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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Blaine Barton

Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends, One and All:

I had intended to sit down at this typewriter about an hour ago to write my letter to you, but I was held up by something that will make a lot of you wonder if my wits are really with me.

I have a genuine, right-down-into-my-bones fear of an electrical storm. Most people pay virtually no attention to such a storm, but the reason for my fear is easily explained.

When I was nine years old, we were all in the house doing whatever we were accustomed to doing on a summer night, and all of a sudden we heard a tremendous crash; balls of fire rolled right through the room and Dad was screaming excitedly. Now believe me, things such as this just never happened at our house.

When the worst of the wild commotion had died down, we found that Dad had telephoned the night watchman at his store. There was a lot of electrical equipment at the store and, thus, he called to make sure that everything was all right. Well, everything was all right at the store, but when the line leading into our house was hit by a bolt of lightning there was nothing fine about anything.

From that day on, Dad never went near a telephone if an electrical storm was raging, and no one else in our family did either. Moreover, we stayed away from all metal objects. To this very day, I still stay away from metal objects, so that's why I was held up for an hour waiting for that heavy storm to go over so I could get settled down at the typewriter.

Everyone talks about the downright freakish weather we've had, so I guess that I might as well join them. Here in southwest Iowa we're better off than people in many, many places, and I'm aware of it. We did not have a bonafide spring—we just jumped from a mean, mean winter into what has the earmarks of being a mean, mean summer.

Our two furnaces were babied along all winter. Then our first really hot day arrived and both central air conditioners put into practice all that they had learned

from the furnaces. If we didn't have repairmen who turn up so promptly, I don't know what in the world we would do. (My daughter, Juliana, says that one can expect a minimum of a five-day delay from the time a repairman is called until the first workman arrives. She thinks we live in Paradise here in Shenandoah where prompt action is actually a fact.)

In Albuquerque, where Juliana and her family live, the weather was bad on several occasions, but most of the time they have been able to go up into the mountains almost every weekend with all of their fishing equipment packed in their four-wheel drive pickup. Jed grew up practically right in the Atlantic Ocean and his father took him fishing almost every time the weather or business permitted. Now Jed is doing the same thing with his son, James, and I'm so happy about this and grateful to Jed for being such a wonderful father. Nothing in later years ever wipes out the memories of such happy, happy times.

Katharine hasn't lost out on outdoor activities for she has now joined "The Bluebirds", and they go on overnight camping trips. The girls fish and play in swift mountain streams. I'm so very, very fortunate to have good friends here in Shenandoah who will take them fishing and swimming when they come to visit me. My poor grandchildren would never get to do anything if they lived with me!

The cassette player I bought for James on his tenth birthday turned out to be a tremendous success. I just couldn't have given him anything better. Katharine had a hankering for brand-new summer shorts and tops, so I decided to give clothes as my gift to her. Until now, she has always worn Lisa and Natalie Nennen's hand-me-downs. Juliana let her choose what she wanted, and Katharine is enjoying the new clothes as much as James is enjoying his cassette player.

Those of you readers who hear our Kitchen-Klatter radio programs know that once a week, Juliana and her long-time and very dear friend, Robin, send a fifteen-minute tape to play on Wednesday's radio program (if it gets here!).

Robin has a beautiful pool, and my! how the children enjoy it. If you have space for a swimming pool and enough decent weather to enjoy it, there is simply nothing that furnishes more pleasure. (And it also saves the long treks that many mothers have to make to a municipal pool. I believe that Juliana has enjoyed that pool more than Robin!)

We have made no plans as yet for any kind of a summer trip. Jed has to go back to Massachusetts on legal business connected with his mother's estate, and this takes out a number of days from his two-week vacation, so all the Loweyes may not have the time to come to Shenandoah to see me.

I yearn so to see Juliana and my only



Katharine Lowey, Lucile's granddaughter, is very proud of the big fish she caught!

grandchildren, but I'm actually scared to go to New Mexico for fear I'll have another bad bone attack and will have to enter the hospital again. It seems to me that a great share of the few chances we've had to be together have been ghastly and awful because I've gotten sick while far, far away from my wonderful orthopedic specialist. Juliana doesn't want to drive from Albuquerque to Shenandoah with the children and with no adult to share the wheel. Three plane tickets come to a bundle . . . and nothing can be done about that fact of life.

One person who might visit here lives in San Francisco. I had a long letter from him the other day and was astounded at the number of details he remembered that happened during the three weeks he spent in Shenandoah with us years and years ago.

Also, my cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander, who lives in Claremont, California, said that she might make a trip to Iowa, and this would give us a chance for a good visit—and she could also see Dorothy and go on to Iowa City to see Gretchen Harshbarger.

Please renew your subscription to *Kitchen-Klatter* if you look forward to seeing it in the mailbox. We've been clobbered half to death in this terrible inflation and it's mighty hard to keep going.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

LOTS AND LOTS OF TIME

There's lots of time for lots of things;
Tho' it's said that Time has wings.
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away;
Time for a gentle word to say;
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb;
Time to give a little flower;
Time for friendship any hour;
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I think I should start right out with an explanation for the pictures of our three-year-old grandson, Julian Brase. I doubt there has ever been a child who hasn't been fascinated with his mother's lipstick, and hasn't tried putting some on his own lips. Kristin said Julian was watching her get ready to leave for school, and after she had gone he was having lots of fun painting his mouth. Aaron came into the room unexpectedly and saw his antics. Aaron thought Julian looked so funny he decided to "help" him look more like a clown. The boys' daddy came in about this time and took advantage of the opportunity to get some pictures. We all thought the pictures were so funny we hope they give you a smile, too.

Lucile mentioned in her letter last month about the disturbing weeks Frank and I had because of the very serious illness of Frank's sister, Edna Halls, in Roswell, New Mexico. I didn't mention her last surgery and hospital stay because, frankly, it was nip and tuck for her for several weeks. When we finally got the news that she was able to be moved out of the intensive care unit and into a private room, it was the first time I had felt free to leave the telephone. I am very happy to report Edna is back in her own home. Talking to her by phone for a minute on my birthday was the best present I ever had. (As soon as she became aware of things around her, we sent her a couple of Julian's "clown" pictures to enjoy.)

Frank's other two sisters, Ruth and Bernie, were with Edna and her husband, Raymond, for over four weeks. I'm hoping I'll get down to New Mexico to see them sometime this summer.

I mentioned my birthday—there has never been a year when it was so well celebrated! Back in February, I had a letter from Lila Konrad, who lives near Milo, Iowa, inviting me to be a guest of her neighborhood club at a special outing to Derby, Iowa, to eat at the Derby Cafe. Since the plan was to do this in May, I wrote back that I would be most happy to come if it was so I could get away, but it is hard for me to make any promises that far in advance. When Lila called me the week before the date, I was glad to be able to say "yes".

After we had eaten dinner, Lila said we would drive out to the Stephens Forest near Lucas and find a table in the picnic area for the club business meeting. I thought nothing of it when Lila put a tablecloth on one of the picnic tables,



Dorothy has an explanation of these pictures in her letter.

besides, she had brought some coffee and iced tea along. I was *really* surprised when she placed a beautifully decorated birthday cake in front of me. Of course, I wanted to know how she knew my birthday was just two days away. Lila said she had discovered the date while looking in a stack of old *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazines. After finding the date, she thought it would be fun to surprise me with the cake. She certainly succeeded. It was a yellow layer cake frosted in white with a mass of pale yellow roses and pale green leaves on top, and "Happy Birthday Dorothy" written in green icing.

On the actual day of my birthday, friends invited us to their house for supper, concluding with a confetti angel food birthday cake. I was in Shenandoah a few days later and Lucile and Betty Jane entertained some friends of mine at supper and baked me a delicious pineapple upside-down cake. A lighted 4th of July sparkler was standing in the center of the cake when Betty Jane carried it in to the table. I thought this was such a clever idea for a birthday cake, I decided this year I'll buy some sparklers just to keep on hand for the next birthday party we have.

When Bernie got back from Roswell, she fixed a family dinner at her house and this was also to honor Frank whose birthday was missed while she was away. Besides our regular "phone booth gang", as we jokingly call our small family group, we were especially happy to have as a special guest an aunt of Frank and Bernie's. The angel food cake for that meal was a gift from my friend, Dorothea, and had been resting in my freezer until we had the dinner.

I don't think I will ever forget my 64th birthday!

My electric ice-cream freezer has started its seventh summer; I would like to count up how many gallons of delicious ice cream have been made in it. The electric motor is still working fine, but the plastic tub has sprung many leaks and are a problem to mend. If any of you friends know how to successfully mend holes in plastic, I would be most grateful if

you would send me the directions. Since I was taking my freezer to Shenandoah occasionally to make ice cream for Lucile's freezer, she knew of my difficulties, so for my birthday she got me a big, new White Mountain electric freezer. I left my old one in Shenandoah; hopefully, I'll find out how to repair the plastic bucket so we can have a spare freezer. I have already made ice cream twice in the new one and it does a terrific job.

Our first house guests of the summer were Marge and Oliver Strom. They have been wanting to come up ever since they returned from Arizona, but we have had so much rain this spring they were waiting until the forecast sounded as if four nice days would appear in a row before they made the trip. (When anyone from a city visits a farm, the purpose is to roam around and enjoy the country.) The day Marge and Oliver came the weather was ideal at first but soon changed. The next two days it rained all day and on the fourth day the sun came out about two hours before they had to start for Shenandoah.

Marge knew we had lots of ducks setting around the farm in different sheds, and she was hoping some would hatch before they left. We took Marge and Oliver out to the big shed to see a new little puppy. As we admired the puppy, I heard a "peep", but Frank thought we had better wait until the next day to check the nest.

When Frank decided the ducklings were all safely hatched, he picked up the old duck. Underneath, we found what looked like a great big yellow ball. The mother duck had ten fluffy little babies. Frank fixed a place to shut up the duck family where they would be safe from owls, foxes and coyotes. I carried the little ducklings in a bucket while Frank carried the mother duck and we moved them to their safe, new nest. They are so cute I wish our grandsons could see them.

Bernie has just driven into the yard. I must go dish up some of that good ice cream for her to taste. Sincerely,

Dorothy



DECORATIONS

Table Centerpiece: Form a circle of small American flags, using a large potato as the holder. Press the flag sticks into the potato after cutting a thin slice from one side so it will stand firmly on the table. Place a piece of plastic wrap on the cut side. Place the flag arrangement on a large, blue construction-paper star and circle the potato with small white flowers. Another idea would be to use a single larger flag and surround it with short red and blue candles set in star-shaped candleholders.

Place Cards: Cut heavy, white paper in the outline of your state. In the upper right, with red ink, print the date "July 4, 1776", and in the lower left print the date your state came into the Union. Write the person's name, in blue, across the center of the card.

Favors: Draw small replicas of the Great Seal or the U.S. emblem, using marking pens and white paper. These should be done on small circles of paper, so that they can be glued to a large, flat, foil-wrapped mint—one for each person. These emblems can be drawn on circles of heavy paper with short ribbon streamers in the patriotic colors glued at bottom of each, and the emblem used as a badge. Provide a pin with each so the guest can pin it on.

Another favor can be made by wrapping a stick of candy to represent a firecracker. Wrap the candy in a tube of red paper and add a short length of string as the fuse. For a July luncheon, place a small red birthday candle into a marshmallow "holder" made by gluing a large marshmallow to a blue construction paper star base. At some time during the meal, let the candles be lighted, then ask each guest to make a birthday wish for the United States before blowing out flame.

ENTERTAINMENT

Action Story Icebreaker: Have guests number off (1-5) to divide them into five groups and assign to the groups these actions: 1. Flag (Raise hand high and wave an imaginary flag and say "Hurrah! Hurrah!") 2. Fourth of July (Stand, clap hands and yell "Whoopee!") 3. Bell (Sway bodies right and left and say "Ding-dong! Ding-

A July Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

dong!") 4. Firecrackers (Clap hands loudly in rhythm and yell "Bang-bang" three times.) 5. Parade (Stand, marching feet and say "Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!")

As narrator tells the following story, every time the above words are mentioned the group assigned that word does the action assigned. (Keep the story moving along quickly.)

"I awoke early on the *Fourth of July* as the sound of firecrackers came through the bedroom window. At the same time, I heard the church bells ringing out happy birthday to America on this grand and glorious *Fourth of July*. Firecrackers kept going off as I rushed to get out our flag and put it up on the flag pole. I hurried then to get ready to go to the parade uptown, but took time to shoot off some firecrackers of my own out near where the flag was waving in the breeze. We always have a grand parade here on the *Fourth of July* and this was no exception. It was wonderful to see Old Glory, our beautiful flag, being carried at the head of the *Fourth of July* parade by the veterans as flag carriers. Once again, the bells rang out as the band was playing and the parade came down the street. One of the floats had a replica of the Liberty Bell and another showed Betsy Ross making the flag design we have today, except the design of the flag's star corner is now a square in the corner of the flag instead of a circle as in the first flag. As the parade ended, the Liberty Bell float and the flag float faded away in the distance and the church bells stopped ringing and again the firecrackers could be heard from the nearby alleys where the young lads were bent on making this a loud and glorious *Fourth of July*."

Yankee Doodle Pass: After guests are seated in a circle, the leader gives a feather to one of the players, explaining it is a feather from Yankee Doodle's hat. The person given the feather must start a historical story about things that have happened in America. After a sentence or two the player passes the feather to another player who must then take up the story. Each storyteller must complete at least two sentences before passing the feather on to another player.

Living Number in History: Divide the group into two teams of ten to fifteen

persons each. Each player is given a number of one digit (from 0-9) and some extras of such numbers as 1, 7, etc., depending on the answers. The leader calls out questions which are answered by numbers. The players with the correct numbers rush to stand in line to form the answer. The side whose players get the correct numbers in order first scores five points. The side with the highest score wins the prize. (The prize might be a miniature flag for each player on the winning team.)

1. How many states in the union? 50. 2. When did Columbus discover America? 1492. 3. When did the Pilgrims land at Plymouth Rock? 1620. 4. When was Lincoln assassinated? 1865. 5. When was the Declaration of Independence signed? 1776. 6. How many states were in the first United States? 13. 7. What year was President Carter elected? 1976. 8. When did Iowa enter the Union? 1846. (Use your own state and correct date for this.) 9. What year was the Louisiana Purchase made? 1803. 10. What year did World War II end? 1945.

Snap-It-Up: Guests are seated in circle. "It" begins the game by saying the name of a city or town in this state (or it can be the United States if preferred). Immediately, the next in line must name a city which begins with the last letter of the city named by previous player; for example, a player says Columbia, the next could say Atlanta, etc. Two seconds (or a count of ten) might be allowed for naming a city. If a player cannot think of a city, that player drops out of the game.

All-America Quiz:

1. Where would you go to see "Old Faithful"? Yellowstone National Park
2. In what building do you find the Liberty Bell? Independence Hall, Philadelphia.
3. Where is the Declaration of Independence kept? National Archives, Washington, D.C.
4. Where will you find Carlsbad Caverns? New Mexico
5. What state is known as "the land of a thousand lakes"? Minnesota
6. What might be called the home state of the "tin Lizzie"? Michigan
7. What is known as "the Old Dominion"? The State of Virginia
8. What important building is located in Abilene, Kansas? Eisenhower Library Center
9. What author lived at Mansfield, Missouri? Laura Ingalls Wilder

COVER PICTURE

We never had fish like this in the house until Naomi Tilsen came from San Francisco to visit her mother, Betty Jane. The huge salmon and three crabs all came fresh from the Pacific Ocean. They were packed in dry ice to make the plane trip to Shenandoah. —Lucile

MISSOURI TOWN, 1855

by
Katherine Epperson

"Leave the atomic age in the parking lot and walk with us back to a Missouri Town, 1855," states the sign at the entrance to the restored pioneer community, a project of the Jackson County Park Department. *Missouri Town* is built on the edge of Lake Jacomo Park located in rural Jackson County southeast of Kansas City.

Park the car, put on walking shoes, and set off down the lane to explore the restored village. Except for a building which houses modern restrooms, and another previously used as a gift shop, every single building on the 35-acre tract actually existed and was filled with activity and living in pioneer days. Most of the buildings have been moved in from other sites after having been dismantled and carefully marked for reassembling.

The oldest building in *Missouri Town* is the Chevis-Samuels Tavern. Built in 1820, it served in turn as a private home, a stagecoach stop, and a tavern. The breezeway, or "dog trot", through the center of the tavern was once the dividing line between Clay and Platte Counties. When Platte County was not yet a part of the state, half of the building was in Indian Territory and the other half in Missouri.

On a slight rise beyond a zig-zag rail fence stands a stately four-pillared mansion which bespeaks the wealth of its former owner. In contrast, across the way stands a hand-hewn log cabin in which outlaws such as Quantrill, the James brothers, and the Daltons allegedly once hid.

A log barn can be seen which was put together in 1827 with wooden pegs; it was moved in from its original location in Warrensburg, Missouri. On weekends, visitors can see a blacksmith at work at his anvil in the blacksmith shop. Beyond the smithy stands Flintlock Church. It once was located near Bee Creek in Platte County and was the meeting place of Primitive Baptists. An article published in 1923 called it the oldest meeting house in the Platte Purchase Territory. Captain Andrew Johnson, a zealous Baptist and wealthy plantation owner, donated the land and the labor of his slaves to erect the building there. It was completed in 1848 and was moved to *Missouri Town* in 1964.

One cabin houses a small museum where push-button lights show the log construction of the building and the hand-molded bricks lining the inner walls to form an early-day insulating device. An excellent collection of pioneer tools can be seen in the museum.

Walking about the restored town, a visitor can look into the rooms which are furnished with authentic articles from the



The old chicken house behind the picket fence is just one of the many unusual buildings to be seen at *Missouri Town*, 1855.
—Photo by Robert Epperson

period. Tables are set with ironstone dishes and bone-handled knives. In the kitchens, bundles of herbs and candles hang from rafters.

Old-fashioned varieties of vegetables are grown in the gardens. We saw pole beans, squash and pumpkin vines, salsify, kale, and black-eyed peas, to name a few. One garden shows many of the herbs that were grown both for culinary and medicinal purposes, with some which were planted just for their fragrance. This was a tobacco-growing area, and so there is a patch of tobacco down behind one of the gardens, and hands of tobacco drying in a shed. Hollyhocks, purple larkspur, nicotiana, four o'clocks, and other old-fashioned flowers bloom in the dooryards.

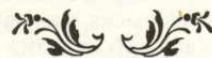
Clucking hens with baby chicks clustering around can be seen in summer, and ducks and turkeys wander through the grounds. The geese are kept penned, presumably because of their nipping ways. There is a goat, a couple of donkeys, and a pony—also a pair of oxen which the park department hopes to use on a working farm when such plans can be developed. Construction of the pioneer community is an on-going project, and often it is possible to observe a log cabin being put together in the exact manner in which it was first erected.

Demonstrations of weaving and spinning are given from time to time. On weekends, rangers and naturalists are on hand for guided tours through the complex. *Missouri Town* is a favorite place for visits from school groups. The University of Missouri at Kansas City offers a course in pioneer living during which students live at *Missouri Town* for two weeks, splitting their own wood, cooking their food in the manner of

frontier times, weaving and spinning, dipping candles, and making soap using lye water that drips from an ash hopper.

Split-log benches located under the many shade trees offer a quiet place to rest. A gift shop is located in the restored Adams home. Built in 1845, it served as a hospital for Confederate soldiers during the Civil War.

Missouri Town is open from 8 to 5 every day of the year except Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Admittance is free. From I-70 east of Kansas City, take the Lee's Summit Exit to M-291. Go south to Colburn Road (it's the first traffic light), then go east about five miles to a rather small sign on the left pointing to *Missouri Town*. Follow the signs on the winding blacktop road for about three miles, and enjoy a fascinating journey back in time to a village of 1855.



WOOD ROADS

I like wood roads —
They have a way with them,
Not wide wood roads, all pruned and
paved,
But little, tangled paths
Half hidden in the brush,
That seem to wink one eye
And whisper "Come with me!"
Masked paths that turn and twist
And double out of sight —
So musky sweet, so shadow still,
Yet full of murmuring —
As though adventure waited
Just around the turn —
And Romance stole on tiptoe, starry-eyed,
And Magic flickered through the deep,
green shade.
—Unknown



THE PICTURE ON THE WALL *by Evelyn Birkby*

One of my favorite rooms in our home is the study. It is a quiet corner in the northwest part of the house. Shutting it away from the other areas was done not just for my convenience but because this room also contains the piano. When our sons were involved in hours of piano practice, it was wonderful to be able to shut the door to the corner room and let them play to their heart's content.

The closet of the study is next to the piano. It was built with shelves which are full of all kinds of resource materials for my work with quantities of music, recording tapes and cassettes sharing the space. On the north side of the room stands a wooden file with drawers for recipes, article ideas and a section for some of the community service projects in which our family is involved. My desk is on the west wall directly under the window. The remaining wall area is lined with shelves holding the books I use most often and knickknacks, making the room a fun place in which to work.

The south wall is my favorite place for memorabilia: family pictures, embroidered pieces, commemorative plates (many are from churches which have been part of my life) and a treasured photograph of a group of young people who attended a church institute. Near the center front of the picture stands a high school student — it is me.

As I was growing up, the week set aside for the Methodist Epworth League Institute was the high point of the summer. For many young people it was the only chance to get out of town, meet youth from other communities and experience the challenge presented by the valuable learning sessions. At that time, Iowa was divided into more than one Methodist Conference; the south half using the Simpson College Campus for its high school institute, and the

northern section gathering at Clear Lake at the Methodist Campground. From 800 to 1,000 young people attended.

My first experience at such a summer institute was at the early age of three. I went with my parents as an unregistered participant. This session was made memorable by the simple process of my toddling into the deep end of the swimming pool. Fortunately, a young man attending the institute was walking by and pulled me out of the water, and I survived the incident to attend many, many more sessions.

For years, my father, a minister in the Iowa-Des Moines Conference, served as registrar for the Indianola Institute. My parents took a tent and we camped in a clearing near the Simpson College gymnasium. Still in grade school, I could not be a part of the regular high school activities, but found many of my own to make the week interesting. When I grew tired of playing outdoors, I would wander into the cavernous interior of the nearby college gymnasium, reveling in its strange odors, the queer-shaped acrobatic contraptions and the high balcony which doubled as an indoor race track.

Time, as it has a way of doing, moved on. I reached the age where falling into the swimming pool was not as much of a hazard as falling over my own adolescent feet. And then I made a marvelous discovery—I was old enough to enroll as a full-fledged member in the Methodist Epworth League Institute!

The joys of each day at institute began with rising at a very early hour. We were roused by bugle notes blown outside the dormitory windows to call us to "Morning Watch". This first session of the day was held in the chapel and led by various students, teachers and ministers. Included in the services were poems, songs, meditation, Scripture

readings and prayers which brought an acute sense of the nearness of God in the early morning. Even my teen-age desire for breakfast was ignored during this very special time.

Food was a vital part of each day, with the most welcome breakfast following "Morning Watch". The menus were varied and generous with fine fellowship thrown in for good measure. New friends were made as we waited in the food lines, sang around the tables and ate the well-prepared meals. After each evening dinner, a series of stunts and skits were presented by various individuals and groups.

The morning hours were spent attending classes of our choice: Bible study, world understanding, race relations, drama, worship, community service, boy-girl relationships, family and home, recreational leadership, almost any subject one can imagine which helps in living a stronger and better life with emphasis on the God-centered aspect of each area of study.

Afternoons were filled primarily with recreational activities such as volleyball, tennis, team games, crafts, hobbies, and archery (in which I almost shot off the cap of the Dean of the institute!). The daily newspaper was published during this time by a number of talented students. All in all, the busy, happy afternoons went by rapidly.

Then came the evenings and the large, general assemblies. Special speakers, musicals, movies, talent nights and, on the final night, a great outdoor campfire and candlelight consecration service.

As each day was begun with prayer, so each day closed with a quiet time in the dormitory rooms. Every ten to twelve youth and their counselor gathered for a time of discussion of the events of the day, sharing special concerns and experiencing end-of-the-day worship.

The bugle blew "Taps", signifying lights should be turned out. Few ignored the signal after such a long, active day. Talk might continue for a time after the rooms were darkened, but sleep soon stopped such chatter.

As I look at the picture on my study wall of that large group of high school youth, I am aware of how much times have changed. Church camps are now developed around smaller, interest-oriented groups. The war years seemed to mark the changing of the pattern, for it was during that period that work responsibilities increased for many youth. Summer months were spent, as they are now for many, in full-time jobs. The mobility of young people, larger amounts of spending money and the opportunity to travel grew with the jobs.

It is possible that young people today need high-adventure activities as part of their church summer scene to attract
(Continued on page 19)

KATHARINE DRIFTMIER RETURNS TO WISCONSIN

Dear Friends:

If you could read the original draft of this letter, you might read a rough and illegible hand. It is being written over the rough highways of Indiana during the final leg of our trip home to Wisconsin from Houston, Texas. I graduated from Rice University in May, and having made the momentous decision to relocate back up in Wisconsin, my sister, Adrienne, and I loaded all my worldly belongings into the trunk and back seat of our car and drove the scenic route north along the Mississippi River.

Many of the graduates from Rice decide to stay in Houston after graduation. Houston is abounding with jobs, though I think the "boom" has quieted some since the masses began to migrate to her moneyed society some years ago. As I have written before, Houston has won my heart. It is a busy, cultural center with much to entertain my interests in the arts, the sciences, and the sunny outdoors. All her charms made it very hard to leave, but my love for my family (and snowy Christmases) urged me into the change. So this trip will ever be remembered as a happy decision. It has been symbolic of a change in my life which has even greater span than the miles we've covered across the steamy middle of America.

These travels from the South to the North mark a significant alteration in my whole life style. I'm trading the city, the job and the friends I count more dearly than any I have known, for a new job and new friends and a new home I have yet to know. I'm trading the present for the future. This move has left me crying and lonely and somewhat lost in the "in-between" of the transition; it also has me excited and expectant of the new turns to come.

My mother has always had appropriate adages to guide us in understanding difficult situations. At home on our refrigerator door is taped a reminder for all of us to contemplate, and it has remained with me these many years since she first put it up: "THE FUTURE ALWAYS ARRIVES A LITTLE BEFORE WE'RE READY TO GIVE UP THE PRESENT!" These past few weeks, with all these endings and beginnings, I've been reminded of the wisdom that this simple message has for all of us!

So you can see I might have been a little emotional about leaving Rice and moving away for good. But Adrienne is a humor and a wit, and together we packed and moved and enjoyed the trip we'd planned with much fun and many comic interludes. In that brief week of traveling, we gained more experience than could fill a book. We've learned of all the beauty and history the states along



Katharine Driftmier telephones her parents, Mary Beth and Donald, for a visit while traveling home to Wisconsin. Sister Adrienne awaits her turn at the phone.

the Mississippi River offer. We've learned about the mechanics of a '72 Buick, though I wish we could have learned without the pressure of necessity. We've learned how friendly people can be, wherever you are. I admit that I may be too naive so trust the people I meet, but on this trip we were exceedingly fortunate to have met loving, helpful friends who proved worthy of that trust in every instance. I'm always preaching to my friends that people will accept responsibility and honor trust whenever the opportunity is offered them. So far I've been lucky in being correct.

In one case, we both believed that our luck had left us. Our travels had been quite HOT and quite steamy. From New Orleans north into Mississippi our dear car had given occasional warnings which we had ignorantly excused. It understandably was hot and tired after all those miles of winding Louisiana byways. We had been concerned enough to have the oil and water checked each time we refueled. So naturally when the red "hot" light appeared to warn us of real danger we were taken by surprise . . . and left waiting apprehensively beside the quiet shoulder of Mississippi's Highway 55. We didn't really know where we were, except that the last town we had passed had been Durant, and we didn't know what was to be done in this case of auto trouble. Contacting us over our C.B. radio, truckers advised these helpless "Beavers" in conflicting ways. Some said we should drive on slowly to keep the engine cooling. Some said we must stop or our engine would burn up. Others just joked, at our expense, about the "Beavers" and how they would like to stop and visit. We were lost!

But all our luck was soon to surface. Before we had waited too long, a pair of men pulled to the aid of the two unfortunates. To set our fears of strange men at rest, they exhibited Deputy Sheriff badges on their belts and they were polite and friendly. Behind them came another friend with a tow truck, also a deputy. He was on his way north to Memphis and was willing to test his new truck's powers by pulling our heavy-laden car as far as we'd like. With the direction of the two men and their flashing police light clearing traffic from the right lane of the interstate, we were back on the road to Memphis; this time in the front seat of a great, air-conditioned GMC pickup, with pleasant conversation and country music on the radio. As it turned out, our new friend with the truck was a mechanic from Canton, Mississippi, who had been on his way to Memphis to purchase some parts. I must presume he didn't mind two girls' company since he chatted cheerfully all the way during the long trip and even stopped to buy us iced tea along the way. With such a native for a guide, we learned many interesting things about life in Mississippi small towns. Our friend hosted us all the way to a motel where he unhitched our car and left us safe again in Memphis civilization.

When we were able to contemplate how utterly helpless we had been and how safely we had finally arrived, we could only be thankful that God had been so kind. Had it not been for such careful shepherding we might have been left in some small truck stop to weather a weekend's wait for the repair of our ailing car. Or, we might never have made it to aid at all! The plight of young women on the highway is not always so lucky.

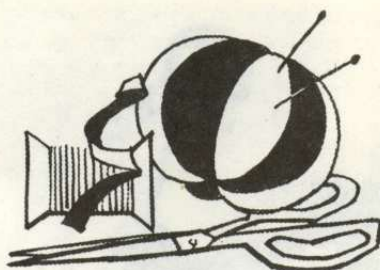
This was just one instance of the friendly help which was offered to us all along the way from Houston to Delafield, Wisconsin. The trip in itself was enjoyable, but I also enjoyed the chance to meet some new people in new places. After having been so sad to have left a beautiful home, like the community at Rice, the trip served to remind me that there are many, many places here in this country which could all easily offer other colorful qualities to make me stay. The coastlands of Texas and Louisiana, the brilliance of New Orleans, the charm and history of the small towns of Mississippi, the call of the River, the breathtaking beauty of the mountains and foothills through Tennessee and Kentucky all refreshed the adventurer inside me and reawakened that urge to move on to new challenges and not settle for the equilibrium with which I had become so comfortable. I'm ready for a new job, a new town, a new home.

Until next time . . .

Katharine

SEWING SAVINGS WITH SHEETS

by
Mary Feese



The news on the sewing scene is that professional decorators are enthusiastic about sewing with sheets. We, who sew at home, will be equally pleased with the idea, to which we can also add another currently popular idea—that of fashion sewing with sheets.

"But," you may say, "why sheets? Do they have advantages over using similar yard goods?" The answer is yes, *they do*. First, you have great variety from which to choose: florals, stripes, solid color pastels or deep tones, and striking border designs. Then think of sheet sizes, with their large areas of seamless fabric. For draperies, there will be no piecing and almost no hemming, just measure window length, stitch on a heading (the pleater type, if you wish) and the draperies are finished and ready to hang!

Sheets are washable, colorfast, durable and economical. To compare prices, find the cost of one yard of similar quality 36" width material. Determine the cost per yard of sheets by dividing yardage given on the following list into the sheet's price:

Twin flat, 66"x104", appx. 5¼ yd.
Double flat, 81"x104", appx. 6½ yd.
Queen flat, 90"x110", appx. 7½ yd.
King flat, 108"x110", appx. 9½ yd.
Reg. pillowcase, 36"x42", appx. 1½ yd.
King pillowcase, 46"x42", appx. 1½ yd.

Your comparative figures will show that, much of the time, you'll find it less expensive to use suitable sheets as sewing fabric than to buy comparable quality washable fabrics by the yard.

Remember that lengths given on sheets are measured *before hemming*. Before cutting items you plan to make, rip hems and press out the folds, unless you're making draperies or other projects that utilize the existing hems.

Most sheets shrink about 6% in length after laundering, with no crosswise shrinkage. Either allow for shrinkage or launder sheets beforehand. It is recommended that sheeting fabric be cut to the size wanted rather than tearing it.

What to make from sheets? Many women are turning to versatile sheets to make otherwise-expensive round tablecloths. A twin-size sheet will make a floor-length cloth for the small, round decorator tables which are now popular, or a king-size sheet will make the 91-inch diameter cloth needed for a full-size table, 33 inches high. Measure the

diameter of the table, plus twice the drop distance from table edge to desired length, add hem allowance, then divide this measurement in half; use a string compass the latter length to mark cutting line on goods folded into a square. After hemming, give the cloth a professional touch with ball fringe or other purchased trim for edging.

Some decorator magazines show patterned sheets used as removeable, washable slipcovers. A bedroom or other room can be completely decorated in a couple of harmonizing sheet patterns. One sheet can be quilted into a "bed-spread", used to make decorative pillow shams or matching pillowcases, complimentary dust ruffles, window curtains or drapes, and throw cushions for chairs in the room. Some people paste sheeting to the walls in place of wallpaper. Another treatment is to drape an entire wall with fabric as though curtained wall-to-wall. This unifies a wall that's cut up by odd-size windows, and ideal in a bedroom where light is needed, but it's not necessary to have a view.

To create a quick and easy room divider, stitch two sheets together, sel-vage to sel-vage, and hang on rings or looped tape from a ceiling track. Matching draperies or cafe curtains can be made to match the screen. For matching window shades, measure inside window frame for length and width. Hem sides of fabric pieces and tack on window shade rollers. Hem at bottom to insert slat or dowel to weight shade. Add shade pulls if desired; the shades may be left untrimmed or trimmed with fringe.

A few years back, some of the older farm homes had very few closets. Home-makers often created closet space in bedrooms by curtaining an area, often using sheets to do so. Remember those upstairs bedrooms where a portion of the ceiling sloped to correspond with the roof slope? One woman found a creative way to use this space for storage. She curtained the entire width of the room with sheets, fastening the supporting rods where the ceiling slope began, then centered the head of the bed against the curtained area. Directly behind the bed's headboard, were stacked boxes of seldom-used items. To one side of these, she put a clothes rack, and on the other, her husband helped construct some simple shelving.

For a closet without a door, curtain the opening with brightly patterned sheets, and place matching curtains at the windows.

Stunning clothes can be made from well-selected sheet patterns. A friend of mine in Ohio tells me that ready-made pajamas for her king-size husband bore a correspondingly king-size price. She decided to learn to sew, and thereby solved her problem. "I carry a chart of sheets' equivalent yardages in my purse," she told me, "and shop the sales for patterns that look good made up as pajamas. Once I got the original paper pattern well fitted, each pair really doesn't take long to make, and what a savings! Besides," she added with a chuckle, "where better than nightwear to practice one's sewing?"

Yet another friend found sheets the solution to a gift problem. She's swift at sewing, so for a young niece's graduation gift she used daintily patterned floral sheets to make a short nightie, a knee-length, easy-fit robe, and matching pillowcases, placing the border print to best advantage. The completed items were neatly folded on cardboard backing, covered with plastic wrap, then gift-wrapped. For a small cash outlay, she created a unique gift that looked professionally done.

One woman bought two sets of pillowcases on sale, one a small floral print in yellow, the other, carnation pink on white, and delighted her tiny daughter with two new sleeveless summer nighties, each with a matching pillowslip. Since the little girl slept on a single bed, only one pillowslip was needed. The mother also found that a twin-size sheet furnished plenty of goods for a floor-length robe for herself.

Other projects that home sewers are successfully making with sheets include: dresses and shirts, sundresses, tots' play dresses, caftans, centennial dresses and bonnets, cushion covers, cafe and/or kitchen curtains.

Once you begin to sew with sheets, the possibilities are so exciting you just might become addicted!

LITTLE THINGS

It's the little things in life
that will thrill us through and
through.

It may be what someone said,
or it may be what they do.

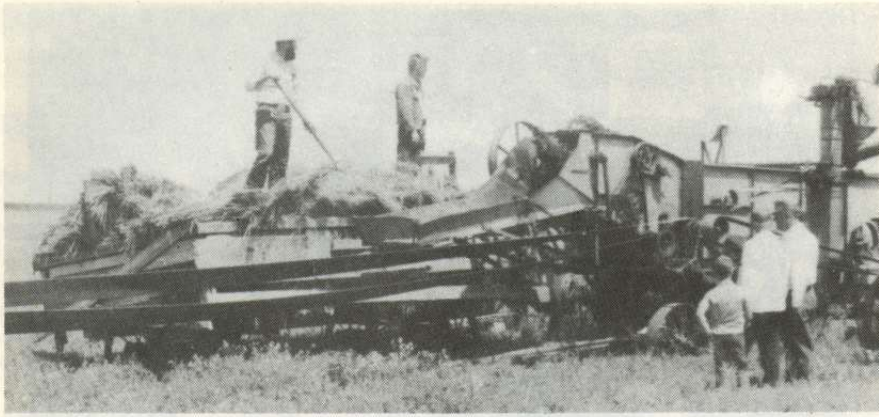
It may be a cup of coffee,
or some anniversary cake.

It may be a cheery smile, and
what a difference it will make.

Though sometimes our hearts are heavy
as we dwell on things gone by;

A cheery word of comfort
makes us smile instead of sigh.

—Charles E. Wilson



Many of the old threshing machines have been restored and used to demonstrate the techniques when wheat was harvested by this method.

THE OLD FLOUR BIN

by Verna Sparks

I remember the old flour bin that my grandmother had standing by the white-washed wall in her kitchen. It was five feet long, two feet wide and three feet deep. It had four legs and a hinged lid which slanted downward. It was painted bright blue.

This bin could hold over a hundred pounds of flour, and Grandfather raised and threshed the wheat to make it. In those days, the combine had not been invented so the wheat was harvested into sheaves with a binder. The sheaves were stacked into shocks to await threshing day.

Threshing day was a great event in those days. It happened about the middle of July. Farmhands came from everywhere to assist in the threshing. When the threshing machine arrived at a neighbor's farm, it was soon nosed about and help came promptly. The farm women cooked an abundance of food to feed the hungry men. It usually took one day to thresh, unless there was a breakdown, which was unlikely. Nevertheless, the men worked long hours to finish the job in one day.

After the wheat was threshed, the grain was put into bags and hauled to a nearby town where it was made into flour. I remember Grandmother would clean out the flour bin and make it ready for the fresh, white flour Grandfather would bring home. When I heard Grandfather coming back down the dirt road, I would run to meet him. He'd stop the wagon and I'd climb on for a short ride. I remember many things about the old farm in those days: the rail fence, the rose arbor, the wooden bucket at the well and the gourd dipper.

The flour bin held another attraction for me in those days. It was the place where Grandmother kept big round ginger cookies. No plastic containers were available in her day, so the cookies were stored in a big stone crock which was sunk into the flour in the big bin. Oh! how good that bin smelled when I lifted

the lid and reached in for a cookie! The tantalizing aroma of ginger and molasses filled my nostrils. What a treat for a hungry child. Grandma used this flour to bake bread, pies, muffins, and doughnuts. However, only the cookies were stored in the bin. The breads and doughnuts were stored in tin containers.

Today life on the old farm is only a dream, yet it is good to look back and vision once more the old familiar things. Many of the antiques are now cherished by the younger generation and used in their new, modern homes. The old relics are often refinished into something very beautiful and useful, like the old antique flour bin which I recently came across while I was visiting at the home of my sister. In her bedroom, I was amazed to find that old flour bin completely upholstered, lined inside and made into an elegant piece of furniture in which to store blankets.

If you have a relic or antique, don't discard it, use your imagination; fix it up and make it into something useful for your home, just like my grandmother's old flour bin.

PRAYER OF THE AGED

BLESSED are they who understand my faltering steps and shaking hand.

BLESSED are they who know that my ears today must strain to catch the words they say.

BLESSED are they who seem to know that my eyes are dim and my wits are slow.

BLESSED are they who looked away when coffee spilled today.

BLESSED are they who never say, "You have told that story twice today."

BLESSED are they who know the ways to bring back lovely yesterdays.

BLESSED are they who know the loss of strength I need to bear the cross.

BLESSED are they who ease the days on my journey home in so many loving ways.

—Author unknown

DINNER GUESTS WITH TABOOS

by
Lois H. Sargent

Whenever I invite anyone to dine with me, an acceptance will be followed by the question: "Any food taboos?" I want to spare myself the embarrassment I suffered a few times before I learned the wisdom of asking this question.

No matter how well one knows the invited guest, I discovered, one can be surprised. I'd known my friend, Ruby, for years; I had dined at her apartment and at restaurants with her without learning that there were certain foods her digestive system refused to absorb without protest.

Ruby was my first guest when, shortly after I married, my husband and I settled into an apartment where I could cook. I looked forward with pleasure to entertaining Ruby.

I found fresh asparagus in the grocery (I thought she liked asparagus) and to make it something special, I served it with hollandaise sauce, of which I happen to be most fond.

The sauce was delicious and I was lapping it up with gustatory satisfaction when suddenly I observed that Ruby was not eating her asparagus. I paused to ask, "Don't you like asparagus?"

"Oh, I like asparagus, but I can't eat hollandaise sauce. It's too rich for my stomach," said Ruby.

Topped with the rich sauce, all the asparagus I had cooked had been served and there wasn't any left in the pot to offer her plain. Fortunately, the rest of the dinner Ruby enjoyed, so she didn't go home hungry, but I was embarrassed by the incident.

Then there was the time an out-of-town friend of my husband's came to town and when he phoned, I impulsively invited him to dinner. I was having fried chicken that night, so with a few extra vegetables, which I wouldn't have had for the two of us, I could offer a good dinner to a guest.

As this fellow came to the table that evening, he took one look at my platter of chicken and frowned, "I can't eat anything fried, but it's all right as I don't care much for chicken anyway."

What could I do for him? I thought of the four hot dogs in the refrigerator and asked hopefully, "Could you eat frankfurters?"

"Oh, don't go to any trouble," he said, but added, "Yes, that will be fine."

So I brought out the hot dogs and heated them and my husband and I ate fried chicken while our guest ate wieners!

Right then I made a mental vow to find out if an invited guest had food taboos. It's far easier to change the dinner menu before the food is cooked than after

(Continued on page 18)



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

What a beautiful time of the year this is! Here in New England, the hills, the mountains, and the forests everywhere are a blaze of color as the rhododendrons come into full bloom. This year they are as lush and brilliant as ever in spite of the crushing snows of last winter. Next Sunday afternoon, we plan to take some of the ladies in our church for a drive so that they can see how the rhododendron and the mountain laurel have transformed the hillsides into a bit of Eden. Oh what vistas of loveliness we have all around us! There are some who believe that our June flower season in New England is even more colorful than our fall foliage season, but I am not sure that I agree.

When Betty's parents flew home from Florida, they arrived at our local airport. They had a short stay with us and then we drove them to their home in Rhode Island. At about this time each year, we have an occasion to drive through the state of Connecticut on our way to Rhode Island, and almost invariably I make the remark: "Connecticut really is the most beautiful state in New England." The wild climbing roses were on every fence and stone wall, and the buttercups and daisies were everywhere in the pastures and along the roadside. Every little pond had at least a few water lilies in bloom, and along the pond edges were clumps of wild iris, swamp milkweed, and new cattails.

Because of the long wet spell we had in late spring, I thought that I never would get my flowers planted in time for them to be used as floral decorations for some of the church outings held in our backyard, but I finally managed. One of my good neighbors gave me a hand when it was most needed.

More than one growing season will be required for all of the shrubs damaged by winter storms to recover. How some of them survived at all is a mystery known only to God. We have a steep slate roof on the parsonage, and literally tons of snow cascaded down those slippery shingles and onto the shrubs below, crushing them to the ground and breaking many branches. Some were covered with thick ice and snow for more than three months!

One of the best investments in goodness that our church ever made was the purchase some years ago of a fifteen-passenger minibus. After I had seen such a bus being used by a church in Florida, I came back to our church and



The ladies of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, prepare for a rummage sale.

recommended that one be purchased for the use of the aged and the youth of the parish. What a joy this minibus has proved to be, and how many persons of all ages have been benefited by its use. Each summer the minibus is used several times for expeditions to nearby places of interest and amusement—to the shore, to the mountains, to the city, and to various summer theatres—always filled with persons who might not otherwise have an opportunity for travel.

We now have a second bus, and what a beauty it is. Everywhere we go with the bus, people notice the name of our church painted on the sides, and always we are asked about it. Last week we had the bus filled to capacity (and then some) with young Puerto Rican boys who attend our downtown neighborhood recreation center. Another time I used the bus to take some of those same boys up into the mountains for a Boy Scout camping expedition.

Do you know what the biggest problem is when the bus is filled with young people? It is the radio! How different it is when the bus is filled with older people. They do not want the radio on at all, and that is a relief. They just want to visit and to share their comments about the passing view.

In addition to the bus being used for the pleasure and for the comfort of both young and old, we use it all the time as a small moving van. I have told you about the money our church ladies make with their rummage sales. Some of that rummage is brought to the church in the bus. Last Sunday, when the bus was making its rounds to the housing

projects for bringing our elderly church members to worship, one of the ladies said with a smile: "I hope God sees me as a piece of rummage worth saving!"

I hope you have a great Fourth of July! When the time comes to celebrate the Fourth of July, I am just like a little boy. I love it! A few days ago I was telling another clergyman how much I liked to celebrate the Fourth, and that prompted him to say: "I am sorry to hear that, Dr. Driftmire! As far as I am concerned, I would like to see this whole business of the Fourth of July soft-pedalled. The celebrating is too martial, too war-like. This glorifies the fighting instinct in us, and I think that that is an instinct we ought to have bred out of us. There really is no hope for the world until our human combative instincts cease to exist."

I took exception to that remark, and I want to tell you why. I admit that I am a fighter, and furthermore, I hope that you, too, are a fighter! Our combative instincts were created in us by God, and for God, and for God's sake and for our sakes, I hope those fighting instincts never wither and die. Oh how many things there are in the world which would overcome us, defeat us, and ruin us if we did not fight against them. Surely, we have learned by now that our beloved America cannot be the wonderful country God created unless you and I and everyone else are willing to fight against everything which would pull down our country.

If I have any fears at all, they are not fears of our fighting instincts. My fears are that our people will not fight hard
(Continued on page 20)

THE RUN-OVER NIGHTGOWN

by
Dorothy Enke

The first time I heard about the run-over nightgown was while we were putting away the food and stacking the dishwasher after a big family gathering. I came out into the kitchen just as my cousin Ellen said, "After that experience I vowed I'd never be without a run-over nightgown."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I demanded.

There was a ripple of gentle laughter from the aunts and cousins sitting around the kitchen table. Ellen's face flushed but she, too, joined in the laughter.

"I was telling Aunt Em that I had bought myself a beautiful, new run-over nightgown," she explained. "A few years ago a young neighbor of ours was struck by a car. They brought her home and I helped her into bed. She was badly bruised and shaken, but more than that she was dreadfully embarrassed because she didn't have a decent nightgown to put on. I ran home and grabbed up one of mine. I slipped it over her head and tucked her into bed. I'll never forget the misery and unhappiness in her eyes when her need was so plainly exposed. That's when I made up my mind that no matter what else I had to do without, I'd always have an extra nightgown. You know, a *run-over nightgown*, so that if I were run over, or became suddenly ill, I could at least be comfortable in a presentable gown."

Ellen stopped for breath, and looked about at the circle of relatives. Then she added, a little defensively but still with a touch of laughter, "So I always keep a pretty gown in reserve in my dresser drawer. Bill is the one who started calling it my run-over nightgown because it's always held back for some real emergency."

Aunt Em gave a quick snort.

"Really, Ellen, you sound like a small child who has to have a special bedtime toy, or like a baby who needs a particular blanket to take to bed with him."

"Perhaps the run-over nightgown is my security blanket," admitted Ellen, "but it gives me such a comfortable feeling to know it is always there if I should need it."

Aunt Em clucked disapprovingly.

"I'm sure I'd always be quite comfortable in any gown I had in my dresser drawer," she said flatly. "Of course, if you get carted off to a hospital, you'll always have to endure the indecent exposure liable with those wretched hospital gowns. Why they have to gap the way they do, I'll never know. Though I guess anyone can survive that, particularly if they are in such a condition



If only you could see this picture in color, you would see literally dazzlingly golden hair. Her name is Kimberley Stidman. She is seven years old and also has a "Granny Wheels". She, along with her parents and older brother, lived in Florida until a year or so ago when her father, a pediatrician, relocated in Joplin, Mo. This makes it much easier for her Granny Wheels, who lives in Shawnee-Mission, Kans., to see them. —Lucile

that it's necessary to be hospitalized. But a special nightgown would be quite unnecessary for me."

Then with a sudden burst of confidence Aunt Em added, "What would give me a lot more reassurance is knowing that there is a fresh, new girdle for me to wear if I'm called away in an emergency. I don't have a special nightgown laid away, but I always keep an extra girdle on hand."

A shout of laughter greeted Aunt Em's unexpected confession. It seemed to trigger confidences. One by one the cousins and aunts began to admit to their particular worries. An efficient middle-aged aunt who always seemed prepared to meet any upset of circumstances told us that she felt positively unnerved unless she had a cake or some sort of dessert prepared when the weekend came. A cousin said she didn't worry about having a dessert in reserve. She felt it was imperative to have a good salad ready to serve, or, at the very least, the makings of a salad instantly available.

The little unexpected things that could bolster confidence were as varied as the people who found reassurance in them. Mina always carried a silver dollar, minted the year she was born. An uncle had given it to her, telling her solemnly, "As long as you carry this you'll never be broke."

Mina has carried the silver dollar for more years than she can remember. "I wouldn't dream of spending it," she said.

"It's become more than my security. It's my good luck piece."

"I don't have a silver dollar," said another cousin. "I have a twenty-dollar bill, though, which I always keep in the secret pocket of my billfold. It's a sort of quick cash reserve, but I never spend it. Lots of times I've been on the verge of using that twenty dollars, but when I actually start to open my billfold, my fingers won't function. That twenty dollars is special. Perhaps I'm not meant to spend it. No matter how I'm tempted, I always put my billfold away without removing the money."

A widowed aunt, who does a lot of traveling, said she wouldn't think of setting out on a trip without leaving a detailed itinerary with a friend. This includes not only the route of the journey, but also the places where she'll be staying overnight. If it is possible she includes telephone numbers where a call might reach her.

"I want to be sure that someone besides myself knows where I am," she explained.

So the small, intimate confidences were shared. It was rather pleasant to realize that all of us have our own particular quirks and foibles, and that we had adjusted to them. It gave us a comfortable feeling of kinship, a sense of belonging to the whole human family. We were suddenly all of one community.

No one confessed a compulsive need to have a sizeable bank account, or an exciting career, or a challenging profession. Instead there were little, ordinary compulsions, unique to each of us. Everyone had his own *bogy*. We had a common bond when we realized that all of us, the most efficient and the most scatter-brained, had some private anxieties that no one else might suspect.

It isn't necessary for my peace of mind to have a run-over nightgown or a silver dollar. The thought of a fresh, new girdle doesn't do a thing for me. But what an amazing comfort it is to be sure there is always a new pair of hose in the pocket of my purse!

THE PERFECT CHURCH

I think that I shall never see
A church that's all it ought to be;
A church whose members never stray
Beyond the straight and narrow way;
A church that has no empty pews,
Whose pastor never has the blues;
A church whose deacons always "deak",
And none is proud, and all are meek;
Where gossips never peddle lies,
Or make complaints or criticize;
Where all are always sweet and kind;
And all to other's faults are blind.
Such perfect churches there may be,
But none of them are known to me,
And still we'll work and pray and plan
To make our own the best we can.

RECIPES

PURPLE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. grape gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 can blueberry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 2 cups prepared whipped topping
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Let cool. Add the pineapple, pie filling and flavoring. Lastly, fold in the topping and marshmallows. Chill until set.

For variations, use cherry gelatin, cherry pie filling and Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring; or, lemon gelatin, apricot or peach pie filling and lemon flavoring.

—Dorothy

FREEZER ONION RINGS

- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 sweet Spanish onions

Combine dry ingredients in sifter. Beat egg in small, deep bowl until thick and lemon colored. Add milk, oil, and butter flavoring and mix. Stir in dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Cover and set aside while preparing the onions. Use large onions, about 3½ inches in diameter. Slice into rings about 1/4 inch thick.

In electric skillet or heavy frying pan, add enough oil or shortening to 1½ to 2 inches deep. Bring shortening to deep-fat frying temperature—375 degrees. Dip the onion rings, a few at a time, into the batter using a long-handled two-tined fork. Let each one drain briefly before dropping into the hot fat. Do not crowd. Brown on one side, turn to other side. When brown on both sides, lift out and drain on paper towels. Serve hot.

TO FREEZE: When cooked onion rings are well-drained on paper towel, and cool, place on paper towel-lined cooky sheets and place in freezer. When frozen, place in lightweight paper boxes or make an aluminum foil container. Place paper towels between layers. Be gentle so rings do not break. Slip into plastic bags and return to freezer for storage. **TO SERVE:** place frozen rings on cooky sheet in 375-degree oven until crisp—takes only a few minutes.

FANCY FRUIT PIZZA

Crust

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar

Cream shortening, powdered sugar, egg and flavorings until smooth and creamy. Stir in dry ingredients. Chill several hours. Roll into circle to fit a pizza pan, 12 to 14 inches. Bake at 375 degrees about 15 minutes, or until edges begin to brown and center is almost done. Remove from oven and let cool on pan. (The hot pan will continue the cooking process for a minute or so.)

Filling

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/3 cup powdered sugar
- Fruits as desired: peaches, pineapple chunks, mandarin oranges, fresh fruits
- 1 cup apricot preserves or jam
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Whipped topping as desired

Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Blend with powdered sugar and spread over cooled cooky pizza crust. Drain canned fruits very well. Blot on paper towel to remove as much moisture as possible. Arrange fruit on top of cream cheese layer as desired. The peach and mandarin orange sections can be arranged like pinwheels. The fruits may be left whole or diced. Well-drained crushed pineapple is excellent to fill in the tiny spaces. Fresh bananas are delicious added at the last minute or drizzled with lemon juice if dessert needs to be refrigerated for a time. Whole strawberries make a colorful addition. Fresh fruit in season may be substituted for any of the canned fruits.

Melt the jam, combine with orange flavoring, and drizzle over the top of the fruit. Refrigerate or freeze until time to serve. Cut in pie-shaped wedges and top with whipped topping.

(NOTE: One friend who has made this prefers the dessert without the cream cheese layer.) —Evelyn

ZIPPY ORANGE SLAW

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 1/2 cups shredded cabbage
- 3/4 cup chopped celery

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Stir in cold water and flavoring. Chill until slightly thickened. With electric mixer, beat in mayonnaise and dressing. Fold in cabbage and celery. Pour into 9-inch square pan and chill until firm.

—Hallie

FROZEN FRENCH FRIES

Prepare as many French-cut potato slices as desired. Pre-fry, a few at a time, in hot shortening which is 400 degrees in temperature. Fry until the water is cooked out — about 3-4 minutes. Drain thoroughly and cool. Place in plastic bags and freeze.

When ready to use, drop frozen potatoes into 400-degree shortening and cook until golden and crisp. Drain, salt and serve hot.

This method makes French fries which are crisp and brown. A great way to prepare potatoes for the freezer if too many are grown for winter storage, for salvaging the potatoes which are cut during digging, or if potatoes begin to sprout.

CABBAGE WITH A SPECIAL TOUCH

- 1 head cabbage, coarsely chopped
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, diced
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook cabbage in small amount of water in covered pan or skillet about 4 to 5 minutes over moderate heat. Add remaining ingredients. Stir to blend. Serve hot. (This amount of water should just about be cooked away by the time the cabbage is tender-crisp. Watch to be certain it does not cook too rapidly and the cabbage scorch. If too much liquid remains, drain off, but reserve if you wish to add it back into the creamy mixture to create more of a sauce.) —Evelyn

SLOPPY JOE GRILLS

1/2 lb. ground beef
 1/2 cup barbecue sauce
 1/4 cup water
 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
 2 Tbls. chopped onion
 American cheese slices
 Bread slices
 Butter or margarine
 Brown meat; drain. Add barbecue sauce, water, pepper and onion. Simmer 15 minutes. Spread meat mixture on slices of bread, top with cheese and second slice of bread. Spread outer sides of bread with butter or margarine. Place sandwiches on cooky sheet and broil on each side until golden brown.

—Donna Nenneman

CARROT CASSEROLE

2 lbs. carrots, scraped and cut in pieces
 6 slices bacon, fried and crumbled
 1/2 cup chopped onions
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 1 can condensed tomato soup
 Cook carrots in small amount of water until almost done. Fry bacon. Remove bacon from pan and saute the onions in the fat. Layer the carrots, bacon and onion in a greased casserole. Mix salt and mustard with the tomato soup and pour over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to one hour.

ITALIAN-STYLE CHICKEN

3 whole raw chicken breasts, split, skinned and boned
 1 egg
 3 Tbls. milk
 1/4 cup chopped onion
 2 cloves garlic, minced
 Salt to taste
 1/2 cup corn flake crumbs
 1/2 cup flour
 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
 1 tsp. Italian herb seasoning
 1/4 tsp. black pepper
 1/4 tsp. ground coriander
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 3 Tbls. salad oil
 6 slices mozzarella cheese

Pound chicken breasts between two pieces of waxed paper to 3/8 inch thick. Put egg, milk, onion, garlic and salt in blender and blend until smooth. In bowl, combine corn flake crumbs, flour, Parmesan cheese and seasonings. Dip chicken pieces in egg mixture, then coat with crumb mixture. Melt butter or margarine and salad oil in skillet over medium heat. Saute chicken pieces in the hot shortening for about 1 1/2 minutes on each side. Place chicken on greased baking sheet. Place mozzarella cheese slices over chicken. Place in preheated broiler, 6 inches under heat, for 2-3 minutes or until cheese melts.

—Betty Jane

SPINACH MAYONNAISE

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen spinach, thawed
 2 cups mayonnaise
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1 cup chopped parsley
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1 Tbls. dill, (fresh if possible)
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Thaw spinach and squeeze out as much liquid as possible. (Do not cook.) Place all ingredients in blender and whirl until well combined. Chill until time to serve.

—Betty Jane

LOW-CALORIE ORANGE SHERBET

1 envelope plain gelatin
 1/4 cup cold lemon juice
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie liquid sweetener
 1/2 cup orange juice, heated
 Pinch of salt
 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 1/2 cups skim milk
 Soften gelatin in cold lemon juice. Add sweetener and hot orange juice. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add salt and flavorings. Cool. Combine with milk and freeze until mushy. Then whip until frothy and light. Return to freezer and freeze. Contains about 24 calories per 1/4 cup.

—Hallie

VIRGINIA'S CRISP BREAD-AND-BUTTER PICKLES

1 gallon medium-sized cucumbers
 6 large onions
 2 sweet peppers (green or red)
 1/2 cup pickling salt
 5 cups vinegar
 5 cups brown sugar
 1 1/2 tsp. turmeric
 2 Tbls. mustard seed
 1 1/2 tsp. celery seed
 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
 1-inch stick cinnamon
 Use the freshest cucumbers possible. Slice 1/4 inch thick. Blanch in boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain. Slice onions as thin as possible. Remove seeds and white membrane from sweet peppers. Chop. Combine vegetables in bowl. Sprinkle salt over top. Place weighted plate on top. Refrigerate overnight, or at least 12 hours. Drain well and rinse in cold water. Drain thoroughly (in a cloth bag or a colander if possible). Combine remaining ingredients and heat to boiling. Gently add vegetables to hot syrup; do not stir. Heat entire mixture over low heat just to the scalding point (bubbles around edge). Do not allow to boil. Ladle into hot, clean jars. Seal and process in boiling water bath for 15 minutes.

—Evelyn

COOL LIME SALAD

1 1/2 cups (15 1/4-oz. can) crushed pineapple
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 1/2 cup frozen limeade concentrate, thawed
 1/3 cup salad dressing
 2 cups whipped topping or whipped cream
 2 medium bananas, sliced
 Drain pineapple, reserving syrup. Add water to syrup to make one cup. Bring to boil; add gelatin and stir to dissolve. Add frozen limeade concentrate and salad dressing; stir until well blended. Chill until slightly thickened but not set, about 45 minutes. Fold in pineapple and remaining ingredients. Pour into oiled 1 1/2-quart ring mold or 9- by 13-inch pan. Return to refrigerator to set.

—Verlene Looker

PINEAPPLE-CHEESE PIE

1 baked crumb crust
 4 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
 2 eggs
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 lb., 4-oz. can pineapple chunks
 1 cup sour cream
 3 Tbls. sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Beat cheese, eggs, 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring together until fluffy. Stir in well-drained pineapple chunks. Turn into crust. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Mix together the sour cream, 3 Tbls. sugar and 1 tsp. vanilla and spread over top of pie. Return to oven and bake five minutes longer. Cool to room temperature. Refrigerate and serve.

—Donna Nenneman

SWEET-SOUR SPARERIBS

2 1/2-3 lbs. pork spareribs
 Salt and pepper
 1/4 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
 3 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 small jar baby food strained apricots (or apricot-applesauce or pears)
 1 1/2 tsp. molasses
 1 1/2 tsp. dark corn syrup
 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
 Dash of hot pepper sauce
 1/4 cup chili sauce
 1 garlic clove, pressed or minced
 1 Tbls. soy sauce
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 Sprinkle salt and pepper over spareribs. Broil 3-5 minutes on each side. Place ribs in 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Combine remaining ingredients in heavy saucepan. Put over medium heat and stir until heated. Pour half of the sauce over ribs in baking pan. Place in 350-degree oven and bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes. Pour on the remaining sauce and return to oven for approximately 30 minutes longer.

—Betty Jane

FROZEN CUCUMBERS

- 2 quarts cucumbers, peeled and sliced
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 2 Tbls. pickling salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar

Combine cucumbers, onion and salt and refrigerate, covered, for 24 hours. Drain well. Add sugar and vinegar. Return to refrigerator for 24 more hours. Spoon into freezer containers, cover with juice mixture. Freeze. —Evelyn

PIQUANT VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen Brussels sprouts, defrosted
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen cauliflower, defrosted
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup sliced green onion
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 1 14 1/2-oz. can sliced baby tomatoes, well drained

Cut defrosted Brussels sprouts and cauliflower into lengthwise pieces. Place in steamer basket and set in kettle with one inch of boiling water. Cook for 2-3 minutes until just tender. Do not overcook. Put in bowl with green pepper and onion. Pour the Italian dressing over and stir gently. Cover and chill at least four hours or overnight. Just before serving, add the tomatoes and stir gently.

—Betty Jane

SPICED OATMEAL CAKE

- 1 cup uncooked old-fashioned rolled oats
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 1/4 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Nuts and raisins if desired

Put rolled oats in small bowl. Pour boiling water over oats. Set aside. Let stand 20 minutes. Sift dry ingredients together. In large bowl, cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugars until smooth and fluffy. Beat in eggs and remaining flavorings. Stir in oatmeal mixture. Add dry ingredients. Fold in nuts and raisins if desired. Pour batter into greased and floured 9-inch square pan (a larger pan will make a thinner cake, but can be used if preferred). Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes, or until cake tests done. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar.

—Evelyn

SUMMER SQUASH CASSEROLE

- 6 cups sliced yellow summer squash
 - 1/2 cup chopped onion
 - 1 can cream of chicken soup
 - 1 cup dairy sour cream
 - 1 cup shredded carrots
 - 1 8-oz. pkg. herb-seasoned stuffing mix
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
- Cook squash and onion in boiling, salted water for five minutes; drain. Combine soup and sour cream. Stir in shredded carrots. Fold in squash and onion. Combine stuffing (dry) and melted butter or margarine. Spread half of stuffing mixture in bottom of 7- by 12-inch baking dish. Spoon vegetable mixture atop. Top with remaining stuffing. Bake in 350-degree oven for 25-30 minutes.

—Dorothy

ORANGE FROST BARS

- 3 eggs
- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 4 ozs. diced dates
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Beat eggs until light and fluffy. Beat in orange juice. Stir in remaining ingredients and mix well. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool slightly and frost with the following:

- 1 cup powdered sugar
 - 1 Tbls. orange juice
 - Enough milk to make spreadable
- Combine ingredients and frost. Cut into bars.

NOTE: This recipe does not call for any shortening. —Verlene Looker

CORN-CHEESE CASSEROLE

- 1 8-oz. jar Cheez Whiz
- 1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn, undrained
- 3/4 cup cracker crumbs
- 3 medium tomatoes, sliced (or canned tomatoes, drained)
- 1 Tbls. melted butter

Place cheese in heavy saucepan and heat over very low heat. Stir in corn and 1/2 cup of the cracker crumbs. In greased 8-inch square baking pan, place a layer of half the corn mixture and half the tomatoes; then repeat layers. Toss remaining cracker crumbs with the melted butter and sprinkle over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

—Betty Jane Tilsen

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DAVID DRIFTMIER WRITES ABOUT NEBRASKA'S FAMOUS AUTHOR

Dear Friends:

The last few months were busy ones for Sophie and also for me. Because Sophie has been working so hard to finish her last six months at nursing school, I decided to go back to the university and do more graduate work even though I am teaching in the public schools. As a result, we have spent many evenings studying and reading together.

I have grown concerned lately about the amount of violence that is shown regularly on the television screen. I have always felt strongly that because we live in a democracy, censorship of any kind should be regarded with mistrust. After all, we in North America have freedom of speech as one of our most cherished liberties, and we cherish it because so much of the world does not have it.

Lately, there have been studies made which suggest that the amount of brutality watched on television can be linked closely to the amount of crime that goes on in the streets. Somehow, watching one act of violence after another in the idealized world of TV prime-time viewing, has made many people more callous and less concerned for the rights of others.

As an English teacher, I wish that more people would spend their time reading good literature. This is not to say that all television is bad. Sometimes, in fact, television can work in the interest of better literature. "Willa Cather's America", for example, was on Public Broadcasting Service television a few nights ago. I have been making a study of Willa Cather's novels lately, and so you can imagine how upset I was that I had to teach that night and miss this documentary on one of the greatest writers America has ever known.

I am sure that many of you are already very fond of Miss Cather's novels and short stories. She is often thought of as the novelist laureate of the Middle West. From the time that she was nine years old and until she went to the University of Nebraska (where she graduated with honors in 1869), she spent her most formative years: first on a nearby farm and then in the town of Red Cloud, Nebraska. Later, while living in New York City, she wrote novels that had for their settings Virginia (the state of her birth), the American Southwest, Canada's Quebec City and London, England. Most of her really great novels, however, have their settings and characters derived from her experiences in Nebraska. One could say that, even though she never did mentally leave the Middle West, her concerns were always for America as a nation. Her understanding and illustration of our

human limitations and aspirations transcend all national boundaries; she has been translated into many foreign languages.

Willa Cather wrote about the immigrants from all over Europe who came to the American land, took shelter in sod huts and worked to tame the soil and make it fertile. Her stories are of how the area grew prosperous and of how the later generations, who lived in the small towns and the large farms, dealt with the problems and the prosperity that came with the passage of time.

The first of her "prairie novels", and her most happy book, is *O Pioneers!*. Most societies have epics that dramatize and praise the exploits of their ancestors, this Willa Cather does for the early settlement of the western homesteaders. Read this bold declaration of the requirements of the pioneer: "A pioneer should have imagination, should be able

future and teaches us some good lessons.

My Antonia is the story of Antonia Shimerda, the daughter of a Bohemian farmer in the early days of the West. In many ways it is like the story in *O Pioneers!*, except that it is told by Jim Burden, a boy who grew up in a small Nebraska town and then moved to the East. It is a beautiful and powerful book, largely because it is the story that most closely shows Willa Cather's own memories of Nebraska. The book has the effect of making the reader remember the best of his own past.

Next to the Middle West, the Southwest was Willa Cather's favorite area. Like many of us, she never lived there but visited the area often. She loved the people of the Southwest, the landscape and the old pueblo ruins that accent the mesas, canyons, and deserts. It is in this setting that she placed *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

In this piece of historical fiction she traces the life and times of Archbishop Jean Baptiste Lamy who was the archbishop of Santa Fe in the last part of the 19th century. Miss Cather's fictional bishop is called "Jean Latour", through whose wisdom we see historical characters like Kit Carson and much of what took place at the time. Through the character of Jean Latour, Miss Cather voices thoughts that were not to become popular until later in the twentieth century. It is in this book that Willa Cather looks furthest into the future.

In the introduction to *My Antonia* she writes that "no one who had not grown up in a little prairie town could know anything about it". Through her writing, however, she certainly makes the reader feel what it was like. One fact that all of her books contain is her ability to describe the landscape in a powerfully animated fashion. I love her descriptions, especially those from the book *O Pioneers!* When I read it, I imagine the changes that have taken place since the days of my great-grandparents who lived in Iowa, and at the same time I can almost taste what it is like to stroll through Mid-western farming country.

The simple plow became, for Willa Cather, the one item that more than anything else represented the character of the Middle West. Here is one of her most famous passages from *My Antonia*, which describes a plow silhouetted against a sunset:

"Just as the lower edge of the red disk rested on the high fields against the horizon, a great black figure suddenly appeared on the face of the sun. We sprang to our feet, straining our eyes toward it. In a moment we realized what it was. On some upland farm, a plow had been left standing in a field. The sun was sinking just behind it. Magnified across

(Continued on page 20)



Sophie and David Driftmier live in British Columbia, Canada.

to enjoy the idea of things more than the things themselves."

Alexandra Bergson, the daughter of a Swedish farmer who had come to undeveloped land and is the heroine of the story, has exactly those qualities. She and her younger brothers suffer bad years and drought but, through her imaginative love of the rough and forbidding area, persuades the brothers to stay on and work the land. Always generous and hard working, she is the very model of the ideals that made America grow.

One of the reasons why Willa Cather is being read by more and more people today is that some of her most basic thoughts are these: life could be better than it is and one of the ways to make it better is by remembering some of the values on which the nation was founded and by trying to reassert those values. She has a real nostalgia for the past and yet, at the same time, she points into the

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

Slice the amount of rhubarb needed for a recipe. Cover with boiling water. Let stand 20 minutes, then drain, discard liquid. Proceed to cook rhubarb as desired, or use in recipe as usual. The sugar will sweeten better and any dessert will be more delicious with this method. It really makes a difference.

—Mrs. R. A., Kerkhoven, Minn.

To freeze green beans: Boil green beans for 5 minutes in enough water to cover. Spoon beans into freezer containers. Dissolve beef bouillon cubes in liquid in which beans were cooked, using one cube per each cup liquid. Pour this broth over beans in boxes to cover. Cool quickly and place in freezer. When time to serve, cook until beans are

tender. Add more salt at this time if needed.

—E.C., Bedford, Iowa

In the summer I make up batches of jelly to give to friends and neighbors as thank-you gifts and to make ahead for Christmas. I often can raspberry and other juices in the summer (or put them in the freezer), then just before the holidays I make up fresh jelly to use for gifts.

—K.D., Lake City, Iowa

To soften hard cookies, place half an apple in a covered bowl with the cookies. This will also help soften brown sugar which has become too hard.

—Mrs. B.G., Uniontown, Ks.

After my mother died, my sister gathered up Mother's favorite recipes and copied them down in a loose-leaf notebook. She made three copies and

gave each of her three sisters a copy for a very treasured gift.

—Mrs. T.J., Sidney, Iowa

When making up meat loaf, soak bread crumbs (or cubed bread) in liquid until soft, then beat with an egg beater so no big chunks of bread remain. Mix with rest of ingredients as desired and bake.

—Mrs. H.I.S., Adrian, Mo.

A way to make box cake mixes outstanding is to add 1 cup sour cream, 1 tsp. soda and some good Kitchen-Klatter flavoring to the regular directions on a box of cake mix. Bake the cake just a little longer than directed. It makes a texture that melts in your mouth. I have used this with cherry, chocolate, yellow and white cake mixes.

—Mrs. F.W., Willmar, Minn.



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MEET OUR WRITERS



Mary Feese

My writing, I'm told, reflects a mixture of two viewpoints, city and country. That's probably true, since I work for the Division of Employment Security, in Jefferson City, the state capitol of Missouri, and live in a small country home in the Lake of the Ozarks area. As for family, my seven children are all out of school now except for the youngest boy. The three oldest are married and I have three grandchildren.

How did I begin writing articles? It seems that I've always lived in a world of paper and ink since I learned to read at an early age. Soon I was reading books one a day, like vitamins, and sometimes more.

Then, when I was fifteen, the Business English teacher provided specific rules for writing business letters: 1) State your topic in an interest-catching way. 2) Provide all necessary details, briefly. 3) Wrap it all up with a strong conclusion. It occurred to me that other forms of writing followed this format, also. Acting on impulse, I sent a letter to the "Heart of the Home" page of *Capper's Weekly*. Joy! Back came a check, one precious dollar. Encouraged, I wrote again; another check came. For years, then, I wrote letters for *Capper's*, the only market I knew. When the children were small, I wrote up their cute sayings, and about a dozen were printed every year.

This casual approach to writing went on until 1967, when I saw an item in a needlework magazine that said in effect: "if you think you can write a column on any needlework topic, please submit samples." Since I sewed almost everything for the family, and read all sewing information on which I could get my hands, that was my field.

I wrote two articles that February day, typed them up, and drew illustrations to include. The next day these were dropped into the mail, and thereafter dropped from memory.

In July, a long official-looking white envelope arrived. I'd almost forgotten my winter dreams, but the letter brought

them rushing back. I read it, and stood there stunned. "We like your work, and would like to publish these columns on a monthly basis."

So I organized my time, and met the deadlines. But I had more ideas than one column a month could contain. I sent samples to other publications, and the list grew. By now, more than forty magazines and newspapers have published my work. I've enjoyed doing articles on sewing, travel, short humor, how-to's, and simply "miscellaneous"—whatever struck my fancy. Many of them have appeared in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

Now and then I ask myself, "If you could go anywhere, and do anything that you wanted, what would you be most apt to do?" There's only one answer, writing! I plan to make time for that for the rest of my life.

DISCOVERY

by
Joe Taylor

I made a great discovery today! It is not as great as the Alaskan oil fields or as big as North America. In fact, it will not even make news in the local paper. But it is an important discovery.

I was walking along an abandoned railroad right-of-way several hundred yards from my home. In the twenty years of living in the area, I had never walked along that old track before. Shrubs and young trees bordered the path. On each side, there was a grassy meadow. The setting provided perfect habitat for birds and wildlife. Red-winged blackbirds flew past me. A quail exploded from my feet, causing my heart to race gloriously faster. A pair of bobolinks flew to and fro—carefully guarding their nest from a "predator". A field sparrow flitted from branch to branch in the shrubs.

I continued to walk. Soon I noticed a small ravine ahead of me. I made a discovery! I had never seen this place before! I made my way through waist-high grass which grew abundantly along the edge of the ravine. A trail, evidently made by some long-forgotten cattle that used to inhabit the pasture, stretched ahead of me.

As I began to walk along the path, a rabbit, startled by my presence, darted in front of me and was soon gone from sight. As I dodged some brambles, another quail surprised me.

Then I stopped, listened, and watched. A catbird mewed, then burst into a round of impersonations. A red-headed woodpecker made a noisy visit to an old, gnarled tree.

I continued to walk, making my way to the bottom of the little ravine. Here lay a quiet pool of water. The water was murky and still but far from being stagnant. Cattails and small willows grew

plentifully along the marshy banks. Naturally, the ubiquitous blackbirds had found the spot. I paused at the edge of the water and listened. I could hear no man-made sound. Peace and quiet were everywhere.

All too quickly I had to leave my discovery. I made my way past the shrubs and grasses, past the bobolinks' nest, and back to the old, cindered track.

I felt a touch of sadness as I left. I wished everyone could experience the serenity of nature that I had encountered, but I knew that many people would feel they are too busy to take the time to enjoy nature, to explore their own surroundings. Exciting discoveries can be near at hand for each one of us.

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Come Read With Me

by Armada Swanson

A book I've been reading called *The Seasonal Hearth* (The Overlook Press, Woodstock, N.Y., \$15), by Adelaide Hechtingler, is absolutely priceless. It contains a collection of interesting articles from cookbooks, old magazines, home-remedy books, and almanacs that the author thought would be of interest to the reader. For instance, she quotes from *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, 1889, by Robert B. Thomas about "The Woman Who Laughs":

"For a good, everyday household angel, give us the woman who laughs—her biscuits may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread, and forget to replace dislocated buttons; but, for solid comfort all day and every day, she is a very paragon. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty; one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it; but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try."

This brief history of the American housewife records customs and mannerisms in various parts of the country dating from 1600 to 1910. So you're in for a treat, if you can find this book at your library, as you read about



Frederick Driftmier entertains his grandson, Christopher Palo.

the wives and mothers who kept together the family life. And we still do, don't we?

One of the pleasures of column-writing is recommending books, and two which bring pleasure and aid to bird watchers are Roger Tory Peterson's *Field Guide to the Birds—Eastern Land and Water Birds* and *A Field Guide to Western Birds*. The first *Field Guide* was published in 1934 and now, about two million copies have been sold. One first printing of the book, complete with dust jacket, sold for \$1,200! So it is a real collector's item. The diagrammatic drawings in the books bring together the species that are most similar, and the different marks of the species are pointed out by arrows. This information about a great American artist and his work is found in the book, *The World of Roger Tory Peterson* (Time Books, New York, \$14.95), by John C. Devlin and Grace Naismith. A very private man, Mr. Peterson has cooperated with the authors in answering questions about his life. As a young boy, his love was nature and to avoid discipline, he often would go birding. He finished high school at sixteen, graduating from Jamestown High School, New York, in 1925, with this appraisal under his photograph in the class yearbook: "Woods! Birds! Flowers! Here are the makings of a great naturalist." How prophetic! *The World of Roger Tory Peterson* is an illuminating introduction to this artist. Elliot Richardson, in the foreword of the book, writes of Peterson's instructing millions in the richness of the natural world and our enlarged awareness by way of his books, bird portraits, and concern for conservation and environment.

On the "best books" list for some time is a beautiful reproduction of a naturalist's diary called *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$14.95), by Edith Holden. It was on January 1, 1906, that Edith Holden made her first entry in a diary that was to record the countryside through the changing seasons. Her words, neatly printed by hand, included

her thoughts and observations on the wildlife surrounding her home in the village of Olton, Warwickshire, England. An asset to the book is a collection of gorgeous paintings of birds, butterflies, bees and flowers, which show her deep love of nature.

It is rather mysterious that this lovely book became very special to Edith Holden, and she allowed no one to see it. For seventy years, this book had lain undiscovered until it was found recently on the shelves of an English country house. This publication certainly captures a charm that is hard to describe. For the month of July, she writes of cycling to Knowle, and along the way seeing wild roses, tall purple foxgloves and purple and yellow vetches. Illustrations put her words in pictures.

Edith Holden went on to become an illustrator after attending art school. She died in 1920, drowning in the Thames.

See if your library has a copy of *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*. It is very special.

If you've ever heard the comment, "Stay with your brothers and sisters," then you can relate to this book for children (ages 3-7) by Clyde Robert Bulla called *Keep Running, Allen!* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$6.95). It is not so easy to be little. You have to run all the time to keep up. But one day Allen decided to just lie still and watch, instead of chasing after the older and bigger kids. Soon his playmates were doing the same thing! The watercolor illustrations by Satomi Ichikawa capture the exuberance of children at play in a sunny, green world.

An *I Can Read* book for young children is *Wagon Wheels* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$4.95), by Barbara Brenner. It is based on a true story. In 1878, Ed Muldie and his family left Kentucky to go to Kansas. They had heard about the Homestead Act. They were among thousands of black pioneers who left the South after the Civil War. The three boys in this story actually did stay alone in a dugout, and their story is documented in the memoirs of the late Lulu Sadler Craig. In this unusual history book, Barbara Brenner offers a fresh view of pioneer days.

DINNER GUESTS — Concluded

you've summoned guests to the table!

Occasionally, a hostess may encounter someone who recites such a long list of foods or flavorings he or she can't eat and doesn't like that it would take all the joy out of planning and preparing a company dinner for such a guest. Such a fussy eater I take to a restaurant where he can select what he likes from a menu. Then if he picks at the food on his plate, it won't bother me one bit.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Some years ago, a reader sent in a request for information on drying sweet corn. "When I was a youngster growing up on a farm," she wrote, "I often helped my mother gather and dry sweet corn to eat in the winter. If I remember correctly, the corn was cut from the cobs and spread on cheesecloth which was laid over a window screen. It was set out in the hot sun to dry. I know that when it was thoroughly dry and a light caramel color, it was put in clean flour sacks (or maybe sugar sacks) and hung by a string from the attic ceiling. This was so mice could not get to it.

"Mother would send Father up to get a bag of the corn from time to time (we children could not reach the bags) and we would enjoy dried sweet corn. Sometimes when company was coming for Sunday dinner, Mother would measure the dried sweet corn into a kettle, pour boiling water over it, cover the pot and set it to the back of the wood-burning kitchen range before we left for church. When we came home, the most delicious odor pervaded the house from the slow-cooking corn. When it was time to serve, the corn was seasoned with salt, pepper, a dab of butter and a little thick, sweet cream. It had a nutty, delicious flavor that is different from today's frozen or canned corn.

"Can you tell me how to dry sweet corn? I do not have a vegetable dryer but thought I could dry it in a slow oven. I recall Mother often spread the corn on the bottom of the black tin bread pans she used in those days. She put the pans in the oven, left the door open and kept a slow fire in the range. This was done if it rained or we had muggy weather outdoors and the corn would not dry."

I, too, remember the mouth-watering goodness of dried sweet corn but I could not recall just how the drying was done; I mentioned this in a column and the response was fantastic. I think I received letters on how to dry sweet corn from readers for over a period of two years. I filed them all and the following letter from Alice Jenkins, Independence, Mo., gives the consensus of opinion on how to dry sweet corn the old-fashioned way.

Alice wrote, "When I lived on the farm, I used to dry sweet corn by the gallons. First, select the nicest corn—not too tender nor too tough. (Another reader stated that to test corn for 'just the right stage' for drying, pull down the husks and cut into a kernel with your thumb-nail. If the 'milk' is watery, it is too im-

mature, and if creamy, it is just right.)

"Parboil the ears for three minutes, cool and cut kernels off the cob. To dry corn out-of-doors, cover a window screen with cloth (I saved old sheets for this). Spread the corn thinly on the sheets and cover with cheesecloth. Set the screen on sawhorses. (Alice placed her screen on the clothesline as she had two lines close together—but sawhorses or any support which allows air to circulate freely will work.)

"Start on a hot, sunny day. If the wind gets too breezy, lay another window screen over all to anchor down the cloth with the corn. Stir the corn several times a day. Bring the screen indoors at sundown and put out again the next day when the sun is hot. It takes several days to dry corn properly in the sun. You can hasten the process by spreading the corn on cookie sheets and putting in a slow oven (lowest setting), leaving the oven door open. Stir the corn often. When the corn is thoroughly dry, store in covered jars. These make a conversation piece if left on your kitchen counter.

"To prepare for the table, place dried sweet corn in a heavy saucepan, cover with boiling water, place lid on the pan and simmer over moderate heat until corn is tender. Season with salt, pepper, butter and/or cream as desired."

When I think of the sweet corn our grandmothers had to use for drying, I marvel that it is remembered as "delicious". It will be exciting to dry *Illini Extra Sweet*, or some of the other improved varieties with this method of storing.

PICTURE ON THE WALL — Concl.

their attention. At any rate, backpacking trips to the high mountains, canoe trips in northern boundary waters, camps along the shores of unusual lakes and even such projects as a motorcycle caravan with cyclists traveling together with competent minister-counselors, are growing in frequency.

As I cover my typewriter and prepare to leave the study to go into the kitchen and cook our evening meal, I give one last, loving glance at the picture of the young people who were part of that summer institute of long ago. It is to be hoped, whatever the changing pattern for church activities are available today, that each youth who has the privilege of attending his denominational summer program will find the same opportunities for his development and spiritual growth as was provided by those early Epworth League Institutes.

POUND FOOLISH

I've never seen a calorie;
I don't expect to see one.
But I can clearly see the parts
Of me that used to be one! —Anon.

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From Our Family Album

We consider this automobile a real jewel where old, old cars are concerned. My Aunt Helen Fischer is at the wheel. (She was one of the first women in this area who learned to drive.) Next to her is her oldest daughter, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, who has lived in Iowa City for many years. In the back seat is Uncle Frederick Fischer who looks as if he thrived on good Iowa food. Beside him is his daughter, Mary Fischer Chapin, who has lived in Ontario, Canada, for quite a few years.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
enough against failure—failure to be the decent citizens we ought to be, failure to make our country the best possible with clean air, clean water, and a clean way of life for all of us. I am not nearly as afraid of people's fighting instincts as I am afraid that they won't use those instincts enough in the fight to save our country from being something less than its best.

Do you know who I think are some of the best fighters in the world? The blind! Just think of all the fears, of all the difficulties, of all the disappointments and deprivations against which blind people must fight. If a blind person were not a fighter, he would surely be defeated at every turn. Whenever I watch one of the blind young people in our church walk up into the pulpit to read the morning Scripture lesson, I want to stand up and salute! What fears have to be fought and defeated before a blind person can do a good job reading Scripture to a congregation of hundreds of persons.

Also, I think of what fighters cerebral palsy victims have to be as they make their way through life with terribly crippled bodies and sharp, sensitive and intelligent minds. They have to fight so hard to keep their love and faith as they go bravely against the misunderstanding stares and remarks of others.

Whenever I have the opportunity, I say

to young people: "I hope you are fighters! I hope there is a deep instinctive fear in your hearts that life could hurt you and leave you far behind in the race for human dignity and decency unless you fight to be strong—strong in the right, strong in your willingness to do the hard right when it would be so easy to do the easy wrong, and strong in the faith that God has a right to expect only the best from you."

Sincerely,

Frederick

DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded
the distance by the horizontal light, it stood out against the sun, was exactly contained within the circle of the disk; the handles, tongue, the share—black against the molten red. There it was, heroic in size, a picture-writing on the sun."

Today, in Red Cloud, Nebraska, the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial and Educational Foundation has a picture of a plow as an emblem. The group is increasingly busy as more people discover the genius of this great Middle Western writer. If you do not already like her fine novels as much as I do, make a trip to the library or a bookstore and get a Willa Cather book. Happy Reading!

Sincerely,
David

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ANOTHER "HUMDINGER" LETTER

When you asked about letters concerning problems, I felt compelled to write. In this day, I know my problem is not a rare one, at least not entirely.

My problem is a daughter. It all started when she was a junior in high school. She felt that she needed more privileges and, as an end result, she ran away from home. For four months, she lived in a commune in New Mexico before she made contact with her sister. We went after her and assured her of our love and promised to never mention the incident again, which promise we followed to the letter.

In the summer before our daughter was a high school senior, she told me that as soon as she was 18 (the following January) that she was leaving for good because she was sick of following orders, etc. I told her that, in that case, there was no use in her even starting to school, that she'd have to get a job and would need the money. So she said (rather un-lady-like), "I'm staying with you until I graduate, as much as I hate you."

During her senior year, she skipped school and I was in the principal's office many times trying to patch up the situation. After many sleepless nights and nightmarish days, our daughter graduated with her class in June.

By the time she graduated, she was engaged. Trying our best to keep her happy, we gave our consent to a marriage that we had misgivings about. (Not because we didn't like the boy, quite the contrary, he was the son I never had.)

Our daughter wanted a wedding with all the trimmings—three bridesmaids, a maid-of-honor, etc. As I do housework, I worked many extra hours to earn money for the wedding. I made everything, including the cake. As an added bonus, I served a salad luncheon for 110 guests, which I was thrilled to do. Our daughter's happiness was all that mattered.

Well, the marriage went fairly smooth for several months. Two weeks before Thanksgiving, her dad called me at work and said our daughter had moved back home and she didn't want to be married any longer. We met with our son-in-law's



Dorothy Johnson displays the birthday cake that Lila Konrad made for her. See Dorothy's Letter on page 3 for the details.

folks and tried to persuade the couple to work harder at their marriage. During this meeting, our daughter told me she hated me and never wanted to see me again and that I was so stupid she was ashamed to say that I was her mother.

She stayed with her husband about two more weeks and then moved out bag and baggage and I have had no contact with her since.

My heart aches, but I do not feel that I should go to her again under the circumstances. I want to do what is right, and what is best for her, but it is difficult to know what to do when our daughter feels as she does. Is it right to hurt both of us anymore?
—G.A., Colo.

I KNOW

I KNOW that this day will never come again. Therefore I will make it the best day in which I have ever lived.

I KNOW that happiness is a thing within and that it is always in the world and very near to me. I KNOW I have but to search for it, and that as soon as I begin to hunt it out, I have it. Also, I KNOW that as soon as I get happiness and begin to give it away it comes back doubled—and more, to me. I KNOW this.

I KNOW that work is a stimulus and that it keeps the world alive and moving. I KNOW that the people who work with love in their hearts and interest in their brains are the real doers and benefactors of mankind. I KNOW that I can be a doer and a benefactor.
—Unknown

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VITAMIN B12
100 TABLETS **1.19**
500 for 4.25

DOLOMITE
Calcium Rich
100 TABLETS **49c**
500 for 1.85

10 MG. ZINC
TABLETS
100 TABLETS **49c**
1,000 for 4.45

"Formula T-M"
Therapeutic Multi-Vitamins with Minerals
100 TABLETS **\$1.85**
500 for 8.99

HERBAL LAXATIVE
100 TABLETS **95c**
500 for 4.35

BIG 4
KELP, VIT. B6, LECITHIN, CIDER VINEGAR
100 TABLETS **98c**
500 for 3.88

19 GRAIN LECITHIN
CAPSULES (1,200 mg.)
100 CAPSULES **1.59**
300 for 4.39

RAISIN NUT & SEED
Trail Mix
Natural Snack
12 oz. **1.49**

ONE GRAM (1000 mg) VITAMIN C
With Rose Hips
100 TABLETS **1.49**
500 for 7.29

FORMULA S-6
(Comparable to "STRESSABS 600")
60 TABLETS **2.89**

PAPAYA PAPAIN
(Digestant)
100 TABLETS **75c**
500 for 3.25

100 mg VIT. C. & Acerola in Each Delicious Tablet
ACEROLA-C
100 TABLETS **98c**
500 for 4.49

25 MCG. SELENIUM
TABLETS
100 TABLETS **2.75**
500 for 10.00
1000 for 17.50

BREWERS YEAST
TABLETS
250 TABLETS **65c**
1,000 for 1.95

LECITHIN POWDER
Dissolves Easily
8 oz. BOTTLE **1.49**

100 MG. GINSENG
TABLET
50 TABLETS **99c**
250 for 3.95
250 MG. SUPER GINSENG TABLET
100 TABLETS **2.98**
500 for 12.95

ALFALFA
Tablets
100 TABLETS **49c**
500 for 1.95

Desiccated LIVER
100 TABLETS **79c**
500 for 3.49

VITAMINS A & D
(5,000 A; 400 D)
100 TABLETS **49c**
1,000 for 3.50

50 MG. VITAMIN B2 (RIBOFLAVIN)
100 TABLETS **1.25**
500 for 5.50

HERBAL DIURETIC
100 TABLETS **1.75**
500 for 6.50

400 UNIT CAPSULES
☐ 50 DAY SUPPLY **88c**

☐ 100 FOR **\$1.49**
☐ 500 FOR **\$7.25**
☐ 1000 FOR **\$13.98**

Limit: One of Any Size to A Family

Mail Coupon with remittance to
NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS
104 West Jackson, N 1670
Carbondale, Ill. 62901

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500 MG. ASCORBIC ACID
VITAMIN C
100 TABLETS **95c**
500 for 4.49

WHEAT GERM
RAW FLAKES
1 lb. **59c**
5 lbs. for 2.79

KELP
Tablets (Iodine)
100 TABLETS **39c**
1,000 for 2.49

HI-POTENCY STRESS FORMULA
(Same formula as PLUS 72)
100 TABLETS **1.95**
250 for 3.89

Our "TOP-B" B-COMPLEX "50"
Famous Formula at a Sensational Low Price!
Every Capsule Contains 50 mg. B1, B2, B6, Niacinamide, Pantoic Acid, Choline, Inositol; 50 mcg. B12, Biotin; 50 mg. Paba; 100 mcg. Folic Acid.
50 Capsules **2.49** 100 Capsules **3.98**
250 for 9.49

500 MG. BRAN
TABLETS
Easy way to get this important wheat fiber.
300 TABLETS **\$1**

"SPECIAL C-500"
500 mg. Vit. C Plus Rose Hips, 200 mg. Bioflavonoids, 50 mg. Rutin, 25 mg. Hesperidin
100 TABLETS **1.29**
500 for 6.15

"KITCHEN FARM" SEED SPROUTER
Make your own bean sprouts.
Complete Kit..... **1.00**

PROTEIN DIET POWDER
16 oz. CONTAINS 416 GRAMS OF PROTEIN
lb. **3.98**

ORGANIC IRON
Supreme
100 TABLETS **1.49**
500 for 4.95

DOLOMITE & BONE MEAL
100 TABLETS **69c**
500 for 2.65

VITAMIN E
Beauty Cream
1 oz. Jar **1.00**

GIANT 20 MINIM. WHEAT GERM OIL
CAPSULES
40 CAPSULES **1.10**
120 for 2.89

83 MG. POTASSIUM
TABLETS
100 TABLETS **1.25**
500 for 5.00

500 MG. BEE POLLEN
TABLETS
100 TABLETS **2.49**
500 for 9.85

ACIDOPHILUS
CAPSULES (Our Price)
100 CAPSULES **2.50**
250 for 4.95

GARLIC OIL CAPSULES
100 CAPSULES **79c**
500 for 3.75

Fruit & Nut CAROB
Candy Bars
3 oz. **60c**

MULTI-MINERALS 9 VITAL MINERALS
100 TABLETS **98c**
500 for 4.50

TIME RELEASE VITAMIN C
500 MG. CAPSULES
100 CAPSULES **2.98**

SUNFLOWER SEED KERNELS
12 oz. **89c**
6 Pkgs. for 4.99

Money Saving MAIL ORDER BLANK

RUSH Your Order Now to:

THE BEST TIME TO SAVE IS NOW!
NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS
104 West Jackson St.— N 1670
Carbondale, Ill. 62901

We Pay ALL Postage

List items you wish here:

QUAN-TITY	SIZE	NAME OF PRODUCT	TOTAL PRICE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

TOTAL—amount enclosed

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

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