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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Kristin and Dorothy

JAN 79

Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA WRITES FROM NEW MEXICO

Dear Long-Time Friends:

I'm sure that I have never written a letter before in these particular surroundings. I'm sitting in the waiting room of our dentist's office. James and Katharine are getting their teeth cleaned today and I'm grabbing this opportunity to jot down a few lines.

Usually when I write a letter, I block out a length of time and pour myself a big cup of coffee. However, things are so hectic these days, I can see that several "free" hours aren't likely to come about in the near future.

One of the major projects at this time is to get James ready to go to summer camp for the first time. He will be gone for two weeks. This camp is located in the Jemez Mountains about eighty miles from Albuquerque and is in an area where we do a lot of camping, so James will be in familiar surroundings. The camp stresses wilderness experience, back packing, ecology, geology and fishing. James was particularly interested in the latter!

Because this is the first time I've sent a child off for two weeks, I have had to revise my thinking concerning packing. With my washer and dryer I've never had a tremendous supply of clothing for the children—certainly not two weeks' worth! Thank goodness, we have a factory outlet for children's clothing so I paid the outlet a visit yesterday. The major purchases were in the underwear department. It then occurred to me that this vast wardrobe would never fit in a suitcase, but a friend was kind enough to loan us an old foot locker.

I might add that when my friend brought the foot locker, she laughed heartily and told me not to be shocked if half the clothing was never worn. Her son had gone to camp last year and as far as she could figure out, he had changed his clothes only twice.

To backtrack in time, I have taken two



Jed Lowey is almost all of the time in dress clothes at the office, but this is the rig he wears when he and son, James, go off on one of their frequent fishing trips to the mountains. (Juliana wishes he would always be fishing instead of being at the office, so she wouldn't have to wash and iron white shirts!)

trips since I last wrote to you. One of the trips was to Chihuahua, Mexico, with my Community College Spanish class. There were forty-two of us and we traveled by chartered bus. In fact, the whole trip was arranged for us—including accommodations at the Hotel Victoria in the city of Chihuahua. This is an old hotel that seemed to me to be the archetype Mexican hotel—the kind you see pictures of in travel brochures.

It had lovely gardens, tiled swimming pools, fountains, balconies with pots of flowers cascading over the edges, palm trees and the wonderful slow-paced Mexican atmosphere. The city of Chihuahua is an interesting place. It is a very old city whose major industries are cattle and mining. There are tours out to the mines which we didn't have time to take, much to my regret, for I think these tours would be fascinating. I hope to return to Chihuahua when I have time and get to the mines we missed.

The other outing was a camping trip to Mesa Verde, Colorado. There were thirty-one people on this trip, and believe me, planning food for that many people is a challenge. All of the women who were going met at my house a month before the departure date. At that time, we planned the menus and then divided up the food so that everyone was responsible for several items. This proved exceptionally efficient. People who worked could bring the canned goods and snacks, while those of us who had more time turned out the homemade cakes and breads. We all furnished our own meats and drinkables.

One day of the trip we all rode the narrow-gauge railroad from Durango to Silverton. Jed, James, Katharine and I had taken this trip several years ago in

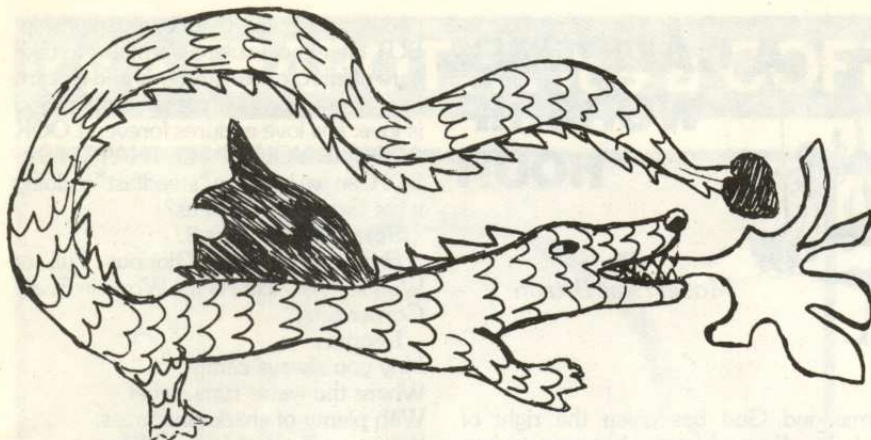
the very late summer so we were looking forward to seeing the scenery in early summer. It was spectacular! The high mountains were still covered with snow and the Animas River was a raging torrent due to the run-off from the snow melting in the mountains.

The rest of the time we spent looking at the ancient Indian ruins in the Mesa Verde National Park. This is also where we were camping. As most of you know, I am very interested in archaeology so this was my cup of tea. Actually, even if Indian ruins aren't high on your list of things to see, the beautiful location of Mesa Verde makes it a worthwhile experience.

We especially enjoyed the trip to the ruin called Balcony House. It is not an exceptionally large ruin, but its setting makes it unusual. Believe me, it is a real challenge to climb the long ladders just to get in to see it. Climbing out, we followed part of a prehistoric stairway cut into solid rock. I couldn't help wondering how the ancient people who lived at Mesa Verde ever had a moment's peace from worrying about their children using those stone steps.

On the home front, I am still gardening. (Jed refers to it as my *gardening frenzy*.) I have many pots of geraniums and petunias on my patio and these have to be watered twice a day in this hot weather. So far, my vegetable garden is doing very well. It is the largest one I have ever grown. Of course, we have our usual collection of weeds and bugs, but I have been keeping after them. One insect which does defeat me every year about this time is the dreaded squash bug. *Nothing* seems to touch them. Our local paper has a gardening

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In the last week of school this year, the two fourth grades of the school that Katharine and James Lowey attend pooled their resources and put on a play titled "The Insatiable Dragon". All of the other children attended and as many of their parents as could. To make it seem really "grown up", they mimeographed the program and as each person entered he was handed a copy. Their text used many quotes from genuine well-known plays, and this made for more than just a play by little kids. James was the "Insatiable Dragon" and Juliana fashioned a costume for him that made him look determined to get his prey. All of the other children were in costumes too, so the play made for an exciting event all the way around. The school budget didn't allow for hiring a professional photographer, so James drew the above dragon on mimeograph paper. There was no earthly way to get a genuine picture from that thin mimeograph paper, so James did the best he could given such conditions. Very fortunately, we have a new girl, Carole Booker, down at our Kitchen-Klatter plant who has a real talent for drawing and calligraphy. She went over the dragon painstakingly and then it was ready to send to the printer.

—Lucile

A NOTE FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It isn't often that most of the space I usually occupy is taken over by a dragon, but this was the only way we could make the magazine go together.

Even though I haven't been anywhere this summer, the days seem to have gone by with great speed. As has been frequent in recent years, a hard and miserable winter gave way to a spring that also acted fractious. Nothing seemed to act "normal".

We've had lots of company and once again Betty Jane and I said we wished people who come from far parts could somehow make the trip in the winter and thus spread the activity that goes with company all through the year instead of being crammed into three short months. Well, I guess we've been lucky to have any company at all what with the terrible price of gasoline and so many highway disasters that it's a wonder people venture out at all.

I've had to spend most of this summer with my head buried in figures, and I'll bet this sounds familiar to practically everyone these days. I received some very discouraged-sounding letters this summer . . . and I certainly understand them.

But no matter what, I hope you can still scrape up a 15-cent stamp because we truly need to hear from you.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

IOWA'S FEATHERED FRIEND

What does Iowa have in common with the states of New Jersey and Washington? The Eastern Goldfinch, of course. This feathered friend is the state bird of these states that represent three diverse areas of the United States—the Midwest, the Northeast, and the Pacific Northwest.

The goldfinch is four to five inches in length and is smaller than the House Sparrow. In fact, the bird is a close relative of our native sparrows and in wintertime resembles a sparrow since summer's bright yellow turns a dull gray.

The male goldfinch in summer is easily recognized since he is the only small yellow bird with a black cap and wings.

The female is less colorful than her mate. She is a dull olive-yellow. She lays three to six bluish white eggs in the nest that is made of grass, moss, and thistledown and is located in a small tree or bush a few feet above the ground.

One of the most interesting facts about the Eastern Goldfinch is its dependence upon the thistle. Goldfinches do not nest until early summer when thistles have bloomed so the silky down can be used in the nests. Also, thistle seed is relished by the birds. As bird watchers know, the goldfinches will flock to winter bird feeders that contain thistle seeds.

So, if you are walking in a meadow or near a thicket of shrubbery and see a small, yellow bird, say "Hi" to one of Iowa's state symbols, the Eastern Goldfinch.

—Joe Taylor

THE TRUMAN LIBRARY

A Sunday afternoon was reserved recently for visiting the Truman Library in Independence, Missouri, with friends who have lived in the area for years and never visited this interesting and historical place. People arrived in cars and chartered buses filling the parking lots to capacity.

Entering the library, one is immediately impressed with the enormous Thomas Hart Benton mural depicting events of past history of Independence. Visitors browse at their own pace throughout this handsome building. Historical papers within glass cases require some time to peruse.

Most people are fascinated with the beautiful gifts given to the late President Truman and his family. Unusual, indeed, is a hand-carved dining room suite from the Philippines; hanging above on a balcony wall is a magnificent Oriental rug given by the Shah of Iran. The gifts are numerous and beautiful and virtually everyone pauses after a tour to gaze into a glass case in the lobby containing solid gold ceremonial swords and daggers encrusted with pearls, rubies, emeralds and enormous diamonds given by the Royal Families of Saudi Arabia and Iran.

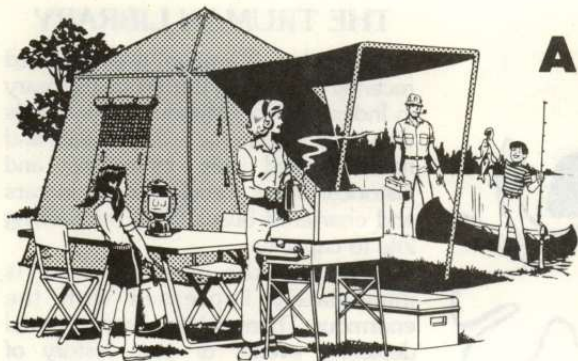
A quiet walk to an enclosed garden brings one to the final resting place of the late President. Silk flags from many countries line the walks. People, who had smiled and whispered in the library, immediately change moods and silence prevails. I always leave the library impressed.

On a recent spring morning, we were shocked to read of the theft of three ceremonial swords and two daggers from the Truman Library. Thieves had gained access to the library through the front doors, smashed the cases and removed five of the most valuable objects. A burglar alarm sounded but the thieves had left the building, fled in a waiting car and were gone by the time the guard arrived in the lobby where the display cases stand.

The items stolen were appraised in 1959 at approximately \$92,000. Experts now consider the value of the stones and gold to be worth \$1,000,000 in terms of today's rising market of precious stones and gold. A recent appraisal indicated that one of the diamonds, which weighed seven carats and was flawless and of perfect color, was worth \$300,000 alone. It has been theorized that the stones will be removed professionally and sold; the gold will be melted down and sold as scrap.

The tragic loss of these valuable and historic items cannot be measured on a monetary scale for an irreplaceable portion of history vanished in a daring early-morning robbery that police estimated took only 45 seconds!

—Harold R. Smith



A CAMPERS' WORSHIP HOUR

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Summertime finds many families camping out over the weekend while others may be vacationing or traveling. Either situation offers a fine opportunity to pause for a special, informal worship time out-of-doors with various family members taking some part in the service—and why not ask a fellow camper to share these moments of meditation and song with you? (Whether we've stopped at a roadside park on a wooded hillside, or gathered under a tree near our campsite, or around a campfire in the evening, we have always found some fellow campers or travelers who were happy to join us in our worship time together.)

Call to Worship: (in unison) *This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.*

Prayer Poem:

Maker of our planet, Earth,
Of moon and stars and sun;
We come in awe and wonder
At all that Thou has done.
In humble adoration

Our voices now we raise
For the beauty of the earth
We offer prayer and praise. —M.N.B.

Scripture: I Chron. 17:23-25 and Psalms 95:1-3.

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth". (Have someone sing the main part of each verse, then all join in at the close of each verse to sing the words: "Lord of all to Thee we raise, / This our hymn of grateful praise.")

Scripture: Read Psalms 136:1-9 and 26 as a litany with one person reading the lead lines and the rest joining to repeat the words, *for his steadfast love endures forever.*

Meditation: We have but to look around us to see the beauty of the world which God has created. Every tree, every blade of grass, every flower, the creeks and rivers, the soil, the rocks, the birds and animals all speak to us of God's love for He created the world and then put man into it. It was our Great Creator's pleasure to place in it mankind, a thinking creature, with a soul capable of loving and caring, of worshiping God, endowed with that which could let him live in harmony with the works God had created and in neighborliness with other men. But to each of us creatures of

mankind, God has given the right of choice. If we chose to incorporate into our lives those guidelines which Christ taught, then we can truly live in harmony with God's world.

When God put us in this world, He passed to us a responsibility to care for that which He had created. But we must decide if we make that choice, if we accept the responsibility. All nature is calling us to preserve, to keep and to protect the "beauty of the earth" which we sang about.

We take pride in the great strides we have made in education, in scientific discoveries. BUT are we so smart? It would seem that people who can put a spaceship on the moon, ought to figure out a way to do away with pollution and with the despoiling of God's beautiful world. We should put every effort into conservation of energy and water.

It is we who have failed, not God. The seasons come and go year after year. Storms and drouth may come, but sunshine and rains follow eventually. The beauty of the earth is renewed. The question we must answer is: "What are we doing with God's world?"

In the beginning, God created the world and God continues to create today, giving life to all that lives. Part of that creation is the knowledge that He gives to scientists and to us. Let us use our knowledge to understand this world in which we live, to appreciate it and to care for it in the way that is part of God's plan for His world and for us.

As we look at the beauty of the earth around us, let us be aware of our responsibility to care for it and resolve to accept that responsibility to the best of our ability.

Hymn: "All Creatures Bright and Beautiful".

Leader: As we look at the world about us, we should be reminded of the Scripture we shared a few moments ago: *For his steadfast love endures forever.* Isn't that a beautiful thought? Doesn't it give you a warm feeling of being loved? I look around at nature and I know that God is steadfast. He will not change. He has given us this beautiful world to live in and to take care of and He has put other

people here on earth for companionship, BUT He expects us to learn how to take care of His creation properly and to learn how to get along with other people. God is love. His love endures forever. LOOK AROUND YOU TO SEE THAT THIS IS SO! Can we become "steadfast" in doing what God asks from us?

Scripture: Psalms 8.

Hymn: "O How Glorious Full of Wonder", or "Let All the World in Every Corner Sing".

Leader:

May you always camp
Where the water runs sweet,
With plenty of shade and grass,
Where we'll tread trails of hope,
And friendships meet.

Prayer: Open our eyes, our Father, to the simple beauty all around us, and open our hearts to the loveliness of all mankind, if we but try hard enough to care and to understand. Show us the vision of a world made new and help us to keep that vision always before us, to do our part in bringing it about. Grant us wisdom and peace in Christ's name we pray. Amen.

Treasure Hunt



Here's a new way to have a treasure hunt at your next party. It takes a little more thinking on the part of the players than mere directions. Maybe that's why it's more fun, too!

Place different objects at a number of spots on the way to the treasure. Then write clues for your treasure hunters in the form of riddles. These clues should suggest where the hunters might look for the articles that mark the treasure trail. They should also be placed near those objects.

Here is one example: "On a nearby tree, you'll find a tablet you can't write on." The clever player will look for an aspirin which, of course, is a tablet you can't write on.

You'll be able to make up your own riddles to suit the object, but here are some suggestions to start you off:

1. A boat that can't float (gravy boat).
2. Eyes but can't see (potato).
3. Legs but not feet (pair of trousers).
4. A face without features (a clock).
5. A ball without a bounce (ball of twine).
6. A plane that can't fly (carpenter's plane).
7. Full of holes but holds water (a sponge).
8. Tongue but can't talk (shoe with a tongue).
9. Only one eye (needle).
10. A mouth that can't speak (jar).

—Evelyn Witter

Keep your words soft and sweet; you never know when you may have to eat them.



"August"

by Harold R. Smith

Heat diffuses over our valley these August days, flowing down the distant hills like water that flows in the small stream that bisects our village.

Occasionally, hot stagnant air is trapped by colder air above and remains for a few days until dispersed by strong winds. Scientists refer to this phenomenon as *thermal inversion*. The air grows still. People with respiratory problems describe themselves as "breathless".

A recent violent storm brought gusting winds and rain and the next morning revealed a world of fresh, clean air, sparkling sunshine and polished blades of grass, leaves and twigs. When dust settles on the wild *Sawtooth Sunflowers* that dot our country roads, and the air grows oppressive and stable, nature simply cleans house with a shower and strong winds to correct the situation.

Our village post office is often a clearinghouse for news. This morning an elderly gentlemen, picking up his mail, commented that "dog days" had indeed arrived. I had not heard that expression for many years but did remember that the term was used to describe the hottest period of summer. I do recall parents warning children not to swim during this period for fear it would hasten various illnesses. In spite of those warnings, my best friend and I would often walk to a farm pond and swim. Thick algae brimmed the edges and huge clumps of cattails grew at the water's edge. Frogs slid off the banks and disappeared in a swirl of muddy water; harmless water snakes glided into weeds at the edge, seeking a quiet refuge from our laughter. We paddled a small rowboat, provided

by the owner, about the placid surface and in our imagination it became a huge sailing ship. Barefooted and sunburned, we went home tired but happy after those excursions.

Today, I use a family friend's elegant pool. The water is clean and pure; chrome ladders aid one in leaving the pool and a cement terrace is smooth to the feet. An umbrella, table and chairs are nearby. My friend and I sit on the terrace and visit while admiring the view of distant hills and woods. In spite of the elegance, this fine pool lacks the simple charm of the farm pond of my childhood. I even miss the frogs and occasional snakes!

Friends in a nearby city invited us to an Italian Festival held at a hotel-shopping complex. Along with several hundred guests, we strolled around the area and enjoyed the national folk dances of Italy. Dinner consisted of antipasto, baked lasagna, garlic bread followed with espresso and ice cream topped with an interesting sauce. As darkness fell, the grounds were lit with myriads of tiny lanterns. Various singers and dancers performed and Dick Contino, the famous accordionist, played a medley of his hit songs. As we left the festival, I wandered over to a huge tub where three young boys were stomping grapes in time to the music of a pianist. I wondered how they would ever remove the purple stains from their feet!

Our garden continues to bear with abundance. Large tomatoes turn slightly white in the hot sun, but the cherry tomatoes ripen quickly and fill their vines with dashes of red. Marinated, they add

their distinctive flavor to salads. Appetites are often dulled in extremely hot weather and I call this period our "salad days". A large chef's salad with two or three types of lettuce, ripe tomatoes, cucumbers and radishes, slivers of cheese and ham, make a cooling meal to tempt the palate. Iced tea with lemon or fresh mint quenches our thirst and fresh fruit is available at most meals for dessert.

As I watered the flowers recently, I thought of the labor saved by building flowerbeds next to the house and filling them to capacity with potted flowers. Spaced closely, weeds do not thrive. A five-foot-tall poinsettia dominates one corner of the bed. Interspersed with natural rocks are sultanas, geraniums, the old-fashioned lily that was a gift to my mother, Frances, in 1936, and various vining plants. For balance, a Swedish ivy hangs from the hip roof above the flowerbed. Care is simple: a fine mist from the garden hose and liquid fertilizer, as needed, is all that is required to keep the plants thriving.

The August moon is often called the Sturgeon Moon, for it is during August that salt water varieties of this fish come upstream to spawn. Yet, the Indians called the last full moon of August the *Riding Moon*, for it lighted their trails as they migrated to other areas.

As I look upward on my nightly walk around the old house, I see the moon is riding high, attended by one sparkling star. The clock chimes midnight as I close the door to the house. The sound dies away into silence, seemingly trying to tell me that the summer is also quietly slipping away.



This is exactly the right time to enjoy a reunion with your own family. It is the perfect time to feel as if you've had a reunion with the members of the Field and Driftmier families as you read the pages of

"THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY"

Written by: Lucile Driftmier Verness
To order: Send \$3.00 per copy to

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

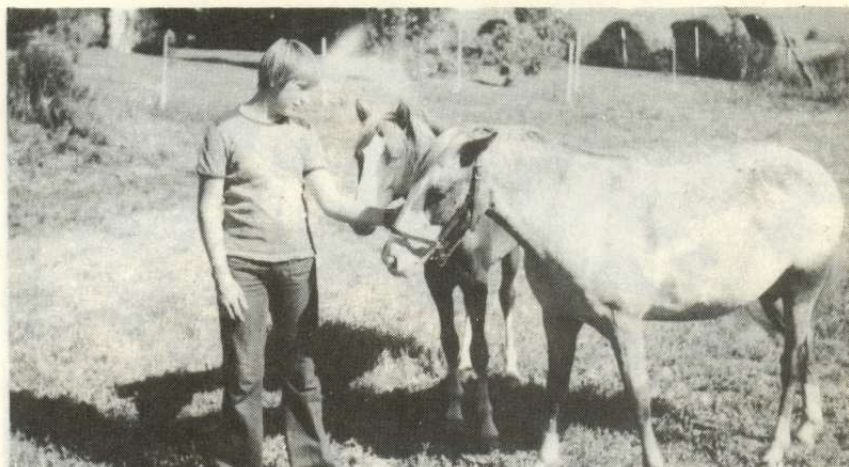
When I saw the picture Lucile planned to put on the cover of this issue, it brought back such a flood of memories I asked her if she would mind if I wrote the "cover story". She said she thought I SHOULD write it since I was the one on the horse and knew the background story for the picture.

There is hardly a town anywhere that doesn't have a saddle club, and during the summer months they are very active with their horse shows and trail riding. This picture of Kristin and me was taken 23 years ago when Frank and Kristin and I were members of the Chariton Saddle Club. It was 6:30 A.M. on a bright August day, just before we started on a trail ride that I shall never forget. We were headed for the Iowa State Fair in Des Moines, a ride of a little over 50 miles. Kristin was on her pony named Paint, and I was on Frank's horse named Poison. Frank was driving our team to the chuck wagon and was not in this picture. I don't recall now why Kristin wasn't riding my horse, Bonnie, since she was always a little afraid of Paint and never really trusted him as she did Bonnie, but there must have been a good reason. I do remember that she spent most of the trip riding in the chuck wagon with her dad while someone else rode Paint.

My! I look at this picture and can't believe how fresh I looked at the start of the trip, and how beat-up I must have looked at the end. I'm glad there wasn't a photographer handy to take pictures then. I have never been stiffer or more tired and sore in my life than I was when we finally rode into the fairgrounds. We were on horseback for a long day and a half, and they just happened to be the two hottest days we had all that summer. As I recall, it was 101 degrees at noon on the day we finally rode into the fairgrounds. I should have had better sense than to go in the first place, since I had been on my horse only twice that summer for very short rides. To put it mildly, I was in no shape to ride anywhere farther than to the mailbox a mile away.

We dropped out of the saddle club shortly after this ride. We had joined when the principal interest was in getting together with our friends to have trail rides around the countryside with a picnic at noon. But about this time horse shows began to be popular and we were not interested in this kind of riding.

In 1959, a tornado passed through our farm which did quite a bit of damage to our house and some of the buildings. The only livestock that was killed was



Andy Brase, the Johnsons' grandson, with "Cricket" and "Tonto".

Kristin's Paint pony when a large tree was uprooted and fell on him. Several months later Kristin wrote a tribute to Paint which was printed in the June, 1960 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. Since many of our readers have never read it, and since you have seen the picture of Paint and Kristin on the cover, I thought this would be a good time to reprint it.

WILD RUNS MY PINTO

Somewhere, Paint, you are still running. No storm could have killed you. The big black oak tree that was so savagely uprooted by the wind couldn't possibly have crushed your spirit. Somewhere you are still running.

I remember the day Dad brought you home to me. You were the most wonderful birthday present a ten-year-old ever received. It was love at first sight as far as I was concerned.

That summer we started breaking you, and what a job that turned out to be! You would buck and rear, making it almost impossible for me to manage you. I think you could probably feel my tension and fear each time I rode you.

Dad's advice was, "Show him who's boss!" But, Paint, I just couldn't conquer my fear of being thrown, although I never had been.

Then school started and I was too busy to do any riding. When summer came again, I dashed away to visit relatives. Somehow there just wasn't time to ride. Mom and Dad gave me a beautiful saddle for my birthday, but it hung in the barn gathering cobwebs and dust. It seemed like it was too much trouble to walk out into the pasture to catch you. I didn't have the time anyway—there were so many other things to do.

In my daydreams, I was an Indian maiden and you were my fastest pony. Wildly and freely, we galloped across the meadows and over the hills. Our race was with the wind for the wind alone could catch us. But in reality, although I loved you, my fears remained and you

ran the races without me.

Finally, my love for you and my longing to have my daydreams come true conquered all of my childish fear. Toward the end of my sixteenth summer, I dug out my saddle and spent an evening removing accumulated dust. The next morning I rode you the mile to the mailbox to get the mail. Surprisingly enough, I was able to control you even though you threw three fits and backed twice into the ditch.

"Paint," I announced, "I can be just as stubborn as you can!"

And from then on, I was. Oh, yes, we had some battles royal, but at least you were mine to command.

With the end of summer came the beginning of a new term of school, and as a junior, I found myself involved in more and more activities. Again, the cobwebs began to gather on the saddle, and again you were sadly neglected.

Toward the end of September on one particularly beautiful Sunday afternoon, my thought for some reason returned to you. Before I knew it, we were actually having the wonderful ride that had so often been the subject for my daydreams. We wound slowly through the timber on a trail of fallen leaves. We crossed the meadow and rode swiftly up the hill, stopping to rest at the top and taking time to enjoy the view of the valley below us. After descending on the other side, we followed the road home and galloped a few times around the pasture. It was a marvelous ride, and I'm glad I have it to remember, because it was the last ride we took together.

Then came the storm. It was a terrible storm. The rain fell in torrents and the wind blew the porch right off the house. Hundreds of trees in the timber were uprooted and one great branch pinned you to the ground in such a way that Mom and Dad knew instantly you would never run again.

But somehow, Paint, you were really not hurt for I have seen the rainbow and I know that somewhere . . . somewhere . . .

(Continued on page 19)

RECYCLE AN OLD BABY CRIB

by
Monica Brandies

A ten-year-old boy gave me the idea at fair time for recycling an old baby crib. Our crib was older than that boy! The last two babies had sometimes slept up or downhill and often threatened to come out from the bottom, but we hated to throw it away.

"Wait until next spring," I said. "Surely I can think of something to use it for by then."

So it was sitting in the corner of the basement in the fall when we brought the boxes of potatoes in from the garden to our newly built cold room. The basement oozes a little in rainy weather and boxes once wet on the bottom are never the same. "Could we use that crib somehow?" I asked.

Father studied the possibilities. There were a few old boards left from our fallen chicken house even after he had recycled that into the walls of the cold room. He put the springs of the crib at their lowest level and covered them with boxes of winter vegetables. Then he put the sides down to their lowest level, put boards across the crib sides, and thus made shelf #2. Boards lengthwise of the crib, braced on the headboards, made the top shelf.

Father drove long, sturdy nails through the worn screw holes to reinforce the original crib connections, although vegetables do not jump, wiggle, or try to climb out like the former tenants. The weight of the shelving seemed to add to the old crib's strength and it became an inexpensive storage compartment to use all winter long.

By spring it was empty, but not idle for long. As the boy at the fair suggested, we raised our chicks in the crib. Since then, no more baby chicks have been raised on the cold basement floor, escaped up the stairs, or fluttered frantically while I tried to change the papers under them.

First, we removed the board shelving and covered the spring bottom with hardware cloth. We could get hardware cloth only twenty-four inches wide, not quite ample. (Thirty-six inch width would have been better and given some overlap to curve up the sides and eliminate the holes we tried, not always successfully, to block with wads of newspaper.) Four and a half feet was sufficient. Such a piece cost about \$4.50 and is useable for years. We could get only 1/4-inch mesh, but bigger, even up to 1/2 inch, would be better. Even day-old chicks have a wide foot span, and droppings go more readily through larger openings.

For this new project, the side slats came up to their highest position and could have been well-covered with chicken wire or even cardboard stapled



Potatoes, apples, yams, pumpkins, onions, and gladiolus bulbs keep well through the winter on crib shelves in cool basement room.

in place. We started with open cardboard boxes woven through the slats.

Empty canning jars became waterers when inverted on special caps from the farm supply store. We used plastic egg cartons and old lids for feeders, but regular chick feeders would be a sound investment and soon save their price in scratched-out feed.

Our "brooders" were once-leaky, five-gallon buckets. We cut holes in the bottom and inverted each can on two bricks set on edge to allow the chicks to go in and out. Sixty-watt light bulbs on extension cords were lowered through the holes to about twelve inches above the mesh. As the chicks grew, the lights were raised to keep the chicks from being burned.

It is advisable to always have two brooders in case a bulb burns out. It also divides the chicks into two groups and prevents crowding. Chicks tend to panic easily and pile one upon the other, often tramping to death the ones on the bottom.

We ordered fifty chicks and received a generous seventy-one in the mail. They arrived in good shape, but three were killed when they fell through holes we had missed.

Cleaning up our chicken "nursery" was a snap with a thick pile of newspapers spread on the basement floor under the crib. The soiled papers were then placed on the compost pile or, simply, between the garden rows for mulch-fertilizer.

We had problems with crowding as the tiny chicks began to grow. We know now that fifty chicks are the limit for a single standard-size crib. We also lost a few chicks because we bought an assortment of types; the larger varieties grew to be twice the size of the bantams.

Chickens are great proponents of survival of the fittest and the strong are apt to finish off any that are weak.

After three weeks, by which time our chicks were nearly full-feathered and able to face most of the unexpected dangers of the now-warm outdoors, we were glad to move them out of their crib "nursery" and into the chicken house.

We raised ducks in the crib in the summer. They are more civilized, don't try to fly out the top, and therefore don't need to be roofed with an old screen door. When one got caught in a spring, the others allowed him to recover. But with twenty-five ducks we moved the crib closer to the floor drain. They do insist on slopping even in a waterer. We also switched from quart to half-gallon jars because ducks drink a lot. We once raised two ducks and twenty-five chicks all together. With the mesh floor it didn't matter if the ducks splashed.

Only once did we attempt to start chicks in the chicken house with brooders. On the second night of that flock's short life, we found every one killed; whether by rat, cat, or whatever we never did find out for sure.

Babies do better in cribs, and so do winter vegetables. Ours will be useful for many seasons to come.

FORGOTTEN

I made myself a shopping list
Of things I had forgotten,
And it was quite a lengthy sheet —
My memory is rotten!

But when I reached the grocery store,
To buy I wasn't able;
My shopping list, you see, I'd left
At home, upon the table!

—Dixie Jean Ray

A REWARDING EXPERIENCE

by
Donna Ridnour

Camping out in the woods and sleeping in tents? Not for me! When I go away from home, I want someone else to wash the dishes, cook the meals and make the beds. Up until last year when I became a Brownie leader, those were my feelings. However, when I started as a Brownie leader, I also took on the responsibility of their outdoor camping. Now the time has come for me to begin packing for my second overnight troop camping experience. This year, though, I know what to expect.

Last year, I had no idea what to expect, and so I started making plans with a great many misgivings. What would fifty girls do for two days? Would the first graders get homesick? What would the girls eat and how could we prepare the food? And most importantly, where and how would they sleep? Needless to say, the Brownies, my daughter, Jenea, included, had none of my fears and eagerly awaited the first day of camp.

Several weeks ahead of the appointed day, the other leaders and I met to discuss menus and activities for the two-day camp. We were going to Camp Neyati, the Girl Scout camp near Glenwood, Iowa, which provides facilities for swimming, canoeing, and hiking, so planning the meals was our biggest problem. Deciding upon foods which were adaptable to outdoor cooking and acceptable to the girls as well as our budget, proved difficult.

By the time we had all of the suitcases, sleeping bags, food, and girls loaded into the cars, I was sure that the whole trip was the biggest mistake I had ever made. However, when we arrived at camp and my visions of struggling to put up tents were dispelled by tents already mounted on wooden foundations, I began to take heart. The girls quickly settled into their assigned tents and eagerly ate a hasty lunch so they could spend the afternoon swimming and canoeing.

All too soon, the time came to prepare the first meal over an open fire. We began by sawing wood. Once I learned the knack of using the saw, I was surprised at the pile of wood the girls and I soon had cut and stacked. Surprisingly enough, the girls easily started the fire and our evening meal didn't take long to prepare with the exception of the no-bake oatmeal cookies which were to be dessert.

I balanced the big iron skillet over the fire grate and into it the girls dumped the butter, milk, and cocoa until I said, "Stop." When this mixture came to a boil, we added flavoring and rolled oats and cooked the mixture until it looked



Katharine Lowey climbs a rickety ladder to look into a deep cave at the ruins near Mesa Verde, Colo.

like it was thickening. The girls were going to spoon the batter onto waxed paper. Luckily, one Brownie licked her finger and yelled, "These are awful! They're bitter!" Immediately, I remembered that no sugar had been added, and so we took the skillet back to the fire, and stirred in more milk and sugar. Not until after the girls had scraped each cookie up with a spoon so it could be eaten, did someone say, "But I can't taste the peanut butter!" No wonder our cookies hadn't set — no peanut butter! Even though the girls had to eat their cookies with a spoon, they all seemed to thoroughly enjoy their meal outdoors. Jenea, who eats sparingly at home, couldn't seem to get enough of the all-in-one-pot spaghetti.

Later, as we all gathered around the campfire for snacks and singing, I couldn't imagine why I had dreaded the trip.

The big experience was ahead — sleeping in tents. All of the giggling and storytelling died down about eleven o'clock, just before the rain started. As the rain pelted against the sides of the tents, the screaming and crying began. The girls who had been telling ghost stories were frightened but they were sure that they would survive. The little girl, who I was certain was going to be homesick and cry, was sound asleep. Finally, however, everyone snuggled deeper into her sleeping bag and was soon dreaming of yet another day of fun.

A friend had told me about her son who came home from camp with his suitcase neatly packed with clean clothes. He had worn the same clothes for the whole week. My Brownie girls were just the opposite for the two days at camp. They presented a fashion parade,

changing clothes every time they went to their tents. Jenea was one of the most clothes conscious; how she rolled up that many clothes in her sleeping bag is beyond me! The leaders were more like my friend's son. I had taken an extra pair of slacks and a pair of shorts, but when it was so cold at night that I had to wear my jeans and sweat shirt to bed, I gave in and wore the same outfit for the two days at camp just as the other leaders did.

Not only did we have the best dressed troop, but we also had the cleanest troop. Camp Neyati has shower facilities but the water is cold. Liking extremely long, hot showers, I argued with myself a long time before I, with towel in hand, headed for those showers. When I arrived, all the shower stalls were occupied. Other than when we were all swimming, hiking or eating, there was seldom a time when the showers weren't being used by the girls. Now I know why the showers were cold — who could afford such an electric bill?

This year I am not dreading the pending camping trip, but looking forward to it. Last year, camping with the girls was a rewarding experience and I came home proud of the girls and, yes, even a little proud of myself! This year, however, I am taking an air mattress and warm night clothes. My sleeping bag may be pretty, but it is not soft and it is not warm!

THE COOKY JAR

You may talk about your vases,
Just how beautiful they are,
But to me there's nothing nicer
Than a well-filled cooky jar.
Ginger cookies, raisin bars,
Some with walnuts, some with spices,
Orange cookies, chocolate bars —
Why, I think they all are nice.
Yes, I've seen some handsome vases
Brought from near or brought from far,
But there's nothing that is prettier
Than a well-filled cooky jar.

—Author Unknown



TRUE FRIEND

Her house is always cluttered,
Her ironing never done,
Her meals are sometimes skimpy,
But her face is like the sun.
Tho' she's always busy,
She often lags behind,
Unorganized and flustered,
But she is always kind.
And when you're having trouble
And don't know what to do,
She'll lend a hand or let you talk
And listen 'til you're thru.
She'll never breathe a single word
Of what you've had to say
But calmly reassures you
There'll be a brighter day. —Unknown

LAZY RADIO DAYS

by
Jean Holt

Listening to the radio during the forties was an unequaled pastime. The magic of hearing the voices of Fibber McGee and Molly, Dr. Christian, and the soaps was a thrill never to be known by Jet Age youngsters of today.

A lazy summer and early fall day always began the same around our house. First the work was done, then, if there was time left over, everyone played.

Housework came first. Since everything was gone over lightly every day, it was easy to do. There was no question of sitting around half the day thinking about what needed to be done; the work was done first.

It wasn't drudgery, though. The radio was turned on and work was completed with ease between snatches of news, melodic music wafting throughout the house, and even a quiz show or two.

Following housework, the evening meal was begun, even though it was still well before noon. There was no question of running down to the corner for a fast meal of a milkshake, hamburger and fries. Every meal consisted of a meat dish, except of course on meatless Tuesday, a vegetable, a salad, and dessert. Dessert didn't have to be fancy; in fact, it usually wasn't unless it happened to be somebody's birthday or company was coming. Frequently it was floating island, raisin pie, or canned fruit and cookies.

Radio was as important to us as jar rings and sugar when fruit was ripe or beans were ready to can. As we sat around the big kitchen table, Mother took charge of the responsibilities and the radio simultaneously. There was no fighting over what we would listen to on the radio, no squabbling over whose responsibility it was to snap more beans. Everyone worked until there were no more beans to snap or no more apples to peel or no more peaches to pit. Somewhere in between responsibility and the pleasure of listening to the radio, Mother was able to strike a happy note of content among children who in today's more modern Space Age would likely fuss and fume at the atrocity of being required to be in one spot longer than a few moments.

There are exceptions even today, I'm sure, as there were families during the forties who never canned. But look at what they missed, and what the modern children of today will never know about sharing and loving around an old radio. The most attractive feature of the radio was the living that people could do together while enjoying the listening all at the same time. There was still room for



During a visit to California in 1948, Leanna Driftmier and her husband, Mart, were interviewed on national radio by Tom Breneman. Mr. Breneman's morning program was one of the most popular radio programs of the 1940's. Leanna, equally popular Midwest pioneer radio homemaker, thoroughly enjoyed having someone interview her.

imagination, still room for an occasional smile at one another.

Summertime lunches, especially when canning, were usually quite simple—a tongue sandwich on homemade dark bread, sliced tomatoes, fresh radishes from the garden, and oatmeal cookies. After lunch it was time for "House Party", and even young children laughed with glee at the tricks Art Linkletter pulled on his guests. And the children he interviewed were a looked-forward-to delight.

Following "House Party", except on very rare occasions, everyone that was home took time for a nap. You didn't have to go to sleep. You didn't even have to pretend to be asleep. But you did have to lie down and be quiet for one full hour. That was the way we avoided catching polio. At least in our neighborhood, the most reliably considered way of avoiding the deadly polio was a daily period of rest.

Evenings found the whole family in the living room together, gathered around the big brown box, listening to "People Are Funny". What a delight to listen as people were sent out to the corner of Hollywood and Vine and sometimes even beyond that to play harmless little tricks on others, and sometimes on themselves. We never failed to be amused by stunts Art pulled on his contestants.

Other evening favorites were "The Lone Ranger", "My Friend Irma", "One Man's Family", "Inner Sanctum", "Dragnet", and "Father Knows Best".

Do you ever see a photograph of Arthur Godfrey without thinking of his long-time tea sponsor? Do you ever hear

the unusual voice of Andy Devine without picturing in your mind cowboys on brave, big horses? Seeing a jar of Vaseline often calls to mind the attractive voice of Dr. Christian's nurse. Reminiscing about these old-time radio favorites brings memories of little girls carefully coloring in their color books and eating freshly popped corn, while adults in the family worked crossword puzzles or embroidered or did the ironing.

Just as earlier generations thrilled to the silent screen and have memories just as dear as I do of the forties, I'm sure today's youth will have their own favorite memories of television's earlier days. Just recently my nearly grown niece was reminiscing with her friend about the way they gathered around the television set early each morning to watch "Captain Kangaroo". Each generation finds its own fond memories.

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



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you on a beautiful summer morning. Oh, but this is a great day to be alive—cool, crisp air, singing birds, and flowering shrubs everywhere I look. This would have been a great morning to go hot-air ballooning except for the briskness of the breeze. It is too dangerous to go up in a balloon if the wind is more than ten or twelve miles per hour. We had an early breakfast this morning, and now I am in the study writing to you before leaving for the church.

Yesterday we were visiting with some friends from Iowa, and I was taken by surprise when one of them said, "Frederick, I can tell that you have lived in New England for many years because of the way you pronounce some words!" Since I have always prided myself on my good *Midwestern speech habits*, I was somewhat taken aback by the inference that I might have acquired a New England accent, and I argued the fact. Even as I argued, my friend laughingly kept interrupting to say, "Right there! You pronounced that word differently!" For the life of me, I could not understand what she was hearing that sounded different to her.

Finally, Betty came to my rescue

saying, "Frederick doesn't have a New England accent, but I think that he has given me an Iowa accent." If you listen to us on Saturdays when we talk on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program, we shall let you be the judge.

Last night, Betty and I attended the Annual Meeting of our local chapter of the American Red Cross. It was one of the best meetings of that type we have ever attended. The roast beef dinner was good and expeditiously served. The business meeting was brief and to the point. The guest speaker was excellent. In the course of her speech she said, "In the past fifty years there have been more dramatic changes in the customs and habits of the American people than at any other time in history." Betty and I were discussing that fact at the breakfast table this morning, and we agreed that the speaker was correct.

In our lifetimes there have been almost revolutionary changes in the way the American people live. It seems unbelievable to realize that every year one-half of the population of the United States changes residences. When we consider the millions of people who travel all over the world via airplanes, and the millions more who own and drive their own automobiles, we realize just how differently we live in the 1970's from the way we lived in the 1920's when travel was limited.

If you are like me, you find it hard to admit that you personally have changed any. Most people have a tendency to think of ourselves as being very much the same persons we were years ago, but that is not so. Society has changed, and so have we: we think differently, we dress differently, we eat differently.

In matters of faith and morals we hope we do not change, but it has been my observation that most of us do. What once we never would have forgiven, we now find ourselves sometimes forgiving! What once we would never have tolerated in the conduct of our own children, we now find ourselves sometimes tolerating in our grandchildren or in our neighbors' children. The honest truth is that we do change in many ways, and if it were not so, a great many of us would be living out our days in mental hospitals. As a matter of fact, one of our biggest problems is knowing when to resist change, and when to go along with it.

Earlier this summer we had a special Youth Sunday in our church. After the usual presentation of awards and graduation ceremonies for the Church School, we had three short sermonettes preached by three of our high school seniors. The young people spoke very well, and I was pleased with the content of their talks. Without exception, each young person at some point in his message spoke of the way our church had taught him to appreciate high



Frederick's and Betty's granddaughter, Isabel, recently celebrated a birthday. Isabel's mother, Mary Lea Palo, presented her with a beautifully decorated cake with four candles.

standards. One boy said, "When I was just a little boy, I learned in this church that whatever I did for the church, I should do it with dignity and with perfection!" Another said, "This church has taught me to appreciate good things. I learned that if something was not the very best, it had no place in the church. Learning that has made me believe that nothing is good enough for me unless it also is the best. I must not accept the cheap and the shoddy. Whatever I do in life, I must do well!"

As I listened to the young people speaking from the pulpit, I found myself thinking, "All of our efforts to impress our youth with the fact that God must always be given our best, have borne fruit." We maintain our church beautifully. We insist that each person who speaks from the pulpit, or sings in the choir, or lights the candles, or ushers, or greets, or does anything else in the conduct of a religious service do his or her part as perfectly as possible. It is my opinion that one of the vital roles we church people must play in our society is that of maintaining standards of excellence. Customs may change, but the need for high quality never changes. If we permit our religious practices to become less than the best, what else in our society can be expected to be the best? We are the people who must hold the line against moral and social decay. If we do not, who will?

Many years ago, when I made my first trip up the Nile River to the interior of Africa, I noticed how the Americans and Europeans living and working in the most primitive territories always dressed formally for the evening meal. As one American explained it to me, "We feel that if we did not dress for dinner in the evening, it would not be long before we would be permitting ourselves to lower other standards. The further we get away from centers of civilization, and the deeper we get into the jungles, the more

(Continued on page 22)



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MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

I am surely nodding my head in agreement with the sage who stated that we never know what lies just around the corner. And I'm also happy that by not knowing I couldn't anticipate nor quake with dread anticipation as the unknown unfolded. Let me tell you what has happened in our family since I last wrote to you.

Very high on the list of expected events was the graduation of the girls from their respective schools. Everything proceeded quite according to plan with Katharine in Houston. Our trip there was swift, but pleasant. The weatherman cooperated with spectacular weather and it wasn't until our return flight into Milwaukee that we hit winter-type weather again.

Adrienne did get her salutatorian speech written before the hour of its delivery. In fact, she had her four-minute piece well learned and her address went without a flaw. After graduation, her birthday was celebrated by her classmates with a surprise birthday party-graduation combination. The young people had scheduled a swim-and-pool party since everyone knows how beastly hot any graduation is, but Wisconsin burst forth with another surprise and the temperature was a chilly 44 degrees that night, so that was the only alteration in their glorious plans.

The unexpected element in this period of time was relating to Paul. I wrote you last June that he and Adrienne had attended a "P.M.A. Seminar" (Positive Mental Attitude) and of the two, Paul was, to my motherly eye, a little on the reluctant side. Well, he listened with more of an ear than I had seen revealed.

Following this seminar he was home from college, and we were discussing what he would do this summer. His experiences selling (not selling) vacuum cleaners door-to-door last summer gave him some distinct ideas about what he did not want to do. We were also discussing the extremely high cost of going to college when a person was not particularly motivated by intense feelings about what he was aiming toward. When offered the opportunity of "stopping out" for a while from his studies, his father and I were more than a little surprised to hear him announce that this was exactly what he wanted to do. He further announced that he wanted to pursue his many-years-old desire to try to get a job at Disney World in Orlando, Florida.

He was so enthusiastic and apparently



Paul Driftmier is very proud of his car.

unaware of the possible complications of getting a job a long distance away that we didn't have the heart to introduce any possible difficulties. Phone calls to secure a job application only indicated that he would have to be there in person for an interview if he was serious about working there. One thing led to another and the weekend we were in Houston he was flying back from Orlando with a job promise securely in his pocket.

One of the seventeen points in the program of success which the P.M.A. people urge you to memorize is this: "What the mind of man can conceive and believe the mind of man can achieve!"

This boy had to have considered this very seriously and mentally prepared himself for succeeding at getting this job because his reports from the interview were totally unlike the Paul who had applied for jobs in this area. When asked what he thought he could do at Disney World, Paul replied that he could do anything they asked him to do. The person who was interviewing Paul was sufficiently impressed by him that he asked him to stay another day for further discussions.

Fortunately, my sister's son, Jim, has worked at Disney World for two years and he has an apartment in Orlando where Paul could stay. Well, happily, he came back home very much elated over his success, and from that moment on the wheels of change were in motion.

One of the requirements of employment there is a means of transportation, other than a bus, to and from one's job. This necessitated some considerations on our part as to just what he would do, and even more important, how would he get to Orlando? He was counting on driving the rusted-out hulk of an automobile which had been slowly disintegrating on the concrete outside of our garage. However, when the man next door, who happens to own a car dealership, said, "I wouldn't let my kids drive that thing to the end of the driveway!", this more or less settled our decision that he would

have to have an inexpensive, but good, car. Needless to say, this boy was ecstatic over the presentation of a one-year-old used Chevette. We could not come right out and buy it for him as a surprise because it was a close fit for his father when he sat in it and we knew with Paul's height he might have more trouble. As good fortune would have it, he had a smidge of space between his knee and the dashboard when he was finally seated in this lime-green buggy. The car was purchased and one more finality of his leaving was put into its ordered place. Things continued to fall into place and the morning came when he would start out just as I dreaded it would. Fortunately, his father and I had to leave for school before he was ready to go, so we bade him goodbye.

He kept in touch with us each evening when he was checking into his motels. He had never driven such a distance, and I, in typical motherly fashion, was not at all convinced that he could do it. He managed to cover all those miles with nothing more amiss than a light brush with a big semi-trailer which could not see his low, little car and scraped some paint off one door and fender. Paul thought the mountains were magnificent and he found Florida perfectly beautiful.

Paul is being trained to drive the monorail which is the train that runs from the Disney World motels and hotels to the central part of the park. He wears a green and blue jumpsuit and a colorful hard hat with a bill on the front. He loves the work and the other young people who work in the park are extremely nice.

I have included a picture of him taken in the driveway the morning he left. You will notice the ears-out haircut. All Disney World male employees may have no hair touching their ears or collar. He looks absolutely great this way, and the surprising fact is that he never said one word of complaint that he had to have such a "square" haircut. If that is what the "Disney Look" requires of him, he is more than happy to oblige them.

He will be writing you, I am sure, with tales of his exciting adventures. We were, of course sorry he missed his sisters' graduations, but aside from being sorry he is so far away, we're all delighted with the turn of events that have given him a real taste of success.

Sincerely, *Mary Beth*

THIS IS MATURITY:

To be able to stick with a job until it is finished.

To be able to bear an injustice without wanting to get even.

To be able to carry money without spending it.

And to do one's duty without being supervised.

RECIPES!

VIRGINIA'S ELEGANT PEACH PIE

Crust

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 cup pecans
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients to make a crumbly mixture. Press into pie tin and bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool.

Filling

- 1 cup peaches, mashed
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 3-oz. pkg. peach gelatin
- 3 cups prepared fruit

Combine 1 cup mashed peaches, cornstarch, sugar, lemon juice, water and flavorings. Cook over moderate heat, stirring, until thick and clear. Stir in peach gelatin. Set aside to cool to lukewarm while preparing the fruit. Peel and slice fruit, using "fruit fresh" according to directions, or covering with cold salt water to keep from darkening. Drain and spoon into baked pie shell. Cover with cooked mixture. Chill until firm. Keep refrigerated until time to serve. Top with whipped topping or whipped cream.

This is excellent made with nectarines. —Evelyn

DELICIOUS GRAPE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 scant cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 6-oz. can frozen grape juice
- 1 8½-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add lemon flavoring and grape juice. Let partially congeal; then stir in pineapple and pineapple flavoring. Let set.

Topping

- 1/2 cup prepared whipped topping
 - 1/2 of 5-oz. jar pimiento cheese spread
 - 1/2 cup miniature marshmallows
- Combine and spread over first layer.

MACARONI-BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups uncooked macaroni
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Chow mein noodles

Brown beef and drain off excess fat. Combine the beef with celery, onion and water. Cook slowly for about 10 minutes. Stir in the macaroni, soups and dressing. Put in a baking dish and bake for about 50 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from the oven and cover top with chow mein noodles. Return to oven for about 10 minutes longer. —Hallie

SUPREME CREAM CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup homogenized shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 egg yolks
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 5 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream butter or margarine and shortening. Add sugar and beat well. Add egg yolks one at a time. Sift flour and soda together. Add alternately with milk. Add flavorings, coconut and pecans. Lastly, fold in well-beaten egg whites. Pour batter into three layer cake pans which have been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes or until cake tests done. Cool.

Supreme Cream Frosting and Filling

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Chopped pecans for top
Cream together the cheese, powdered sugar and margarine. Add flavoring. Fill between layers and frost top of cake. Sprinkle top with chopped pecans.

PARMESAN PUFFS

- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
(If using margarine, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring at the same time.)
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

In saucepan over high heat, heat water, butter or margarine, flavoring, and salt until butter melts and mixture boils. Reduce heat to low; add flour and stir vigorously with wooden spoon until mixture forms ball and leaves sides of pan. Remove from heat. Add eggs one at a time and beat vigorously for one minute after each. Drop in 6 to 8 mounds on a greased cooky sheet. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake in preheated 400-degree oven for about 40-45 minutes or until golden. —Mary Lea Palo

LOW-CALORIE YOGURT HERB DIP

- 1/4 to 1/2 cup finely chopped cucumber
- 1 cup low-fat plain yogurt
- 1/2 tsp. dill weed
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- Paprika

Combine all ingredients except paprika. Sprinkle paprika over top. Chill well. —Betty Jane

CHICKEN ASPIC

- 2 medium-sized broilers, cut up
- 1 1/2 cups diagonally sliced celery
- 1/4 cup diced pimiento
- 5 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2-4 Tbls. vinegar (use more or less according to your taste)

1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 cup chicken broth
Put chicken pieces in pan, cover with water and bring to boil. When boiling point has been reached, reduce heat and simmer for 30-45 minutes. Remove chicken from broth (save 1 cup broth). Let cool and then skin and remove bones. Cut chicken in bite-sized pieces. You should have about one quart of chicken.

Combine chicken with celery, pimiento, boiled eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Grease ring mold or pan. Pack chicken mixture in mold or pan. Sprinkle gelatin over cold water which has been put in a small saucepan. Put over low heat and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add remaining ingredients. Pour over chicken mixture in pan. Refrigerate until firm. Unmold or cut in squares to serve. —Betty Jane

CREAMY WHITE SALAD

1 1-lb. can chunk pineapple
 32 large marshmallows
 1 envelope plain gelatin
 1/2 cup cold water
 3/4 cup scalded milk
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping
 1/2 cup chopped blanched almonds
 Cut pineapple chunks and marshmallows in small pieces. Soak overnight in the pineapple juice drained from can.

Next day, soften gelatin in cold water and then dissolve in hot milk. Add flavoring. Combine gelatin mixture with pineapple-marshmallow mixture. Cool. Fold in the whipped topping and almonds. Pour into mold and refrigerate until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves.
 —Dorothy

CINNAMON CUCUMBER RINGS

2 gallons large cucumbers
 Soaking solution (see below)
 1 cup vinegar
 1 Tbls. powdered alum
 1 tsp. red food coloring
 Water to cover
 6 cups vinegar
 2 cups water
 8 cups sugar
 10-oz. "red hot" cinnamon candies
 3-4 sticks cinnamon
 1 tsp. red food coloring
 Cut large cucumbers into thick slices (1/3 to 1/2 inch thick), and remove the seeds. These can be peeled or unpeeled as desired. Make up a soaking solution by ONE of the following methods:

1. Salt Solution Method

2 cups pickling salt
 8 quarts water
 Combine salt, water and cucumbers. Let stand 5 days. Drain. Now the cucumbers are ready for the next step.

2. Lime Solution Method

2 cups pickling lime
 8 quarts water
 Combine lime (this can be purchased as pickling lime in grocery stores or can be found in larger quantities in lumber yards, just be certain to tell the salesperson that you are going to use the lime for pickle-making), water and cucumbers. Let stand 24 hours; drain. Wash three times in fresh, cold water. Return to crock and cover with fresh, cold water. Let stand 3 hours (NO MORE), drain and rinse. Now the cucumbers are ready for the next step.

Next Step

Combine 1 cup vinegar, 1 Tbls. alum, 1 tsp. red food coloring, water enough to cover and the drained cucumbers. Simmer for 2 hours. Drain. Discard liquid. Combine remaining ingredients:

the 6 cups vinegar, 2 cups water, 8 cups sugar, candies, cinnamon and an additional tsp. of red food coloring. Bring this syrup mixture to a boil and pour over drained cucumber rings. Let stand overnight. Drain the syrup into a kettle and bring to a boil, pour over cucumber rings. Repeat for 3 days. On the 3rd day, pack rings into clean, hot jars. Pour boiling syrup to within one inch of the top. Seal and process in boiling water bath for 5 minutes (start timing when water covering the jars begins to boil). Remove from boiling water and set aside for 24 hours to cool and complete sealing if two-piece lids are used. Makes about 10 pints.
 —Evelyn

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

1 large eggplant
 1 small onion, chopped
 2 stalks celery, chopped
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
 3/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 2 eggs, beaten
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Additional buttered crumbs and cheese for top
 Peel and cut up eggplant. Cook eggplant, onion and celery in boiling water until tender. Drain well and mash. Add undiluted soup, 1/2 cup cracker crumbs, cheese and eggs. Season to taste. Pour into greased casserole. Sprinkle a scattering of bread crumbs and grated cheese over top and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.
 —Dorothy

SUPER BAKED PEPPERS

1 lb. ground beef
 1 to 2 cups cooked rice (brown rice preferred)
 1 tsp. celery seed
 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1 egg, beaten
 Salt and pepper to taste
 6 green peppers, halved and seeded
 Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Combine all ingredients with exception of green peppers and dressing. Stuff the peppers with the meat mixture. Spoon remaining meat mixture into bottom of greased bread loaf pan. Set green peppers on top of this meat layer. Drizzle Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing over top, or spoon a half teaspoonful of the dressing into a little depression pushed into the top of each filled pepper. Bake at 300 degrees, covered, for 2 hours, then uncover and turn oven to 350 for an added 20 minutes to brown. A faster baking time could be used if desired, baking, covered, for 1 hour at 350 degrees. The stuffed peppers freeze well, unbaked. Add a little longer baking time when cooking the frozen peppers.
 —Evelyn

INDIAN CORN CHOWDER

1/2 medium onion, chopped
 2 Tbls. oil
 1 #303 can cream-style corn
 1/2 of 10 1/2-oz. can mushroom soup
 1/2 of 10 1/2-oz. can celery soup
 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, including liquid
 1 soup can milk
 1/4 to 1/2 cup dried chipped beef pieces

Saute onion in oil until tender. Add the remaining ingredients. Heat slowly. Serve.

This recipe came from the Mesa Verde National Park Fairview Lodge.

—Donna Nenneman

BIRTHDAY CLUB SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 can tomato soup, diluted
 1 cup salad dressing
 Dissolve gelatin in heated diluted tomato soup. Beat in salad dressing. Let set until partially congealed. Add:
 1 cup cottage cheese
 1 cup grated carrots
 1 cup finely diced celery
 1/2 cup finely diced stuffed green olives (To make sure olives are not too salty, pour hot water over olives and dry between paper towels.)

Refrigerate until set. Cut in squares and serve on salad greens. —Dorothy

FIG SQUARES

3 cups sifted flour
 1 1/2 tsp. sugar
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup vegetable shortening
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 7-9 Tbls. ice water
 Sift flour, sugar and salt together. Cut in shortening and flavoring until crumbly like pie crust dough. Add ice water a little at a time until dough holds together. Chill thoroughly.

Filling

1 lb. dried figs, finely cut
 1 1/4 cups water
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 4 tsp. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 Milk (for topping)
 Combine all ingredients except milk in heavy saucepan. Simmer, stirring constantly, until cooked thru and thickened. Cool.

Divide chilled dough in two parts. Roll each part to 1/8 inch thick. Line jelly roll pan with one rolled crust. Spread cooled filling over crust. Top with remaining rolled crust. Seal edges and brush top with a little milk. Make a few air vents in top crust. Bake 25-30 minutes in oven preheated to 400 degrees. Cut into squares.
 —Betty Jane

CHICKEN CACCIATORE*(a slow-cooking pot recipe)*

- 2½- to 3½-lb. frying chicken, cut up
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 1/2 tsp. basil
- 1/4 tsp. finely ground black pepper
- 1 16-oz. can tomatoes, juice and all (cut up tomatoes, if whole or in large chunks)
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

Place chicken pieces in slow-cooking pot. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over chicken in pot. Cover, and cook for about eight hours at low setting.

Could be served with cooked spaghetti if desired. —Betty Jane

MARLBOROUGH PIE

- 1 unbaked 10-inch pie shell
- 2 cups tart applesauce
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 large eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Combine ingredients, blending thoroughly. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake in 450-degree oven for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 and bake for about 30 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Pie will have a golden color and will cut like custard. Cool before cutting.

Delicious served warm or cold.

ALTA'S PEACH SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. peach gelatin
 - 2 cups boiling water
 - 2 cups applesauce
 - 2 cups fresh or canned sliced peaches
- Dissolve peach gelatin in the 2 cups boiling water. Add the applesauce and mix well. Lastly, add the sliced peaches and stir well. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan or a mold. Refrigerate until set.

—Verlene Looker

RING OF COCONUT FUDGE CAKE**Filling**

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate chips

Cream the cheese and sugar. Beat in the egg and flavorings. Lastly, fold in coconut and chocolate chips. Set aside while preparing cake.

Cake

- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 cup salad oil
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup hot coffee or water
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Generously grease and lightly flour a 10-

inch bundt or tube cake pan.

In large mixer bowl, combine sugar, oil and eggs; beat one minute at high speed. Sift dry ingredients together, add to bowl and mix. Beat in all remaining ingredients except nuts. Beat three minutes at medium speed, occasionally scraping sides of bowl. Fold in nuts. Pour half the batter into prepared pan. Carefully spoon prepared filling over batter; then top with remaining batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 70-75 minutes. Cool upright in pan for 15 minutes; remove from pan and cool completely. Drizzle with the following glaze:

- 1 cup powdered sugar
 - 3 Tbls. cocoa
 - 2 Tbls. butter
 - 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1-3 Tbls. water
- Combine above ingredients. Drizzle over cooled cake. —Betty Jane

ELEGANT STUFFED EGGS

- 12 hard-cooked eggs
- 1/2 lb. braunschweiger (liver cheese)
- 4 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 2 Tbls. finely minced onion

Slice eggs lengthwise. Place egg yolks and remaining ingredients in bowl. Mash and mix until well blended. Stuff into egg whites, mounding high. Sprinkle tops with paprika, if desired.

Mixture can be made into a sandwich spread by chopping up egg whites and adding with other ingredients.

—Evelyn

RAISIN-SOUR CREAM CHIFFON PIE

- 1 1/2 cups raisins
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 1 baked 9-inch pastry shell

Coarsely chop raisins. Blend 1/4 cup of the sugar, cornstarch, salt and gelatin. Add raisins, milk and beaten egg yolks. Cook in top of double boiler, stirring over moderate heat until mixture thickens and coats spoon. Cool. Blend in sour cream and flavorings. Chill until it begins to thicken. Beat egg whites until stiff with remaining 1/4 cup sugar. Fold into gelatin mixture. Fold in whipped cream. Pile in baked pastry shell. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

**BUSY
AS BEES
THIS SUMMER?**

Then turn to the

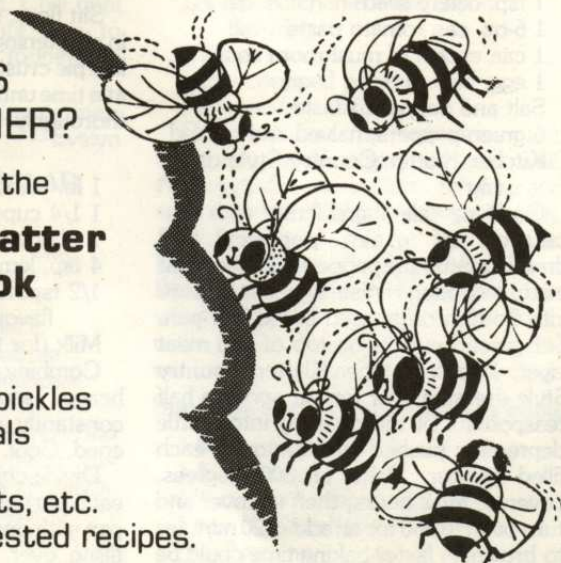
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A DAY IS LIKE A CHEST OF DRAWERS

by
Evelyn Birkby

A statement which has been credited to Lucille Ball suggests that one fine way to cope with the struggles of daily life is to pretend that each section of the day is a drawer in a chest, another way of saying we should live life in compartments.

Miss Ball's suggestion that life should be treated like a chest of drawers has an appealing quality. In the morning I first take out a "Get Up and Eat Breakfast" drawer. It is a good drawer, for I can get out of bed, have legs that work, someone around for whom to cook breakfast and food in the house to prepare. I wonder why I grumble so often when I open this first drawer of the day?

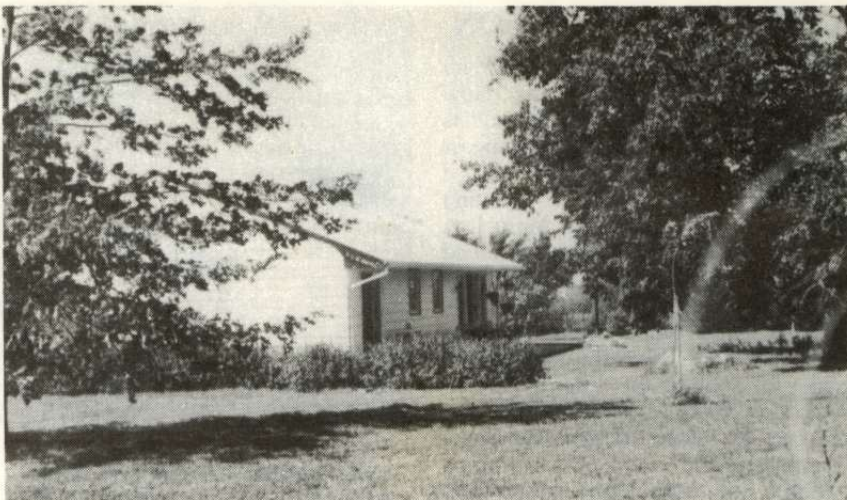
Added to the joy of having energy enough to get started in the morning is the setting for our summer breakfasts. A choice is nice to have. We can eat at the dining room table close to the long windows of the house which face east. If we are up early enough, we can enjoy the beauty of the sunrise. Even if we miss dawn, the new day is delightful. The hills stretch off to the east in undulating waves of green fields. Distant trees rise like sentinels to signal the horizon. The entire view is peaceful and relaxing.

Once breakfast is over and the dishes done (tucked into the dishwasher, washed or stacked, depending on the demands of the day and who is around to help) the first drawer is shut and the second drawer of the day is pulled out.

Which drawer is opened next depends on the day—if I am home it can hold anything from laundry or pickle-making to sewing on a mountain parka.

Making mountain parkas is the latest project which our three sons have encouraged me to undertake. These windbreaker-type jackets come in pre-cut kits ready to sew. Many of the recreational equipment companies carry such kits. I recommend them to anyone who has done some sewing, with the caution to follow the directions step by step. The only problems I've ever had came when I jumped ahead of the planned procedures; out of sequence I can mess up the simplest of directions.

The second drawer of the day may contain work with Kitchen-Klatter in Shenandoah—a busy, happy, productive drawer full. I usually leave home at the same time Robert goes off to work. This habit of leaving with the other members of the family goes back to the early days of my work when I left as the boys went out the door to school. It will seem important for me to be at home to prepare breakfast and serve and eat it—even though Robert and I are the "family group" which most often gathers around



For the 16 years the Birkby family has lived in their Sidney home, the lane has come up to the back of their house. When the new garage is completed, the driveway will be brought in from the front so visitors will, at last, come to the front door! The back patio is plain now, but a new idea may bring a change at the rear of the house soon. Shaded by the huge mulberry tree to the right, the back yard is a pleasant place for summer visiting and eating.

the table these days.

The most difficult drawer for me to close is the one which should be shut when I leave the office and head back toward Sidney and home. After working on the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine, or helping with the radio broadcasts, my mind is still going lickety-split even as I stop for groceries for the evening meal. Robert and I pull out items from our respective day's activities to share as we eat together, but the drawer for the working day should be closed eventually.

In the summer, my evening drawer may well include some canning and freezing. Robert goes to the garden and brings in a bucket of tomatoes, a basket of cucumbers, or extra melons that he fears are beginning to ripen too quickly.

Miss Ball encourages keeping activities in the compartments and not letting them overlap, but this is a difficult requirement for me. Especially in the summer, it seems that a lot of little drawers appear in my dresser. The one marked "Family Comes Home" is highly appreciated. Bob came home from his teaching in Springfield, Mo., and spent several happy weeks with us before going out to Miles City, Montana, to visit his brother, Jeff. Craig has been in and out ever since his graduation from Morningside College. On one evening we had a "get-together". This event was not fancy enough to call a reception or an open house, just a few close friends and relatives came.

I had made a chocolate bundt cake, an angel food and a lemon loaf the week before the celebration. These were safely tucked into the freezer so when the day came I simply brought them out to thaw, opened up some canned punch, added ginger ale and made the coffee. With my special crystal dishes and a pretty white lace tablecloth, it made a simple, yet

pleasant serving table. Incidentally, I'm trying to get a prettier tablecloth or two into my "For Company" drawer. Through the years other needs have always taken precedence over nice table linens.

We have been especially grateful to have Craig with us. After many summers working at Philmont National Scout Ranch, and last summer's research work at the University of Wisconsin, Craig decided to have a more relaxed summer before going on to medical school in the fall. Relaxing was a misnomer. After taking a short trip to Colorado with two college friends, Craig returned home to find a house addition project going full tilt.

For as long as we've lived in our "new" home, we've wanted to add a garage. No time ever seems perfect, but this turned out to be the best time to carry out this dream. No need to go into detail on all the work Craig has done to get the space ready for the garage, but he has been extremely busy and helpful.

A very special space in my chest of drawers is rapidly filling with road maps and chamber of commerce brochures. If all goes well, this drawer will be opened and used for a trip to Montana to visit with our third son, Jeff. It will be a special occasion, for our entire family will have the pleasure of a few days together in that beautiful state. Jeff will probably not get home again until Christmas, so we are hoping our plans will proceed without difficulty and our summer visit with him will prove to be a satisfying one.

One more drawer keeps jiggling around in the back of our chest. Robert has always wanted a screened-in porch for our house. Whether it will materialize at this point is still debatable, but what is a chest of drawers for but to keep important sections of each day and to hold a few special dreams for the future?

A VERY SPECIAL PERSON

In August of 1954, Mary Lou Mika began working for Kitchen-Klatter. Now completing her 24th year, Mary Lou has the enviable record of being the longest term employee in our business!

In 1962, when the new printing machines were purchased, Mary Lou was chosen from the staff to be trained for the technical task of setting the type for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. About 1964, she began helping with the magazine layout work. When the decision was made to publish the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*, Mary Lou efficiently set the type on all those recipes—no small accomplishment!

Mary Lou was born in Friend, Nebraska, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Mika. A year later her brother, Leon, was born to complete the family. All four grandparents had come from the state of Bohemia in Czechoslovakia and settled in Saline County, Nebraska. Mr. Mika found the years difficult and the weather dry, so, when he had the opportunity, in 1942, to move to Fremont County, Iowa, he packed up the family and moved to Iowa.

Mary Lou was ten years old when the family moved to the town of Farragut, where her parents still reside. After graduating from high school, Mary Lou worked for two years in the office of a real estate and insurance firm in Shenandoah before coming to Kitchen-Klatter.

When she is not working, Mary Lou enjoys sewing, piecing quilts, reading, traveling and visiting her parents in Farragut and her relatives in Nebraska. Her pleasant apartment in Shenandoah reflects both Mary Lou's interest in sewing and the various places she has visited. A short trip into old Mexico and a journey to Canada's Expo '67, are the



—Photo by Evelyn Birkby
Mary Lou Mika is seated at the phototypesetting machine typing copy for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

two vacations Mary Lou has taken outside the United States. San Francisco, with its cable cars, Fishermen's Wharf and Chinatown, and Florida, with the Everglades, lush flowers, beaches and varied wildlife, are two of her favorite places.

Asked if she could do anything she wished, what would she choose to do? Mary Lou commented that she would stay right here at Kitchen-Klatter and continue to do type-setting and layout work. It is refreshing, after 24 years with the company, for her to present such a positive, enjoyable approach to a difficult job.

Mary Lou's dark hair, sparkling brown eyes and petite stature are enhanced by her love for bright colors—red is her favorite, followed closely by yellow and pink. She cheers up the office with her cordial smile and her pretty clothes.

To Mary Lou Mika goes a well-deserved compliment for her 24 years of devoted, competent service to Kitchen-Klatter.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Long ago, I learned not to plant pole beans in the garden with the intention of putting up supports when the beans needed them. The supports simply never got put in place in time and the beans sprawled all over the rows. It was the same way with sweet peas. I'd plant the seed very early, as one is supposed to do, and promise I'd put up a trellis. Now my husband puts in sturdy steel fence posts at intervals along the row when the seed is planted. It is much easier to put up a string fence or a commercial net for the vines to clamber on.

Weatherized netting makes an ideal trellis for plants that need support. Simply stretch it between the two posts (or more if you have a long row). The netting will not rot like string and it will not burn the tender plants as wire does in hot weather. In late fall after frost has killed the vines, the netting is removed from the posts and stored for winter.

Flowers in our circle garden and borders that made folks stop and look are: mum asters called "Mumsters", "Sapphire" browallia, "Alaska" nasturtium, "Party Pink" fibrous begonia, "Fiesta Gitana" dwarf calendula, "Red Fox" celosia, "Hercules Blend" coleus, "Scarlet Dragon" coleus, "Baby Doll" dianthus, "Foxy" foxglove "Rainbow Mixed" gazania and the many varieties of petunias, marigolds and zinnias. All summer long we made note of visitors' reactions to the various flowers. If a small sample of a new flower gets attention, we will grow it more extensively next season.

A reader writes, "I am seriously thinking of investing in a small greenhouse that I can operate during early spring. I would like to grow my own vegetable plants and flowers for the yard and garden. Can I heat it with an electric space heater or would a small oil burner be less expensive to operate? I have been thinking of a 6- by 8-foot size, but my husband thinks it should be larger. We do not intend to sell plants. Any tips you can give will be greatly appreciated. We want to put up the frame this fall but will not cover it until spring when it will be used."

Space does not allow an answer to all the questions but I'll try to reply in a forthcoming column. In the meantime, ask your county extension office for pamphlets on home greenhouses. I'm sure there are government bulletins available. Also, send for this catalog: Stokes Seeds, Inc., Box 548, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240. This firm offers several sizes of small greenhouses at reasonable prices for the home gardener.

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"COOL IT!"

With a "Sit-Out" Party

by

Virginia Thomas

August here in the Midwest usually means hot weather, so if you entertain this month invite guests to bring their favorite lawn chairs and come to a "sit-out" party. When guests arrive, have them place chairs in a shady corner of your back lawn, on the patio, or around a flower garden—whichever spot you have decided upon as the best spot for your "sit-out".

Instead of the usual party refreshments at the close of the entertainment, have a tea table (one of the folding-type, double bridge tables works fine for this) set up in the area. Arrange on it a punch bowl, iced tea (or both), a large tray of assorted cookies, bowls of snack crackers and dips. Inform the guests that this is strictly a take-it-easy party, so they may help themselves to cool drinks or snacks whenever they wish. Have snack trays or stack tables handy so guests can set down food and drink while participating in games. Since this is a "sit-down" party, the games are all played while taking it easy in the lawn chairs.

ENTERTAINMENT

Shouting Flowers: Prepare the flash cards beforehand. These are the large-size file cards. On each one, glue picture of a flower (cut from a seed and nursery catalog). To play the game, divide the guests into two groups just as they happen to be seated. The leader then flashes the cards, one at a time, while the players must call out the name of the flower. The first one to call out the correct name wins a point for that player's team. (Be sure that all players can see the card as it is flashed.)

The Band Concert: This stunt can be hilariously funny if everyone gets in the mood, especially the band director. The director assigns a musical instrument to each player. To begin, each player is told to tune the instrument with appropriate vocal sounds and gestures. Then the band is ready to "play". The director beats the time and hums a lively tune. All players join in, still using the vocal sounds and gestures of their particular instrument. The leader can direct the total band to soften down, or cease playing, as he points the baton at a certain player who then does a solo, the solo player coming right in on the director's beat. The director can also designate a "section" to play, as trombones or saxophones, etc. Failure to come in on the beat or playing as directed means a reprimand from the director, possibly a penalty.

Celebrity Gala: "It" starts this armchair game by saying "I am on TV.



Carol Smith was honored at a baby shower during the final week of her work in the Kitchen-Klatter office. The packages hanging from the tree branch held fun gifts: baby soap, tiny cereal boxes, rattle, rubber pants, etc. A large gift from all the employees was presented to Carol. The new baby will also be welcomed by a four-year-old brother, Justin.

Who am I?" The other players try to guess the identity of "It" by asking questions which can be answered by "yes" or "no". They cannot ask if it is a certain celebrity until after several questions have been asked so that clues can be established. People chosen may be any famous celebrity or they may be limited to television, history, or radio.

Hand Puppets can create loads of fun at a "sit-out" party. The hostess provides a puppet and it is passed around the group, with each guest to use for a short skit. Write directions on slips of paper indicating what type of situation each is to perform as a dramatic incident, such as TV interview, TV commercial, etc. If you have more than one puppet, several persons might be called upon to do a puppet show, such as "The Three Bears", "Little Brother Interrupts Sister's Romance", etc.—with all performing from their lawn chairs, of course!

Sit-and-Think Quiz:

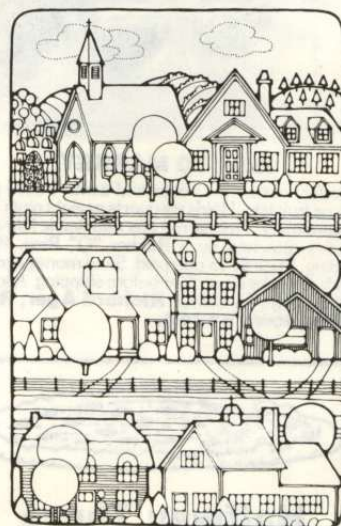
1. What stands on one leg and has its heart in its head? (Cabbage)
2. What asks no questions but requires many answers? (Doorbell)
3. What crusader wrecked saloons with her hatchet? (Carrie Nation)
4. What city was the center of learning in the ancient world? (Athens)
5. Who said, "Give me liberty or give me death."? (Patrick Henry)
6. Which president said he did not choose to run? (Calvin Coolidge)
7. Why must a fisherman be very wealthy? (Because his is all net profit.)
8. Who have been our last ten presidents? (Carter, Ford, Nixon, Johnson, Kennedy, Eisenhower, Truman, F. D. Roosevelt, Hoover, Coolidge)
9. A dentist reminds us of what kind of candy? (Gumdrop)
10. With what sport would you associate a "Jack-knife"? (Diving)

* * * * *

**ALL ABOUT DOGS!**

1. Superstition says it is a dangerous time in August. (Dog days)
2. An all-American food. (Hot dog)
3. An expression of exasperation (Doggone!)
4. A dishonest person is described as crooked as (a dog's hind leg).
5. Eugene Field wrote about it. (Gingham dog)
6. A homely person. (Dog-faced)
7. Describes a weary person. (Dog-tired)
8. A tattered book. (Dog-eared)
9. When it rains in torrents it's raining (cats and dogs).

—Evelyn Lyon

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We fume and we spurt,
We mumble and grumble,
Our feelings are hurt.
We can't understand things,
Our vision grows dim,
When all that we need is
A moment with Him!

—Selected

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

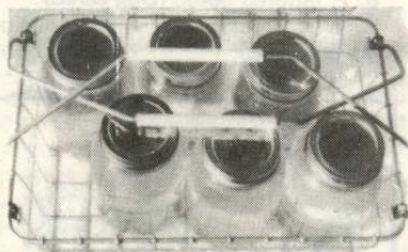
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MEET OUR WRITERS



Donna Ridnour

As the eldest of seven children, I feel I have been surrounded by children for as long as I can remember. My brothers and sisters, quite truthfully, sum up my childhood when they say, "Donna couldn't climb a tree and she could burn a whole meal while reading a book!" Climbing trees, wading creeks, and playing in the haymow were not my idea of fun, although on rare occasions I did participate in these country-style activities. As soon as my daily chores were done, I would disappear to my room where I quickly became lost in the world of Zane Grey, Emily Loring and Nancy Drew.

My first eight years of education were gained in a one-room country schoolhouse. Country school did not prepare me for the social nor academic activities of a consolidated junior high and high school. I often think of my first social studies teacher who forced me to give a current events report in front of the entire class. My voice shook as much as my knees so that I'm certain no one could understand a word I said. I'm very grateful to that teacher for getting me to speak in public, for otherwise I might still be hiding in the back row of life.

Instead, I decided to go to college and to be a teacher. It was my first time away from the security of my family. I'm lucky that I chose a junior college close to home for my first two years. I'm sure that I would never have completed college otherwise. By the time those two years were over, I had learned a great deal about people and a great deal more about myself. I was confident and ready for the university where I earned my degree in education.

Although I had always said I would never return to my home town to teach, I readily accepted a position in Sidney, Iowa, only six miles from home. I soon realized that college does not really prepare you for that first teaching experience. I learned more from my students than they did from me that first year.

Now, my dad says he knew that something was about to happen the day I came home complaining about "that terrible basketball coach at Sidney." And it did. My attitude toward the coach, Duane Ridnour, changed and by the end

of the school year we had decided to be married during the summer. Combining a career and a marriage was not difficult but I did not plan to combine a career and motherhood. Therefore, after four years of teaching junior high language arts, I retired when our first daughter was born. Although I missed the social life of a career, I felt that it was more important to be present for our daughter's first tooth, first step, and her first word. Two years later, we were blessed with the birth of our second daughter and life became even more hectic.

In the meantime, Duane had become the Sidney high school principal. Our lives now revolve around young people and the activities in which they participate. Our vacations consist of the three-day senior trip which Duane and I chaperone each year and a few days as a family in Des Moines where our two daughters enjoy Adventureland and a motel pool.

I realize I am one of the newer writers for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. It has been a fascinating experience and one which tests my sometimes rusty skills as a language arts teacher. I am hoping such efforts will keep those abilities sharpened. Surprisingly, it has been difficult to write about my family—come to my house and I can talk for hours about our activities, but putting personal thoughts on paper is not as easy as one might think.

Today, I am still surrounded by children as I take my turn as Scout leader, church school teacher and superintendent, and grade school room mother, but I can't think of a more rewarding way of life. I'm looking forward to the next years of being surrounded by even more children and young people as my daughters grow up to become career girls and mothers.



LIFE

Life is a mysterious road
Over which we all must go.
It may be on the mountain peak;
It may be the valley below.

It may be long and winding;
It may be rough and smooth.
As time goes on we ponder
Which one to take — which one to choose.

The years come, and the years go by,
Life — with its joys and sorrows —
But after the clouds of yesterday
We look for the sunshine tomorrow.

We have only one life to live —
A life of courage and duty.
And it may be said at the end of the road
It was a life of love and beauty.

—Letha Scott, age 95

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
column and each season there is a new remedy for squash bugs. The current one is a spray of garlic and soap. I've tried it but I can't see that it is any more effective than any of the others, and this means *not effective at all!*

We are also getting some remodeling done this summer. I have been just wild to have some more storage space. We don't have a basement or an attic or a usable garage, and this leaves my closets as the only place to stow things such as camping gear and the like.

To provide this new storage space, we are converting an extra bedroom into an extension of our breakfast room. It meant knocking out a wall and adding a closed cupboard at the end of the extended room. At the same time, we decided to get rid of the old, moldy tile in our two bathrooms. When we are through, the bathrooms will be all spruced up and I will finally have a place to store everything! I have to keep reminding myself how nice this will be when it is all done. Right now my house is in chaos, but at least my kitchen is intact. I don't think I will ever have the courage to tackle a major kitchen remodeling.

Later: I'm pleased to report that James and Katharine don't have a single cavity in their teeth. However, now I have to make appointments for them with the orthodontist. It sounds like we will soon be starting on the tooth-straightening business. Neither Jed nor I wore braces, but it doesn't look like this will be the case for our children.

Sincerely, your friend,
Juliana

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
you are still running. —Kristin

The only horse we own now is Little Buck, the pony, which is very much pampered and has everything his own way, since he gets ridden only once a year. He won't do anything he doesn't want to do. The last time Katharine Lowey was here he got tired of carrying her around so he walked under a low branch of the cedar tree in the back yard and brushed her off. She got right back on and he walked right over to the same branch, but this time she was alert and grabbed onto the limb and hung on while Little Buck went on his merry way. We have two horses we take care of for our friend, Peggy Dyer. She lives in Des Moines and she and her husband spend their weekends at their place on the hill about a mile from us.

We have had a wonderful summer so far. We finally got the corn and beans planted the first week in June—late, but not too late. We have had a good visit from Kristin, her boys, and a friend, Sue Elwess. I had only a few days' warning that they were coming, so worked

furiously to get the Andybear cleaned up for their arrival, since this is where they like to stay. (I might add for those who don't know, Andybear is the name we gave to another house on our property we use as an "overflow" house.) I'm not going to go into detail about their visit because Kristin is writing a letter for the next issue and she will tell you all about their trip.

Frank's sister, Edna Halls, is getting stronger every day. I still hope to get to Roswell, New Mexico, to see her and her husband, Raymond, before winter begins.

Remember in the June issue I told you about the ugly duckling none of the other ducks would have anything to do with until one of the white drakes finally went away with her? Frank just came in and said he had seen the black duck on the other bayou and she had twelve little pure black ducks swimming with her. I'm going with him now to see them, so until next month . . . Dorothy

GRANNY'S RECIPES

Grandmother's the finest cook on earth;
She told me long ago.

Bread's no good unless you add some
lovin'

To the dough.

And when you're baking pies, she said,

"A pinch of faith and trust,

If added to the shortening,

Makes a flaky, tender crust."

Compassion by the spoonful in the bat-
ter of a cake

Makes it come out light and fluffy

And the finest you can make.

Now these things can't be purchased

In the store across the way,

But Grandmother keeps them in her
heart

And uses them each day. —Unknown

MY PRAYER

Do Thou this day free me from:

Fear of the future;

Anxiety of the morrow;

Bitterness toward anyone;

Cowardice in face of danger;

Laziness in face of work;

Failure before opportunity;

Weakness when Thy power is at
hand.

And fill me with:

Love that knows no barrier;

Courage that cannot be shaken;

Faith strong enough for the dark-
ness;

Strength sufficient for my tasks;

Loyalty to Thy kingdom's goal;

Wisdom to meet life's complexities;

Power to lift men to Thee.

Be Thou with me for another day, and
use me as Thou wilt,

In Christ's name I pray. Amen

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*From Our Family Album*

This picture, taken many years ago, could almost be titled "The Driftmiers are getting ready for a blazing summer day."

If we awakened to a scorching summer day, we knew at once that a six-quart freezer of homemade ice cream had to be produced without much delay.

The old back yard of what for many years was the Driftmier family home (it has now been sold) was always the setting for this ice cream project. Someone dashed to town for ice, while others stirred up the cream itself.

Of course, getting to lick the ladle was the great moment of the entire procedure. At this stage of the project there were not too many gracious moments, so that is why Mother always went out to the back porch to see what was going on; and surely her presence was needed!

In this picture we have Alison Driftmier (Walstad) licking the ladle clean. At the right is her sister, Emily (DiCicco), and almost completely obscured is Martin Strom. Juliana Verness (Lowey) seems to be the general in charge.

Oh, I'll tell you that those were great summer days in a small Iowa town where so few exciting activities were available! —Lucile

MORE HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

To prepare okra so it will not be so "slippery", wash and slice in pieces as desired. Make a layer on a cooky sheet. Place in oven long enough to heat and dry, stirring occasionally. The length of time depends on the temperature of the oven, at 300 degrees let heat about 30 minutes, then check for dryness. At a higher temperature the time would be shorter. Chopped onion can be added for flavor. Okra is now ready to add to soups and stews or to cool and freeze in plastic bags for future use. Experiment a little on this to make the okra right for your own tastes.

—A.W., Fayetteville, Ark.

Both of our children are through school and I found I have an unused music rack. I put it over a register in the utility room and hang wet things on it to

dry. It is very handy.

—Mrs. R.W., Hubbard, Nebr.

Do not sift flour before storage as it will settle and pack down, therefore causing more flour to be used than a recipe needs when sifted flour is called for. The correct way to measure for sifted flour is to sift, then spoon lightly into a measuring cup, level off the top of the cup, being careful not to shake or pack the flour.

—L.H., Tulsa, Okla.

To clean and polish furniture, make up your own solution by combining equal parts of *boiled linseed oil, vinegar and turpentine*. Mix well, apply with soft cloth and rub vigorously. This is especially nice for antique furniture which needs to keep that old look.

—M.D., Shenandoah, Ia.

A canning hint: a pinch of black pepper added on top of each jar of tomatoes when canning gives them an unusually good flavor. —E.H., Owensville, Mo.

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—Sister Elizabeth Kenny

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Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway are two of the most popular, yet most controversial, American authors of the twentieth century. Matthew J. Bruccoli relives their careers and details their unusual personal lives in *Scott and Ernest*, *The Fitzgerald and Hemingway Friendship*.

Many biographies have been written accounting the precarious relationship between these two talented men, but Mr. Bruccoli is the first to take an unbiased stand, to carefully study all available correspondence between Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and their mutual friend and publisher, Maxwell Perkins, and to trace their initial interdependence but inevitable estrangement.

The two authors' personalities were as dissimilar as their literary styles. Fitzgerald was a very emotional and sensitive man. His novels (my favorite is *Tender Is the Night*) reflected his romantic outlook on life. He was not so much concerned with action and events as with developing character and interpreting relationships. Hemingway's works have a reportorial quality, a carry-over from his years as a war correspondent during World War I, the Spanish Civil War and World War II. His dialogue is often sharp and direct, and his narrative serves more to relay information pertinent to the story than to build to emotion. He developed a new style marked with abrupt rhythms and objectivity.

Fitzgerald began promoting Hemingway's first stories months before the two men met for the first time in Paris. Fitzgerald was immediately taken with this new American author. He was able to identify with Hemingway's intense commitment to literature and his disciplined attitude toward creating. Fitzgerald labeled Hemingway "my kind of idealist." There was also a strong element of hero worship in Fitzgerald's

devotion. Insecurity, which intensified with age, eventually reversed the roles played by Hemingway and Fitzgerald.

Hemingway lacked most of the self-confidence he exuded to his public. Fitzgerald battled his insecurity with alcohol and lengthy periods in which he did not produce. Hemingway, in comparison, attempted to dominate and impress his friends and his literary audience. Fitzgerald's adulation pleased Hemingway as it suited his need to dominate.

Initially Fitzgerald's friendship was very important to Hemingway. All aspiring authors sought the good will of acknowledged writers in order to gain recognition, and F. Scott was a very popular and influential man. But, as Hemingway became increasingly popular, and Fitzgerald increasingly intoxicated, Hemingway found him somewhat more of a burden than an asset.

Destitute, Fitzgerald died in Hollywood in 1941, leaving what appears to have been his finest novel, *The Last Tycoon*, unfinished, and a debt of forty thousand dollars unpaid. Hemingway wrote a faulty account of his experience with the unfortunate author in *A Movable Feast* thirty years later, but does not accurately describe his feelings in the early years of their friendship.

Matthew Bruccoli has written a fascinating account of a very psychological relationship. Not only is *Scott and Ernest* interesting and valuable in itself, but it also adds color to the fine novels written by both men.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
deliberate efforts we must make to look our best. Once we catch ourselves thinking, "What difference does it make since there is no one here to notice?" we feel we are in trouble.

Today, we do not have to be in an African jungle to find ourselves debating the question of dress. When parents ask me how Betty and I dealt with the casual look in clothing when our children were in college a few years ago, we explain our house rule. We used to say to our children, "You may dress like the other young people when you are away at school, but when you come home just remember our request: we dress for dinner in the evening." I used to say to our children, "When your mother has worked hard to prepare a nice dinner for us, we can show our appreciation by coming to the table properly dressed." The children agreed with me, and their mother was grateful. We still live by that rule.

Sincerely,
Frederick

The sun, as with life, always sets.
Still, the sun always rises again.

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Dear Sirs:

I am writing you a line to let you know how my Giant Robinson Strawberries turned out. I ordered 100 plants in 1972 and they were sent to me just at the right time for planting. I set them out in medium good soil. I have never seen any strawberries like them. I have to take issue with you on one thing. You advertised that they grew as big as golf balls. Many of them were as big as 2 golf balls. In all my years growing strawberries I have never raised so many lovely berries on such a small patch. We harvest around 80 quarts per season. I can give positive proof to you on this subject by the neighbors around me as they all share my crop of Robinson's beautiful (hardy) Giant strawberries.

We use the blue grass clipping and place it in the rows next to the strawberries while grass is green. We have never used fertilizer on them. They are the greatest. Thanks for selling me.

Your good friends,
Mr. and Mrs. G.C.G.

April 1, 1975
Bellevue, Nebraska

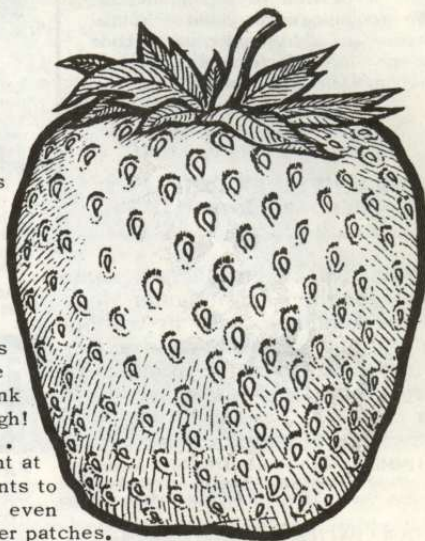
ACTUAL SIZE

Biggest strawberries most folks have ever seen!

CAUTION . . .

The most frequently noted "complaint" on these marvelous berries is that people just don't think to order enough!

Honestly . . . you will want at least 50 plants to start . . . even for smaller patches.



Don't Pass Up The Great New Quinault Everbearing 10 Plants for \$1.95

25 for \$3.95 50 for \$6.95 100 for \$11.95

Great-tasting! Heavy-bearing! A wonderful new everbearing variety that's well on its way to being the greatest performer OF ALL THE EVER-BEARING STRAWBERRIES. You won't believe the size . . . they have been found big as tea cups! Plant this fall and harvest big, red, delicious Strawberries every few weeks all summer long! Order at least 50 plants to try them out. PLACE YOUR ORDER TODAY.

FULL 1-YEAR GUARANTEE

All House of Wesley, Nursery Stock is guaranteed to arrive in good healthy condition, ready for planting and to thrive for one year thereafter. If not, just RETURN THE SHIPPING LABEL within one year of receipt and you will receive a refund of your purchase price. GUARANTEE IS VOID UNLESS SHIPPING LABEL IS RETURNED

Why Be Satisfied With Ordinary Strawberries When You Can Have The GIANT ROBINSON

They're big! They're juicy! They're sweet! And so big you can expect to pick quarts from just 30 berries! They make excellent jams, fresh desserts, and freeze well, too. The Giant Robinson ripens fast and produces lots of new runners for a bigger patch each year. A 9 x 12 ft. area will produce all the berries that an average-sized family will need. Don't miss this chance to own a Giant Robinson patch at these low prices. ORDER NOW while you can get 25 plants for just \$1.95!

These are strong, healthy plants with well-developed crowns and roots . . . all indexed virus free . . . for superior fruit, double yields and increased plant vigor. Don't compare Giant Robinson berries with ordinary varieties.

**HOUSE OF WESLEY,
Nursery Division
Bloomington, Illinois 61701**

CLIP & ORDER TODAY

HOUSE OF WESLEY, NURSERY DIVISION

Dept. 1944-45

Bloomington, Illinois 61701

HOW MANY	CAT. NO.	ITEM	COST
	567	Quinault Everbearing Strawberries	\$
	754	Giant Robinson Strawberries	

Postage and handling50

Illinois Residents please add 5% sales tax

TOTAL ORDER \$

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____