to be in bed by nine each night and up early the next morning. We couldn't sleep till noon like our friends. So, while they slept, my mother actually had the nerve to break the child labor law. She made us work. We had to wash dishes, make beds, learn to cook, and all sorts of cruel things. I believe she lay awake at night thinking up mean things to do to us.

She always insisted upon our telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, even if it killed us—and it nearly did.

By the time we were teenagers, she was much wiser, and our lives became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the horn of a car for us to come running. She embarrassed us to no end by making our dates and friends come to the door to get us. I forgot to mention, while my friends were dating at the mature age of 12 and 13, my old-fashioned mother refused to let me date until the ages of 15 and 18. Fifteen, that is, if you dated only to go to school functions . . . and that was maybe twice a year.

My mother was a complete failure as a mother. None of us have ever been arrested, divorced, or beaten his mate. Each of my brothers served his time in the service of this country, and whom do we have to blame for the terrible way we turned out? You're right, our mean mother.

Look at all the things we missed. We never mugged or murdered anyone, looted a store, hijacked an airplane or participated in any of the vandalism which involved many of our age group. Mother helped us to grow into God-fearing, educated, honest adults.

Using this as a background, I am trying to raise my three children. I stand a little taller and I am filled with pride when my children call me "mean".

You see, I thank God because He gave me the meanest mother in the whole world.

—Anonymous







## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I can't remember when I have been so glad to see Spring arrive! The ice is all gone off the creek, and although we had about four days when the water was running bank full because of the ice jams, it froze just enough at night to slow the runoff and we didn't have a flood. Our hearts certainly go out to our many friends in Nebraska whose homes were ruined by the severe floods. We have lost our crops many, many times from flood waters, but our home is high enough that it has never been in danger and for this we are eternally grateful. We had another snow the day before Easter, but the days were warm enough that it melted in a short time. I realize we aren't "out of the woods" yet as far as snowstorms are concerned because I can remember some bad blizzards in April, but maybe this year we will be lucky.

I told you last month that we were having a problem with our cattle crossing the bayou on the thick ice. We had to put a stop to this by fixing a fence to shut them out of this particular pasture. We were afraid when the ice began to thaw they might go through and drown. Since they were being watered in this pasture, we had to fix another place to water them. This meant pumping a tank full of water twice a day.

Straight exercising has never been one of my favorite things to do, and in the winter when I am not doing much outside to keep my muscles in shape, I have a rowing machine I put on the floor and row away about an hour every evening while watching television. Frank was watching me one night and said, "You know, you aren't getting anywhere on that machine and I can think of something that will do the same thing for you and also do a lot of good." I knew right away what he meant—pumping the tank full of water. I agreed with him and started the very next day.

Before Easter my friend, Dorothea Polser, and I had a luncheon for the Birthday Club members and a couple of guests. We had it at Dorothea's house, but we both fixed the food. Her table looked lovely. For the centerpiece, we used a crystal tree that was sent to me by a dear Kitchen-Klatter friend, Alma Johaneck of Nebraska City. I have used it in many ways, but for this party we put pastel Easter eggs in the cups and placed artificial grass on the white tablecloth to set the tree on. Also on the grass we had yellow marshmallow chicks. At each place we had a colorful coin purse filled



Last year, when Dorothy Johnson visited her daughter in Chadron, Nebraska, the lilacs were in full bloom.

with tiny candy eggs for favors. As another gift to take home, Dorothea had baked individual small loaves of bread which she had in plastic bags tied with ribbon.

One of my good friends, Angie Conrad, a member of the Birthday Club, had a bad fall just before Easter and broke her left elbow. Angie is so tiny and her cast is so big and heavy, I imagine that for the next six weeks she will stick pretty close to home. Instead of taking her a flower, we decided we would all try to see that she had a few good things to eat once in awhile to help her with the cooking.

It was nice to have Margery and Oliver home the last time I went to Shenandoah. At Christmas time Marge had written and told us she was going to have to bring our gift to us when she came home because it was too heavy to mail. It certainly was and I must tell you what it is. We have talked a lot about some of the huge turtles we have caught in the bayou. Kristin and Juliana used to get them on their hooks all the time when they went fishing, and turtles can really keep the fish away. There was a tree way down in the north pasture where they hung the turtles after catching them so they could tell who caught the biggest ones. They referred to it as the turtle tree, in fact, we still do. Well, Marge and Oliver brought us a huge pottery turtle planter to put on our front porch. It really is a good conversation piece. They got the planter in Mexico. Marge said the day they got the turtle the market also had a huge frog and they wanted to get it, too. Since Marge and Oliver had to walk across the border, carrying the heavy turtle all the way, they decided to wait until the next trip to get the frog. Of course, when they went back later the frog was gone.

Frank and I had the nicest surprise Easter package from Kristin. She sent me a beautiful new red dress. I told her

this was the first dress I had had for years that I didn't make myself, so it was a special treat. She sent Frank two decoupage pictures a friend of hers had made. They reminded her so much of home she had to send them to her dad. When Frank was showing them to our friend, Glen Dyer, he recognized a man in one of the pictures. Glen said the picture had been taken at Iowa's own Living History Farm when they were picking corn by hand one fall.

One of the points of interest in our kitchen is the bulletin board. For several years, whenever Frank saw a cartoon he thought was particularly good, he taped it to our message blackboard. It finally got so full there was no place to write messages, so I bought a felt-covered bulletin board and some colored thumbtacks and we now have a place for the cartoons and limericks Frank writes about his friends. Everyone who comes into our kitchen stops to see if we have any new cartoons. We keep looking for new ones and every once in awhile we change all of them.

We were worried for fear we would have as heavy a fish kill this year as we had last year because of the deep ice and heavy snow cover on the bayou all winter, but Frank says so far he hasn't seen any dead fish floating around next to the banks. He did see a few in one of the pasture ponds, but nothing compared to a year ago.

The meadow in front of our house is one big lake right now and the ducks have really been enjoying it. It must have seemed like a long winter to them, too.

It will soon be time for Frank and me to walk around our pasture fences to see how much repairing will be needed before the cattle are turned out. Having as much timber as we do, we can almost count on a few dead trees or limbs lying across some of the fences. When the weather is beautiful I rather enjoy this job, especially when the timber wildflowers are in bloom. Kristin always said if she is going to get homesick it is when she knows the wildflowers are in bloom. She and Juliana loved to pick big bouquets of violets, Dutchman's-breeches, dogtooth violets, and bluebells to bring home for the table.

I have an errand to run in town and will take this to the post office when I go, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

### TWO LITTLE WORDS

Taking time to say "thank you" distinguishes a gentlemen from a boor. These two short words indicate how much self-respect a man has, his humility, and his rearing. These words and how they are spoken can tell more about a person in a second than often is learned in an hour-long conversation.



## DONNA NENNEMAN WRITES TO US

Dear Friends:

It seems like only yesterday that I was sitting at my kitchen table writing a letter to our Kitchen-Klatter friends when actually, it has been at least six months.

This last winter was one I'd just as soon forget. To those of us who live in cities, and have to get back and forth to work on streets we often find extremely dangerous, it seemed like this past winter would never end. I'm sure the feeling of helplessness was even greater for those of you living on farms with livestock. I would imagine a severe winter, such as this past one, made it extremely difficult for the farm animals and those having the chore of caring for them. Isn't it terrific to have all of that behind us and, hopefully, a bountiful growing season ahead?

The bright spot of my winter was a mid-winter trip to San Francisco. My husband, Tom, had a convention there in March. Since I had never had the chance to go with him, the opportunity was too appealing to pass up. Tom, through all his years in school administration, has traveled to many cities for conventions and workshops. However, none of those cities have ever held the fascination for me that San Francisco has.

So we could go, and not have to worry about the girls, we recruited Grandma and Grandpa (Mae and Howard Driftmier). To stay with a 14-year-old and an 11-year-old, you have to be serious about it. In order to make a very early flight on Friday morning, Grandma and Grandpa had decided to arrive in Omaha on a Thursday afternoon. However, much to our dismay, the weather forecast for Thursday was four to eight inches of

snow. We didn't know what to do, as we certainly didn't want the folks out on the road in a blizzard.

As you probably have heard, "All's well that ends well". Grandpa and Grandma made a rush trip to Omaha on Wednesday evening to insure that we would have companionship for the girls in case our flight could get off the ground. We made an evening of it by taking the folks out for an anniversary dinner and, with the entire group being entertained by a very clever magician, had a great evening. We found that everyone had a fine sense of humor, even though the outside environment was cold, snowy and dreary.

As I prepared to pack for the flight, after having to sit on Tom's luggage to enable him to get it closed and locked, I realized that I hadn't flown for almost 20 years and had never before flown on a jet. When we flew home from California in the late fifties, it had taken hours and I didn't really relish such a long journey. Was I in for a surprise! A fast leg of the journey was to Denver (one hour) where it was snowing. And, in less than two hours, we were landing at the San Francisco airport.

So often a person comes back from a city or resort area just a little disappointed. After listening to all the beautiful verbal pictures that people have drawn, you sometimes find that it isn't what you expected. This wasn't the case with San Francisco; it is everything people say it is and more.

We were gone a total of six days and I can safely say that it was the most exhausting trip I've ever taken. The hills in San Francisco are just like those shown on television and that is the rule rather than the exception. Many of them are so steep that the walks have been constructed into steps rather than just sidewalks. Undoubtedly, the one thing that caught us all by surprise was the number of joggers running up and down those rugged hills.

Our hotel was located at the edge of Chinatown in San Francisco's financial district. This was within walking distance to the convention center for Tom and the trolley to Fisherman's Wharf was within walking distance for me. I must admit, at this point, that we would walk only one way and take a cab back as our Midwestern legs did not hold up too well on the hills.

Since a number of couples from the Omaha area were traveling together, it was easy to find other wives who had similar interests and enjoyed shopping. We normally ate breakfast together and, at that time, would decide where the wives were "off to" for the day, while the fellows headed for the convention.

Chinatown was close at hand, so it was visited in a number of short trips. The area was extremely clean and, in spite of

some recent violence, it seemed very safe. We found all types of Oriental goods available in any price range and had some very difficult decisions in purchasing gifts to bring home.

We made a couple of side trips while there. The first one was up through the Napa Valley, which is California's prime grape-growing and wine-producing country. The countryside was beautiful; the redbuds, flowering crabs and magnolias were all just beginning to bloom. My, what a lift that can give you when you've just left two feet of snow in your home town!

We had been told that a must, while in northern California, was a tour through a winery. We selected a large, rather well-known one and I can truly say that this was the only disappointment of the whole trip. We had expected to see a winery in operation, which didn't happen to be the case. We were later told that we should have chosen one of the smaller wineries to tour, as they are the ones that show you the complete operation, even during the off season. We didn't see as much of the production as we had hoped, but it was still worth the trip.

The other trip that took us out of San Francisco was up the coast to the Muir Woods. This was a short trip and again, spectacular countryside. The sequoia (redwood) is the dominant tree in this national park. The size of these trees just left me speechless. To try to look to the top of the forest is one thing and then to compare the height and diameter of the trees to the average human being makes one stand in awe of what Mother Nature has done. Most all of us forget, at one time or another, what a beautiful country we have and it is for our own personal

(Continued on page 19)



Fourteen-year-old Lisa Nenneman.



Eleven-year-old Natalie Nenneman.



## WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THIS?

by  
Marjorie Fuller

Three days of standing in flood waters had played havoc with our old chiffonier. Some forty years ago, my mother and dad had given it to us for our son to use.

The walnut veneer was cracking and the legs were in shocking condition. Storage space was needed, so re-doing was in order. First, I sawed the legs off and discarded the water-soaked bottom drawer. Painted, the drawer space proved useful for books and games.

When our son left home, the chest was relegated to a closet where the drawers were still useful.

Later, I pulled out the old chest and decided to saw off the top, leaving a low chest of two drawers topped by two smaller drawers. Now the piece was about 25 inches high instead of the original 42 inches. Painted a flat black with a gold decal centered on each of the two large drawers, the piece looked presentable and housed grandchildren's toys and games.

Still sturdy, the chest later created a nice setting for a planter. Painted a matching black, the planter appeared to belong there and the height was right for a nearby window and its light.

Now painted a deep yellow, the same planter brightens a corner of our bedroom. The interest is heightened by a small white picket fence (the kind bought ready-made in sections) placed along the front of the planter appearing very garden-like perched among the trailing philodendron.

Two unpainted sets of battered shelves were given to me by my daughter. Sanded and painted a flat black, they held pocketbooks perfectly until one day I decided to place the smaller shelf on the old chest. The arrangement was such a success that we moved it from the den to the living room where visitors never fail to comment on its quaintness. One friend even asked if it was made of teakwood!

Another successful experiment was developed by using an old white washbowl (the pitcher long broken) for our redecorated bathroom. I located a pair of legs from an old hot water tank. Painted gold to match the bathroom, those legs make a perfect setting for the bowl. It holds a ceramic mermaid seeking privacy behind some artificial blue ragged robins which are surrounded by lush, green philodendron growing in water. The entire arrangement is placed in a corner opposite a wall mirror and the reflection makes it doubly enjoyable.

Salvageable treasures can be found in many places—like my mother's basement, which provided me with an old oak washstand which had been



Black chest with shelves on top.

stored since 1927. The sagging door creaked and a sack of lye set on the top had darkened the surface. Luckily, many coats of paint had somewhat protected the wood.

My husband's enthusiasm for the piece was nil. Now, refinished to a glowing golden oak with the original hardware, my husband takes pride in showing off that washstand. The back, long broken, is now replaced with the second shelf from our daughter's cast-off gift. I use it to display family heirlooms: my grandmother's blue and white dishes, blue and white prune and coffee jars and the scales which weighed fruits and vegetables in my mother's kitchen long ago.



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

According to the *Farmers' Almanac*, these are the best planting days for May. You may wish to clip and save them for reference. Above-ground crops: 6, 7, 11, 12, 18, 19, 20, 21. Root crops: 1, 2, 3, 24, 25, 26, 29, 30. Seed beds: 11, 12, 20, 21. Flowers: 7, 8, 9, 15, 16. Kill plant pests: 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 20, 21. Set eggs: 13-27.

Outdoor planting gets in full swing this month. Most of us should have our early garden planted already and the ground prepared for the main vegetable crops that must have warm weather. As soon as the soil is thoroughly warm, one can plant beans, sweet corn, melons of all kinds, and set out tender vegetable plants of tomatoes, ground cherries, pepper, okra and eggplant. My father used to say when the oak leaves were as large as a squirrel's ear, it was time to plant sweet corn. I never measured a squirrel's ear but I assumed they were

tiny so when the first oak leaf buds showed green tips we planted the main garden.

Planting beans, melons, cucumbers, squash and pumpkin seeds in cold, wet ground will result in very poor germination as the seed rots. Be patient and wait until the soil feels warm and the weather is truly settled. I can never wait until this happens to set out a few tomatoes and pepper plants. I cover them with old pails, coffee cans or whatever is handy on cool evenings and remove the covers when the sun warms the air. It is silly to go to all this work because the plants I set out later soon catch up with those early-planted ones and are not half the work.

Several readers have written to learn where they can get Marmalade rubeckia. Send to Stokes Seeds, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y. 14249.

Mrs. M. G. wants to know how to start fine begonia seed. "I want to try to grow tuberous begonias from seed if possible. I have a grow-light indoors where I can keep the plants but the seed doesn't germinate for me. Can you tell me what I do wrong? I'm sure it is not the seed because I have sent to two different companies and had no luck with either."

If you have timed grow-lights, you can grow tuberous begonias from seed. You must use the lights on the seedlings for 15 hours each day as unlighted seedlings generally start to form tubers at once—then quit growing and die. Prepare Jiffy-Mix, put in a flat, smoothing gently (do not press down on the moist mix or you will exclude air), and sow the fine seed thinly on the surface. Place the container in a clear plastic bag and set in a warm situation—70 degrees or a bit higher. Mist the seed flat with lukewarm water as constant moisture is necessary for germination. It takes about 15 days before the tiny seedlings emerge.

I always get my seed too thick and the flat looks like a sheen of green moss is taking over when the plants appear. Remove the cover gradually and grow in good light. Use a soluble plant food and sprinkle the seedlings with a weak solution as needed to keep the medium moist. Soon the tiny seedlings will develop small leaves and when large enough to handle, prick out of the Jiffy-Mix and transplant to individual containers. Always grow moist and preferably at a night temperature of 65 degrees. It will take six months or more of constant care to produce blooming-sized plants. After they flower, withhold water and let the foliage die down. Store the bulbs in peat moss over winter.





## GREENS PICKIN' TIME

by  
Mary Feese

"Let's go greens pickin' " is a welcome invitation, since I'm one of those who have recently "caught the fever" to go foraging for wild foods. To some of us it is a new thing; to others, something familiar, learned in childhood and never quite forgotten, that seems to fill a deep-rooted need.

Some begin to gather a few of these from simple nostalgia: "I remember that Grandma picked these," they say, as they gather a "mess" of dandelion greens, lamb's-quarter, perhaps wild lettuce. The next comment is apt to be something like: "She picked greens she called Croesus, too, but I've forgotten what it looks like." (This is winter cress, by the way.) Ah, well! If the urge has struck you, too, such things can be learned. Or perhaps re-learned.

My standby is lamb's-quarter, which is delicious and edible from early spring until frost. Mild enough to require no parboiling, it's good alone or in combination with other greens. One way to cook it is briefly in a small amount of water (pick plenty, as it shrinks a lot) and butter it; serve piping hot, with vinegar on the table for those who like it on greens. I like boiled eggs and yellow cornbread with it, no matter what else is on the menu.

Many of us need go no farther than the lawn to gather one of spring's first greens, dandelions. Some cooks prefer to parboil it to remove some of the bitterness; others like the tang and find it zestful. Either way, get dandelion greens quite early in the spring. Besides the leaves, the buds, blossoms, and crowns found just under the ground are all edible.

Early last spring, a friend and I found that our evening had slipped away, we hadn't had supper yet, and darkness was descending. Somehow, we'd gotten around to talking about picking greens. Well! Already getting hungry, the very thought of wild greens further stirred up our appetites. "There's a lot of squarestem down by the creek," said my friend, tentatively. "What's that?" I asked. "I don't know its book name," was the answer, "but it comes up this early in the year, and it's mighty good greens. Grandma and Aunt Pansy used to pick it. Let's go get some, right now!" Now? At dark? And we middle-aged? Such thoughts skittered out of my mind as rapidly as they had come. After all, why not?

We grabbed a big paper bag, a good flashlight, and off we went. Soon we had plenty, for the lavish leaves clustered about the base of last year's stems were easily picked. And no wonder they call it squarestem, for the flashlight clearly



This very recent picture of Katharine Lowey was taken on a Sunday morning when she went out to the side yard with her brother, James, to see if by chance there might be a crocus in bloom. There was — the very first strong sign of spring in Albuquerque.

showed last year's dried stems, about half an inch through and nearly as high as our heads—as square as though they'd been cut on a rip saw! Back at the house we soon had a hot meal ready; those greens had just the right tang for our tastebuds that night. Wonder who else has been maverick enough to go out greens picking by flashlight? The novelty of it all made that evening not soon forgotten.

After this precipitous beginning, we gathered poke as it came up, and lamb's-quarter, dandelion, violet leaves (yes, they're good), sorrel, wild lettuce, curly dock, and sour dock, for the main part. After I'd enjoyed young poke shoots cooked much as you would asparagus, my friend, Kathleen, told me her husband's family liked to slice the shoots into short lengths and parboil them, then roll them in cornmeal and fry them in butter until golden brown. I tried them that way and mmm! that's as good a vegetable as you ever sank a tooth into.

The summer sped by as I tried numerous wild things, familiar or new to me. The biggest surprise was the delicious flavor and versatility of cattail shoots. (Every part of the cattail plant is edible at the proper stage; they were an important food to the Indian tribes.) Wild-food cookbooks give a number of ways of preparing the various parts. The shoots, however, are what give the plant its other name of Cossack asparagus. This year, I plan to experiment with it, using various asparagus recipes, and also to see if it freezes well.

This year, too, I want to try chicory, which is a species of wild salsify. Its gorgeous blue flowers open to the morning sunlight and close at noon, and—since that shade of blue is my favorite color—I take great delight at seeing the masses of chicory growing along the Missouri roadsides. I also intend to try poke and various other wild

foods in ways new to me, using recipes from the book, *Feasting Free on Wild Edibles*, which is my favorite of all the wild-food books I own. (If you, too, want to find informative books on wild foods and old-time ways, the best source I've found is Mother's Bookshelf, P.O. Box 70, Hendersonville, N.C. 28739. They'll send you a free catalog on request, I believe.)

"But," some object, "picking greens takes so much time. you don't save that much money, either. Why not just eat from the garden and the store?" Don't have time? How can you NOT have time? Who wants to be cleaning the far corner of the closet when outside the sun shines, and the eagles soar far overhead, somehow carrying your spirit with them. Get up earlier to clean that closet if you must, or let it go a bit longer, for wild foods furnish (besides their exceptional nutrition) something that in the rush of modern life is all too easy to neglect.

## TO VARY VEGETABLES

Drizzle honey over steamed carrots.

Serve vegetables in cream, cream sauce, or scalloped for a change.

A light sprinkling of buttered toasted crumbs serves as a good topping for green vegetables.

Garnish steamed spinach with a lemon wedge, chopped hard-cooked egg, or a topping of sour cream.

Grated cheese is excellent over steamed summer squash or cauliflower.

Garnishes like chopped parsley, chopped green pepper, and diced pimiento add color to bland-looking vegetables. And don't forget paprika—just don't overdo it.

Spices and herbs can be used for seasoning vegetables. Herbs should be used sparingly in vegetable cookery (about 1/2 teaspoon to one quart of vegetables) and should be added to the butter or margarine or to the vegetable toward the last of the cooking period.

Try cutting vegetables in different ways to add variety and interest to the plate.

Different combinations or medleys of vegetables are often pleasing to a jaded appetite. Serve steamed tomatoes with tiny whole onions (canned) or diced turnips steamed with carrot slices. Peas and French-cut string beans are a nice combination.

Did you ever try combining cooked celery, corn and tomatoes in a casserole or top-of-the stove vegetable? Cook celery until tender crisp; then add other cooked vegetables and heat only until hot.

Marinate canned or cooked frozen (or fresh) vegetables in an Italian dressing for a nutritious change-of-pace salad. Good candidates are green and waxed beans, broccoli, zucchini and peas.





## MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

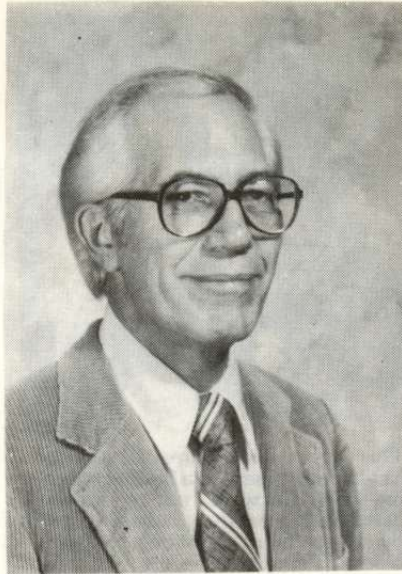
As I sit down to write you today, I keep pinching myself to fully realize that I've absolutely no pressures on me to do anything. Despite what your calendar says, this is my spring vacation. I might add that despite what my eyes tell me when they scan the still-snowy landscape, this is spring! I've been doing what Wm. Shakespeare recommended and have been busily knitting up my "ravell'd sleeve of care". We're eating breakfast later than 6 a.m., we're reading something other than school texts, and occasionally I allow myself a leisurely shopping trip.

I have taped to the wall directly over the desk a giant-sized, 12-month calendar. This is a double story in itself because to see at a glance an entire year is startling, but for it to remain taped to the wall with my husband, Don, prowling about is a story of triumph. He has a genuine abhorrence toward things nailed or taped to any household wall. As a result, I have to be very surreptitious when I try to place something on the wall for any length of time. But I have apparently chosen my spot well, because for more than two months this gigantic calendar has remained in place.

I can write dates of importance way ahead in order that I not forget them. The spaces allowed for each day are large enough to accommodate several notations. I could, if I wished, put up the dates when school will be opening for the 1978-79 school year, but that seems to make the summer look so small that I hesitate doing it.

However, the largest red mark on the calendar right now is the notation for the eleventh of May, when we shall all head for Houston, Texas. It remains for son Paul to adjust his schedule of exams before we are able to know if he will be accompanying us. If all goes well, we will leave here on a Thursday, allow two days and one night to travel, and be seated in the audience of proud parents at Rice University's graduation exercises the next day.

Katharine is the first of our children to be receiving her college diploma and, needless to say, we're extremely proud of her. It never occurred to us that she and Adrienne would be graduating from their respective schools the same year. Adrienne is, of course, graduating on schedule, but because of Katharine's transferring of schools after her freshman year, her graduation was extended to what has now turned out to be a full year.



Donald Driftmier.

Katharine went to two sessions of summer school, but her final term had to be completed on campus. This meant, after many alternative plans of course scheduling, that she could have graduated in December. However, after she received such a nice financial grant from the university, she determined to go ahead and finish her fifth year as a full year rather than squeeze things into one term. It was because of this decision that she was available for consideration when the National Science Foundation grant was offered. As a result of this opportunity to work in the biology laboratories, she met two professors who recommended her very highly for a job which it now appears she has secured in Madison, Wisconsin, effective the week after her graduation. We've been on pins and needles hoping for her to hear, finally, one way or the other regarding this opening in Madison.

Jobs are certainly not at all easy to find, and I would be highly disloyal to her if I said she was lucky to get the job. It was not luck at all because this girl has worked *hard* for as many years as I can remember. Now she knows that the recommendations she has received from the Rice professors, for whom she worked, have paid off. One who is a dedicated, hard worker will be the employee most in demand.

I believe I mentioned the fact that Adrienne is going to stay in Houston with Katharine and be allowed the special treat of helping her close up her apartment and pack our car for their return trip home, via the Azalea Trail and antebellum house tours in Mississippi. The rest of us will leave that beautiful part of the country and fly home because our school terms will not be over. I hope the girls are good packers because girls, unlike boys, are hopeless collectors, and I trust that there will not be more than a

half a car's worth of things to pack. I sometimes have the uneasy thought that they will be parking the car at various places with all of Katharine's worldly possessions visible to any person interested in breaking into the car. I guess I should concentrate on their safe arrival in Wisconsin and not worry about material possessions.

I get too carried away looking at this calendar of mine because here I am with Katharine graduated, Adrienne two weeks away from her high school graduation, myself in the wrap-up schedule of the end of my school year, and then I pop back to today!

While I am still on spring vacation, I am going to drive to central Indiana to visit my mother, who is anxious to see me but has forewarned me that it will be a cold, dark visit. They are all suffering through a 30% cut-back on their consumption of electricity because of this extended coal strike. She cannot use her oven because it is electric. She has turned her heat down and in a house with no basement that makes for a very cold-floored house. The town has practically folded up because the street lights are not being used and the shopping centers are not safe because of the poor illumination. She has been terribly shut in because of the mountains of snow which descended upon them all winter, and just as that problem began to abate they were stuck with the shortage of electricity.

Adrienne and I plan to drive there during the five-day lag before she is scheduled to work as a waitress at a restaurant. She is getting many days of work this vacation so I was lucky to find five days to enlist her aid on the long drive. I am presently praying that there are no spring snowstorms sweeping across the Plains when we are out on the road.

Paul and a friend are coming home for their spring break. The boy is from Massachusetts and the expense of flying home for ten days is more than his family feels is justified. However, Marquette University closes its dormitories as a cost conservation measure, so the boy had almost no place to lay his head. I felt as though it was my turn to take in some student who had need for a home. People have been very generous with their invitations to Katharine during the last four years she has been in Houston, Texas.

Thank goodness Adrienne will be close enough in Evanston, Illinois, that during the next four years of her college career she will be coming home for her various vacations and breaks.

By the time I write next month, the snow should be gone and the earliest of spring flowers should be peeking their buds above ground level.

Until then,  
Mary Beth



## EUGENIE STROM VISITS WITH US AGAIN

Dear Friends:

Since I last wrote to you, many things have happened which Martin and I would like to share with you.

One of the most exciting was our two-week vacation in January. It fell at a perfect time, as it followed the hectic Christmas and New Year Holidays, and our church's annual meeting. With all of this behind us, we were able to relax and enjoy a breather by going on vacation.

The main objective of our trip was to visit Martin's parents, Margery and Oliver Strom, in Green Valley, Arizona, where they were spending the three winter months. At first we planned to fly, but reconsidered and decided to drive so we could visit relatives between Green Valley and Maple Lake, Minnesota.

We departed on a cold, clear Monday morning; the temperature was ten below and the idea of heading south was terrific. The first day we drove to Shenandoah and stayed with Martin's Aunt Lucile. What a wonderful feeling it was for Martin and me, two weary travelers, to walk into Aunt Lucile's home. Betty Jane had made a fire in the fireplace creating a cozy atmosphere, and the delicious smells of a roast pork dinner enveloped us. After eating we talked the evening away.

But we were up and off early the next morning to start the drive across Kansas. We thoroughly enjoy sightseeing and it was unfortunate that we could not stop and see everything we wanted to, but we had set daily destinations and goals and often reached them after dark. After spending the night in Liberal, Kansas, we proceeded across the Oklahoma and Texas Panhandles and into New Mexico. It was just our luck to drive through snow nearly all day! And to think we left Minnesota and headed south to avoid it!

Well, we eventually drove out of the snow and arrived at the Lowey's house where we enjoyed another delicious dinner and spent the night. This was a real treat for me as I had never met Juliana, Jed or their children, and Martin and Juliana had a great time "catching up".

When we left Albuquerque, we drove south through New Mexico and then west into Arizona, finally reaching Green Valley where we spent a week with Margery and Oliver. Our first day there, we all went to Tumacacori, a Spanish mission which was built in the 1700's and abandoned just 27 years later. The ruins are now a state park which preserves the mission's history. From there, we drove to Nogales, Mexico. Martin and I both love visiting Mexico. I have vacationed in Acapulco and Martin spent a summer studying in Guadalajara, so we both have had previous exposure to Mexico. We did much more looking than buying but



Martin and Eugenie Strom in front of the Rio Rico Resort near Nogales, Ariz., where they stopped for lunch.

had a grand time nevertheless.

On the second day, Martin and I drove to Tombstone and visited the OK Corral and Boot Hill. The return route to Green Valley took us by Colossal Cave which we had to stop and see. It has a unique beauty; not wet like many caves, but dry, and all of the gorgeous formations are covered with dust.

The next day Margery, Oliver, Martin and I visited Old Tucson. It was a field day for our imaginations as we toured through the western TV and movie sets. We also witnessed two of the "shoot-outs" which are staged periodically throughout the day. A few miles from Old Tucson we explored the Sonora Desert Museum. The displays show regional desert wildlife and flora in natural settings, so it proved to be a very interesting and educational stop.

The following morning Martin and I set out for Phoenix to visit my 83-year-old great-aunt, Jeannette Davis, who lives in the Orangewood Retirement Community. After lunch with her, she gave us a tour of Orangewood—a very nice facility.

Our stay in Green Valley was very busy but we did find lots of time for visiting with Margery and Oliver.

When we left Arizona, we cut across southern New Mexico and then headed south into Texas. Texas is such a wide state to drive across that we spent a night in Fort Stockton and arrived the following afternoon in Houston. We spent three days enjoying Houston with my aunt and uncle, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Fatherree, their daughter, Susan, and her husband, Jerry Theiss. Martin particularly enjoyed this stop because he had never been in Houston before.

We made the trip home in two days, spending the night in Wichita. Once home, we were caught up in the normal routine before we knew what hit us. Now, with January long since past, our wonderful trip seems more like a dream than actuality.

The Easter Season was another busy time for us. This church traditionally has

its confirmation of new members on Palm Sunday. Martin and I both feel very close to these young people as he instructs their weekly class on Saturday, and I teach their church school class on Sunday mornings. As Palm Sunday approached, and the students were busy preparing for their confirmation exams, we had them come to our home for a special dinner. This dinner has become established as our own tradition because this is the third year we have held this event.

We made another shorter trip in April; this time to Duluth, Minnesota, where we stayed with my cousin, Jeanette Smith, who had graciously invited us to attend an Elizabethan Dinner with her. This dinner is sponsored annually by the Music Department of the University of Minnesota in Duluth. I won't go into great detail about the dinner because we attended last year and Martin wrote all about it in the July, 1977, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. It was such a wonderful experience, I just wish we could take all our friends from Maple Lake to next year's dinner.

Now, with summer just beginning, we have high hopes for doing some camping. We will definitely be taking the youth group from our church on outings.

Gardening is already taking up a good deal of my time. It seems that each year our gardens grow in size, giving me more area to care for. Martin tills the soil for me and then prefers to simply observe and reap the benefits of eating the produce and enjoying the flowers.

Speaking of gardening, I must close this letter now and find my hoe for it is time to go outdoors.

Sincerely,  
Eugenie Strom



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# RECIPES

## RHUBARB BUNDT CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1 1/2 cups rhubarb, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Cream butter or margarine, sugars and flavorings together. Add egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with buttermilk or sour milk. Fold in rhubarb and nuts. Spoon into well-greased bundt cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes, or until done. Cool 10 minutes in pan; turn out on cooling rack to finish cooling.

A topping may be made by combining 1/3 cup of sugar and 3/4 tsp. cinnamon. Sprinkled on top of batter, this adds sparkle and a sweet-spicy layer.

Try this recipe with apples as well as rhubarb for a delicious variation.

## DOROTHY'S SWEET-AND-SOUR PORK

- 1 20-oz. can pineapple chunks
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/3 cup cider vinegar
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 3/4 cup sliced onion
- 3/4 cup green pepper strips
- 6 large slices cooked pork roast
- Cooked rice

Drain pineapple, reserving juice. Mix cornstarch with water. Stir into reserved pineapple juice. Add vinegar, brown sugar and Worcestershire sauce. Simmer, stirring constantly for five minutes or until sauce is clear. Add onion, green pepper and pineapple. Cook over low heat for about ten minutes, stirring occasionally, until all vegetables are barely tender. Add pork slices and heat a few minutes longer. Serve with fluffy cooked rice.

This is a good way to use up leftover pork roast.

## DUTCH NOODLES

- 2 egg yolks
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. cream or half-and-half
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. lard (or butter)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup flour (or more if needed)

Combine all ingredients except the flour. Add flour gradually. Knead lightly on floured breadboard. Roll out as thin as possible. Let dry about half an hour. Cut into strips the width noodle desired. Continue drying (a clean tea towel over the noodles will keep out dust but allow air to circulate to continue drying process) for several hours. Cook in boiling, salted broth. Excellent with boiling beef, stewed chicken, bouillon or soup mixtures.

These noodles freeze very well.

## HAM SANDWICHES

- 1 cup cubed ham
- 1 cup cubed sharp cheese
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1/2 cup chopped stuffed olives
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup chili sauce

Combine all ingredients and spoon into hot dog buns. Wrap each in foil. Heat ten minutes at 375 degrees.

—Donna Nenneman

## AN UNUSUALLY GOOD MACARONI SALAD

- 1 1/2 lbs. curly or shell macaroni
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 2 carrots, grated
- 1 cup sweetened condensed milk
- 1 cup vinegar
- 2 cups good quality mayonnaise
- Sugar to taste

Cook macaroni according to directions on package. Drain and chill. Combine with other vegetables. Mix remaining ingredients well and toss with vegetables until they are nicely coated. Keep refrigerated until time to serve.

This is a large amount, serving 16 generously. A smaller amount can be made and the remaining dressing stored in a covered jar in the refrigerator to be used at a later date.

—Evelyn

## HAM & CHEESE BREAD

- 6 to 7 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 6 eggs (room temperature)
- 1/2 lb. Muenster cheese, shredded
- 1 cup boiled ham strips
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. milk

In a large bowl thoroughly mix, 1 1/2 cups of the flour, sugar, salt and undissolved dry yeast. Combine yogurt, water, margarine and flavoring in a saucepan. Heat over low heat until very warm (120-130 degrees). Margarine does not need to be completely melted. Gradually add to dry ingredients and beat two minutes at medium speed, scraping bowl occasionally. Add the 6 eggs, 1 cup flour and all but 1/2 cup of the cheese. Beat at high speed for two minutes, scraping bowl occasionally. Stir in enough additional flour to make a stiff dough. Turn out on lightly floured board; knead until smooth and elastic, about 8-10 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease all sides. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk.

Punch dough down; turn out on lightly floured board. Knead in ham. Divide dough in half. Shape each half into round ball. Place on greased baking sheets. Cover; let rise again until doubled.

Combine beaten egg with milk; brush over loaves. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake at 350 degrees about 30 minutes or until golden brown.

—Betty Jane

## APRICOT BARS

- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened (If margarine is used, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
- 1/2 cup, plus 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 cup apricot preserves
- 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans

Mix egg yolks, butter or margarine, flavorings and 1/2 cup of the sugar. Stir in flour and beat until smooth. Pat in 9- by 11-inch baking pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 15 minutes or until firm and slightly brown. Remove from oven and let cool. Spread with preserves. Beat egg whites, adding the 4 Tbls. sugar, 1 Tbls. at a time. Beat until soft peaks form. Fold in nuts. Spread over preserves. Bake about 15 minutes longer. Cut into squares. —Betty Jane



**OVEN FRIED CHICKEN**

- 1 frying chicken, cut up
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 Tbls. water
- 20 soda crackers, crushed
- 1/4 cup butter (do not substitute)
- Seasoned salt

Wash, clean and dry chicken pieces. Beat egg and water with fork until blended. Dip chicken in egg mixture and then in cracker crumbs. Place in 9- by 13-inch pan in which butter has been melted. Turn chicken once to coat with butter. Arrange chicken flat in single layer. Sprinkle generously with seasoned salt. Bake 1½ to 2 hours in 400-degree oven. Turn once when brown. Do not cover.

—Donna Nenneman

**BROCCOLI-CORN BAKE**

- 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, cooked and drained
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup coarse saltine cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 cup bread cubes
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted

In mixing bowl, combine corn, cooked broccoli, egg, cracker crumbs, onion, 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine, salt and pepper. Turn into 1-quart casserole. Combine the bread cubes and the 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine; sprinkle over the top of vegetable mixture. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes or until heated through.

—Dorothy

**EASY PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE**

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 1-lb., 4-oz. can pineapple slices, drained
- Maraschino cherry halves
- 1 regular-sized lemon cake mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Whipped topping

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Melt butter or margarine in a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Stir in pineapple flavoring. Sprinkle brown sugar evenly in pan. Arrange drained pineapple slices and maraschino cherries on the sugar mixture.

Mix cake as directed on package, adding the lemon flavoring. Pour batter over fruit in pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes or until it tests done. Let stand five minutes for topping to begin to set, then turn upside down onto a large platter or cookie sheet. Serve warm with whipped topping.

—Donna Nenneman



The camera and I have always been mortal enemies, but Blaine Barton sneaked up on me and caught me doing the one thing that I do and do very well: chopping anything that needs chopping with my little old board and good sharp knife.

—Lucile

**SAUERBRATEN**

In large bowl, combine 2 medium onions, sliced, 1/2 lemon, sliced, 2 1/2 cups water, 1 1/2 cups red wine vinegar, 12 whole cloves, 6 bay leaves, 6 whole peppercorns, 1 Tbls. sugar, 1 Tbls. salt, and 1/4 tsp. ground ginger. Add one 4-lb. beef rump roast, turning to coat. Cover and refrigerate about 36 to 48 hours; turn meat at least twice daily. Remove meat; wipe dry. Strain marinade and reserve.

In Dutch oven, brown meat in 2 Tbls. shortening. Add strained marinade, cover and cook slowly about two hours or until tender. Remove meat. For each cup of gravy, combine 3/4 cup meat juices and 1/4 cup water; add 1/3 cup broken gingersnaps. Cook and stir until thick.

—Lucile

**ALMOND DESSERT**

- 1 graham cracker crust
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups warm milk
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 11-oz. can Mandarin oranges, diced and drained
- 1 6-oz. jar maraschino cherries, diced and drained
- 1/2 cup finely chopped almonds

Line a baking pan with your favorite graham cracker crust. Beat eggs in saucepan. Gradually add the sugar, warm milk and salt. Cook over medium heat until it begins to thicken. Cook about five minutes. Watch closely as this burns easily. Remove from fire and cool to room temperature. Stir in the remaining ingredients and pour over the graham cracker crust. Smooth out evenly and refrigerate for several hours. Cut in squares to serve.

—Betty Jane

**FLORIDA KEY LIME PIE****Crust:**

- 1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter

Combine cracker crumbs, sugar and butter. Mix with fingers until well blended and crumbly. Press into a 9-inch pie pan. Bake 8-10 minutes in an oven preheated to 375 degrees. Remove from oven and place on wire rack to cool.

**Filling:**

- 5 egg yolks
- 1 cup sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup lime juice (about 5 medium limes)
- 1 tsp. grated lime rind
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Reset oven to 350 degrees. Beat yolks until light and fluffy. Gradually add sweetened condensed milk, lime juice, rind and flavoring. Pour into cooled crust and bake for 15 minutes. Remove from oven and cool. Prepare the following meringue:

- 5 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup sugar

Readjust oven to 425 degrees. Whip egg whites until frothy. Gradually add cream of tartar and sugar, beating constantly until stiff peaks form. Spread over pie, being sure to cover all the edges. Bake for 5-6 minutes, or until meringue is nicely browned. Remove to wire rack to cool. Serve chilled.

Bottled lime juice is easily available and can be used successfully.

—Lucile

**SNACK CHICKEN SPREAD**

- 2 cups boned chicken
  - 2 Tbls. horseradish
  - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
  - 1 Tbls. dried onion
  - 1/4 tsp. celery salt or seasoned salt
- Combine well and chill. Good spread for rye or brown bread or crackers.

**VERLENE'S CRISPY COOKIES**

- 1 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 1/2 cups crisp rice cereal

Cream the margarine, butter flavoring, oil and sugars. Beat in egg. Add the remaining ingredients and blend well. Drop on ungreased cookie sheet and bake about 15 minutes at 350 degrees.



**SNAPPY ASPARAGUS**

2 to 3 cups cooked asparagus  
 3 slices bacon  
 3 Tbls. sliced onion (green if possible)  
 1 Tbls. water  
 3 Tbls. vinegar  
 2 tsp. sugar  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 Fresh vegetables for garnish  
 Cut and cook asparagus as desired.  
 Drain. Cook bacon until crisp. Remove

from pan and set aside. Saute onion in hot bacon drippings until transparent, stirring occasionally. Add water, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. When boiling, gently stir in asparagus. Cover and cook several minutes until asparagus absorbs flavors and is hot through. Serve hot with bacon crumbled over top and fresh vegetables—small green onions, radishes, tomato slices, etc.—for garnish.

This is a variation of the sauce served over wilted lettuce. It gives cooked vegetables a snappy taste. Served in a bowl centered in a large platter which contains the fresh vegetables, this dish makes a fine addition to a buffet meal.  
 —Evelyn

**LOW-COST LIVER TERIYAKI**

1 lb. beef liver  
 1/4 cup flour  
 1/4 cup soy sauce  
 1/4 cup water  
 2 Tbls. sugar  
 3 Tbls. vegetable oil  
 1 large onion, sliced  
 Dash of pepper  
 Dash garlic salt  
 2 cups hot cooked rice

Cut liver into small strips, removing any membrane from liver slices. Roll strips in the 1/4 cup flour. Combine soy sauce, water and sugar. Heat oil in large skillet; add onion and saute one minute. Add liver strips; brown quickly, stirring constantly. Lower heat; stir in soy sauce mixture. Cook until liver is cooked through and mixture is thickened. Add pepper and garlic salt. Serve over the cooked rice.  
 —Donna Nenneman

**EASY-TO-PREPARE SWEET ROLLS**

1 pkg. frozen roll dough balls  
 (or make your own)  
 1/4 cup butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
 flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar  
 flavoring  
 1/2 cup brown sugar  
 1 3-oz. pkg. regular vanilla pudding  
 mix  
 2 Tbls. milk  
 Cinnamon and nuts (optional)

Place frozen roll balls in a well-greased 8-inch square pan. (You can make your own and proceed as directed.) Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan. Melt over low heat, stirring, until well blended. Cool. Pour mixture over rolls. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate overnight or several hours. Remove from refrigerator and let rise at room temperature until double in bulk. Bake at 350 degrees for 20-30 minutes. Remove from oven and turn out on large platter or cookie sheet. Delicious served warm, or reheated for another meal.  
 —Evelyn

**SHARON'S PUNCH**

1 gallon water  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 11 6-oz. cans frozen lemonade  
 3/4 Tbls. blue food coloring  
 1/4 tsp. green food coloring  
 11 12-oz. bottles 7-Up  
 1/2 gallon pineapple sherbet  
 Combine water, sugar and lemonade. Add food coloring. (More or less can be used. It is best to add a small amount at a time to get the desired color.) Stir in the 7-Up. Just before serving, add the pineapple sherbet. Serves 50-60. —Hallie

**COUNTRY-STYLE ASPARAGUS**

3 to 4 cups cooked asparagus  
 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced  
 1/3 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style  
 dressing  
 1/4 cup whipped topping  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon  
 flavoring  
 1 tsp. lemon juice  
 Buttered bread crumbs  
 Grated cheese

Cut, cook and drain asparagus as desired (or use drained, canned asparagus). Place in baking dish. Layer sliced eggs over top of asparagus. Combine dressing, whipped topping (the kind you prepare yourself or the frozen kind, or your own whipped cream, if you prefer). Blend in flavoring and lemon juice. Spoon over top of egg layer. Sprinkle buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese over top. Bake 20 minutes in 350-degree oven, or until bubbly and brown. Excellent with fresh asparagus, as well as frozen or canned. Ham cubes or cooked and crumbled bacon can be added.

**PARTY HAM CASSEROLE**

4 oz. uncooked noodles  
 1 can cream of mushroom soup  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 tsp. instant minced onion  
 2 tsp. prepared mustard  
 1 cup sour cream  
 2 cups leftover cooked ham, cut in  
 bite-size pieces  
 1/4 cup dry bread crumbs  
 1 1/2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted  
 1 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese  
 Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 1 1/2-quart casserole. In kettle, bring to boiling enough salted water to cover noodles. Add noodles and return to boiling; boil three minutes. Drain and rinse with cold water. Meanwhile, combine soup and milk in small saucepan and stir until smooth. Add onion, mustard and sour cream, stirring to combine well. In prepared casserole, layer half the noodles, ham and sauce. Repeat layers. Toss bread crumbs with butter or margarine and sprinkle over casserole. Top with cheese. Bake, uncovered, 25-30 minutes.

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Remember when we used to spend two-thirds of the year waiting for fresh-fruit season? And how we gorged on berries and fruits when we could pick them, knowing it would be another year before we could have more?

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## AS ONE DOOR CLOSES, ANOTHER OPENS

by  
Craig Birkby

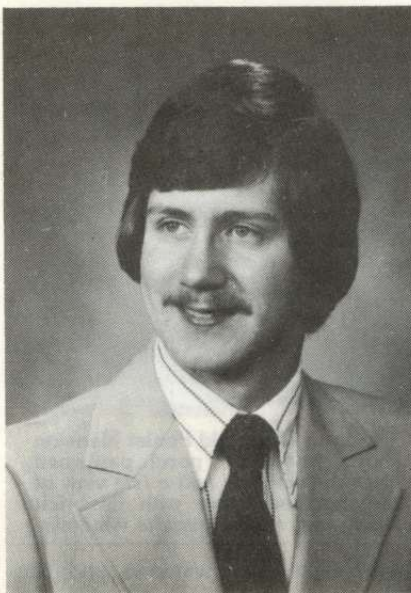
The other day I was going through some of my old papers, trying to decide what to keep and what to throw away. It's a task that all seniors have to do during their last semester, and with graduation not far away, it was my turn to repeat this timeless ritual. As I was looking through the assignments that I did for my freshman writing class, I ran across the first paper I wrote for a college course—"How an Inexperienced Freshman Discovers the College Way of Life". With a chuckle, I relived some of those experiences of four years ago.

Like all pre-college freshmen, I was anxious to find out what college life would be like. To my amazement, I was flooded with the opinions of everybody from the local pastors to the girl next door. My mother even left such succinct books as *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Being a College Freshman — But Were Afraid to Ask*, lying conspicuously around my room.

Despite all this "help", I was still bewildered when I took my first big step on Morningside College Campus in Sioux City, Iowa. Like most freshmen, I stumbled on that first step. Even though the marking of new freshmen with beanies was a thing of the past, I still felt as if I was identified as a greenhorn freshman. For a while I tried to pretend that I was an upperclassman and played the role of the cool Joe College. I walked around the campus acting confident, never asked questions, and tried to look like I knew what I was doing. But after mistaking a closet for a bathroom and looking for a biology lab in the music building, I realized the worthlessness of trying to be what I wasn't. I finally discovered that everyone who comes to college starts the same way that I was starting, so I should not be embarrassed about not knowing the ins and outs of campus life. I concluded that the best approach was to just act natural and be myself.

Even after deciding to not put on a front and to seek help when needed, I still had some difficult times. One of the most traumatic of these was when I went to open my mailbox for the first time. I had always lived on a rural route, and the only time I had seen a combination mailbox was when I went to the post office to look at the F.B.I.'s ten-most-wanted list.

For fifteen minutes the mailbox and I were in bitter conflict. As I was preparing to break the glass, I spied an obvious upperclassman. Grabbing him by the wrist, I pulled him to my side, shoved the crumpled combination into his hand and begged him to open the lock. His expert fingers skillfully turned the dial. As he



**Craig Birkby will be graduating from Morningside College with the class of '78 during their May 7th ceremonies.**

opened the door a cry of joy arose from my throat and I turned to embrace my Good Samaritan only to discover that he had mysteriously disappeared around the corner.

I concluded my first paper by stating that once I was able to overcome some of the obstacles which are felt by all freshmen, I could begin accomplishing the goal for which I had come to college—to learn. I was thinking at that time of the academic learning process that takes place in the classroom and laboratories, but, as I slowly began to discover, and what became more apparent as the years went by, the experiences of living in a different environment with new people is as much of a learning experience as the academic process.

My first semester saw the addition of a great many new friends. Some were upperclassmen who would graduate before me, and some were freshmen like myself and have remained close friends through all four of these undergraduate years.

Some of my first acquaintances were those people who lived around me in the dormitory. I could find almost every type of person in the 230 people who lived in the dorm with me. Most of the residents were from Iowa, but there were some from many other states and some from other countries. There were representatives from various races, religions and cultures. Some were conservative, some liberal. Some were rich and some poor. In many ways we were a very diverse group, but in other ways we were very much alike: we all lived in the same building, shared similar bathroom and laundry facilities, used the same lounge and recreation areas, and ate together in

the same cafeteria.

In addition to the life in the dormitory, the meeting of people in different classes and organizations added to the breadth of friends I made. Here, too, there were differences and similarities. We were all different in our backgrounds and personalities, but at the same time we had the similar desire of wanting to learn.

With these new friends came some of my most memorable experiences of college. Together we would study, talk, go on picnics and on walks. We shared the joy of the good times and the frustrations of the bad. Together we shared many of our feelings and many of our activities.

Some of our projects were planned in advance, such as going to a play or spending a weekend at someone's home. But the best times we had came from spontaneous activities. Such was the condition one cool, fall evening when we melted caramel in an electric popcorn popper to make caramel apples, and then drove out of the city to a nearby timber and took a hike in the glow of the autumn moon.

Even as the learning that comes from the living, working, and relating to other people is invaluable, so is the academic part of college that takes place in the classroom and in the many hours of studying that is done by all college students.

The knowledge that has been available to me as a student has been overwhelming! That possessed by the professors alone is immense; when combined with all that is contained within the textbooks, and all that is stored in the writings in the college library, it presents an awesome volume of priceless knowledge that has been at my fingertips these four years. As I soon discovered during that first year, however, there is a lot of work in having that vast wealth of information available and in finding ways to incorporate that knowledge into my mind.

I thought I knew what it was like to study for long hours in high school, but when I started my first college semester with calculus, botany, composition and rhetoric, freshman seminar and band, I soon discovered the need to study late at night and then get up early in the morning to study again.

Learning subjects which contained abstract and seemingly useless ideas appeared very non-rewarding at first. But slowly, the bits of knowledge began to seem less abstract and started to relate to one another. By the time I could apply these ideas into my own experiences, I was well on the road to discovering the joys of learning.

I think, however, that the greatest benefit that is gained from the exposure to all of the knowledge and talents that

(Continued on page 20)



## GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE

### "Buying a Mansion"

by  
Harold R. Smith

One morning a cousin told me of attending a flea market which is held twice a year in White Cloud, Kansas. I had read of this event many times, but had never attended. My cousin urged me to try to attend the one which was to be held the following May.

The day came for the flea market, so, with two antique buff friends, off I went. The drive was pleasant and the last ten miles into White Cloud lay along a lush bottom land with steep cliffs on each side. The Missouri River ran parallel to the asphalt highway.

Nearing the town, we saw cars parked on either side of the road. I told my friends, "I have a feeling this is where we park and walk."

And walk we did for a mile or so. The temperature had soared into the upper seventies and the walk was uncomfortably hot. In the distance stood tall grain elevators. As we neared them, I saw a tower poking its ornate head up from a grove of trees and remarked that whatever the building was, I wanted to see it before we left White Cloud.

Making a sharp left turn beyond the elevators, we came to Main Street. Booths on either side were filled to capacity with antiques and collectibles. Walking farther up the street, we saw the ornate tower; below it was a three-story brick mansion with many windows, balconies and doors.

After walking through the booth-strewn streets, browsing and buying a few items, we paused for lunch at a crowded restaurant. Fortified for the afternoon, we decided to go look at the mansion. Panting up the steep hill, we finally came to the front of the house. Now we could see two levels, plus the



The front of the old Poulet Mansion shows the restored porch, patterned after the original, and a fine view of the dignified tower with its brick facing and small, graceful windows.

tower, eight large windows and two doors on each level which indicated to us that originally the house had a tall, narrow front porch. The sides of the mansion were blank walls of brick, while the rear of the building had three stories, so designed to fit on the sloping lot. As we stepped around to the rear, we could see fourteen enormous windows, two wrought-iron balconies and seven doors!

Peeking in the back door, we saw a dark interior. A musty smell assailed our nostrils. The temptation to go in was wrong, but in we went! Suddenly, a voice boomed out asking us to please come outside. Standing in the sunlight was a very tall man who explained that he was the owner of the house and lived next door. We introduced ourselves and explained that we were fascinated with the mansion.

A short time later, after an interesting tour of the house, my friends asked the owner if the structure might be for sale and, if so, how much? I could scarcely believe my ears! While they discussed the details, I wandered to the back lawn to admire a giant catalpa tree. In a matter of minutes, the deal was closed with

payment to be made the following week when the deed was delivered.

As we left White Cloud, excited and chattering about the mansion, our imaginations accomplished the following renovations: painted the trim, re-roofed the house, replaced windowpanes, restored the porch, papered and furnished the interior with pieces my friends own. In our minds we could see a French love seat and two matching chairs in the drawing room, a huge crystal chandelier complimenting the muted elegance of an Oriental rug, grand draperies to pull against the evening as dusk approached, and coffee served on the balcony after dinner. If dreams could come true, we were certainly working overtime to help them along. Bathrooms, furnace and wiring were forgotten in our excitement; the house had none!

A few weeks later scaffolding was erected past the third story of the mansion. By summer's end, the exterior was completely restored as we had visualized, even to the formal front porch copied from an old engraving of the original house.

Townpeople told us about Alexander Poulet who had come to White Cloud from France by way of New Orleans. He became a prosperous banker in the community, and built the beautiful mansion in the 1850's. Eventually, he retired to the North Shore area of Chicago. After his death, Mr. Poulet's body was returned to the town which gave him wealth and position, and was buried in the beautiful White Cloud cemetery on the western edge of town.

After Mr. Poulet's death, the house was sold many times until the day came that my friends purchased it. I have visited the Poulet Mansion a number of times, usually during the twice-a-year flea market. Warm sunlight filters through the tall windows to show the beauty of the rooms inside. The exterior is completely restored. We enjoy coffee on the wrought-iron balcony with a superb view of both the town and the Missouri River below. Portions of our dream have already come true.

Tourists arrive in large numbers and we hear the whirling and clicking of both movie and still cameras as a visual record is being made of the beauty of the old mansion. If we venture out the door, we are asked many questions about the house.

When I arrived home the night after the purchase of the mansion, I related the day's events to my mother, Frances, and gave her a gift I had purchased at the flea market. It was an antique filigree pin with a blue stone. As it turned out, the pin was solid gold, the stone a genuine sapphire. Since I had purchased the pin for fifty cents, it was, in some ways, as great a bargain for me as the mansion was for my friends!

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## MEET OUR WRITERS

Eva M. Schroeder

When the editors asked for an autobiography, I couldn't bring myself to write about "me". Surely no one could be interested in a plain old woman of 67 years, who walks with a limp, has poor vision, and is much too heavy. Then it dawned on me that you probably wouldn't give a hoot what I look like at all! More likely, you are wondering how I happen to be writing a garden column for your beloved *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.

Back in the early fifties we were having difficulty keeping our three children in school, paying off the mortgage, and just making a living. I wished there was some way I could help. Even though I could have returned to teaching during and after the war years, a sixth sense told me I belonged by my husband's side, helping with the farm work and in keeping our family together.

One day I picked up a copy of *Writers Digest* at a newsstand and that little magazine opened a whole new world for me. I learned that folks were actually being paid for writing! Intoned over and over like a litany was the phrase, "write about what you know best". What did I know best—the joys and disappointments of farm life, raising children, hobbies, or maybe gardening?

Growing a large garden was a necessity to most farm women in those days, and I was no exception, except I loved every minute of it. To me, it wasn't hard work or drudgery to plant seeds, take care of the plants, and eventually harvest a crop. Growing flowers was like adding frosting to the cake. Besides, a love for growing things had been imbued in me from early childhood—my parents were both avid gardeners. I began practicing writing little gardening vignettes. Finally, I gathered enough courage to send some to an editor and to my astonishment and joy, he liked what I had written, and my first garden column was launched.

Eventually, six different publications were using my garden column and I also did some free-lance writing. Those were busy, happy years. The children graduated from college, married, and left the nest.

Caring for a large dairy herd and farming the land became increasingly harder each year; yet we did not want to sell or lease the farm and move to town. Our retirement dream was to stay in our farm home (where we have spent nearly all our married life) until we died or no longer could care for ourselves. Events that followed have now made this possible. I longed for a small greenhouse where I could grow some of the plant materials about which I was writing. The children came home one Easter vacation and helped their father build a small



Eva and Albert Schroeder.

plastic-covered greenhouse building in the yard across from the kitchen. This was fifteen years ago, but like Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the greenhouse business just grew and grew.

We replaced the small building with a larger one, added a floral shop, and built two more greenhouses. The business phased us right out of farming (we sold the dairy herd and rented out the land). Our work now is just as demanding as farming, but it is not the hard physical labor which we are no longer able to do.

Another development stemmed from my writings and the floral business. Two years ago, we built a small chapel and called it "The Little Chapel of the Flowers". It was to be a place where our many visitors, who came to see the flowers, could pause for a moment of prayer and meditation. Last spring we added a "parsonage" which is used to entertain the groups (garden clubs, homemakers, church organizations, 4-H clubs) that come to tour the gardens. We maintain a trial garden where as many new plant introductions as possible are grown for public viewing. While we are now booked solid for "teas and tours" for this season, any readers who come through Minnesota on U.S. Highway 71, to the little town of Eagle Bend, are invited to stop and see us—the welcome mat is out especially for Kitchen-Klatter folks.

(EDITORIAL NOTE: When Eva sent us her autobiography, she mentioned in her accompanying letter a recent tragedy in her life which we felt should be shared with her reader-friends.

They had seven grandsons who, from their sixth year of age until they reached 16 or older, had each spent their summers with the Schroeders on their farm. The past four years, two grandsons from Pennsylvania, Greg (now 16) and Brent (12) had enjoyed those visits.

Last fall, just one week after returning to their Pennsylvania home, Brent was riding his bicycle when struck by a car and killed.

Eva told us that Brent was a special lad, a gifted child who was just starting

classes in a school for such children. He was their "ambassador of good will" who loved to meet visitors who came to Eagle Bend and show them about the gardens. He had so much potential, the hurt seems especially acute. Many Kitchen-Klatter visitors met Brent when they stopped by and we are certain join us in sending Eva and her family our heartfelt sympathy.)

No one is ever honored for what is received. Honor is the reward for what one gives.

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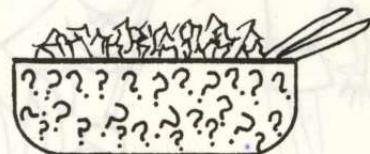
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A friend recently reported that her family was enjoying the newest **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressing**. We replied that that was news to us, since we didn't know anything about a new dressing. She said they call it "Fritcs". And then explained the name: **F**rench, **I**talian and **C**ountry **S**tile. It seems they have been experimenting with combining delicious **Kitchen-Klatter Dressings**, and the one they like best is made from all three.

Maybe you won't go for this mixture, but we think you should give it a try. After all, all three are made from choicest spices, vinegars and oils. All are blended in spotless kitchens from recipes that are the result of months of experimenting. So, give it a whirl... you might end up preferring "Fritcs".

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### Where Have All the Brownies Gone?

Wasn't it a shock when we got old enough to find out there WEREN'T good little people who would come in at night and clean up the house? Somehow, that was one story we hoped would be true.

So, we have to do it ourselves. Fortunately, we have help: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It dissolves instantly, then does its work fast. Cleans right through toughest, greasiest dirt with no scum to rinse away. Convenient and economical, and easy to find on your grocer's shelf. Not as much fun as a bunch of brownies, but a whole lot better than anything else we've found.

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does the work.

## HERE'S TO OUR SENIOR GIRLS

### A Recognition Tea

by  
Virginia Thomas

In many communities, various women's organizations have begun a tradition of honoring the senior girls with a party, luncheon or dinner. It is not only a lovely social gesture and a way to bring the generations closer together, but it might well be the stepping stone to future memberships in your organization. Why not consider the idea for a club or women's society this year?

This occasion offers the perfect opportunity for the decorating committee to go all out for things that are frilly and feminine—ribbons and lace, buttons and bows might well be used lavishly.

If you decide on a "Buttons and Bows" theme for the party, begin with a theme tree. For this, use a small tree branch which has been painted white. (If early in the spring, use a branch which is just starting to unfurl delicate green leaves.) Anchor the tree in a flower pot or pretty bowl. Tie small ribbon bows to the tree branches. Suspend pretty buttons of various sizes and shapes and colors (ribbons and buttons may carry out chosen colors) from the tree branches with white thread. Lipstick samples (a local beauty shop or drug store might be willing to furnish these) might be tied to the tree also as decorations.

Pin ribbon bows to the overlap of the tablecloth on a tea table and glue a tiny ribbon bow and a button to the corner of each napkin.

For a centerpiece for a tea table, or for smaller ones on dining tables, create posies from scraps of lace edgings and large buttons and ribbon.

Wire a fringed ribbon center to a length of wire, then wind ruffled lace around it to form a flower shape. For the buttons, use large ones which have two holes in the center. Draw narrow ribbon through the holes so a tiny bow can be tied on top of the button for the flower's center. Wire the button to a wire stem.

Lovely satin ribbon cabbage roses may be made by folding the wide ribbon in the center and then attaching one end to a wire stem. Wind the ribbon around the stem rather tightly two or three times, then a bit looser, folding and shaping to form soft petals, becoming larger as the outside of the rose is reached. (A little practice will help get just the right twist.) Fold the last loop to the bottom, where all of the folds are held firmly in place, and tie tightly. Wrap the stems of all the flowers in green florist's tape, adding purchased leaves, if desired. Make arrangements of these flowers and artificial greenery in low bowls for

centerpieces.

The round or oval mirror cosmetic trays (with filigree gold metal edge) work into a dainty centerpiece by filling the tray with a few small blossoms and cosmetics in pretty containers. Narrow ribbons may run from this centerpiece out to each place setting, perhaps fastened to a place favor.

How about a *jewel box centerpiece*? Cover an empty bath powder box and lid with velvet or satin fabric. Fasten a cluster of dainty flowers to the top of the lid. The lid is placed beside the box. Fill the "jewel box" with small flowers and individual sachets. The sachets may be passed out to the guests later.

*Place Favors:* 1. Wrap miniature bars of soap in a square of nylon net, gathering the corners of the net on top of the soap and tying with a perky ribbon bow to form a little pompon. 2. Lipstick, or other cosmetic samples, can be tied with the nylon net and ribbon in the same fashion.

"Flight from the Home Nest" is another theme idea with centerpieces, favors and decorations cued to flight luggage. Pill boxes can be decorated as pieces of luggage and used for the nut cups. Larger boxes, decorated as pieces of luggage, may hold either flowers, or sachets or fancy containers of cosmetics for centerpieces. For a humorous touch, do include some luggage supposedly "packed to go", with the overstuffed look—tennis shoes hanging out, along with a sock or two, and a tennis racket, transistor radio, hair dryer, etc., all piled on top.

Samples of cosmetics can be wrapped attractively and used as favors, or make them up into individual "flight bag" packets for each senior girl, or for all the guests, depending how many are acquired.

*Program:* We have found that a popular speaker for this "all girl" party is someone from the local beauty salon who will give tips on grooming and make-up and hair-styling—both for the busy college girl or an office worker. Often this is followed by a question-and-answer period. The best part of such a program, our girls thought, was having the beautician demonstrate different hair styles and other points on models chosen from the audience.

If quite a few of the girls will be job hunting, perhaps some executive or business manager will speak about the "how-tos" of job interviews, including the proper grooming for the business girl.

Humor sometimes is the best way to get a point across, so a few of the club members might work up a humorous skit stressing the **WRONG** way to dress and to talk for a job interview.

The proprietor of a local dress shop might give a few hints on new fashions, or what the college girl will be wearing.





—Photo by Linnie Shelton

## WIFEY'S WASHDAY!

by

Annabelle Scott Whobrey

Being reared as an only child, I reached out in our area of the country for any simple entertainment. Fifty years ago there was not much to do, only self-devised fun, but I managed to pass the time.

The folks on the next farm were quite odd, according to standards at our place. In fact, the whole community laughed over events that took place on that farm! All the neighbors called them *Hubby* and *Wifey* because of the fact that this pair called each other by those names! However, I am sure that they had no notion that other people called them these endearing terms. They had a lovely big yard, with dozens of large maple trees and a few apple trees. *Wifey* had a green thumb and grew roses from cuttings that she placed under glass jars. Also, she and other ladies exchanged seeds and bulbs so she had quite a showplace. BUT, all the hard work of making flower beds fell to *Hubby's* lot; about all *Wifey* did was supervise, then take credit for the resulting beauty!

Since this neighbor's house was just across on the next hill, I was allowed to go over and visit. If their granddaughter wasn't there so we could play, I let the old folks entertain me. They offered me juicy ripe apples as they went about their chores, *Hubby* doing the labor and *Wifey* lashing out the orders!

In warm weather, they set aside a washday every two weeks out under a big maple. By sunup, *Hubby* was drawing water and putting it in the big iron kettles, then he built a fire to heat the water. Oh, I knew when it was going to be washday: the pulley to their well was quite squeaky and heralded the news clear over to our house! It seemed a bit unfair for *Hubby* to have to draw all those big buckets of water because his wife was a much bigger woman than any other I knew. He could stand in her shadow, so I suppose that is why he was so henpecked! He even set the washtubs and rub board out on a table while *Wifey* sorted the clothes.

This seemed to be one department that she didn't feel *Hubby* could do properly for she sorted everything just SO! One big zinc tub was filled with water and all the "overhauls" were put there to soak, being the last things to wash. So, while *Hubby* humped over the washboard skinning his knuckles trying to get the grit and grim from the overalls, *Wifey* hung her laundry on the line! She made sure her wash was snow-white as she boiled the whites in one of the big kettles and added a plentiful amount of homemade lye soap shavings. *Hubby* kept punching down the clothes with an old broom handle according to *Wifey's* instructions! *Hubby* never left the site of the wash, no matter how badly his corn needed plowing or how many potato bugs were eating up his garden. He knew he had to stay within earshot!

When *Hubby* got all the dirt out of the overalls, after *Wifey's* inspection, then it was his chore to drape them over the fence to dry. *Wifey* went inside to get some rest and helpful *Hubby* emptied the water, scrubbed the tubs and stored them on nails behind the smokehouse. The kettles were turned upside down and THEN he was free to do his own work!

I have a pang of pity upon knowing the small amount of labor one does today with an automatic washing machine; *Hubby* would have certainly appreciated such an invention. He would then have been able to pick off potato bugs and plow his corn—unless *Wifey* wanted something else done! The Good Book says, "the meek shall inherit the earth", surely someday *Hubby* will be rewarded!

### DONNA'S LETTER — Concluded

betterment that we should get out and see what makes America great.

One last story on an exciting trip: it is often said that one has to travel several thousand miles to strike up old friendships that could be maintained by a short drive from home. While in San Francisco, we ran across old friends, currently living in St. Louis, with whom we had gone to school in Greeley, Colorado, back in the early sixties. It was a pleasure to see them again, it also caused us to ask the question, "Do we become so busy in our lives that we never get back to those that gave us enjoyment in times past?"

I must close and get this in the mail.

Sincerely,  
Donna

### THANK GOD FOR —

For another day,  
For another morning,  
For another hour,  
For another minute,  
For another chance  
To live and serve Thee. —Unknown

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Look at the clouds, but reach far above them.



## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

Children—blessings or burdens? Dr. Joseph Felix, in his book *Proud Parenthood*, (Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tennessee, \$6.95) sees parenthood as something in which to take pride. Dr. Felix, coordinator of program evaluation for the Dept. of Research and Development, Cincinnati Public Schools, encourages parents to draw upon their inner resources of intelligence, creativity, love, and faith in order to work on their personal shortcomings. He shows how parents can better handle their responses (anger, uncertainty, defensiveness, discouragement) and act rationally in dealing with children in areas of discipline and self-control. There are sixty make-believe situations that test the parent/reader's responses to specific problems of child behavior.

Dr. Felix writes, "The family of my birth gave me a solid spiritual foundation and room to grow. The family of my marriage gave me the fulfillment of proud parenthood . . . The moments of delight and exasperation, the experiences of hilarity that double you up with laughter, and the frustrations that push those 'unmanly' tears through the ducts—these and all the other daily happenings bring me pride and gratitude. In this book, I try to share some of the things that have happened to me as a father of eight children and as a professional working with kids. I hope that what I have to say fits somewhere into your life."

*Proud Parenthood* really does have much to offer. If we open our hearts to the joys of family life, then proud parenthood can be the most fulfilling experience life has to offer.

In the chapter on discipline, Dr. Felix writes that disciplinary techniques should be clearly defined. Then you may be able to gain obedience and cooperation without relying on punishment. But sometimes, the calculated plan goes awry! He writes, "One mother, tired of the constant disorder in her sons' room, got the boys to agree that they would pay her a penny for every item she had to pick up in their room. At the end of the week, they owed her 27¢. She received the 27¢, plus a dime tip, with a note saying, 'Thanks, Mom. Keep up the good work!'"

*Let's Make Paper Dolls* (Harper & Row, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y., \$1.95) by Vivian Huff, gives definite and easy instructions for making chains of paper dolls using paper, pencils, scissors, Magic Markers, crayons and paints. A fun project for the young.

Many readers are familiar with the *Foxfire* books. For Eliot Wigginton and

his students the classroom project which started it all has meant countless hours of work and pleasure documenting the lives and customs of people of Southern Appalachia. For the people the students interviewed, *Foxfire* has become a way of sharing experiences, wisdom, and arts with their grandchildren—a way of communicating their rural life to this and future generations. *Foxfire 4* (Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., \$10.95) continues and extends the tradition of practical information.

Anita Jenkins recalls what her Aunt Lola's parents taught her dear aunt: "Whatever they planted, they expected to get a harvest from, because they planted it in faith and cultivated it. Now you plant this little, pitiful-looking seed, a grain of corn, or a bean, or a pumpkin seed, and then think of what a harvest it would make. And I remember Mama telling me one time that that was the way your life was. You were just one person and if you did a good deed for somebody, that made them want to do a good deed for someone else, and it spreads. That was a valuable lesson to me."

*Foxfire 4* has to do with fiddle making, horse trading, gardening, and further affairs of plain living.

### I SEE GOD IN THE MORNING

I see God in the morning  
When the dew is on the grass;  
In smiling pansy faces,  
In the garden as I pass,  
In the daffodil's cup,  
In the bud of the rose,  
In gay tulips stretched tall  
On their green tippy-toes.  
I pause — strength for daily tasks  
drawn —  
In the hushed, sweet loveliness  
Of the new day's dawn.

—Mabel Nair Brown

### AS THE DOOR CLOSSES — Concl.

are found at a college is a growing desire to learn more. With each new door that is opened, more come into view. It is partially the desire to explore what lies behind some of those unopened doors that I now plan to pursue the field of medicine, an ever-changing, ever-growing, area.

It has been four years since I took that first big step on the Morningside College Campus. Since that time I've had much happen to me. No longer do I have difficulty finding the bathroom, the biology lab or opening my mailbox. Most of the times I remember as good, but there are a few experiences I would not want to relive. But whether the event was good or bad, I gained and grew from each one. Now, as I reflect over the last four years, I can do so with pride and with many fond memories; as I look toward the future, I am filled with excitement and anticipation.



**WITH THREAD IN HAND — Concl.**

1858, the same year the famous Worth opened his women's shop in Paris. Typical of the times, Ellen, or Nell as she was called, gave up her large millinery business when she married. But this creative and ambitious woman was not out of the business world for long.

One day Nell Demorest was watching her maid making a dress by cutting the pieces from wrapping paper first to use as a pattern on the material. This gave Nell an idea. Why couldn't she make paper patterns of some of the latest styles in clothes and sell them to women who made their own clothes at home? Living in Brooklyn and already established in the New York fashion set, she had access to the latest fashion trends. Why, with such a pattern any woman could duplicate the newest designs from Paris!

Nell and her sister had long been thinking of a way to do away with the expensive "cut and try" method of fitting. The sewing machine had been invented by this time and cloth was being mass produced in factories. The time was ripe for new ideas in sewing.

William Demorest was a dry goods merchant and enthusiastic for new ideas. He immediately recognized the paper pattern idea as a winner and soon devised a system for cutting the patterns of tissue paper in a variety of sizes. Each pattern was folded and placed in a flat envelope which had a picture imprinted on the outside.

Typical of the times, William, as head of the business firm, received the credit for the new idea. Nevertheless, Nell was a very important member of the business and William knew it, for he saw the value of a woman as head of the new pattern business. Since top fashions were French, he quietly gave her the title of Mme. Demorest, a title she had for the rest of her life.

William and Nell Demorest soon realized that a women's magazine was the obvious way to get their patterns before the public and to sell them. They printed their first fashion magazine, "Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashions", in 1860. It was a book of fashions which women could sew themselves, using patterns pictured and advertised in the magazine. A sample pattern was included with each magazine. The pattern magazine was an instant success. The Demorests were soon selling patterns through distribution centers around the country. A new era in dressmaking had begun.

**Closing Poem:**

In and out her needle goes  
As Milady sits and sews;  
Tiny stitches, even seams,  
As she ponders life—and dreams.

—M.N.B.

**Scriptures:** Proverbs 31, verses 1, 13, 19-28.



Betty Jane's mother (Mrs. Lucille Rice of Saint Paul, Minn.) has spent several happy weeks with us, and watering our huge collection of house plants is one of the jobs she really enjoys. Incidentally, we all refer to her as "Lu" because having two Luciles in the house is just too confusing. —Lucile

**COVER STORY**

One day a couple of months ago, I picked up the phone and asked Mrs. Ruby Treese if she would be willing to line up her two granddaughters and have a picture taken for the May issue of this magazine. I was very, very happy when she said "yes".

Ruby lived in our family home for thirteen years and was deeply devoted to Mother and Dad; only her total care made it possible for the folks to be in their own home which meant so much to them.

Teresa Nicholas has been incredibly busy through all of her school years. We can't think of *anything* she hasn't done because of her tremendous variety of activities. She was Homecoming Queen this year (as her mother was before her) and will be busy all summer long because she is a great worker. Many of you friends have met her since she serves as a guide for the big bus loads of people who come to Shenandoah in the summer months.

Her future plans are to attend Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, where she has received a scholarship that is renewable annually for four years. Her plans are to major in music (she has a beautiful voice) and to minor in Learning Disabilities.

Her sister, Amy, will always be dear "little" Amy to us, I guess, since she spent so many, many hours in Mother's room and was willing to run and get anything Mother might want at any second.

She is a first grader now and so bouncing with vitality and energy that her Grandmother Treese says she most certainly doesn't need any kind of vitamins to pep her up! On March 27, she was seven years old. —Lucile

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**LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded**

Dorothy, Frank and friend are following Russell's explicit directions very carefully and putting on a fine show for the camera. Then you will see that I have reared back and am obviously screaming. At my feet there is an object and that object is Russell! He lost his footing on the slick rocks in the stream and went down with a crash. I was the only one aware of the accident; the three others were wholly oblivious to what was going on.

The only copy of this picture is so yellow with age that I didn't believe even Blaine Barton's photographic abilities



See Lucile's Letter for details of this "From Our Family Album" picture.



## SOME Maybasket!

Not exactly filled with goodies and gumdrops, is it? Oh well, it could be worse: what if you didn't have the **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins** to help you do it? Just think how you'd miss **Kitchen-Klatter All-Fabric Bleach** and **Blue Drops Laundry Detergent**! You'd have to go back to lazy soaps that didn't clean deep through and through. And how you'd miss that **Kitchen-Klatter** sweet and clean fragrance. Oh, and the old-fashioned bleaches! Remember how you used to fear adding bleach to the wash water, because you just knew some delicate fabric couldn't take the harsh chlorine?

Well, don't worry. We're going to keep right on producing **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach** and **Blue Drops Laundry Detergent**, so you can go on enjoying the cleanest, brightest washes you ever had.



THE MARK OF QUALITY

could get a decent reproduction of it, but he *did*! I hope this picture gives all of you a good hearty laugh when you put your imaginations to the circumstances described.

Well, Betty Jane is out feeding the goldfinches and Lu is making some asparagus soup, so I think I'll go out and join the clan.

May is a busy month, but please write to us when you can.

Faithfully yours,  
Lucile

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
Fineman many years ago, and I have no idea where it was first published. The poem is entitled "For a Child".

I tell you this to your bright sweet face:  
Our world is a most precarious place.  
Let others teach you to long for surety;  
I will train you to know and accept insecurity.

Since you cannot keep life inside a neat fence,

You will learn to lean on impermanence.  
You will cherish love and prize all beauty  
Though it break your heart and end in duty.

You will not fear ecstasy's turn to disgust.

You will walk like a lion after crawling in dust.

The ultimate weakness will make you more strong.

You will say: "What was right is now become wrong!"

You will sow for joy and reap in sorrow,  
But never surrender your wish for tomorrow.

You will take delight in the indrawn breath

That gives you life which leads to death.

I want to wean you from the womb.  
Come out, my child, of that warm dark

room.

You will not find its like this side of the tomb.

If you are an optimist like me, I think you will like this definition of an optimist and a pessimist. An optimist is one who believes his dreams will come true, and a pessimist is one who believes his nightmares will come true. And remember this: successful people are optimists who had the courage to buy out the pessimists! It is true, isn't it?

Sincerely,  
Frederick

## HOMEMADE BREAD

No matter how they dress it up

On the grocer's shelf,  
No bread can ever be as good  
As what you bake yourself.

Wondrous smell! Oh, crisp, brown crust,

Oh, butter melting through,

And, best of all, the happy thought

That this was baked by you.

—Unknown

## A CARNATION ACROSTIC FOR MOTHER'S DAY

"C" is for the care my mother gave me,

"A" is for her arms that held me tight,

"R" is for her ready understanding,

"N" is for her natural smile so bright,

"A" is for the anchor of her affection,

"T" is for her tenderness and love.

"I" is for ideals and inspiration,

"O" is for the "over and above" in all she gave,

"N" is for never-ending faith and tenderness.

Put them all together and they spell  
**CARNATION** — the flower I wear for  
Mother dear!

—Virginia Thomas





## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 30¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

July ads due May 10  
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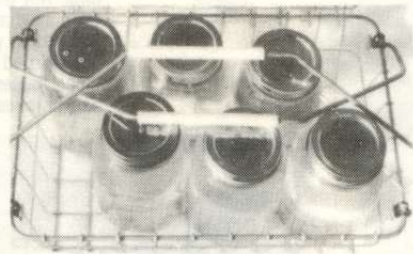
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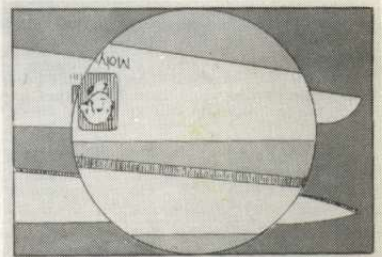
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