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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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FREDERICK HAS SURPRISING NEWS

In view of the fact that Frederick and Betty are making a change in their lives, Lucile wanted this letter to occupy the space she usually uses.

Dear Friends:

Hold onto your hats! Here comes the biggest surprise in all my years of writing to you. I have announced my resignation as the Senior Minister of the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Betty and I moved to this wonderful community just twenty-four years ago, and now it is time for us to move on. We are making this change for reasons of health—nothing serious, just weariness. We have worked for so long that we want to retire now while we still have enough vigor to enjoy our retirement years.

My resignation has come as a shock to many of the members of our church. Everything is going so well in the church. The members are enthusiastic and generous. Our Sunday morning attendance is the highest in this part of New England. Financially our church could not be in a stronger, better position. Our Christian witness is simply wonderful. It is the success of our church which encourages us to leave, for it is good to go when everything is progressing well. We prayed about this decision for weeks, and we know that it is God's will for us.

What now? Well, we have purchased a lovely seven-room, two-and-one-half-bath house. It is just one mile from the ocean and is located in Stonington, Connecticut. It is only ten minutes from Betty's old family home located near Westerly, Rhode Island. Since most of her life Betty lived only three miles from Westerly and attended high school there, you can see we feel as if we are "going home". This area is also familiar to us because we spent fifteen summers at a cottage on the lake about twelve miles from our new house, so we are acquainted with the shops, banks, etc., in the area.



Frederick and Betty Driftmier's new home.

The house will suit our needs nicely. We had been looking for a house where Betty's mother and father could live with us when they come up from Florida for the summer. They are now at an age where they can no longer go up and down stairs, and so they made it possible for Betty's brother's son to take over the home where the family lived for many, many years. The floor plan of our new home is just perfect for retired persons, and Betty and I are thrilled with the prospect of having her parents with us as much as possible. Each winter we plan to spend a few weeks with them in their lovely Florida home.

Let me tell you about finding this dream house. Thirty years ago, Betty and I were driving along near the Pawcatuck River on our way back to her home from the ocean. At one point along the way, we stopped the car and talked about how nice it would be to own a home in that general area. Then, last March, while making a business trip to Rhode Island, Betty and I called on an old friend who lives in the same river section we had admired so long ago. On the way to his home, we saw a "For Sale" sign in front of a house which appealed to us. We followed the usual steps which people take when they set out to buy a house and now that house is ours!

To locate our new home, look at a map and notice where the state line runs between Connecticut and Rhode Island. Right at the point where the line meets the ocean is where we are going to live. Our house sits on a little country lane which follows the bank of the river. It is high enough above the water never to be endangered by a flood. My father always warned me never to buy a house on a flood plain, and I like the fact that our new house, while right on the river, is actually about twenty feet higher than

the high tide mark. Since the Pawcatuck is a tidal river, the water level changes with the incoming and the outgoing tides. From our front windows and the sun deck, we can watch the lovely yachts going up and down the river as they move to and from the Westerly, Rhode Island, Yacht Club.

In my letter of resignation, I said that we would like to leave Springfield at the end of July. However, I did say that I would stay on until the end of this year if the church found my leaving this summer too much of a hardship.

We begged our church members to promise that, when the time came for us to leave, they would not have any farewell parties or receptions for us. In many ways, this move is a heartbreaking rupture for us. We deeply love our church and its people. When anyone starts to talk to us about our leaving, our eyes fill with tears. We simply cannot bear to have a farewell party; after our last service in the church, we want to stand at the door and shake hands just as we always have for the past many years.

What are we going to do in retirement? Both of us want to take up painting. Both of us are going to volunteer for work at the local hospital. (Betty's father was chairman of the fund drive which built the new hospital.) I plan to do some volunteer work with the YMCA. (Betty's father was chairman of the fund drive which built the YMCA.) I may even volunteer to work in a local greenhouse and floral store. All my life I have envied men who work in greenhouses, and now maybe I can find time to do it, too. Hopefully, we shall be doing quite a bit of traveling, particularly to British Columbia and to the British Isles.

One activity I do not intend to continue is preaching. I think that the
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MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

It is a genuine pleasure to sit down to write you this month from the comfort of my study-typing-sleeping room. The wretched timber-deep chill is finally gone from the interior of this house so I can sit quietly long enough to type without wearing six layers of wool.

Don has been digging out leaves which dropped last autumn, and then raking the yard free of dead grass. In addition to these outside duties, he has just completed a semester course in real estate investment, a class offered to people interested in continuing their education along those lines. The unique aspect of this experience was the instructor. When Don first drove downtown to his classroom in Milwaukee, he was stunned to discover that the instructor was actually in Madison, Wisconsin, sixty miles west of his students! His voice came across the miles live by way of a microwave. The lesson was being broadcast simultaneously all over Wisconsin to designated classrooms. Each student had a microphone on his desk through which he could ask questions. A dialogue was possible between the student and instructor as easily as though the teacher was in the same room. In fact, when it was necessary for the teacher to write material on the blackboard, a screen in the front of the room illuminated and a teletypewriter projected the message for the students to read.

This classroom is not a dream for the future; the future is already here! Wouldn't Tom Edison and Alexander Bell be delighted with the progress American industry and education are continuing to weave because of them?

Adrienne has described at great length the various details of the computer course she took last semester at Northwestern University. Now she has convinced her father that he should continue his learning by enrolling in a computer course. With the availability of home computers, it is not beyond the next year or two that many of us will find it advantageous and financially possible to own a programmable computer. Considering the thousands of hours I spend recording grades, then adding them up again at a recurring period of four weeks, I begin realizing that I could type them into a computer once and at any time during a month call for an average. I get positively giddy at the prospect. Not only do I think Don should take the course, I think I should! It is almost like learning to drive a car—soon



Donald Driftmier has recently completed a course in real estate investment.

Don and I will be the only members of the family who can't operate a computer. Katharine has a splendid understanding of the operation and it won't be long before Paul will probably get the opportunity to learn.

Speaking of continuing education . . . Paul's life in Florida goes on and his Economics I course in the "real" world is teaching him more about the practical use of money. He has, since he wrote you, discovered about inflation and the expenses of keeping his body well! He is at the age when wisdom teeth rear their useless little selves into a mouth and his wasted no time giving him troubles. It goes without saying that he had not budgeted dollars for dental bills. Paul's wisdom teeth extractions wrecked one pay check.

Paul's next lesson involved his tonsils. He discovered what every parent knows about taking off time from work to go to a doctor, paying the bills and the cost of filling prescriptions. This was not scheduled in his anticipated expenditures. He did, poor lad, appear to be a full week ahead of his assigned chapters in his practical economics course!

Paul's job at Disney World does not pay on a scale equal to plumbers—for example—and Paul discovered that to meet his expenses he was going to have to find a supplementary income. I am happy to report that he has been successful. His second job is with an automobile agency in Orlando. He has no specific title but the work is honorable and hard and, best of all, Paul reports that he is finally able to put some money into savings. I am sure he is going to pass this latest "course" with flying colors. One of the happy side benefits of the automobile agency job is that when the service department is closed, Paul is allowed to put his dear red super-car,

which is the replacement he bought for the compact car which fell victim to the Florida van, up on the hoist and tinker away doing all the things boys love to do to the insides of their dearest possessions.

Also, Paul has moved into a different apartment with three other young men. Happily, this time, he did not sign a lease! He is a wiser fellow than the youth of a year ago who signed two leases: one, complete with earnest money for an apartment, and the other for rented furniture! He has learned to live with the telephone located down the street in a public booth rather than at his elbow. I suspect that the boy is working harder than he ever has in his life, but he certainly sounds happy when we talk to him on the phone. There is absolutely no substitute for tackling a tough set of circumstances, winning, and knowing you've succeeded.

Until next month when school will be over until September,

Mary Beth

COUNTRY ROAD

I walk alone on a country road
Minding neither dust nor gravel.
Memories and nostalgia smooth the way
From city living to country travel.

The rolling hills, cows lowing,
A butterfly dancing just for me
Are the fragile encounters of knowing
God is about for all to see.

Here, He wields the earth with silence,
A mighty scepter indeed,
The protector from noise and violence,
The Giver of nature's beauty and
need. —Esther Payne Davis

10 COMMANDMENTS FOR HUSBANDS

1. Remember that thy wife is thy partner, not thy property.
2. Do not expect thy wife to be wife and wage earner at the same time.
3. Think not that thy business is none of thy wife's business.
4. Thou shalt hold thy wife's love by the same means that thou won it.
5. Thou shalt make the building of thy home thy first business.
6. Thou shalt co-operate with thy wife in establishing family discipline.
7. Thou shalt enter into thy home with cheerfulness.
8. Thou shalt not let anyone criticize thy wife to thy face and get away with it, neither thy father nor thy mother nor thy brethren nor thy sisters nor any of thy relatives.
9. Thou shalt not take thy wife for granted.
10. Remember thy home and keep it holy.

—Roy L. Smith, D.D.

(Note: This was printed in the Kitchen-Klatter News, January, 1928.)



A DELIGHTFUL BRIDAL SHOWER

by
Mrs. Irvin Hutton

This was called a *pantry* shower, but really should be termed a *grocery* shower, for very few new brides have an old-fashioned pantry. The invitations indicated that grocery items should be brought in brown paper sacks, just as shoppers carry them out of the store. Also, the women were asked to come wearing the type of clothing they wear when they do their food shopping. Some wore slacks, some housedresses, some had curlers in their hair, etc. This helped create an especially informal and fun atmosphere.

Since groceries in a market are never stacked on a tablecloth, strips of brown wrapping paper were taped together to form a table covering. This hung down about eighteen inches over the edge of the table. On the part that draped over the edge, the committee pasted colored pictures of groceries cut from magazine ads. An umbrella was fastened above the table. From the umbrella came four streamers of folded bright-colored paper toweling. These streamers were taped to each corner of the table. Pictures of food items were also cut out and glued to these streamers.

For a centerpiece, cans of vegetables, meat, soups, fruits, etc., were stacked pyramid-style just as they would be on the floor of the grocery store. These were later given to the bride as additional gifts.

For Games: Ten different recipes were copied onto ten recipe cards. Each recipe had one ingredient missing. Each recipe was read aloud in turn and the guests tried to see who could guess first which ingredient was missing. (The now-completed recipes were then given to the bride.)

The guests were asked to study the grocery pictures pasted on the streamers and the tablecloth. The pictures were then removed and each guest was to list as many of the grocery pictures as possible.

Prizes were presented in small brown paper bags.

Aluminum pie tins were used to serve the refreshments; later these were

washed and given to the bride. Border-printed paper towels were used for napkins. For serving the coffee and punch, pop cans had one end cut out, then they were washed and wrapped with brown paper to keep the coffee from burning hands and the cold drinks from making hands too cold. The committee could also save empty soup cans and slip a styrofoam cup into each one to use for serving the coffee and punch.

Lime, lemon and orange sherbets were set out on the refreshment counter, with nuts, mints, cookies and crackers, all served from their tins and boxes. The guests, headed by the guest of honor, lined up and went past the refreshment counter to pick up their own food just as they would at the supermarket.

While eating, everyone who could remember something foolish or funny which happened to her as a bride, was encouraged to tell about the incident. This added to the informal atmosphere and the fun of the party.

HOW TO BAKE A CAKE (A Skit)

(A clever and funny skit which can be presented by either two children or two adults pretending to be children. The words can be printed in a construction paper "recipe book" for the actors to hold, thus saving memorization if preferred.)

A: Let's bake a cake and surprise Mom.

B: Yes, let's. What kind?

A: Marble!

B: What do we do first?

A: I'll use this recipe book. It says first preheat the oven.

B: Let's use this. (Puts a hot water bottle in oven of a toy stove.)

A: Next, oil bottom of pan. (Squirts oil from oilcan onto bottom of pan held upside-down.)

B: Flour it, too. (Puts flowers and stems in pan.)

A: Separate two eggs. (A and B each take an egg and place on floor about six feet apart.) There, that should be separated far enough.

B: Spoon flour in bowl three times. (Using two spoons, lift flowers and count "One, two, three.")

A: Add sugar. (Do.)

B: Add shortening or oil. (Squirts oilcan.)

A: Add eggs. (Toss into pan, shells and all.)

A & B in unison: Doesn't that look GOOD?

B: We forgot the marbles.

A: Let's use pretty colored ones. (Both drop marbles into pan.)

B: Put in oven for 35 minutes. (Puts pan into toy stove.)

A: Won't Mom be surprised when she gets back home? —Shirley Goering

A NIGHT OUT FOR THE GIRLS

by
Shirley Goering

Some years our church has held a Mother-Daughter banquet, but we have found it is sad for those who have lost a mother or daughter, or whose loved ones live too far away to attend. We developed the idea of "A Night Out for the Girls" which could be used anytime during the year. Guests were welcome, so many family groups—including several generations—did come, but anyone was welcome to invite friends and neighbors as well.

No large meal was served. Our church prefers to serve a nice lunch which is not so much work. For this "Night Out" event, two circles were in charge of food. They brought an assortment of desserts which were served from an attractively decorated buffet table along with punch, coffee and nuts. A more substantial meal could have easily been developed by adding sandwiches.

The table decorations were simple, but lovely. Our theme was "Recipe for a Happy Evening". We made the program books out of construction paper to look like recipe books. The centerpieces were teapots of all kinds, colors and sizes. These were filled with arborvitae twigs and calico flowers.

The calico flowers were fun to make. We started with the pipe-cleaner type chenille, firm stem wire, a spool of fine wire, white glue, cotton balls and scraps of plain and printed cotton fabric, ironed. To make, cut chenille into six-inch lengths. Bend into petal shapes, twisting the ends together with a little "tail". Make five of these petals for each flower desired. Pour white glue into flat jar lid. Dip one side of each chenille petal into glue. Lay with glue side down on fabric. Press down and let dry. When glue is dry, cut around outside of each petal to remove excess fabric. Make each center by wrapping plain fabric around a cotton ball. Arrange five petals around the center ball, tie together with the fine wire. Insert firm stem wire and wrap with florist's tape. Artificial leaves or burlap leaves (made in the same manner as the flower petals, only shaped like leaves) can be added to the stems if desired. Bend petals into desired shapes and place in containers.

For the center of our buffet table, we used a big basketful of the calico flowers and greenery. The bright-colored napkins looked like calico fabric.

Our program was brief and fun. Opening devotions included a short story and a prayer. After that, the program had to do with kitchen items. The Mistress of Ceremonies wore a utensil corsage. A number of kitchen

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THE YEAR OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

by
Fern Christian Miller

The farmers in the central farming states had some very difficult years back in the thirties when my husband and I first started our married life. When I think back on those years, I don't see how we survived. We had low prices on farm products plus some serious drought years, chinch bug invasions, and one year a really bad infestation of grasshoppers.

That year it had rained in the spring, then June had turned off dry, but everything was growing nicely including the gardens and corn. We were hopeful of a good crop after a bad drought the year before.

One beautiful late June morning, I awoke to find my young husband, Albert, already out at his morning chores. While the baby still slept, I lay for a moment in the sweet morning coolness planning my day's work. Finally, I got up. As I dressed, I gradually became aware of a strange sound in the air—a steady rhythmic, chopping sound, a whirring and a gnawing, something like a person hoeing very evenly in hard ground. I hurried to the door to see if maybe my good husband was hoeing a bit in the vegetable garden while he waited for his breakfast.

Albert wasn't in the garden, but I did see him at the end of the smallest cornfield. He stood motionless. His stance was that of utter dejection. I ran out calling anxiously, "What's wrong now?"

He didn't reply in words, just waved his hand hopelessly across the field. As I ran out to him, grasshoppers rose in a whirring cloud from the pasture weeds and grass. I saw at once that the hoppers had stripped the leaves from the cornstalks for twenty or so feet out in the field. A vast swarm was munching away on the fine green corn, completely destroying it as they moved along. More and more of the big, yellowish-green insects were flying and crawling out of the pasture grass into the lush cornfield. "What can we do to get rid of them?" I demanded faintly.

My husband shook his head hopelessly, then said quietly, "I have talked to neighbor Bob. He says the county agent is having a quantity of poison bran shipped to our town elevator. But it hasn't arrived yet, and it would need to be spread immediately across the end of the next cornfield to do any good. At this rate, the corn will be gone before the poison gets here. Besides, the grasshoppers fly, and there are so many of the awful things."

When we returned to the house to eat our breakfast, the screen door and the windows were covered with all sizes of grasshoppers. I grabbed the broom and



Heavy winds blew leaves all over Lucile's garden, so when Katharine was visiting in Shenandoah, she gathered together enough to make her version of a nest. You can't read the words on the paper in front, but on it she had printed in big red letters: "Katharine's Nest". James sat with her only after he had politely asked if it would be all right.

swept them off and mashed them with my shoes to get rid of as many as possible before going inside.

After breakfast, I hurried to the garden with a knife and big kettles. The garden was filled with the grasshoppers, but no real harm had yet been done. I cut the heads of cabbage, picked all the tender green beans, and cut the spinach and mustard. All day I canned with the pressure cooker to save what I could of the garden crops.

At noon, Albert told me the young chickens were eating the hoppers until

he feared their craws would burst. He put out plenty of fresh water and mash to try and draw them away from the insects.

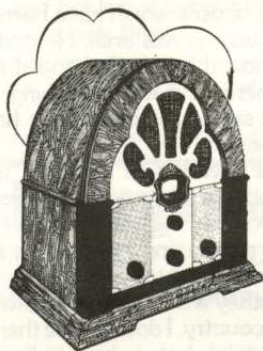
Late in the evening, I thought of my pretty little flower garden. I hurried out to look at it. The beautiful blue larkspur, the red poppies, and the rosy heads of sweet williams were gnawed to green pulp. Only wilted stems remained. The rows of zinnias, marigolds, and four-o'clocks, which were just beginning to bud, were destroyed. I walked slowly back to the house with tears running down my cheeks. Once more I went through the futile motions of sweeping the gross insects from the doors and windows and mashing them on the ground.

We slept little that night. Toward morning Albert said, "If only those nasty army worms don't come next!"

Poison bran was spread, but little of the crop was saved. Later on, the stalks that were left were put in trench silos and fed to the livestock with blackstrap molasses spread over it. Some farmers sold out and went to town to join the long lines of people searching for work.

Albert and I were young and filled with fresh hope each spring, so we hung on, doing without, sharing with relatives and neighbors, heating only the kitchen in winter, making do.

The lessons we learned during those difficult years are still with me. Even today, I cannot bear to see anything useable wasted or thrown away. And never, ever, do I see a grasshopper but what I think of that particular June morning when hordes of the destructive pests descended on our farm.



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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

As I write this, everyone I know is getting awfully sick of this cold, rainy weather. If the farmers can't get into the fields soon, I don't know what they will do. The long-range forecast for the next few weeks doesn't sound any different from what we have been having, so it is very discouraging. However, we have much to be thankful for here on our farm because, for a change, we haven't had any serious flooding. The creek has been bank full a few times and backed up in a number of low places, but we don't call this a flood. Although the barn lot has been a sea of mud, we are so fortunate to have a nice clean place not far from the house to feed the cattle the corn and bales of hay. The grass is beginning to come now in the pasture, but we still keep some big round bales of hay in the circular metal ring feeders until the grass has a little more food value in it.

Recently, on one of our few nice warm afternoons, Frank took his time and walked around the fence line in our timber pasture to see how much repair work we were going to have to do before we turned the cattle into it. He came in and reported we certainly had our work cut out for us. Frank found a lot of dead trees had fallen down on the fence this past winter, along with several broken top wires where the deer have crossed and broken them.

Several years ago, the Iowa Conservation people brought in some wild turkeys and turned them loose in the two state forest areas in Lucas County, as well as some places in northeastern Iowa. When the turkey population grew large enough, a turkey-hunting season was started. This year three different sessions were set. In all the times I have driven through the Stephens forest area near Lucas, we have never seen a turkey, but I have seen several on our own place this year. Also, this past winter when the ground was covered with snow, I happened to be in Polser's Standard Station near the forest area and Hal Polser told me to look down the hill south at the big field. A large flock of turkeys was just beginning to come out of the timber to feed. Hal says they come every day and sometimes it looks as if there are at least 300. It is at times like this I wish I had a telescopic lens for the camera so I could get a good picture—I could never get close enough otherwise.

Frank's sister, Ruth, recently spent a week in Roswell, New Mexico, helping their brother-in-law, Raymond, with the sorting and disposing of things he no



Anyone who sits on the front porch of Dorothy and Frank Johnson's farm home near Lucas, Iowa, can enjoy this beautiful, tranquil rural scene. Some of the Johnson's cattle are grazing on the lush grass near the waters of the duck pond.

longer needed or wanted. Since the death of his wife, Edna, Raymond is still undecided as to where he wants to make his home, or what he wants to do. It is good he is taking his time and hasn't made any hasty decisions. He and Edna lived in Roswell for over eight years and have a lot of friends there.

When Ruth was ready to come home, Raymond drove her back to Iowa to have a visit with his two sisters and with the Johnsons. We had several family dinners while he was here, and he came out to our house a number of times by himself to spend the afternoon and evening with Frank and me. One afternoon we took Raymond for a ride to show him the many new houses which have been and are being built in this area. He couldn't get over how things had changed since he lived here, and enjoyed going over roads and seeing the country he hadn't seen for years.

It is the trend right now for many people to buy a few acres of timberland on which to build their new homes. More and more people are trying to get away from the cities and towns to live in rural locations; they want to work in town but live in the country. I don't blame them for I would certainly hate to have to live anywhere but right on the farm.

Whenever we have a family dinner we always try to include Frank's Aunt Delia Johnson who now lives in a home for the aged in Chariton. Since the middle of February, however, she hasn't been able to come because she fell and broke her ankle. It was a very bad break and the cast was taken off just last week. When I stopped in to see her the other day, I told her she was going to have to practice walking often so she can get in and out of the car and come to the farm. She is in her eighties, and I think this is the first broken bone she has ever had. Being laid up this long has been rather hard on

Aunt Delia.

I know many of our readers heard about the tornado we had in Iowa on March 29, which almost wiped out the town of Braddyville. My Aunt Clara and Uncle Paul Otte live just 2½ miles from Braddyville "as the crow flies", and I called right away to see if they were all right. Uncle Paul answered and said they didn't have any damage to their home. Aunt Clara had been in the hospital a few days and was still there, but for therapy on her back, not because of the storm.

On my next trip to Shenandoah, I went to Braddyville to see them. Aunt Clara was back home and Uncle Paul was taking good care of her. He keeps the house beautifully clean, does the cooking, and served coffee, ice cream and cake to us. (They are both 85 years old and I think it is remarkable that they are still in their own home.) It is a blessing that the tornado missed their house.

My friend, Norma Pim, had a luncheon for the Birthday Club the other day. Norma broke her hip this winter just minutes after her plane landed in Phoenix on the first stop of what was to be a nice winter vacation in Arizona and California. After surgery, and a stay in the hospital in Phoenix, she came back home. Her daughter, Mary Ann Storms, lives right across the road and she and her husband have been a tremendous help to Norma. Our club enjoyed a pot-luck meal, with Norma fixing a leg of lamb and Mary Ann bringing both cinnamon and plain rolls.

The food tasted so good at the luncheon, and after we had eaten we had a fabric party. This was the first time I had ever been to one, and I knew no matter how lovely the fabric was I couldn't order any because my house is bulging at the seams with fabric to be made up, and I can't find the time to sew.

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EXPLORING IOWA'S NORTHEAST

by
Joe Taylor

A summer seldom goes by that my family and I do not spend some vacation time in Iowa. As we live in Aledo, Illinois—a small town just a few miles east of the Mississippi River—a trip to our neighboring state is easy and enjoyable.

Last year found us vacationing in northeastern Iowa on a vacation which was one of our best ever.

Why was this trip so memorable and enjoyable? Perhaps it was because of the sunny weather, the friendly folks, or the fun. Nevertheless, that Iowa vacation is one we'll long remember.

We entered the northeast corner of the state on U.S. Route 52 from Minnesota, where we had first gone to visit friends. Our first stop was Burr Oak, where we visited the Laura Ingalls Wilder Museum. The museum is located in the restored Master's Hotel which Laura and her family managed for two years.

A few miles south is the town of Decorah, noted for its Nordic Fest and Norwegian Museum. This is an area where several days can be spent visiting the places of interest: nearby caves, the Luther College campus, one of the earliest Methodist churches which has been restored, and the Porter House with its fascinating collections, to name just a few places.

Any vacation in northeastern Iowa would be incomplete without a stop at Effigy Mounds, about 45 miles southeast of Decorah, on State Route 9 and 78. It is Iowa's only national monument.

We arrived early in the morning at the Visitor Center where a slide presentation and museum exhibits explain the historical significance of the Indians' culture. Here we learned that the Effigy Mounds National Monument contains about 200 prehistoric mounds, with 29 in the shape of bears and birds. The largest is the Great Bear Mound which measures 70 by 137 feet and is nearly four feet high. Apparently, the burial ceremony and mounds had some religious significance for the Indians. Pottery, tools and artifacts excavated indicate the oldest mounds to be about 2,500 years old.

Leaving the Visitor Center, we took the winding trail to the top of the bluffs, which offer scenic views of the Mississippi River and of the wooded areas in the monument. The trail also takes the visitor near some of the best preserved mounds, including the Little Bear Mound and the Great Bear Mound. Markers tell the story of the mounds and explain surrounding natural features.

Fog shrouded the bluffs as we hiked along, and an occasional thunderclap and rain shower transformed the area. An

eerie stillness surrounded the mounds. We felt we had traveled backward in time to the days of these early prehistoric mound-building Indians.

Continuing south on our travels, we entered McGregor, an old and picturesque river town. Available here are river trips, restaurants, hotels and a museum.

Adjacent to McGregor (just south on Highway 340) is Pike's Peak State Park. The park is named for explorer Zebulon Pike, who discovered the site in 1805 and who later gave his name to the *other* Pike's Peak in Colorado. A stone monument in the park acknowledges the fact that Marquette and Joliet discovered the Mississippi River in 1673 at a point near the site of the park. Pike's Peak State Park also features scenic overlooks, Indian mounds and pinnacle rock formations.

Going south of McGregor are other interesting state parks and preserves. Turkey River Mounds east of Guttenberg offer scenic views of the Mississippi and Turkey Rivers, as well as mounds and geological features. White Pine Hollow, near Luxemburg, contains the largest native stand of white pine in Iowa.

As we continued toward home, we followed U.S. Route 61 south, stopping to hike among the caves at Maquoketa Caves State Park just seven miles west of the town of Maquoketa.

Our last stop was at the "Buffalo Bill" Cody Homestead north and east of Davenport. This boyhood home of Buffalo Bill was planned and built in 1847 by his father, Isaac. The house, which is the only home of Buffalo Bill still standing on its original site, was built on 7,000

acres of unbroken farm land in Scott County. The Cody family lived in the house until 1854, when they moved to the Kansas Territory. Later, Buffalo Bill was an army scout, Indian fighter, and performer in the "Wild West Show".

The area of northeastern Iowa we visited is called "Explorerland" and "Great Rivers Region" in the travel brochures. Those names are aptly given for the early explorers came through this region and the great rivers are still encountered frequently.

Three hundred years have passed since two of those great explorers—Marquette and Joliet—first saw Iowa. Yet even today, people are still discovering that the state's northeast corner is filled with history and scenic beauty.



IOWA FIRSTS

George Washington Carver was the first black student to enroll at Iowa State University.

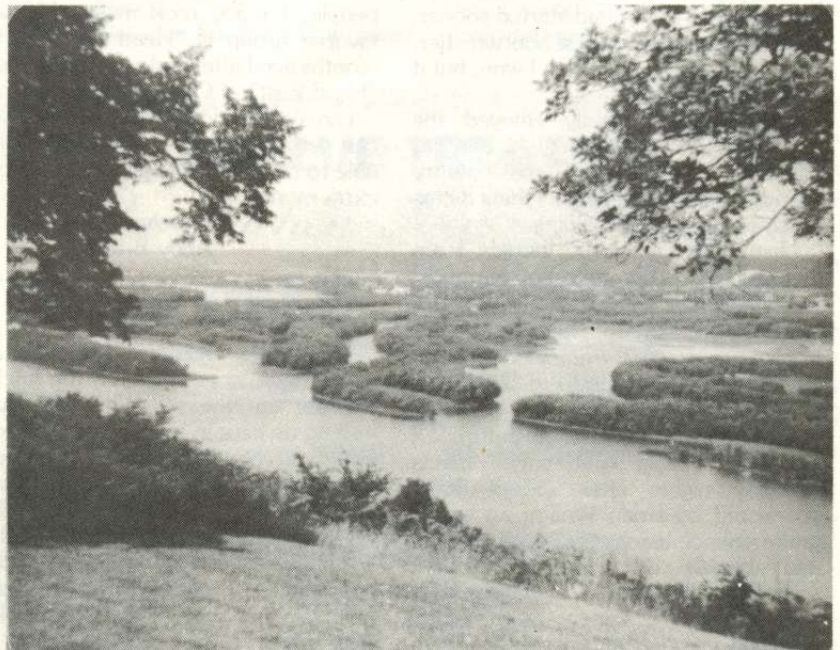
The first two white men to see Iowa were Marquette and Joliet in 1673. They reached the Hawkeye State while exploring the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers.

Julien DuBuque, a miner who lived with the Indians near the present-day city of Dubuque, was the state's first white settler.

Davenport, Iowa, boasts the first bridge built across the Mississippi River. It was built in 1856.

The *Dubuque Visitor*, first published in 1836, was Iowa's first newspaper.

—Joe Taylor



This overlook of the Mississippi River is typical of those found throughout northeast Iowa. This photo was taken at Pike's Peak State Park, McGregor, Iowa.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM THE FOURTH GENERATION

(EDITORIAL NOTE: Andy Brase is the oldest son of Kristin and Art Brase. Kristin is Dorothy and Frank Johnson's daughter. Dorothy's mother was Leanna Driftmier, founder of the Kitchen-Klatter radio program and this magazine. This makes Andy the fourth generation of the family to write for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. It is with great pleasure that we welcome Andy as the first of Leanna's great-grandchildren to join us in these pages.)

Dear Friends:

Since this is my first letter, I would like to tell you a little bit about myself. First of all, I am just finishing my freshman year at Chadron High School in Chadron, Nebraska. I like to play football and wrestle.

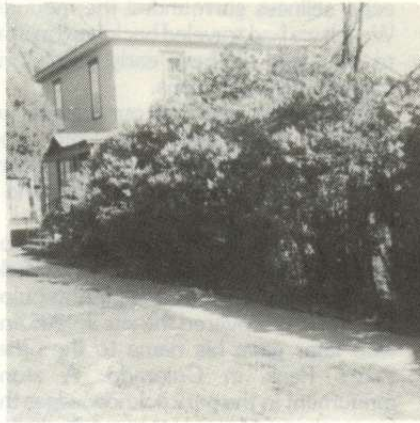
Last November, I took part in the Nebraska Marching Band Festival at Pershing Auditorium in Lincoln, Nebraska. Our band, directed by Sid Showalter, with drum majors, Chris Brown and Desi Fischer, earned a Division I Rating which denotes excellence. Our band traveled the farthest distance of any band there and had one of the most unique and exciting shows presented. All year long I look forward to marching season; it is my favorite part of being in band.

The National Kids Federation Wrestling tournaments have recently started, and I hope to do well in them. Kids Wrestling gives kids, ages 5-14, an opportunity to learn the basic moves and gain experience that will be valuable in high school. I wish I had started sooner. In my first year as a high school wrestler, I lost one more match than I won, but it was a fun season.

Last winter I really enjoyed the excellent cross-country trails at Chadron State Park. Cross-country skiing is really a neat sport. I think it is as much fun as downhill skiing.

Now that it's spring, though, I am involved in another great hobby, model rocketry. I buy my rockets in kits from a company in Colorado. There are five skill levels according to the modeler's ability. I have worked my way up to Skill Level Five and am presently building a forty-three inch scale model of the Saturn V. I am in a Rocket Club which meets Tuesday nights after school. It is sponsored by Brian Walko, an eighth grade science teacher. We get together and launch our favorite models, sometimes measuring the altitudes they achieve. Some rockets can reach heights of 2,500 feet, but all return safely to earth by a parachute or some other recovery system.

Some of the classes I have taken as a



Andy Brase lives in this house in Chadron, Nebraska, along with his parents and two younger brothers.

freshman include Band, English, Algebra, Typing and Home Economics. In our high school, English, Math, and Typing are all required classes for freshmen. All freshman students are also required to include one study hall in their schedules. The elective classes I chose were Band (instead of Drafting or General Business), and Home Economics (instead of Industrial Arts or Art).

Home Economics has been fun. A good friend of mine, Ron Merritt, and I were the only boys in the class, but we survived. We learned about fruits, vegetables, quick breads, casseroles, desserts and microwave cooking. The last half of the semester we learned about sewing, which was a bit more difficult for me. I've always baked things at home but have never sewed so the cooking was a breeze.

At the end of April, our youth group held a dance with live music. The band we chose was "Agate". Like most young people, I enjoy rock music. My very favorite group is "Head East". A few months ago I attended a performance by "Head East" at Chadron State College.

I am very anxious for school to end so I can get a job. I don't know what I'll be able to do yet, but I can always use the extra money.

Sincerely,
Andy Brase

COVER PICTURE

Like most children, Katharine and James love to get out into the kitchen and stir up "things". While they were visiting us here in Iowa, they decided to make up a batch of cookies. This photograph was snapped just as they were getting down to business with the flour sifter and flavorings. Their mother, Juliana Lowey, warned the two children not to make a mess in Granny Wheel's kitchen—and they didn't. The cookies they made turned out fine and we enjoyed eating them with ice cream for dessert at our dinner that night.

—Lucile

MIXED EMOTIONS

by
Norma Larson

Our youngest child, a daughter, became a college graduate yesterday. She joins her three sisters as university alumnae competing for jobs.

My emotion is one of **AMAZEMENT**. It seems absolutely impossible that my husband and I have four daughters that have attained the status of a college degree. We are both high school graduates, but our girls have shown us that they have the perseverance to accomplish the goals that they set for themselves.

I am **SAD** and I am **HAPPY**. I am sad that they are no longer our little girls and that this house isn't their home most of the time anymore. I am happy that my worries and responsibilities for them are minimal now. I am pleased they have attained their objectives. Happiness comes with all true accomplishments and this is an accomplishment which reflects on each member of this family.

Sometimes, I feel **LONELY**. This big old house is quiet in between the frequent weekend visits. The times my husband and I have together now with adult talk, discussions, and games, are the remedy, along with our own personal activities. One cannot be lonely for long when one is busy. Loneliness disappears as well, with letters, phone calls, and visits from our daughters.

I often feel **OLD** and **USELESS**. There is a feeling of not being needed anymore now that our children have all left home and are not financially dependent on us anymore. Now is the time, I realize, for new ventures and attitudes. It is time to try projects and cultivate fresh activities as well as renew old friendships and interests. We are too young to feel old and useless!

I feel **INDEPENDENT**. I have had someone depending on me for nearly thirty years. Now is the time for me to be **ME**. After all, we raised our children to be adequate, independent adults; now I will try to allow them to be just that and I will be too.

I am **THANKFUL**. I am thankful that this milestone is behind us rather than facing us. I am thankful the girls were able to make their respective choices (one including marriage) and then stay with them until they attained their goals. I am thankful for the new friends and adventures they encountered along with the formal education that college brings. I am thankful they realized that college is a privilege and not just a lark.

I am **PROUD**, very **PROUD**. We have four self-sufficient daughters with college degrees to help them in this changing world. I would like to shout my joy from the rooftop but basically I know that is impractical so I just smile, beam and say to each daughter, "Thank you."

MARY LEA WRITES FROM MAINE



Dear Friends:

Have you ever not written a letter because you couldn't think of any exciting news to put in it? That thought did cross my mind, but I won't let lack of excitement stop me from visiting with you. In all seriousness, the biggest event in our lives right now is the toilet training of just-past-two Christopher.

What amazes me is that just when I decide that I'm an old stick-in-the-mud and have permanently taken up residence in a rut, along comes a new demand on my time and energy and I somehow absorb it naturally. I think that is what children do for their parents. Half the time we complain that they give us grey hairs (I haven't any yet), but we also realize that they rejuvenate us by demanding that we be flexible, and that is a tremendous gift!

At any rate, in addition to everything I was doing before, I now spend unknown hours sitting beside Chris in the bathroom, reading to him, washing the extra laundry involved, planning our schedules around "pit stops", and just reassuring him. He's making progress in this toilet-training department, but the change seems to have brought out deeper emotional needs in him, which I don't mind trying to fill. I just love it when he says, "Mommy, can I give you a hug?"

Speaking of talking, Chris is very advanced on the verbal level. His grammar is accurate and he can pronounce long words intelligibly. Isabel, at the same age, was just beginning to talk. Now, of course, she talks well and Chris learns a lot by being her echo.

Our church has a service once a month in which several families take major roles. Our family was asked to read the Scripture on Palm Sunday. I read the Old Testament lesson and held Isabel up to lead the congregation in the responsory Psalm. The line she was to give wasn't a line for children, but we practiced it all week. The Saturday night before Palm Sunday, we baby-sat for a friend's two-year-old daughter, and she spent the night in the bottom bunk in Isabel's room. She had a hard time settling down at first and sounded off loudly. Isabel, to comfort her I think, began chanting her responsory Psalm line over and over. It was, "My God, my God, why have you abandoned me?" How Vin and I laughed! But it worked; her friend fell asleep.

When the time came to give the line in church, Isabel was too shy to speak out loud. Hopefully, the front row saw her



Isabel Palo, Mary Lea's delightful five-year-old daughter.

lips moving.

Christopher was quiet during the service, but active. At one point, he got into a game of peekaboo around the podium with one of the altar boys. He tried tickling Isabel with his palm fronds. He walked up close to watch communion being prepared. We were seated in a very visible position, but on the whole he was good for a two-year-old. As I explained to the coordinator afterwards, if our children had behaved like saints, no one else would have the courage to volunteer for her program.

As I mentioned before, things aren't very exciting just now, but, boy, are they hectic! By noon each day, I have delivered Vin and the children to their schools, worked two hours at our church office as a part-time secretary, picked up the kids and gone home. After lunch the children have naps while I catch up on housework and paperwork. At 2:30 p.m., we drive to Vin's school to get him. Frequently, he drops us off at home and drives to Portland where he is taking a computer course at the University of Southern Maine.

The computer course (FORTRAN language—very time-consuming) and classical guitar lessons are Vin's main outside interests now, as they were when I last wrote to you. He has decided to look into computers as a career so he is currently job hunting. He is one of many teachers who are realizing that teaching has lost much of what made it a rewarding and respected profession. I hope our culture will wake up soon to the importance of those people to whom they trust their children's future.

On Thursdays, when the children go to bed at 7:30 p.m., I begin my second job. I am still writing for the local weekly paper but my responsibilities have expanded. Every week I prepare a Community Calendar of club and organization meetings, a section on reports of organizational activities and a section of personal news events. I generally make about thirty phone calls a week, most of them on Thursday, type until midnight, then finish up on Friday.

The final product is almost a full newspaper page of copy.

I am the furthest thing from an athlete, but this winter I had fun and gained experience by writing the news reports of basketball games for the local youth athletic association. I am also welcome to submit editorials to the paper, an opportunity I have taken only once so far. I write loads of editorials in my head while washing dishes but they never seem to get onto paper.

And that is pretty much how things go here, week in and week out. The days are never long enough but I have no other major complaints. Now that summer is on its way everything looks even better.

Wishing you lots of sunshine and relaxation . . .

Mary Lea Palo

P.S. I almost forgot our *only* exciting news. We have a nephew! Gabriel Michael Tomkowicz was born to Vin's sister, Carol, and brother-in-law, Michael, on March 24 in Burlington, Vt.



SUCCESS STORY

Strange, but the least expensive part of the meal can make it or break it. The meat may be broiled to perfection, the vegetables delicious. But if the salad isn't right, everything's wrong. Because most of us start the meal with the salad, it sets the stage.

Why not be confident? Use **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings!** Three kinds: **Country Style, French** or **Italian**. But one great first name: **Kitchen-Klatter**, and that stands for quality products blended in spotless kitchens from first-rate ingredients. Start your meals off with the perfect salad tossed with

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If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.75 for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



THE MARK OF QUALITY

THE SUNSHINE JAR

by
Inez Baker

Have you ever noted fragments of purple glass around old, abandoned farmsteads and railroads or in ghost towns? And have you picked up some, then wondered what to do with them?

I used to gather these, then throw them back down for lack of a good use for them. Now, when we hike or hunt rocks, I watch for bits of colored glass and have found such colors as green, blue, pink, red and amber, as well as purple.

With these fragments from bygone times, I put together pretty, easily made gifts that I call "sunshine jars". For them you need attractive and/or nicely shaped clear glass bottles or jars with lids. They should be at least four or five inches tall and fat enough to hold a number of glass pieces.

Fill the container with glass, then with water and put on the lid. Set on a sunny windowsill in a room where you spend a lot of time. It seems to bring the sunshine inside on a cold winter day.

I fill some jars with purple glass in various shades from lavender to royal purple. In others I mix the colors, including purple, for a rainbow effect. I like to use these as "love gifts" or little surprises for shut-ins.

My sunshine jar is on a kitchen windowsill where I enjoy it every day. It's fat and about eight inches tall. The jar is filled with interesting old bottle necks and beautifully designed knobs, all different and all various shades of purple. Since the mouth of this apothecary jar is wide, I put only a few rather large pieces in it. They stay apart from each other so that each can be clearly seen.

Green and amber glass can be found today in many places where careless people have thrown beverage bottles. But early-day green differs in both color and luster from that made later. Old amber glass is usually paler in tint than the newer kinds.

I've not found much pink or red glass but always collect it when I do. In modern times, red glass was formerly used in vehicles' tail lights but now they're all plastic, so you seldom find bits of this choice color.

A few words about purple glass may be in order here. All of it is very old because this once-clear glass has turned purple during long-time exposure to the sun. In early days, a substance used in glass-making caused this color change. Later, this substance was omitted so clear glass has remained clear.

Purple glass fascinates me and I find it thought-provoking. I wonder who threw away the broken cut-glass bowl that this piece represents and what sort of medicine was in that flat-sided bottle. Did



Juliana found it relaxing to start cross-stitching a tablecloth last winter in New Mexico. She brought it with her when she came to visit in Iowa. Betty Jane and I found it so relaxing to watch her that we decided to start one of our own—the same pattern but with different colors of floss.
—Lucile

the owner cry when her beautiful cruet was broken? I reflect that this delicately molded knob may have been on the cover of a butter dish.

Today, lucky owners of antique clear glass pieces sometimes set them in the sun to see if they'll turn purple. The thought occurs to me that one might determine the age of a piece by leaving it in the sun for a long time. It might even be fun to lay some fragments of clear glass in the sun to test their ages.

In Tombstone, Arizona, I've seen large bowls, lamps and other pieces hanging on clotheslines to purple. In a southern New Mexico trailer park, many of the glass covers on electric meters have become purple. In Colorado, several miles of telephone lines were held in place by scores of pretty lavender-to-purple insulators. I was told that, when the lines were buried underground, the insulators would also be buried at another location.

A Wyoming friend made a covered table especially for purpling the hundreds of antique glass pieces (not fragments but perfect bowls, bottle, etc.) that his wife had collected. It was a simple table of rough wood, four-legged and with the two back legs longer so the table top sloped, thus catching more sun. Facing south and never shaded, it had a rim about six inches high around the edges. The hinged lid could be locked when our friends were away from home.

I've been told that old glass will not turn color inside a house with a window and screen between it and the sun, but this isn't necessarily true. A Colorado

friend set an old clear glass goblet on the sill of a west window less than ten years ago and it's now lavender-going-on-purple. The pieces I have on a south windowsill were pale lavender when set there so I can't yet be sure they're becoming more purplish with one exception. An old milk-white *Mentholatum* jar found in a dump now shows a lavender tint. Since I hadn't known that milk glass would change color, this is an unexpected pleasure.

FLOWERS HAVE A MEANING

Flowers have a language all their own. Perhaps you would like to consider this when choosing the flowers for your wedding.

- Bluebell — constancy
- Buttercup — desire for riches
- Blue violet — faithfulness
- Rose — happy love
- White rose — to be worthy
- Orange blossom — purity and loveliness
- Lemon blossom — fidelity
- Forget-me-not — true love
- White camellia — perfect loveliness
- Jonquil — desire for affection

—Virginia Thomas

GARDEN CLUB QUIZ

1. What flowering vine is like a musical instrument? (Trumpet Vine)
2. What flower is like a jilted lover? (Bleeding Heart)
3. What flower reminds you of a herd of sheep? (Phlox)
4. What flower is both a food and a drinking vessel? (Buttercup)
5. What flower is a vehicle and a country? (Carnation)
6. What flower is like a foreign country and a light? (Chinese Lantern)
7. What flower is part of the eye? (Iris)
8. What flower is a foreigner and a father? (Oriental Poppy)
9. What flower is a word for keeping quiet? (Mum)
10. What flower makes us think of fire? (Burning bush)
11. What does an unhappy child do? (Balsam)
12. What flower tells the time of day? (Four O'Clock)
13. What flower is like an unmarried man and part of a garment? (Bachelor's Button)
14. What flower reminds us of day-break? (Morning Glory)
15. What flower is a fowl and a grooming article? (Cockscomb)
16. What flower does every girl hope to do? (Marigold)
17. What plant is a part of furniture and a vegetable? (Castor Bean)
18. What did the man do when he proposed to his wife? (Aster)

—Mrs. Howard Dean

"CLEANITIS"

by
Evelyn Birkby

Every spring a strange malady comes creeping across the land—slealthily at first, then boldly. With its approach, dust disappears from corners, cobwebs vanish from ceilings, clutter departs from basements, closets and garages, and leaves suddenly exit from yards and gardens. Floors become scrubbed and waxed, windows shine, curtains hang fresh and clean and cupboards hold glasses, saucers and pans in neat rows.

Symptoms of this ailment vary: great spurts of energy, tremendous activity followed by sore muscles, aching backs and unusually hungry stomachs. The onset of the disorder can be expected when the weather warms after a long winter, the sun shines through spotted windows to expose long-darkened corners, company is expected or a club or church meeting is scheduled in the home.

Our church women's society has one general meeting a month, and then is organized into four circles which meet in the homes—three afternoon circles and one evening group, which is primarily for working women and mothers with young children who find it easier to come at a later time. I belong to this evening circle. The members are given the choice of time they wish to entertain. I try to pick late spring, as this motivates me to tie into housecleaning and face with serious determination the "cleanitis" which inevitably arrives this time of year.

This year, as I faced the growing symptoms of the illness, my first response was to make lists: one—a list of those household tasks which I HAD to do before circle meeting, second—a number of items I WANTED to get done before the ladies came.

Problems arose immediately. The day I had scheduled to wash windows and throw rugs was also the day it rained. The windows inside the house did get scrubbed and polished, and the curtains washed, but the small rugs and outside window panes had to wait until later. It did come to mind that the meeting would be after dark and the curtains and shutters would be closed so no one would see the windows.

Washing the walls in the living room, halls and bathrooms, was not too difficult, but it was time-consuming. Those walls have been painted white ever since we moved into the house. It is a white-white paint and we find it most satisfactory. The clear white reflects and softens with the changing colors of the sky, the green of the grass outside the window and the colors of the carpet. The white walls have proven no more difficult to keep clean than a color would be.

The floors were scrubbed and waxed,



Evelyn does not spend all of her efforts in cleaning! When time permits, she enjoys speaking to church and club groups. This picture was taken when she appeared in Webster City, Iowa, as the guest speaker for the Hamilton Farm Bureau Women's annual Rural-Urban Day.

the carpets cleaned and vacuumed and fresh flowers were put into vases and arranged around the rooms. For some strange reason, my affliction moved me on out to the garage and into the study—two places none of the company would see—where the cleaning continued until these spaces were fresh and neat.

All the time this reaction was taking place in my system, Robert, infected no doubt by me, was trying the complete the interior of the porch. Caulking went between the cracks where the siding came together. White paint went on the walls. A ceramic tile space was laid inside the door and carpet covered the remainder of the floor. Plants were repotted into new hanging baskets and the furniture which could be refurbished in time was placed on the porch.

As all this cleaning and polishing and straightening took place, my mind wandered back to the days when I was about eight or nine years old. We lived at that time in Dexter, Iowa, just west of Des Moines. My father was the minister of the Methodist church, and many nooks and crannies in both the parsonage and the church building contained excellent play spaces. A large, wooded yard behind the church provided a fine summer area for children. Immediately behind the parsonage, my father had pitched our large wall tent which could be utilized in whatever way our imaginations led.

Putting on plays in the tent was one activity which filled many a spring and

summer day for this "gang". We would write a play, glean costumes from our various homes, drag furniture of sorts from basements and sheds, and proceed to produce and stage our creations.

Sometimes the tent became a store. The shelves were orange crates. With empty cartons, cans and boxes, we stocked the shelves with "groceries". Paper money had to be made to buy the foodstuffs, and many of the discarded church bulletins ended up as legal tender for our store.

One summer, the girls in the neighborhood organized a sewing club. We met several times a month to stitch and chat. A president, vice-president and treasurer were elected, dues set, time for meetings planned and projects chosen. The latter were dependent on which doll needed a new dress or what miniature bed needed a new blanket. Even a number of rudimentary embroidery projects, carried carefully in drawstring bags, were brought to meetings.

Sometimes, even today, as I sit in an honest-to-goodness grownup people's club or church meeting, I get the feeling that I am participating in just another version of the same activities that were in our make-believe club sessions in those long-ago days. Just as boys play boat captain, fireman, airplane pilot and the like, and girls have pretend stores, schools and libraries, so the club meetings of my childhood provided part of the pattern of my growing to adulthood.

As I scrubbed and cleaned in preparation for my "real" meeting, I remembered that such intensive housework was not needed in the tent and woods and alcoves of home and church where I played as a child. But memories of those fun experience made my recent tasks go much more rapidly.

The evening of the circle meeting arrived. As I dusted the last speck from the bookcase before answering the first knock at the door, I wondered if children still play the same kind of pretend games I remember. The thought provided a fine roll call for the meeting—what do you remember as the most fun you had as a child playing with other children? The question started a fascinating discussion.

All went well. The business, program and refreshments progressed on schedule. As the members left, my symptoms of "cleanitis" went with them. I realized that the cure had been provided by a scrub pail, clean cloths, a vacuum, lots of time and patience and Robert's help. With a good night's sleep, all lingering effects vanished.

Insidiously as the ailment is, I doubt if I will suffer its pangs again until next spring rolls around. Whether my circle meets at our home again in the coming year may depend on how severe the malady seems to be among other of our members, I can't win every year.



RECIPES for Summer Meals

RHUBARB-PECAN PIE

- 6 cups diced rhubarb
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Combine the rhubarb and sugar and let set in refrigerator overnight. When ready to bake, sprinkle pecans in bottom of pastry-lined pan. Combine remaining ingredients with rhubarb mixture and spread over pecans in pie tin. Top with the following:

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Combine butter or margarine, brown sugar, flour and cinnamon until crumbly. Add pecans and sprinkle over rhubarb in pan. Bake 45 minutes at 400 degrees. Pour off excess juice. —Betty Jane

HUNGRY CAMPERS' CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste
- 1 16-oz. can pork and beans
- 3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. instant minced onion
- 10 biscuits (canned or made from a mix)
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Brown ground beef. Drain off excess fat. Stir in remaining ingredients with exception of biscuits and cheese. Heat until hot and bubbly. Continue cooking if this is a camp meal, stirring occasionally, for 10 to 15 minutes. Meanwhile, bake the biscuits in a Dutch oven, in a well-oiled covered skillet or toasted like marshmallows on clean sticks over the campfire. Just before serving, stir cheese into casserole ingredients and let melt slightly. Serve beef mixture over biscuits.

This can go into the oven at home by placing hot mixture into casserole, top with biscuits and sprinkle cheese over all. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Refrigerate any leftovers and reheat for another meal. —Evelyn

STRAWBERRY MILK SHAKE

- 1 cup strawberries
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 4 tsp. sugar (or sugar to taste)
- 1 scoop ice cream

Place ingredients in blender. Mix well. Serve immediately. This can be made with either fresh or frozen strawberries. The frozen are usually sweetened, so add sugar or Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener to taste. Other fruits may be substituted and other Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings may be used, depending on your choice of fruit. —Evelyn

VEGETABLE DIP

- 1 carton plain yogurt
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 pkg. dry onion soup mix

Combine and chill several hours to blend flavors. Serve with any fresh vegetables.

MEXICALI MEAT LOAF

- 2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 3/4 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 cup tomato juice
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 of medium onion, finely chopped

Combine all the ingredients. Press into bottom of large casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Remove from oven and drain off excess fat. While the meat is baking, prepare the following topping:

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 17-oz. can corn, drained
- Green pepper rings and additional grated Cheddar cheese

Make a white sauce of the butter or margarine, flour, salt, oregano and milk. Add the 1 cup of cheese and stir until it is melted. Add the corn. Spread over top of meat loaf. Arrange green pepper rings and sprinkle additional cheese over top. Return to oven for about 20 minutes.

—Juliana

LEMON-FILLED CHEESECAKE

- 1 pkg. lemon pudding-cake mix
- 3 eggs
- 1/3 cup oil
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Combine all ingredients in large mixer bowl. Beat for two minutes at high speed. Pour into a greased and floured 12-cup bundt pan. Prepare the following filling:
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup strawberry preserves
- 1/2 cup shredded or grated coconut
- 2 tsp. water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Combine filling ingredients and blend well. Spread over top of cake batter in pan. Do not let filling touch sides of pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 50 minutes. Let set for 15 minutes after removing from oven. Turn out onto cake plate. Refrigerate leftovers.

Different flavors of cake mix, preserves and flavorings could be used for variety. For example: cherry cake mix, cherry preserves, cherry flavoring, etc. —Juliana

QUICKIE-STICKIE BUNS

- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3 1/4 cups flour (approximately)

Combine milk, sugar, salt and butter in saucepan. Over low heat, stir until butter melts. Dissolve yeast in the 1/2 cup warm water. Add yeast and beaten egg to the lukewarm milk mixture. Add 2 cups of the flour, beating until batter is smooth. Gradually add flour to form a very soft dough. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled. Prepare following topping:

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 2 Tbls. granulated sugar
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1 Tbls. water

Combine all topping ingredients in saucepan. Cook over low heat until sugars dissolve and mixture forms a syrup. Spoon topping into greased muffin cups.

Stir down dough. Drop dough by spoonfuls into muffin cups. Gently cut thru dough with kitchen scissors to marbleize. Cover and let rise until light. Bake in preheated 375-degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. Let cool one minute, then invert on waxed paper. Makes about 30 buns.

—Lucile

TAPIOCA SALAD

2 regular-size pkgs. vanilla tapioca pudding mix (Do not use the instant.)

1 can mandarin oranges

1 1-lb. can chunk pineapple or apricots

3 cups liquid (drained fruit juice and water)

Sliced banana (optional)

Cook pudding using fruit juice as liquid. Allow to cool. Combine the oranges and pineapple (or apricots). Stir into cooled pudding mixture and chill. Sliced bananas may be added just before serving. —Hallie

BLUEBERRY DESSERT

Whole graham crackers

1 pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix

1 4½-oz. carton frozen dessert topping, thawed

1 can blueberry pie filling

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Line a 9-inch square pan with whole graham crackers, breaking crackers to fit, if necessary. Prepare pudding mix as directed on package. Let stand for five minutes; then blend in the dessert topping and flavoring. Spread half the pudding mixture over crackers. Cover with a layer of graham crackers and top with remaining pudding mixture. Cover with another layer of graham crackers. Spoon pie filling over top of crackers. Chill for several hours or overnight.

SOUR CREAM-RAISIN LOAF CAKE

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. baking soda

1/4 tsp. salt

3 eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup sugar

1 cup sour cream

2/3 cup raisins, plumped

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Set oven rack one-third of the way up from the bottom. Grease a 5- by 9-inch loaf pan and sprinkle lightly with fine, dry bread crumbs.

Sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Mix a small amount of the mixture with the plumped raisins. (Raisins should be very well-drained and blotted dry with a paper towel.)

In large bowl of electric mixer, beat eggs until frothy. Add flavoring and sugar and beat at high speed for about three minutes until very light in color. Beat in sour cream. On low speed, add the sifted dry ingredients, scraping the sides of bowl. Beat only until smooth. Remove from mixer and fold in the raisin mixture. Turn batter into prepared pan. Bake for seventy to seventy-five minutes or until done. Cool in pan for about five minutes. Remove cake from pan and finish cooling. —Lucile

OLD-FASHIONED SUNDAY POT ROAST

1 4-lb. rump, chuck or sirloin roast

1 clove garlic

1 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

Flour

1/2 tsp. sugar

3 Tbls. fat (oil or butter)

1/2 cup chopped onion

1 to 2 cups stock

1 bay leaf

1 tsp. thyme or rosemary

Carrots, celery, potatoes, etc.

Rub all sides of roast with garlic, salt and pepper. Dredge in flour and sprinkle with the sugar. Melt fat in Dutch oven and thoroughly brown roast. Add onion, about 1 cup of the stock, bay leaf and thyme or rosemary. Cover tightly and simmer for 2 to 3 hours until tender. Liquid should be kept at about 1/2 inch level in bottom of pan. As liquid cooks out, add more stock as needed. Add vegetables last half hour.

—Betty Jane

CREAMY BROCCOLI MOLD

2 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli

3 chicken bouillon cubes

2 Tbls. instant minced onion

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin

1 1/2 cups cold water

1 cup dairy sour cream

3 Tbls. mayonnaise

1 cup chopped celery

1/4 cup chopped pimiento

2 Tbls. lemon juice

Cook broccoli following package directions. While broccoli is cooking, add the bouillon cubes and minced onion. Do not drain. Add gelatin to the cold water. When soft, stir into the cooked broccoli. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. When cool, blend in the rest of the ingredients. Pour into a loaf pan or mold. Chill until firm. Serves 15.

—Dorothy

MASHED POTATO CASSEROLE

8-10 potatoes

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese

3/4 cup sour cream

1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

1/4 tsp. garlic salt

1/2 tsp. paprika

Chives

Butter

Cook potatoes and mash. (Or use 3 to 4 cups leftover mashed potatoes.) Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Beat with electric mixer, along with sour cream and Country Style dressing, until well blended. Add garlic salt. Blend into mashed potatoes. Spoon into greased casserole. Sprinkle the top with paprika, chives and bits of butter. Bake at 350 degrees until brown on top and ingredients are hot through—about 20-30 minutes. —Evelyn

REUBEN CREPES

8 cooked crepes (prepare your own or purchase frozen ones)

Thinly sliced corned beef

1 8-oz. can sauerkraut, drained

1/2 tsp. caraway seed

Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

8 slices Swiss cheese

On each crepe, place slices of corned beef, sauerkraut and caraway seed. Top with about one tablespoon Country Style dressing. Fold crepes. Place on shallow greased baking pan. Top each crepe with a slice of Swiss cheese. Heat for about 15 to 20 minutes at 350 degrees. —Robin Justiz

DELICIOUS WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

1 1/2 pkgs. dry yeast

3/4 cup lukewarm water

2 1/4 cups milk, scalded and cooled

1/4 cup dark molasses

1 1/2 Tbls. bacon fat

3/4 Tbls. salt

Pinch of ginger

3 cups whole wheat flour

4 cups white flour

Dissolve yeast in the lukewarm water. In large bowl, combine yeast mixture with milk, molasses, fat, salt and ginger. Blend in the wheat flour. Add the white flour and knead until smooth and elastic. Grease dough and let rise in bowl in a warm area. Punch dough down and let rise two more times. After third rising, shape dough in two large or three small loaves. Bake at 350 degrees in glass pan or at 375 degrees in metal pan, for about 35 to 40 minutes. —Juliana

FROSTY FRUIT SALAD

1 1-lb. can apricot halves

1 1-lb., 14-oz. can fruit cocktail

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin

1 cup boiling water

1 cup drained fruit juice

2 Tbls. lemon juice

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature

1/2 cup dairy sour cream

1 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows

1 9-oz. carton whipped topping (or 1 cup heavy cream, whipped)

1/2 cup chopped pecans

Drain fruits. In bowl, pour boiling water over gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Add drained fruit juice, lemon juice and flavoring. Beat cream cheese until light and fluffy. Blend in the sour cream. Add the gelatin mixture slowly to the cheese mixture, stirring until well blended. Chill until partially set. Fold in the fruits, marshmallows, topping or cream, and nuts. Put into 9- by 13-inch pan, cover and freeze. Remove from freezer 30 to 45 minutes before serving. Cut into squares. —Dorothy

EASY STEAK MARINADE*(for grilled steaks)*

1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

1/4 cup vinegar

Combine vinegar and dressing. Pour over steak, cover tightly and let stand several hours or overnight. Turn steaks occasionally. Brush remaining marinade over steaks as they cook.



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So often gorgeous cakes do not taste as great as their decorations look. Frothy-topped pies are somewhat of a disappointment when they are tasted. It doesn't have to be. All that's needed is a good recipe, followed carefully, with first-rate ingredients. And very often, a good imagination.

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COUNTRY KITCHEN CHICKEN

3 lbs. frying chicken pieces

1/4 cup vegetable oil

1 large onion, thinly sliced

1 6-oz. can tomato paste

1 cup chicken broth

1 bay leaf

1 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. pepper

4 medium zucchini, summer squash or butternut squash

4 ozs. wide noodles, cooked and drained

In large, heavy skillet brown chicken in oil. Remove chicken and saute onion in drippings until transparent. Drain fat from skillet. Return chicken to skillet.

Combine remaining ingredients with exception of squash and noodles. Pour over chicken, cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Add squash and continue cooking for 25 minutes longer, or until squash and chicken are done. Remove bay leaf. Arrange on platter. Surround chicken mixture with cooked and drained hot noodles. Serve with fruit salad for a delicious meal. Serves 5-6.

This recipe came from Betty Jane Tilsen's mother, Lu.

RHUBARB-STRAWBERRY- MALLOW PIE

Crust

3/4 cup shortening

1 tsp. salt

1 Tbls. milk

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/3 cup boiling water

2 cups flour

Place shortening, salt, milk and flavoring in a bowl. Pour the boiling water over the shortening mixture and use a fork to beat until fluffy. Add flour and mix lightly until combined. Turn out on floured board, divide dough in half and roll each piece to line a 9-inch pie tin. Flute edges and prick dough with fork. Bake in 350-degree oven until golden brown, about 12 to 15 minutes. Cool. Fill with the following:

4 cups diced rhubarb

2 cups sugar

1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

2 cups miniature marshmallows

1/4 cup chopped walnuts

1 cup whipped cream

Place rhubarb, sugar and strawberry gelatin in saucepan and cook until rhubarb is tender. Remove from heat and add flavoring and marshmallows. Stir until marshmallows are melted. Cool until slightly set; then fold in the nuts and whipped cream. Pile into baked pie shell and chill several hours or overnight. Cut and serve with whipped cream, whipped topping or vanilla ice cream.

—Betty Jane

HOT SPINACH SALAD

4 slices bacon, diced

3 cups raw spinach

3 Tbls. flour

1 1/2 cups hot water

2 Tbls. sugar

1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Salt and pepper to taste

2 hard-cooked eggs

Fry diced bacon until crisp. Add spinach. Stir over medium heat until spinach is wilted. Remove bacon and spinach and place in serving bowl. Stir flour into drippings in skillet, cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is smooth and well blended. Gradually stir in hot water and continue cooking, stirring, until thick. Add sugar, vinegar, butter flavoring, salt and pepper. Pour mixture over spinach. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs.

—Evelyn

COOL SALAD

1 4 1/2-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed

1 1-lb., 4-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained

2 1/2 cups diced marshmallows (or miniature)

1/2 cup nuts, chopped

1 small carton cottage cheese

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Combine all ingredients. Chill well. Serve in a pretty bowl for a salad with crispy crackers, or finger sandwiches for a luncheon, or as an excellent carry salad for a covered-dish meal.

YELLOW SQUASH CASSEROLE

4 to 6 cups cubed yellow squash

1/2 cup butter or margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 small onion, chopped

1 clove garlic, chopped

1 cup milk

2 eggs

2 Tbls. sugar

20 soda crackers, crushed

Salt and pepper to taste

Additional cracker crumbs and grated cheese for topping

Cook squash in salted water until barely tender. Drain well. Melt 1/3 cup of butter or margarine. Add remaining ingredients to butter with exception of topping ingredients. Combine with cooked squash and put into greased casserole. Dot with remaining 3 Tbls. butter or margarine. Make a thin layer of cracker crumbs over top and then sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes, or until mixture is bubbly hot through and cheese and crumbs have browned.

—Evelyn



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

It brings me great pleasure to announce that since I last corresponded, many fortunate events have occurred for me, and I am now an independent business woman! I now own and operate a commercial boarding kennel, and, together with my very dear friend, Vicki Niederhauser, groom pets and take care of them when their owners must be away from home.

I cannot tell you how happy this project has made me. It's as if a childhood dream has really come true. Like most dreams however, there was a gap between the idea and the reality of making it happen. It was a gap filled largely with determination, hard work, and just a little pinch of luck thrown in to piece it together.

For those everywhere who have a lifetime dream and are working on making it come true, I will share my experiences of the last several months. My situation may not be of any practical help with your route, but a little inspiration comes in very handy when the road gets bumpy and the driver weary!

I first had the idea early last summer. Through my work with the veterinary clinic, I got a general feeling from the local townspeople that many of them wanted a place to leave their pets as needed on special occasions. They expressed a desire for a nice facility where the dogs and cats could have personal attention—the kind of affection they would miss by not being at home with their masters. It occurred to me that I might be just the person to provide such a desire.

Within a few days, my husband, Mike, and I left for Utah. We joined my parents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, for a unique family reunion of sorts—a wilderness raft trip through the white waters of Desolation Canyon. Here I spent one solid week nurturing the idea that was implanted in my thoughts. Mile after quiet mile floating down the river I examined all aspects: was this really what I wanted to do? where would I get the money? how would the kennel be managed once opened (after all, my experience was with animals and not corporate finance!)? was there really a need for this service, or was I letting wishful thinking cloud my judgment?

By the end of the raft trip, two things were clear: first—that I had the worst sunburn of my life, and second—that YES—this was the opportunity that I

desperately wanted and I was now bound and determined to make it happen. After all, I thought, I come from a long line of talented and inspiring women. Hadn't my grandmother, Leanna Driftmier, started the first women's radio homemaker's program and raised seven children from a wheelchair? Compared to her accomplishments, my project seemed simple. I vowed to set to work immediately.

I started by researching the two key areas of any project—what would be needed to start the operation and what would the cost be. After several weeks of compiling pages and pages of figures, I sat down to decipher them all. The first area of concern seemed reasonable enough, but the second phase—the costs—seemed staggering. However, I had confidence that the project was still



These two long-time friends have launched into an exciting new chapter in their lives. Alison Driftmier Walstad is to the right of the picture holding a fine, large cat named Gunsmoke. Gunsmoke is skeptically eyeing the dog, Pooh, who is being held by Vicki Niederhauser, Alison's co-worker and friend.

worthwhile and I forged ahead.

The next few weeks were to severely test my determination, for it was time to seek financing. I was so confident I had a good idea that I was genuinely devastated when the first bank turned me down. I went to a second and they also nixed the plan. By the end of that week, every bank in the area had refused my request for a loan. Each had the same explanation—I had a good project, but money was tight and they simply didn't have the funds to finance everybody's good ideas. This was a genuine roadblock; at this point I was tempted to give up. However, I had one last hope, and this was to find financing through private individuals in conjunction with a bank. I was able to convince several people of the plan's worth and they agreed to help. I count myself very fortunate to have such generous and helpful allies. I realize without this stroke of good luck my dream would have died at this stage as many do.

The kennel seemed alive and well at

summer's end and by early September construction of the building next to our house had started. I quickly realized how much work would be involved in its operation, and I contacted a girlfriend in Denver about moving here to Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, to help. She was extremely excited about the prospect and packed her belongings and dogs and arrived here in mid-October.

Full of inspiration and low on cash, we decided to finish the interior of the kennel ourselves. My! what fun days those were! We acquired an old claw foot bathtub; painted it bright green and installed it for bathing the dogs. My mother-in-law, a genius at interior design, chose matching green plaid wallpaper for the grooming room. The office was done with bright yellow walls, and our cat room received dog-and-cat printed wallpaper.

From the very start, Vicki proved herself to be indispensable! She had grown up on a wheat farm in northeast Montana and had acquired many varied skills from her childhood. Having helped wallpaper her mother's farmhouse kitchen on many occasions, she was convinced she could show me how, and we could easily do it together. And so we worked long and hard throughout the fall months.

The kennel was finished and put into operation by early winter. I do consider myself blessed in this present situation. Like many women today, I have been torn between my desire to be at home and the need for a second income. Always, when I worked elsewhere, I invariably wished I could remain at home to cook, sew, garden, and tend to my family. With the opening of the kennel, I now have the best of both worlds. Although I am occasionally inconvenienced by having my business at my residence, the fantastic benefits far outweigh the minor drawbacks. A free hour here and there during the day gives me the time to accomplish little things that make life pleasant for my husband and myself.

As more and more women work outside the home these days, it's as if we are expected to be superhuman, trying to fulfill the roles of breadwinner, wife, mother, counselor, referee, etc., all in one. Unfortunately, there are simply not enough hours in the day! But the American woman is an adaptable and inventive creature. She has shown this from colonial times to the present. Each of us has the ability to make our lives enjoyable and fulfilling no matter what our circumstances. I am absolutely thrilled with how one idea has worked out for me, and I am thankful God gave me the inspiration and strength to see it through.

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad

SOME THINGS A WOMAN NEVER LEARNS!

by
June Bohannon Brown

If I haven't learned to solve my problem at this mature age of almost sixty, I don't believe there is much hope that I ever will! Wandering away from kitchen responsibilities to go into the living room has been my downfall since little-girl days.

I've heard a lot of jokes about housewives who couldn't even boil water without burning it. That's not so difficult! I have done so numerous times. I have several strange-looking teakettles to prove this fact. The water in the kettle soon boils away to cause a scorched bottom if the TV program is interesting enough.

Soup is next to water, and my husband and I are presently trying to use up a potful of vegetable-beef that has a definite burned taste. Soup does very well with an occasional stir, but when I start watching the evening news, what happens? Soup ingredients immediately sink to the bottom where they quickly blacken in a sneaky way. The flavor is never the same.

With each burnt failure, I am certain that I have learned my lesson, but I have been feeling that way since I burned the fudge at age nine. That time a radio program lured me away from the stove.

The little time clock on the stove works quite well—when I set it—and it should solve my problem, but if I step into the living room I never intend to stay. Naturally, the timer isn't set.



Shenandoah Valley Toastmistress Club hosted the Speech Contest of Council #6, Four Winds Region. Pictured are the speech contestants. Left to right, Mrs. Elizabeth Shoemaker, Offutt Air Force Base, Miss Verlene Looker, Shenandoah, Mrs. Eunice Prenger, Omaha, Nebr., and Mrs. Dorothy Oldfield, Lincoln, Nebr. Mrs. Prenger, the first-place winner, competed in the Regional Speech Contest in Casper, Wyo., last month. International Toastmistress Clubs benefit thousands of people throughout the world who take advantage of this education to enrich their roles as citizens, workers and homemakers. Membership in this non-profit organization is open to interested adults without regard to race, religion, sex, citizenship or national origin. Verlene, an office employee of Kitchen-Klatter for a number of years, was second-place winner.

—Photo by Barton's Studio

The garden, too, can cause a downfall. By hurrying out to pick a bit of parsley, or some lettuce for the salad, I discover so much of interest—little tasks that can be taken care of immediately—like pulling a few weeds, or coaxing tomato vines back into their wire enclosure. If the timer does happen to be set, I can't possibly hear it at the back of the yard.

For a while I thought that the slow-cooking pot was my answer. The most scatterbrained cook in the world couldn't burn dinner in a slow-cooking pot. But these faithful appliances must be started very early in the day. I don't even think about planning dinner until the sun begins to set.

In my kitchen, all pots and pans *should* have minds of their own with thermostats to turn them off with the first sign of dryness. But this idea would not help with such foods as soup and simmering fudge as they can burn without really getting dry. Until pans with minds come along, the old-fashioned, cast-iron pots are undoubtedly the best for me to use. They are practically indestructible under any kind of treatment. However, I once tried cooking beans in my little cast-iron pot that hangs in the fireplace. That was certainly a mistake! I had visions of a potful of simmering, tender, savory beans. Things happen fast over an open fire! The first time I decided to stir the mixture, I found the beans were like little, hard, blackened rocks rattling around on the bottom. I guess I'd better learn to cook on the kitchen range before trying the fireplace.

My preoccupation was almost the doom of our happy home one evening. A

frying pan holding oil was heating on the kitchen stove. The ringing doorbell started the trouble. At the sight of a friend, I completely forgot dinner. We sat, visiting, until a glow of light coming from the kitchen suddenly aroused my suspicions. Racing back to the stove, I discovered an inferno over the frying pan, with flames almost licking the ceiling. Handfuls of salt soon put out the fire, but sorry days were spent washing my blackened kitchen! I believe that episode had a more lasting effect on me than the others. Since then, I always seem to remember to slide the frying pan off the heat if I must leave, even for a moment.

Still, I'm not the only one who has these embarrassing experiences. I notice blackened pans in the kitchens of others, and friends and relations have admitted to *always* burning the carrots and potatoes. A neighbor painted the whole interior of her smudged house because of chasing a rooster. She forgot her frying pan, too.

After fifty years of burning, I am finally recognizing the situation as a serious problem that needs to be solved. By eliminating all other sources of entertainment, magazines, books, TV, radio, etc., I feel that I could be a very successful cook. I don't wish to use this as the logical solution, however.

A foolproof solution should certainly be found—my nerves, expensive cookware, high-priced food, and precious time are all at stake. However I fear that there are some things a person like me never learns!

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COULD THESE BE PEAS?

by
Janice Doyle

As a child, first in Iowa and later in Missouri, spring was welcomed because, among other things, it brought fresh peas. Fresh peas—one of the first crops harvested from the garden!

Progressive years simply meant that a child could shell more peas for the freezer or for canning. Food "fit for a king" in the springtime always included a large bowl of creamed peas and new potatoes.

I married and moved to Texas where I was invited one day by some friends to go to a truck farm and pick peas. Armed with buckets and baskets, I anticipated fresh peas for supper. I looked for the familiar green vines and was still looking when a picking partner told me I was beyond the pea patch. Not wanting to appear ignorant I watched her and saw that she was snapping off long, skinny, brown pods. As nonchalantly as I could, I began to pick these unfamiliar objects, wondering all the while how they could ever be called "peas".

The other girls were so excited to have their treasured "peas" that I simply could not admit my ignorance to them. Instead, I rushed home with two bushels of the produce, found my dear neighbor, Nell, and admitted my dilemma to her. She showed me how to shell the "peas" and how to cook them and even had the nerve to tell me they were her favorite treat from the garden. Naturally, I sent her home with one bushel full to overflowing with my picking after that statement!

What a disappointment supper was—to be eating *black-eyed peas* when we had anticipated our *Yankee sweet, tender, green peas*.

Several years later, as an Arkansan, I was offered a "mess of peas" by a neighbor. Since it was August instead of June, the usual month for peas up North, I was suspicious. I figured these would be black-eyed peas. Then came the astonishing sight of something altogether different—long, skinny, *purple* pods. What could these be? And how could anything purple be eaten, much less taste good?

Undaunted, I invited my neighbor inside, took her gift, and behind the closed door blurted out, "Marie, I have no idea what these are." As she began telling me about *purple-hull peas*, a thought forming in my mind became very clear; a rose by any other name might smell as sweet, but a *green pea* in the South doesn't stand a chance.

The next spring I secretly planted some green peas out by the tool shed. By starting them very early and giving them lots of water, I had a meager harvest of fresh green peas—truly food fit for a king.



Emily's father-in-law, Louis DiCicco, at the left, has an old-fashioned butcher shop in Brooklyn, N.Y. Italian meats are his specialty. Emily says that on busy Saturdays she and Rich go to help him. The shop is strictly a family enterprise, and the young man almost out of the photograph at the right is Tom Confessore, a son-in-law.

Now I began to hear the term "*English peas*". What could an English pea be, I asked, and discovered that that is the term for our own green peas. Oh my, things could really get confusing, couldn't they?

I also asked why people did not grow more of these delicious "*English*" peas. The reason, of course, is the need for a very cool growing season; a gardening expert in Newport, Arkansas, makes her first planting of "*English*" peas in early February with successive plantings through March.

Do I like the Southern-type peas?

Sometimes. For our family, they remain a "once-in-a-while, nice-for-a-change" dish served with corn bread and a salad. I've even been accused of not knowing how to cook them—not putting in the proper seasonings, and so on. But they remain in the background when I can have a luscious bowl of creamed peas!

Will progressive years as a Southerner make me long for that hot summer day and the "first mess of peas" for the season? I doubt it. At least not while I can experience at least once a year the cool, crisp crunch of a bright-green pea pod.

TWELVE TREATS . . .

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Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



The spectacle of "Star Wars" has encouraged many loyal readers of the historical novel and the romance to pick up and try one of those unfamiliar paperbacks with the colorful but bizarre illustrations on the cover. My own introduction to science fiction came years before this popular motion picture swept the country two years ago. While my particular literary fetish rooted itself among the European authors of the nineteenth century, my brother's shelves, in a typically boyish way I suppose, were thoroughly stocked with the futuristic, imaginative adventures of science fiction. It was inevitable that one of his books would accidentally find its way to my bookcase, and that in an enthusiastic mood, I would decide to sample some creativity of a different genre.

The first of these novels I picked up happened to be the initial volume of a

trilogy. When I finished it, I eagerly searched for the second and third parts, but no wonder, for I had chanced upon one of the most famous series of novels in all science fiction by the great science fiction writer, Isaac Asimov.

Foundation, *Foundation and Empire*, and *Second Foundation* hurtled my imagination to a future century in our own spiraling galaxy, the Milky Way. In *Foundation*, the psychohistorian, Hari Sheldon, by means of complex mathematical bars and graphs, predicts the decay and collapse of the Galactic Empire. Too late to hamper the accelerating fall of civilization, Seldon could only hope to close the gap of thirty thousand years that his equations proved has to elapse before a new and more unified Empire could rise again from the rubble.

Seldon established two Foundations, or colonies of scientists, and placed them in locations so that only one millenium later they would produce the Second Empire. *Foundation* tells the story of the first of these Foundations, a settlement of men, who, ignorant of their deeper long-run purpose, work away compiling the Universal Encyclopedia. Developing both political and economic prowess in its isolated position on the periphery of the galaxy, the Foundation quickly dominated the barbarous planets surrounding it, and soon was a viable threat to the Empire itself.

In *Foundation and Empire*, just as Seldon foresaw, the Foundation faced the Empire and was victorious. But Seldon was unable to predict the emergence of a single mutant known as the Mule, whose mind-controlling abilities threatened to upset all of the scientists' carefully laid plans. Because the Mule was able to mold man's emotions, all armies surrendered and became loyal to him. His opponents willingly became his servants. Before him, the First Foundation fell. The only resistance to the Mule, and at the same time the last hope for a new Empire, lay in the well-hidden and undiscovered Second Foundation. Finding it becomes the goal of the Mule and those on the First Foundation, as well as the topic of the last volume, *Second Foundation*. This is the most exciting of all the sections of this adventure. The secrecy of this colony must be maintained or face total destruction.

Suspense builds throughout each book, and the answers to all are finally given at the end of *Second Foundation*.

Classic science fiction! I wish my brother had introduced me to it sooner. I intend to read more books in this genre in the hope that they, too, will be up to the classical levels represented by Isaac Asimov's works.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

June is truly a rare month anywhere in the land. Here in the Midwest the gardens are so full of promise with many shrubs and perennials in bud or bloom. Now is the time to spray roses, and to feed and mulch them if this hasn't already been done. Be sure to spread mulch between strawberry rows and close up to the plants to keep the developing fruits off the ground. If your tulips and other spring-flowering bulb plants have finished flowering, cut off the bloom stalks so that seeds do not form. Let the foliage ripen naturally and set out annual flowers to fill in the beds. If you feel an old bulb bed did not do well this past spring, perhaps it needs renovating. Dig out all the bulbs, save the large ones and store in a cool place until time to replant in late fall. The small bulbs can be lined out in a nursery row to develop to blooming-sized bulbs. Rework the old bed and plant annual flowers.

We never get around to planting our window boxes until early June and perhaps the plants are better for the delay. The vinca vines grow rapidly and the flowers in the boxes seem to vie for attention. Last year we planted variegated vincas to hang down, lobelias to fill in between coleus, petunias, geraniums and both tuberous and fibrous begonias. These plants provided a riot of color in the six boxes attached under windows on the south, east and north sides of the Parsonage. Many *Kitchen-Klatter* readers saw the boxes last summer and we hope more of you will stop in this year.

Folks from south of us (all the states below Minnesota) do not realize that we Northerners cannot start our gardens and flower beds nearly as early as they can. We cannot safely set out tender vegetables and flowers until after the first of June for fear of hard frosts. But don't let the earliness of the season stop you from coming to see us if you get up near Eagle Bend, Minnesota. The coffeepot is on and the welcome mat down. Right now we are busy transplanting the last of the annual seedlings so the Circle Garden and other flower beds will be in full color for the "tea & tour" season ahead. I can scarcely wait until the new All-America selections bloom in our yard. Can you?

PRAYER

Be still and know that God is here,
So come what may, you need not fear,
For He walks with you, He's ever near.
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A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON (A Skit)

by
Mabel Nair Brown

This is simply intended as a fun skit for a father-and-son banquet. As a narrator very solemnly reads the father's advice, the humorous pantomimes are going on behind the speaker so he cannot see the action, but in full view of the audience.

Narrator: I will share with you a father's advice to his son.

1. Approach thy calling in life with joy, hard work and patience so that you may be always productive and held in the esteem of your peers. (*Boys in baseball caps, mitts, bats, football gear, etc.*)

2. Respect your body, for the poet has said it is the temple of your soul. Be selective of your diet, knowledgeable in the ways you care for it to keep the body in prime condition. (*Boys loaded down with snacks of all kinds, cans of soft drinks, etc. Could be shown sitting in front of a TV set.*)

3. Seek to give service to others for service is the key to happiness. (*Boys shown giving every attention to a little girl—carrying her schoolbooks, giving her flowers, sharing a lollipop or putting on her skates.*)

4. Be frugal with time and money so that you may use both wisely and to the best of your abilities. (*Little boys playing games, trading contents of their pockets or buying candy or pop.*)

5. Strive to show courage in the face of all adversities. (*One boy scuffs his toe as another makes off with "his" girl or a small boy attempts to stand up to a "bully" or a father stands holding a tool, apparently broken by his son, while the son stands shame-faced in front of him.*)

6. Be obedient, obey the laws of thy



We so much enjoyed receiving this picture. From left to right are Christopher Palo, David Driftmier, Isabel Palo, and the youngsters' parents, Vincent and Mary Lea Palo. David had made a very hasty flight all the way from British Columbia to Springfield, Massachusetts, to consult specialists about an extremely severe form of arthritis with which he was suffering. We were glad the medical reports were encouraging. David enjoyed seeing the members of his family.

home and country. (*Boys swiping cookies from cookie jar or "borrowing" Dad's razor.*)

7. Educate thyself every day of your life so that you may continue to grow in wisdom and stature. (*Boys throwing spitballs and paper airplanes behind teacher's back.*)

8. Take God with you every hour of every day of your life. He will always be your best guide, counselor and friend. (*This will close the skit on a serious note so show a boy at prayer wearing a choir robe and holding songbook or listening as father reads Bible.*)

None is honored for what he or she gets.

Honor is reserved for what one gives.

NIGHT OUT FOR GIRLS — Concl.

items were given as prizes. Rather than the familiar "most children", "youngest mother", etc., we gave prizes to "the youngest person who baked something unassisted this week", "the person bringing the heaviest purse", "the one who has the longest hair", "anyone whose birthday is today—or this week", "the person who owns the oldest car", "anyone with a run in her hose", etc.

The Kitchen Band was probably the highlight of the evening. Those who played in the band wore aprons and funny hats decorated with utensils and such.

It was a most enjoyable evening without being a lot of hard work for anyone.



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From Our Family Album

This picture is a genuine old-timer, taken in September of 1910. We can only hope it will reproduce well, what with the original sepia finish and the yellowing which comes with years.

On the post card print, my father, Martin Driftmier, had written: "A traveling photographer came through Waterloo (Iowa) and wanted to know if he could take a picture of the little boy."

That little boy was my brother, Howard, who was about eighteen months of age. He is now retired after many, many years of working for the May Seed and Nursery Company at home base here in Shenandoah. Howard and his wife, Mae, have their home not far from where I live.

Dad must not have trusted either Howard or the animal on which he is sitting, for he has a very firm grip on his little boy. Since I know virtually nothing about horses (our family never owned anything in the horse kingdom—just cars), I'm not certain whether that is a pony or a burro on which Howard is perched.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
most refreshing part of retirement will be the change of work. I have preached an average of 200 sermons a year for the past twenty-four years, and that is enough to last me the rest of my life.

I am writing this letter just after having returned from taking our grandchildren half the way to their home in Maine. Betty and I drove to the midway point, a particular restaurant, where we were met by their parents, Mary Leanna and Vincent. We have had the grandchildren—Isabel and Christopher—for the past five days. Since I had to be at church each day, Betty had the major part of the care of the children. I did enjoy all of my meals with them. I took them to the park for one hour before going to work in the morning and had another hour to spend with them just before dinner each evening.

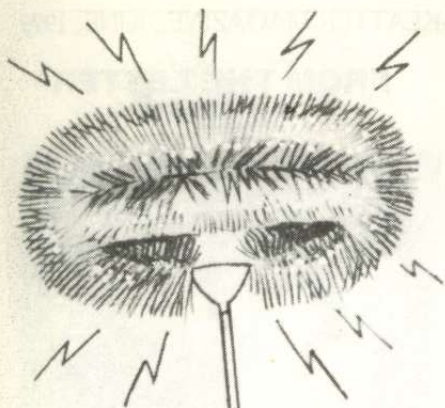
What a good time we had! They are very good children. As a matter of fact,

they probably were a little better for us than for their own parents. Young as they are, they sensed that it was a privilege to be with their grandparents, and they acted accordingly. Naturally, we think that they are the most intelligent children in the world. Little two-year-old Christopher sang nursery rhymes for us at the dinner table each evening. Five-year-old Isabel gave us serious lectures about her brother's health habits. She watches over him like a mother hen. The two children get along very well together as long as they have equal rights and similar toys.

I have a feeling that once we retire, my *Kitchen-Klatter* letters are going to cover many new fields of interest. Keep in touch with us, please. Remember us in your prayers as we take this big step into the future and a new life.

Sincerely,

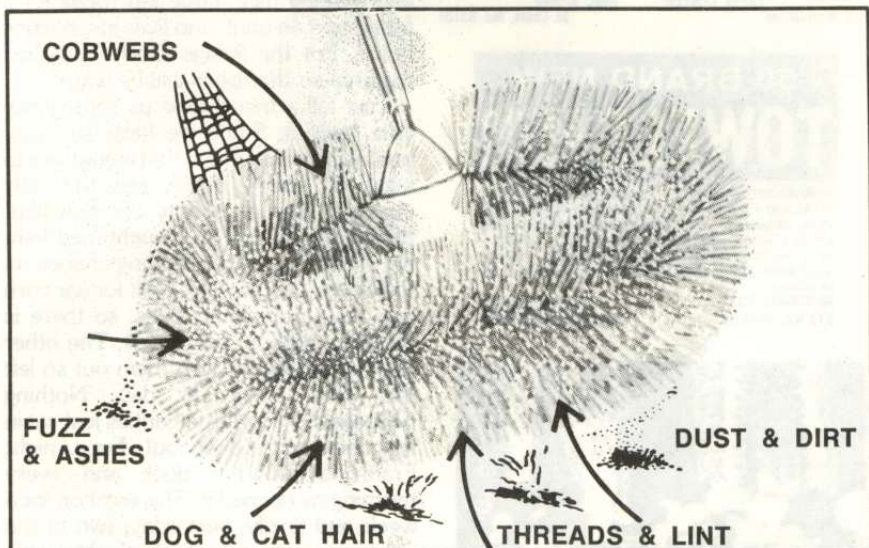
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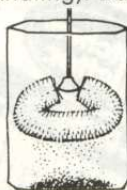


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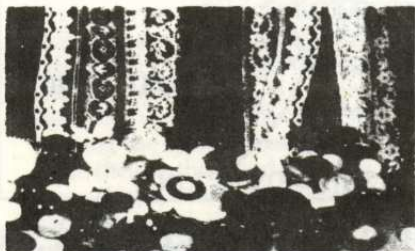
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DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
But it was fun to look, and I did order some notions I thought would be nice to have.

My friend, Dorothea Polser, has been doing something with scraps of polyester double-knit she had on hand. She has been sewing squares of material together and making nice, large lap robes for a friend and an aunt who lives in a nursing home. For the linings she uses quilted material so the robes will be warm.

Last fall a friend gave us some fancy little banties. Since we have so many predators around here that would love to feast on them, Frank put the little chickens into an empty bin and kept them shut up until he thought they were big enough to have a fighting chance on their own. Our bins are built for ear corn and have perforated sides, so there is plenty of light and air inside. The other day he decided to turn them out so left the door open all day. Nothing happened. Those little banties just sat in the door and looked out. Every night Frank closed the door and every morning he opened it. This went on for a week and finally, yesterday, two of the chickens ventured out into the big, wide world. Maybe, gradually, the rest will follow suit. The two that did come out went back in long before dark!

If I am going to get some cookies baked today, I had better get this letter in to the post office. I need to use up some sour cream I have in the refrigerator so I'm going to make some of our favorites—the sour cream-black walnut drop cookies.

Until next month . . .
Dorothy

FROM THE LETTER BASKET



Dear Friends:

How long has it been since you saw a basket like this?

My grandmother, who was raised in Tennessee, made this kind of basket in her later years as long as she was physically able—until the early 1920's—so this basket is at least 50 years old.

Grandmother would go to the creek about 1/4 mile away, chop down an oak tree six or eight inches in diameter, chopping off the top of the trunk up where the limbs began, saving the part nearest the ground. She'd carry the tree trunk home and immediately work it up before the wood dried. With only simple tools—a claw hammer, old corn knife and wedge—she'd split the log in half, then the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths, etc. When portions were small enough, she would shave off the bark with a jackknife, split the heart from the white wood and then proceed to split the latter again and again until thin enough to use for weaving. She would simply start the end with the knife and pull it apart by hand. Then she would whittle out the "ribs", one at a time, and then the "hoops", shaping them in a circle and fastening with rivets. All these thin strips of wood had to be seasoned several weeks.

As my grandmother would assemble the various parts of the basket, the dried splits would be first soaked and then scraped. She'd put the softened split on her knees and draw it back under the knife blade to make it smooth and as near the same thickness as possible.

The hardest part was getting the weaving started.

I have made two of these baskets myself, and could yet if I had the energy and could get the material—which I don't and can't!

Just thought you might be interested in something different.

With warm regards,
Leta Collins

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U.S. Polycoat protects driveways, sidewalls, patios, mobile homes and parking areas, too. But, if your roof is leaking send for U.S. Polycoat today. You'll have a worry-free waterproof roof that will last for years and years. Waterproof with U.S. Polycoat before you insulate!

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT U.S. POLYCOAT:

"I have used your Polycoat on a flat kitchen roof extension. It was the solution! It really did the trick."

A.C.S./Warren, Rhode Island

"Polycoat is just super, words can't tell you how pleased I've been with it."

Mrs. E.G.D./Busby, Montana

"My skylight had been leaking for a long time and I had work done on it an unbelievable 15 times without favorable results. I used Polycoat and after many down pours it has not leaked."

J.W.S./ Palm Bay, Florida

U.S. POLYCOAT, INC., 2928 Malmo Drive • Arlington Heights, Ill. 60005 • (312) 364-5010

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Gentlemen: Please rush me _____ gallons of U.S. Polycoat.

☐ 1 Gal. - \$13.95 ☐ 2 Gal. - \$26.40 ☐ 5 Gal. Bucket - \$63.50 Include \$1.50 Per Gallon for

Postage and Handling. Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Money Order for total of \$_____ ☐ Charge my

order to: ☐ VISA/BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Color: ☐ Clear ☐ Silver ☐ Black ☐ White ☐ Green ☐ Red ☐ Brown

One gallon covers approx. 50 to 100 square feet. Two gallons covers approx. 100 to 200 square feet. Five gallons covers approx. 250 to 500 square feet. Coverage depends on type of surface.

Print Name _____

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