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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I had expected my May letter to you to begin with a tremendous contrast to the opening of the April letter you received, but no such luck—it's the same old story of ice and snow.

The very word "Spring" calls to my mind something Frederick said recently during a phone call to me. He had been visiting with his little four-year-old granddaughter, Isabel, and asked her what season followed spring.

She replied immediately, "Summer," and then added, "After summer we have winter."

"You're right," Frederick said, "but what comes after winter?"

She was very thoughtful for a moment and then said, "Nothing comes after winter." It was her idea that each season happened only once—and after that, nothing. That statement made me realize once again what an incredible conglomeration of ideas children get into their heads as they grow from year to year. Her conception was that each season with its special weather happened only once—then it was over!

There is genuine news to share with you about Frederick and Betty, but I'm going to wait and have him tell you about it when the right time comes.

Everything around here seems very, very quiet today because yesterday we had to say goodbye to my daughter, Juliana, and my grandchildren, James and Katharine. As much as I hated to see them go, I could be truly grateful that they left when they did for they flew off into a gray sky and nothing worse.

By flying when she did, Juliana was able to take advantage of a big saving's plan. Children under twelve years of age traveled free of charge, therefore Juliana had to buy only one ticket instead of three. But that special offer expired exactly at midnight on the day they left, so you can imagine the confusion and commotion that would have been caused had they not been able to reach Kansas City and board the flight back to Albuquerque.

Betty Jane and I had not seen the

children and Juliana since we were in Albuquerque last October, and we simply couldn't believe how much they had changed in that short a period of time. I have always noticed changes in their appearances, of course, because I get to see my grandchildren so rarely, but this last visit really opened my eyes in more ways than one.

Two years ago I purchased two secondhand bicycles—best investment I ever made! The children had very rigid limits set as to how far they could ride with a dozen and one admonitions before they got on their bikes. James and Katharine almost lived on those bicycles and covered virtually every street and every alley in town. I cannot think of a place they missed. They both wear watches and were told to be back at such and such a time. Right on the dot they appeared—no tearing around on our part looking for them. Believe me, the two of them know Main Street and every shop on it far better than I do!

The only real disappointment during the visit was the fact that our big swimming pool, much rehabilitated, was empty and the children couldn't go swimming. I refrained from saying that with the thermometer standing at 32 degrees they couldn't have gone into any kind of a pool, and eased over the situation by saying that when they come back in the summer, they can swim to their hearts' content.

Robin Read Justiz, who broadcasts with Juliana twice a week in Albuquerque, has a very lovely pool and the children get much pleasure from swimming in hers. There is also a large municipal pool not too far from the Lowey's home and the children love to swim there, too.

In times past, I used to read out loud to James and Katharine a great deal, but now they read everything on their own so it is no longer a novelty to hear someone read from a book. They are both excellent readers. James has been called upon many times by his teacher to help some youngster who's having a hard time with reading assignments. This helps him to feel genuinely useful.

MY! How much James regrets that this is his last year at the Mission Elementary School with no more country roads to walk, unusual rocks to pick up, kids banging at the gate to tell him to hurry up or he'll be late. He will be bussed to Taft School, quite a few miles away and not a great distance from the downtown business section.

"Well," he sighed, "I'll make new friends and when we all get acquainted we can have some good times."

Dorothy gets down to Shenandoah as frequently as the weather permits. She is a great help to Frank in getting the cattle fed and wrestling with those big bales of hay. I wish I lived closer to Lucas so at least I could help by sending in some casseroles, etc. On her last trip down,



Katharine Lowey, Lucile's granddaughter, has built up a large collection of stuffed animals. In a way, this is a compensation for the fact that live animals cannot be a part of the Lowey household due to the allergic reactions to animals which both Katharine's father and brother suffer.

Dorothy was accompanied by her very close friend, Dorothea Polser, who brought a package of the finest homemade noodles I have ever eaten. Dorothea also brought several frozen pie shells which came in mighty handy.

Juliana called as soon as she got home and said that Cousin Alison and Mike Walstad were spending the weekend with them. They seem firmly anchored in Ruidosa, New Mexico, now and Alison told Juliana to pass on the word to me that she would get a letter off to *Kitchen-Klatter* very soon.

David Driftmier (Betty's and Frederick's son) made a flying trip to Springfield, Massachusetts, to consult specialists in Boston who are experts in the treatment of arthritis. They gave him much encouragement and he felt vastly relieved when he boarded the plane in Boston to head back to his teaching position in British Columbia, Canada.

David's sister, Mary Lea, called me the other night with a report from her household. She is a very, very busy young mother who makes time to do all kinds of tasks that can be managed without punching a time clock at 8:00 A.M. Not long ago someone said to me jokingly that the Driftmiers are *workaholics*—the whole clan. I'm afraid they're right. It's in our bones, and once something gets into your bones it is virtually impossible to eradicate.

We are celebrating Easter this year with Betty Jane's family—her mother, her two grandchildren, and her daughter's husband. I'm grateful to have them coming—their visit will give me a chance to put my mind on food—GOOD FOOD!

My space is gone, so until next month,
Always faithfully yours,
Lucile



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

When Frank's sister, Bernie, called last evening to see how we were and how we had spent our day, I told her we were both exhausted from trying to pick up one foot after the other while doing the chores in knee-deep mud in the barn lot. Once, Frank even had to come back and give me a hand after I stood too long in one spot. The suction created made it impossible for me to pick up my foot without losing my boot. I have never been in quicksand, but I always think this must be the way it feels. The frost is now completely out of the ground, so it seems as if the mud has no bottom. We look around and wonder if the earth will ever dry out.

The past winter was terribly hard on livestock. Now, when we drive along the highway and see what an effort it is for the cattle to get around in the deep mud in the feed lots, it is no wonder they get down with fatigue. Many farmers have lost both cows and calves this year and now that the price is better it is a big loss to lose even one.

We had a little black calf that got down in the mud the other day. Apparently, he had struggled hard to get out but the more he tried the deeper in the mud he sank. Finally, the calf had given up. Frank had to tie a rope around him, and we both pulled with all our might until we got him free and in a dry place. This happened early in the morning. The calf was so weak he couldn't stand, but by night he had gained enough strength to get up. We were lucky this time.

A couple of weeks ago, one of our cows had her calf up in the timber. It was a chilly day but the sun was shining and the cow had picked out a nice place to have her calf. Frank didn't want to leave the two animals there because many strange dogs have been roaming the timber at night. Also, there are coyotes in the hills around here. We took some corn and went looking for the cow and calf to see if we could drive them home so we could shut them up for a few days. The baby was a large, husky heifer, but it took us 2½ hours to get both animals home. They really weren't all that far from the house, but the calf just plain didn't want to be moved. There was still quite a bit of snow in the timber, and in places it was pretty deep. We tried everything—pushing, pulling, and carrying the heifer between us. Nothing worked. I finally came home after Kristin's old sled and thought we could pull the calf on it, but the snow was mushy by this time, making it hard to pull the sled. Anyway, the calf didn't like it. All this time I had



Andy Brase, the Johnsons' eldest grandson, has a new hobby—**assembling and launching model rockets.**

been telling Frank the poor little thing was just too weak to walk. I started to pull the sled on ahead and all of a sudden Frank called for me to look back. The calf was following the sled, running right along frisky as could be, and even going over some logs. Frank was almost running to keep up with her. It took 15 minutes to cover the last half of this trip after over two hours the first half.

Frank and I have been reading a lot recently and have just finished reading *Centennial* by James A. Michener, a book we found fascinating. Lucile and Betty Jane have been good to send books home with me that they thought Frank would especially enjoy reading and this was one of them. I imagine many of you saw the movie when it was shown for several weeks on television, but we didn't. Since it was such an expensive production to film, I hope they will show it again someday and we will watch it then. We enjoyed the entire book: the account of our country during the Ice Age, how the territory along the Platte was settled and up to the modern day. We especially liked the story of the big cattle drive from Texas, and later how the Texas longhorns were replaced by the Hereford breed from England.

Our tame ducks have been sharing their puddle with various wild ducks. So far we have seen wood ducks, blue-winged teal, pintails, and mallards. Each breed seems to mind its own business and consequently get along very well together.

I just had a phone call from one of my very dear friends, Angie Conrad, with the exciting news that her twin great-granddaughters had arrived and everyone concerned was doing fine. Angie had told me sometime ago that her granddaughter, Karen, and husband, Carl Crossen, were expecting two babies and the interesting story of how they found out it was to be twins. Carl is a second-year medical student in Mobile, Alabama. One of his professors administers a test each week to expectant mothers called the Ultra

Super Sonic Test. It is a perfectly safe method of getting pictures of the baby without using x-rays. On this particular day, the instructor took his class with him to the hospital to observe the testing procedure. Carl asked if it would be all right to have Karen come in for the test. Up until this time, Karen's doctor had heard only one heart beat, so you can imagine how surprised Carl and Karen were to see pictured two little babies riding piggyback and kicking like crazy. (This was the way Karen described it.) The little girls, who have been named Cameron and Kendra, have a brother, Adam, 3½ years old.

The biggest news at Kristin's house is that Andy saved the Middle School from burning down and had received a letter of commendation from the school principal. Andy was walking by the building after wrestling practice and heard the fire alarm ringing in the building. He ran home as fast as he could and phoned the emergency number to report the alarm. The firemen arrived quickly and soon found there really was a fire in the furnace room which was put out before it spread to the rest of the building.

Frank and I have a lot of fun with a bulletin board we have on the kitchen wall. Whenever we see a cartoon that is especially good, we clip it out and put it on the bulletin board. Frank usually writes the names of his friends on the characters and whenever the friends stop in for coffee they check the board to see what new cartoons have been added. We are constantly changing the illustrations so there is always something new to see.

I read a hint the other day about using an old cooky sheet painted the color of the kitchen wall for a bulletin board. The messages, or whatever you want to put on it, could be held in place with small magnets. I thought this was a clever idea, and something I might try.

We are in for some major repairs on our house this spring or summer, partly due to the damage the roof received this past winter. We have had a leak problem in one particular area of the house for several years, and have had four different men fix it, but not one of them has ever been able to really find the source of the trouble. I'm afraid we never will until we take off the old roof and put on a new one. We'll be torn up for a long time, so I'm not going to waste any effort cleaning house until we are through with the mess. I'm not looking forward to the situation, but will be much relieved if, after all the expense and trouble, the problem will finally be solved.

Frank has some errands he wants me to run for him in town, so I will close for this month

Dorothy



This is the season of the year when many committees are planning a mother-daughter banquet or a women's guest day for their club or church women's group. If you are helping on such a committee, an event planned around the theme of milady's fragrance will prove interesting and delightfully different.

Invitations or Program Booklets: Cut the covers from cream construction paper in the shape of a stoppered perfume bottle—a variety of shapes is nice. Cut the inside pages of white paper in the same shape as the cover. On the cover, use a pretty flower seal as the label. Below the flower print the words "Milady's Fragrance". Decorate the stopper on the cover bottle with inked-in decorations or glued-on sequins or glitter. Staple the booklet together, or tie together with narrow pastel ribbon. For that extra touch, spray each booklet lightly with cologne to remind the guests of the theme.

Favors: Make tiny handmade sachets for each guest. Cut heart shapes from white satin. Stitch two of these together for the sachet "pocket", leaving an opening on one side where it can be filled with sachet powder. After filling, stitch the opening shut and then sew a narrow edging of lace around the outside edge of the heart (seam line). Decorate each sachet by tacking a tiny pastel ribbon bow on the front or a dainty flower design might be embroidered on the front of the heart.

Table Decorations: What could be prettier than using perfume and cologne bottles in a variety of lovely and unusual shapes along with pretty boxes of bath powder and talcum powder with some fresh spring flowers to make up the centerpieces?

Here and there you might want to use an especially handsome cologne bottle as a bud vase to hold a single rosebud. Little nosegays of violets in small perfume bottles would also be sweet on the table.

Program: Of course, you will want a welcome—perhaps the usual toasts, if this is to be a mother-daughter affair—but we are giving here a brief history and some interesting facts about fragrances

to be used in the program. Musical numbers could be used between speakers. The narrator introduces the speakers on different subjects.

Narrator: From our very babyhood, dusted with talcums and rubbed with oils, fragrances have been a part of each of us—big and little girls. So we thought it would be interesting to learn more about them, a bit of their history.

I have asked some friends to share with us some of the facts they have learned about fragrances through the years.

History: References to perfumes are found in the very earliest records of ancient civilizations. The ancient Chinese perfumed their robes and burned incense at their funerals. The Chinese also discovered musk, considered one of the most valuable perfume agents known.

We find that the ancient Egyptians burned incense as an offering to their gods and used scented oils to anoint the bodies of their dead Pharaohs.

Later the use of perfumes among both royalty and wealthy commoners spread to make such a demand for the materials that the need proved a great factor in foreign trade. Early writings show that the Babylonians were great users of aromatics and liked to perfume their bodies with the most expensive odors.

The Greeks and Romans developed the art of perfumery to a very specialized craft. Hippocrates, called the "father of medicine", wrote of the therapeutic value of many fragrance substances. Perfume was mentioned often in Greek mythology and was said to have had mystic powers in many instances. Greek women were great users of perfume, while the men of Greece bathed in scented oils. The Romans also used fragrances extensively.

In the Bible, we find many references to perfume and oils. Perfume held a special religious significance for the Hebrews. Remember how God told Moses to build an altar of incense and to make a special holy oil? God tells Moses at another time to take an offering from the people of Israel which shall include *spices for the anointing oil and for the*

fragrant incense. (Exodus 25 and 30) The wise men brought frankincense and myrrh to the Christ Child.

During the Dark Ages, the art of perfumery was practiced mostly by the Arabs. Attar of roses was their specialty. When the Crusaders returned from the East, they introduced perfume to the European world. The French Riviera had the ideal climate and soils to grow the flowers used in the French perfume industry, which soon became big business. France became the fragrance center of the world by the mid-1800s.

As science and chemistry developed, duplicates of natural perfume substances were discovered and compounded. Now, the more expensive fragrances could be manufactured for less and came within the reach of the ordinary pocketbook.

Scents and the Housekeeper of Olden Days: We haven't always had bottled disinfectants and pressurized cans of deodorizers, you know! Long ago, before modern household aids, early homemakers found some satisfactory ways to please their sense of smell. Along the path where people walked, they planted thyme and sage. When people trod the path, their boots crushed the plants to give off a pleasant aroma. Also, they spread sweet flag and other fragrant leaves, gathered from the countryside, thickly upon floors to give a pleasant scent to the home. Guests were offered bowls of sweet-smelling clay to rub off the grime of travel and then given a bowl of scented rose water as a rinse.

Early housekeepers had no cedar-lined closets, but they hung their clothes over a charcoal brazier on which they had sprinkled frankincense and myrrh. Pomanders (lavender and clove balls) were also a favorite way to perfume closets and clothing in our great-grandmother's day.

Hostesses sprinkled dried lavender leaves among their linens and when there were guests the bed linens were made extra fragrant by sprinkling them with spikenard or a few drops of rose water. Pillows were often stuffed with hops which were thought to bring pleasant slumber. Bedside candles were scented and roots of juniper trees were burned in the fireplace to provide a pleasing aroma.

How many of us can remember our grandmother's potpourri, or fragrance jar? These were made by using a mixture of scented leaves, flowers, and certain roots which were dried and then placed in the jar. What heavenly fragrance permeated the whole room when Grandmother took the lid off that jar!

Grandmother also made the sweetly scented rose beads or strung some fragrant seeds for a necklace. When worn, the warm skin of the wearer caused the necklace to give off the

(Continued on page 15)

LIVING MEMORIALS

by
Dolores Messenger

Several years ago, when one of my dear friends died and the need to express my grief seemed to call for something beyond the usual customs, I decided to start a memorial garden in her memory. My friend and I had been members of the same church and so, in a small untended corner of our church yard, I found the perfect place for a flower bed.

For my friend's winter funeral, we sent a single rose with a note to the family explaining my idea. When spring came, and rosebushes were available, I carried out my plan. There had been other memorial money given to the family and some of this was given to me for more flowers. In the fall, I planted a number of spring-flowering bulbs. For quite a few years, now, our little flower garden has bloomed, giving pleasure to many.

Although I have never again started such a memorial garden, I have been able to repeat similar gestures on numerous occasions. I thought someone might like to hear of this idea.

There are several ways this type of a memorial plan could be carried out. Quite often the inside of a church may even be crowded with memorials while the landscaping around the building has been neglected. One suggestion is to print in the church bulletin the ideas the committee has developed for landscaping, listing needs such as bushes, evergreens, bulbs, seeds and plants. Anyone who wishes to give one or more items as a gift can contact the chairman of the memorial committee, the pastor or the church secretary. As memorial money comes to the organization, the committee can fill in the uncommitted corners, giving public credit to the persons who have given each gift as well as the names of the individuals in whose name the memorials have been given.

If a memorial committee is not in your church, any church school class, women's circle, the main women's group or men's organization can serve as the planning-work central organization.

However the original commitment of gifts are done, set up a PLANTING DAY asking members of the church to come. At the time, individuals can bring additional plants, seeds and garden tools. A chairman for the day should be appointed so the over-all landscaping can be followed.

After I started the church flower garden in memory of my friend, I realized that the same idea could be used for loved ones who have died some distance away and it is impossible to do more than telephone or write. Many of us have, in the past, had flowers sent from a nearby florist, but such flowers are perishable.

The gift of a rosebush, a setting of mums or a collection of spring bulbs would be far more lasting. If the need arises in the winter, send word of your intentions along with the note of sympathy. State that, at the appropriate time for planting, the seed company or nursery will be sending your memorial. If such a friend has her or his own home, an addition to its beauty will always be welcome and if the person no longer owns a home or garden, a church, nursing home or city park can always be the grateful recipient.

Such a gift does not always have to be made in times of sorrow. A happy occasion can be made all the more joyous with a living gift. How about such a gift to a couple celebrating an anniversary, especially an older couple who seems to have almost everything? Who can think of a happier time than the arrival of a new baby for a gift of a rosebush or tree? Even as I sit here and write this, I wish I had started such a tradition when my own grandchildren began coming along. It's not too late, though; there will be many firsts in their lives and Grandma is going to celebrate some of them with living gifts.

It is difficult to think of any occasion where the gift of a living plant would not be appropriate.

A QUIET PLACE OF HERITAGE

All too often the only time a person hears about the small country cemetery is when one is ransacked by vandals. And that is sad, really, since these small cemeteries that dot the Midwestern landscape are a treasure-trove for the genealogist, naturalist, or anyone who appreciates their past heritage.

For those searching for family ancestors, the grave markers at cemeteries offer a wealth of information, including dates and names and places. For those searching for beauty, the old cemetery probably had not been plowed or grazed in the last century and is certain to have wildflowers or native prairie plants growing within its fences. In fact, some of the Midwest's best prairie remnants are found in these pioneer cemeteries. Isn't it fitting that those who settled the prairie and turned its sod find their final rest there?

For those searching for solitude, the old country cemetery is the perfect place. A short drive down a lane will find the secluded spot, surrounded by a few evergreens and trees, and shrouded in a mystical silence that makes one realize that God is there, alive and real.

Some may argue that wandering around a cemetery or looking at old headstones is unpleasant or irreverent. I would disagree. I think the old, long-forgotten resting places of our ancestors and those we loved is a place where our

COVER PICTURE

Usually pictures such as the one used on this month's cover are placed in the "From Our Family Album" section of the magazine.

This particular photograph was so very sharp and clear that I wanted to use it for a cover instead of trying to squeeze it into a small area on one of the inside pages.

The Martin Driftmier family posed for this photograph in late March of 1919. Mother is shown holding Wayne, not quite a month old; next to her and on the right, is Howard, the oldest of the children. Dorothy is standing behind Howard, and Dad is behind all of us. I am standing next to Dad with that huge bow perched on my head! Standing on the settee in front of me is Frederick. I have no idea why he looked so sullen when the shutter snapped.

It must have taken an infinite amount of patience for Mother to get all her children bathed, dressed, combed and ready for the photographer without even one of us getting dirty.

Our father never put up with any nonsense from any of us. This picture indicates his attitude in a most graphic manner.

—Lucile

past, our present, and our future come together. It is a place where one may reverently seek the quiet and solitude that is hard to find in today's hectic world. It is a place where one may come to appreciate the heritage left to us by those brave pioneers.

In fact, a cemetery is a history book waiting to be read. All we have to do is open the cover.

—Joe Taylor



—Photo by Joe Taylor
Little-known cemeteries can be found near any small town. They offer a wealth of information to those who will only stop long enough to find it.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

Before I started my letter to you this month, I flicked my eyes across my one-year-at-a-glance calendar to see what would interest all of you. I am struck by the scribbled-in squares representing the past month's days' activities and the almost empty squares which represent the future. I am also struck by the fact that for those of us who live by a school calendar year, the year is almost completed.

Posted ahead are the dates for Awards Day at school, the two graduation dates for the eighth grade and seniors, Adrienne's exam schedule which will bring to a close her first year at Northwestern, and, suddenly, my girls' June birthdays! Incidentally, I see a notation about Katharine Lowey's ninth birthday and it reminds me that just a short time ago my Katharine went winging her way—her first time in an airplane alone—out to Albuquerque to baby-sit with James while Juliana went to the hospital to welcome her precious Katharine into the world. This was a momentous occasion for my Katharine. She was a most grown-up fifteen-year-old that year and I'm certain this date is indelibly etched on her memory.

As if that were not enough about indelibly stamped dates, I can take a mental hop back in time and still hear the giggles from my three-year-old Katharine's bedroom when Juliana and Kristin came to visit in our little Anderson, Indiana, apartment. I cannot remember the occasion for their visit unless it was to give them something special to do that summer, but those two girls were nearly fifteen that year, too. They entertained Katharine for several weeks and I am sure it must have been 90% contagious laughter that provided the fun. We'll have to see to it that something glorious takes place when Katharine Lowey is fifteen if for no other reason than to keep up the fifteen-year cycle of special happenings.

Among the things that have happened since I last wrote you which appear on my calendar are the weekly basketball events which peppered our otherwise homework-filled weekdays. We thoroughly enjoy the professional basketball games which take place in the downtown arena. We usually would plan to stay at school to grade papers and not try to make the drive out to Delafield on those nights. Then we would hike downtown to Milwaukee and for a period of three hours we would totally forget the school teaching business. It was



Katharine Driftmier and her mother, Mary Beth, enjoy a spring outing.

excellent therapy and one which I would highly recommend for working couples fortunate enough to have a pro-ball team in their area.

I read an enormously entertaining piece in the newspaper written by a woman who was describing her feelings when her last boy moved out of the house into his own apartment. She, as I, was almost moved to tears when he finally left and she realized that all the children were gone. However, she then began to notice how pleasant it was to have soft, beautiful music present when music was wanted. I have suddenly discovered that I can hear the beautiful Westminster chimes of our grandfather clock all the way from the other end of our long house. I was literally moved to a chuckle one evening when I was alone in the house and I was startled to hear this beautiful clock call out to me.

This writer also mentioned having her razor sharp when she used it. I, too, have noted this, but in addition there is always hot, soft water when I want a bath. And the soap is where I expect to find it and not soaking in a puddle of water on the floor of the shower. All these little benefits have suddenly popped up to fill the void left by our scattered brood. I hasten to tell you in all honesty that this is not just the result of having our son move out. He shares with his sisters the equal credit for having made life a little less harried by his absence. However, when college is over for Adrienne this year, I shall be happy to welcome her back. Before we know it, I suspect that Paul may decide to put his oar back into the flow of college life and that will drive up the grocery bill, among other things.

During Adrienne's spring vacation she was out pounding the pavement putting her name on every possible summer employment list she could discover. Northwestern University does not dismiss until the second week in June and that necessitates a firm commitment

on somebody's part if this kid is going to have a chance at the job market that late into the season. The town where she has been teaching swimming for so many years had decided to stop offering these lessons to their residents, so the girls who normally spent their summers as swimming instructors are all busy hustling up other forms of income.

One interesting aside that has taken place since I last wrote you was the arrival in my mailbox of a letter from Richard Mitchell. In the January 29 issue of *Time* magazine, he was the subject of their feature article on the "American Scene" section. The article about him appealed to me especially because he is taking a personal stand against the misuse of the beautiful English language. He publishes nine monthly issues of a four-page paper entitled *The Underground Grammarian*. His college is Glassboro State in Glassboro, New Jersey, a town across the Delaware River from Philadelphia in the southwestern corner of New Jersey. His publication sounded like something I could use in my composition classes. He is personally campaigning for correctly written grammar and punctuation. His publication comes on elegant ecru-colored paper with a fine rag-torn edge. His attacks on the errors committed in publicly printed statements from Departments of Education of various state universities across the United States are clear cut and direct. If you are teaching basic grammar, I highly commend this publication to you.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Adv. — "Would like a year's subscription to your dandy magazine. I'm 30 years old and never heard of Kitchen-Klatter until just recently when our minister preached from it."
—R.W., Polo, Mo.



The Red Carnation Corsage

by
Donna Ashworth Thompson

A few nights ago, my youngest stepdaughter called me from a distance of two hundred miles.

"I wanted to tell you that you are a great-grandmother," she said. "Michael and his wife have a son, born yesterday."

We talked at length, but after I placed the phone in the cradle, I sat there thinking to myself. What relationship is the son of the stepson of a stepdaughter?

But I was pleased because my stepdaughter had done exactly what she would have done if her natural mother had been alive. As far as she is concerned, I am her grandson's great-grandmother, and she wanted me to know. It gave me a warm, loved feeling; I knew that she cared.

Being a stepmother is not easy. You take the responsibility of a mother, you give a child the love you would have given your own, and they return it in kind. But to the world you are an outsider. The real mother's relatives so often interfere and prejudice the children against their stepmother, which also makes a difficult situation. Relatives often give the impression that the new mother really doesn't belong. Too many times, many people outside the family do the same.

A stepmother is always conscious of the sense of being an outsider on Mother's Day. I don't believe that Anna Jarvis ever thought about this problem when she was trying to get a special day set aside to honor mothers. It is often a very hard day for a stepmother, who sees her stepchildren wearing white carnations for the mother who is gone, sometimes for many years. Yet the stepmother is present, usually having done all the things the natural mother would have done, except bring the children into the world. It seems she is always ignored while the minister talks only about giving love and honor to the real mother.

On Mother's Day, my stepson called me from a distance of a thousand miles to wish me a Happy Mother's Day; his message made me feel so happy inside. My youngest stepdaughter called me the next day with the same greeting because she could not get the line earlier. Both made me feel they consider me a true mother.

I have been exceedingly fortunate in my three stepchildren. They have done as their father would have wanted them

to do. Because their father loved me, they have given me love and attention and welcomed me into their hearts.

Last Mother's Day, in addition to that far-distant phone call, my oldest stepdaughter drove up for the day. She also lives some two hundred miles away. I had been very ill in the early spring and she had been with me and given me both love and attention. In spite of the time involved then, she still called and said she wanted to come up and take me out to lunch. She could stay only about four hours, but that would give us time to visit. Of course, I was pleased and happy that she wanted to make the effort to spend Mother's Day with me.

I stood at the door as she drove up and watched her and my granddaughter get out of the car. Looking at them lovingly, I fought back sudden tears. On this Mother's Day, she was wearing a red carnation corsage for me! Over the years, she had sent many gifts and many cards which expressed the way she felt, but this simple gesture made me feel that she was truly my child who had come home. I knew she felt the same way—I am her real mother.



PRAYER FOR WOMANKIND

God, give each true good woman
Her own small house to keep —
No heart should ache with longing,
No hurt should go too deep —
Grant her age-old desire;
A house to love and sweep.
Give her a man beside her —
A kind man — and a true —
And let them work together
And love — a lifetime through,
And let her mother children
As gentle women do.

Give her a shelf for dishes,
And a shining box for bread,
And a white cloth for her table,
And a white spread for her bed —
A shaded lamp at nightfall,
And a row of books much read.
God, let her work with laughter,
And let her rest with sleep —
No life can truly offer
A peace more sure and deep.
God, give each true good woman
Her own small house to keep.

—Unknown

FLOWERS FOR MOTHER (An Acrostic for the Children)

by
Virginia Thomas

Each child carries a colorful flower and one of the large letters which spells out the word "f-l-o-w-e-r-s". Place a vase in the middle of a low table in center stage. As the children come on stage, they form a semicircle behind the table standing in the order they are to speak as the word is spelled out. After each child speaks he, or she, places the flower in the vase, then steps back in place and holds up the letter.

ALL: (In unison, as they hold up flowers.)

These flowers we hold in our hands
Are not simply for show;
Each one has a message
We want you to know.

F — Flowers are for the FAITH of Mother.

In everything she says and does to show
That God is love, and to sing,
"Jesus Loves Me This I Know".

L — Flowers for something very special
Sent by God above
To cherish, guide and comfort us—
That is Mother's LOVE.

O — Flowers for Mother's OUT-
SPREAD ARMS

Always reaching out to me.
When I'm hurt, sad or upset,
Safe in her arms I want to be.

W — Flowers for Mother's WISDOM,
Knowing 'most everything—how
and why and when;
Mothers are the smartest —
They've proved it time and time again.

E — Flowers for a Mother's ever-
ready EARS,
Listening to what I have to say,
Fun things, sad things—even some
bad things!
That is every mother's way.

R — Flowers we bring for RIGHT,
And RIGHT she'll always be.
Somehow, Mother always knows
Just what is best for me.

S — We offer these flowers for Mother's SERVICE.
Not only just to me,
But to anyone who needs her —
Her friends, her church and her family.

ALL: (Hold letters high.)
Put them all together and they spell
FLOWERS:
And Mother, they have a grand message,
too.
They try to tell you all of the reasons
Why we so dearly LOVE YOU!



LETTER FROM EUGENIE



Dear Friends:

Martin and I are thankful to greet this new spring, muddy and sloppy though it may be. Several good things happened recently, one of which I would like to share with you.

Every year we take the members of our Youth Fellowship (grades 7-12), to Minneapolis for a weekend retreat at Minnehaha United Church of Christ. In general terms, a retreat is "a withdrawal to a safe or private place". For adults, this usually means getting away from the normal routine to relax or become renewed. For youth, however, it is more of an opportunity to be independent from parents or family. Some retreats are all work and no play, others are exactly the opposite. We've tried to fashion ours somewhere in the middle, giving the young people what we hope is the best of both study and fun.

One of the highlights of this year's retreat came on Saturday morning. I asked our youth if they personally knew people with physical handicaps. A few did; most did not. More to the point was their reactions to meeting handicapped persons. Their response was typical, most of them said they usually stared.

In order to give some insight into physically handicapped persons and an understanding of the burdens which they must bear, a handicap was designated for each youth to experience: one was to act blind, one deaf, one paralyzed, one to simulate cerebral palsy, etc.; with no two individuals handicapped in the same way. They were given the assignment to prepare breakfast, eat it, and clean up afterwards. They had to figure out how to work together and help each other. At first, they thought it was fun and treated the exercise much like a game, but soon enough they became frustrated at the slowness with which they had to work, and their complete inability to do certain things. Although we were awake early enough that morning, we did not have our breakfast until 10:00 A.M. It was almost noon before everything was cleaned up and the handicaps assigned were finally removed. It was not the fun experience which the youth anticipated when they began, but they learned a valuable lesson by the time they were through.

Sunday morning we had to be up early to clean up after ourselves and pack away our gear before the people began to arrive at the church for the worship service and Sunday school. We left

immediately after the service to return to Maple Lake so the youth would have time to get home and do their homework for school the next day.

My grandmother, Cecelia West Hoagland, has lived most of her life in Tofte, Minnesota, on the north shore of Lake Superior, between Duluth and the Canadian border. As I was growing up, our family went to visit her every Sunday afternoon. I remember her telling us what it was like when her family first came here from Norway. In recent years, she has written down some of her remembrances and I would like to share one of them with you now. Several of her stories have appeared in the *Duluth News-Tribune*, including the one which appears below.



Cecelia West Hoagland,
Eugenie Strom's grandmother.

GOING TO AMERICA

by Cecelia Hoagland

In the spring of 1902, Father and Mother were beginning to talk about America. My two brothers, Ed and Helge, were already there. Dad had a part ownership in nets and boats, which were used in going north to Lofoten in the fall where they fished all winter.

With the spring of 1902, they returned and Ed, my brother, thought it would be good if we all came over to America. Ed had started to log and was doing quite well in the logging business.

Father and Mother wondered what to do. It was very hard for them to decide to sell their home and start on this journey with their children, then five ranging in age from 17 to 3.

Ed came home in the late summer of 1902, and the folks started to get ready. Father sold his interest in the fishing company for money for our journey.

Our preparations began. Mother got a seamstress to come to the house to sew clothes for all of us.

The morning we left was very sad indeed. Our neighbors were crying. Father was thinking of his almost 100-year-old father to whom he had had to bid goodbye a week or so before . . .

The time came and we went down to the dock to take the boat to Bergen. Herr Selseth and his wife (they were the richest people there, and they owned the dock and had a store there) invited us in to their place, where he prayed for us and wished us God speed. The boat was quite a small one that sailed from Halsoen, where we lived, to Bergen.

At Bergen, we boarded the ship for England. Was the North Sea choppy! I remember a woman with several children eating summer sausage, and as I was on the verge of being sick, I never have liked summer sausage since.

We docked in Liverpool. As we came up the stairs to disembark, there was a large mirror on the wall. All of a sudden, Mother started to laugh, and said "I really felt sorry for that woman with all those children." Here it was herself with us.

In Liverpool, we were put on trains and left for Southampton, where we boarded the White Line steamer, *Celtic*, to go across the Atlantic Ocean.

I guess that Dad's "nets interest" didn't give us very "swell" accommodations. We younger kids shared a stateroom with our parents.

We ate at a long table with a lot of other people. I can't remember anything we ate except the large pans of yeast rolls the waiters slid along the long table. They stood at one end of the table and just gave the pan a shove, something like bowling.

When we came into New York Harbor, we were all invited to go and look at the Statue of Liberty. After landing we had to go for health inspection at Ellis Island. If for some reason anyone in the family had some physical ailment, they sometimes were all sent back where they came from.

I had some sort of eye trouble when I was little, and as we were to go for inspection, my brother said, "Don't squint your eyes or rub them so they get red." When my turn came to be inspected, I trembled so hard I could hardly walk.

Two doctors sat on each side, and the people had to walk between them. As I came through, one doctor snapped my head back, and as I thought he noticed my eyes, I was afraid that on account of my having eye problems we would all be sent back to Norway. But after he looked at me with (his) sharp eyes, he very roughly pushed me on, and they were ready for the next one. We sat on long benches along the wall to wait our turn and wait for the rest of the family to be inspected.

After we got to Duluth, quite a few relatives had come from Tofte to meet

(Continued on page 17)

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS COUNTRY

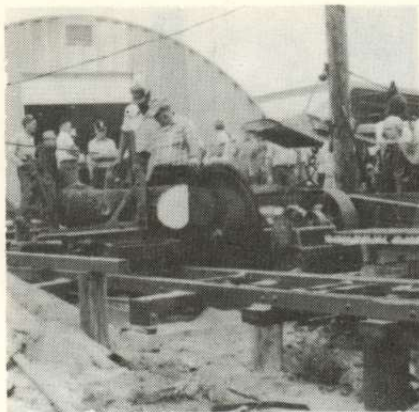
by
Leta Fulmer

"Oh no, it's raining!" I groaned, pressing my nose against the window of our Missouri motel room. "We've seen Silver Dollar City, the fish hatchery, the dam, but for some reason, every year we seem destined to miss the play—and this time we've even bought our tickets!" I looked at the book on my lap. Jeff and Jon, my nine-year-old twin grandsons, had been listening with perked ears as I'd read about the olden days in the Shepherd of the Hills Country. The rain poured down. To comfort them and reassure myself, I continued to study the brochure, pointing out the photographs to the boys.

Harold Bell Wright wandered into this Ozark hill country in 1896, searching for a climate that would help him to regain his health. Here he found people with a simple dignity and innate kindness. He returned each summer, eventually pitching a tent and concentrating on his writing. In 1902, a searing drought had parched the countryside and the hill farmers were in desperate straits. A chain of events, from tragedy and comedy to violence and romance, fired Wright's literary mind. The result was the tale, *The Shepherd of the Hills*. Published in the early 1900s, it became a best seller, ranking fourth in the most widely read books in history. Four movies were made from the story.

By 1940, the book was out of print and had been forgotten by most of the world with the exception of the Trimble family. In 1947, they began the restoration of the old farm, and the succeeding generation has continued its preservation and improvement. The outdoor theater was one of their innovations. Inspiration Point, where Wright first pitched his tent, has become a well-known hilltop park.

Suddenly, the rain stopped outside our motel room and we hurried out and piled into the station wagon, hoping that the lusty downpour had not spoiled the evening. We were in luck. The easily recognized area, just outside of Branson, Missouri, is dotted about by buildings. There is the old Country Store, Aunt Mollie's Cupboard (a cafe offering country fare), a fantastic gift shop and a small museum. Before all these buildings stood a procession of jeeps, each one with a many-seated wagon tacked on behind. Busily flicking their towels over rain-spotted seats, the drivers were preparing to herd their passengers into the conveyances. Soon we were seated in our wagon, bumping precariously through wooded spots, swaying around narrow corners almost too sharp to be maneuvered. The driver's humorous chit-chat added to the delight of the short



Visitors to the Ozarks enjoy watching logs being made into planks. The heavy, old-fashioned saw is driven by the power which comes from a steam engine.

trip. Down, down, we circled. Rounding a corner, the jeep stopped, and we stepped right into a page of almost-forgotten history.

I was amazed to discover that the entire theater, pocketed in the lush hills, was the actual site of the Old Mill about which the story evolved. The ceiling above the comfortable, tiered seats was the Missouri sky now beginning to show an assortment of twinkling stars. I toured the stage with one twin hanging on each hand. We watched men in overalls pitch horseshoes. The old steam engine nearby belched forth noisy gusts as huge logs were hoisted, guided through to the sharply whining blade that sliced them into planks.

It was time for the show. Any reservations about bringing youngsters to sit through this performance were quickly dismissed; the boys were delighted at the deluge of action that took place before them. Horses and

wagons thundered onto the stage. Herds of "baaing" sheep were driven in, pausing to browse at forage bins. Single riders rushed in on horseback to brake to a sliding standstill in a cloud of dust. Violent fistfights, comedy, pathos, love scenes—every facet had its place in this nostalgic story of yesteryear.

The sound effects were unbelievable. In that outdoor theater, where night birds called and frogs croaked, even softly spoken words were clearly audible. I later learned that each performer was wired with transistors which made such magic possible.

The play unfolded. When a country square dance began with the squeak of a sawing fiddle, we were invited to leave our seats and join the actors. The rest of our party remained put, but the youngsters and I couldn't resist hurrying down the steps and becoming part of the action. Later, when a small cabin was encased in flames, we were again invited to participate. With their small hands gripping mine, Jeff and Jon stared wide-eyed at the burning log building and the rush of frantic men who doused pails of water into crackling flames. The unique setting of the play, the realism of the characters, and the participation of the audience, sets this entertainment apart from any other. Indeed, as I sat in the Old Mill Theater and watched Harold Bell Wright's book brought to life in its original setting, I discovered a feeling of unique kinship to those long-ago residents of this hill country.

From May until late October, the show goes on. More than a million people from all over the world have come here to enjoy this one-of-a-kind performance. It makes for a night to stash carefully away in memory!

✕ ✕ ✕



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A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

On a bright, spring afternoon, Betty and I drove down to Rhode Island on an emergency mission. What was the emergency? *We were!* We had reached a point of desperate weariness, and we needed to get away for a few hours and a change of scenery. It was at the conclusion of a week when I had given seven speeches on five different topics, and in addition, I had had to conduct three funerals for three very dear friends. That same week, Betty had attended two different all-day meetings in cities some distance from Springfield, given two dinner parties here at the parsonage, and struggled with the income tax forms. Yes! we needed that break in our routine, and a drive through the countryside on a beautiful spring afternoon was just what the doctor ordered. We came home refreshed and invigorated for the daily challenge.

All winter long we worried about the absence of wild birds at our bird feeders. We worried even more when friends of ours in Texas and Florida told us about the absence of wild birds at their feeders. Now that spring is here, we are beginning to lose some of our fears. The wild birds are returning! The purple grackles arrived right on schedule, followed by finches and nuthatches; the song sparrows are now serenading us with their usual, delightful mating songs. This morning six blue jays were under the kitchen window, a pleasant sight. Here in New England, many of the blue jays have been suffering from a throat ailment, so are fewer in number than in former years.

Some people do not like blue jays. They refer to the jays as robbers and killers and pests, but Betty and I love them. After all, if you like to have color in your garden, what is more colorful than a blue jay? Back in the last century, an ornithologist by the name of Bendire described blue jays with this sentence: "Cunning, inquisitive, an admirable mimic, full of mischief; in some localities extremely shy, in others, exactly the reverse, it is difficult to paint him in his true colors."

I don't know why the blue jay is thought of as a pest. Actually, other birds receive more benefits from the jay than they receive harm. The blue jay is a bird policeman—he makes the other birds keep in line, and he is the first to warn all the other birds if some predator arrives in the area. The smaller birds come flocking to our feeders as soon as they



Frederick uses this particular owl decoy as an illustration for one of his Sunday school classes.

notice that the jays are there. The smaller birds trust the blue jays to sound an alarm when there is danger about. Jays are big eaters, and they like to store food away for a rainy day, but that is all right with us. As long as they are well fed, they are not tempted to steal the eggs of other birds.

There is almost nothing which makes blue jays and crows angrier than the presence of an owl or an eagle. Jays and crows literally go crazy with buzzing excitement, darting in and out and around their hated enemies. Back in the days when men were permitted to shoot blue jays, a stuffed owl was used as a decoy. Crows are still hunted in that way.

Some of our neighbors have tried using imitation owls to frighten away pigeons, but their efforts have been wasted. Just a few days ago, I watched a flock of pigeons surround an artificial owl as they fed on seed near the false owl's feet. Pigeons are smart birds, and they know a fake when they see one. Last winter I was given a bird feeder made to look like an owl, and the little birds loved it!

One of our problems here in the city is that old troublemaker—the raccoon. Believe it or not, the twinkling, masked eyes of a raccoon are watching me this very moment. There he sits on a branch of a tree right outside my study window, little realizing that I am writing about him. That rascal has been eating the sunflower seeds put out under the bushes for the birds. Other members of his family are undoubtedly planning to move into our yard in the very near future, for several have been seen when my car lights have swept across the lawn at night.

Most wild animals are hurt by civilization, but raccoons seem to thrive on it. Like skunks and squirrels, raccoons seem to like to be around people. More particularly, they like to be where there is access to garbage, dog food, or bird seed. Raccoons live under garages, under the rafters of abandoned attics, or, as in our case, in a leaf house under a

porch. As long as they stay outside they are rather fun to have around, but the trouble is, they do have ways of getting into a house. When they do, they can almost cause more damage than a tornado! Some friends of ours have a summer home where a few raccoons came down the fireplace chimney one night and took over the house. The mischievous animals pulled bedding off the beds, knocked dishes from the shelves, tore up the rugs, scratched the floors, etc., etc.

Raccoons are certainly here to stay, and so we are planning to learn to get along with them. This animal is not all bad, for he does eat insect grubs and some rodents. The neighborhood dogs will probably help to keep the raccoons from becoming too numerous, and we shall make sure that he cannot get into our garbage. They are such fun to watch, and if the ones around here this spring manage to have babies, the entertainment they provide will be worth the little inconvenience they may cause. I can say that, because I have no garden for raccoons to ravage, and no corn for them to destroy.

Since writing to you last month, Betty and I have decided not to go to Red China this summer. It was going to be quite expensive, and the anticipated long air flights across the Pacific were not to our liking. Where are we going to travel? Frankly, we do not know. It has been so many years since we have had a summer here in New England—twenty years, to be exact—that we may decide to stay close to Springfield and make day trips down to the shore or up into the mountains. This may be the summer for us to travel up into Vermont and New Hampshire. Perhaps the time has come at last for us to visit areas so close that we can almost see them from our third-floor windows.

Every summer we get to see some of the Kitchen-Klatter friends who come to New England. If you should be traveling in this area, we are counting on seeing you. If you can choose when to make such a trip, we suggest that you choose late September or early October for two reasons: in the fall New England is at its loveliest with unbelievably beautiful foliage, and that is one time of the year when we definitely are at home. When you get into Springfield, stop at the nearest phone and call me at the South Congregational Church, or call Betty here at the house. On the phone, we can direct you from where you are to where we can meet you.

Each day we thank God for all of the wonderful friends we have throughout Kitchen-Klatter land. We hope that you will remember us in your prayers. May God bless us all.

Sincerely,

Frederick

SHUFFLE, SHUFFLE SHUFFLE

by
Evelyn Birkby

After writing last month about the orphan train, I've had several delightful letters from you friends who have acquaintances or relatives who had or heard of similar experiences. I would very much enjoy hearing from any of the rest of you who might have stories about the children's trains. I thank everyone who wrote—including those who simply expressed an interest in the subject.

The past month could best be described in our house as one of shuffling—we've shuffled furniture off and on the new porch, we've cleaned out closets, drawers and cupboards and shuffled all possible items to the Goodwill and Salvation Army. We've shuffled off to airports and bus stations and shuffled enough dishes, pots, pans and food-stuffs in and out of the kitchen to start a good-sized tearoom.

All this shuffling has been fun, since its primary purpose was to prepare for—or share in—the time our sons spent at home during the spring vacations from their respective universities.

Fortunately for all involved, each boy had a chance to visit with one other brother. Unfortunately, not all three ever made it home at the same time. It worked out best in one respect, however, as the vacation time stretched out to include two full weeks of pleasant visiting, guests, good eating and catching up on the various activities each had been experiencing.

Jeff arrived first. He drove his little green car from Montana, accompanied by a fellow student who stopped off in Omaha. Jeff spent several days in Lincoln, Nebraska, visiting with some of his college friends and his undergraduate professors at Nebraska Wesleyan University. Jeff is in the process of exploring all the possibilities for future employment in the field of ecological impact, as well as future educational needs. His time in Lincoln was well spent.

Jeff pulled into our lane at Honey Hill just in time for supper on the porch. I had fixed a large amount of Dutch oven beef stew which could stand for a period of time since we did not know exactly when this middle son of ours would arrive. Jeff is a hearty eater, and that stew disappeared in record time as we sat and visited about his studies at Montana State University, his experience of seeing and taking pictures of the recent total eclipse of the sun and his skiing and hiking in the various mountain ranges around Bozeman.

The following day Jeff joined our shuffle brigade as he unloaded boxes of books, his aquarium, clothing which needed mending and items which he



When the Birkby boys are not home to be their dad's hiking companions, Robert enjoys going out into the woods with the family's Alaskan husky, Attu.

brought home to "pass on" to his cousin, Tom. Jeff appreciated getting much of his unnecessary baggage lugged home. Since he was in the process of moving into a different room at the university, the elimination of non-essentials helped him space-wise in his new quarters.

Just one day more and Bob arrived home, riding the bus north from Springfield, Missouri, to arrive in Shenandoah at 6 A.M. Robert drove over from Sidney to get Bob, and returned just as I was putting a hearty breakfast on the table. When I saw the footlocker and duffle bag which our oldest son had brought with him, I knew that he, too, was going to get into the shuffling game before the day was over. Bob's room is in the basement area and it was not long before he was sorting out items in his wardrobe and chest of drawers and finding room on the bookshelves for the volumes he would not need for his spring teaching.

Bob took time to visit the recreation equipment stores in the area and purchased a new backpack. As soon as he completes the spring semester, he plans to come home for a short break and then travel east for a long-anticipated hike along the Appalachian Trail.

During the time Jeff and Bob were both home, we had a number of youthful visitors dropping by—delightful additions to the household. A former roommate of Jeff's, who is now on the counseling staff at the Mental Health Institute in Clarinda, came by just in time for supper one evening. Lifelong friend, Richard Miller, was home from his studies at Harvard University and brought his parents along for an evening meal and slides showing some of his interesting activities in Boston. A Philmont ranger friend flew in from Seattle, bringing along a box of large cooked and frozen crabs which went into our freezer just a few hours after being caught, cooked and frozen on the west coast. With the addition to the menu of

sourdough bread, slaw and pie, those crabs provided a magnificent feast.

On the day following the crab feast, Jeff drove away early, picked up his collegian friend in Missouri Valley, and headed west. The two ran into snow near Rapid City, South Dakota, and almost ran into a deer near Sheridan, Wyoming, where a large herd of deer had come onto the highway to feed on the grass of the median strip.

Jeff completed his registration for the spring term and is now deep into classes on soil classification and the writing of environmental impact statements. He is teaching a laboratory class in plant identification. His main work is the continued writing of his Master's thesis, which he hopes to complete by June. Jeff has several offers for summer employment, but is still keeping all options open in the area of ecological work.

Craig had his spring break the same week as Bob, but his time was primarily spent in Colorado. This youngest of our sons went with a group of fellow medical students by bus to Denver where they attended a medical convention. Following the meeting, the group drove on west and north to one of the skiing areas.

Craig stopped at home just long enough to say, "Hello", to eat a few hearty meals, have his clothes washed and to drop off some of the winter clothes which were great for Colorado but no longer needed in Iowa City. He regaled us with the stories of classes in hormones, pathology (normal and abnormal), cardiac systems and emergency rescue techniques. His terminology left me far behind, since my in-depth knowledge of medicine begins and ends with the phrase, "Take a Band-Aid . . ."

When he was home, Craig mentioned that he would be working this summer in a city hospital, probably in eastern Iowa. His enthusiasm for the medical field continues unabated—a quality which we sincerely hope will not diminish.

Bob left. A few hours later Craig left. I gathered up the towels by the shower, gleaned socks from under the beds, pulled off sheets so they could be laundered and opened up the refrigerator door to check over the dabs of leftovers which crowded the shelves.

"The time goes so fast when the boys are home," I sighed as Robert came into the kitchen. "But I am so glad they could each be here even for a short time. Now I'll put my mind to simple meals and spring housecleaning."

"Starting to do more shuffling, no doubt," Robert chuckled. "Why don't you come outside in the yard and help me shuffle some of the seeds?"

And so, because the house suddenly seemed like a lonely place, I went out into the garden with Robert.



RHUBARB CREAM PIE (a blender recipe)

Your favorite pastry dough
 1/4 cup finely chopped pecans
 1 quart rhubarb, diced
 2 Tbls. water
 3 cups sugar
 3 Tbls. flour
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 4 eggs
 1/4 cup light cream

Prepare pastry dough; line two pie tins. Sprinkle chopped pecans in bottom of pie tins.

Combine rhubarb and water; cook. Put cooked rhubarb sauce and all remaining ingredients in blender. Blend about 30 seconds. Pour mixture into prepared pie tins. Place in oven which has been preheated to 375 degrees. Immediately after placing pies in oven, reduce heat to 325 degrees. Bake about one hour. —Betty Jane

CHEESE DIP

1/3 cup grated toasted almonds
 3 strips bacon, cooked and crumbled
 3/4 cup mayonnaise
 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
 1/4 tsp. salt

Mix all ingredients together. (Can be put in blender and blended.) Chill. Serve with crackers. —Juliana

ESPECIALLY GOOD CARROT CASSEROLE

1 lb. sliced carrots, cooked until tender
 1 medium onion, chopped
 3 Tbls. margarine
 1 can cream of celery soup
 1 cup grated mild Cheddar cheese
 1 cup crumbled stuffing mix

Drain the carrots. Saute the onion in the margarine. Combine all the ingredients except stuffing mix. Place in casserole and sprinkle stuffing mix over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

BLUEBERRY-SOUR CREAM SALAD

1 15-oz. can blueberries, drained
 1 1/3 cups liquid (drained blueberry syrup and water)
 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
 1 large banana, chopped

Combine the 1 1/3 cups liquid and gelatin in a saucepan. Heat to boiling, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Add the flavoring. Gradually blend the hot mixture into the sour cream. Stir in pineapple juice. Chill until partially set. Fold in chopped banana and blueberries. Turn into 6 1/2-cup mold or individual molds and chill until firm. Serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise. —Dorothy

DOROTHY'S CHERRY SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
 1 can cherry pie filling
 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/3 cup salad dressing
 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple
 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped
 1 cup miniature marshmallows
 Chopped nuts

Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add the flavoring and pie filling. Turn into 9-inch square pan. Chill until partially set. In another bowl, dissolve the lemon gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Beat together the cream cheese and salad dressing. Gradually add the lemon gelatin to the cream cheese mixture, blending well. Stir in the pineapple. Fold in the whipped cream and marshmallows. Spread on top of the first layer. Top with chopped nuts. Chill until set.

BARBECUED COUNTRY-STYLE RIBS

5 lbs. country-style ribs
 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
 2 Tbls. chili sauce

Combine the dressings and chili sauce. Beat well. Make a layer of half the ribs in a 9- by 13-inch glass dish. Pour about half the marinade over the ribs. Make another layer of remaining ribs over top and pour over the remaining marinade. Cover tightly and place in refrigerator for several hours or overnight. Turn ribs occasionally. When ready to cook, place ribs in baking pan and bake at 325-350 degrees for 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or until done. May be marinated as long as four days before baking. —Lucile

SIMPLE-TO-MAKE PUNCH

4 cups cranberry-apple juice
 2 cups orange sherbet, softened

Combine juice and sherbet. Chill and serve over crushed ice. —Betty Jane

CRUSTLESS COCONUT PIE

2 cups milk
 3/4 cup sugar
 1/2 cup biscuit mix
 4 eggs
 1/4 cup butter
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1 cup flaked coconut

Combine all ingredients except coconut. Beat at low speed for three minutes. Pour into greased 9-inch pie pan. Let stand for five minutes. Sprinkle coconut over top. Bake 35-40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve warm or cold. —Dorothy

ITALIAN-STYLE HAMBURGER

2 lbs. ground chuck
 1/3 cup salad oil
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1 clove garlic, crushed
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained
 1 1-lb. can stewed tomatoes (or 2 cups home canned)
 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
 1 tsp. dried parsley flakes
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. dried thyme leaves
 1/4 tsp. pepper

In large skillet, brown beef. Remove meat with slotted spoon to bowl. Discard fat. Put oil in skillet and saute onion, garlic and mushrooms until golden. Return meat to skillet along with remaining ingredients. Bring to boiling; then reduce heat. Simmer for about 20 minutes. Serve with garlic bread. —Dorothy

CHEESEBURGER PIE

- 1 10-inch unbaked pie shell
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
(more or less can be used)
- 3/4 cup salad dressing
- 3/4 cup milk
- 4 tsp. cornstarch
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Cook ground beef and onion in skillet until meat loses all traces of red. Drain. Arrange in bottom of pastry-lined pie pan. Sprinkle cheese over meat layer. Beat together the remaining ingredients until well blended. Pour over cheese layer. Bake at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes or until golden brown and puffy.

—Dorothy

COCOA SYRUP

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine sugar, cocoa and salt in saucepan. Stir in cold water to make a paste. Blend in hot water and flavoring. Simmer 4 to 6 minutes, stirring until thick and smooth. (1 cup of hot milk may be substituted for the hot water for a richer syrup.) Serve as chocolate syrup on sundaes, etc.

—Betty Jane

RHUBARB UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

- 4 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup quartered marshmallows
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup milk

Cook rhubarb in a covered heavy saucepan over low heat until juice begins to run. Remove from heat and add 1 cup sugar and marshmallows. Stir until sugar is dissolved and marshmallows melted. Pour into greased 9-inch square pan. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening with 1 cup sugar and the flavorings. Add egg yolks and beat vigorously. Add the dry ingredients and milk alternately in thirds. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over rhubarb mixture in pan and bake at 350 degrees for 40-50 minutes. Loosen cake from sides and turn onto cake plate.

—Betty Jane

FAR EAST CELERY CASSEROLE

- 4 cups celery, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/3 cup toasted almonds
- 1/2 cup croutons
- 3 Tbls. melted butter

Cook celery in boiling, salted water. Do not overcook. Drain. Combine celery with water chestnuts and soup. Place in casserole. Top with almonds and croutons which have been tossed with the melted butter. Bake in 350-degree oven for about 35 minutes.

—Betty Driftmier

SOURDOUGH WAFFLES

- 1 cup sourdough starter
- 1 1/2 cups warm water
- 1/2 cup corn meal
- 1/2 cup whole wheat flour
- 1/2 cup white flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 cup powdered milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup wheat germ
- 1/4 cup white flour
- 2 eggs
- 4 Tbls. shortening, melted

Combine first five ingredients. Let stand several hours or overnight at room temperature. Next morning (or later) add soda, milk, salt, wheat germ and flour and mix well. Add eggs and beat. Stir in melted shortening (bacon drippings are great with this). Let batter rest for 10 to 15 minutes. Bake on hot waffle iron. Serve with hot syrup.

Any combination of flour may be substituted for the 2 cups of mixed grains. This also makes great pancakes. Use 1/2 the shortening called for in the waffles. Leftover batter may be kept in covered container in refrigerator and used up to several days later.

NOTE: Since a number of people have found the directions for using the sourdough starter a bit complicated as given in the February, 1979, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, I'll include this more simple version.

STARTER

- 1 envelope yeast
- 2 cups warm water
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. sugar

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Combine with remaining ingredients in a glass bowl. Cover and let stand in warm room for 48 hours. Stir down occasionally. Spoon into large glass jar and cover. Refrigerate. When starter is used, replenish remaining amount with an equal amount of flour and water. For example: if 1 cup starter is removed, stir into remaining starter 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 cup warm water. Use at least every two weeks to keep the starter "freshened".

—Evelyn

LEMON CREAM BARS

- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 cup margarine, melted

Combine first three ingredients; set aside. In large bowl, combine flour, oats, brown sugar, baking powder and melted margarine. Mix until crumbly. Press half of crumb mixture into bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Spread with lemon mixture. Sprinkle remaining crumb mixture over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 25-30 minutes. (Bars will be soft.) Chill and cut into bars. Refrigerate any leftovers.

—Donna Nenneman

FAVORITE CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 3 cups cooked, diced chicken
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 soup can of milk
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1 small can bamboo shoots, drained
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Crushed croutons and slivered almonds, for topping

Combine all but the topping ingredients. Place in a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Combine the croutons and almonds and sprinkle over top. Bake about 30 minutes at 375 degrees. Can be prepared ahead of time and refrigerated; however, do not put the topping on until ready to bake.

I served this dish at a recent Birthday Club luncheon.

—Dorothy

SALISBURY MINUTE STEAK

- 2 to 3 Tbls. oil
- 4 to 5 minute steaks
- 2 to 3 medium onions, sliced
- 1 sliced green pepper
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1 3/4 cups water
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- Salt and pepper to taste

Put oil in frying pan and brown steaks; remove steaks from pan. Cook onion and green pepper in oil. Add soy sauce, sugar and 1 1/2 cups of the water. Heat to boiling; then reduce heat to low and simmer for a few minutes. In cup, mix the cornstarch with the remaining 1/4 cup water until blended. Salt and pepper to taste. Gradually stir into onion mixture and cook until sauce thickens. Add steak and simmer until tender.

—Donna Nenneman

CHOCOLATE-MARSHMALLOW PIE

- 1 ½-lb. Hershey bar with nuts
- 22 large marshmallows
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1 baked graham cracker crust

In saucepan, melt Hershey bar, marshmallows and milk. Cool. Stir in whipped cream. Pour into pie shell. Refrigerate overnight. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream and chocolate shavings, if desired, when ready to serve.

—Donna Nenneman

UPSY-DAISY PEACH CAKE

Topping

- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, packed
- 1 1-lb. can sliced peaches, drained
- Maraschino cherries, halved
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut

Melt butter or margarine in 9-inch round cake pan. Stir in brown sugar. Stir until bubbly over low heat. Arrange peach slices over butter-brown sugar mixture in daisy fashion, using seven peach slices per flower. Place a maraschino cherry half in center of each flower. Sprinkle coconut over all.

Batter

- 1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 egg

Sift dry ingredients in bowl. Add shortening, two-thirds of the milk and flavorings. Beat for two minutes at low speed. Add remaining milk and egg and beat for two more minutes. Pour over peaches in pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 40 minutes. Loosen sides of cake and turn out of pan at once. —Dorothy

ORANGE CLOUD DESSERT

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water (or fruit juice)
- 3/4 cup fresh orange juice
- 1/4 cup fresh lemon juice
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- Dash of salt
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 5 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup prepared whipped topping
- Orange for garnish

Combine unflavored gelatin and cold water (or fruit juice). Set aside. In top of double boiler, combine juices, egg yolks, sugar, butter or margarine, salt and flavorings. Beat until ingredients are well blended. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats a spoon. Remove from fire. Stir the dissolved gelatin mixture into the hot custard, continuing to stir until mixture is smooth. Set aside to cool. (Do not refrigerate.)

Beat egg whites until frothy, add cream of tartar, continue beating. Gradually add sugar and beat until moist peaks are formed. Fold whipped topping

and whipped egg whites into cooled custard mixture. Spoon into pretty crystal bowl. For garnish, slice orange into thin rings. Cut each ring in half. Arrange over top. Refrigerate until time to serve. Serves 8. —Evelyn

HEARTY SKILLET MEAL

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- 1 cup diced carrots
- 1 cup diced potatoes
- 3/4 to 1 cup water
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Saute beef, garlic and onion until meat loses its color. Stir in rice, carrots and potatoes. Add water, cover and simmer for 30-40 minutes or until rice and vegetables are tender. Just before serving stir in soy sauce, salt and pepper.

—Donna Nenneman

HONEY DRESSING

- 1/4 to 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 cup salad oil

Mix sugar, mustard, paprika, celery seed and salt. Add honey, vinegar, lemon juice and onion. Pour oil into mixture very slowly, beating constantly with rotary or electric beater. Makes 2 cups. Fine for a meat dish. —Lucile

POOR MAN'S COOKY

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg

Combine the raisins, water, shortening and butter flavoring in a saucepan. Cook for 20 minutes. Cool. Beat the sugar, eggs and vanilla together until very well blended. Add to the cooled raisin mixture. Sift together the remaining ingredients and add to mixture. Put in large greased cake pan or two smaller ones. (Batter should be no more than one inch thick in pan.) Bake at 375 degrees for 20-25 minutes or until done. Cool and cut into bars. —Juliana



THAT TIME OF YEAR

If you haven't already had your first outdoor barbecue, bet it won't be long. There's something about spring that brings out the chef in Dad.

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THE GOLDEN BUCKET

by
Monica Brandies

The "golden bucket" sits on the sink and soaks up recyclables all day: plate scrapings, potato peels, burnt cookies, the water from cooking the vegetables, even the rinsings used to soak cooking pans clean.

Before we had the homestead, we used a milk carton for garbage with holes punched in the bottom so liquids with all their nourishment went down the drain. When the carton was full (everytime we turned around) we took it to the smelly old trash can for the weekly collection. It was altogether an unpleasant situation.

Not so the "golden bucket". For our family it usually holds at least a gallon for normal daily dumping. Plastic ice cream pails are great. A lid makes for neatness, especially in the summer, though I keep taking it off to add something more. We never, however, leave a plastic bucket outside or a dog will eat up all the contents. We have now resorted to the largest cooking kettle of our camping set. We haven't been camping since we got our own patch of earth, but if we ever decide to go again, that camp kettle will boil up clean as new.

Waste is terrible, especially in a world as hungry as ours. Waste as a way of life is spawning a whole new industry of garbage compactors and disposers as well as land fills and recycling plants. There may be no other way in high-rise apartments, but on the homestead proper use of waste materials can be as simple as common sense.

Garbage is good! I won't stick that on my car bumper because it takes both explaining and convincing, but I'll be glad to tell any potential believer how it works. If you have a piece of land, you have a garbage disposer of the very best sort. Recycle food wastes yourself, either in a compost pile, a shallow trench, a buried and bottomless bucket, or scattered right on the ground between the garden rows.

If you have animals they will convince you that the bringing out of the golden bucket is the best part of their day. When we had none of our own, our neighbor's ponies used our pasture. I had dug a shallow hole for my first "compost pile", but everything I dumped there disappeared before my next trip. It was not coons or opossums that ate those leavings, I discovered. I had been raised around horses, but the first ones to ever whinny and trot up to the gate the minute I appeared at the back door were those ponies who recognized the golden bucket. I became careful of apple cores and corn cobs that might choke them, but they ate everything else from pickles to stale cake and never showed any adverse effects. (We are careful



Craig Birkby is working compost into the garden area of their "homestead" in preparation for spring planting.

about those plastic-covered wires that come with plastic bags and any discarded glass or hardware which would be harmful. But a little paper and a bit of soap accidentally get in the ponies' diets without any dire results.) Most of the animals visibly thrive on garbage and probably find in it some helpful nutrients they might not get in other feeds.

We soon accumulated our own animal menagerie. Our cow will contentedly chomp bucket after bucket of Keiffer pears or apple peelings; our 250-pound pig stands on his hind legs and begs. I dump the garbage quickly—that pig is hard on pen partitions! Every chicken on the place will scurry up to follow the golden bucket from the kitchen to the henhouse. And they think they've died and gone to heaven the day we freeze corn and bring out the goodies by the 5-gallon canfuls. We are still giving our garbage back to the land, but we now cycle much of it through the animals and spread the manure on an ever-improving garden.

I once watched in horror as a hostess made coleslaw in her blender and poured at least half a gallon of excess water, pale green with nutrients, down the sink. Restaurants don't fill "piggy pails" though they must have food waste to spare. Sometimes it gets lonely out in the world seeing all that garbage regarded with disdain and thinking how our animals would love to have it.

Happily, we aren't the only people of this particular variety. We visited some other homesteaders one day for a delicious, 100% home-grown feast. On the sink in their newly rebuilt, completely modern kitchen, was a yellow plastic pail. There was no question of where to scrape what few crumbs were left on the plates. After dinner we took that bucket with its treats and went out to admire and feed their livestock.

Taking out the garbage is still a chore, but not a thankless one. For the good of your homestead, garden or livestock, any bucket you use will be golden.

FRAGRANCE FORMILADY — Concl.

delicate scent.

The Perfumer's Art Today: Perfumery today is an art and a science. A trained perfumer can recognize by odor a thousand different perfume ingredients and often can tell you the source and quality of the ingredients as well. He also must know the reaction of one odor to another—they aren't all compatible with each other, you know. He must learn the chemical structure and reactions of the various ingredients and the staying power. In the final analysis, it is the sense of smell which determines the character, the worth, of the finished product. The perfumes that are sold today consist of blends of several ingredients diluted in alcohol.

Let us pause to think for a moment just how many household items today contain a fragrance of some sort—the soap in the bathroom, the toilet tissue, in cosmetics, detergents and washing compounds, furniture polish, candles, room deodorizers, shampoos, etc. Scent is used to mask, modify or improve the odors of such items as raincoats, hosiery, paints, insecticides and toys.

Certainly fragrance is something very special in the life of every woman—and men, too, bless them! Who'd want to shave with an unscented shaving cream or put on an unscented shaving lotion? I'm sure the men like their scented products and we women certainly appreciate them far more with a masculine scent.

(NOTE: You might want to have a display of some exotic perfumes, soaps and other perfumed products and perhaps a display of herbs and some aromatic leaves which guests might look at and even sniff after the program.)

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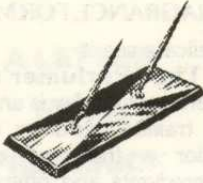
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DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

I can't remember a year when I've been so happy to see spring arrive. Winter seemed to last forever this year. I've never let the snow keep me from getting about during the winter, but the ice kept me pretty close to home this year. However, the long winter did provide plenty of time for me to dig into the house and get that dreaded spring cleaning out of the way a little early.

Last fall we put out two bird feeders—the first year we had ever attempted to feed the birds. We soon found that we could barely keep the feeders full. We had various types of birds around, but most interesting were two pairs of cardinals with such regular habits you could almost set your clock by their coming and going. They seemed to appear about 9:30 A.M. and again about 4:30 P.M. The girls even enjoyed watching the birds, which was a surprise to me with their very busy schedules.

In a suburban neighborhood, such as the one in which we live in Omaha, the "For Sale" and "Sold" signs really start popping up in front yards this time of year. We are fortunate in that we have the Montclair Community Center within walking distance of our home. The center houses an indoor swimming pool for year-round swimming, an area for classes which range from dance and exercise classes to ceramic classes and outdoor tennis courts. I'm sure this is a facility that looks very appealing to a family who might be moving in from out of town. It is an excellent way for new residents to become acquainted with other people in the area.

I think many churches also try to bridge that gap for the families in our very mobile society. The church to which we belong has neighborhood groups organized. As new people join the church, they are automatically placed in a neighborhood "cluster". The activities vary as they are determined by the members themselves. Our particular group, over the past few years, has had a family picnic at a local amusement park, a progressive dinner, a trip to a dinner theater and many other activities too numerous to mention.

Recently, our church has started having social activities for people who fall into common age groups. This seems like an excellent idea as there are many activities and projects which seem to reflect some common interest.

Lisa has found her Freshman year of high school to be somewhat more



Lisa and Natalie are the daughters of Tom and Donna Nenneman of Omaha, Nebraska, and the adored granddaughters of Howard and Mae Driftmier of Shenandoah, Iowa, and Leroy and Mary Nenneman of Sidney, Iowa.

demanding than her previous experiences in school. She certainly has learned how to budget her time more efficiently.

She joined competitive debates this year, which was a totally new experience for her. She was apprehensive to begin with, but once she got into the active debate work she seemed to enjoy it.

Lisa obtained her driver's permit last fall. The streets were not in good enough condition for her to learn to drive this winter. Now that spring is here, we are all dodging chuckholes in the streets. I know now without question that when I walk out the door to go someplace with Lisa, she is going to want to be behind the wheel. In time, she will surely develop into a good driver, but like all teenagers, she is not very patient waiting for *that* day to arrive. She is eagerly awaiting October so she can get her driver's license. Getting a driver's license is probably one of the most exciting events for any teenager other than high school graduation.

Natalie has enjoyed junior high this year. It has given her the opportunity to participate in some extra-curricular activities which she has enjoyed a great deal. She is still taking piano lessons, but each week seems to have more trouble finding time to practice. Her real love is still gymnastics. She works on stunts without even being aware she is doing so, as she turns, flips and does walkovers through the house.

Usually, when you think of a play at school, you automatically assume it involves students. This winter we again attended a play that has become a custom in our school district; however, this drama involves faculty members. Each year the faculty of one of the secondary schools puts on a "melodrama". The recent performance was called "The Curse of the Aching Heart". The proceeds always go to help some needy student. This year the proceeds were applied to buying a chairlift for a student who has cerebral palsy. Play night is always an enjoyable evening. The

students thoroughly enjoy seeing their teachers in such a different role. Lisa thought it was a lot more fun this year since a number of the instructors who were cast in the play teach her classes.

The girls are already talking about where they want to go for summer vacation. They both think they would like to go back to Snowmass at Aspen, Colorado. When we were there two summers ago, it was only for one night. So many activities looked like fun that the girls would like to go back for a week. So, undoubtedly, at least a portion of this summer's vacation will be spent in Colorado.

Toward the end of May my husband, Tom, usually goes to Minnesota for a few days to fish with friends. As of yet, the subject hasn't been mentioned, but I'm sure this year will be no different. The trip has always provided him with a much-needed break at the end of a busy school year.

With such a severe winter, Tom and I stayed pretty close to home once he got home from his work as a school administrator. However, we did manage to get to most of the home basketball games. There are several couples who periodically get together after the football and basketball games for some conversation and a midnight snack and that was most enjoyable.

Like most families, we have tried to work in some "eating out" the last few months. It seems that Mexican food came out the favorite as we made selections from the menu. Tom and I first became acquainted with Mexican food when we lived in southern California some twenty years ago. I think it is a way of cooking for which one acquires a taste. The girls never seem to complain when we are going to have a Mexican meal. As a matter of fact, they have been known to bring home Mexican recipes from friends. We have found one Mexican restaurant that we frequent quite often because we all like their soft-shelled tacos. I wish I had the recipe for their taco shells as they are the best we have ever eaten: soft, golden brown, flaky and yet crunchy around the edges. While on a trip to Detroit, Tom ran into a Mexican dish called a "batana salad". We had never heard of it and he was unsuccessful in getting the recipe so it looks like one of those "once in a lifetime" experiences.

I must close and get this in the mail or it won't arrive by my deadline.

Sincerely,
Donna Nenneman

LAW DAY, USA

Know your obligations and your rights as Americans. Obey the law and respect the rights of others. May 1 is Law Day, USA.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

During a recent telephone chat with Mother, she was looking forward to the weekly television visit with Jimmy Crockett, from the series *Crockett's Victory Garden* over public broadcasting TV. Seen on nearly 140 stations, James Underwood Crockett became the man for all gardening seasons to viewers. The book, a companion to the series, became a best seller. Crockett's wealth of gardening wisdom is brought to readers in his new book, *Crockett's Indoor Garden* (Little Brown & Co., \$17.50; paperback, \$9.95). He has helpful month-to-month advice for gardeners. For May, he reminds us that house plants should be set outside for the summer, as soon as the nights are predictably warmer than 55 degrees. He digs a trench 6 to 8 inches deep, with a 4-inch layer of gravel for drainage, and then fills the rest of the trench with peat moss, which holds moisture around the pots. He calls this the ideal health spa for summering house plants.

Also on the May calendar, he mentions plants and their growing characteristics, with full-color photographs which add to the appeal of *Crockett's Indoor Garden*. Writing about sedum and burro's tail, he says this is the easiest plant in the book to care for, an excellent gift for people who appreciate greenery but don't have the thumb to match. Now, *that's* what I need!

Seriously, his practical philosophy and basic gardening procedures help make his invitation irresistible: "I urge you to become a gardener, especially an indoor gardener . . . Remember that a gardener's year is a never-ending cycle of seedtime and harvest, of planning ahead, of constant guidance, of confident expectancy, of unknown joys still to come." Check your library for this one.

Our beagle, Tiger, has been a part of our household for quite a few years, and we often hear, "How's Tiger?" when our children telephone us. In the *I Can Read* book, *Okay, Good Dog* (Harper & Row, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$4.95) Ursula Landshoff has written with simple text and lively pictures how a dog can be trained gently and with love by young dog owners. Her good ideas for the book were gained from her own experience training dogs. She reminds us, "When your dog does something right, pet him and praise him. A happy dog will be your best friend for a long time." Children in the 4- to 8-age group would especially like *Okay, Good Dog*.

The Gift of Acabar (J.B. Lippincott



This beautiful amaryllis is blooming in a section of my dining room. The bulb which produced the gorgeous white bloom was sent to me as a gift from my brother, Wayne. It came from his nursery in Denver, Colorado. Behind the amaryllis is the beautiful antique French clock which has the unfortunate habit of chiming over and over unless the chimes are turned off. It gets extremely nerve-wracking to hear 12 o'clock, for instance, repeated 10 times without a pause, so those chimes are turned off most of the time. —Lucile

Co., \$5.95) by Og Mandino and Buddy Kaye is an intriguing story that will capture your attention. Beautifully written, it can help a person strive for the true riches of life. *The Gift of Acabar*, an enchanting parable, tells of Tulo who wanted light and warmth to sustain him and his tiny sister through storm and darkness. Star Acabar floated down to the besieged village of Kalvala to help Tulo live at peace with himself.

A collection of wisdom from Acabar was given to Tulo for the people of the earth. It was called Credenda:

"Love your family and count your blessings. Reflect on how eagerly they would be sought if you did not have them. All great achievements come from working and waiting. Be patient. Work every day as if it were your first, yet tenderly treat the lives you touch as if they will all end at midnight. Love everyone, even those who deny you, for hate is a luxury you cannot afford. Seek out those in need. Learn that he who delivers with one hand will always gather with two. Be of good cheer. Above all, remember that very little is needed to make a happy life."

Og Mandino also wrote the popular classic *The Greatest Salesman in the World* and was president of *Success Unlimited* magazine for twelve years. Buddy Kaye has excelled in every field of endeavor he has undertaken: musician, teacher and lecturer. Their book, *The Gift of Acabar*, has an inspirational message and self-help philosophy.

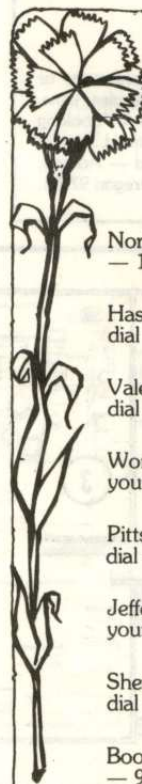
EUGENIE'S LETTER — Concluded

us. Our cousins, kids our age, were there. The grown-ups went out to eat supper, but we kids were left at the hotel. They brought us a bag of doughnuts and the cousins passed out gum. The gum was new to us, so I just broke off a small piece, and then after a while, swallowed it.

We boarded the steamer, *America*, in Duluth and were on the last lap of the journey. There was no dock in those days, and we had to be dropped into an open skiff that was heaving up and down with the waves. It was a cold and dark October evening in 1902 when we arrived in Tofte.

This is what I remember about our journey to America.

Until next time,
Eugenie Strom



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

If the first warm days of May entice you to set out tender plants or sow seeds of flowers and vegetables that require sustained warm weather and soil in order to grow, don't do it! Eager-to-plant customers come in on the first warm, sunshiny day and buy tomato, pepper, and tender flower seedlings to plant outdoors. "I hope you don't intend to set these out now—you know it freezes sometimes through Memorial Day," I warn, but usually my words fall on deaf ears. If you get the urge to plant—you plant. Then you lug cans and rugs or what-have-you to cover the plants when frost threatens. I am as guilty as the next one but my prudent husband has proven time and again that most plants, when set out after the weather is warm and settled, will catch up with those early-set, can-covered plants.

A reader asks if there is a better variety of snapdragons than the *Rockets*? "I have good luck with these but catalogs

offer so many more types that I'm tempted to change. I do not have a big flower budget so cannot buy more than one or two varieties of the annuals I love."

The *Rocket Snaps* are old standbys for many gardeners and we used to plant them methodically every year until the *Bright Butterflies Hybrid* was introduced. These have unusual open-faced florets and the plants are base-branching and heat tolerant. One of our "trial packets" was seed of a double snap called *Supreme Mixture*. This snap has terrific vigor, fully double florets closely spaced on long, tapering spikes. The colors are enchanting—two-tone color combinations and solid shades of red, pink, rose and yellow. Some of the dwarf snapdragons make lovely edgings. Named varieties are *Floral Carpet*, *Tom Thumb*, *Little Darling* and *Pixie*. These grow only 6-10 inches high and are more continuously flowering than the larger snaps. Don't be afraid to cut off the faded blooms on all snapdragons as they will bloom again in a short time.

Mary T. writes that she visited our Chapel and gardens last summer. "You were not home but we enjoyed the tour of the yard, Chapel and Parsonage given to us by your young granddaughter. I want to know the name of the single, golden flowers with deep-brown centers that were growing everywhere in beds, borders and planters. Could this flower be a rudbeckia and if so where can I obtain seeds?"

The flower was an annual rudbeckia called *Marmalade*. This delightful plant is easy to start from seed and the plants bloom right up until killed by hard frost. Seed is offered in Stokes Catalog, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240. Send for their free catalog.

WORTH IT!

My annual pilgrimage forces me through field and forest where I fall on rotten logs, slide down steep ditches and mire through their bottoms to scale the other sides.

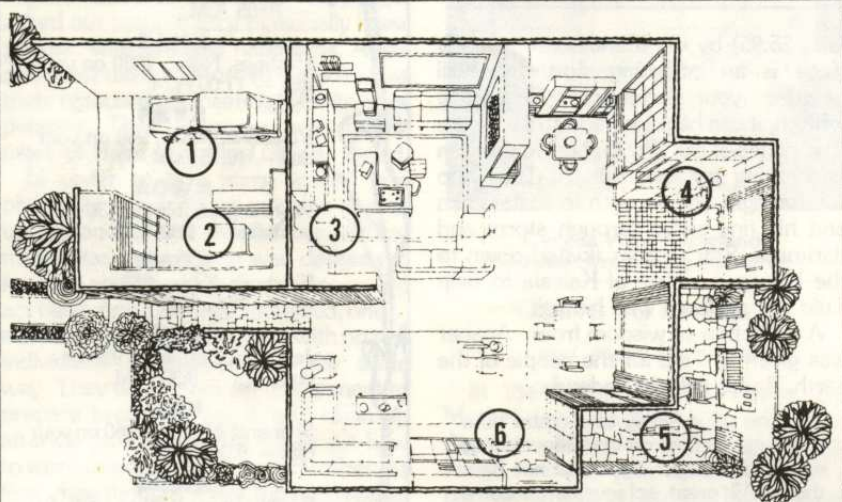
While my ankles are clutched by gooseberry stickers, blackberry briars slash my arms and locust tree thorns grab clumps of my hair.

Why do I submit my body to this torture and risk encountering falling ticks, rattling snakes or snorting bulls?

Why?

For a mess of mushrooms, of course.

—Eva Segar



LET ME COUNT THE WAYS

Stand in the middle of your house and point in any direction. Chances are, you'll be pointing at something that can be—or needs to be—cleaned with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

Follow the numbers: 1. Car and garage floor. 2. Workbench, tools, etc. 3. Mirrors, pictures. 4. Greasy, skillets, pans, counters. 5. Outdoor furniture, grill. 6. Windows, fingerprints. And we haven't even been to the basement or second floor!



THE MARK OF QUALITY

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

A word of encouragement during a failure is worth more than a dictionary of praise after a success.

Maytime Merry Makers

Flower Festival: This requires some beforehand planning. On sheets of white paper, make up picture puzzles which illustrate the name of a flower. These sheets are spread out on the table, or pinned up about the room, each one being numbered. Guests are provided with paper and pencil and then walk around the room to look at the pictures. The players write down the numbers of the illustrations and their guesses as to the flowers' names. Or, use the illustration sheets like flash cards, giving a point to the player who is first to guess correct name. The player with most correct names wins. Here are some sample illustrations: Dogwood (picture of a dog and a piece of wood glued to paper), Pansy (picture of pan and letter Z), Tulip (pair of lips and the number 2), Phlox (several birds), Sweet pea (picture of a sack of sugar and picture of a garden pea or glue on a real packet of sugar and a dried pea). Get out your garden and nursery catalog and you will come up with many flowers for your flower festival game.

Housecleaning Time: This game can be played in pairs or as a relay. On two chairs, place several identical small objects, such as needle, bobby pin, marble, dried bean, a length of dry spaghetti, penny, stick of gum, etc. Each player is given a large glove and a small bucket. Wearing the glove, the player must pick up the small objects one at a time and put them in the pail. For a relay, the bucket might be passed down the line and back before the next player on that side empties the bucket and then tries to pick up the objects.

The Millinery Shop: Provide all kinds of pretty papers, old flower corsages, plastic flowers, bits of ribbon, net, pins, needles and thread, old brooches, fancy buttons, perhaps even a few small vegetables or kitchen gadgets. Each guest is to make herself a spring hat, using some of the materials provided. The hats are then modeled and prizes awarded for the wackiest hat, the most clever, the prettiest, and the ugliest.

—Virginia Thomas



Fred, a Blue-Fronted Amazon Parrot, is the latest addition to the Lowey household. It took a great deal of patience and love before the wild bird began to calm down and develop into the kind of a pet the Loweyes could enjoy. Now he is a companion who will visit, saying "Hello" plainly and trying to add new words to his vocabulary. He will sit on Juliana's shoulder, play with her hair and perch on the back of a chair in the kitchen. Hands are something he still does not like, and Juliana has nipped places on her fingers to prove it. The colorful plumage and bright personality of this type parrot make them increasingly valued as pets.

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Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.



OH, MY!

Now don't go blaming your friend, the grocer. He's not responsible for dollar-a-head lettuce. The important question is, what are we going to do about it? Well, first off, grow a garden. That will help in season. Also, supplement the lettuce with other greens, like spinach. Some people even recommend lawn weeds, like chickweed, dandelion or purslane.

But the main point is: don't spoil precious lettuce with bad salad dressings. Use only the best. The kind that's blended with care in spotless kitchens, containing only quality oils, vinegar and spices. The kind you know can be depended on, bottle after bottle. The kind that enhances, not smothers, the other salad ingredients. The dressing that comes in three delicious flavors: **French, Italian and Country Style.** We're talking, of course, of those famous

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From Our Family Album

When Juliana was a little girl she spent a great deal of time on the farm up near Lucas, Iowa, which belongs to her Uncle Frank and Aunt Dorothy. Her cousin, Kristin, was so near the same age that they spent many

happy hours playing together. As with all children, however, Juliana needed to get away sometimes and have a "spell to think her own thoughts". This lovely spot near the creek was one of her very favorite places. Her father, Russell Verness, snapped this picture just in time to catch the pensive, far-away look on her face.

The dress Juliana is wearing was one I made out of navy blue Indianhead fabric. It was all-cotton without a speck of synthetic in it. The pink rickrack was put on the sleeves with French knots which gave it a most beautiful texture and design. It was really quite a dress.

—Lucile

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

We always seem to have more mashed potatoes than we need after company meals. I mix mine with chopped onion, an egg or two, and seasoned salt to taste. Chopped cooked meat can be stirred in, too. Top with cheese and bake until hot thru. This freezes well. It can be used as filling for potato skin boats, wrapped in foil and frozen until time to bake and eat.

—Mrs. J.J., Mound City, Mo.

For a filling lunch idea, put a little cold water into the bottom of a cup or soup mug—about 1/3 to 1 inch deep. Sprinkle over the water one envelope of plain gelatin. Boil a cup of water while the gelatin softens. Add 1 bouillon cube and the cup of boiling water to the softened gelatin. Stir to dissolve. This is a little more filling drink than just a regular cup of bouillon. If accompanied by a few crackers, a piece of raw fruit or vegetables or, perhaps, a hard-cooked egg, it becomes a nutritious lunch.

—Listener from Omaha

For easy tartar sauce, combine equal amounts of mayonnaise and Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing.

Bake a batch of your favorite homemade cookies. Decorate a coffee can by covering it with a piece of wrapping paper, Con-Tact-type

covering, etc., or purchase an inexpensive cookie jar. Fill the container with "goodies" and share with a shut-in or friend. When I came home from the hospital with my second baby, a friend brought this gift to me, and I really appreciated it.

Once my husband bought me a cookie jar and tucked inside it was this little poem:

"Hey you, keep me full and I'll be your family's friend.

But let me get empty, and you'll never hear the end.

I can fill an empty stomach, put a smile on a frowning face.

All you have to do is lend me a little counter space."

I've included this in gifts of cookie jars to my friends ever since.

—Mrs. B.R., Faucett, Mo.

To prepare wild rice, wash it well with cold water. Drain. Put rice in heavy pan with tight-fitting lid. Pour enough boiling water over rice to cover. Put on lid and let set until cool. When cool, drain off water and repeat with boiling water two more times.

—Betty Jane

Deviled eggs: Hard-cook eggs. Remove shells and cut eggs in half lengthwise. Carefully remove yolks. Mash yolks and add enough Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing to moisten. Salt to taste. Fill egg whites. Sprinkle a little paprika over egg halves.

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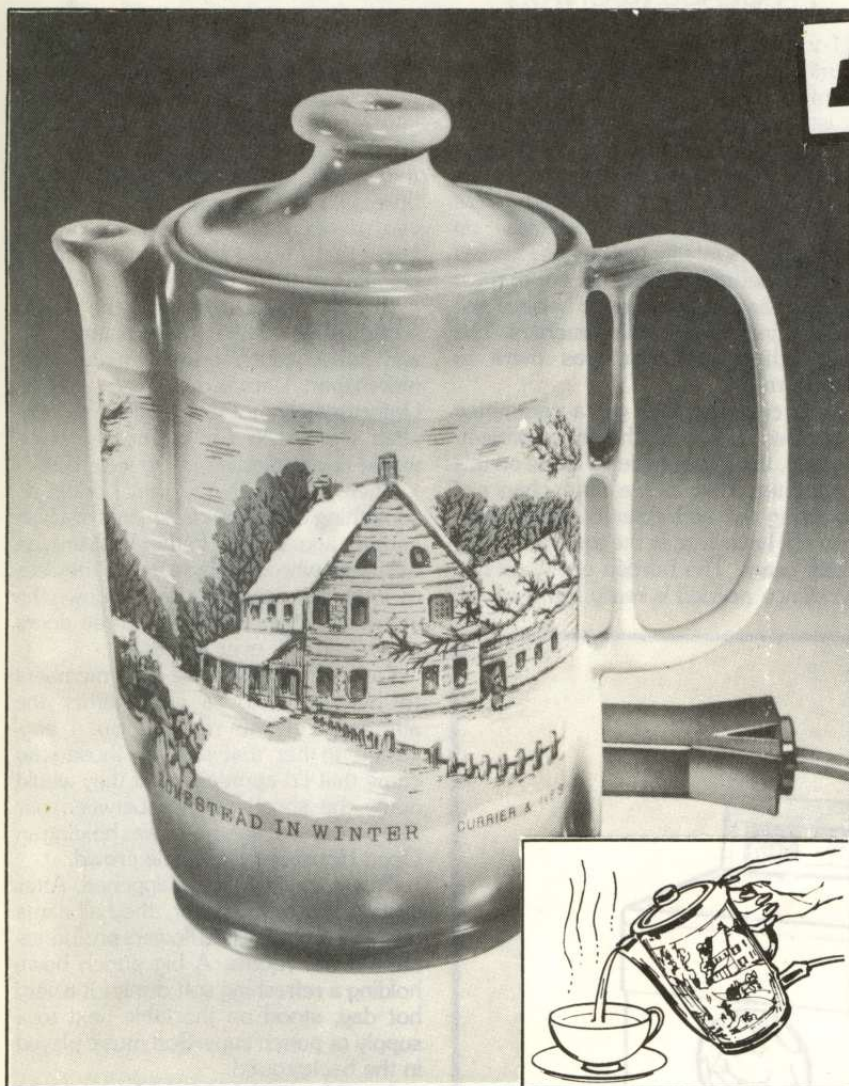
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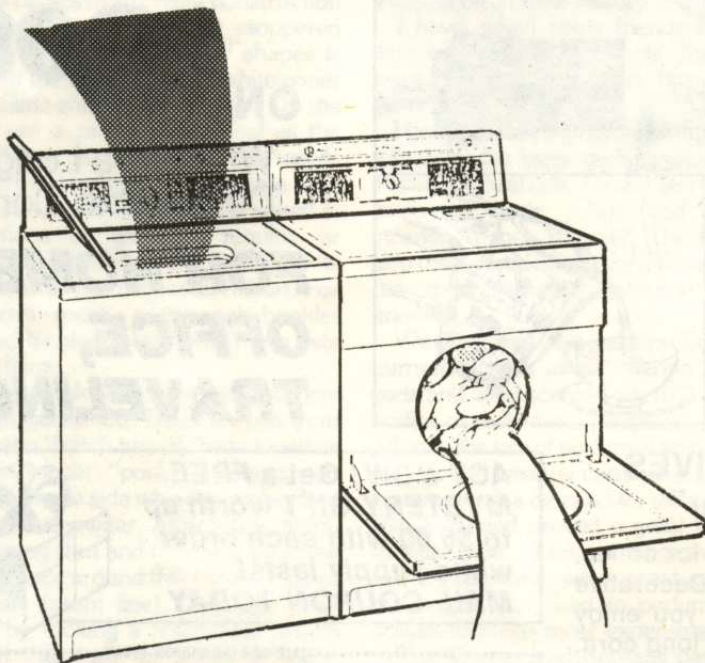
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A CLASS REUNION

I don't know if annual high school class reunions are popular all over the country, but in this southwest Iowa area it is an event much anticipated and worked on for almost a year in advance.

Last year, the Shenandoah High School held a reunion honoring the class which had received diplomas on graduation night fifty years ago. This was a real celebration with an out-of-town speaker and many guests, besides the alumni, including former teachers. The high school orchestra was there to furnish music.

It is customary to get a committee organized to line up the entire project. Usually, the local residents serve on this committee. They have a better chance of obtaining the addresses of people who may not have lived in the town for many, many years. The burden of the correspondence needed is really tremendous,

as you can well imagine.

The minute I read that the first meeting of the Shenandoah committee was to be held in the auditorium at the library, my heart sank. There are steps and steps into our library and here I am, with my greatest community interest centered in the library, totally unable to get into the building. I have frequent spells of feeling very depressed about this. Anyway, I knew that I could not participate in the planning of the reunion.

At the initial meeting, the entire schedule for the event was planned out and subsequently printed in our local newspaper. I studied it very carefully. Unfortunately, not one single part of the affair was located in a building which would accommodate my wheelchair.

Then it came to me that I could do something to see my classmates of a half-century ago. I called Esther Williams, an old friend who also graduated in the class of 1928, and asked her to run down the street from her home just three doors away, and talk over my idea.

Esther had invited the class members to her home for a get-together the afternoon of the reunion. So, I suggested to her that she tell those who came that I'd appreciate it if they would come the short distance between our two homes and see me—I was holding an Open House for the whole crowd.

This is exactly what happened. After visiting first with Esther, they all came over to my place. I had flowers of all kinds around the rooms. A big punch bowl, holding a refreshing soft drink for a very hot day, stood on the table next to a supply of punch cups. Soft music played in the background.

As with most reunions, I recognized some of the people immediately; other class members had to be introduced to me. After all, in fifty years there are bound to be big changes in appearance.

After a wonderful visit here, the group went to the local Country Club for a formal banquet. The chairman for the evening accounted for all members of the class of 1928 as far as the committee had been able to learn; quite a few had passed on, others were too ill to travel, and a few never were reached in any way.

Most of these school reunions are held in intervals—5 years, 10 years, or 25—depending on how many classmates can appear. Juliana is looking forward to a coming class reunion and plans to travel to Shenandoah when it occurs.

If you've never had a school gathering of this type in your community, why don't you give the idea some thought? It is a job to get everything coordinated, but it's well worth the effort. —Lucile

Live well, laugh heartily, love people, learn much, and work to leave something of value behind when you are gone. Yes, life can be a constant reward.

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50 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors BRAND NEW — NOT Seconds — 50 Towels for \$1.75 or 100 for only \$3.35. 150 just \$4.95. Super Quality. Pls. include 50¢ extra for pstg. and hdlg. with EACH set of 50 Towels you buy. We know Towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

50 TOWEL CO. Dept. A-231
315 No. 10th St. St. Louis, MO 63101

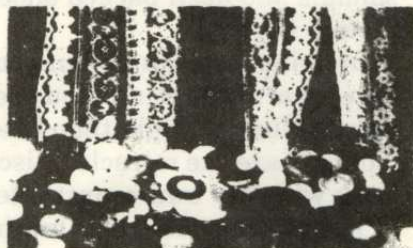
OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$13.95 P.P.
Assembled: Undressed; with patterns for clothes 16" \$21.55 P.P.

Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style. 16" \$28.55 P.P.
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50 YARDS LACE \$1.75

LACE — LACE — LACE... 50 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, insertions, etc. Assorted beautiful designs, colors and widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length—none smaller. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double, knit fabrics. **Only \$1.75** or double orders **\$3.35**. 3 orders just **\$4.95**. Pls. include 50¢ pstg. and hdlg. with EACH set of 50 yards you buy. Satisfaction guaranteed!

FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS!
50 New, High Quality Buttons. Assorted colors, sizes and shapes. Sent FREE with each lace order. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery.

LACE LADY DEPT. LB-155
315 No. Tenth St. St. Louis, Mo. 63101

My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here's why Feathersprings work for them and *why they can work for you*. These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom fitted and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually



imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

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

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

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE MIRACLE:

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

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

"I have checked your corporation with (A Consumer Protection Agency), and received an excellent report." H.S.H./Louisville, Kentucky.

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514 N.E. 124th, Seattle, Washington 98125

FEATHERSPRING INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
514 N. E. 124th, Dept. KK059
Seattle, Washington 98125

YES! I want to learn more about the relief Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports can give. Please send me your free brochure. I understand that there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____