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Leanna Field Driftmier, 1912

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings Good Friends, Near and Far:

This is the way we open our daily radio visits and it came to me this morning when I sat down at the typewriter that I'd say the same thing—just for a change! I guess the reason I'd never thought of this before is simply because our little magazine goes all over the world (most literally) and my mind is geared to our Midwest section of the country when I begin a broadcast visit.

Well, it's May Day, we've set our clocks and watches ahead for an hour, and I'm in the frame of mind to wish from the bottom of my heart that it's a much better year for all of us. Probably it's because I'm Iowa born and bred that I've always thought of May Day as the beginning of the year rather than January first. People, who live where there are not violent temperature changes, probably find my comment rather far-fetched, but believe me, if you live in farming country you spend about 50% of your time looking at the sky! No rain, no crops; too much rain, no crops. Anyone who feels cynical about such thinking just hasn't put in his share of Midwestern winters and summers.

As I told you in an earlier letter, we had Betty Jane's mother, Lu Rice, with us for two months this last winter and she saved our lives! It was absolutely wonderful to have a third person with us, a most congenial third person, and the things she did for us simply could not be enumerated. (Mother, before she passed away, had a chance to visit with Lu and enjoyed her tremendously.)

I've mentioned to you earlier that Martin and Eugenie Strom stopped here overnight as they headed for Green Valley, Arizona, to briefly visit with Martin's parents, Margery and Oliver. At that time, Eugenie had cause to feel grave concern for her mother's health. She was a victim of cancer and had made quite a few trips to Houston, Texas, where her brother is a noted cancer specialist and did everything that could be done to conquer this dreaded ailment. But in spite of the best care in the world,

she simply couldn't make it . . . and thus Eugenie's great loss. Our hearts certainly go out to her. Now she and Martin are back to their busy schedule at Maple Lake, Minnesota, but my! how frequently she crosses our minds.

I am writing this just before the annual May Day breakfast at our First Baptist church. My husband and I always enjoyed this so much and invited our good friends down at the Kitchen-Klatter plant to be our guests. It's a big undertaking for the women of that church and even without a calendar I know it's May Day because on our quiet street we begin to hear the traffic shortly before 5:00 A.M. It's the Baptist women turning out full force to get that breakfast underway. I could be mistaken about this but I believe the current affair is the 83rd breakfast. Now, how is that for a record?

Conditions are just about as usual with Betty Jane and me. We test recipes doggedly (and I put it this way because we shouldn't even be tasting our food due to all the calories) and, since there are only the two of us, we surely have a lot to hand out and pass on to other people. One of our biggest problems is to keep the refrigerator from getting all jammed up with leftovers. Mother coped with many problems, but this was one that she missed!

My grandson, James Lowey, had a very, very happy tenth birthday and my gift to him was a great success. I asked Juliana to please send me a list of what she thought he would enjoy, so I mulled over that list and settled for a cassette player. He's had a great time with it.

Now, I'm going through the same procedure with Katharine's forthcoming birthday when she will be eight years old. Last year, they were all here in Shenandoah at that time and we had a delightful birthday party on the terrace just when our weeping crab was at its peak blooming period. (I believe we used a cover picture of this in one of our issues last year.)

At this time, I don't believe we'll have the children here, so I must select a gift that can be mailed. Juliana will make the usual lamb mold birthday cake, but I have no such silly notions as to think I could make one and ship it from here!

In addition to this, I cannot replace Sadie, the goat. This was the one animal they thought they could have because of the terrible allergy problems that are shared mutually between James and his father. They never had a chance to see if this would work out because Sadie just up and died before any final decision could be reached.

This past winter has wreaked havoc with our flowering trees. Our town now has many, many magnolias, and the ones I've seen so far look puny and ailing. Even our old redbud tree is balking. I suspect



Once a week you friends who hear our Kitchen-Klatter radio visits have a bonus listening to a taped segment which my daughter, Juliana Lowey, and her very dear old friend, Robin Read Justiz, send to us from Albuquerque. Those two girls have been very close to each other since sandbox days. They both graduated from the University of New Mexico and both married right there in Albuquerque. My little granddaughter, Katharine, adores Robin—as is plain to be seen in this photograph of the two.
—Lucile

our far-from-normal winter is the cause of all this.

My cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, in Iowa City has made tremendous gains with her ailment (same kind as I have) and this firsthand news gives me hope that one of these days I can write the same report about myself.

Louise Fischer Alexander called me the other night from California and I told her about some old pictures I remembered from years gone by but just couldn't put my hands on no matter how many boxes I rifled through. Imagine my astonishment when Louise sent me the pictures I wanted and they reached me in only four days!

My third Fischer cousin, Mary Chapin, has been in extremely poor health this last year and twice had to be rushed to the hospital by ambulance because of violent asthma attacks. She is home now and doing better.

Incidentally, when you come to Shenandoah and have time to browse around a little, I wish you'd stop at our wonderful library and see the genuinely beautiful large print of Mary's husband's work. He was a painter of renown, and this lovely print of Mary and her older son, Elliott, was placed in the main reading room with a caption underneath that states it was a gift in memory of her father, Judge Frederick Fischer, and of my husband, Russell Verness. How much I wish that both of them had been able to see it.

In about a month from now, Betty
(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I don't know what the field conditions are where you live, but I can safely say that, at this writing, there have been very few tractor wheels turning where we live in south central Iowa. I found the same thing to be true between our home near Lucas and Shenandoah when I made a trip there this week. Presently, there have been very few oats sown and no corn planted. Many beans may have to be planted this year. There was very little fall plowing done anywhere last year because of the extremely wet conditions, so it is taking a lot longer to get the ground ready for planting when the farmers are able to work.

Many men lost quite a few cows and baby calves this spring. The cause has not been officially given, but apparently the deaths are related to the fact that winter was so long and severe and because of last year's drouth the quality of the feed wasn't up to par. Frank and I feel pretty fortunate. We had one little baby calf we had to start on the bottle, but we now have her on special feed and she is growing like a weed.

We have had our first flood of the season (and we hope our last). The ducks were the only ones happy about all that water. We have had ducks for several years, as you know. The two breeds, the large mallards and the Muscovys, have never had anything to do with each other. In fact, the mallards are always together and stay pretty close to the house, but the Muscovy ducks (who can fly) stray long distances from the house. Last fall, when one of the white ducks hatched her eggs, out came one little ugly duckling. When it grew up, it was neither mallard nor Muscovy, but a pure black duck that can fly "like everything".

Frank had kept these ducks shut up all winter and when he turned them out this spring none of the ducks would have anything to do with that ugly duckling; it was always alone. Finally, one day one of the white drakes made up to her and they left together for our other bayou. Now we see them when we go out the gate and up the road but they have never come home again.

Since I last wrote to you, I had a chance to meet and visit with many of our readers and listeners in the Ottumwa area. I went there with Billie Oakley to participate in a cooking school presented by radio station KBIZ and hosted by their own homemaker, Bev Dimmitt. Billie has been a friend of ours for many years; in



At a recent culinary art show, a number of unusual decorated cakes were displayed. Dorothy Johnson took this snapshot of one which was put together like a gingerbread house. It duplicated the lines of the historic Hubbell mansion in Des Moines.

fact, since she came to Shenandoah in 1940. She was a KMA homemaker for a number of years, and then many of you knew her when she was with the Gooch Company. Now she is back at her old stamping grounds, KMA, and we have renewed our friendship.

When Billie asked me to work with her at the cooking school, I was a little hesitant because I had never done anything like this before. Cooking in my own kitchen is a far cry from cooking in front of a large crowd, but Billie has had a lot of experience doing this sort of program and she really wanted me to go with her, so I did. It was a wonderful experience and a lot of fun. We just hope the audience enjoyed it all as much as we did.

Billie drove from Shenandoah to Ottumwa the afternoon before the program so she could organize everything we were going to need. I told her I was going to be in Lucas at the house of a friend, Dorothea Polser, and it wouldn't be out of her way to stop there for a cup of coffee as she went through town. One of the foods we were going to bake at the cooking school was Lucile's famous Road-to-Bankruptcy Chocolate Cake. Since I had never made this particular cake, it seemed a good idea for me to practice first at home. When it was baked, I took the cake to Dorothea's to go with our coffee.

The next day, Dorothea drove to Ottumwa with me. Billie met us and took us to lunch at a Chinese restaurant in Ottumwa where we had some very good Chinese food, then we went for a drive around the town to look at some of the large, old homes.

I have long been an advocate of trade

schools and the Community Colleges which are becoming more and more popular. There were two men on the program that night who are both teachers in the Ottumwa Area Community College in the department of Food Preparation and Management. One demonstrated (assisted by a student) the proper way to slice a large beef roast. The other man was a baker. He decorated a beautiful cake and presented it to a lady whose birthday was that day. His student assistant decorated a child's birthday cake and since there were two little girls in the audience with birthdays, a drawing was held and the lucky little girl got to take the cake home. The other little girl was to get one just like it the next day when it would be delivered to her home.

After visiting with these teachers and students, I was more sold than ever on this type of schooling. If a young man or woman is the least bit interested in cooking or food management, wonderful training for a career in one of the nation's largest industries can be done in just a year or a year-and-a-half. Unlimited employment opportunities are available and at good salaries, because more and more people are eating out these days, and more and more restaurants are being built. In fact, a person of any age can qualify for a job of this type if he has an interest in food preparation and service, and enjoys working with people.

When we had a few minutes to visit, I told Billie about some of the interesting shows dealing with food that are held in Des Moines every year, one of which is the Culinary Art Show. She said she definitely wanted to go with me if I would let her know the date of the next exhibition. When I got home and picked up the paper I saw that one was to be held at the Southridge Mall the very next Sunday. I knew Billie had something else on that day and wouldn't be able to go, so I didn't even call her. I asked my friend, Louise Querry, if she wanted to go, and she gladly agreed. It was the first time either of us had seen such a show. It is a non-profit display put on by the River Valley Culinary Association and featured such things as ice sculptures, chocolate carvings, paintings done with colored icings and cocoa, fancy decorated cakes of all kinds, different delicious-looking breads and rolls, and beautiful big salads. There was one gingerbread house made as a replica of a famous landmark in Iowa—the Hubbell mansion, now the residence for the Governor of Iowa.

Kristin and her family are all busy, especially the boys with their various athletic activities. Art, Kristin, or both, go along when the boys participate in an event in another town. Little Julian is just active, period! The family hopes to get back here sometime this summer and

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Here Comes the Bride!

Shower Suggestions

by
Mabel Nair Brown

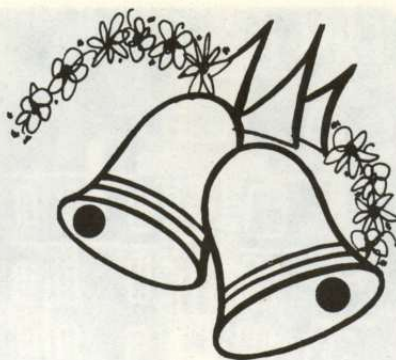


Table Centerpieces: For a kitchen shower, a *Flower Cart Centerpiece* is pretty. Use a new loaf bread pan for the cart. Make large wheels for the cart from styrofoam with a dowel stick for the axle and a block of foam cut to make a "leg" to hold up the front of the cart. Cover the wheels and the "leg" with aluminum foil. Fill the cart with an arrangement of garden flowers. If yours is to be a luncheon shower, make small flower arrangements for each place setting, using gelatin molds for the containers. Run narrow ribbon streamers from the centerpiece out to the place setting flower pieces. The bread pan and gelatin molds might be given to the bride after the luncheon as part of the hostess's gift.

For a buffet luncheon, a *Topiary Tree* made by using either garden roses or artificial ones, makes a lovely setting. For the tree, you will need a wooden block base into which an 18-inch length of dowel stick is anchored. Insert a large foam ball on top of the stick. Insert the stems of the roses (leave about an inch of stem on each rose) into the ball, covering it completely. Tuck fluffs of white net illusion among the roses. A few sprigs of baby's breath can be added for a more bridal look. Narrow white satin streamers can be draped from the topiary tree out to roses used as place favors at each setting. Wrap the dowel stick with ribbon and conceal the base of the tree with flowers. Fresh flowers are lovely but use artificial ones in the tree if the use of fresh ones will rush you too much at the last minute. Small packages, wrapped in the bride's colors, can be used instead of the single rose at each place. The packages contain small kitchen gadgets and, at the suggestion of the hostess, they are presented to the honoree after each guest unwraps her package.

A clever *Wedding Bell Centerpiece* can be made by using white paper or foam cups as the bells, with a candy heart or a rosebud glued to a short length of ribbon fastened in the bell for a clapper. Arrange the bells in a cluster with a large ribbon or lace bow—perhaps the bow should be in the bride's chosen colors.

Nut Cups: Cover each cup in one of the bride's colors. To each handle, tie a fluff of white net with a wedding ring, perhaps with a spray of lily-of-the-valley. These rings can be purchased at novelty

stores at a small cost.

"Bride's Bible" *Nut Cups* make unusual favors. For the Bible covers, cut pieces of cardboard so that they extend out over the edges of pillboxes. Face the covers with white satin material, also one long side of the outside of the box. Paint the other three sides of the box gold to resemble the pages. Fasten a spray of tiny flowers and some tiny streamers to the top of the "Bible".

A clever corsage for the bride can be made by using the items in the bridal tradition: "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue"—with a blue garter, perhaps. The "something old" might be a lovely white handkerchief from a beloved aunt or grandmother, or perhaps a brooch that is being handed down in the family to each new bride. The "penny for her shoe" can be fastened to a length of chenille wire, to work into the corsage. If the handkerchief isn't the "old" item, then let a lovely, lace-edged one be the "new", and this could be used by the bride for her wedding, perhaps with her keeping it to pass on to her daughter some day.

Entertainment: As each guest arrives, have ready white paper bells and straight pins. Pin a bell on each guest's shoulder, with the instructions they are to wear them during the party, but before they leave they are to write some advice to the bride on it, and hand it to the honoree.

Before the shower, place about 20-25 kitchen gadgets and tools, perhaps a few spice boxes, etc., in a market basket. To play the game, pass the basket around so that each guest can take a good look. Each guest is then told to write down a list of all the things she remembers having seen in the basket. Allow about five or seven minutes for this. The person with the longest list wins a small prize.

The Scrambled Wedding: Unscramble the letters in these words to find words relating to a wedding.

1. dmsdribae (bridesmaid), 2. tuoqueb (bouquet), 3. careherp (preacher), 4. necprotei (reception), 5. ginn rabree (ring bearer), 6. trerag (garter), 7. rladi live (bridal veil), 8. osiceprlsnoa (processional), 9. rhhcua (church), 10. moecyenn (ceremony), 11. lwosefr (flowers), 12. sucim (music).

PIGTAILS & PIGGY BANKS

Dad & Daughter Program Ideas

Is this the year when your Camp Fire Girls, 4-H Club or other organizations would like to honor the fathers with a party or banquet? The following "Pigtails and Piggy Banks" theme ideas will help the planning committee get started.

Invitations: For each "Piggy Bank" invitation, cut two matching pig-shape pieces from construction paper. Make a slot in the side of one of the pig shapes. Glue the two cutouts together along the outside edges. Cut a narrow strip of paper, slightly narrower than the slot in the pig. Write the invitation on this strip of paper, allowing room enough at one end so that a penny can be glued to the strip of paper. Fold the strip of paper accordion-style and insert into the slot on the pig, with the penny end sticking out to become a tab, whereby the invitation is pulled out of the "piggy bank".

The invitation: "SAVE the night (give date). SAVE the time (list time of party). We have SAVED the place (give location) for you to be our guest at our Dad and Daughter Banquet."

Decorations: If someone in your community is a collector of piggy banks, perhaps you could borrow the collection to display as table decorations. If such a collection isn't available, gather as many kinds of banks as possible from among friends. For table centerpieces, intersperse the banks with a number of little girls' purses, filling the opened purses with small bouquets of flowers.

"Potato piggy banks" also make clever decorations. For each pig, choose a long oval potato, adding raisin eyes and a curly tail made from a piece of a pipe cleaner. Make a slot in the top into which is inserted one of the foil-wrapped "coin" candies.

Nut Cups: Decorate each nut cup as the pig's body (perhaps black with white spots) and glue a paper pig's head to one side and a twist of pipe cleaner (tail) to the other side. Fill with the foil-wrapped "coin" candy.

Another idea would be to make a drawstring-type purse of denim and fill with the "coin" candy.

Program Booklet. Let these carry out the pigtail idea. For the cover, cut a round circle of flesh-colored construction paper. The front cover is decorated to resemble a girl's smiling face, framed by pigtails of yarn "hair". To make the pigtails, glue yellow, brown or black yarn at the top of the head. (I find it helps to stitch the several strands of yarn to a paper backing which is torn off before gluing to the head, thus making the effect of a middle "part" in the hair.) After the hair is secure, braid tiny braids on either side of the face, tying a tiny

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FAMILY CAMPING MEANS MANY THINGS

by
Shirley E. Jipp

Husband Ed is the outdoor, former Boy Scout, chop-your-own-firewood, cook-meals-over-an-open-fire, camping type. I'm the indoor, stop-at-a-motel, carry-a-portable-hair-dryer, curl-up-with-a-good-book sort. When we take a vacation, whether it's rolling over the vast acres of Custer State Park in South Dakota or driving through historic Williamsburg, Virginia, he wins—we end up camping.

I realize Ed is the breadwinner in our family and has to pay the bills. He also wields more influence over the children by just mentioning three magic words: "Let's go camping." Every year I hear how much easier it is now that the kids are older and can help pack. I also get a repeat of all the money we are saving by avoiding high restaurant and motel prices for five people.

There's real family togetherness in camping and I have to admit it has its rewards. It also has its disadvantages. Incidents from several past vacations keep cropping up to haunt me.

Like our first camping trip. Ed and his business partner purchased a 13-foot trailer when our daughter, Ellen, was four and our son, Paul, was two. Though we were taking only a three-day trip in early summer, we eagerly packed the trailer to the hilt and headed for the Rockies. Arriving after dark, we parked high in the mountains above Idaho Springs, Colorado. As I drifted off to sleep, lulled by whispering pines, I marvelled at our peaceful and beautiful surroundings. I vowed to enjoy every moment of that short vacation.

Everything went fine the first two days but on the third Paul accidentally turned on a gas jet part way which went undetected for several hours. Since I stayed in the trailer a good share of the time cooking, washing dishes, and performing other duties, I absorbed enough gas to make me feel woozy. Ed took the children for walks and snapped pictures, so the three of them got plenty of fresh air. On the drive home, I ate aspirin to control a severe headache and sipped a liquid stomach medication to quell waves of nausea.

Another time, we towed a borrowed, fold-down tent camper to Lake Okoboji, Iowa. We set up camp at Gull Point in a rather low swale near the west end of the lake. Soon afterward it started to rain. Since we couldn't go outside, we observed other vacationers from the confines of our camper. One tent especially fascinated us. Throughout the evening, hands kept reaching out from beneath the canvas trying to pin down the edges and corners of the tent to keep



The entire Lowey family much enjoys the camping trips they take together. Jed is coming out of their tent on a bright, sunny day. The items in his hands indicate that he could be ready to head for the showers—or to pack up the car so they can move to another campground.

out the water. During the night we awoke several times to what sounded like torrential rains. The next morning we were almost afraid to look out, fearing we were sitting in the middle of a new lake. Lifting a flap, we beheld a colorful sight—personal belongings completely surrounded us! Sleeping bags, bed clothes, and garments of every conceivable size, shape and color were spread on cars, picnic tables and hanging from trees. Many of the tent campers around us apparently had a miserable night trying to keep dry.

Several years ago we decided to take advantage of the warm days of fall and drive to the Ozarks. Ed had recently bought a new motorcycle and declared it would be great to ride through those beautiful Missouri woods. He also decided to take along several bales of hay, a couple of tarpaulins and our sleeping bags. Wouldn't it be fun to SLEEP in the woods too? This time I knew I was in for roughing it!

With all the necessary gear packed in our trunk, and the motorcycle roped in a two-wheel open trailer, we headed south. On our way we stopped at a shopping center in Kansas City so I could purchase a pair of warm, flannel pajamas. After we finished shopping, a fellow in the parking lot strolled over to our trailer. "What in the world are you going to do with that hay?" he asked with a puzzled look on his face. "Feed it to your motorcycle?"

Days we explored the Shepherd of the Hills Farm near Branson, Missouri, nights we bunked in with tall oak trees and squirrels. I tossed restlessly in my sleeping bag because of an arthritic hip that kept me awake part of the time. The new pajamas didn't keep out all of the

chill, either. The next morning a thin layer of frost greeted us. Have you ever tried to dress inside of a sleeping bag under a make-shift tent that is open at one end, at the same time trying to keep warm? Ed and the kids declared this foray into the out-of-doors was one of the most fun trips they'd ever had.

Family camping has come to mean many things to me over the years: brushing your teeth in public, communing with nature, consorting with mosquitoes and skunks, spending hours packing and then having the family remind me several times I forgot something. Camping is leaving 90-degree heat in eastern Nebraska, having the weather turn cold in western Nebraska and regretting not bringing the proper wraps. It is pushing the panic button when the car keys seem to be lost in Shenandoah National Park in the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia. Camping is guiding my husband into a tree when he's trying to back the trailer onto a wooded Indiana campground.

Ed once said he was sure I am one of the world's worst campers. He also stated I would probably never have made it as a pioneer woman. Somehow, though, I've survived all of our trips unscathed. I'm grateful, also, that our children have received a very special education by visiting numerous museums, historical places and being exposed to every conceivable kind of restroom imaginable!

This year, as the camping season approaches, we'll again be making plans to live simply for a short time away from home, but we won't be alone. Our recreational vehicle will be just one of 4½ million on the road; to each his own whether it be tent, trailer or motor home.



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

As the minister of an active and well-known church in New England, I am asked to do much speaking to groups outside of my church. I try to hold down my outside speaking engagements to no more than two a week, but occasionally it is necessary that I do more. Just this past week, I spoke to a women's group in a Roman Catholic church, to another group in a Jewish synagogue, and to a Golden Agers' club in one of the suburbs of our town. This week I am speaking to three different garden clubs and to a society of professional men. Wherever I go on these various speaking engagements, I take along a few copies of my book, *Never Lose Hope*, because always there are members of my radio congregation present who have heard me refer to the book in my sermons, and who want a copy.

Here in New England I have a reputation for having a knowledge of wild birds, and often I am asked to speak on that subject. Feeding birds in the winter time is almost a religion with me. Everywhere I go on my speaking assignments, I meet people who began feeding birds after hearing me talk about birds. So many people want to know if they should feed the birds in the spring and summer when the birds do not have to contend with a heavy snow and ice cover, and always I give an affirmative answer to the question. I like to feed birds at this time of year because it gives me such a good opportunity to see the baby birds. When Mamma and Papa Finch bring little Junior and his sister to the feeders for the first time, what a bird show there is! It is more fun than watching a cage of monkeys!

Finally, we are getting rid of the hundreds of pine siskins which took over this part of southern New England during the past winter. Those pesky little finch-like birds came down from the woods of Canada and Maine early last winter, and then they just stayed here and made life miserable for all the usual home and garden birds. One morning I looked out of our breakfast room window and saw an enormous flock of siskins at my feeder. They do not attack the other birds, but they do attack each other, and the din they make, and the confusion they cause literally drives the other birds mad! What a wild scene it is when the pine siskins flock down into a feeding area, and how frustrated the other birds get. But as I said, the siskins are now



Dr. Frederick Driftmier and his associate minister, Rev. John Willard Ames, of South Congregational Church at Springfield, Mass.

leaving us for their favorite haunts in the pine forests of Maine and Canada.

One of my good friends, who has a lovely home out in the country not far from here, called me up the other morning. He said: "Frederick, get yourself up here right away if you want to see some wild turkeys. I have three pairs of them feeding in my back yard this morning!" I could not go up to his place at that time, but I did visit him on another day when I got to see one of the wild turkeys. The thrill of that trip was my having several chickadees swoop down and perch on my hat, my shoulders, my arms, my glasses, and even my nose! What excitement, and what fun that was! There are few things more thrilling for a bird lover than to have wild birds actually come and eat out of one's hand.

Our high school young people in the church have made their trip to England. Thirty of them made the trip along with my associate minister, Rev. John Willard Ames and his wife, and another couple. The whole party of thirty-four flew from here on a Friday evening, arriving in London early Saturday morning. They spent that weekend with the families of a Congregational Church in the vicinity of London, and then they spent the next six days seeing all the things that tourists usually see when they have so brief a time in England.

Some of the parents of our young people were delighted to receive letters from the English families, letters which spoke so appreciatively of the young people. Of course, the letters pleased me too. We had instructed the young people very carefully about the way they should act while guests of our English friends, and it was very satisfying to note that they learned their lessons well.

You can never guess what kind of photography I have been doing these days. In preparation for the annual meeting of our local Council of Churches, I have been taking pictures of each church which has membership in the Council, about sixty of them. We are going to show the colored slides on a rear-projection screen up on the stage in

the banquet hall. While the people are dining, they will see the photos of the churches, with a different photo every fifteen seconds. Already members of the Committee on Arrangements for the affair have seen some of the pictures, and it was interesting to note how many of the churches they could not identify. One man did not recognize a church that was within a block of his home. He said: "Why that is beautiful! I had no idea it was so lovely when seen from that particular angle."

Do you have any flowers in the front of your house? Oh yes, I know you probably have some lovely little garden spots in your back yard, but I am asking about your front yard. Each time Betty and I come home from one of our trips to Europe, I make the remark: "Many Americans seem to prefer green lawns to flowers." I swear this is true.

In Europe and Canada, you will see many more flower gardens than you see in our own country, and I wonder if the climate has something to do with this. There are suburbs of London where the houses are quite close together, but each of those houses has a beautiful flower garden between the house and the street. Most of the houses do not have any lawns at all, but if an Englishman must choose between having a lawn or having a garden, he will choose the garden. Driving down a London suburban street, one sees just a mass of color with flowers.

As I write this to you now, I am making a solemn vow to increase the little garden plots in the front of our parsonage. We always have a little border of flowers in the front, but this year I am going to have more. I appreciate people who share the beauty of their flowers by having them out where the public can see them.

Somebody once said: "Make you the world a bit better or more beautiful because you have lived in it." I think that we have a divine duty to do that, a mandate from God Himself. This is why I am glad that Summer is here at last. Nature has been preparing for this Summer for many months, and for those of us who have watched and listened and smelled and felt its development, there is a special joy and even a feeling of accomplishment. Wherever you are, Spring may have started early or late, but by now the season is just about the same as last year and the year before. Summer is nearly always on schedule. Here in New England it is Commencement time in so many different ways. Boys and girls, birds and fish, cats and dogs, sheep and cattle and so many other of God's creatures are rejoicing in the new beginnings of Mother Nature. Isn't it great to be alive?

Sincerely,

Frederick



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

I have had so much to do this weekend and have kept my nose to the grindstone so long that it amounts to a lost weekend. It is already Sunday and I'm racing about like Alice's rabbit.

I did not count on tempting sunshine streaming in through my bedroom windows Saturday morning when I had mid-term reports to make out on my students. I cannot fully comprehend that this is the next-to-the-last report I shall have on them. Whoever said that thirteen was an unlucky number never considered the combination of thirteen dear fifth graders. I am going to miss them in the years to come. But back to the sunshine! I cranked open my windows to let in the bright, albeit chilly, air and crashing in upon the quiet, work-like atmosphere of my study-bedroom was the buzz, buzz of two power saws from next door.

The sensible thing to have done was crank the window shut immediately and pull the drapes closed. But I succumbed to temptation and like some eight-year-old child, I hung out the window to watch from the preliminaries to the complete removal of a hundred-year-plus oak tree. It was less than ten yards from my window and, truthfully, my interest was more than just curiosity. A tree of that age had limbs which extended very nearly to our house and I was pricked with curiosity to see how the woodcutters would remove the tree without hitting their house or garage, or other big trees, or OUR house.

So, I watched long enough to get thoroughly interested, and when a particular thud would shake our house I would dash from my desk to the window to check on the progress. Several times I watched the men as they carefully calculated and planned the direction of the drop of a particular limb. It was fascinating because each limb was secured with a rope tied in a slipknot, and after the saw had cut it loose, the man on the ground would attempt to lower it to exactly the spot he wanted. As they worked lower and lower on the tree, the limbs grew more weighty and the man grew less able to control anything except where the limb would land.

After being nearly glued to the windowsill like a sidewalk supervisor, I determined that once again I was born forty years too soon. Cutting down a tree was absolutely fascinating work, and although I doubt that my physical capabilities would have allowed me to climb trees and rappel down them again

like a mountain goat, I surely could have done the on-the-ground calculations. Now that women can get an equal chance at some of the riskier jobs in the world, perhaps some outdoorsy-type gal will get a chance at this sort of work.

The hair-raising event of the afternoon occurred just before the men quit. Two deep cuts had been made into the tree ten feet above the second-story level of the house, ropes were secured to pull it away from the man hanging safely below the cuts, and these same ropes were attached to the hitch on their truck which was going to pull this eight hundred-pound section of tree in a direction opposite from the perching worker.

As the truck crept slowly, the tree groaned and popped menacingly. Suddenly the unexpected happened! As the topped section began to tip over, the rope directing its fall snapped, and instead of falling away from the man it swung down upon his chest in its pirouette to the ground. The man was on the tree away from the side where the truck operator could see him. Only I could see him dangling from the tree and only I knew he was by some God-delivered miracle virtually unhurt. His ground man came screaming across the yard to see if his co-worker was on the ground dead or in the tree dead. The relief he evinced upon seeing his friend in the tree, mutely rubbing his chest, was profound to observe. The man had been grazed by this gigantic log and pushed out of its path, but he was still sensible enough to lower himself down from the tree. He stood for a time thoughtfully rubbing his scraped chest.

The end of the story is brief. The tree now came down the rest of the way with one low cut. It was a magnificent production. A literal drama outside my bedroom window! A scene I have never had the chance to observe so closely and in such detail. I am supremely grateful it had a happy ending. My insides are not set up to accommodate terrifying dramas. I do not watch violent programs on television and I don't go out looking for real-life scare scenes. The week before Christmas I saw a window washer fall five floors to his death in downtown Milwaukee, and that is one picture I would like to erase forever from my mind's eye but it has yet to dim in any detail.

"Keep a Positive Mental Attitude", was the advice from the center of the arena in early April. And for nine hours this basic philosophy was attested to as their proof of successful living by a combination of speakers. I learned of this seminar from reading the *Success Unlimited* magazine and I determined immediately that I would be there. As fortune would have it, that was the same day that the board of directors from our school had scheduled an open house for

prospective students and their parents. My attendance was not required, but I didn't want to let the school down by not being in my classroom to greet the parents of fifth-grade-level students.

Considering the next best way of learning what went on at this seminar, I invited Adrienne and Paul to go in my place. Adrienne was enthusiastic about going because she had been reading my monthly magazine and has found it as inspirational as I. Paul was too courteous to say he wouldn't care to go, "Thank you", so on the appointed day Adrienne left school, picked up Paul at his dorm, and headed into the parking lot across from the arena. Ten thousand people came from our area to attend this conference!

They were not disappointed by the messages nor the speakers. W. Clement Stone was the keynote speaker. He was backed up by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Paul Harvey, Bart Starr, Dr. Robert Schuller of Garden Grove Community Church in California, and two other gentlemen known best to readers of their publication. The young people were properly impressed. Adrienne took profuse notes which I pored over after we were both home from our meetings.

If you ever read in your local papers where these PMA seminars are coming to a town near you, I highly recommend them for you or your children. A drive of one hundred miles would not be too much of a sacrifice. This idea of inspiring yourself and reminding yourself that there is very little in life one cannot do if he or she is convinced he can, can never be repeated too often. I use it hourly with the children in my classroom.

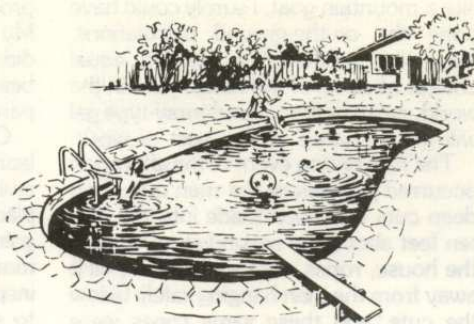
Sincerely,
Mary Beth



Mike and Alison Walstad who live in New Mexico. On page 11, Alison writes about quilt-making.

Cooling Off

by
Donna Ridnour



All through the winter months, daughter Janine kept telling me that she needed a new swimming suit and asking when the pool would open. I could only answer, "You will not need that new suit for a long, long time yet." But gradually, the air grew warmer, and the months passed until the time is upon us for summer activities. The swimming pool, where we spend many hours during the summer, will be opening soon.

When I was a young girl, some well-meaning friends were going to teach me to float on my back. In the process, my head went under and I gulped gallons of water. That was the end of my swimming pool days until our own two girls were old enough to go. Because of my fears, I have hoped that both Janine and Jenea would learn to swim well. Swimming is a good social activity as well as a fine exercise. I have always felt that not knowing how to swim and that being afraid of the water were social handicaps for me.

My husband, Duane, who is an excellent swimmer, assured me that the best way to help our girls learn to swim was to simply take them to the pool every day. When I protested that I, who definitely had a great fear of the water, was not the person to take the girls, he pointed out that if I didn't transfer my own fear to the girls, they would soon learn to have fun in the water. After they learned to enjoy the experience, they would naturally learn to swim by experimentation and by imitating others.

That first year, I spent a great deal of my time biting my tongue and counting to ten before I yanked one of my children from what was, to me, a sure watery death! Gradually, however, I realized that they naturally kicked their feet and came up for air all by themselves. Gradually, I learned to relax and began to enjoy our daily visits to the pool and to brag about the progress of our children who, to me, are like little fish in the water.

Janine and Jenea do take lessons when the Red Cross instructions are given each summer, and I have asked one of the lifeguards to give the girls some private lessons on occasion. We feel that these lessons are necessary to show them the proper way to stroke and to correct any mistakes they are making. The private lessons also help to perfect their technique and to improve their

distance.

We have been making daily visits to the pool since now eight-year-old Jenea was three and now six-year-old Janine was one, so I've spent a lot of time in the water with the girls. Early in their swimming activities, they insisted on playing in the big pool rather than staying in the shallow children's pool. Now, both girls can stand on the bottom of the adult part of the pool and have their heads out of water! They, also, have friends with whom they would rather play. Occasionally, I take Jenea and Janine across the four-foot rope, but they both know that I do not go in water above my shoulders. The girls' swimming activities are rapidly progressing past their mother's limits; they do not seem to have my fear of deep water and for that I am very thankful. Therefore, I can now relax on the edge, chat with the other mothers, and soak up the sun.

I will admit, though, that I, too, have come a long way. I can now hold my breath and go fully under the water and am even attempting some back-floating. Lest it sound like I am contradicting myself, I must admit that I practice only at the shallow end of the pool—I still want my feet on *solid ground*. Even so, our girls seem just as impressed by my progress as I am with theirs. Yes, there is nothing more refreshing than a cool dip in a pool, and maybe, someday, I will join my family for that dip in the deep end.

MESSAGE, ANYONE?

by
Martha Ann Callow

From the time the first cave woman carefully chiselled out a bison head on the cave wall to remind her husband that the larder was low, notes, chalkboards, and bulletin boards have had their place in most households.

The chalkboard hanging by our own back entryway, like many others of its kind, was originally placed there to entertain our small daughters in their pre-school days, but when they moved on it stayed to develop into a family information center. That is its primary purpose now but it is also, as well, a source of entertainment for all visitors who enter our home via the back door (a very secondary use). For some reason

which is a bit hard to understand, the conscientious person who would entertain the thought of reading another's mail, feels no qualms whatever about openly deciphering our chalkboard with its equally-as-private messages.

What is the fascination? Perhaps it is the pseudo-code our family uses in an attempt to keep those messages fairly personal and yet pertinent or it may be the non-pattern of the lines of script that appear there. For instance, angled across one corner is the reminder "O O Wed. nite". Now anyone really concerned would know that the O's represent cookies to be taken to the local 4-H meeting. Across the opposite corner, the inscription "Ck. sink. sze" might cause someone mistakenly to conclude that a remodeling job was in the offing, when actually it means "See what size sinkers Grandpa needs for his new fishing line so the little ones can buy him extra supplies for his birthday."

The crude clock face with a hand pointing to one means, "I'll be home late for lunch and if anyone is hungry or in a hurry he'd better go ahead and open a can of soup from the emergency shelf." Interspersed in between is more trivial and less interesting information like the beginnings of the weekly grocery list and, from time to time parts numbers for repairs. Machinery model and serial numbers and even fertilizer amounts and grain yields awaiting their transfer to a more permanent home show up occasionally.

Not so long ago, a relative who stopped in for a few minutes of chatting and a cup of coffee had barely had time to reach home when the telephone rang. Her anxious voice on the other end of the line timidly revealed the purpose of the call, "Tell me, what do you hear from Aunt Lottie these days? I had a feeling you meant to tell me something while I was there and I worried about it all the way home." I assured her that so far as I knew Aunt Lottie was crotchety as ever in her Florida home. Not until later when I passed the message center did I realize that my husband had written in large scrawling letters "Aunt Lottie — June 28", meaning that the bossy old cow bearing that same name should be a mother again on that date.

Occasionally there comes a time when we literally "wipe the slate clean" as the old expression goes, but I must admit that for a time the back hall looks terribly bare and for a few days I share a brief feeling of empathy for those long-ago people who saw that broad expanse of cave wall and just couldn't resist the urge to leave a message. Not for long, though, do I feel this way, for new messages soon cover the bareness. Now what in the world could "bl.sk.Sat." mean?



MAMMA'S KITCHEN CABINET

by
Fern Christian Miller

When I was about four years old, in 1912, Papa bought an 80-acre farm east of Windsor, Missouri, which had a pretty white cottage with three large sunny rooms and two porches. The three rooms held only the barest essentials. The living room carpet was a rag carpet my Grandma Christian had woven on her big loom. It was tightly stretched over a layer of clean straw and tacked securely all along the walls. This made a delightful warm place for small children to play on cold days. Two oak rocking chairs, bought at a farm auction, were on each side of the wood heater. A reading lamp table, a daybed, a homemade rack for books and magazines and a treadle sewing machine furnished the living room. The bedroom held two large iron beds, a big flat-topped trunk, a chest of drawers, and a big cradle in which Papa had slept when he was a baby. Lee, my two-year-old brother, still slept in the large cradle, and my tiny baby brother slept in a basket on the trunk close by Mamma's bed. (My parents believed in watching over their little ones day and night. How well I remember the safe warm feeling of saying our prayers, and talking with Mamma and Papa before we went to sleep at night.)

But this story is about the kitchen! The large, sunny kitchen had two glass doors, each opening onto a porch. Double windows were on the south wall. The floor was of wide, clean scrubbed white pine boards with bright hand-braided rugs in front of the doors, stove and table.

The black, iron cookstove had oven doors on both sides, and a grate sticking out in front. A homemade washstand held a water bucket, a wash pan and a dish of soap. Beside it, on a roller fastened to the wall, was a towel.

A telephone hung on the wall. To my child's eyes it looked like some sort of funny-faced creature. The two bright bells were the eyes, the long mouthpiece a nose, the telephone bookshelf below a mouth, and the black receiver a droopy ear. My brother always giggled and said it was a one-eared hound. A long table, four chairs, and a wide bench took up one side of the kitchen. The baby's highchair stood by Mamma's chair. A tall cupboard with glass doors held our dishes and silverware. We called it the safe. (I wonder why?)

But the thing that griped Mamma's soul was the worktable. This heavy, black table stood beside the south windows loaded down with cans and canisters and sacks of supplies. Here she mixed her bread, prepared vegetables, and washed dishes. Under the table were two large



Back in the olden days, kitchen cabinets were treasured pieces of equipment for homemakers. This unusual "portable pantry" includes drawers for spices, large bins for sugar and flour (with a sifter turned by the crank on the right side), smaller drawers for other necessities, and a space at the bottom for measuring cups, a breadboard and a rolling pin. It even has a clock on the top! This portable pantry could well have traveled in a covered wagon or in the back of a cowboy cook's cart. It is permanently displayed at the Fremont County Historical Museum in Sidney, Iowa, where Evelyn Birkby is demonstrating its versatility.

lard cans; one held flour, the other sugar. The lids were tight and hard to get off. Above this table a wide board was fastened to the wall. On hooks along the board hung the skillet and pots. Above the board was a shelf on which stood the kerosene lamps, vinegar jug, locked box of medicines, Papa's strongbox of important papers, a tin matchbox, and the house keys.

The teakettle, coffeepot, and flatirons sat on trivets attached to the back of the stove. But that ugly crowded, unhandy worktable had Mamma's ire raised! The day I became aware of Mamma's need for a kitchen cabinet stands out in my memory. It was at supper after a hot, busy day. Baby was fretful. Mother had been canning green beans and, in order not to waste the oven heat, had also baked bread, a ham and some potatoes. We had heard her cry out when she broke a fingernail when opening the stubborn flour can.

Mamma dished up our plates and turned to Papa, "Will, I need a kitchen cabinet with flour and sugar bins and a breadboard. I need a cutlery drawer and more room to work. I have fairly broken my back pulling those cans in and out today, and just look at my fingernails!"

Papa seemed to be thinking about tomorrow's work. He was very tired. He answered absent-mindedly, "Later, when we have the money to spare, maybe we can find a cabinet with bins at a sale."

Mamma answered with unusual stub-

bornness, "I want a clean, new cabinet, and I want it now." When Papa didn't answer, she sighed wearily, and leaving her untouched supper she picked up the fretting baby and went outside to sit on the cool front steps.

At breakfast Mamma tried again, "I need those big lard cans to rinse out clothes. It is so unhandy to wash and rinse in the same tub. It gets so hot outside by the time I carry the water for the rinse. I would like to get the wash all done early."

"I will try to get another tub soon," Papa answered as he left the table. He was in a hurry to get started to a neighbor's to help with the haying. He would be gone all day. As the screen door slammed behind Papa, Mamma muttered, "I don't want another tub. I want a cabinet." Mamma went about her chores very quietly that morning.

At noon, when we were eating our lunch of green peas, bread and butter, fresh strawberries and milk, a neighbor man rode his horse up to the back door. He gave Mamma a ten-dollar bill for some work Papa had done for him. Mamma kept looking at the money as she finished her lunch.

Suddenly she jumped up, ran to the telephone and rang for central. Then she talked to two people. She washed us and settled us for our naps with our little pillows on the carpet. She combed her long, red hair and fixed it high and shining on her head. Then she put on her town dress and shoes.

Mrs. Rush, the neighbor up the road, came into the house carrying her sunbonnet. She smiled at us sleepy children, "I am going to stay with you a little while. Your Mamma needs to drive into town for a bit."

This didn't disturb us at all as we loved Mrs. Rush. Mamma hitched the little mare to the spring wagon and rode swiftly away.

When we awoke from our naps, Mamma was back home and Mrs. Rush was gone. A big metal-topped brown cabinet sat against the south wall under the double windows. It had two large, rounded, front bins below the cutlery drawers and breadboard. The cans under the worktable were gone and the table had been cleaned and straightened up. The cabinet did not even have a top for extra dishes and supplies, but Mamma's cheeks were pink, her blue eyes shining, her thin shoulders and back were held erect and her chin was at a defiant angle.

She smiled to herself as she hurried about feeding the chickens and milking the cows, for Papa worked late at the neighbor's at haying time. Then she fixed a good, hot supper and fed us, washed us and put us to bed. That is, we were supposed to be in bed, but Lee and I

(Continued on page 20)

EVERY DAY AN ADVENTURE?

by
Evelyn Birkby

Every day ought to be an adventure, but it doesn't always work that way. Some days seem routine, some sad, some difficult and some filled with tasks which are not favorite activities of anybody's!

But most days do have something which lifts them out of the ordinary if we just take time to think and look. June is a month when every day should bring pleasure for a number of reasons—the warm sunshine, the flowers, fresh vegetables from the garden and our sons coming home from someplace and getting ready to go off to some other interesting projects.

The doors which opened to adventure for me came thick and fast for a time this spring. Lucile often mentions that life is either a feast or famine, and this has been true recently for me—a famine for a time without much that was exciting, and then a feast of almost too much in too short a time!

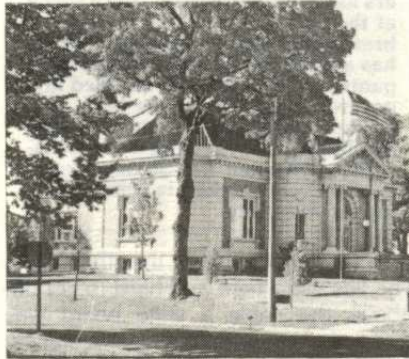
Square dancing is one adventure which we continue to enjoy and the friends we have made and the doors which have opened because of this fascinating activity have been many. The Iowa State Square Dance Convention was held in Sioux City this spring. We wanted an excuse to go see our son, Craig, anyway, since we had missed Parents' Weekend at Morningside College. (A flu epidemic hit the campus just before the event was to take place and over 50% of the students became ill, including Craig. Needless to say, we did not go.) With the square dancing tucked off into the corners, most of the weekend became a special time spent with Craig. We especially enjoyed the tour of the interesting science building where Craig explained much of the equipment which had proven to be such fine learning tools during his four years of study.

Another adventure we enjoyed together took place when Robert and I drove up to Ames, Iowa, where I had been asked to be guest speaker at the First Methodist Church. The Sunday they had asked me to come was designated as Women's Sunday. Every part of the service—ushering, greeting, worship, music, etc.—was done by the women.

Robert had attended college at Iowa State University at Ames when we were first married, so it was an interesting experience for him to see the many changes on campus which have taken place through the ensuing years. In fact, following the two morning church services, the minister, the Rev. Cecil Wells, his wife, Janet, and son, Rick, took us out to the university cafeteria for dinner.

Another bonus from the Ames trip was the unexpected joy of being greeted by two friends who lived in Chicago and came to the young adult group at the First Methodist Church (Chicago Temple) where I worked in "the olden days". Ed and Helen Edmondson were people I had not seen since I left Chicago, so it was a great surprise to meet them again in Ames.

As fate would have it, just two weeks later I was sitting in the Edmondson home south of Ames enjoying a delightful meal! This particular adventure really began four years ago when the Hamilton County Farm Bureau Women's group invited me to come to speak at their spring Rural-Urban day. A variety of conflicting responsibilities developed and I thought the opportunity was lost. Persisting until an open date could be found, the committee set up the 1978 schedule to coincide with a time when I could attend. And so it was that I headed



The Kendall Young Library in Webster City, Iowa, is an unusually beautiful and functional facility for a community of about 9,000 persons.

—Photo Courtesy of Kendall Young Library

north toward Webster City along a highway which went right past the Edmondson home and the opportunity to accept an invitation to stop for lunch.

It was difficult to leave the pleasant country acreage which Ed and Helen have developed so lovingly through the years. The house, with one section over 100 years old, shows the extensive care and remodeling work which have taken much of their time and effort.

Iowa is a beautiful state, and I did not even mind driving alone as the miles ticked by as the car rolled north of Ames, past Wall Lake and, finally, into Webster City.

Webster City is a lovely town in north central Iowa. The adventure of travelling to this interesting town was compounded by the pleasure of seeing a new area. Several hours of free time made it possible for me to roam around the community. I enjoyed a stop at the historical museum with restored log cabins, schoolhouse, and a railroad depot with display rooms.

Most of my time was spent in the most outstanding building in town—the library!

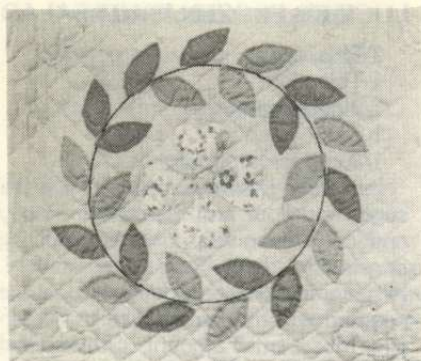
Known as the Kendall Young Library, it was built through the generosity of Kendall Young, who surprised the community by leaving his valuable estate to Webster City for the purpose of providing for the establishment and maintenance of a free public library. Born on a farm in Maine in 1820, Mr. Young had only a country school education. After a number of ventures, including the military, going to sea and panning for gold in California, Mr. Young brought what money he had accumulated and settled in Webster City. Here he prospered in business and in land ownership. His love of learning was always evident, and his implementation of a library for Webster City became the practical application of his desire to share this love with others.

The building is faced with Bedford stone and yellow brick. The columns on each side of the entrance are granite. African marble columns greet the visitor inside the library entrance. An art glass dome lifts above the book check-out counter and colorful stained glass panels decorate the windows all around the building.

Two spectacular collections enhance the library. One is the Eberle statuettes. The artist, Abastenia Eberle, had lived the early years of her life in Webster City and, later, gave the library the original plaster models of 22 of her statuettes. The other, the Foster doll collection, was presented to the library in 1944. The oldest of the some 170 dolls is dated 1800. Most are beautiful examples of dolls from the 1850 to 1890 period. Needless to say, children are delighted with this exhibit.

The high point of the day, of course, was the Rural-Urban event. With a theme centered around an old-fashioned cookbook, and the program listed as the "Menu for the Day", the activities moved along rapidly with much good visiting tucked around the corners of the planned sections. Everyone was so friendly, and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute.

The kitchen committee filled my thermos with hot coffee, wished me a safe journey home and waved goodbye as I drove away. On the way home, I hummed a happy tune as I remembered the events of recent weeks. Who would have thought to find such adventures as a group of new acquaintances at a rural-urban day, a fabulous library in north central Iowa, friends from long ago greeting me at a church service (and inviting me to lunch), and just having someone come up to me and say, "I'm a long-time Kitchen-Klatter friend, welcome!"? Adventure is, indeed, to be found wherever we are and in whatever we are doing.



Alison Walstad describes this traditional "Bridal Wreath" quilt in her letter below.

ALISON SHARES A QUILTING EXPERIENCE WITH US

Dear Long-Time Friends:

As I sit down to write you this month, I am doing so by candlelight. Just to watch the flickering light on my paper here at this old oak desk puts me into a mood of quiet nostalgia.

However, it is not a craving for bygone days that has put me in this situation, but rather, a power outage. It seems the electricity is off all over the county, and this in turn starts one to thinking how incredibly dependent we are upon electricity. It governs our entire lives; a giant umbilical cord which is a genuine lifeline. When it is disconnected, our entire pattern is disrupted. For instance, tonight I could not cook dinner because my plans had included the use of an electric range. If this lasts a week, what will we eat? It seems that even the most routine of household chores requires electricity. I would do the dishes if only I didn't lack lighting and hot water! And things seem so quiet without the eternal drone of the television set!

However, we can always take advantage of the unsuspected situations that come in our direction. And what a pleasant evening this has become, for it has allowed me a few free hours to sit and write many long overdue letters to several friends—a pastime seen far more frequently in the days when all evenings were spent without the customary clinking and sputtering of our electric households.

Oh well, enough homespun philosophy!

I am writing this letter in response to the numerous inquiries about the quilt I made as a wedding gift for my sister, Emily. So many of you kind Kitchen-Klatter friends have taken time to write to me asking about this project that I have decided to share it with all who might be interested.

I feel that quilting is a product of three things: unlimited time, unlimited patience, and an "un-fatigable" hand. For those of you planning a wedding and

wishing for a bridal quilt, please give the creator more than one month's notice! This is the predicament Emily left me in. However, I felt slightly sneaky, for I had heard distant wedding bells long before the official announcement, and I got a three-month jump on the job.

My first step was to choose a pattern, a task not too difficult since I knew my sister's preference would be for a traditional bridal wreath pattern. It is always beneficial to know the piece of furniture to be accented by the quilt, and in this case, the quilt was to be made for a charming antique mahogany suite that was formerly in Grandmother Leanna's Shenandoah home. It would be perfect! I took the pattern from one of my favorite quilt books, *The Standard Book of Quilt Making and Collecting*, by Marguerite Ickis. This quality paperback is published by Dover Publications, 180 Varick St., New York, N.Y., and is worth the three-dollar price.

Next, I had to pick out the material. According to the pattern's history, the traditional colors call for red hearts and green leaves. I stayed close to their suggestion, only modifying the colors to include rose- and pink-flowered hearts alternating with pale pink, a subtle, yet attractive, combination. The leaves alternated two shades of green. This was all quite by mistake since I miscalculated the yardage necessary for the leaves, and when I went to the store to replace it, the original fabric was sold out! I was told that this is an unpardonable sin by an experienced needlewoman. Never, never, never buy insufficient fabric! I had to go back and take off half the leaves, alternating the new shade of green. It was an error very costly in time and aggravation, and a mistake I resolve

never to make again.

The quilt top was completed in a combination applique and embroidery, having joined the wreath leaves together using three strands of dark green floss. I then purchased a common synthetic blend batting, and finished with a plain white backing. The overall quilt was quilted with a diagonal, small diamond pattern, the leaves and hearts were outlined, and I ran vertical lines around the matching border. As I have no one to help me with the quilting, I never use a large frame, but rather, a large hoop which will fit on my lap. This method works very well for me, enabling the project to be more portable, and also allowing for greater detail and exactness of the quilting stitches.

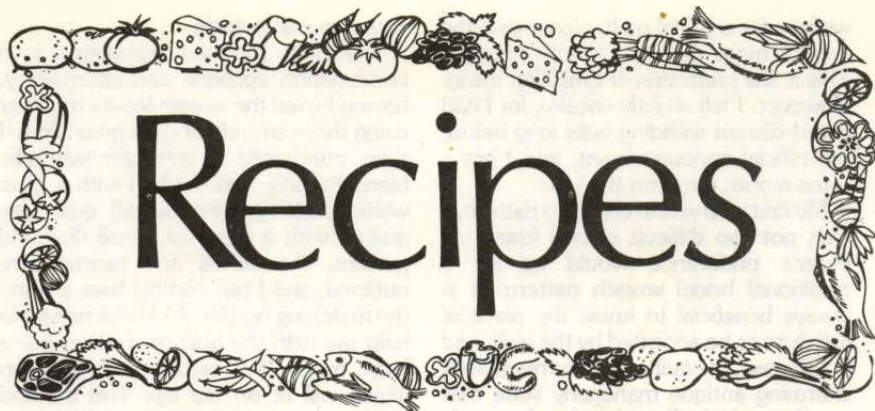
The entire project was hand sewn, as are all my quilts. I have no dislike for the sewing machine; in fact all the clothes that I do make are on the machine. However, hand sewing has always been my personal preference. At the wedding, I told Emily and Rich they would have their quilt by their first anniversary, a reasonable deadline considering my schedule. However, it was completed several months in advance of that date. The piece started to take shape so quickly, and it was easier to gain enthusiasm by the day.

It is hard to measure the value of a hand-created item given to a loved one: the joy in the making, the joy in the giving, and the fun of putting a useful item to work. All these are part of the world of quilting, and I invite all of you who are curious to put behind your skepticism and "I can't do it" misconceptions, and jump in!

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad



The quilt Alison made for her sister has an old-fashioned look.



Recipes

RHUBARB-STRAWBERRY CRISP

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 cups fresh rhubarb slices
- 2 cups fresh strawberry slices
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups raw quick rolled oats
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Combine the sugar and cornstarch. Add the rhubarb and strawberries and mix well. Spoon into an 8-inch square baking dish. Combine the rest of the ingredients, mixing until it resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle over the fruit mixture. Bake in a preheated 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. This is delicious served warm topped with ice cream or whipped cream.

—Dorothy

BETTY JANE'S POTATO SALAD

- 6 cups cooked, cubed potatoes
- 2 Tbls. peanut oil or olive oil
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 to 1 cup finely chopped green onions
- 2 oz. drained, chopped pimiento
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, grated or diced
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- Dash of pepper

Mix all ingredients and chill to allow flavors to mingle.

PARSLEY ROLLS

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. (or more) garlic salt
- 2 tsp. parsley flakes
- 2 pkgs. canned biscuits
- 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese

Combine butter or margarine, flavoring, garlic salt and parsley flakes. Simmer five minutes; let cool. Dip the biscuits in butter mixture. Place in 9- by 11-inch baking pan. Drizzle with any remaining mixture. Sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese. Bake at 400 degrees for 15-20 minutes.

CHEDDAR CHEESECAKE

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1 1/2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 1/2 Tbls. sugar
- Blend the above ingredients. Press in bottom and sides of an 8-inch greased spring-form pan. Set aside while preparing filling.
- 4 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 cup finely grated Cheddar cheese, room temperature
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 4 whole eggs, plus 2 egg yolks
- 1/4 cup ginger ale
- 1/4 cup heavy cream

Beat cream cheese, cornstarch and Cheddar cheese until smooth. Combine sugar, rinds and flavoring. Add to cheese mixture. Add eggs and yolks, one at a time, beating well after each. Stir in ginger ale and cream. Pour into the crust-lined pan. Bake 15 minutes in an oven preheated to 425 degrees. Remove from oven and reduce heat to 225 degrees. (Make sure oven heat is 225 degrees.) Return cake to oven for about one hour and 15 minutes. Test for doneness as for custard. Cool cake before removing from pan. Serve cold with fresh or frozen berries.

—Betty Jane

BARBECUED RIBS

- 2 to 4 lbs. ribs
- Put ribs in a heavy greased pan with a lid. Bake, uncovered, in a 400-degree oven for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and reduce heat to 325. Meantime combine:

- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 tsp. liquid smoke

Pour over ribs, cover, and return to oven. Bake about one hour or longer at 325 degrees.

—Hallie

LUCILE'S FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/3 cup lemon juice

In a very heavy saucepan, place the sugar and flour and mix. Stir in honey and cook over very low heat, stirring constantly. Let cook one minute. Remove from heat and let cool. Beat the egg and add the lemon juice to beaten egg. Mix a small amount of the cooled honey mixture into the egg mixture; blend well. Gradually combine the two mixtures and return to stove. Cook to just boiling point, while stirring constantly. Let cool.

- 1 can crushed pineapple
- 2 cups fruit cocktail
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1 can mandarin orange slices
- Any other leftover canned fruit which you might have in the refrigerator.

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Put the fruits in a colander and drain well. Combine with cooled cooked mixture. Fold in the cream. Put in square pan and freeze. Remove from freezer a few minutes before serving. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce leaves.

CHOCO-BERRY CREME SQUARES

Crust

- 3 cups quick or old-fashioned rolled oats
- 1 1/4 cups semisweet chocolate bits
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- Toast oats in 10 1/2- by 15 1/2-inch jelly roll pan in oven preheated to 350 degrees. Toast about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Melt chocolate bits and butter or margarine together over low heat. Combine oats and chocolate mixture. Mix well and press into bottom of lightly oiled 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Chill.

Strawberry Creme

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen strawberries, thawed
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 7-oz. jar marshmallow creme
- 2 cups heavy cream, whipped
- Additional whipped cream and chocolate curls for topping (optional)

Soften gelatin in cold water; stir over low heat until dissolved. Gradually add thawed strawberries and flavoring to marshmallow creme, mixing on low speed of electric mixer until well blended. Stir in dissolved gelatin. Chill about 20 minutes or until mixture is slightly thickened. Fold in whipped cream. Spoon over crust. Chill. To serve, cut in squares and garnish with additional whipped cream.

—Dorothy

BLUEBERRY DELIGHT

- 1 9-oz. carton prepared whipped topping
- 1 13-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 can blueberry pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk

Combine all ingredients. Spoon into pretty serving dish or individual sherbet dishes. Chill. Serve for either salad or dessert.

This recipe will freeze nicely and is excellent spooned into crinkle cups and placed in the freezer. When frozen, slip into plastic bags for storage. Remove from the freezer a short time before serving. —Evelyn

CREAMY GRAPE AND CABBAGE SALAD

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 cup cold water
- 2 cups white miniature marshmallows
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 cup red grapes, halved and seeded (or you can use white grapes)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, well drained

In a small saucepan, stir gelatin into 1 cup of the pineapple juice; cook and stir over low heat until gelatin is dissolved. Pour into large bowl; stir in remaining juice and water. Chill until syrupy. Stir in marshmallows, sweetened condensed milk, cabbage, grapes, pineapple flavoring and crushed pineapple. Pour into lightly oiled, two-quart mold. Chill until firm. To unmold, dip mold in warm water for a few seconds; invert onto lettuce-lined platter. Garnish with additional grapes, if desired. Refrigerate until time to serve. —Verlene Looker

NICK'S SAUCE VERTE

- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. red vinegar
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 1 Tbls. dill weed
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. chopped green onion
- Salt and white pepper
- 1/2 bud fresh garlic, chopped
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 2/3 cup salad oil

Combine all ingredients except the 2/3 cup salad oil in blender. Blend for one minute carefully scraping sides with rubber spatula. Add slowly the remaining 2/3 cup salad oil, while blending and scraping sides. If it seems too thick, add a small amount of sour cream. Cover and keep refrigerated. Use as a dip for raw vegetables. —Betty Jane



Green peas are a favorite June vegetable grown in many gardens.

FRENCH-STYLE PEAS

- 3 cups peas
- 3 lettuce leaves
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Shell peas (or use frozen, drained peas). Put lettuce leaves in bottom of skillet. Make a layer of peas over top of leaves. Sprinkle over top of peas the butter or margarine, sugar, salt and pepper, and water. Cover tightly and cook over moderate heat for 3-5 minutes, depending on size of peas, until just barely tender. Remove from fire. Remove lettuce leaves and discard. If much liquid remains, drain. Toss with butter flavoring and French dressing. Return to heat just long enough to be certain peas and dressing are piping hot. A delicious, simple way to prepare peas from the garden or the freezer into a gourmet dish. —Evelyn

MOTHER'S DATE-NUT COOKIES

- 1 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1/2 cup softened butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 3/4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats

Cream the brown sugar and butter. Add the flavorings and egg and cream well. In another bowl, combine the dry ingredients. Combine the two mixtures. Stir in the dates and nuts. Shape into two rolls, wrap and refrigerate eight hours or overnight. Slice and bake at 350 degrees for 10-13 minutes. —Lucile

THELMA'S CUSTARD ICE CREAM

- 4 eggs, well beaten
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 regular-size pkg. instant pudding mix (lemon, vanilla, chocolate or pineapple cream)
- 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping, thawed
- 2 quarts milk (or more)

Beat the eggs; add the sugar mixing well. Stir in the dry pudding mix and topping, adding the milk slowly while mixing. Pour into freezer can. Fill to freezer line with more milk, if needed.

Fruits can be added. —Hallie

SUMMER CHINESE VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 1/2 cups green beans
- 1 1/2 cups green peas
- 1 16-oz. can Chinese vegetables, drained
- 1 can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 1 1/2 cups sliced celery
- 1 onion, diced
- Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

Cook beans and peas until tender crisp. Drain. Combine with remaining vegetables. Toss with enough Italian dressing to coat. Refrigerate in covered bowl until time to serve. This will keep well for several weeks.

The friend who sent this in included vinegar, sugar and salt, but we tested it with that type of dressing and with the Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing and found the Italian both tastier and easier to handle. A fine summer salad to prepare ahead for picnics, cookouts and quick pickup meals. —Evelyn

SAUCY ORIENTAL CABBAGE BALLS

- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 2 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/3 cup minced green onion
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 cup finely diced carrots
- 2 cups beef broth
- 1 1/2 tsp. grated fresh ginger (or 1/4 tsp. ground ginger)
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch, dissolved in 2 1/2 Tbls. water

Mix ground beef, cabbage, egg, garlic, green onion, milk, bread crumbs and 1 Tbls. of the soy sauce. Shape into 1 1/2 inch balls. Place on a rimmed baking sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Put 2 Tbls. of the drippings from baking sheet into a 4-quart pan. Add carrots and cook until tender. Add remaining ingredients and cook until boiling. Add meatballs and cook until heated thru. Serve over hot, cooked rice. —Betty Jane

UNUSUAL CORN CASSEROLE

- 1 egg
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 small can whole kernel corn
- 1 small can cream-style corn
- 1 small package cornbread mix (dry)

Mix all ingredients together. Put in greased casserole and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

—Dorothy



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APRICOT-PINEAPPLE DELIGHT

- 1 15-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 2 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 loaf angel food cake, broken in pieces
- 1 can apricot pie filling
- 1 regular-size box vanilla instant pudding mix
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup prepared whipped topping

Combine crushed pineapple, cornstarch, sugar and flavoring. Cook until thickened. Combine with angel food cake pieces and apricot pie filling. Put in 9- by 13-inch pan. Prepare pudding mix according to package directions. Add the sour cream and topping to pudding and blend. Spread over cake mixture. Chill overnight.

—Dorothy

LOW-CALORIE FRUIT COOKIES

- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
- 2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie sweetener
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup chopped apple

In bowl, combine flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Cut in margarine and butter flavoring until crumbly. Stir in rest of ingredients until well blended. Drop by teaspoonful, two inches apart, on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 10-12 minutes. Store in refrigerator. Makes about 36 cookies.

—Betty Jane

ORANGE CHIFFON CAKE WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

- 2 1/4 cups unsifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 6 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. grated orange peel
- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup egg whites (about 8)
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

Blend flour with 1 cup of the sugar, baking powder and salt. Make well in the center; add oil, egg yolks, grated orange peel, orange juice and flavoring. Mix well. Combine egg whites and cream of tartar. Beat until soft peaks form. Continue

beating slowly while adding remaining 1/2 cup of sugar. Beat until stiff peaks form. Gently fold batter into egg whites. Pour into ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake in oven preheated to 325 degrees for 70 minutes. Invert cake and let cool. Serve with the following strawberry sauce:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 1/4 cups orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 6 cups sliced fresh strawberries

In pan mix all ingredients except strawberries. Bring to a boil and stir and cook for one minute. Remove from heat and stir in the strawberries. Cool. Serve over cake slices.

—Betty Jane

EASY POTATOES

- 1 2-lb. pkg. frozen hash brown potatoes
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1 can cream of Cheddar cheese soup
- 1/2 cup grated onion
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Combine all ingredients. Put in baking pan and bake for about 1 1/2 hours at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

FISH, ITALIAN-STYLE

- 1 large stalk celery, chopped
- 1 green pepper, seeded and chopped
- 1 medium white onion, chopped
- 2 Tbls. butter, margarine or olive oil
- 1 28-oz. can Italian-style tomatoes
- 1 small can chopped mushrooms
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. basil
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 lbs. white fish fillets, frozen or fresh (haddock, flounder, or whitefish)

Saute the celery, green pepper and onion in the shortening until tender. Add tomatoes, mushrooms and seasonings. Cover the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch pan with the fish fillets, then pour the sauce over. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for 25-30 minutes. (If using frozen fish, refer to the package directions for baking time.)

—Mary Lea Palo

DOROTHY'S GINGER COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. ginger

Put the sugar, shortening, egg, molasses and flavoring in a bowl and beat well. Blend in the remaining ingredients. Add enough more flour until you can roll the dough into small balls the size of a walnut. Bake in 350-degree oven until light brown, about eight minutes.

MARY LEANNA PALO VISITS WITH US

Dear Friends:

This is my favorite time of the day—when I can stay awake to enjoy it! The lunch dishes are done, both children are asleep, and with luck I'll have another hour of quiet before things pick up again. On the agenda is making an apple pie. Isabel loves making pies "so Daddy will get a kick out." Once, many pies ago, I carved Vin's name in the top crust for steam vents, commenting that I thought he would get a *kick out* of that. Isabel asked him if he got a "kick out", dropping the prepositional phrase at the end, and that became a family joke.

Our family is all healthy, at the moment. Both Chris and Isabel had pneumonia at different times during the winter, so that curtailed our activities somewhat, but in between bouts we managed to be outdoors a lot enjoying the Maine winter. The kids loved the snow! Isabel slid headfirst down hundreds of snowbanks. Chris started walking at ten months and not even bulky snowsuit and boots could slow him down.

Perhaps you heard about the blizzard in February that dropped twenty-six inches of snow in Boston and immobilized the region. We get Boston stations on our TV and for several evenings we watched hours of news reports. It was just like watching a feature disaster movie. Things were quite normal around here and it was hard to believe that just a hundred miles away everything was at a standstill for a whole week.

Moving from winter into spring (and has *that* ever been a slow process this year!), I am reminded that we have a lot for which to be grateful. I'm so glad our yard is fenced in. The children can play outside with only partial supervision on my part. Isabel likes to pull Chris around in the wagon. He sings and stamps his heels on the wagon, not unlike a galley master keeping time for the rowers. I'm glad the first robin found a worm in the back yard—that bodes well for our vegetable garden. I'm looking forward to seeing the crab apple tree, our central landscaping feature, in bloom; from all reports it is supposed to be spectacular. I am also looking forward, but with some trepidation, to getting started on the first of several wallpapering projects we have lined up.

People actually hibernate in Maine, or at least it seems that way. The pace of life in winter is slow and centered in the home. Since the warm weather hasn't really arrived yet as I write this, I can only speak in the future tense about all the plans we have for the summer. This is a vacation area so we intend to visit all the beaches, lakes, mountains, historical or



A first birthday party is one of life's most fascinating events, both for the guest of honor and his family and friends. Christopher Palo's celebration was no exception. He had a spice bundt cake with maple-nut frosting and animal cracker decorations (and, undoubtedly, one large candle). He had sister Isabel to help with the unwrapping of the beautiful and excitingly-wrapped gifts. Isabel can be seen just behind Christopher as she reaches to help her brother.

scenic places of interest within an hour or so of home, and there are many. We intend to explore Strawberry Banke, a historic section of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, that has been restored and made into shops. (Portland, Maine, also has a restored section—fun to walk through and absorb the seafaring flavor of old New England.)

I am planning a pilgrimage of sorts to the home of Sarah Orne Jewett in nearby South Berwick, Maine. It is open on certain afternoons during the summer. Her name is probably familiar to many of you. When I was in high school, her stories were required reading as representing the "local color" genre. A lovely book of hers called *Country of the Pointed Firs* is probably in your local library, and I recommend it highly. It gives a gentle portrait of "Down East" life at the turn of the century. Two of the sturdy independent characters live on an isolated island. The islands of Maine are no longer quite so isolated, but they are still populated by independent people. My next-door neighbor (who celebrated her eighty-first birthday last month) grew up on one of the islands in Casco Bay that we hope to visit soon by ferry.

There will be many other things to do when warm weather finally arrives. Summer, in this section of the country, is a time of auctions, fairs, craft sales and exhibits, competitions of all kinds, and family reunions on a giant scale. One family reunion in this county has been taking place every August for 110 years! This summer will mark my first trip to the annual reunion of Vin's mother's family in Pennsylvania.

Speaking of Vin's family, his sister, Carol, and her husband, Michael, are breaking ground now for their first

house. They both work in Burlington, Vermont, which is in the Champlain Valley. However, the land on which they are building is far enough out of the valley to have a spectacular Vermont mountain vista. We can't wait to get over to see the house, but they're going to have a hard time getting me to do anything—I'll want to just sit and look out the window.

Sometime between now and fall, we have got to solve our energy problems! I am sure a lot of you are grumbling about the rising cost of heating oil, and thinking about alternatives. We contemplated putting an airtight, wood-burning stove into the basement which would plug right into the furnace system, but decided it wasn't quite right for the house. What *would* be right is solar energy; we have an excellent southern exposure. But that will have to wait until the cost of solar collectors comes down to something reasonable. In the meantime, we've about settled on getting an electric hot-water heater and trading in our kitchen Franklin stove for something smaller and more efficient.

I hear stirrings upstairs so I had better investigate. I'll leave you with the hope that you won't have to use your air conditioners too frequently in the next few months.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea

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"SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS"

A Children's Day Program

by
Virginia Thomas

Call to Worship: Read Psalms 100:1-3a.

Hymn: (all) "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee".

Scripture: Matthew 18:1-5 and 19:13-15.

Prayer Hymn: (children) "Father We Thank Thee" ("for the night, for the pleasant morning light," etc.)

Welcome:

Welcome parents and kind friends

To our Children's Day;

Lend an ear to what we sing,

Heed well what we say.

Join us as we offer praise

To our Lord and King;

For love and home, for sun and rain,

Our thanks to Him we bring.

Hearts and hands we offer Him

On this Children's Day,

To do His will and serve Him well

In a joyful way.

Action Song: (for small tots) Tune: "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush".

(1) See my little garden — (2) How I rake it o'er and o'er, (3) Then I sow the tiny seeds (4) And with the brown earth cover. (5) Now the gentle raindrops fall, (6) The little roots go creeping; (7) See the sun so gaily smile, (8) Soon green leaves are peeping. (9) Next we see some big fat buds, Laughing up at June-time showers, (10) Then one day buds open up Into lovely flowers!

Motions: (1) Hands together, tips of fingers touching the opposite hand. (2) With fingers spread do raking motion. (3) Sowing motion. (4) Covering motion



Julian, son of Art and Kristin Brase, is now three years old.

with both hands. (5) Hands up and wiggle fingers as if falling rain. (6) Use two fingers of each hand to wiggle downward. (7) Form big round sun with both hands held up. (8) Forefinger of each hand held up. (9) Thumb and forefinger of each hand form fat bud. (10) Buds (hands) open up to form flower cup.

Hymn: (children) "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam" or "I've Got the Joy, Joy, Joy".

Meditation:

JESUS SPOKE OF SIMPLE THINGS

(An older child does the part of the narrator or leader. Other children memorize or read the Scripture which is given for the item which they carry on stage. After giving the Scripture, the child places the article on small table which has been placed on stage for this purpose, and steps to back of stage as the next comes forward to speak. All join in the hymn at the close.)

Narrator:

Jesus, with simple parables,
Taught His followers long ago;
Speaking oft of humble things
To teach them truths He'd have them know.

Let us, too, open hearts and minds
To these truths the Bible brings,
Of the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIGHT,
Which He taught by simple things.

—M.N.B.

First Speaker: (carries a loaf of bread) John 6:35.

Second Speaker: (carries a lily) Matthew 6:28-30a.

Third Speaker: (with pennies) Mark 12:42-44.

Fourth Speaker: (carries a jug or pitcher of water) John 4:13-14.

Fifth Speaker: (carries package of seeds, or plastic bag of seed grain) Matthew 13: 3-9.

Sixth Speaker: (carries fish net, or rod and pole) Matthew 4:18-20.

Seventh Speaker: (carries a candle) Matthew 5: 14-16.

Eighth Speaker: (carries a box of salt) Matthew 5: 13.

Ninth Speaker: (carries a length of

vine) John 15: 1-2.

Tenth Speaker: (carries bag of sand) Matthew 7: 26.

Closing Song: (all of the children) "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus".

Benediction: For all the beauties of this season of the year, for your goodness to us in so many way, we thank you, O God. Go with these children and all of us, that we may go forth to serve you with gladness. Amen.

COVER PICTURE

When we seven Driftmier "kids" were growing up, we thought this picture of Mother was the most romantic photograph we had ever seen. There is quite a little story that goes with it which I wish to share with you.

In the summer of 1912, Mother left Redlands, California, and came back to Shenandoah to visit the Iowa Field family. Dad was the manager of the telephone company and lived at the home of Aunt Helen (Mother's sister) and Uncle Fred Fischer. Thus, it was inevitable that Mother met Dad almost as soon as she had arrived in Shenandoah. One thing led to another, so when she boarded the train to return to California it was clearly understood that the following year they would be married.

Mother hadn't been in California more than ten days when along came a letter addressed to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Field, asking them for the hand of their daughter in marriage. (Believe me, that doesn't sound like the casual goings on of our time!)

By return mail, our grandparents wrote back "yes" and also suggested that Mother would get a good "studio type" photograph and send it right along. This is the picture that you are seeing today on the cover. Fortunately, we came across this print when we were going through stacks of photographs from our old family home. We hadn't seen it for years and it struck us all over again as being very romantic!

—Lucile

GIVE NOW

I would rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend,
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on earth must end.

I would rather have one pleasant word
In kindness said to me,
Than flattery when my heart is still
And life has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true,
Than tears shed 'round my casket
When this world I bid adieu.

Blossoms bring to me today,
Whether pink or white or red;
I'd rather have one blossom now,
Than a truckload when I'm dead.

GIVE

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

A FEW READING EXPERIENCES

by
Adrienne Driftmier

Those dusty, leather-bound volumes, whose gilt pages crackle with age and neglect, are too often surrendered to some dark and forgotten corner of the attic. Bring them out and lose yourself in the adventures of "old-fashioned" characters—the ruthless villains, the courageous heroes and the persuasive heroines whose experiences and conflicts breed suspense and intrigue.

William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy are three exceptional novelists whose works have long been treasured classics and are well worth reading.

Dickens is, perhaps, the most universally acknowledged of the above authors. His most famous works include *Oliver Twist*, *A Christmas Carol*, and *Great Expectations*, all written in the mid-nineteenth century. Because good books were so expensive, therefore usually available only to the wealthy, his novels were first presented as serials in popular London magazines. New ideas and schemes were steadily introduced in each weekly episode in order to create and maintain interest.

Great Expectations has been hailed as Dickens' masterpiece. The young hero, an orphan named Pip, had always been very satisfied with his position as a blacksmith's apprentice, but, after having been introduced to the life of the wealthy by a vindictive eccentric, he began to loath all elements of his more common heritage.

Imagine Pip's elation when he discovered that he had been befriended by an anonymous benefactor who wished to send him to London and make him a distinguished gentleman. The changes which come over Pip with the acquisition of ready funds soon alienate him from his old friends, while his craftsman background separates him even farther from those he believes he most idolizes.

Pip's search for his new identity is both comic and a bit pathetic. Dickens skillfully demonstrates that money can be used both for good and bad purposes, and that it is the love of money, not money itself, which is the root of all evil.

William Makepeace Thackeray wrote his finest novel, *Vanity Fair*, less than five years before Dickens' *Great Expectations* was published. They both contain strong moral messages, yet Thackeray expresses his by means of satire and sarcasm.

The title, *Vanity Fair*, is cleverly applied in the story because each of the four major characters seemingly sells or sacrifices his soul for an unworthy goal in the greatest of all fairs, Life.

Becky Sharp is a conniving social climber who uses her seeming innocence and vulnerability to put her in a position of wealth and power. Once she reaches high society there is a rapid, unexpected turn in events and Becky finds herself in a precarious position.

The escapades of Becky are intermingled with the similarly foolish and comic adventures of her four companions. While the satire and humorous characterizations are very enjoyable, the moral lesson showing the importance of honesty, to one's self and, necessarily, to every one else, is well demonstrated.

The Mayor of Castorbridge, by Thomas Hardy, assumes a more serious approach in its study of an unfortunate mayor who attempted to forget to hide his scandalous past.

As a young, penniless man, Michael Henchard rashly agreed to sell his wife and daughter, whom he proclaimed tiresome and worthless, to a sailor passing through the village. Recovering his head, he realized the awful nature of his actions and sought to rejoin them, but was unsuccessful. Twenty years saw Henchard become the most respected merchant and mayor of Castorbridge, but also witnessed the unfortunate return of his abandoned wife. Henchard tried desperately to make amends privately for his earlier crime, but he becomes more and more inescapably tangled in deceit.

The story expresses the tragic sense of a life in which the truth is always seen eventually and in which even a reformed man cannot escape his past.

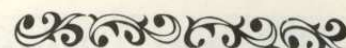
Each of these three books is an invitation to experience the charm of nineteenth century England, the agricultural towns, the country estates and the fashionable sections of a London long ago.

WALK WITH GOD

Even a stay-at-home must make the journey of today;
Go with a willing heart and take love's lamp to light your way;
Prayer be the staff you lean upon; with faith your feet be shod.
Today you do not walk alone—today you walk with God. —Unknown

SUMMER NIGHT

What brings the magic to a warm summer night —
The pinpoint stars, and their sparkling light?
The fragrance of blossoms sailing the breeze
Or, the mysterious whisper among the trees?
Just a glance at the sky and we know that He
Wields a Power far greater than the eye can see. —Marjorie A. Lundell



KNOW YOUR BEANS

1. What bean goes to the sea?
 2. What bean is a part of your body?
 3. What bean is a foreign athlete?
 4. What bean is used to tie things?
 5. What bean is a name of a city in Peru?
 6. What bean makes furniture and floors shine?
 7. What bean has the same name as that used for a laxative?
 8. What bean does a dairyman love?
 9. What bean is the name of an Indian pony?
 10. The American farmer plants this bean that came from China.
 11. Name a fishing equipment bean.
 12. Name a famous bean dish from a city in Massachusetts.
 13. Name a confectionery bean.
 14. Name a popular children's game using beans.
- ANSWERS: 1. Navy, 2. Kidney, 3. Mexican jumping, 4. String, 5. Lima, 6. Wax, 7. Caster, 8. Butter, 9. Pinto, 10. Soy, 11. Pole, 12. Boston baked, 13. Jelly, 14. Beanbag.

—Florence McAlevy

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MEET OUR WRITERS



Mabel Nair Brown

I count it a priceless heritage to have grown up a farm girl in central Iowa where I was born in 1911, the eldest daughter of thrifty, hard-working, loving and religious parents. Our home may have been short on this world's goods, but it was always long on family fun and good times with time for music, books and neighborliness. All of my life has been lived within a fifty-mile radius of my birthplace at Scranton, Iowa.

One of my earliest recollections is of my fascination with the printed word. As soon as I learned to read I wanted to read everything in sight; I still do! Whenever our family went visiting the other children were eager to play with new toys while I was looking around to see if our hosts had a bookcase and figuring out how I could explore it!

As soon as I could write, I was determined to put my own ideas on paper; consequently, my classmates thought I was a little "tetchy" when I thought long theme assignments were fun.

By the time I was in high school, the Great Depression was upon us. When I graduated, my dream of a college degree in journalism was not to be. It was necessary for me to get a job and help with the family income. I was most grateful to manage a normal training course and to get a position teaching school. It seemed this was meant to be, for while I was taking teacher training in Shenandoah I met the Driftmier family. From that time on Leanna became my dear friend and counselor; later it was she who opened the door to my writing career.

After three enjoyable years of teaching, I resigned to marry my neighborhood sweetheart. We spent twenty-two years on the farm and have always been glad our son, two daughters and my brother (whom we raised after Mother died when he was seven), could know a happy farm childhood.

The depression was still on during those early years so it was a great struggle just to try to tie a knot in life's rope and hold on. Caring for the children, gardening, canning, sewing (I became an expert with flour sacks and printed feed bags), teaching Sunday school, serving as youth counselor and 4-H leader, these and more activities filled my days.

At that time there was little time for writing except for short plays and skits for club and church programs and for lengthy letters to friends and relatives. Many of those long letters went to Leanna Driftmier and were often read on her Kitchen-Klatter radio program. Then in 1945, she suggested I send some articles to use in the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine. What a thrill it was to see that first article in print!

Encouraged by Leanna, I soon tried my writing wings elsewhere and before long my articles were appearing regularly in a number of magazines, various church publications and for the *Des Moines Farm and Home Register*.

A health problem forced my husband, Dale, to seek another occupation. The farm was sold and we bought a general merchandise store in Ogden, Iowa, and moved to town. Once I began working full time in the store, my writing had to be greatly curtailed but I managed to find time for a little. I continued to write for *Kitchen-Klatter*. After several years in the store, Dale took a job in Ames, Iowa. We continued to live in Ogden and I managed the store two more years before we sold out.

Once again, I had more time for writing and to do some of the other activities I'd wanted to do. I took the training to become a certified laboratory leader for our Methodist church. It has been a great joy to work with children and to help train other church school teachers.

Early in the sixties Dale and I purchased our first travel trailer. We've been confirmed trailer campers ever since, traveling to all four corners of the U.S. and everywhere in between! Now that we've retired, we have spent the last two winters in Frostproof, Florida. Isn't that a fine address to have away from Iowa's cold winters? Come spring, we're equally glad to return to Iowa to catch up on the children and grandchildren.

Wherever we travel, my beat-up old portable typewriter goes along for I am certain to meet interesting people and to find something worth writing about to share with Kitchen Klatter friends. You have all become so dear to me in the thirty-two years I've been a contributor to the magazine; God bless you every one.

When calamity strikes, the first thing to remember is how much has been escaped!

*
Take a Good Listen

each weekday to the
**KITCHEN-KLATTER
RADIO VISIT**
over one of the following
stations:

- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KMA Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.

*

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**



Betty Jane Tilsen and I both share the same feelings about having a camera focused on us, but so many, many people have asked to see a photograph of my good friend and companion, I induced Betty Jane to break down and say "yes". She takes marvelous care of our house plants, an interest obviously derived from her mother's great enthusiasm.

—Lucile

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

"Last June," writes H.D., "I saw a perennial border with clumps of the most beautiful long-spurred columbine. They were brighter in color than the columbine I have grown but the grower did not know their varietal name. Could you help? I'd like very much to have some of these lovely columbines and want to grow them from seed if possible."

The columbine you saw were, no doubt, *McKana Giant Hybrids* and seed is offered in the perennial section of most seed catalogs. *McKana Improved* is a new strain developed by a Hanson of Denmark. The plant habit is the same but the colors are deeper and richer. Seed is offered in the Geo. W. Park seed catalog (Greenwood, South Carolina 29647) on page 20. Columbine seed needs light in order to germinate best and the planting medium should be kept evenly moist. It takes columbine seed thirty days or longer in which to germinate, so be patient. As soon as the seedlings can be pricked out of the starting medium, pot up individually and grow in good light but out of the hot sun. I have better luck if I plant my perennial seedlings in a row in the garden for the first season. It is easier to take good care of them if they are in one location. The next spring you can place them in permanent positions in the border. Columbines will not do well where drainage is poor, yet they do not tolerate an overly dry situation. The colors are richer in partial shade. *Spring Song* is the first hybrid columbine and worth trying because of its earliness and vigor.

We have a healthy clove currant (*Ribes odorata*) growing near the

Chapel, thanks to a kind reader who sent a root to us last April. Commercial sources of this spring-flowering charmer were also sent in by a reader. The sources are—Bachman's, Inc., 6010 S. Lyndale Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55423; Fiori Enterprises, Rt. 22, Prairie View, Ill. 60060; Mellingers, Inc., 2310 W. South Range, North Lima, Ohio 44452; and Plumfield Nurseries, Box 410, Fremont, Nebr. 68025. If you want sweetly scented golden flowers in the spring, big black fruits in the fall plus a bonus of rosy-red leaves, do plant a few of these old-fashioned currants around your yard. Ask for fall delivery and they will be ready to come forth in early spring next year.

Some of you may still want the proper planting dates for June. Above-ground crops: 7, 8, 9, 15, 16, 17, 18. Root crops: 2, 3, 4, 21, 22, 25, 26, 29, 30. Seed beds: 7, 8, 9, 17, 18. Flowers: 7, 8, 9, 15, 16. Kill plant pests: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 23, 24. Set eggs: 10-24. (Courtesy of *The Farmers' Almanac*.)

FLOWER PICTURES

(from the vegetable garden)

Looking for fresh subjects for your pressed flower pictures? Don't forget the vegetables! Many of them have attractive foliage or flowers that belie their humble origin. Consider using the lacy foliage of asparagus or carrots as a background "fern" for your flowers, or the grace of twining tendrils from the pea vines. Corn yields more than roasting ears for the table; the cornsilks, tassels, and dry husks all make interesting additions to pictures. Okra has exotic flowers. Herbs furnish varied foliage and flowers to be used as fillers or small accents.

Stepping into the orchard, you'll find more tendrils on the grape vines. Fruit tree blossoms are legendary for their beauty and simplicity, and the leaves make bold shapes to strengthen your designs. Strawberry leaves and flowers are attractive enough to be used by themselves, especially effective on a red-checked gingham mat.

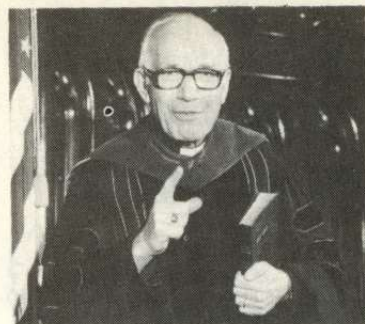
Don't forget to look for weeds while you're in the garden (I still find plenty in mine; if you're a better gardener than I, try checking the roadsides)—they run a wide range of styles from the ethereal beauty of Queen Anne's Lace to the spear-shaped drama of a dandelion leaf.

Be bold, be different, be creative—look for inspiration in every leaf and blossom this summer for more inspiring pictures next winter.

Basic Directions for Pressing Flowers: Place between newspapers and press under weight (catalogs work fine). Average drying time is 3-4 weeks. Newspapers can be changed periodically to hasten the drying.

If white flowers turn yellow, they can be touched up with powdered chalk.

—Sue Peeler



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—Booker T. Washington

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FISH IS FINE.....

CANDY IS DANDY.....

BUT

There's no better way to start a meal than with a crisp salad. And there's no better way to top a salad than with zesty, creamy **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**.

Whichever you choose: **Country Style, French** or **Italian** (or a combination of them), you know you'll have a flavor that will enhance any vegetables you toss in. Each is different, but alike in quality. Nothing but the best goes in, and you can tell it at first taste.

If you haven't tried them, why not tonight? You'll be glad you did—and so will your family.

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If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.50 for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



Poor Little Bride

Just think of all the things she will have to do without. Like boiling clothes clean in an iron kettle. Hoping Monday will be nice because the clothes must be hung outside. Ironing with a sadiron heated on the coal stove. And dealing with old-fashioned soaps and bleaches that ruined clothing and still didn't get things really clean.

The **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins** make any washday safe and easy. Clothes come out sparkling clean and sweetly scented. No chlorine damage. No dirt left in. Modern detergent and bleach, for modern laundry machines and modern fabrics.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Blue Drops
Laundry Detergent
and
All-Fabric Bleach



Juliana and Kristin show their excitement as they prepare for a train ride.

From Our Family Album

When Margery and Oliver were first married, they lived in the nice old Strom family home in Essex, a small town we enjoy and it's only a hop, skip and a jump from Shenandoah.

Kristin and Juliana were thrilled to death when their Aunt Margery asked them to come up on the train and pay her a visit. Well, those two little girls were so excited you would have thought they were headed for Mars!

Russell put them on the old train here in Shenandoah, and a couple of hours later we were startled out of our wits when the phone rang and it was Margery: WHERE WERE THE GIRLS? We jumped in the car and tore up along the train tracks that run parallel to the highway and arrived in Essex just as the train pulled in! My, what a trip! —Lucile

PIGTAILS & PIGGY BANKS—Concl.

yarn bow on each. The braids may need to be glued to the upper sides of the face to hold them in place. Sketch in facial features. The inside pages are circles of white paper stapled to the cover with the braids hiding the staples.

Program Ideas: As part of the program, stress the special activities which are important to the dads. Emphasize the "Piggy Bank" aspect of the love and care dads give their daughters. Several girls could prepare and read original paragraphs on "What My Dad Means to Me" or "How Dad's Piggy Bank Has Come to My Aid".

The "Pigtail" section of the event can include the joys of having and caring for a daughter as reported by several dads. Talks could be made on "What My Daughter Means to Me" and "Why I'm Glad I've Had a Piggy Bank to Share".

A girls' singing group to serenade the dads and a similar group of men to sing to the daughters could be used for straight musical numbers or developed into a skit with the two groups singing back and forth. A fitting finale could be a round which everyone could sing.

MAMMA'S CABINET — Concluded

wanted to see what Papa would say, so we slipped out and peeped from the dark living room when we heard him come in.

Papa didn't see the new cabinet until he sat down to his supper. "Now where did you get that?" he asked sternly. Mamma's mouth was rebellious. Blue eyes met scowling brown eyes. Mamma's eyes never wavered.

"I bought it with the ten dollars Elmo paid me for your bailing," she replied.

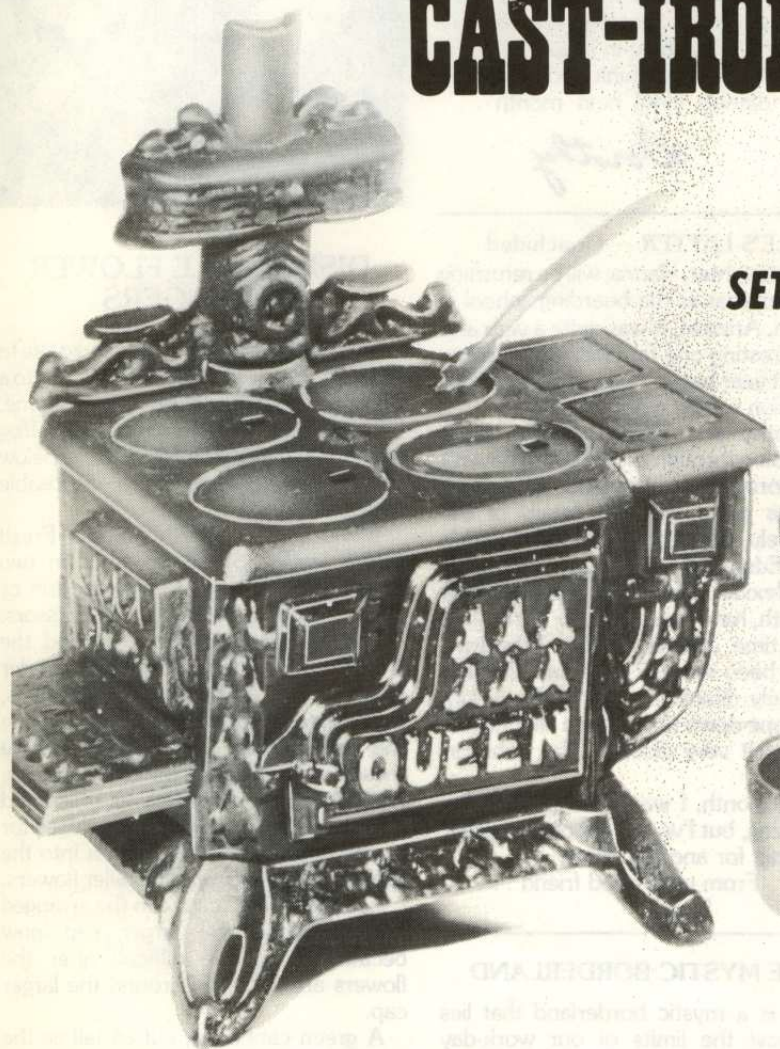
"Carrie, I needed that money!" Papa protested loudly.

"So did I!" came the stout reply in a low, gentle voice. Grace was said and supper was eaten in silence. Lee and I were getting uneasy when Mamma got up to get the iced cupcakes for dessert. When she came to Papa's side, he put his arms around her and pulled her down on his lap.

"Well, give me a redheaded woman any day," he laughed. "After all, I did use your school-teaching savings to buy cows." He kissed Mamma and she kissed him back. Lee and I hopped quickly into bed. All was well with our world. Mamma had her kitchen cabinet.

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The set of 5 cast-iron scale model utensils is a charming complement to the stove. Large boiling kettle, large soup pot, frying skillet, plus a matching coal scuttle and shovel.

Perfect idea for knick-knack shelves. A thrilling present for a little girl! Order extras for gifts, too — you save when you order 2. If not delighted, return within 14 days for a refund (except postage and handling). Mail coupon today!

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THE MARK OF QUALITY

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
also hope I will be able to get to Chadron to see them. I am anxious to go because I want to travel a little farther west and visit a friend of mine in Casper, Wyoming, whom I haven't seen for many, many years. We just have to wait and see how things work out. I have learned never to commit myself too far in advance at this stage in life.

I must close and think about what to fix for dinner. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
Jane's daughter, Hanna, will be returning from her year at the boarding school in Tucson, Arizona. It was quite a year and an interesting one for Hanna. Her plans for next year haven't been made yet, but a decision will be made soon.

Dorothy and Frank Johnson have been going through a hard time. I haven't seen Dorothy's current letter so perhaps she has given you the details of the extremely serious illness of Frank's sister, Edna Halls, who lives in Roswell, New Mexico, Edna's two sisters, Bernie and Ruth, have been with her during this critical time. Juliana said that if the drive hadn't been such a long one through extremely desolate country she would have gone down to see them all. She has always felt very close to the Johnson family.

Next month, I want to ask you folks something, but I've run out of space so it must wait for another letter.

From your good friend . . .

Lucile

THE MYSTIC BORDERLAND

There is a mystic borderland that lies just past the limits of our work-day world,

And it is peopled with the friends we met
And loved a year, a month, a week or day,
And parted from with aching hearts, yet
knew

That through the distance we must loose
the hold

Of hand with hand, and only clasp the
thread

Of memory. But still so close we feel this
land,

So sure we are that these same hearts
are true,

That when in waking dreams there comes
a call

That sets the thread of memory aglow,
We know that just by stretching out the
hand

In written word of love, or book, or flow-
er,

The waiting hand will clasp our own once
more

Across the distance, in the same old way.

—Helen Field Fischer



DISPOSABLE FLOWER ARRANGERS

Sometimes a flower lover would like to take an arrangement of fresh flowers to a friend in the hospital or nursing home, but hesitates to take a vase and frog because she might not get it back. Below are the instructions for a disposable flower arranger.

Items needed: Fresh flowers. Fresh flower leaves. Spray can tops in two sizes. Rubber bands. Margarine tub or any disposable plastic bowl. Scissors.

Put four rubber bands around the smaller can top. Cut about three slender flowers, such as glads or snapdragons, the desired length. (Not so tall as to make the arrangement top heavy.) Weave these flowers through the rubber bands. Reddish-brown canna leaves rolled and cut into different lengths can be used for a pipe organ effect and woven into the rubber bands opposite the taller flowers.

Set this smaller cap with the arranged flowers inside the larger cap now because it will be difficult after the flowers are arranged around the larger cap.

A green canna leaf cut as tall as the tallest flower and wrapped halfway around the larger can serves as a background for the arrangement. Iris leaves can be used for accent, with or without the canna leaves.

Weave shorter, fatter flowers, such as marigolds, zinnias, etc., into the rubber bands opposite the background canna leaf.

The arrangement is complete, so set it in the margarine tub or bowl. Pour the water to fill the smaller cap first, otherwise the caps will float and tip your arrangement.

A miniature arrangement can be made for a meal tray by using a bottle cap inside a small cap such as one from a fabric softener bottle. The individual petals picked from a canna blossom arrange well with other small flowers in this miniature arrangement.

Nurses and aides appreciate not having to keep account of vases.

—Eva Segar

"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.

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September ads due July 10
October ads due August 10

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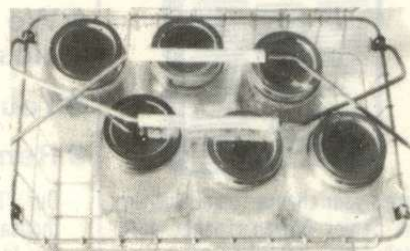
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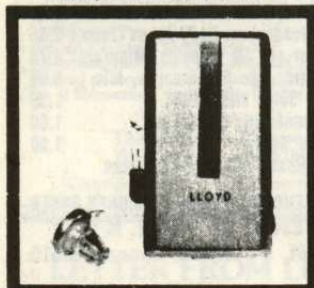
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