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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Just a few minutes ago I finished reading Frederick's letter which you will see on the next page in this issue, and in my wildest flights of imagination I cannot think how they will survive on the day those vans pull up at their new home.

It so happens that I never saw the parsonage they will be leaving, but one night several years ago he and Betty were at my house showing Mother and me the slides they had taken on one of their extensive summer trips. We had seen a series of small, comfortable-looking little cottages and then, all of a sudden, he flashed on a shot of an enormous house with magnificent plantings.

"You've gotten your slides mixed up, Frederick," I said, "because this is an English manor house."

"Oh no," he replied, "this is our parsonage home in Springfield."

I was totally inexperienced in looking at any parsonage halfway comparable, and I can still recall my sense of shock and virtual disbelief.

If I am not mistaken, Russell and I were the only members of the family who never visited Frederick and Betty in their Springfield, Massachusetts, home. We had spent two weeks with them at the incredibly beautiful estate in Nova Scotia that was owned by Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Crandall, and we had also spent some time at a small lake house that Betty and Frederick used before Nova Scotia became available to them.

However, right here I must put in the fact that Frederick and Betty were the ONLY members of my family who never once laid eyes on the house Russell and I had purchased for our eventual retirement home. This was in New Mexico about eighteen miles north of Santa Fe. To my lasting sorrow, we never had an opportunity to retire there since we had owned it only about three years when Russell passed away.

Well, getting back to Iowa and Shenandoah and this house, I can only say

that every inch of it is home to me, and given just a little bit of truly good luck I'll be able to stay in it as long as I'll be staying anywhere.

This reference to Iowa brings back to my mind something that happened a good many years ago when Juliana was in the seventh or eighth grade here at our Shenandoah Junior High School. It was a gorgeous late October day (the kind that even fine artists find difficult to capture with oil and canvas) and the three of us had gone for a drive through the countryside. All of a sudden Juliana sighed heavily and said: "Oh, Iowa is such a BEAUTIFUL state, but it is a subtle beauty and you must grow up in it to appreciate it." Russell and I never forgot that comment.

Through all of these years I can never remember a time when spring, actual SPRING, was so late in arriving. Usually we frei and worry that all of the peonies and iris will be gone by Memorial Day, but this year almost everyone in this area had to turn to other sources for their trek to the cemetery. The buds on our peonies were so tight that we couldn't even get a glimpse of the color!

One peony we have is very, very tricky. I don't know the correct botanical name for it, but we always called it our Japanese peony. It has only a few single, large, dazzling, crimson-colored petals and an immense golden heart. Aunt Helen Fischer gave this to Russell many years ago and it bloomed beautifully (though briefly) until this year. This year it is a huge plant and has not one single sign of a bud. Betty Jane and I don't know what could possibly ail it.

I wish to thank all of you who took the time and trouble to clip from the *Des Moines Register* a feature story written by their food editor, Dorothy Yeglin. All together you folks sent me enough copies to send to all of my brothers and sisters, plus their children. This is the type of article that seasons with age, and someday, after inevitable changes have occurred, it will be even more interesting. Mrs. Yeglin had stacks of notes when she left my house after a two-hour visit, and I cannot imagine how she boiled down all of that information to occupy a specified amount of space.

By the time you read this, sister Dorothy will be back on the farm again and probably will have visited with you on the radio, but as I write this she is in Chadron, Nebraska, visiting her daughter, Kristin, and her family. She told me just before she left that she hoped to make two short side trips to see former college roommates. Dorothy went to the college in Chadron for one full semester and part of another, but then she was stricken with tuberculosis and had to return to Shenandoah as soon as she was able to travel. It was this personal crisis which spurred Dad to

build the sleeping porch where Dorothy recuperated for many months. I'm sure there are many people right here in town who know exactly how that sleeping porch is reached, because Dorothy's friends were wonderfully thoughtful about going to see her.

We have had a household of three during this past school year: Betty Jane, her daughter, Hannah, and myself. Hannah attended the Clarinda branch of Western Community College and it was the worst imaginable winter to make that twenty-mile drive with so much sleet, ice and snow. But the girl who did the driving was extremely dependable, and at exactly 7:15 every weekday morning she turned into our driveway to pick up Hannah.

It will be strange for Betty Jane and me to be alone here after Hannah leaves tomorrow night. She has a Writer's Conference in Kansas City for her first stop, and then will go on to Tucson, Arizona, where she will be living for a spell.

We hear a great deal about cars these days and I'm glad I'm in no way interested in making a change. I have a big, heavy car, a 1969 model that is really a gas hog, but it's the only car I've ever ridden in that is truly suitable for my purposes. With my ailing back, I can sit up only just so long and then I must stretch out on the back seat. Well, I wouldn't get much stretching done in some of the new models I've seen.

Last week Juliana and Jed were beside themselves with joy when their MGB was finally returned to them just exactly one year from the time a woman drove straight through a red traffic light and hit their MG with terrific force. (Jed was driving it— was en route home from the office so he could have lunch with Juliana.)

At first it seemed utterly hopeless to think about ever getting that car to run again, but after a full year of sending here, there and everywhere (including England, where it was made) all necessary parts were finally rounded up and the car now works. Russell bought that car only a month or so before he died so suddenly, and its great advantage is the fact that on the open highway you can get about forty miles to the gallon. I rode in it only once right here in town and said "NEVER AGAIN" because it was far too low slung for me to get in and out easily. I had no earthly use for that car and thus turned it over to Jed and Juliana who had wonderful uses for it. These days the mileage it gets is truly a godsend.

Last week we had guests from Saint Paul and Saint Croix, Minnesota. Betty Jane's mother, Grandma Lu, (you have heard us refer to her many times and her picture has been in this magazine) drove down with two of Betty Jane's oldest and

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A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

It is a beautiful summer morning, so fresh and clear, coming to us on the heels of several wet and muggy days. It is a season for growing, and literally everything is growing so fast! The landscape gardeners who take care of the church and parsonage lawns are having to cut the grass at least five times a month, and that is more than our purse can tolerate. As I write this letter, I am looking out over our lovely backyard and wondering how so much lush growth can come up out of a soil only a few inches deep. This property sits on a rock ledge that is covered with a thin layer of very sandy soil. When it rains, the water rushes down through the sod to the layer of rock and disappears so quickly that in no time at all, the ground is dry again. Out here in New England, it is so difficult for people to picture the depth and the richness of the soil in the vast Midwestern Corn Belt.

Last month, I told you about my forthcoming retirement from my work here at South Church. How much has happened since then! Within a matter of a few days after I announced my retirement, saying: "Betty and I are not as well as we look!", I was in the hospital with pneumonia. It was a terrible time for me to be ill. My Associate was in Europe with our church tour; the congregation was in a state of shock from my announced retirement; and Betty was suffering from sheer exhaustion. However, we have come through it all with flying colors. I must admit that it is taking me much longer to bounce back to health after that fight with pneumonia than I had anticipated. Oh how grateful we are for some of the wonderful new "miracle drugs" the doctors now use to combat lung congestion.

We have three fine hospitals in our city, but it was not difficult for us to decide to which one I would go as a patient. I am on the Board of Trustees of our large Roman Catholic hospital. It is the Mercy Hospital, under the supervision of the Sisters of Providence, and I am the first Protestant clergyman ever to be one of its trustees. I received marvelous care. Everyone in that hospital is dedicated to giving the patients good care plus a genuine spiritual concern. Far too often, hospitals are little more than warehouses for the sick and injured, but that is not true of hospitals which are connected with religious institutions. I remember what perfectly beautiful care my Aunt Susan received in a Seventh



Last summer, when the Driftmiers and Crandalls spent a vacation together, Frederick had the opportunity to take this four-generation picture. From left to right are Mrs. Julian Crandall (Betty's mother), Betty Crandall Driftmier, Mary Lea Driftmier Palo and Mary Lea's little daughter, Isabel.

Day Adventist hospital, and can think of friends of mine who speak of the wonderful care they received in other denominational hospitals. I really think that all of us should give first consideration to hospitals with religious connections whenever we have an opportunity to choose. So many people in my church have learned that there is a special plus quality to the care they receive in our local Mercy Hospital.

Are you people aware that there is just now on the market a new vaccine to immunize older people against pneumonia? I am going to my doctor today to inquire about it. The vaccine is not a cure or treatment for pneumonia, but a means of preventing its occurrence. Right here in our one small city last year there were sixty deaths from pneumonia, and fifty-seven of the victims were over fifty years of age. It is too bad that I learned about the vaccine just after I had the disease. A few dollars for the vaccine would have saved me a thousand dollar hospital bill!

It is my understanding that there are several types of pneumonia. Some are caused by bacteria, some by viruses, and some by chemicals. This new vaccine will not protect against all types, but it will protect against the kind I had—pneumococcal pneumonia, a bacterial-type which accounts for about fifty percent of all serious cases. My friends with some knowledge of this subject tell me that this new vaccine is actually able to protect a person from fourteen different kinds of bacterial pneumonia. They also tell me that there are just as many people suffering from pneumonia in the summertime as in the wintertime. Incidentally, I have been told that the flu shot I had last winter was no protection

at all against pneumonia. If you have any allergies, be careful about taking vaccines of any kind, and if you are pregnant, watch out. Be sure to check with your physician before taking this vaccine or any vaccine.

In a few days, the moving truck will arrive to take our belongings to our new home in Connecticut. There are no words to express some of the anguish that Betty and I are experiencing. As we prepare to leave this wonderful church with its hundreds and hundreds of good friends, we are feeling some heart-wrenching grief. There are times when we feel as though we were attending our own funerals! Just leaving this magnificent parsonage is hard enough!

One of the big problems we face is that of disposing of some of the precious things we simply do not have room for in the new house. We want Mary Leanna and David to have those items, but Mary Leanna has a small house, and it already is filled to overflowing! David and his Sophie live so far away (in British Columbia, just south of the Yukon) that the cost of shipping articles there is prohibitive. We shall put many items into storage for them. Hopefully, they one day will be able to enjoy the treasures Betty and I have enjoyed for so long. We no longer will need to be giving dinner parties for fifty guests at a time! As Betty says: "When we retire, I am not going to entertain more than six guests at a time!" She is showing good judgment.

Because of my bout with pneumonia, we had owned our new home for several weeks before I was able to visit it. The previous owners left the house in immaculate condition, but once all of their belongings were out, we were sur-

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Fun for the Fourth

by Mabel Nair Brown

How about a Porch Party when you entertain in July? Go all out in decorating with flags and bunting. The bunting might be draped around the porch just as it is around the speaker's stand at a campaign rally. Perhaps you'll even have some red and white sweet peas and blue bachelor's buttons from your garden to make an arrangement for the serving table or tea cart. A few of these flowers backed by a very small lace paper doily would make sweet little nosegay corsages for each guest's tray.

Use a bell cookie cutter to make Liberty Bell-shaped sandwiches, cookies, or to cut a red gelatin salad. Star-shaped cookies would be in keeping with the patriotic theme, too. Decorate nut cups to resemble miniature Uncle Sam hats.

What could be more appropriate music to set the stage and the mood for your party than to have some lively marches played on the record player as the guests are arriving?

ENTERTAINMENT

Presidential Posers:

1. Which president established the whistle-stop tour? (Abraham Lincoln)
2. Which three former presidents died on the Fourth of July? (Jefferson and John Adams—on the same day—and Monroe)
3. Who was the president who held office the shortest time? (W.H. Harrison—31 days)
4. Who put the first bathtub in the White House? (Millard Fillmore)
5. Who kept a herd of dairy cows on the White House lawn? (Andrew Johnson)
6. Which president never went to school? (Andrew Jackson)
7. Which president married his school teacher? (Millard Fillmore)
8. Which president, on the average, slept eleven hours a day? (Calvin Coolidge)
9. Who was an ordained minister? (James A. Garfield)
10. Who had an attack of smallpox while he was in office? (Abraham Lincoln)
11. Who was the first president born in the United States? (Martin Van Buren—eighth president, born 1782)
12. Who became president when Garfield was assassinated? (Chester A. Arthur)
13. What Chief Executive was born on July Fourth? (Calvin Coolidge)

Battle of the Balloons: Have you ever

tried to get a balloon into a tall waste-paper basket or bucket without using hands to lift it from the floor? Give the player a walking stick and tell him he may not touch the balloon with hands or feet but may hit it, bounce it, poke it, or lift it with the stick—anyway to get it into the basket. This can be played as a relay game, also.

Where Are You? Place a map of your state on the wall. Blindfold players and hand each one a pin stuck through a small circle of colored paper. The winner is the one who puts the pin closest to your hometown.

Charades are always fun. For this patriotic month, after dividing up into small groups for charades, announce that the charades must all be based on some historical event in the United States such as "Signing of the Declaration of Independence", "Dolley Madison Fleeing the White House in 1812", or "The Wright Brothers Fly First Airplane".

Historical Sing-Along: You will need a good pianist and a song leader for this. Sing all types of songs as a group and after each song see who can identify the era in which it became popular. "Clementine" was popular during the Gold Rush of 1849, for example. "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" was a song of World War I era, etc. You will find some reminiscing will take place as everyone thinks about the time in which these songs were popular.



ALL ABOUT HORSES

1. A song of long ago. ("The Old Gray Mare")
2. A famous book about a horse. (*Black Beauty*)
3. They hung them in early settler days. (Horse thieves)
4. An old movie about a horse. (*National Velvet*)
5. A famous horse race. (Kentucky Derby)
6. Antiques used for picture frames or mirrors. (Horse collars)
7. Famous beer horses. (Budweiser Clydesdales)
8. A slang expression. (Horsefeathers)
9. A kind of lap robe used in early touring cars. (Horsehair)
10. A very lucky object. (Horseshoe)

—Evelyn Lyon

PENNY! PENNY!

by
Virginia Thomas

The first money I remember was a lowly penny. I do not think I'll ever feel as rich as I did with a few pennies in my hand when I was a child all set for the big Fourth of July celebration in town.

My father was a historian, always very interested in anything pertaining to our country and its history. He often pointed out to his children the various designs on coins, explained their meaning and telling us about their origins. The Indian head penny, for some reason, had a special attraction for me.

In searching for interesting material to use for a patriotic talk, I ran across the story of the origin of the design on the Indian head penny—which really isn't the picture of an Indian at all!

The story begins in 1836 with ten-year-old Sarah Longacre. Sarah lived in Philadelphia where her father was a chief engraver at the Philadelphia Mint, the only mint in the United States at that time.

One day an Indian chief was visiting in Philadelphia. He chanced to see Sarah Longacre and, for some unknown reason, took off his large feathered war bonnet and placed it on the surprised little girl's head. Stranger yet—an artist happened to be nearby at that very moment and he made a sketch of the ten-year-old girl wearing the elaborate head-dress. The Longacre family was delighted with the drawing and carefully put it away.

At that time, pennies made at the mint were created of copper, about the size of a quarter and very cumbersome to handle in a purse. The Philadelphia Mint decided several years later to make a smaller penny. They decided to have a contest to choose the design for the new coin, with \$1000 offered as the prize to the winner. Mr. Longacre decided to enter the artist's sketch of Sarah wearing the Indian war bonnet. Imagine the surprise when the picture was chosen.

The first Indian penny was struck in 1859. It was minted until 1909 when the Lincoln penny was struck.

Now, like many other items, the Indian head penny is becoming a rarity. I automatically look at any pennies which come into my possession to see if any might be one of the treasured few. Many coin collectors search for the coins, and many people save them for sentimental reasons, but probably few people know that the Indian head penny carried the portrait, not of an Indian chief at all, but that of a little white girl named Sarah.



THE FUN AND FEARS OF FLYING

by
Lenora Reisdorph

I approached my first commercial flight with mixed feelings—unbelief, apprehension, eagerness. When the day arrived to board the jet to San Francisco, I could believe I was seeing someone off for a week of California sunshine, but not that I was that someone.

Oh, yes, I had made careful preparations for the trip. Cupboards at home were well-stocked, and I had left detailed menus and copious instructions for my family's survival in my absence. The phone number where I could be reached was pinned to the bulletin board in the kitchen, and my good husband knew exactly when and where to retrieve me when I came flying home again. Call me over-cautious or pessimistic, but I had also bought flight insurance. And for days I had been telling myself firmly to hang onto my ticket and my money, no matter what!

Yes, everything was in readiness but, as we walked into Gate 50 in the Blue Concourse to see passengers boarding, I still didn't believe I was going, too. Living half a century with my feet firmly planted on the good old terra firma had done that to me, I suppose.

Finding seat 24E, I was dismayed to find myself the center of a sandwich. My seat was in the rear section—that was okay—but it was also in the center seat far from a window and with just barely enough room for my short legs. As for a view, I could see only about two inches of blond hair over the high-backed seat in front of me.

As I was getting settled, I noted a few compensations—an oxygen mask (!), a stereo radio, and a handy-dandy instruction card on how to exit the plane in an emergency. As passengers chatted, stowed luggage and coats, and settled in for the flight, I couldn't see any faces with "first time" written on them. The flight attendants were quietly and cheerfully going through their paces, making it all seem very routine.

Although I am a veteran car traveler, I still felt the first movements of the plane and peered toward a window to confirm which way we were moving. It seemed to take the plane all of ten minutes to get into position on the runway. It stopped briefly, and then did we move! We were headed into the wild blue yonder.

Remember how your stomach felt when you rode up and over a steep little hill on a country road? Your innards wanted to sail on while you went down the other side. That's how take-off felt to me. A little scary, but fun. I could see part of the city below me as we left the ground but soon there was only misty white below, and sunshine and blue sky above.

The plane seemed to climb and level out, and then repeated the process. Despite a few bumps, this sky road was smoother than most.

Just as flying began to seem a little old hat, and I could see my fellow travelers dozing, enjoying music on their ear-phones, or doing a bit of needlework, the beverage carts came down the aisles. The diversion created some friendly chatter and though there were no children seated near me, a spill or two made me feel right at home.

After drinks came a steady trek to the lavatories. No sooner had things settled down again to the quiet hum of conversation beneath the steady drone of the engines than lunch came rolling in. The airline's noon meal was neat, attractive and tasty. Plastic wrap surrounded three small ham, lettuce and cheese sandwiches, a paper cup of cottage cheese and fruit, and a dinner mint, all served on a little plastic tray. With the aid of a generous napkin and plastic tableware, I ate a neat lunch, and flight attendants' garbage bags swallowed all the evidence quick as a wink. Conversation picked up

over the after-lunch champagne. The lavatory breaks, too, offered some welcome diversion from the long period of sitting.

My seatmate, a tiny, attractive girl going home to Thailand, had a much longer flight before her. An agricultural research scientist, she had just received a Ph.D. degree from the University of Minnesota and had not seen her country or her family for four years.

With landing less than an hour away, I decided to join the pilgrimage to the rear of the plane where I encountered my first unisex lavatory. With an automatic lock on the inside of the door, it was just another routine happening. As I returned to my seat, one little boy was retrieving a toy from the aisle floor, several people were visiting, and the attendants were snatching a stand-up lunch. Other passengers were snoozing to music. The men in our row were talking sports and a lady sitting in front of me had put many stitches in a small needlepoint canvas. Knowing her day and night would be upset when she crossed the International

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"Home on the Range" cabin near Athol, Kansas.

HOME ON THE RANGE

In these complex days, it is nice to know there's still a place with "no discouraging word".

Kansas can boast of being more than just the Sunflower State. Among one of these boasts is the historical marker which proclaims a location near Smith Center, in Smith County, as the center of the original 48 states. Another spot, perhaps lesser known, but calling for an equal boast, can be found by traveling farther west on Highway 36, then turning north at Athol on Highway 8. Moving toward the Nebraska border, a watchful explorer can spot the historical marker which boasts of "no discouraging word". Here is to be found the birthplace of "Home on the Range".

This small cabin is the pioneer home in which, during the year 1873, Dr.

Brewster Higley wrote the words, Dan Kelley supplied the music, and the Harlan Brothers Orchestra started a new song, "Home on the Range", on its way from the heart of the nation into the nation's heart. Preserved as a museum place, the cabin is of a size common to those times; however, where many of the cabins to be found in the territory in that time were built of sod, this one is primarily of rock construction.

The sign beside the door marks the cabin as "Home on the Range, 1872 Cabin." A stove, bed and table remain in place. A tablet, telling of the writing of the song, names it as "My Western Home". The song was later retitled and it gained nationwide recognition. It still holds a nostalgic note for the plains' country "where the deer and the antelope played, and the skies were not cloudy all day."

—Evelyn Cason Tuller

A SENSE OF LOVE AND FREEDOM

by
Mollie Dowdle

It's one thing to hear that a South Vietnamese, who escaped from the North Communists, is living in my neighborhood and piloting a helicopter and it's quite another to have him in my home where he was just a misplaced young man who needed a mother's love.

Lee was a long way from his home and country and was trying desperately to learn our language. Lee isn't really his name, but we settled on that, because his real one is a tongue twister.

I think it best for him to tell in his own words of his country, his family, his faith, his hope, and the work he is now doing and has done. So, here Lee, you do it . . .

"I had been a helicopter pilot for the South Vietnamese government for eleven years when the North moved in and took over. My people had no chance but to submit to them. I was at the controls of my helicopter when we realized our country was lost. So much blood, so many lives all lost in vain . . . American blood mixed with that of our own. The price we paid for defeat was high.

"Inside my helicopter was a South Vietnamese general and two high government officials. Saigon was a living hell and somewhere, there, I had a wife with a brand-new baby and three other children. I would have chosen to stay with them, but I was under orders of my general. He pointed to the American Seventh Fleet anchored offshore. But first, we packed inside my helicopter every baby and small child it would possibly hold. Mothers came dangerously near the whirling blades holding their babies and begging us to take them out. A baby would be crying and the mother weeping hysterically as she would hand us a wiggling little life that we hoped to carry to safety. Please God . . . one more, another, and another until there was no space left!

"I lifted my helicopter into the air and flew to the American fleet. Kind hands reached for babies. I looked across the water to bombs bursting, flames reaching to the sky, and headed back for another load. My God, I must save as many of these little ones as I could. Again I packed them inside my helicopter until no space was left. So many little lives were in my hands. Also a few mothers—I do not know how many. I settled the helicopter down on an aircraft carrier and looked across the water in the direction where my own family might be. The helicopter was pushed overboard to make more space on the ship. Others came in with the same kind of desperate passengers. We watched the machines that we loved sink to the bottom of the

ocean.

"But my family? What would happen to my little ten-year-old girl and the others? Saigon was a fallen city and I closed my eyes and went below so I wouldn't see.

"Americans are great! The babies soon quit crying—I think they were loved to sleep.

"A jet plane landed on the aircraft carrier and we were flown to the Philippine Islands. From there we came direct to America. I was given immediate help until I could find a job. All I knew was to fly a helicopter. From Texas, I worked my way into the Skagit Valley in Washington, where I rented a house in Hamilton."

It was here I found Lee. Just how, I have been asked. I laughingly answer, "It took three pints of jam and some motherly charm to open the way."

When I found Lee, he was digging into an American dictionary and he was very lonely. He was flying a helicopter in Bellingham and trying very hard to adapt to our language and customs. Christmas came and he strung outside lights and bought a fruitcake—just like all Americans. I tried as best I could to conform myself to his traditional customs because there was a family somewhere in that sorrowful land that wept for him, their husband and father. Lee is a Catholic and the warm holiday services and friendship from the Concrete Catholic Church were a great help.

Lee grew to love football, a game he never knew in Vietnam. His favorite team—the Texas Cowboys! There were

small bets made and we were always glad when Lee won.

Over the weeks, his language began to improve and, as he talked about his homeland, I could almost feel the monsoon rains, the poisonous tropical snakes and rice, rice, rice.

Lee has a deep devotion for his homeland and a vivid hope for freedom. His entire life has been overshadowed by constant tyranny and communism and, always, enemies. At Christmastime, he received pictures of his family—a little boy almost four years old that he has never seen stood with his mother and the three other children. Correspondence is never sure—in a round-about way, through three different channels, Lee sometimes hears from his family. He worries, like all of us, but then he hopes and he has faith that some day they will be reunited—in America!

"Tell me Lee, what do you like best about America?" He slowly smiles and replies, "O, it's freedom! Here I am free to go outside my house at night with no fear. In Vietnam I could not do that—maybe, I might be killed. One must learn to always trust in God."

Gradually, I began to understand why it had taken so long to make friends with this wonderful man, he must be sure, after so many enemies, that I am a true friend.

The jam shelf became almost bare and the sirloin steak was gone. I searched for books Lee could read and understand with his limited knowledge of English. And I learned patience and hope were as steadfast as the stars.

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—Photo by Rich DiCicco

When I first glanced at this picture, I recognized Emily Driftmier DiCicco instantly, of course, but realized that the woman beside her seemed vaguely familiar. The man behind them did not look at all as I remember Emily's husband, Rich. Then I turned the photograph over and on the back Emily had written: "This is a picture of Miss Lillian, the mother of President Carter. The man behind us is an ever-watchful Secret Service Agent. The dinner we were attending was given in Miss Lillian's honor by my organization, The Overseas Education Fund of the League of Women Voters."

—Lucile



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

Don is at the real estate office today working his hours of *floor time*, as it is called in the house-selling business. The staff of ladies and gentlemen who are associated with Colonial Realty Co. in Oconomowoc are on a rotating schedule with periods when they are present in the office to greet people who come in to inquire about houses which the company has listed for sale. This is Don's attempt to beat the high and rising cost of living, as it is also the method used by more and more women. There is a constant rise in the number of salesladies' pictures that I see in real estate ads of the newspapers. As little as ten years ago, I would not have felt a woman qualified to discuss the technical aspects of a house's construction. However, the ladies of today are informing themselves in a highly acceptable manner and are well-versed enough in the business of house know-how that they are heading the lists of the Million Dollar Clubs all over the metropolitan Milwaukee area.

And how are you each faring in the battle to stretch the dollar to cover what it did a year ago? One of the ideas that I felt was simple common sense to economize on food was to make complete use of our upright freezer. It has stood in the basement keeping a dwindling supply of fruits and vegetables and hardly paying for itself. So, one of the other teachers from the Academy and I decided that we would invest in a year's supply of beef and split it between the two of our families. Now in our freezer there is stored a wealth of ground beef and many medium-size roasts for the months to come. Since Don and I do not qualify as one of those average American families who eat fifty percent of their meals out, it will be pleasant to have such a wealth of meat already in the house during the next school year.

A television program, which we regularly watch on the public broadcasting station in Milwaukee, is made in Iowa, called the *Farm Digest*. It is a highly informative program, and Don especially enjoys listening to the knowledgeable farmers' views on market matters as they concern the entire country and the economy. This program really spurred us into buying beef now.

There has been talk in our area of returning the commuter train which ran between the far western suburban cities and downtown Milwaukee. Don says that if that train returns he and I will surely be taking it to cut our gasoline and auto expenses. The former train made a



These energetic-appearing folks are Albert and Adelyn Rope of Mountain Home, Arkansas. Adelyn is the youngest sister of M. H. Driftmier, and the beloved aunt of all the Driftmier sons and daughters. The family is anticipating the joy of the Rope's upcoming 61st wedding anniversary.

stop just a mile short of the place in the little town of Brookfield where our school is located. We would then need to get back and forth only from the station to the school. The trip from our house to the station stop in Nashotah, just three miles north, would shorten our drive considerably and would be an enormous money-saving device.

I have begun to feel pangs of conscience when I see our ordinary-size car sitting next to the row of little compact autos in the teachers' parking lot. Goodness, but that normal-size car looks simply monstrous beside the newer models. The constant haranguing from the radio and television media people doesn't help lessen the feeling that we are *bad* to have an older, big car. We really do get fairly good mileage on it, however, and I don't consider it in the gas-guzzling category. I don't enjoy the cost of filling it more frequently than the little economy models, but that becomes a matter of our personal decision of how we will spend our money.

The reason we have kept this car, which we bought only one winter ago, was that I needed a flat-floored model. Before the front-wheel drive cars were available in smaller cars, we bought this car because I have to drive with my left foot. Always before, I have been able to put my right artificial foot on the hump in the center of the car. Every time we replaced a worn-out car, the area for my foot seemed to grow narrower and narrower. I had need for all the space I could find in the middle of a car and the flat floor, front transmission was our final answer.

The problems concerned with my feeling uncomfortable about our car's size were solved the other night. Again, I was watching public television and a program began discussing the results of the relative safety of small compact cars as opposed to the larger models. This was not just a statistically dry presentation of facts, but a technicolor series of head-on collisions

photographed from three different angles. The automobiles being tested were running two and three miles slower than the federal speed limit. I was almost physically ill when that piece of educational film was completed. I may feel guilty that I have a bigger car, and the need to buy gas for it, but I must report that I feel many hundreds percent safer in it than in any of the small cars driven by my fellow teachers. I shudder when I think that my Katharine is buzzing about in a little car which has almost no room in front of the windshield. I understand now why Paul was not anxious to buy another compact car after his accident in Florida when he tangled with a van.

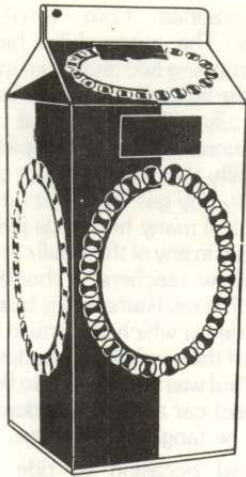
I had occasion to ride around in Katharine's little compact car today while Don was at the real estate office. I decided to go to visit and shop with her in Madison. I had not been to her little apartment since before Christmas because my schoolwork is just too time-demanding. I did notice, on the I-94 Expressway between Delafield and Madison, that people are all watching their pennies by driving slower. I cannot state that there was less traffic, but the drivers were making a real effort to make efficient use of the gasoline they were using.

We had a very pleasant cup of coffee in Katharine's apartment. She has such a cute place and she is so proud of the few pieces of furniture she has bought. Of course, like many other young persons setting up housekeeping, many of the things in her apartment came out of her relatives' houses. If I ever took our kitty, Simba, over to visit Katharine's place, she would undoubtedly leap for joy over rediscovering her favorite sectional davenport. The covering on this couch and the Siamese cat color are identical and for this reason she loved it especially. So did I because the cat hairs never showed—at least not until some unfortunate gentlemen in a dark suit would sit on her pet spot!

But back to my visit. We drove downtown in Katharine's compact car, and in my motherly manner I tried to caution her to be careful of head-on collisions! Can you imagine how I must have sounded? "Watch out for cars coming at you," was probably how I sounded. But you all know the kind of reply I received from a youth who feels that life is forever and bad things always happen to someone else! So we both had a chuckle over our mutual pessimist-optimist state of minds.

Katharine and I did have fun strolling around Madison. It is a most unusual blend of old-fashioned shops and super-modernistic architecture which is often connected with a state capital city. Don't miss Madison if you're in that area of Wisconsin. Have a good summer,

Mary Beth



SLICK TRICKS BY THE CARTON

by
Erma Reynolds

Don't throw away milk cartons after using them. These empty containers can be utilized in a variety of practical ways.

Use milk cartons for storing leftover foods in refrigerator or freezer. As soon as a container becomes empty, rinse it immediately with cold water. Cut off the top of the carton, then wash the inside and outside thoroughly, because bacteria can grow in any residue of milk. Fill with food, cover with plastic wrap or foil and anchor with a rubber band.

Melting paraffin for jelly making can result in a hard-to-clean utensil, so use a milk carton for this purpose. Break paraffin into small pieces and place in the carton. Place carton in a saucepan of boiling water until paraffin melts. Pour from carton onto jelly in glasses.

When going on a picnic, use milk cartons as ice containers to keep food cold. Beforehand, fill empty cartons with water, seal, and place in the freezer until the water is frozen solid. Place ice-filled cartons in the picnic basket to keep food cool for hours. A wax-coated carton can also be used to help start a picnic fire, as the waxy coating ignites quickly.

Use cartons to start seedlings indoors. Cut containers to a size deep enough to hold one-and-a-half inches of soil. Punch drainage holes around the bottom. Place soil in carton and plant seeds.

Use half-gallon-size milk cartons as bands to protect tomato and eggplant plants from cutworms. Cut the carton into bands at three-inch intervals and shape into squares or circles, according to the type of carton. Slip bands carefully over the young plants, then press each about one inch into the soil.

A milk carton makes a fine throw-away flower vase. Cut a few inches off the upper part, and then cover entire container with foil. Fill with water and put in the flowers. This makes an especially handy container when taking a bouquet to a friend or an ill person. They also are excellent to use as disposable containers for cemetery flowers.

A quart milk carton can be used as a holder to carry a plant cutting to a friend. Measure and draw a line about four

inches from the bottom of the carton. Cut along this line. Put soil and the cutting into the carton. To make it look attractive, cover with foil or self-sticking paper and bedeck with a ribbon bow.

A square quart milk carton can be used as a candle mold. About one pound of paraffin will fill the carton. Cut off the top of milk carton. Grease inside well. Punch a hole in center of bottom of carton just large enough for a piece of cord or heavy string to go through. Run cord through hole and tie the inside to a pencil placed across top of carton. Pull cord very tight and secure its bottom end to the outside of the carton by making a knot and anchoring this with sticky tape. Over low heat, melt paraffin as in jelly making or in an old double boiler (kept just for this wax-melting purpose) or use a small can placed inside a larger can filled with hot water. When paraffin is melted, remove from heat and color it with all-purpose dye or wax crayon pieces. Stir with a stick to blend. Pour about one-half inch of the hot wax into the prepared milk carton. As the paraffin hardens, keep filling the carton with more wax. When mold is completely filled and hard, remove the pencil from the top of the "wick", cut string knot from bottom of carton and unmold the candle by peeling off the carton.

Need a doorstep? Cut off the top of a half-gallon milk carton. Fill with plaster of Paris or sand. (If using sand, leave the top of carton on and seal it after filling with sand.) When plaster is thoroughly dry, decorate the doorstep with self-sticking paper.

When mailing a small gift-wrapped package, create a buffer for safe travel with a milk carton. Fill the carton with crushed tissue paper, and center the small package in this protective medium. Wrap the carton in sturdy paper and it is ready for the mail.

The secret of contentment is knowing how to enjoy what you have, and being able to lose all desire for the things beyond your reach.

FLORAL FROGS

by
Erma Reynolds

Arranging a bouquet of flowers is so enjoyable—that is until you discover you lack a holder, or "frog", to hold the flowers in position. No need to throw up your hands in despair. Just make your own holders. Here's how to do it:

Softly crush a large piece of aluminum foil. Using an ice pick, nail, or scissors' point, make deep holes in the foil about an inch apart. Fit the foil into bottom of vase, and push flower stems through the holes.

A plastic mesh basket (the kind that berries, or small fruits come in) can be used for a holder. Place this in a deep dish or bowl, anchoring it with modeling or florist's clay and let the latticework support the flowers.

Half an orange, lemon or grapefruit rind makes a substitute frog. Punch holes in the rind. Set fruit shell in vase, cut side down, and push flower stems through the holes.

A potato or apple can also be used for this purpose. After cutting the potato or apple in half, place in a vase, cut side down, and punch holes in it. Insert flowers in holes.

Short-stemmed flowers can pose a problem in floral arrangements, but if you've got soda straws or pipe cleaners on hand, the problem is solved. Lengthen the posies by inserting each stem into a straw, which lets water reach the blossoms. To use the pipe cleaner, slit the end of each flower slightly and wrap one end of a pipe cleaner around it. The cleaner extends into the water acting as a moistening wick for the blossom. Also, gravel placed in bottom of bowl will help support short-stemmed flowers.

Not everyone has chicken wire on the premises, but if you do this can be used as a holder. Just cut a piece of the wire, then roll or mound it to fit the vase, insert flowers into the mesh.

Round up all those short candle ends that you've accumulated, and use these to make a needlepoint-type of frog. Cut the ends into small pieces and place in a tin can. Put the can in a pan of hot water, over low heat, and melt the wax. Have ready a muffin pan. Pour melted wax into the molds to a depth of about 1½ inches. Let the wax harden. When it is thoroughly set, remove from pan by running a thin knife blade around the edge of the molded wax. Place the frogs, wide side down, on a flat surface, and stick each with about 30 pins, or very fine nails, leaving about half the length of each pin exposed. Insert flower stems between the pins.

Use these frogs in their various shapes and sizes as floral aids to help you arrange beautiful bouquets.

BACK TO THE HAYFIELD

by
Monica Brandies

I grew up in a hayfield. At the ripe age of seven, I was fourth "man" on a four-man baler. My nine-year-old sister had the prestigious role of tractor driver. How I envied her the importance, the high front seat and the clear air! Back where I rode, it was so dusty that sometimes I couldn't even keep my eyes open. I'd cover my face with a very thin handkerchief and work by touch and the blurry vision that trickled through.

Mr. Hensely, the farmer whom I worshipped, rode across the bales from me. His job was vital. He had to lower a wooden slab every time the bale got long enough. Then he'd push two wires through the holes in the wood, and as soon as I pushed them back, he would tie the bale. Any "goon" could have done what I did. It was no challenge even to a child. But they would have missed me if I hadn't been there.

The wires were black and dirty and soon coated my hands, and somehow my face, hair, and clothes, with smudge. I seemed to get much dirtier than Mr. Hensely did on the other side. A visitor stopped by just as we were quitting one evening and pointed to me—short, fat, black and bug-eyed as I was—and asked, "What does she do?"

The only quality which kept that job from being monotonous was the frustration. We never seemed to make an entire round of the field without a breakdown. We spent a lot of time at the repair shop picking up parts, and sometimes Mr. Hensely would buy us each a bottle of pop.

My sister grew too busy and too sophisticated for the fieldwork by the time she was thirteen. For the duration of her years at home, she paid no attention to the farm whatsoever. So how come she was so lucky as to marry a farmer?

In any case, by the time we got an automatic baler, I had grown into the tractor driver's job. Bugs still hit me in the face, but I sang anyway. It was clean up on the high seat. I could look over the wide vista of field and fence row. The only man on the job was Dale, 'way back behind the baler, stacking hay bales onto the wagon.

Mr. Hensely had gone by then, and since I was a bit older and Dale was a handsome married man in his early twenties, my worship was checked to mere distant idolatry. There was never any question of anything else. But I enjoyed our working relationship.

It was never monotonous up there on the tractor and I liked that job so much I kept it right up until the summer I left home. My sister was piling away the wages with her work in the city, while I saved only measly milk checks and baby-



Popular on many of the modern farms in the Midwest are the huge, round bales of hay. They make a marked contrast with smaller, older types of bales. Even the equipment for making and moving the heavy bales is different. Dorothy and Frank Johnson line up these large, round bales near their house. The back of the Johnson house can be seen behind the row of bales.

sitting money. But I was soaking up a soul full of the good life.

I can see it now, the brown-green windrows uncoiling on the carpet of black-green alfalfa. I can smell the mingled odors of new-mown hay and crankcase oil. Even the twine smelled good. And there was a challenge up there on top, and power. All our fields were pocked with groundhog holes. It was no mean trick to keep the raked row of hay winding into the baler while keeping ten different wheels from dropping into a groundhog hole. A few times I managed all but the last burrow. I can still see the expression on Dale's face as thirty bales of hay seemed to bounce into the air and settle separately.

The baler was noisy in those days, enough so that it drowned out my singing and Dale's shouts. He soon learned to whistle if a bale broke when I was looking ahead. Then I'd sit while he fixed it, my foot rigid on the brake, the whole rig rocking to the motion of the plunger.

I left the hayfields for marriage and babies and grubbing to keep body, soul, and sanity together. I'd drive past haymakers in the fields and try to remember only the thirst and the heat, but a whiff of fresh-cut alfalfa and my nose would stir the longings. My family never quite left the land, but we never had enough of it to make our own hay.

Yesterday a neighbor called me to drive a baler again. It was an easy job and none of the men could be spared for it. So for the first time in twenty years, I spent a whole afternoon on one job without interruption.

A lot of things have changed. The tractor goes so fast! It is bigger now, with a speedometer that said four miles an hour, but that seemed like flying with a baler and loading wagon. Good thing there were no groundhog holes in that field.

The baler is shorter and quieter. Steve, the neighbor's eighteen-year-old son, was the boss and stacker. He is just

as young and handsome as Dale was, but my admiration was more motherly. The last time I did such work, Dale took extra pains with me because I was so young; yesterday Steve was very considerate because I am so old.

My sons work summers now on the business end of the baler. I silently respect them and envy them a little. Making hay is hard work. I always enjoyed the easiest job, but even at the worst, it is part of the best of life. I'm glad for those memories. They've seen me through many days of less exciting work. If a neighbor gets desperate enough again and I can get away (two circumstances unlikely to coincide), I'll grab at another day in the hayfield anytime.

LET THESE THINGS BE

A sky of blue, a carpet green,
A draught of air that's fresh and clean,
A white sail on an azure sea,
And beauty always —
Lord, let these things be.

—Phyllis Skinner



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MEMORABLE MOMENTS

by
Evelyn Birkby

The first time I saw the little Greek lady was on the Fourth of July weekend last year. She was a tiny, wiry, energetic person standing behind a small card table which was completely covered with delectable-appearing food.

The place was Ft. Benton, Montana. The event was the "Art on the Levee" portion of a three-day celebration. The green, grassy bank along the Missouri River was filled with a fascinating display of art work which had been brought in for sale by many of the area artists and craftsmen. A small flea market, strolling musicians and, eventually, a concert, barbecue and games in the city park, were added to the art show—plus the food of the little Greek lady.

"Happy Fourth of July," she greeted me. Since no other customers were near the table, she began pointing out the various food she had for sale. First, triangular *spanakopita* made with spinach she had picked fresh from her garden at 3:00 A.M. that very morning, then combined with cottage cheese, feta cheese and egg. Baked with a delicate layer of *phyllo* leaves on the top and bottom, it became a delectable main dish for my lunch. Second, *baklava* made with a filling of chopped walnuts, almonds, honey and butter placed between thin sheets of *phyllo* dough which had been spread with butter and some crumbs and nuts. Baked to a delicate brown, that *baklava* was so elegant and tasty I can still remember how good it was. Lastly, a cone-shaped confection made with a light dough and sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon before baking into crisp, golden goodness.

As I nibbled these gourmet specialties, I asked the woman where her home had been originally. In her beautiful accent she answered, not unexpectedly, "In Greece."

"I came to this country at the end of World War II," she explained. "All of my family were killed in the war—every one of them. I just barely escaped with my life." This was obviously so painful for her to remember that she quickly turned the conversation to her arrival in the U.S.

"The day I landed in this country was the Fourth of July. I got off the ship and walked ashore only to hear the great crashing sound of gunfire. I fell to my knees and began to pray. Not here!—not where I thought I was safe—why were people shooting and having a war here?"

The tiny lady laughed as she continued. "A man nearby tugged at my arm and urged me to stand up. 'It is only the noise of firecrackers you hear, not guns. No war here, only the celebration of freedom.' Then I really started to cry—

no war here, only a celebration of freedom.

"What a day that was. I always remember, every Fourth of July, how I felt that day so long ago."

I saw the little Greek lady one more time. My own family had been canoeing on the Missouri River during the time I spent in Ft. Benton, and when they returned, we drove on west to Great Falls. A community celebration was being held with the fun and games such an event entails and right in the center of all the festivities stood my little Greek friend selling her delightful foods. It provided the opportunity for the rest of my family to meet her and taste the *baklava*, the *spanakopita*, and the delicious cone-shaped confection.

The memorable moments of last summer's vacation are many. With travel at a minimum this summer, my mind returns frequently to the happy days we had together. Now that our three sons are grown and living in different areas, it



Each side of Devil's Tower in Wyoming has a distinctive appearance. Evelyn snapped this picture of the north face, with its rugged "pillars" showing clearly. Every summer foolhardy climbers attempt to scale to the top of this almost perpendicular formation.

makes our time together particularly precious. Especially memorable was one afternoon when we stood on one of the mountain passes admiring the great expanse of flowers—white bottle brush, yellow buttercup and blue lupine.

When Sunday came, we were glad to be in one of the camping areas which provides a church service. We have been in some where early sunrise services are held, some at more customary hours, others as vesper or sunset services. Not to be ignored are the late evening campfire worship experiences. Each of these gatherings is special, bringing our thoughts to the mighty sweep of God's world.

At a sunset service near a lovely lake, the minister commented that the rays were walking on the water and touching it with silver; in just such a way God reaches out and touches each one of us

with the silver of His love. The sun went down and the darkness fell. As the stars sent their lights across the western sky, the minister continued by saying that we could see the wonder and beauty and quiet majesty of God's world more clearly in such a setting. He quoted Dante who said, "Nature is the art of God." We believed it that evening beside the beautiful lake with the mountains lifting up and away to the west.

Our sense of wonder never ceases at the great variety of beauty which God has given to us. As we drove toward home, this time with only Craig with us, for Bob and Jeff had returned to their summer's activities in Miles City, Montana, we drove the extra miles from the highway so we could see Devil's Tower near Sundance, Wyoming. It was late in the afternoon and Robert was anxious to get to the campground.

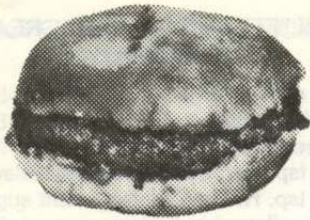
The brief time allotted to sightseeing that evening was well spent. The museum was open long enough for us to study the origin of the high rock formation. I especially appreciated the section telling of the way in which the Indians revered the site and used it for ceremonial and religious purposes. As we walked over near the base of the stone spire, we saw two weary and sunburned hikers descending the last few feet. It must have taken nerves of steel (or a recklessly daring constitution) to climb the perpendicular columns.

The next morning, the three of us took a hike all around the trail at the base of the tower. It was fascinating in the early morning when all we had for companions were the cheerful birds and skittery squirrels. A clear blue sky overhead gave space for the slanting rays of the sun; the world had been washed and cleaned by a late night rain. The breeze blew cool through the trees as we walked under the high pinnacle of rock. Our senses were sharpened; we were deeply and richly aware of the flow of the centuries through the rock tower, through the soil, through the grass and plants and trees and through the tiny creatures which inhabited the woods.

As we came around the north side of Devil's Tower and reached the place where we had left our car, Robert said the words which were, in one form or another, in all our minds, "I will not forget this morning."

We went back to our campsite for a hearty breakfast before leaving the beautiful area. As our bacon and eggs, steaming cocoa and campfire-browned toast waited, we paused to say together the prayer which the boys learned as Scouts at the Philmont National Scout Ranch:

For food and raiment,
For life and opportunity,
For friendship and fellowship,
We thank Thee, Oh Lord. Amen.



HAMBURGERS: A KEY TO PERSONALITIES

"You are what you eat" is a cliché we have all heard time and time again. This expression is especially true when it comes to ordering a hamburger "your way". At the fast-food place where I work, there are 256 different ways one little hamburger can be prepared.

I have found that certain types of people order certain condiments on their sandwiches. For example, the hamburger with nothing on it is ordered by two types of people: the dieter who orders a plain burger to cut calories, the shy person who does not want to cause much trouble. This shy customer will tiptoe to the counter, then, while avoiding all eye contact, he will mumble his order. After paying for and receiving his food, he rushes off as if he were never there.

Another customer who is not hard to please is the conservative person. This is the category into which most middle-aged people fall. Many of them are hesitant to try something really different, so they stick to the old favorites: catsup only, pickles only, mustard only, or, at the most, two. Catsup and pickles are popular condiments to conservative people.

It is easy to spot an innovative customer. They are the ones who order a plain hamburger and then demand our hot chili sauce to liven it up. These people also must have strong stomachs that can take such spicy seasoning.

People who ask for everything on their burgers are usually indecisive types. Instead of taking the time to decide exactly what they want, these persons just shrug their shoulders and order all of the condiments.

Another group that orders everything is made up of junior high and high school boys. They try to impress everyone nearby by selecting our largest hamburger with every single item available to pile on it. The only problem is that no one, with the exception our 300-pound manager, can eat this type of sandwich. Most guys have trouble getting half of such a huge burger down.

Although all these customer subdivisions are generalizations, many describe individual qualities more accurately than you might think. Just by observing body language, dress, and other personality indicators, I can predict an order. I may not tell a book by its cover, but I can sure tell a person by his hamburger. —Andrea Butkiewicz



Katharine Lowey, Lucile's granddaughter, so much enjoys the collection of stuffed animals and birds which she has in her home in Albuquerque that she misses them when she comes to Shenandoah to visit. During her most recent trip, she and her brother, James, took many bike trips to the downtown stores. At one of the shops, Katharine purchased this cute little stuffed parrot. When she brought it into the house, she said: "Oh, my, Granny Wheels, this parrot will make our real parrot, Fred, so jealous when I take it back home."

CHICKEN-LICKIN'

by
Vern Berry

Bake it—stew it—fry it—cream it—soup it—salad it—mince it with other ingredients, no other item at the meat counter is so versatile—so inexpensive—stretches your food dollar so far—or is so well liked! What is this miracle meat? CHICKEN!

A medium-sized chicken fried or baked will serve four amply. For a crowd, stew it instead. Let the stewed chicken cool in the broth for moister meat. Pick it from the bones and refrigerate. Return the bones to the broth and gently stew again. Strain out the bones and you have a rich broth to cook with noodles or rice or make into a delectable soup. Add finely cut onions, carrots, parsley and a bit of rice, then, just before serving, add tomato juice or cream. With a salad and a loaf of crusty bread—voilà—another meal in gleaned from the bony leftovers!

Now, remember the cut-up chicken in the refrigerator? Make a rich white sauce, add the chicken, a bit of pimiento, and maybe a few peas. This combination makes a delicious main dish to serve over biscuits good enough for a company meal.

Perhaps you would rather turn the creamed chicken into a large baking dish. While it is hot, cover with rich pastry. Poke holes in the top for the steam to escape. Bake at 400 degrees until nicely browned.

In the hot summertime, I make a good old chicken salad by adding hard-cooked eggs, some cut-up celery, a few peas or

pimiento and mix with mayonnaise then serve on lettuce leaves.

If you live alone, as I do, your best buy may be chicken parts, though the meat is more expensive to buy this way. A package of chicken breasts at my house is one meal of soup, one of creamed or chicken salad and one of sliced cold breast for the best sandwich around!

It is more economical to buy the bird whole and cut it up yourself than to buy the packages of individual parts. Fry the choice pieces for two or three people, then stew the rest for later use. The broth and cooked chicken freeze well to use another time.

Many recipes are available for variety meals: chicken devan, chicken pie, chicken fricassee, barbecued, unusual chicken salad with vegetables or fancied up with pineapple and almonds, and many more.

Cooking for one or for a crowd, the versatile chicken is the best buy!



KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORING STORY

(Fill in the italicized words with the name of one of the sixteen Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.)

A young couple, Boyd (*Almond*), and a pretty (*strawberry*) blond, Rose Marie Lane, met on (*Blueberry*) Hill under a (*maple*) tree. They fell in love and decided to go to (*Black Walnut*) Inn for a (*raspberry*) sundae.

On their way, they stopped at a friend's house. Nearby a beautiful orchard filled with (*cherry*) trees was in bloom. After a happy visit, the two went on their way to have their sundae.

On the drive home, Boyd decided to (*butter*) up Rose Marie and called her his "Little (*Mint*) Julep".

Time passed; their love grew. Boyd popped the question and Rose Marie said, "Yes."

The two were soon married. On their honeymoon they drove to California where they saw many (*orange*) and (*lemon*) groves. Taking a leisurely boat cruise to Hawaii, they enjoyed the sandy beaches, the luaus and the (*pineapple*) fields.

When they returned on a boat, they found it loaded with (*coconuts*) and sugar cane.

Rose Marie was delighted to find that Boyd had a lovely (*burnt sugar*) colored cottage ready for their home. In fact, the very first day in their new house, she baked her husband a (*banana*) pie. Her pie crust was such a flop, she sat down and began to cry. Boyd told her to dry her tears, he would buy her a (*vanilla*) ice cream cone. So, everything ended well when Boyd drove Rose Marie back to the (*Black Walnut*) Inn, where it all began.

—Rosie Olson

RECIPES

DELICIOUS CHERRY SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cherry gelatin
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Add the pie filling and flavoring. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill until firm. Top with the following:

- 10 large marshmallows
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 4½-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed

Chopped pecans

In top of double boiler, melt the marshmallows with milk. Beat in the cream cheese and topping until fluffy. Spread over the firm first layer. Sprinkle chopped pecans over top. Refrigerate.

—Dorothy

CONEY ISLAND SAUCE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste

Brown beef until all red color is gone. Drain off excess fat. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for about 30 minutes. Serve hot on grilled franks.

—Betty Jane

BARBECUED FLANK STEAK

- 1 1¼- to 1¾-lb. beef flank steak
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. hot pepper sauce (or Tabasco sauce)
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/4 cup water

Combine all ingredients except steak until well blended. Place steak and marinade in a heavy plastic bag; tie securely and marinate 4 to 6 hours or overnight. Turn bag over occasionally. When ready to cook, pour off marinade (save marinade). Place meat on hot grill and cook for five minutes. Turn and brush with remaining marinade. Broil to desired doneness.

DONNA'S RUNZAS

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1/2 head cabbage, finely shredded, cooked and drained
- 1 small can sauerkraut
- Salt and pepper
- 1 1/2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 cans (8-roll size) canned crescent rolls

Brown beef and onion; drain. Add cooked cabbage, sauerkraut, salt and pepper. Simmer. Roll out crescent rolls. Spoon meat mixture evenly over rolls. Sprinkle cheese over meat. Bring corners of dough to center and close with toothpicks. Bake until brown in 375-degree oven.

—Donna Nenneman

CARAMEL-NUT ANGEL PIE

- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped almonds
- 1 quart coffee ice cream
- 1 quart chocolate ice cream

In mixer bowl at high speed, beat egg whites and salt until stiff peaks form. Add the sugar 1 Tbls. at a time; beat one minute after each addition. Fold in flavoring and almonds. Spread in well-greased 9-inch pie tin. Spread meringue up sides and to the brim of pan. Bake for 10 minutes at 400 degrees. Cool completely. Scoop ice cream into pie shell, alternating the flavors of ice cream. Wrap or cover tightly and place in freezer. Serve with the following caramel sauce:

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/4 cup half-and-half
- 2 Tbls. chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat. Stir in the brown sugar and maple flavoring. Cook until sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly. Slowly add the half-and-half. Cook for one minute, stirring constantly. Add the nuts and vanilla flavoring. Serve sauce either warm or at room temperature over frozen pie.

—Betty Jane

BUTTER-PECAN ICE CREAM

(6-quart freezer)

- 6 eggs
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 3 cups sugar
- 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 cups cream
- Milk
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups chopped pecans

Beat eggs and salt until light and fluffy.

Add sugar, one cup at a time, beating constantly. Stir in flavorings and cream. Pour into freezer can. Add milk bringing almost to level indicated on can. Freeze for about 10 minutes.

Melt butter in saucepan and add pecans. Braise; then set aside to cool. Add nuts to ice cream in freezer after running freezer for about 10 minutes. Continue running freezer until ice cream is frozen.

—Dorothy

SIMPLE ELEGANT DESSERT

- 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1 regular-size yellow cake mix
- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Combine crushed pineapple and flavorings. Spread in bottom of 8½- by 11-inch baking dish. Sprinkle dry cake mix over top of pineapple layer. Slice butter and dot evenly over top of cake mix. Sprinkle pecans over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve with whipped topping.

—Verlene Looker

GAZPACHO SALAD MOLD

(Low-calorie recipe)

- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1 46-oz. can vegetable cocktail juice
- 1 cup seeded and finely chopped cucumber
- 1/2 cup finely cut celery
- 1/2 cup finely cut green pepper
- 1/2 cup finely cut onion
- 1/4 cup diced pimiento
- Dash of hot pepper sauce

In medium saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over 2 cups of the vegetable cocktail. Heat and stir until gelatin is dissolved; then add remaining juice. Chill until partially set, about one hour. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into lightly oiled fluted tube pan or 7-cup mold. Chill until time to serve. Excellent served with Kitchen-Klatter French dressing or the yogurt dressing given below.

Yogurt Dressing

- 1 8-oz. container plain yogurt
- 1 Tbls. chopped chives
- 1 tsp. prepared horseradish

Combine ingredients and chill enough to blend flavors.

RASPBERRY SHERBET MOLD*(A blender recipe)*

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature
- 1 pint raspberry sherbet

Dissolve the two packages of gelatin in the boiling water. Add flavoring and set aside. In blender, put the pineapple and blend until a puree is formed. Add the raspberries and blend again. Add the cream cheese; blend. Lastly, add the sherbet and blend. Stir in the gelatin. Pour into mold or pan and chill until firm.

—Dorothy

SESAME STIR-FRIED CARROTS

- 2 Tbls. instant dry onion (or 3 Tbls. fresh)
- 2 Tbls. water
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 4 cups thinly sliced carrots
- 2 Tbls. sesame seeds
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. ground black pepper
- 1 tsp. molasses

Soak instant onion in the 2 Tbls. water for about 10 minutes. (If using fresh, do not use the 2 Tbls. water.) In large skillet, melt butter or margarine. Add the onion and all the rest of the ingredients except molasses. Cook and stir over moderate heat until carrots are tender-crisp — about 5 to 10 minutes. Stir in molasses and serve.

—Dorothy

PORK CHOP DINNER

- 4 pork chops, cut 1/2-inch thick
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 tsp. chicken bouillon granules
- 1 cup boiling water
- 4 small potatoes, peeled and cut in half lengthwise
- 4 carrots, cut in thick slices
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup water

In large skillet, brown chops in the 2 Tbls. oil for about 15 minutes. Drain fat. Dissolve bouillon granules in the 1 cup boiling water. Pour over chops in skillet. Add the vegetables and seasonings. Cover and let simmer for 25 to 30 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Remove pork chops and vegetables from skillet. Combine the 2 Tbls. flour and 1/2 cup water. Stir into juices in skillet and cook, stirring, until thickened. Serve sauce with pork chops and vegetables.

—Betty Jane

BIG TACO SALAD

- 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 pkg. taco mix
- 1 cup stewed tomatoes
- 1 medium-size head lettuce, shredded
- 2 medium-size fresh tomatoes, chopped
- 1/2 of medium-size onion, finely chopped
- 1 small can ripe olives, chopped
- 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1 small package corn chips, crushed slightly

Brown ground beef and drain well. Place between paper towel to absorb grease. Mix hamburger with all other ingredients except corn chips. Add the corn chips just before serving. —Hallie

BET RELISH

- 8 cups chopped raw peeled beets
 - 8 cups chopped cabbage
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 1 cup grated fresh horseradish
 - 1 scant Tbls. salt
 - Pepper to taste
 - White vinegar
- Mix all ingredients except vinegar. Pour over enough cold white vinegar to cover. Makes one gallon. Keeps well all winter in refrigerator. If you prefer, put in sterilized jars and seal. —Hallie

ITALIAN FISH FILLETS

- 6 fillets of fish
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped shallots (or little green onions)
- 2 tsp. dried tarragon leaves
- 3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen mixed vegetables
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour

1 cup fish stock (juice strained from cooked fish)

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

4 Tbls. light cream or half-and-half

Salt and pepper to taste

Combine fish, lemon juice, shallots or onions, tarragon and Italian dressing. Cover and simmer over moderate heat for 5 to 10 minutes, or until meat is cooked through. Strain liquid into pan and keep fillets warm while making the sauce. Prepare vegetables according to package directions (or substitute any fresh, cooked vegetables in season).

To make sauce, melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour. Continue stirring until mixture is smooth. Stir in remaining ingredients, including the liquid drained from fish (adding water if needed to make the 1 cup). Stir over moderate heat until mixture thickens.

Arrange fish fillets in center of a platter. Drain vegetables and spoon around fish. Pour hot sauce over fish.

—Evelyn

ONION-BACON QUICHE

- 1 9-inch pie shell with high, fluted rim
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced in rings
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 4 slices bacon, fried and crumbled
- 1 cup grated Swiss cheese
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups light cream
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. dill weed
- Dash of pepper

Saute onion rings in butter until golden and tender, but not brown. Place onion rings, bacon and cheese evenly over bottom of pie shell. Beat eggs. Add cream and seasonings. Pour over onion mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes or until custard is set.

—Donna Nenneman

ORIENTAL CHICKEN

- 1 frying chicken, cut up
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce

Well drain and blot on paper towel the chicken pieces. Combine the flour, salt and pepper and put in paper or plastic bag. Shake the chicken pieces in bag. Put half the butter or margarine in a 9- by 13-inch baking dish and melt. Roll the flour-coated chicken pieces in the melted butter. Place in pan skin side down. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Melt remaining butter or margarine. Stir in remaining ingredients. Turn chicken pieces skin side up and pour sauce over chicken and return to oven for 30 minutes longer. Baste frequently with the sauce.

—Dorothy

BETTY JANE'S PICKLES

- 1/2 cup salt
- 6 cups 1/4-inch thick slices of small to medium-size cucumbers
- 2 quarts ice cold water
- 5 cups vinegar
- 4 cups water
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seed
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric

Sprinkle salt over cucumber slices. Add the ice cold water and let stand for 2 to 3 hours. Drain thoroughly. Combine 3 cups of the vinegar and 3 cups of the water. Bring to boiling. Add the cucumbers and simmer for 8 minutes. Immediately, drain well. Discard liquid. Combine remaining ingredients and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove from heat. Add cucumbers, cover and let set for 2 days in cool place. Bring to boil. Pack in hot sterilized jars. Put on lids and process for 10 minutes in hot water bath.

SAUTEED CUCUMBERS AND TOMATOES

1/4 cup chopped green onion
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
3 cups peeled, sliced cucumbers (remove seeds if desired)
1/4 tsp. sugar
1/4 tsp. ground cumin
Dash of pepper
Pinch of salt
2 medium-size tomatoes, peeled and cut in thin wedges
4 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled

In large skillet, cook onion in butter or margarine until transparent. Add cucumber, sugar, cumin, salt and pepper. Cook over medium heat for 2 to 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add tomato wedges and continue cooking until thoroughly heated. Put into serving dish and top with crumbled bacon.

—Betty Jane

SKILLETT ZUCCHINI

1 lb. sliced unpeeled zucchini
1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
1/4 tsp. garlic salt
Dash of pepper
2 Tbls. water
Parmesan cheese

Melt the butter or margarine in a skillet. Put in the zucchini, garlic salt, pepper and water. Cover tightly and simmer for about 10 minutes. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over top. Cover and cook about five minutes longer.

GOOSEBERRY CONSERVE

4 cups ground gooseberries
3 1/2 cups sugar
1 lb. orange slice candy, diced
1/2 cup chopped English walnuts (optional)

Wash and grind gooseberries. Measure 4 cups into heavy saucepan. Bring to boil. Add sugar, stir to dissolve. When mixture boils again, add candy which has been finely diced. Stir and cook until mixture begins to thicken. Remove from heat, skim, add nuts if desired and seal. Makes 6 half-pints of conserve. (I like to seal this boiling hot in half-pint jars and use sealing lids on top. However, paraffin may be used if preferred.)

—Evelyn

INDIVIDUAL CHERRY-CHEESECAKE DESSERTS

2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
1 egg
1 cup powdered sugar, sifted
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1/4 cup grated almonds
1 8-oz. can refrigerated crescent rolls

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease eight muffin cups.

In small bowl, combine cream cheese and egg until smooth. Stir in powdered sugar, flavoring and nuts. Mix well and set aside.

Unroll crescent dough into four 4-by-6-inch rectangles. Press perforations together to seal. Roll each into a 5-by-10-inch rectangle. Cut each in half forming eight 5-inch squares. Place each square of dough in prepared muffin cups with corners of dough hanging over the edges of cups. Place 2 heaping tablespoons of filling in the center of each cup. Bring corners together to center and seal. Bake for 20 minutes. Remove cakes from cups as soon as pan comes out of oven.

Prepare the following topping:

1 cup prepared cherry filling (canned or make your own)
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
1 Tbls. butter or margarine

Combine all topping ingredients in saucepan. Cook over low heat until boiling. Serve over warm cheesecake cups.

—Juliana

CHEESE SOUFFLE

1 cup of your favorite rich seasoned white sauce, cooled
5 Tbls. fresh, grated Parmesan cheese
2 Tbls. shredded Swiss cheese
3 beaten egg yolks
4 egg whites, beaten until stiff but not dry

Add the cheeses and egg yolks to the white sauce. Fold in the egg whites. Put in prepared 7-inch souffle dish or in four individual souffle dishes. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes or until set. Cooked finely chopped asparagus or spinach could be added before baking.

—Betty Jane

BROCCOLI DIP

1 pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
1 tsp. salt
1/4 cup water
1 small onion, chopped
2 Tbls. margarine
1 6-oz. roll garlic cheese (or 5-oz. jar)
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
1 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
1/8 tsp. Tabasco sauce
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 4-oz. can mushrooms, chopped
3/4 cup slivered almonds

Cook the broccoli with the salt and water. Do not overcook. Drain. In saucepan, saute the onion in the margarine. Add the cheese, soup, salt, pepper, Tabasco and Worcestershire sauces. Stir until cheese melts. Add the broccoli and cook about one minute, stirring. Add the mushrooms and almonds. Serve warm with chips, crackers, etc. This makes one quart and can be frozen and reheated later.

—Juliana

BEEF & CHEESE CRESCENT PIE

1 1/4 lbs. ground beef
1/3 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce with mushrooms
1 cup cooked green beans, drained
1/4 tsp. garlic salt
1/2 tsp. salt
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 cups (8 ozs.) shredded Cheddar cheese
1 can (8 roll-size) canned crescent rolls

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. In large frying pan, brown ground beef, onion and green pepper; drain. Stir in tomato sauce, beans, garlic salt, salt, egg and 1 cup of the cheese. Simmer. Separate crescent dough into 8 triangles. Place triangles in ungreased 9-inch pie pan. Press dough over bottom and up sides of pie pan to form crust. Spoon hot meat mixture into crust. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and paprika. Bake for 20-25 minutes or until golden brown.

—Donna Nenneman



SECRET INGREDIENT

The one common ingredient in all **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** is: CARE. Care in testing and re-testing recipes. Care in selection of quality ingredients. Care in blending, mixing and bottling, in spotless kitchens, by meticulous people. We think all this care shows in the final product. Our homemaker friends seem to agree. Tell us what you think.

Strawberry, Maple, Lemon, Burnt Sugar, Black Walnut, Pineapple, Coconut, Cherry, Butter, Blueberry, Banana, Almond, Vanilla, Raspberry, Orange and Mint.

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THE MARK OF QUALITY



Wishing well centerpiece & nut cup.

A WISHING WELL PARTY

(A Children's Party)

by
Mildred Grenier

Invitations: Make invitations for this party out of small white folded notepaper with envelopes. Stick a seal of a wishing well on the front fold of the paper, or draw and paint a picture of a wishing well. On the inside fold of the paper, print this verse:

*I made a wish at a wishing well,
And if you'll come at two
To my party next Saturday
You'll make my wish come true!*

Decorations: A clever wishing well can easily be made for a table decoration. Make any size you wish, depending upon size of your table. Here are the dimensions of the one that I made. Cut a strip of cardboard 25" long and 5" wide. Tape together the ends to make a circle for the bottom of the wishing well. Cover with brick-patterned, self-sticking paper. (The cardboard could be painted, or left as is if it is colored cardboard.) Make the two posts for the wishing well of styrofoam strips 12" long. Tape to the inside of the wishing well, directly across from each other. The roof for the wishing well was cut from red cardboard in a 10"x12" rectangle. Fold in the center and tape to the top of the styrofoam posts. About three inches from the top, run a small dowel stick between the two posts and suspend a plastic toy bucket from the middle of the dowel. Put artificial flowers in wishing well and run plastic vines up the posts. Live flowers and vines could be used. If you wish to put a bottom in your wishing well, cut a circle to fit the bottom and tape, on the inside, to the wishing well.

Charming nut cups can easily and economically be made in the shape of wishing wells and placed at each child's plate. Use the plastic tops that come with spray cans. Two popsicle sticks are taped on the inside of the plastic top, directly across from each other, to make the well posts. The roof for the small wishing well is cut from red cardboard or construction paper, folded in the center, and taped to the top of the popsicle posts. Fill the small wishing wells with

candy or nuts or fill them with very small plastic flowers and leaves.

For additional wishing wells to decorate the table, use empty, washed and dried tuna cans. Punch two or three holes in the bottom of the cans before filling them with soil, and they can be used to plant real flowers in the wishing wells, and to use for prizes for the party games. Popsicle sticks were used, again, for the posts of the well and the roof was cut from red cardboard and taped in place. The cans may be enameled or covered with self-sticking paper.

Games: "Make a Wish" Game—The players stand in a circle. "It" stands in the center of the circle with a beanbag in his hand. He throws the beanbag to a player, and says quickly: "Make a wish for something beginning with the letter A." (Or some other letter of the alphabet.) The child must catch the beanbag and wish for something beginning with the designated letter before "It" takes his place in the circle.

Charades: This game is played like the usual charades, with the exception that each child stands before the group and acts out in a pantomime something for which he wishes. The rest of the players attempt to guess the wish of the child.

Alphabet Wishing Game: The players sit in a circle. One is designated to begin the game and he starts by saying "I wish for . . ." and it must be something beginning with the letter A. The next child must wish for something beginning with the letter B, the next player the letter C, etc., through the alphabet. If a child fails to name his wish with the proper beginning letter, he must drop out of the game. When the end of the alphabet is reached, the players start with the letter A again. The game continues until all players have dropped out but one, and he is declared the winner. No object wished for may be named more than once.

"Toss a Penny" Game: The host or hostess must have several small unwrapped gifts on display for this game, a supply of pennies, and a keg or some other container fixed to resemble a wishing well (use the directions at the beginning of this article to make the wishing well). Children take turns making their wish for the prize that they desire; then they toss a certain number of pennies at the well. If they are successful in tossing a penny into the well, their wish comes true and they may keep the prize for which they wished.

Refreshments: A wishing well cake is perfect to serve at this party. Served with a hot or cold drink, no other refreshments will be necessary. You will need an angel food cake; spoon out the "well" in the middle of the cake. Leave at least an inch of the cake around the edges. (Save these small pieces of cake, as you will use them in the filling.) The filling is made by preparing a box of fruit gelatin in the usual way, let chill until slightly thick-

ened, then whip. Fold in one can of drained fruit cocktail, one cup of whipped cream and the small pieces of cake. Pour in the cake "well" and allow to chill until thoroughly set. Frost. To make the top of the wishing well, stick four red and white peppermint candy sticks rectangular fashion on the top of the cake around the well. Cut the roof of the well of red cardboard or construction paper, and tape to the top of the sticks of candy. A small gumdrop "bucket" can be suspended from inside the roof.

Before the candles on the cake are blown out, let all children present make a wish.



**Go ahead
and vacation . . .
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With no scum or suds to rinse away, everybody's favorite cleaner is being chosen by more homemakers than ever before. If you haven't tried it yet, could be you're missing something big.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER**



THE MARK OF QUALITY

July

by
Harold R. Smith

July days are filled with shimmering heat and azure skies. We expect little rainfall in our part of the Midwest where patterns of weather seem to have been stabilized for many years. Occasionally, a brief unexpected shower falls and we consider this an extra dividend; it quickly evaporates and the humidity becomes unbearable.

We celebrate the 4th of July in a quiet manner. The neighborhood children have fireworks and their sparklers glitter with golden showers. An occasional firecracker breaks the silence. One year, bottle rockets were popular and were aimed indiscriminately in all directions. Although my old house, Greystone, has asbestos shingles, I worried about a rocket wedging under a shingle and causing a fire, for this did happen to my neighbor's house causing extensive damage.

Last year I traveled with friends over the 4th of July weekend. Some time was spent in downtown Hannibal, Missouri. The town square was filled with booths; people were milling about and the sounds of a band drifted from the old bandstand. I was told the celebration lasted three days; churches and lodges provided food booths, clubs displayed

handcrafts, everyone enjoyed the festivities and money was added to sagging budgets. I am sure that Mark Twain, had he lived in our era, would have approved and enjoyed this celebration in his hometown.

July usually includes growing weather and if moisture is sufficient, the gardens and fields are lush with greenery. Everyone attempts to harvest at least one ripe, red tomato by the 4th of July. I have never been able to do so and cast envious glances at those who achieve their goal.

The dull monotonous sounds of power mowers are heard from early morning until late evening as people attempt to keep ahead of the steadily growing grass. In spite of cautious spraying, Greystone's lawn contains dandelions, wild lettuce and various weeds that mysteriously crop up overnight. I often wish I had a lawn as beautiful as those depicted in nursery catalogs; emerald green with a bluish cast and not a weed in sight!

When skies become glazed with heat shimmering on the horizon, we glance at the southwest where most of our storms develop. When black clouds roll across the heavens and wispy inky-black strings descend, we seek shelter in the house and monitor the radio weather forecasts. The air becomes still and, in time, rain falls.

People react differently to storms. A favorite cousin pulls out her sofa and

snuggles behind it until the storm abates; an aunt used to sit in her clothes closet until she felt the danger was over. I have always been fascinated with storms and view them from various angles of the old house. During one severe storm, I was peering out an upstairs window when large hail smashed the glass and sent floods of water across the floor. While I was mopping up the water, four more windows shattered. When the storm cleared, bits of green leaves resembling chopped spinach clung to the outside of the house.

July is a busy month, but I can brush away those tasks from my memory as my mother and I sit on the front porch of Greystone. It is our haven on summer nights. Children tasting the freedom of the night run barefooted through the grass attempting to capture fireflies whose flickering lights dot the darkness. Glancing at the full moon, I am reminded the Indians called it the Buck moon, for male deer regain their full crown of sharp antlers in July.

The last entry for the day is duly recorded in my journal and I turn off the light. Moonlight scatters across the dark fir floors creating its own magic and the old house settles into silence.



COVER STORY

Many communities across our land fly flags on July 4 to celebrate our independence. Flags fly around city squares, beside parks and in cemeteries. In recent years, the custom has been growing for families of deceased service personnel to donate or loan the treasured flags given by their country as a thank you for their efforts. These flags are flown on special occasions.

In 1969, the Shenandoah American Legion Color Guard decided to collect and fly such flags. The first year twelve flags were flown in Shenandoah's Rose Hill Cemetery. Each year more flags were presented and now 210 flags fly in all areas of the cemetery. The July cover picture was taken of a small portion of this flag display.

As each flag is received, the name of the deceased serviceman or woman and the conflict represented is permanently stenciled on the white border of the flag. If a family should move and wish to take the flag along, the original flag is returned to them. Flagpoles are purchased by local donations. Putting up and taking down over 200 flags is a demanding task, but lovingly done by many volunteers.

Rather than leave such important memorabilia stored away, flying these special flags is a fitting way to preserve the memory of the persons whose valiant efforts helped us all.

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KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

I've been carrying a yellow sheet of paper around in my purse, and every time I think of something I want to make sure I share with you, I've been making a note of it. Now, as I glance down my growing list, it looks like this letter will be a conglomeration of ideas and events.

First, I want to extend my appreciation for the expressions of concern and the prayers offered in Art's behalf during the time of his eye surgery. I am so glad to report that now he has good vision in his right eye. His new glasses were fitted the third week in May, and you can imagine how happy we were when that was accomplished.

One person who wrote to me after Art's surgery was Margaret Wilkes of Phoenix, Arizona. Margaret occasionally visits the Chadron area as she has a dear aunt who has lived in Crawford for many, many years. It was my pleasure to be able to make the acquaintance of Margaret's aunt last spring, for this lady is none other than the very remarkable and talented Lolla Mont Gue, who has composed many beautiful songs, enjoying a lifetime of entertaining others with her tremendous musical ability. I felt very honored when Mrs. Gue gave me the sheet music of two of her own compositions.

The school year came to a close on May 29th for teachers in the Chadron system, and summer school began at Chadron State College on June 4th. Being the perennial student that I am, I elected to take some courses in elementary curriculum and administration. Hopefully, these courses and one other will lead to an administrative endorsement in the state of Nebraska. So, my summer mornings are being spent on the campus while tutoring and gardening seems to be filling the afternoon hours.

I am enjoying my third year of gardening around the peach tree in our back yard. This year I used string so the rows would be straight. With Art being able to see so much better, I thought the garden should be ascetically pleasing. I even added a rock border on two sides and planted flowers between the garden and the garage. People who garden for the sheer pleasure of the activity, above and beyond the value of the produce obtained, may agree with my observation that the feel of the warm



This interesting photograph of Kristin Johnson Brase and her youngest son, Julian, was taken in their home in Chadron, Nebraska, on Julian's 4th birthday. The candles on the delicious-looking angel food cake are in the shape of little puppies. From the delighted look on Julian's face, being four years old must be a most exciting experience.

earth has a calming effect on the mind and spirit, almost like climbing into the sandbox again.

Speaking of a calm mind, have you ever thought of depression as a gift or a blessing? I certainly never did until I read the little book, *Love Yourself*, by Walter Trobisch. In fact, the times in my life when I've been "down in the dumps", I've felt guilty about such an attitude because I have many blessings. Then, too, my Granny Driftmier was such an extraordinarily cheerful person that I'm only too aware of failing to follow her example when I feel absolutely grumpy inside and out.

Trobisch explains that the word depression in the German language means *the courage to be heavy-hearted and the courage to live with what is difficult*. While one can love with a heart that is heavy and full, it is hardly possible to love with an empty heart. Martin Luther is quoted as saying, "You must not be frightened if a sadness rises up before you. You must think that something is happening with you, that life has not forgotten you, that it holds you in its hand; it will not let you fall. Why do you want to shut out of your life any agitation, any pain, any melancholy, since you really do not know what these states are working upon you?" I think what Luther is trying to say is that we must not only believe God knows what is best for us, but also believe He loves us enough to give us what is best.

If you happen to be in the Chadron area around July 6th, 7th, or 8th, I'd like to invite you to join in the celebration of Fur Trader Days. Some of the activities planned for these days include a parade, buffalo barbecue, muzzleloading shoot, horse team pull, fireworks, and buffalo chip throwing contest. There are costume and beard contests, too. Craft

items are sold in an interesting flea market. At the risk of sounding like the local chamber of commerce, I will say that much effort goes into organizing these fun activities. I, for one, do appreciate and respect this endeavor to reflect upon our heritage of western history.

Whatever you do this summer, have a good time and a safe one.

Sincerely,
Kristin Brase

IF . . .

If all my ships go out to sea
And never come back home to me,
If I must watch from day to day
An empty waste of waters gray —
Then I shall fashion one ship more
From bits of driftwood on the shore,
I'll build that ship with toil and pain
And send it out to sea again!



In the Good Old SALADTIME

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

This has been a happy, busy summer for us, with our daughter, Ann Elizabeth, graduating from the University of South Dakota at Vermillion with an elementary education degree, and our son, Jon Karl, receiving his law degree from the University of Iowa Law School, Iowa City. Of course, we're pleased with their accomplishments. And yes, I've had some time for reading, and want to share with you excerpts and thoughts about certain books.

Stranger Stop and Cast an Eye by G. Walker Jacobs (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$5.95) is a guide to gravestones and gravestone rubbing, with photographs by the author. The modern word of rubbing refers to the ancient Chinese art of "inksqueezing"—that is, a means of reproducing a design carved on stone or wood. A negative print of the image is produced when paper is placed over the surface and rubbed with ink or wax. Besides getting out in the fresh air and making beautiful reproductions of a vanished art, there's a sense of excitement in reading the messages about the lives and outlooks of our forebears shown in the early burial grounds of this country.

The author tells us that rubbing is becoming increasingly popular in the United States, especially by history teachers, young people who want to create significant "posters", and those wishing to trace their family trees.

Four methods of use are described: the dry method, the carbon paper

method, the wet method, and the foil and plaster cast method. Pictures of rubbings by the author include the stone of Mehuman Hinsdell of Deerfield, Massachusetts, who managed to get himself "Twice captivated by the Indian Salvages" and still lived to be sixty-three. G. Walker Jacobs reminds us that care must be taken of cemeteries. Gravestones have managed to survive Time and Nature, so let not man destroy.

James Kilpatrick, besides being on the TV program "60 Minutes", writes a syndicated column of political comment. His book *The Foxes' Union* (EPM Publications, McLean, Virginia, \$9.95) is written from the perspective of his home in Scrabble, Virginia. With humor that ranges from gentle to outrageous, and with moving insights into nature and the human condition, he has captured in masterful prose the simple things that matter the most. These include: family and neighbors, gardens and grandchildren, birds and baseball, and tall tales around the kitchen fire. Part of the joy of their country living is the beauty and variety of growing things along a country road. He writes, "In spring the roadsides are painted in pastels—in chartreuse, and rose, and dogwood ivory. By early summer they take on hues of vivid orange and blue, day lilies and lupine. It is a labor of love to identify the wild flower and to marvel at the purity of their grace and color. These are the highest works of the jeweler's art, these flowers by the road."

One can easily tell Mr. Kilpatrick's home and heart are found in Scrabble, Virginia.

The Grandmother's Book (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee, 37202, \$5.95) by Lowery Nixon is an appealing little book in which Mrs. Nixon shares the special joys of

grandmothers with grandbabies—and their very special relationship to God. Each chapter explores a grandmother's experiences, and each is lighted by a closing Scripture quotation. Mrs. Nixon writes that one of the greatest benefits of being a grandmother is learning not to misuse the hours and minutes entrusted to her by God: "The Lord knows there were past hours I wasted that I could have spent with our children, hours in which I was 'too tired' to read another picture book, 'too busy' to share a happy moment. But I have been given a second chance with our granddaughter. Each minute is valuable; each minute a gift from God that we, together, can give to each other."

The Grandmother's Book has photos which illustrate the text. It is a book of humor and love. If you are a parent, you'll appreciate Mrs. Nixon's statement, "Young parents are the meat and sustenance to the child. Grandmothers are the pastry that comes at no extra charge."

Mountains and Prairies and a Girl Named Mary by Mary Eimen Swartzendruber (\$5.95) is a book of stories of her life, first told to her elementary school pupils, then written for her grandchildren and also the Mennonite Church paper. It began in 1904 in Kalona, Iowa, where she was born, and following chapters tell of life on the prairie, living in a sod house, and having parents with the gift of getting along with what they had.

There were moves to Kansas and Montana, back to Kansas and then Iowa, with some pleasant times and some sad in the daily living. At one time, she and her husband served as superintendent and matron at the Mennonite Children's Home in Kansas City. They now live in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, where Mr. Swartzendruber is chaplain at the Virginia Mennonite Home. The author writes, "With these stories, I hope to encourage children and young people to be content and happy with a simple life. God's most precious gifts cannot be bought with money."

This book is reminiscent of the "Little House" books. Early this year Katie Yoder, of the Greene Center Bookstore, Kalona, Iowa, had an autographing party for Mrs. Swartzendruber, which was well attended!



SUMMER'S CHILD

Summer's child
Comes to you with dandelions
Held tightly in small clenched fists,
And with love presents to you
The fragrance of the lily,
The beauty of the rose,
The first violet of spring.

—Julia Yancy Petty
(Copyright *The Paths We Walk*, 1973)

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

So many pests and diseases are waiting for your rosebushes that you must be prepared to counterattack. If green (sometimes pink) aphids are noticed on the buds and new shoots or deformed flowers, get after the pesky things with malathion or a combination spray. In fact, if you have roses in any number, it is best to invest in a pesticide-fungicide especially prepared for roses and then remember to use it regularly after every rain and at two-week intervals between times. Other pests that feed on roses are: rose leaf hoppers, rose slugs, rose curculio, rose midge, European earwig, rose chafer, flower thrips, spotted cucumber beetle, leaf-cutter bee, pith borers, cane borers and red spiders.

The most serious rose disease is "blackspot". It is there when one sees black spots with fringed margins on leaves that may turn yellow and drop. Spores splash from plant to plant in continuous rains and soon the whole planting will be infected. Additional troubles can be powdery mildew, rose rust, canker and crown gall. If a rigid spray or dusting program is followed faithfully, most rose problems can be controlled.

Mrs. K. G. writes, "Can you tell me the name of a tall plant that resembles a veronica (long spikes of white flowers) but is not a veronica as it grows in a moist, shady area? My veronicas will not grow there and I so want this type of plant."

Cimicifuga or snakeroot should fit



At long last we have a photograph of the inside of Juliana Lowey's home to share with you. This picture was taken standing in the library and looking into the dining room. The skylight overhead is a perfect place for Juliana's hanging plants.

your need for a tall, spiky, shade-loving plant that will grow where it is moist. Grow in colonies of six or more plants for best effect. Other tall plants for shady-moist areas are astilbes and lobelia cardinalis. Many of the hostas produce tall flower spikes that rise well above the foliage. Some of the big ones are: *H. sieboldiana Elegans Blue Angel*, *H. fortunei Robusta*, and *H. lancifolia Albomarginata*. It is best to buy root divisions which can be redivided after the second and third year to give more plants. Other shade-loving perennials are columbine, bleeding heart, digitalis, echinops, geraniums (species),

myosotis, campanula roundifolia, liatris and doricum to suggest a few. Many others are available from seed catalogs.

One of our projects this fall will be the planting of some of the above and more wildflowers in the woodlot behind the Little Chapel of the Flowers. Be sure to stop in and browse through the flowers if you get up through central Minnesota on U.S. 71—we are located three miles out of the little town of Eagle Bend, Minnesota, and the welcome mat is out for Kitchen-Klatter readers.

LOVE & FREEDOM — Concluded

One day Lee asked for a slip from one of my house plants. So, I found a pretty pot and he dug soil for the tiny cutting. I had done my job well—Lee has left for a new job in another state and he took along his now-flourishing plant. It's going to grow and be a nice welcome for a beautiful little Vietnamese woman and four children when they reach their new home in America.

It has been rewarding to share the love and compassion of our country with Lee. In return, he has taught us to treasure the freedom and plenty which is ours, and not take any of it for granted. Faith can be as big as lifting babies out of a holocaust and as small as a house plant. Lee's God moves in mysterious ways.

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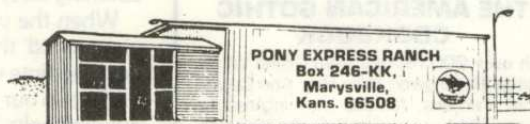
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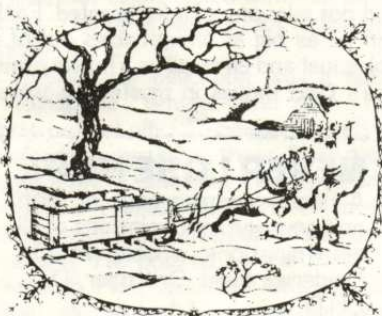
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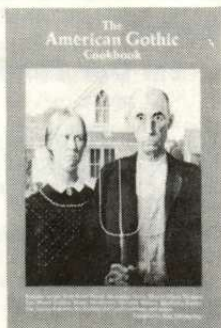
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From Our Family Album

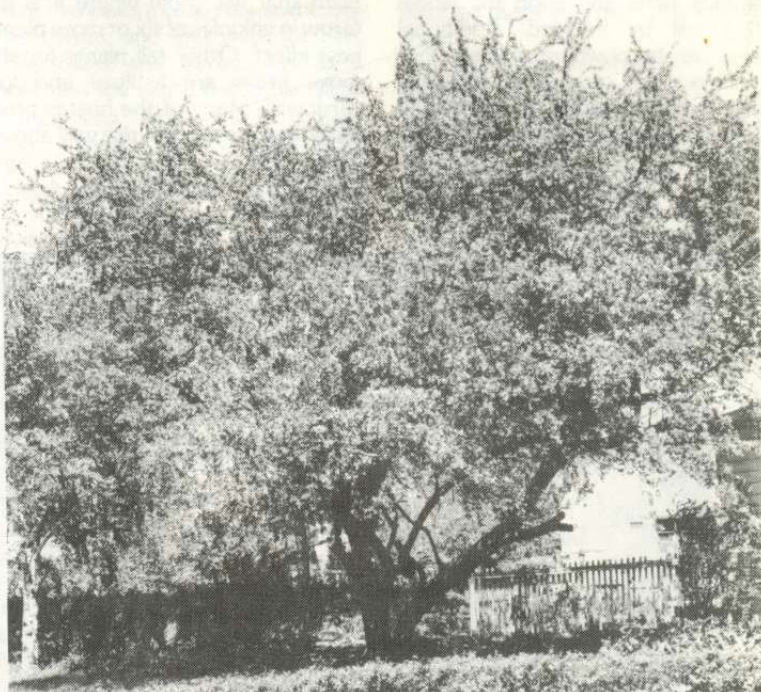


In the spring of 1943, Dad and Mother (M.H. and Leanna Driftmier) decided to plant a tree for each grandchild that came along. Juliana Verness Lowey had been born that February and, for this first grandchild, they decided to plant a Flowering Hopa Crab. In the picture at the left, the two of them are trying to find a suitable place in their back yard to plant the tree.

That crab tree has been pruned repeatedly through the years to try to keep it in some limited area, but it grew to hang over a portion of the garden and even the long alley behind the property. As you can see in the photograph below, it grew into a large, beautiful tree.

The brilliant rose-colored blooms of that flowering crab appeared beautifully every year, year in and year out, until one spring when all of us were startled to see it bloom right on schedule with WHITE blossoms. We decided that the tree had finally shown its age. I doubt that it will ever again produce the rose-colored flowers it displayed so faithfully for so long.

—Lucile



FUN & FEARS OF FLYING — Concl.
Date Line, my friend from Thailand was catching forty winks.

When the voice from the loudspeaker announced that we should prepare to land, no time was lost clearing the aisles, folding up our lap tables, and buckling on our seat belts. Living up to its reputation, San Francisco was shrouded in fog. The plane had to circle in that pea soup for twenty minutes, but the wheels touched

ground just as I had convinced myself that perhaps we wouldn't land at all!

As the plane emptied its human cargo, and I moved along with the mob, I felt smug. And why not? In three short hours I had become an *old pro* at this business of flying!

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
prised to discover how much painting and how many repairs needed to be done.

We also need a new mailbox. We are on a rural route, and we have to have a mailbox out on the side of the road right next to the water. Where does one buy a rural mailbox? How does one find a post on which to put it? We really are innocents when it comes to simple things like that. Once we are actually settled, I am sure that all of our new problems will be solved, but from up here in Springfield, Massachusetts, the problems seem multitudinous and overwhelming.

Something of the agony we feel about leaving our cherished church and our hundreds of good friends can be expressed in these lines by Kipling in his *Prelude*:

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye have died I have watched
beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share,
In vigil or toil or ease, —
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the sea?

Sincerely,
Frederick

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
closest friends who wanted to see Hannah graduate. MY! How much cooking we did in advance, and how much we enjoyed sitting down to a table that looked very tempting!

I just now remembered that I haven't mentioned our short, but most happy, visit with Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope. They retired quite a few years ago from their farm north of Clarinda and settled in Mountain Home, Arkansas. They were among the first few people to locate there and now can scarcely believe that it is the same place since there are shopping centers galore, many churches, and many, many people. I hadn't seen them for a long, long time and could hardly believe the news when they said that they would celebrate their *sixty-first* wedding anniversary before too long. (They weren't a child bride and child groom when they married either!) Betty Jane and I are thinking of making a drive down to Mountain Home just to find out once and for all how far I can actually travel before getting too exhausted.

My grandchildren, James and Katharine, have two more weeks of school. When this is done, James is going to a church-sponsored camp in the Jemez Mountains to spend two weeks. As soon as he returns, Katharine will have her two weeks at the same camp. And then, God willing, they will take a plane and come to the homefolks in Iowa. I will put my trust in God and pray



Betty Jane Tilsen, with whom so many of you now feel acquainted, has the mike right in front of her and is about ready to start her part of the Kitchen-Klatter radio program.

that no bolts break and bring the plane down such as the one that crashed at O'Hare the end of May with the loss of so many passengers and crew.

It will be so wonderful to see them. Until then, they will be visiting with you by way of the microphone.

Faithfully always . . .
Lucile

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

Make a grill out of a metal wheelbarrow. Put a layer of potting soil in and then briquettes. An oven rack placed over the top will be just right for grilling meats and other dishes. This idea has the added advantage of portableness as the wheelbarrow can be moved around the yard.

—M.D., Murdock, Ill.

I use fresh cut flowers and ferns to decorate my cakes. Wrap the stems firmly with floral tape to seal in the moisture, then arrange around or in the cake as desired. These will stay fresh several hours. —Listener from Iowa

Note: Extremely hot weather or extremely wet weather will cause cucumbers to have problems when being made into pickles. Shrivelled pickles can be due to either of these weather problems. Also, pickles should be made from freshly picked cucumbers. If they are picked too long before being put into brine or syrup, the pickles can be less than perfect. —D.S., Nebr.

Okra can be a problem to prepare so it is not slimy. Cut the okra into pieces about 1/2 to 3/4 inches thick and about four to five inches long, cutting from stem to tip. Dip the pieces into crushed cracker crumbs and fry in shortening or bacon drippings until nicely brown. Salt and pepper as desired. Okra may be washed, split and frozen, then removed from the package, rolled in the cracker crumbs and fried just as is done for the fresh. —Mrs. A.A.M., Iowa

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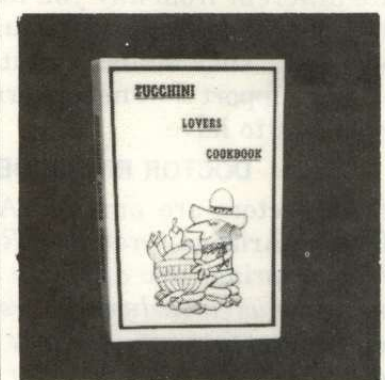
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