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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Andy Brase

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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:

I remember saying to you once that I thought it would be wonderful to have old friends arrive at intervals through the long, cooped-in winters that we know in Iowa, rather than pulling into the driveway during the summer months. I had enough common sense to go on and say that with children in school and jobs to consider with definitely scheduled vacations, most of their visits had to fall during the summer months and nothing could be done about it. There were many letters from you friends echoing this feeling, so once again we are probably sharing the same sensations these days.

However, there is an added complication this year that we haven't had before (or at least not for many, many years) and this is the fact that everything in the line of transportation is most uncertain. We simply do not know now if we can actually get to our destinations.

Betty Jane Tilsen's present situation is a perfect example of this. About three months ago, her family began thinking about a big reunion in Minnesota for the specific purpose of being together for a memorial to her father who passed away during the winter when it was impossible for all the relatives to be there. At that time, they began their first tentative plans to gather in mid-July at Lake Ottertail where the family has a summer home that has been enjoyed by so many of them for many years.

Betty Jane has two of her five children living in Saint Paul, but two of the others, Nicholas and Naomi, live in San Francisco and Hannah is living in Tucson. Will the planes be flying on schedule? Will there be gas enough to drive? Will there be just a halfway chance of making a fairly reasonable series of bus connections? And they consider trains are totally out of the question since they understand that Amtrak is booked solid to many destinations.

These are hard facts that must be faced, so the only thing the family members can do is simply go ahead with their plans and trust that when the day



Juliana and Robin are pictured snatching a few minutes from their busy, busy schedules to have a cup of coffee together in Robin's Albuquerque home. The two friends are very appreciative of all the letters we have forwarded to them from you listeners who have been kind enough to say that you much enjoy their radio visits.

for departure actually arrives, there will be some way to reach Lake Ottertail.

Betty Jane's family reminds me very much of my own family since cousins, aunts, uncles, grandparents and everyone related in any degree keeps in close touch and knows what is going on with each other. Betty Jane's family was kind enough to include me in this reunion at Lake Ottertail, but I'm extremely hesitant about starting out to cover such a distance in case my health should break down. At this time, I'm playing it safe and staying right here at home.

While Betty Jane is gone (and I always speak very positively about it as if there were no uncertainties whatsoever), I will have Myrt Welda come and stay with me. Longtime readers will remember that Myrt was with me quite a period of time, both before and after Russell died, and only left when her mother's illness demanded that she care for her mother. I never stay here alone for very sound reasons, so I am happy Myrt can plan to spend this time with me.

Last month when I wrote to you, I said that my grandson, James, was going to camp for two weeks and that when he returned home, his sister, Katharine, would go to the same camp for two weeks. These plans were changed. Katharine went first and as soon as I found out she had gone, I started writing a real letter to her each day—not just a card. I wanted to be sure she had something when the mail truck arrived with letters and packages for the kids. This is the first time she has been away from her parents and James, and I could imagine her sensations when "Mail Time" was called if no mail had come for her!

During early summer we had a curious season weather-wise. It was a poor time to have sessions making strawberry sun preserves. Just as soon as we washed and hulled our berries, put them in large flat pans, added sugar and then covered

them with glass (an abandoned glass storm door came in marvelously handy) and set the pans out into the garden, away went the sun and on came the clouds. I don't know how many times Betty Jane lugged those trays into the greenhouse and then, when the sun returned, lugged them back out again.

Eventually (and this should be pronounced very drawn out), the strawberries actually turned into the jam we wanted and we've enjoyed eating it very, very much. We have also enjoyed some vegetables of various kinds that Betty Jane planted in a space up in our good friend's (Ruby Treese) big garden that she was good enough to share with us. We have more faith and enjoyment in the vegetables we grow ourselves. Our own garden simply doesn't give us enough room to put out more than a few tomato plants. Also, it would take only the most desperate of situations to make me tear out the beautiful plantings Russell set out and cared for with so much pleasure.

I was so happy to have an old, old friend from the time we lived in California come and spend a few days. He had been in Shenandoah years ago on several occasions and simply couldn't believe that it was the same town he had long remembered. Well, really, it isn't the same town because it has changed enormously since he was last here—I think the only building that seemed just the same to him was the library.

He is the friend my family always remembered because once he spent two weeks in our home on his annual vacation from the Chicago newspaper where he was a reporter. Since he was an only child, he was bowled over by continuing to meet another one of my brothers or sisters even after he'd been in town ten days!

To tell you the truth, in the more than
(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

There was a heavy dew last night and I won't be able to mow the lawn until after dinner, so, since I was up early this morning anyway, I decided to carry my typewriter out to the front porch and get my letter written to you. Mornings are so lovely on our front porch I don't know why I haven't written out here before. I'm thinking of setting up my sewing machine on the porch then maybe I can get a few pieces of my mound of material sewn into something to put on my back instead of leaving it in all the drawers which are so desperately needed for other things.

Since last writing to you, I have made a trip to Chadron, Nebraska, to visit my daughter, Kristin, and her family. Kristin had called to tell me both Andy and Aaron had qualified to be in the Nebraska Kids Wrestling Federation State Tournament to be held in North Platte. She and Art would be taking them, and the boys thought it would be awfully nice if Grandma Johnson could come and see them wrestle and go home with them from there, so that is exactly what I did.

When I got off the bus in North Platte, Kristin and Julian met me. Kristin said, "Mother, are you sure you are ready for this?" After arriving at the auditorium, I realized what she meant. It was a hot day and the gym was not air conditioned. There were twelve matches going on at the same time, a loudspeaker was blaring and fans were screaming. The noise and heat were overpowering at first, but I soon got into the swing of things and really enjoyed myself.

I saw both my grandsons wrestle twice and it really made them happy that I was there. Aaron was third in his weight division and Andy was second in his, so they both received medals. After the boys received their medals, we made the long drive back to Chadron. A stop in Ogallala for supper and another in Alliance for ice cream helped to lighten the trip. We made the trip more fun by singing songs all the way home.

When I was in Chadron two years ago, you will remember my writing about the detective work I did to locate two of my college friends whom I hadn't seen or heard from for forty years. One of them came to the farm last fall and spent a couple of weeks with us. The other one, Helen Funkhouser, now makes her home in Loveland, Colorado. Her father still lives in Chadron, so I decided to call him and see if by any chance she would happen to be there visiting. What a happy surprise to have her answer the

phone. She couldn't believe our good fortune to both be in Chadron at the same time. We got to spend two afternoons together and had a wonderful few hours reminiscing. It would have been so nice if our mutual friend, Frances, or "Flip" as we call her, could have been there from Casper at the same time, but this was impossible. Someday we hope we can all be together.

When Kristin drove back to Iowa last summer to spend a week at the farm with us, she brought her friend, Sue Elwess, with her. Sue lives on a farm with her parents a few miles out of Chadron and Kristin and the boys go out frequently. Sue and her mother invited us for supper one night and we all enjoyed the lovely meal they prepared. I had visited their farm when I was in Chadron before, but this time I got to meet the rest of Sue's family.

Kristin invited twenty-five of her



Dorothy Johnson and Helen Funkhouser of Loveland, Colorado, had a wonderful time reminiscing about old college days.

friends for a coffee one afternoon so that they could meet me and I could meet them. Those who couldn't come at the specified time came later that evening and the next day, so I did get to meet most of Kristin's closest friends.

These events were the highlights of my trip, but I also took some long walks with the boys, made a visit to the doughnut shop at Julian's request and enjoyed a nice drive to the beautiful state park a few miles from Chadron. I was disappointed not to get to see the Fur Museum. We found it closed and learned that it wouldn't open until the next day when I would be on the bus heading toward home. I've missed seeing this both times I've been in Chadron. Hopefully, the third time will be the charm.

Only one project Kristin and I both had planned to do did not get accomplished. We had intended to drive from Chadron to Casper to spend a few hours with Frances Chambers the day before I was to come home. When I realized what a long drive it would be for one day, I

cancelled out. I was boarding the bus at 3:10 A.M. on the following morning to make the long trip back to Lucas, Iowa, and Kristin and her family were driving to Denver early that same morning, so I decided the trip to Casper would be just too much.

Shortly after my return, Frank and I had a nice surprise when Marge and Oliver drove in on their way home from a two-week trip to visit their son, Martin, and his wife, Eugenie, and other relatives and friends in Minnesota. They hadn't planned to stay all night—were just weary of driving on the interstate and decided to pull off and stop for a cup of coffee and hear about my trip. We convinced them their yard and garden could go another day without attention so they stayed all night and left after dinner the next day.

Frank and I were both thrilled that our dear friend, Ruby Treese, could come and spend a long weekend with us. In these times of uncertain transportation, we weren't even sure until the last minute that she would make it. The only way to get to Lucas from Shenandoah, if you don't come by car, is to take a bus from Shenandoah to Omaha, transfer to another bus to Des Moines, then by car from Des Moines to Lucas. This is the way Ruby came. A trip that takes two-and-one-half hours by car, takes six hours in this round-about way by bus. I drove Ruby back to Shenandoah, so at least she was saved another long trip. We felt very honored and privileged that Ruby would go through the long ride to spend a few days with us.

If Ruby could have come two days sooner, she could have attended a picnic with our Birthday Club. Our club met the O.D.O. Club from Milo, Iowa, for dinner at beautiful Red Haw State Park. The table was loaded with delicious food, the company was very enjoyable, the weather was perfect, the lake and surroundings were beautiful, and we all had such a good time that the club members decided it would be fun to get together every year at the same time.

Frank's sister, Ruth McDermott, of Kansas City has spent two weeks of her vacation dividing her time between sister Bernie in Lucas and with us at the farm. It has been so nice to all be together for many meals on our front porch.

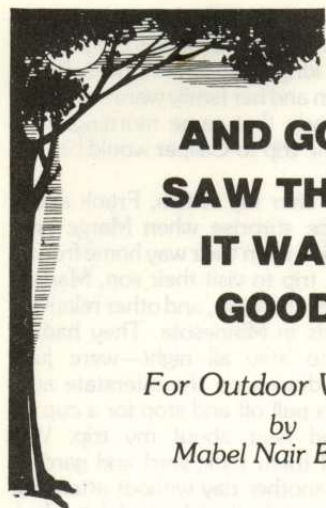
Our friends, the Querres, have just driven through the gate, so I had better dash to the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Some have little and want or need less. They are rich beyond measure.

Others have much and want more. They are poor beyond belief.



AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD

For Outdoor Vespers

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: If at all possible obtain the Fred Waring recording, *God's Trombones* (Decca), which has the beautiful sermon poem, "The Creation", by James Weldon Johnson as a speaking solo with orchestra accompaniment. (Look for it in church library resources, record shops, or ask the library to try to borrow it for your use.) If you cannot find it, then have the poem read, where indicated, by a dramatic reader. The poem can be found in some church school materials and in James Weldon Johnson's book, *God's Trombones*.

If using the record, secure a record player, check electrical hook-up, and arrange for a helper to run it, all beforehand. This saves problems at the time of presentation.

If possible, find a beautiful outdoor setting for this service; lacking that, choose a park shelter house. Seat the audience in a circle. On the ground in the center of the circle, place piece of brown- or tan-colored fabric. On the cloth, place a large Bible opened to the first creation story in Genesis. Place around the Bible a few pretty stones, seashells, and some sprays of wildflowers and pretty grasses.

Have someone play a guitar, autoharp, or flute as accompaniment to hymns and choruses.

Prelude: Soft music on guitar (or other instrument) to quiet the group into a more meditative mood as the leader then reads the Call to Worship.

Call to Worship:

To Him all life was beauty. The sun upon the hills,

The sweeping shadows, and the winding lane.

Morning He loved, with dewdrops on the flowers;

Evening and sunset, and soft, April rain.

Friends He found in lepers stumbling to Him.

Love in those who hate, grace in sinner's eyes.

Dawn He saw with all earth's new-born glory,

Twilight and darkness and hope in human sighs.

Youth was His, and springtime, and music in the trees;

Joy in healing broken hearts; manhood's noble strife;

All the wonder and beauty of a sacred human life. —Author unknown

Hymn: (by all) "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Reading: "The Creation", by James Weldon Johnson—the recording, or by a reader. The leader might suggest that everyone sit with bowed head or closed eyes, so that each person might listen more intently to this great sermon-poem.

Leader: Throughout the first chapter of Genesis, the phrase *And God saw that it was good* is repeated again and again. After each great task of the Creation, God paused to look at what He had created and found it good. God made a good and a beautiful world.

The very nature of God is love and righteousness and order, and over and over we see these values expressed in nature. Because of the fundamental goodness in the earth and the life God placed on it, we can live in our world with trust and confidence. Mankind is a part of that life on earth created in love to be fundamentally good, but with one big difference from other life created. Man is created in God's own image, and has fellowship with his Creator and is responsible to Him.

God's design for us, His children, is for us to be mirrors of His goodness and love.

We hear so much today about seeking happiness, about happiness coming when we can do "our own thing". True happiness is seeing beauty and goodness in God's world, not just all the beauty of nature, but the beauty in conserving the earth's resources, in the work of the seasons—seedtime, cultivation and harvest. It is seeing beauty in caring, sharing, loving for all God's children, a concern for all the earth's creatures—everything created by a kind and loving Father. Happiness is accepting our own responsibility to appreciate fully all that God has created and, like Him, seeing it as GOOD. It is finding that even out of disappointment, troubles, and grief, if we listen for God's voice to speak to us at such times, we can come to recognize the good which can come from these difficult times in our lives.

When we find ourselves bowed down under a cloud of doubt and fear, a time when the good things of life seem to have left us behind, or when the task the Creator points out to us seems impossible, let us think on these Scriptures to help us find the values:

Scriptures: Isaiah 40:12-14 and 28-29 and 31.

Song: (chorus sung by all) "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands".

Leader:

I look at the world all around me

Knowing, seeing, feeling God's hand
In all that I see.

Oceans, mountains, valleys, and woods,
My brother man, birds of the air—God

made us all,
And I find it good.

Chorus: (all) "Hallelujah! Praise Ye the Lord".

Leader: Lord, You have been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever You had formed the earth and the world, from everlasting to everlasting, You are God.

Chorus: (all) The spiritual "I've Got Peace Like a River", or one with similar message.

Benediction: May the joy and peace of God go with you and comfort you now and forevermore. Amen.

(If this is a late afternoon or evening service, join hands in circle and close with the hymn, "Now the Day Is Over".)

THE SPOKEN WORD

A word may be a simple sound,
But if it's aimless — tossed around
Can wound another's tender heart, or
Tear a loving home apart.

Yet, chosen with the utmost care
A word can lift a deep despair, or
Mend the troubled heart, instead,
It makes a difference how it's said!

—Marjorie A. Lundell

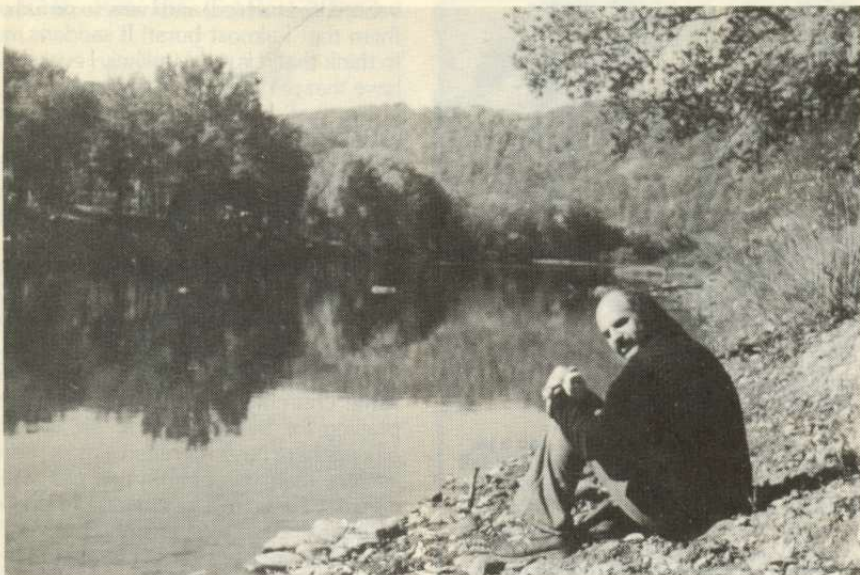
COVER STORY

This photograph of a little boy in cowboy clothes in a setting of lush forest growth reminds me of a scene of perfection out of Disneyland. (If you've ever been to that world of make-believe, you know that it has settings which include wilderness scenes as well as one depicting early western lore.) The boy in this picture is Julian Brase, the youngest son of Art and Kristin Brase, and the grandson of Frank and Dorothy Johnson. We are not certain where this snapshot was taken, but we do know that a state park and camping area is located near Chadron, Nebraska, where the Brase family lives, so it is possible that it was taken during a family outing at that location.

We are all hoping that Kristin and her three boys can come back to the boys' grandparents' farm in Iowa sometime in August. This is the time when the boys' Aunt Juliana Lowey and their cousins, James and Katharine Lowey, are planning to come back to Iowa for a vacation. A reunion on the farm would be a delight for them all.

This photograph of Julian was taken by his brother, Andy, who is doing very well with the camera. —Lucile





Every part of our great country abounds in beauty spots. Rich and Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco may live in Arlington, Virginia, but they enjoy getting out of the city whenever possible. Emily snapped this picture of Rich resting in a beautiful, rustic lakeside location.

Beauty on a Hot Summer Day?

by Ruth A. Barnes

On this, a Sunday afternoon—the first Sunday we've been alone in a month of Sundays—I quickly do my dinner dishes and take a walk.

It is the first Sunday in August, and I go to observe the beauties of the season. Some would say, "Beauty in hot August on an Iowa farm?"

"Most assuredly," I answer, "just come with me."

I go through the yard gate and into a nearby pasture. First, there are flowers. I call them that, but actually they are weeds; the colors are brilliant from the palest lavender to the deepest purple. There are also the miniature daisies. I do not know their correct name—no matter—nothing can detract from their intricate design and delicate beauty. The grass crackles under my feet as I go along; it is getting somewhat brown in places because we are in need of rain.

The sky is a bright brilliant blue with fluffy white clouds moving through it. In midsummer the sky is different from the other seasons. I cannot explain it—I am not a scientist—I only know there is a subtle difference in appearance.

I pause beside two wild cherry trees and I see that they are loaded with clusters of cherries. I gaze up through the branches and the ruby-red and black of the ripened and unripened fruit is spectacular against the background of a bright blue sky. I eat a few of the cherries as an unidentified feathered friend scolds me for invading his territory. I leave the fruit to him—they are somewhat bitter in taste and he may have them.

I pause under a huge old cottonwood tree. It has been on this farm as long as we have and who knows how long before that. I close my eyes and just stand and listen to the rustle and whisper of the leaves. The sound is comforting and soothing to my innermost being.

Around the trunk of the tree a wild grapevine has so entwined itself that it looks like it has literally become part of the tree. Its tendrils reach along and around the branches and because a gentle south wind is blowing, the grape leaves puff out like an old-fashioned hoop skirt. As yet the tiny grapes are still green.

Near the cottonwood tree is a pond which originated from a coal-mining operation several years ago. I see the little "flags" blooming all around and casting their reflections into the water. I do not know the botanical name for this flower, for that matter, I don't know their non-biological name either, and they do not resemble real flags. The leaves are bright green and somewhat triangular in shape. They stand tall on their stems and wave back and forth, proud and erect like flags. I am glad the cheerful flowers are growing here.

A lazy bullfrog senses my presence; he disrupts the peaceful scene with a loud "kerplunk" as he dives into the water, creating waves throughout the entire pond.

I walk slowly up the north side of our pasture. Along the fence is a row of Osage orange trees, more commonly called "hedge ball" trees. The branches

are hanging full of fascinating green fruit which will later make food for squirrels and other animals. Later, too, I like to sniff at the rough-skinned balls.

Beneath these trees stand our small group of curious cows. They are all gentle and stand in a line staring at me for I do not come very often. The cattle have nice faces. While they stare, they do not stop swishing the flies from their backs with their tails nor do they stop their constant chewing of their cud.

I have come to the top of an incline—my walk has not been more than a mile in all. I stand quietly surveying the entire panorama of trees, water and sky. I have deep gratitude to my Creator for the serenity and beauty of it all, as well as my heritage of being born and living on an Iowa farm.

Beauty in midsummer in Iowa? You bet your life there is!



HABIT FORMING

For better or for worse, our eating habits are formed early. What we place in front of our young ones will probably dictate what they like to eat the rest of their lives. What better habit to give them than a tasty, fresh salad at the very start of each noon and evening meal?

Of course, if the kids are gone and there's just the two of you left, your eating habits are probably pretty well settled in. But there's one new habit you can form... for better tasting salads every time. Start reaching for **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. Put all three on the table. Try one after another. Mix 'em. You may like one best, but you'll love 'em all.

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

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Even though we have moved to our Stonington, Connecticut, home, I am writing this letter to you from the parsonage in Springfield. My work at the church is not completed until the end of July, and that means that, at this writing, I shall be on the job in Springfield for a few more days. You can well imagine that these are busy days moving things out of my office, disposing of much of my library, and calling each day on as many of our shut-ins and aged as I can manage. I would love to call in every home in the parish, but that is out of the question. Since our church is meeting in union services with another large church in this area during the months of July and August, I do not have to do any preaching. I am glad for I really am too fatigued to preach.

During this month of July I had hoped to be able to spend at least two days a week with Betty and her parents at our new home in Connecticut, but the gasoline crisis has made driving the distance out of the question. I have been down there some, but not as often or as long as I had hoped. However, the days are passing rapidly, and almost by the time you get this letter, I shall be sailing my boat on the blue, blue salt water, and feeding my swans each morning.

You will not believe how many big, white swans we've been feeding in the water in front of our cottage! A few days ago I counted fifty-six within sight of the house. They are lovely—so graceful, so expert in their swimming, and so haughty and proud in their bearing. The first day I fed them, I am sure that they called me some bad names. They did not care for the paper-thin Lebanese bread I threw to them. They much prefer picnic rolls, or at least soft white bread.

Recently, one of our friends saw a big swan drown another swan. The two swans had been arguing for some time, and finally, one of the dissidents caught the other by the neck, pushed its head under the water, and held the head under the water until the swan died. It was a pure and simple case of murder in the first degree! I am glad that I did not see it happen. I hate violence of any kind, and I am too fond of swans to want to see one of them killed.

You will remember that whenever I told a story for the children during our eleven o'clock church service, I always had one or two children climb the stairs up into the high pulpit to "assist" me. Well, my congregation and I were both thrilled when, as their pastor, I told my



Last month we shared with you a picture of the women in Betty Crandall Driftmier's family. This month we have a picture taken on the same day of the men in that family. From left to right are Mr. Julian Crandall (Betty's father), Frederick Driftmier, and Vincent Palo (Frederick's and Betty's son-in-law), holding his little son, Christopher. This photograph was taken on a beautiful July day and all of the men seem very happy with the opportunity to be together.

last story to the children. On that Sunday, I called up into the pulpit my own two grandchildren, Christopher and Isabel Palo. Since Christopher is just two years and a few months old, we were afraid that he might not accept the invitation to be in the pulpit with me, but when I looked down into the congregation and invited the two children to come up, it was Christopher who led his five-year-old sister by the hand. Mary Lea had the children

I chanced to meet a friend downtown
Whose mood this talk inspired:
"It takes me longer to rest these days
Than it used to take to get tired."

"I know just what you mean," I said,
My doleful tale to tell.

"I once felt better when I was sick
Than I do now when I'm well."

VACATION TIME

What is that in the distance,
Those rows of beautiful lights?
Why, that must be the city
Where we're going to see the sights.

Rolling down the highway —
Vacation bound at last!
We've counted the days and hours,
Now time will go too fast.

We'll eat in fancy restaurants,
And take in a movie or two,
Museums and shopping centers,
And maybe even the zoo!

Then when our vacation is over,
We'll wonder — why did we roam?
For the prettiest sight of all
Is our own front yard — and HOME!
—Roxie I. Mowry

beautifully dressed, and I was so proud of them that I almost burst! It saddens me to think that it is most unlikely I ever shall have that particular privilege again. Oh, I know that I shall be invited back to preach to our people after I have retired, but it is doubtful if the grandchildren from Maine could be there when I am there. It is quite a long trip for them to make.

One of the many things which gives me confidence in leaving this wonderful church, a church that has been my pride and joy for the past twenty-four years, is the quality of the lay leadership. While some churches are always hoping and praying for better leaders, the church officers here have recruited almost more leaders than this church can use. This very day I went to a meeting of our Board of Deaconesses, and never have I experienced a finer meeting conducted by anyone. Our deaconesses do so much for the church in addition to calling on the sick and the infirm. We have twenty-four active deaconesses, and several on the inactive list, and as I listened to the individual reports on the various ways each serves the church, I realized again what all the members of this church do for the community.

One of the business matters to come before the Board of Deaconesses at its last meeting had to do with the participation of the deaconesses in our service of public worship. Several of our church members requested that the deaconesses participate in taking up the morning offering, and, on Communion Sunday, to assist the deacons in their functions. When the deaconesses were asked their opinion, they voted unanimously not to participate. Had Betty been present for that meeting, she would have voted to disapprove the request. While we approve of giving women a bigger place in the life of the church, we do draw the line on some things. The voting women of our organization agree on this. The deaconesses already have a list of twenty or more church responsibilities which the men simply could not do as well. There is no question about it: the women of the church are its greatest strength.

The gasoline crisis being what it is, I doubt if many of you will be coming to New England this year, but if you do get out here, please give us a call. You could never find our little country lane without specific telephone directions from us. We are very near the famous Mystic Marine Museum, and we are only twenty miles east of the big submarine base at New London, Connecticut, two of the biggest tourist attractions on the east coast. Please remember us in your prayers as we remember you in our prayers.

Sincerely,

Frederick

EVERYBODY NEEDS A PORCH

by
Leta Fulmer

Slowing the car to a crawl, I frowned at my shabby front porch with its rotting floor. It looked simply awful! In contrast to the rest of the house with its new paint job, it seemed an ailing appendage just waiting for merciful amputation. If the contractor didn't get that cement floor in soon, I'd feel like ripping the porch floor apart myself.

Plopping the groceries on the counter, I lit the fire under the coffeepot. Suddenly our dog, Pickles, gave out with her hysterical warning bark—and I pushed back the drapes. A blue pickup braked to a stop. Like a swarm of locusts, men poured out. With a quick "Howdy," they told me that their big job across town was at a standstill. My porch would be a fill-in chore while they waited.

Sensing the workers wouldn't appreciate my kibitzing, I returned to the house. Pickles and I watched through the window. Crowbars pried at rotted wood; claw hammers yanked out nails; chisels scraped crumbling concrete from the tops of sturdy block foundations. Heavy beams pushed up and straightened the sagging roof. Suddenly, my old porch floor was nothing more than a jumble of splintered boards piled by the big pine tree.

The sound of guffaws and loud chuckles drew me to investigate more closely. Ten snowy geese had stopped short in their morning patrol to gape and gawk at the intruders. The men grinned, pointed, then continued their task of building a frame to hold the freshly poured cement in place. The geese, sensing no imminent danger, adjusted their feathers and squatted down in a semicircle. Quietly they watched the work, golden eyes alert to every move. As though in unspoken agreement, they arose, formed their customary conga line and continued their interrupted march to the feeder.

Now assorted feathered creatures moved in close to the porch to discuss and inspect. The big tom turkeys rounded the corner, dragging rustling wing feathers, strutting like belligerent fan dancers. They turned and twisted, gobbling hysterically as the workmen banged and jagged lumber into piles. Swiftly running hens rushed to join the group. Hopping over the foundation, they lit with scratching feet—singing a song of thanksgiving for the smorgasbord of bugs and worms before them. The colorful Muscovy ducks kept their distance, wagging broad tails and waving craning necks. But the white ducks came close. Resting orange bills on the cement blocks, they tiptoed in vain—those duck legs were just too short!

As quickly as they had arrived, the



Various kinds of porches are built and enjoyed by different homeowners. The porch on Frederick and Betty Driftmier's new home is in the form of a redwood deck. Providing a view of woods and grass and a nearby river, the porch will be a delightful place for them to sit and relax. This is a back view of the Driftmier retirement home. We showed you the front of the house in the June 1979 issue.

men departed. In the following days, each feathered creature on the place excavated, dug, and investigated every inch of a gaping hole where my porch floor once had been—singing, quacking, clucking, gobbling with infinite glee over this new-found glory hole.

A few days later the men returned, upending the rear of a truck and dislodged a huge load of gravel at the edge of the driveway. The empty pit was quickly filled. False flooring was put in, then thick tar paper and winding steel rods—and then the men were gone again.

Back and forth the men swung, like yoyos on a string, from job to job! In a body, the poultry population moved in again, finding fault with this, gossiping about that. As I watched them taking over with the air of ownership inspection, a sudden fear jabbed me with a tug of uneasiness! Just what would happen when the concrete was poured? No way could these winged creatures be confined. My porch floor could very easily resemble an ancient Egyptian monument with hieroglyphics indelibly scratched on its surface!

The guard hairs on Pickles' neck stood straight and stiff. A growl rumbled in her throat as the revolving cone on the rear of a cement truck crawled nearer and nearer to the porch area. A thick, grey mass glopped out through the opening. Quickly, the men pushed, shoved and rearranged. Bud, one of the workmen, stayed behind when the others leaped into the truck for the cross-town job. Carefully, he smoothed the fresh cement, working out bubbles, forcing the corners full.

Later, I watched as Bud relaxed on a tree stump, lit a cigaret. The nosy birds had scattered with the arrival of the big vehicle. Now they cautiously ventured back. One top-knotted hen eyed the man suspiciously. When he remained motionless, she hurdled over the barrier, smack into the middle of the smooth concrete. Surprised at her slippery footing, she screamed one high falsetto note, then stepping high, left a string of weaving

tracks behind her. Her vocalizing yanked Bud alert. He came off the stump with flailing arms and an angry yell. The hen skedaddled as Bud mumbled uncomplicated words under his breath. I ventured out, red-faced and embarrassed, bearing a glass of iced tea as a peace offering.

"I don't know how to corral them. I know they're going to give you a hard time. Is there any way I can help?"

"Don't worry," he laughed, his eyes twinkling in amusement, "I'll keep them shooed away. I don't have a thing to do but wet this down and occasionally smooth it over. By the time I leave, the cement should be pretty solid. When I leave, you can take over guard duty."

The afternoon wore on until time for Bud to go. "Well now, I think everything's O.K." Bud said with a grin. "Just a little more time, and the fresh cement won't hold a footprint. Don't think you'll have any trouble."

I perched on the stump, balancing an old cane fishing pole across my knees. The evening was quiet, serene. My knot-hole supervisors must have found some more interesting diversion. Casually I watched the barn swallows swooping across the rooftops. Then—"Gobble, gobble, gobble"—*Monster* skittered around the corner in strutting splendor, followed by three other gobblers in quick pursuit. As though on signal, it was riot time. The honking geese paraded in, humpbacked guineas screeched as they hopped, skipped and jumped across the yard, cackling hens and loud-mouthed roosters came on the run. With the fanatical fervor of a mob, they arrived in a surging group! My screaming shout of desperation brought my husband, Jimmie, hurrying to help me fend off the attacks. Suddenly a thought struck me.

In short order I was back, dragging a king-size roll of wide freezer paper. Believe it or not, I practically gift-wrapped that entire front porch, securing the paper to the posts with masking tape! Jimmie went to the

(Continued on page 18)



The Bel-Horst Inn

by
Shirley E. Jipp

Under the unique wooden sign *Bel-Horst Inn* hangs a heavy iron bell, and beneath the bell is an iron horse such as those used to adorn barn roofs. Opposite the sign is a half-block long red brick building. This is the Bel-Horst Hotel of Belgrade, Nebraska, located approximately 45 miles west of Columbus.

The hotel (originally known as the Andrews Building) was built in 1907 and once housed a bank, restaurant, doctor's office and hardware store. For its time, the hotel was quite elegant and business prospered as the community of Belgrade grew to a thriving metropolis of 800. It catered to cattlemen, railroad men and local trade. Twenty-two sleeping rooms accommodated the travelers and a centrally located bath was shared by all.

With the depression and stock market crash of the thirties, the little town of Belgrade declined, and businesses were forced to close. Soon the entire Andrews Building was vacant and remained so for forty years.

In 1973, two brothers who had lived in rural Belgrade as boys decided to restore the neglected hotel to its original luster. Richard and Donald Horst began a painstaking renovation of the old building. Restoration was undertaken with special care to preserve the original 1900 era decor. Three years later, the hotel and gourmet restaurant reopened with a new name. "Bel" signifies the community of Belgrade; "Horst" obviously is the last name of the owners.

A small antique bell fastened to the door handle announces any arrivals. In the lobby, dining rooms and hallways hang over 100 pictures of early Belgrade residents and street scenes. Just inside the lobby, an old church pew has been placed along the east wall for the convenience of waiting guests. Several feet beyond, a red-carpeted staircase leads to the bedrooms.

Fourteen differently decorated bedrooms, each modernized with bath facilities and air conditioning, fill the entire second floor. The rooms are furnished with antique wooden and brass furniture and all of the bedspreads are old-time pieced quilts. Old-fashioned lace curtains (the pattern very similar to those used in the original restaurant) adorn the windows. Kerosene lanterns, which have been converted to electricity,

are placed at different intervals along the walls of the hallways.

Besides the lobby on the lower floor, there is a large dining room, a private party room, a lounge and a kitchen. The main dining room has a lovely scroll and flowered patterned red carpet with the look of rich tapestry which sets off the brass chandeliers and flowered glass fixtures. (These candelabra were rescued from the city of San Francisco as they were about to be thrown away.) Oak tables and chairs seat up to 80 persons.

In one of the double-bay windows of the dining room is placed a black and red replica of a 1903 Oldsmobile. A miniature threshing machine which actually runs is located in the opposite window. Against the wall near the entrance of this room, a large grandfather clock with wooden bell motif bongs out the hours in musical chimes. Dinner music is sometimes provided by a musician playing an upright piano or a local talent filling the dining room with banjo music.

There are other period items throughout the hotel which give it an authentic turn-of-the-century look. These include an antique lavatory in the communal upstairs bathroom, a wall telephone, old trunks, an old-time popcorn machine still in use, and a Victrola. An old-fashioned bathtub filled with ice serves as a unique salad bar. In the party room, a cream separator doubles as a punch bowl.

My husband and I became acquainted with this hotel over two years ago when he was working on a construction job in a little town near the Belgrade area. We visited it several times, enjoyed the excellent cuisine and spent a night in one of the charming rooms. Our bed was of polished brass, its origin unknown.

The managers of the Bel-Horst Inn are Warren Johnson and Grace Jackson of Omaha. Warren doubles as cook and business manager for the Horsts. Grace is co-manager, hostess and tour guide. A petite woman, she expertly leads each visitor through the different rooms and bubbles over with enthusiasm as she tells story after story of nostalgic days pertaining to the hotel. The following are two of her favorites:

During the years the hotel was vacant, it was a natural location for Halloween fun for the youngsters of Belgrade and surrounding towns. Plenty of broken windows, cobwebs and no lights made it a perfect setting for ghosts and goblins. One year a coffin was found and brought to the hotel. A local boy covered himself with Vaseline and flour, then climbed inside. Each time someone approached, he lifted the lid and the "body" came to a sitting position. Shrieks of horror and delight rang throughout the entire building.

During the 1930's, gangsters from Chicago often hid from their own gangs



This is Hannah Tilsen, Betty Jane's youngest child, on the day she graduated from Iowa Western Community College in Clarinda. Now she is working in Tucson, Arizona. Hannah lived with Lucile and Betty Jane during the past year and now the house seems very empty without her.

or the law, and the small town of Belgrade was an excellent spot for such secrecy. At one time, rumors persisted around town that two such men were in the hotel. Upon hearing this, two young ladies decided to find out for themselves if it was true. They crept up the back fire escape, stepping into the main hall and presto! there appeared before them two burly men. Never did two people exit as fast as those girls did on that Sunday afternoon. Years later they returned to the scene, still remembering their experience, but this time with laughter replacing the fears they had once encountered.

Grace Jackson's stories, plus her lively interest and devotion, help to attract many visitors. Hunters congregate at the Bel-Horst in the fall and the hotel often serves as a convention center during spring and summer months.

When the Bel-Horst first opened, rumors persisted that it would soon fold because Belgrade is so far from the mainstream of larger towns and communities, but the rustic appeal and enchanting decor of the hotel continue to attract area residents as well as a constant stream of tourists from long distances. The little village of Belgrade, present population of 210, nestles in the lovely green Cedar Valley among the rolling hills of Nebraska prairie, boasting one of the finest inns in the state of Nebraska.



GRATEFUL SONG

For all the trials and tears of time —
For every hill I have to climb,
My heart sings but a grateful song;
These are the things that make me
strong. —Unknown

MISSOURI RIVER BREAKS

(Adapted from Bob Birkby's
Journal)

The upper Missouri River flows through awesomely carved and tortured country which was fittingly the last land to be traversed and settled by white men.

The Montana plains appeared fairly smooth as my two brothers, my father and mother and I drove toward Coal Bank's Landing north of Ft. Benton. We drove some 30 miles in an expanse of emptiness where no river could be seen. Imperceptibly at first, and then more markedly, the great trench the water had dug for itself began to make itself visible. And then, finally, as we stood on the edge and looked down, down those ravines and cliffs and off the vertical sides of bluffs and rock walls, we could see the river moving brown and heavy, winding north and then east and then south and east again before turning southeast for the long, dropping run into the Mississippi.

We drove down to the place where we could put the canoes into the river. Canned peaches and tuna gave us sustenance as we began lashing the waterproof bags filled with our gear into the two canoes. With Evelyn (the mother) taking pictures of our efforts, we finally embarked, Jeff and I in one canoe, Robert (the father) and Craig in the other. Robert and Craig paddled diligently as Jeff and I tended to float in the current and dropped a half mile or so behind. We soon reached a bend in the river, and, as we swept around it, left Mother, the car and all symbols of civilization behind.

The first day progressed quietly, pleasantly and with great moments of relaxation until clouds rolled in overhead. We knew it was time to beach our canoes before the winds arrived to whip the water into dangerous waves. We hauled out the necessary equipment for the night, tipped our canoes over the remainder of our belongings, tied everything down and quickly erected our two tents. The rain began during our last heavy-laden rush to shelter.

Supper was comfortable in an old rough-hewn cabin of which three walls and a roof remained. A man and his horse had lived there, so the appearance was not the best, but it did provide shelter from the rain and Craig had cleared a portion of the floor before cooking up stew, potatoes, chocolate pudding and tea.

Along the river we saw the remains of a number of cabins where souls far heartier than ours laid claim to pieces of land so distant from what was considered civilization as to baffle the mind even now when a town is within a few days travel of those stakes. There are houses and fences, now in shambles,

and the dusty ruts of roads once traveled by horses and wagons. We stopped, later, at one cabin which was papered with pages out of 1928 copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

After supper the rain stopped, so we skipped rocks and could send them 40 yards and 23 bounces over the water. Behind the camp were high sandstone formations. Lewis says in his journal that they look like the ruins of ancient buildings, which is a good description. Jeff, Craig and I climbed up to the top and could see far across the green plain to the Little Snowy Mountains.

The evening was magnificently clear and we sat where Lewis and Clark sat, looked out at the same wide expanse of the Missouri, heard the same kind of birds and felt some of the same emotions.

Sitting alongside a river in the evening is far different than sitting around a campfire. A fire generates conversation. It draws the imagination out with the shapes of the smoke and the ash and the flame. It encourages sharing with the simple geometry of the seating arrangement.

A river does not do that. For one thing, people cannot sit in a circle around a river. They must arrange themselves in some sort of a line, and immediately there is an isolation one from another. True, the river is constantly changing shapes, but it is a lulling vision, not one creating thought. A watcher of fires finds himself dreaming of what is to come. A watcher of rivers drifts into the past.

After a fine night's sleep and a good breakfast, we were into our canoes and back on the river. About five miles downstream we came to the famous Hole-in-the-Wall landmark. High rock cliffs set back from the river lined the valley. Occasionally, rock towers and

pillars hung out over the water. We moved on, stopping at Judith Landing for a visit with the man who runs the lonely ferry, rode back and forth across the river with him, and then continued on our way.

Around 6 o'clock we pulled onto a mud-caked island and set up camp under some cottonwood trees. After a quick supper we were ready to crawl into our tents and a good night's sleep.

The following morning, the spirit of travel was upon us. We had a huge breakfast and moved out. Unexpectedly, we ran into a quick succession of rapids with waves a couple of feet high which came up over the bow of the canoes. It provided a lot of good tossing and splashing.

We passed Slaughter River, named by Lewis and Clark because this was the area where the Indians stampeded the buffalo over the steep cliffs to crumple helplessly a hundred feet straight down. Since the Indians used the buffalo in many ways for their existence, the name "Slaughter" seems unduly harsh.

The third night, we camped beneath the cottonwoods on Cow Island a mile upstream from the place where Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce tribe crossed the Missouri in their attempted flight into Canada. A heavy storm pounded all around. It lighteninged, it thundered, it rained, it blew. Then the whole cycle repeated itself. All through the early part of the storm, Craig sat in his tent and played the harmonica. Sometime in the night I went down to the river to assure myself that the canoes hadn't blown into the water and drifted away. It was that kind of night.

In the morning the river was muddy with the runoff from the storm. The
(Continued on page 17)



The rugged, twisting, wild and scenic section of the Missouri River in northern Montana has come to be called the Missouri River Breaks. It was through this section of the wilderness that the men of the Birkby family canoed last year. Bob generously agreed to our sharing portions of the journal he kept during that trip. Jeff took this photograph of his father, Robert, and brothers, Bob and Craig, as they were readying the canoes for an early-morning launching. —Evelyn



A SIT-DOWN AND COOL-OFF PARTY

(For Hot August Days)

by
Virginia Thomas

When entertaining in August, invite the guests to wear casual sportswear to come for a "sit-in", then plan easy sit-down entertainment. Have plenty of iced tea, lemonade, or punch at hand. Make refreshment time easy by offering dishes of ice cream and a tray of assorted toppings so each guest can make up his own special sundae.

ENTERTAINMENT

Guess-it Time: On a tray or small table, have several guessing contests for the guests to try their wits: 1. On a sheet of paper fasten a collection of leaves from various trees found in the neighborhood; number each leaf. Guests take paper and pencil and try to identify the leaves. 2. On another sheet of paper (or use cardboard) mount the blossoms of several kinds of flowers from your yard; number each flower. Guests identify the flowers. 3. Fill a small jar with watermelon seeds and each one guesses how many there are. 4. Fill small pill bottles with different spices—sugar, flour, salt, powdered sugar, and other kitchen items, and see how many can be identified just by appearance.

Detective Clues: Have the articles listed placed about the room or patio before guests arrive. As each guest arrives, give each a pencil and paper on which the clues are listed. Guests can walk about the room or sit and look to find the object to go with the clue and then write down what it is by the proper clue. Each person works alone and cannot help another find the clues.

CLUES

1. A drive through the woods.
2. Family's favorite posy.
3. Our native land.
4. A swimming match.
5. Caused the Boston Tea Party.
6. Kids at ease.
7. A friend in need, a friend indeed.
8. Favorite age for the teens.
9. Tired traveler.
10. The ruins of China.
11. Hidden tears.
12. The four seasons.

THINGS TO DISPLAY

1. Nail driven through wood.
2. Small bottle of flour.
3. Some dirt in small container.
4. Two matches in a dish of water.

5. Place some tea leaves in a bottle with some tacks on top (tax on tea).
6. Pair of kid gloves.
7. Safety pin.
8. 16 pieces of candy in dish (sweet sixteen).
9. A worn shoe.
10. Pieces of a broken dish.
11. Onion.
12. Cinnamon, pepper, allspice and cloves in a small dish.

The Fashion Show: Before the party, the hostess prepares an old housedress by fastening to it fifteen or twenty articles often used around the house such as: potholder, grater, measuring spoon, tea bag, washcloth, fly swatter, memo pad, pot scratcher, pencil, envelope of yeast, etc. For the party fun, the leader passes out pencil and paper and announces that (name) will put on a one-woman fashion show. The person wearing the dress comes out and makes several circles about room and then leaves. After the model has gone, guests try to list the items which were fastened to the dress.

Mother Goose Modernized: Have written on separate pieces of paper the first lines of different nursery rhymes. Couples can work together if desired. One paper might read: "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her, Put her in a pumpkin shell . . ." The person who draws this verse then writes down a modern-day ending. It might then read, "And there she took up shell crafting." After each has written his modern ending, each one reads the completed rhyme and a prize is given to the best one.

Which dog?

1. Is best in the sports field? (Boxer)
2. Which one might be found in church? (St. Bernard)
3. Which one wouldn't you want to see at night? (Terror — terrier)
4. Which one would you get very tired of having around? (Hound)
5. Which one would find dog days most unbearable? (Eskimo)
6. Which one would the Bible say we could trust? (Shepherd)
7. Which one could take people to court? (Police)
8. Which one can be found in the army? (Chow)

✱ ✱ ✱



SEWING TIPS

by Roberta Kalen Price

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." "A stitch in time save nine." These old maxims have led to some innovations in my sewing through the years. Hopefully, you can profit by my experience.

Buy the best fabric you can afford. It's foolish to put time and effort into sewing on poor material that will not give good service. This is especially true for children's clothes and any garment that will be worn for active work or play.

You have no doubt learned how strong the 100% polyester thread is—the fabric will wear out before the thread does! Are you aware that this durability actually makes the thread very hard on your sewing machine? Therefore, it is safer to sew with cotton-covered polyester thread. The roughness of polyester thread makes it difficult to pull up gathers. My solution for this problem is to use up odds and ends of cotton mercerized thread from previous sewing. Since it will be pulled out and discarded after the gathers are stitched, the color is not important.

Take good care of your sewing machine and other sewing equipment. Cover the machine when it is not in use to keep out dust. Clean and oil the machine so it runs smoothly. The frequency for this job depends on how much sewing you do. When you take your machine in to be serviced, spend time with the man to learn as much as you can about what can be done to keep your machine running well. Some tips I've learned are: leaving the presser foot down when the machine is not in use removes tension from the spring and it will last much longer; often an accumulation of lint under the needle, just above the bobbin case, will cause the machine to "thump" ominously; a dull needle will cause puckers, especially in some of the newer man-made fabrics.

Most patterns call for more fabric than is actually needed, particularly when using the 45" or 60" widths, which can often be cut to better advantage. By laying out the pattern (a cutting board is useful for this) you can calculate the amount of fabric to buy. Experiment with different layouts—you can often save some money this way.

Be sure to pre-shrink washable materials before cutting and sewing. Use whatever drying method will be used for the garment—drip-dry, line dry, or dryer—so maximum shrinkage will occur. Pre-shrink zippers, also.



PAUL SENDS A MESSAGE FROM FLORIDA

Dear Friends:

As anyone of my immediate family can tell you, I am a master of procrastination, so it follows that I write this letter during my lunch hour at work on the day before the deadline. Pen, don't fail me now!

Since my last letter to you, my entire situation has changed greatly. Let's see, to the best of my recollection, I reported that I was working at Disney, in debt up to my ears and just basically depressed. Although I'm not exactly rolling in greenbacks right now, at least I don't owe anyone anything.

Shortly after my last letter, March to be exact, some friends of mine from Marquette University came down to visit. I took a two-week vacation from the monorail system during which time I launched a campaign to find some form of income to supplement what I was getting at Disney World. To my delight, I quickly landed another job which promised to pay more than twice what I had been earning, the only stipulation being that I would have to leave Disney in order to take it. Not being one to pass up a chance like that, I dropped Disney like a hot potato. Mistake number one!

I was soon to discover that I had definitely counted my chickens before they were hatched. When I went to take my position at the new job, I was informed that they were unable to hire me after all due to some corporate crossed wires. Rude awakening time!

For the next two weeks, I was frantically engaged in job hunting. During this period of unemployment, my already bruised ego followed my credit rating and my bankbook in a graceful downward plunge. I had a lot of time on my hands to re-think my life, my present situation and my possible courses of action. I decided that drastic problems called for drastic measures, so I moved out of my apartment, managed to land a job at a local car dealership, and called all my creditors to explain my situation.

To make a long story short, in the last three months I have paid all my debts and am now living with two of my best friends—Tom and Gary. We've worked out a very compatible living arrangement. Best of all, my name isn't on any dotted lines saying I owe money to anyone. I must admit that I am proud of myself for getting out of my hole. The experiences I've gained and lessons I've learned are indispensable.

My mother has written you that I've



Aaron Brase, Dorothy Johnson's grandson, is the second son of Kristin and Art Brase. When Dorothy visited their home in Chadron, she much enjoyed hearing all about Aaron's athletic activities. At the age of eleven, Aaron fills his summer with a mixture of work and play.

been tinkering a lot with my car, which, although an understatement, is true. Now that the money I receive in my paycheck is all mine, I'm constantly finding new things to do to that car which is, without a doubt, my pride and joy. It is a 1970 Firebird painted a very pretty shade of red, very agile and VERRRY fast. According to what I've read and what my insurance agent tells me, this model is appreciating in value every day—something I don't see too much of lately. So, if I can keep my Firebird looking nice and keep it from tangling with any vans or semitrailers, the car should prove a

valuable investment.

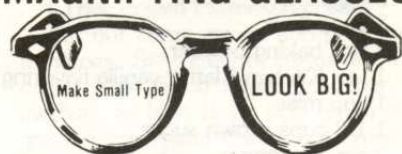
Is anyone out there interested in my social life? I hope so because you'll hear it anyway. With three wild and crazy bachelors living in a two-bedroom apartment, you would think it'd be outrageously exciting. Not so! Until two weeks ago, I had neither the funds nor the ambition for romance. Things are changing now that I have money. A week ago I met a lovely girl named Libby and I've been taking her out ever since. I certainly hope our friendship continues. Time will tell.

The rains have started in Florida and hurricane season is upon us. Starting this year, not only will there be "hericanes", there will also be "himicanes"! Every other storm will receive a male name. Strike one up for the men!

Well, my lunch hour is over and I have run out of things to write about, so 'til next time,

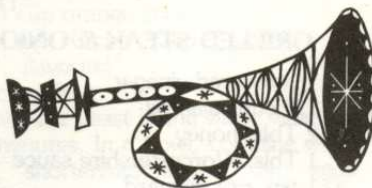
Sincerely,
Paul Driftmier

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JUST A NOTE

**To remind you to listen to the
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each weekday on the following stations:**

**KVSH
WJAG
KHAS
KWBG
KWPC
KCOB
KMA
KSMN
KLIK
KWOA
KOAM**

Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.



VERLENE'S WONDERFUL COFFEE CAKE

- 1 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup melted margarine

Cream the 1 cup margarine, butter flavoring, sugar and salt. Beat in the eggs. Combine the flour and baking powder. Add to batter alternately with the vanilla flavoring and milk which have been combined. Mix well. Pour half the batter into a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan.

Combine the brown sugar and cinnamon and put half on top of the batter in pan. Spread on the rest of the batter and top with remaining brown sugar mixture. Drizzle the melted margarine over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

NOTE: The batter is stiff. When putting on the top layer of batter, it may be easier to drop by tablespoons and then gently spread evenly.

OKLAHOMA DILL PICKLES

- Dill
- Fresh cucumbers
- Garlic cloves
- Alum
- 4 cups white vinegar
- 8 cups water
- 3/4 cup pickling salt

Into each jar put a sprig of dill, fresh cucumbers to fill, one clove of garlic and a pinch of alum (1/8 tsp.). Heat vinegar, water and salt to boiling. Pour over cucumbers and let stand 5 minutes. Pour vinegar mixture off cucumbers and back into cooking kettle. Bring to boil. Pour boiling hot over contents of jars and seal. Do not use for a week or more to let pickles season.

—Evelyn

CARROT-BLACK WALNUT COOKY

(A blender recipe)

- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 2-layer size yellow cake mix
- 1 cup shredded carrots
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts

Put lemon juice, water, flavorings, shortening and egg in blender. Blend until well combined. In large bowl, put the cake mix. Pour blended mixture over cake mix and beat. Add the carrots, nutmeg and nuts. Stir well. Drop by teaspoonfuls unto greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

—Dorothy

GRILLED STEAK & ONIONS

- 1/3 cup red vinegar
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 2 Tbls. honey
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. oregano leaves
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 3 green onions, finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, finely minced
- 1 3-lb. top round steak, cut 2 inches thick
- 8 small whole onions

Combine the vinegar, oil, honey, Worcestershire sauce, dry mustard, oregano, pepper and green onions. Pour into large plastic bag. Add the steak and whole onions. Tie securely. Chill 8 to 24 hours. Turn bag occasionally. When ready to cook, take out the steak and whole onions. Place on greased grill about 4 to 6 inches above hot coals. Arrange whole onions around steak. Turn over every five minutes. Brush with remaining marinade. Cook to desired doneness. To serve, cut meat across grain.

—Betty Jane

LEMON-BLUEBERRY SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. black cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 can blueberry pie filling
- 1/3 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows

Dissolve the two packages of gelatin in the boiling water. Add the cold water, lemon juice and flavoring. Gradually stir in pie filling. Pour into 8-inch square pan. Chill until firm. Fold powdered sugar into sour cream. Add marshmallows and spread over firm first layer. Chill.

—Dorothy

CANNED TOMATO COCKTAIL

- 6 quarts prepared fresh tomato juice
- 1/4 cup white corn syrup or sugar
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. onion salt
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- Salt to taste

Combine all ingredients and bring to a boil. Pour into sterilized jars. Process as for tomato juice.

—Evelyn

QUICK MILK SHAKE

- 3 tsp. dry gelatin
- 1 cup cold milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring (of your choice)
- 1 scoop ice cream

Combine all ingredients. Beat well. Enjoy! A simple, quick drink which can be made with any flavor of gelatin and any of the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings which can blend and enhance the taste of the gelatin and ice cream. Can be made low calorie by using skimmed milk and ice milk in place of the ice cream.

—Evelyn

SPECIAL EGGPLANT

- 1 medium-size eggplant, sliced 1/2-inch thick (do not peel)
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

In a 9- by 13-inch glass baking dish, arrange eggplant slices. Drizzle with half of the dressing and cover with onion slices. Let set one hour. Drain off any dressing and reserve. Put in 400-degree oven for 15 minutes. In a saucepan, heat remaining dressing including any that was drained off. Stir in flour, salt and milk. Add cheese and stir until melted. Pour over eggplant and bake 10 minutes longer.

—Dorothy

CHICKEN LIVERS, NOODLES & CORN

- 4 sliced bacon, diced
- 1 large onion, sliced thin
- 1 lb. chicken livers, halved
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 2 cups medium egg noodles
- 1 8-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained

Brown bacon in large skillet. Remove bacon and set aside. Drain off all fat except two tablespoons. Saute onion in skillet. Put flour and seasonings in bag. Add livers and shake to coat. Brown livers in the skillet. Pour in the broth and bring to boiling. Add the noodles and corn. Simmer until noodles are tender—about 15 minutes. Turn out into serving dish and top with crumbled bacon.

—Dorothy

SHRIMP SALAD

- 2 cups cooked shell macaroni, cooled
- 1 can shrimp, cleaned and drained
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/3 cup chopped cucumber
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1/2 cup salad dressing

Toss together and chill for two hours before serving.

—Donna Nenneman

PEACH UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

- 5 Tbls. oil
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 large fresh peaches, each cut into 8 wedges (or 1 16-oz. can sliced peaches, drained)
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans
- 2 egg whites
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Pour 2 Tbls. of the oil into 9-inch round cake pan. Coat sides and bottom of pan. Combine brown sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle over bottom. Arrange peach slices in petal design in pan. Sprinkle chopped pecans over peaches. In medium-size bowl, beat egg whites. Gradually beat in 1/4 cup of the granulated sugar, beating until stiff. Sift remaining sugar with remaining dry ingredients in another bowl. Add remaining oil, buttermilk and flavorings. Beat until smooth. Fold in egg white mixture and pour over peaches in pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35-40 minutes. Turn out of pan while still warm. Serve with whipped cream or topping if desired.

—Betty Jane



This is a quick and easy way to decorate a cake for a little girl's birthday. Purchase an inexpensive tiny tea set and a package of ready-to-use birthday decorations. Bake the girl's favorite cake. Ice it. Place the tea set on top for a special gift to her along with the "Happy Birthday" decorations.

—Joan Hosman

QUICK COOKED ZUCCHINI

- 2 green onions, chopped fine
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 3 or 4 zucchini, coarsely grated

Saute onion in butter until transparent. Add zucchini. Continue cooking over low heat, stirring constantly, about 5 minutes, or until zucchini is tender and flavors blended. Serve hot.

ORANGE ROLLS

- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 3/4 cup warm milk
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 5 cups flour

Soak the yeast in the warm water for five minutes. In a bowl, combine warm milk, shortening, sugar, salt, eggs, orange juice and orange flavoring. Mix well. Add the yeast mixture with 2 cups of the flour. Mix two minutes, then add the remaining 3 cups flour. Let rise (about two hours). Roll out on a floured surface. Roll out to a 14-inch rectangle. Spread with the following filling:

Filling

- 3 Tbls. soft butter
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar
- Chopped pecans (optional)

Mix the above ingredients. Spread on dough. Sprinkle with pecans if desired. Roll up dough in a jelly-roll fashion. Cut into 1-inch slices and place in a greased 9-by 13-inch pan. Let rise until double in size—about two hours. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

—Verlene Looker

BAKED PORK PATTIES

- 3 cups thinly sliced potatoes
- 1/3 cup finely chopped onion
- 6 pork patties (made from lean, unseasoned, ground pork)

Salt and pepper to taste

1 can cream of tomato soup

In casserole, layer potatoes and onion. Place meat patties on top. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour soup over all. Bake at 400 degrees for about 45 minutes or until done.

—Dorothy

ZUCCHINI-STUFFED TOMATOES

- 6 medium-size tomatoes, peeled if preferred

- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 small green pepper, seeded and chopped

- 1 lb. zucchini, finely chopped
- 1 clove garlic, pressed or minced
- 3/4 tsp. oregano
- 3/4 tsp. basil
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 4 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Cut out cores, seeds and pulp from tomatoes. Set tomatoes upside down to drain. Heat oil in large frying pan at medium to high heat. Add onion and green pepper and cook until onion is transparent. Stir in zucchini, garlic and seasonings. Cook about five minutes, stirring often. Stir in eggs and 2 Tbls. of the Parmesan cheese. Spoon evenly into tomatoes and sprinkle tops with remaining cheese. Bake about 15 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Betty Jane

PINEAPPLE PIE

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 8 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans

Combine sugar and cornstarch in saucepan; gradually add pineapple. Cook, stirring constantly, until clear and thickened. Cool; spread on bottom of pastry shell.

Combine softened cream cheese, sugar and salt, mixing until well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition. Blend in milk and flavorings. Pour over pineapple mixture; sprinkle with nuts. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to 325 degrees and continue baking for 40 minutes. Cool.

—Lucile

DOROTHEA'S NOODLES

12 egg yolks
2 whole eggs
1 tsp. salt
Flour

Mix egg yolks, eggs and salt together until well blended. Gradually add flour, a small amount at a time, until very stiff dough results. Divide into four portions. On a lightly floured breadboard, roll out each portion until as thin as possible. Sprinkle lightly with flour and roll up like

a jelly roll. (Each section can be cut in half, and folded into fourths for easier handling if desired.) Slice into strips as thin as possible. Shake to separate and spread out. Cover with a clean tea towel and leave several hours, all day or even overnight to dry. Place in plastic bags in sized portions desired and freeze. When ready to use, drop noodles into meat broth, boil until tender.

—Dorothy

MOCK CHEESE SOUFFLE

5 slices white bread, crusts removed and buttered on both sides
3/4 lb. sharp Cheddar cheese, coarsely grated
2 cups milk
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. salt
Dash of cayenne pepper
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
4 eggs, beaten

Alternate layers of bread and cheese in a greased medium-size baking dish. Combine milk, dry mustard, salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Add to beaten eggs. Mix and pour over cheese and bread. Let stand several hours or overnight. (It can stand as long as four days in refrigerator.) Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees.

This is similar to cheese souffle but does not need to be served immediately. Excitingly enough, it is better warmed up. Wonderful for a brunch.

—Robin Justiz

CHOCOLATE DROPS

1/2 cup softened margarine
1 cup sugar
1 egg
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup raisins
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cream margarine. Beat in sugar, egg, chocolate, milk and flavorings. Sift flour with soda, baking powder and salt. Add to batter mixture and fold in raisins and nuts. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cooky sheets. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 minutes. Frost with the following:

3 Tbls. butter
1 cup powdered sugar, sifted
2 Tbls. cocoa
1 1/2 Tbls. cold coffee
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine and mix until well blended.

—Juliana

MACADAMIA NUT CAKE

5 cups home-candied pineapple (recipe follows)
1 1/2 cups salted macadamia nuts, coarsely chopped
1 cup flaked coconut, chopped
2 cups flour, sifted
3/4 cup butter or margarine, room temperature
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
5 large eggs
2 Tbls. milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Line three loaf pans with waxed paper. Preheat oven to 300 degrees.

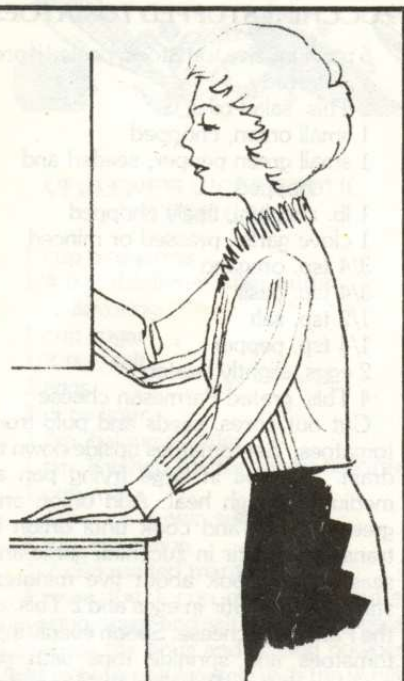
Reserve 1 cup of the candied pineapple. Coat the remaining pineapple, nuts and coconut with 1/4 cup of the flour. Using electric mixer at slow speed and in large bowl, cream butter or margarine, sugar and the coconut and pineapple flavorings. Add eggs one at a time. Beat each at least 30 seconds before adding the next. Beat in remaining flour (1 1/4 cups) alternately with milk which has been combined with the vanilla flavoring. Mix until well blended. With spoon, stir in pineapple-nut mixture. Divide evenly among prepared pans. Divide reserved pineapple and press into top of the batter. Bake until cakes test done . . . about 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours. Cool in pans on racks for 15 minutes. Turn out, cool completely and remove waxed paper. Wrapped and stored in the refrigerator, this cake keeps well.

Home-Candied Pineapple

3 20-oz. cans pineapple chunks in heavy syrup, undrained
3 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups light corn syrup
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In heavy, 5-quart pan, heat pineapple chunks, sugar, syrup and pineapple flavoring. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil gently, stirring frequently as mixture thickens, for about 50 minutes. Add butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Continue cooking 10 minutes longer until pineapple chunks are lightly caramelized and syrup is thick. Remove pan from heat and let set for 30 minutes.

Place a rack above a shallow baking pan. With a slotted spoon, remove pineapple chunks from syrup and place on rack. Place pan in oven preheated to 225 degrees for 45 minutes. Allow to cool for several hours or overnight. This makes about 5 cups of candied pineapple. (Use syrup on pancakes.) —Betty Jane



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SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN . . .

by
Judy McDowell

The smell of hot dogs and popcorn fills the air as the noisy crowd gathers around the concession stand. It's the seventh-inning stretch, and Little League fans are eager to be served so they can get back to their seats before the game continues. Proud parents don't want to miss a single minute of glory with Junior up to bat, and the hot humid air of the August night makes everyone a little testier than normal. There is a good deal of pushing and shoving as moms and dads call out their orders to the teen-aged attendants behind the counter.

Wedged between the counter and a particularly large, vocal man, a tiny girl with long black pigtails and round blue eyes tries to ask for a soft drink and avoid being squished in the bargain. Over and over she says, "Orange drink, please." Tears start to roll down her cheeks as little by little she is forced to one side and finally away from the snack bar altogether. She stands for a moment looking helpless and bewildered, rubbing her wet cheek with a six-year-old fist, then turns and runs back to find her family in the bleachers.

The solid citizens of Middle America continue to clamor for their food and drink, and no one has noticed the little girl who tried to buy an orange drink and failed.

At the supermarket a busy mother tries to finish her shopping before the Cub Scouts descend on her home for their meeting. She turns to her nine-year-old son and says, "Michael, go up to the front of the store and ask the lady where I can find the dry yeast. While

you're doing that, I'll pick out some treats for the Cubs."

Michael dutifully walks to the cashier's wire cage, then waits quietly for her to acknowledge his presence. Minutes pass as he shifts back and forth from one short, stocky leg to the other, occasionally clearing his throat. The lady continues to write in her ledger.

After filling her basket, the mother goes in search of her little boy. He is still waiting patiently for the cashier's attention. This businesswoman, who always goes out of her way to be helpful and courteous to adult customers, treats the child as though he were invisible.

Three children follow their parents into church on a windy, blue-skied Sunday morning. The eight-year-old girl looks forward to the singing and the familiar ritual. She likes to feel she is a part of the service, and holds out her hand as the usher passes out the bulletins. But the man shakes his head "no".

"You can share with Big Sister," he says in the patronizing voice he reserves for those under thirteen, as he hands a bulletin to the lady behind her. With a stricken look, the little girl says nothing and follows her family down the aisle.

Children are virtual prisoners in an adult society. Their every move is dictated by an adult, whether at home, at school, or in church. Being in a position of authority by virtue of our greater age, larger size, and supposed superior wisdom, we grownups sometimes flaunt our power and ride roughshod over the tender feelings of our young.

In our busy lives, it's so easy to grow impatient and thoughtless. When our children talk we shush them or ignore

them altogether. We laugh when they say something "childish" instead of showing proper respect for their opinions. When we do talk to them, we often use a tone of voice which says we don't think they are very important.

Children are real, honest-to-goodness people, and in this era of human rights awareness they deserve our respect. This is one social movement that can and must begin at home. We must take the time to stop and reflect. These little agents of the future will carry our message to the generations ahead; let it be one of love.

MISSOURI RIVER BREAKS — Concl. current seemed faster. The day continued calm and uneventful. A sense of closeness, which we all had felt, was increasing. We hated to see the trip come to an end. We stopped for a time on the mud flats up above Kipp State Park where we knew Mother was waiting to meet us. We talked a lot. Each of us was aware of the importance and magic of this time together—that as adults we could enjoy, at least one more time, such an experience.

Finally, we moved on down the river, past the bank beavers scrambling out of their burrows to go splashing in the water, past dozens of blue herons and lots of fat, contented-appearing pelicans.

Mother was waiting for us at the park. "Did you see my signal?" she asked. Signal? "Yes, there!" She pointed to two blue socks she had tied to the branches of a bush a good 50 feet from the bank.

We unloaded the canoes and fitted them on the carrier on top of the car. The river trip was over and, as we drove up and out of the boat ramp, we reluctantly returned to life as it is commonly known.

The young are quick to believe anything, for they rely on hope.



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Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



This lovely photograph of Adrienne Driftmier shows that she takes much of the advice in the books on diet and beauty which she recommends.

Through spring and early summer television, radio, newspapers and magazines bombard us with advertisements for local spas and clinics urging us to get ready for summer fashions by losing weight, slimming down, and firming those winter-weary figures. But now, with the approach of autumn, much of this encouragement has faded, and our well-developed good intentions have probably disappeared, too.

When my mother, my sister, Katharine, and I need a little additional motivation to make the best of ourselves, we turn to three inexpensive forms of inspiration always available to us: Adrien Arpel's, *Three Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty Program*, Beverly and Vidal Sassoon's, *A Year of Beauty and Health*, and Dr. Herman Tarnower's, *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*.

Dr. Tarnower's Scarsdale Medical Diet is our family's favorite diet. Not simply another fad weight-loss plan, this diet was originally designed as a means to

help cardiac patients take off extra pounds for "survival purposes". The diet plan itself has been renowned for years, but this book answers the questions Dr. Tarnower has been receiving and explains exactly what makes the diet work, how the weight loss is maintained after going off the diet, how to continue wise eating habits and lose even more than the twenty pounds in two weeks he assures us is possible.

The book contains five complete Scarsdale Medical Diet menu plans, plus over ninety recipes—dieting need not be dull. Calorie, protein, fat and carbohydrate charts and a medical appendix suggest some diet amendments to help correct bodily disorders.

Of course, this or any other diet should be followed only under doctor's supervision, but I recommend this guide

to take off pounds quickly with little of the hunger or crankiness dieters usually experience.

While enjoying the success I'm sure you will have with the Scarsdale diet, read *A Year of Beauty and Health* by Beverly and Vidal Sassoon. This is a guide on how to "look more beautiful, feel more alive, and be more exciting every day of the year". Each month has its own chapter filled with ideas and information which are interesting and extremely useful.

Vidal writes on everything you should know about haircuts and choosing a hairdresser. Beverly illustrates exercises for problem spots, her makeup secrets, and offers advice on how to make the most of our different body shapes with clothes.

This book teaches us to recognize our potential strengths and develop them. It contains something for everyone: simple yoga positions, twenty different natural facials, recipes for light summer dishes and useful facts about foods and vitamins.

The authors recommend that every day should be declared as the first day of the new year to "start a whole new year of self-discovery". In the August chapter, Vidal explains how to really look at fashion models and fashion magazines to gain helpful ideas. Beverly shows step by step the best way to imitate a professional manicure or pedicure, followed by specials for skin, hair, body, makeup and the use of fragrances.

Called "A year-round guide to sparkling good looks and vibrant health," this resource book presents something new everytime you peruse it.

Adrien Arpel's, *Three Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty Program*, takes a more directed approach to bringing out the beautiful in any face or figure. This book is written in three parts. The first is an introduction to the program and details exactly what should be expected.

The second section is a "comprehensive mini-encyclopedia of beauty", with entire chapters devoted to skin care, safety in the sun, dieting, exercise, and care for hands and nails. It includes information on how to test skin types and control acne, how to realign the body and lose weight.

The third part is a three-week program designed for busy women with little time to spend on makeup and hair care. These activities work step by step to totally make over and transform an individual. Adrien Arpel challenges, "I can make any woman beautiful in three weeks!"

This is a wonderful book, filled with photography and carefully drawn illustrations of makeup techniques and hair styling.

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FREE AS A BIRD

by

Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

"Oh, to be free as a soaring bird
Requires a second look

At parents stuffing hungry young
With no way off the hook."

To watch a pair of wrens feeding a nestful of little ones is forever to dispel the illusion of carefree birds. How would you like to fly, fly, fly all day back and forth, back and forth, bug at a time, to try to satisfy grotesque, clamoring, insatiable little offspring? Could the end-of-the-day's fatigue ever be measured? How can such tiny creatures hold up to such toil? What a display of parental love! What responsible members of bird society!

Birds could very well flit off on their own into the "wild blue yonder" or pivot on a buoyant bough and sing and forget their young. No other birds are pressuring them anywhere along the line, from construction of the nest home to the rearing of the birdlets. Yet cheerfully and lovingly, instinctively they enslave themselves and are finally rewarded with a finished product worthy of their labors: mature creatures in the parents' own image whom the parents have taught to leave the nest at the proper time as independent and standardly functioning bird-citizens in their own right.

How gloriously Father Wren takes up his gush of song once the little ones have been safely guided to their responsible destiny! There he is, fresh and enthusiastically spewing joy, ready to begin the cycle all over again.

We must concede some few freedoms to the fabulous family of feathers. For a long time I wondered how birds could ever sleep and stay put on their perches, but they do have freedom from worry on that score, for when a bird lights and squats, his toes automatically clutch-lock in that position. He can't fall off or fly off without standing up.

Should we envy birds their freedom to sail away to sunny climes when frost days approach? I think not. Can you imagine having wings and having to flap, flap, flap for a couple of thousand miles to get to a winter resort? Then there is the return flapping in the spring.

True, birds don't plant crops and cultivate same, but the never-ending scrounging for bugs, seeds, and worms is not exactly rose-tinted freedom.

The lucky birds who spend the winter in the North discover generous people and well-stocked bird feeders and thus achieve a kind of economic freedom. However, these and all other birds are never free from the need for eternal vigilance. Observe one at the feeding station, peck and look, peck and look, peck and look—world without end. It is the price of survival. Danger lurks in every second of time wherever the location.

A bird's existence is automated chiefly by instincts, but he does sometimes make mistakes. A pair of blue jeans put on the line to dry stayed there overnight and until nearly noon the next day. When they were taken down, one pocket was found to be bulging with little sticks where a pair of wrens had optimistically started a nest. They mistakenly supposed the jeans would hang there all summer. It was a human act, the over-long hanging of the jeans, that caused them to err.

Another case of error in judgment was also precipitated by a human act, my hanging out many lengths of string for orioles to use in nest-making. All would have gone well had not a second pair of orioles appeared on the scene—then greed and rivalry entered the picture.

Each pair tried to hog string away from the other pair and in a frenzy, started several nests in total disorganization. Eventually, they came to their senses, and each pair settled down to building only one nest—high, beautiful, and expertly fashioned.

A bird can't read or write or design moon rockets, but he knows all he needs to know and fills well his place in the scheme of creation. But free as a bird? No creature, least of all a bird, is totally free.

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Katharine Lowey shows her love for animals in this snapshot.

EVERYBODY NEEDS A PORCH — Concluded

garden, leaving me once more the lone sentry. Sneak battalions swept in from hidden corners; high-jump artists showed off their prowess. From then on, I did all the fancy leg and arm work of a pro tennis player, fighting off maneuvers from every angle. Even a stray kitten (from who knows where?) tried to creep underneath that paper cover. Well, would you believe it? It worked. Today not one track of dog, cat or fowl marks the pristine smoothness of my porch floor.

To be sure, the entire conglomeration of Fulmer's Feathered Creatures (plus dogs and cats) share the porch shade in the summer, and seek its shelter from rain and snow. Sometimes even Jimmie and I relax there. And as I glance around, I find I have only one regret—I neglected to permanently engrave our names and the date in the wet cement. But, in these days when TV, newspapers and radio constantly caution against discrimination, perhaps its just as well—equal rights for all.

HEAVENLY BLUE

by
Verna Sparks

As I pushed the drapes aside on my east window this morning, I was greeted by one heavenly blue morning glory. My heart skipped a beat; I was so delighted. I had noticed several buds about ready to open but had not anticipated a bloom quite so soon. However, there it was as bright and blue and heavenly as it could be.

I remembered I had planted seeds early in the spring and I thought they would never come up. At first it was too cold. Then it rained for days. I feared the soil had washed over the seeds and covered them too deeply. After a few hot days, the soil became dry and crusty. After a short visit with one of my daughters, I returned home to find the heart-shaped leaves unfolding on a tiny stem in the flower bed.

I cultivated around the plants right away: watered and watched them daily. Soon the stems were reaching out in little spirals for support upon which to climb. I hurriedly set up a trellis and in no time the vines were winding around it from bottom to top, with buds developing on the narrow stems all along the way.

I don't know why I'm so attracted to morning glories unless, perhaps, it's because I'm an early riser. I get to see the bright flowers in all their glory when they first bloom.

I seem to relate to these perky bloom in various ways. I visualize so many lovely things while viewing their beauty: the clear-blue sky on a summer day, the striking colorful feathers of a bluebird in flight, the sparkling eyes of my grandson when he looks up and smiles at me. Best of all, the morning glory blooms give me a warm feeling of trust to know that the creator of such loveliness is the Heavenly Father who cares for you and me.

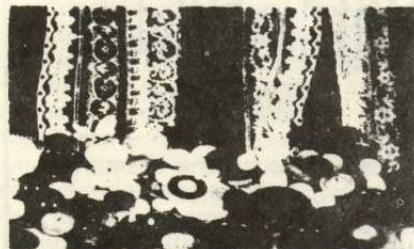
As I draw the drapes each morning to view the fresh, new blooms, I ask for wisdom to meet the day's events and am thankful for my many blessings.

FAMILY DAY

On Sunday, August 12, families will celebrate Family Day—for the eleventh consecutive year. The observance was first held under the auspices of Kiwanis International and Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge in the late 60's when it was felt by many that a return to family solidarity and the old-fashioned virtues were the best answers to the unrest of the period. Since that time, events have proved that family solidarity truly is the strength of any nation, not only in the matter of social unrest, but in the nation's constant striving to better the lot of its people.

It is the family which, by precept and example, can imbue young people with a knowledge of, and feel for, basic morality and the basic values which will stand them in good stead throughout their lives. A good family life can provide the best of all head starts for youngsters faced with lifetimes of planning and decision making.

The Family Day observance can take many forms. So long as it brings about a family reunion and the sharing of memories, plans, and hopes, it will be successful. It needs and deserves your support.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Tomatoes are ripening, cantaloupes and watermelons are ballooning out under the foliage, zucchini squash is way out of control and the kohlrabi are getting woody. This is the time when every gardener is confronted with a variety of vegetables and small fruits that are clamoring for attention—they need to be harvested for the table, canned, frozen, dried or preserved for future use.

We are lucky in that Retha (our bookkeeper) is a berry-picking addict. She loves to pick strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries and bush cherries and checks the garden and yard at frequent intervals to see what is ready for harvesting. Because of Retha, we are able to serve fresh berry short-cakes at our "teas and tours" for garden clubs and other groups that come during July and August. In my day, I prided myself on being something of a berry picker but I can't hold a candle to Retha—her berry bucket fills up in record time.

Retha and I spread the raspberries and strawberries thinly on trays, cover with a plastic film and leave in the refrigerator overnight. Fully ripe fruits have the best flavor when frozen. Strawberries are washed with the hulls on to prevent loss of juice, then they are picked over, sliced if overly large, sugared lightly, and packed in freezer cartons to within a half-inch of the rim. Lids are pressed on and the packs taken to the freezer. Raspberries are simply washed, drained of excess water and poured into the boxes, sealed and frozen. Last February I checked frozen raspberries in the store and found 10-oz. boxes selling for \$1.19. Frozen berries can make anyone's freezer chest a "treasure chest". Think of all the goodies you can make from them—jams, jellies, cobbblers, short-cakes and what-have you.

Do I hear protests? Even if you were lucky enough to have a berry-picking bookkeeper, where would the berries come from? That is easy—you simply plant some each year! Put out the strawberry plants in the spring and set out the raspberry canes either in the spring or fall. A wealth of plants is not needed—both multiply at an amazing rate giving plenty of transplants for the next season. As little as ten raspberry canes and twenty-five strawberry plants can launch you into the berry business. Once you harvest home-grown berries, you may want to enlarge your plots. We find Ogallala and Ozark Beauty to be two of the best everbearing strawberries in our garden and Boyne and August Red to be two fine red raspberries. You may find other varieties just as worthy, but do grow your own small fruits.

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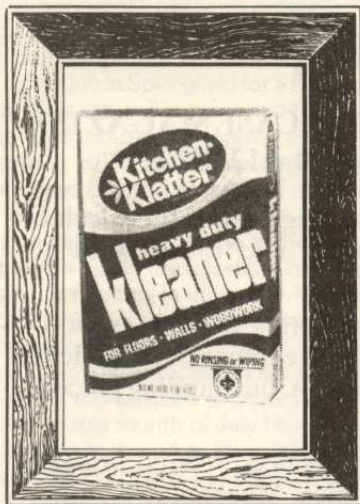
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THE MARK OF QUALITY

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

Cooking Idea: Unpeeled apples do not boil or foam over when cooking for sauce or canning. I cooked up some of the peelings when I wanted peeled apples for applesauce, then poured the water from the cooked peelings onto the apple sections and cooked them. They did not boil over!
—Mrs. E.J.B., Nebr.

I discovered that my dill pickles were soft because of the chemical content of our city water. Now I catch good, pure, soft rain water, boil and strain it and then use it for my pickles. Or, I go to a farm friend's home and fill up plastic jugs with her good old hard water. My pickles are now firm and crisp. Sweet pickles are better made with water without chemicals added, also.

—Mrs. W.O., Iowa

Delicious biscuits can be made from canned biscuits. Dip in butter, roll in cinnamon sugar and sprinkle with chopped pecans. Bake in oven until done. Easy and very good.

—Mrs. D.M., Nebr.

Canning Hints: When canning freestone peaches, if a few of the seeds are put in the jars with the peach halves they will give a good flavor to the peaches—I put in about three seeds per jar.

Also, a little green pepper canned in with tomatoes makes a good combination.

—Mrs. E.H., Mo.

I've always had trouble making drop cookies. Seems they would flatten out like mud pies! Now I add just a little rolled oats to the batter until it can be molded by hand into a ball and it will hold its shape. I put the balls on a cookie sheet, and, sometimes, flatten them slightly with my hand or the bottom of a glass which has been dipped in sugar. It has solved my problem.

—Mrs. T.J., St. Joseph, Mo.

When traveling, fill two army canteens with water. Carry one in the front seat of the car and the other in the back seat. Canteens are small, easy to pour from and keep water cool. Children think they are "neat".

—Mrs. J.P.S., Lincoln, Nebr.

Camping Hint: Aluminum pie tins can be used in many ways—to serve food, either hot or cold, to use as plates, to cover a pan or skillet in place of a lid, for food storage, etc. While they can be washed and reused, they can also be discarded at the end of the trip or whenever they get too worn to be serviceable.

—Mrs. J.P.S., Lincoln, Nebr.

From Our Family Album



Our family album picture this month shows a very little girl and a very big piano! This is Lisa Nenneman, my parents' first great-grandchild. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Tom Nenneman of Omaha, Nebraska, and the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier, who live here in Shenandoah.

Lisa's first ten years were extremely hard for her and for all of those who loved her because she fought an extremely severe case of allergies that brought on terrible attacks of asthma. She spent almost as much time in doctors' offices and hospitals as she spent at home, and we feared for her with great anxiety.

Now Lisa is in her teens and is able to live without such a rigidly controlled diet and restricted activities. She is a very ambitious girl who does excellent work in school. One of these days we hope she will write an article for us about the various ways girls her age can earn their necessary spending money.

—Lucile

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Does your ice cream dipper come out of the drawer only when you serve ice cream? If so, move it to a reachable place and put it in service every day!

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The neat servings are attractive and tempt reluctant appetites. Oh, yes, it works well to dip ice cream too!

—Vern Berry



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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

thirty-five years since I'd last seen this friend, he had changed so much that I wouldn't have recognized him at all if we had met on the street. You understand, of course, that I hadn't changed one bit either!!!!

If (that terribly big IF again) things work out, Juliana, James and Katharine will travel back to visit our Iowa home base in the early part of August. I'm so glad our big municipal swimming pool has been repaired and is in operation. Both children have grown so much this past year that I'm afraid their bikes are simply too small for them, so they will have to cover the town on foot.

Both James and Katharine love to read and probably the day after they arrive they'll head for our library. They think our library in Shenandoah is wonderful—much, much better than the one they visit in Albuquerque. They also have made friends through the years they've visited "Granny Wheels" and are anxious to see them again. Naturally, IF they can get here I will be overjoyed. Why, I even find myself thinking ahead to their favorite foods! Juliana has a huge vegetable garden so the children are accustomed to a wide variety of just about everything in the vegetable line.

I've concluded that this is the year of the insects. We've had enormous

swarms of large moths (I believe they're called Dusty Miller moths). After we finally got them out of the small porch in back that Betty Jane has fixed up as a summer living room, they settled down in the greenhouse. This was manna from heaven for the many birds around here because they fly in and out all day long picking up a moth and returning with it to their young. Those young birds have had such a terrific diet that they're almost as big as their faithful parents!

We've also had huge army ants that somehow creep through the tiniest kind of a crevice. Even with central air conditioning going and not a door or window open, they manage to get in and annoy us. I shouldn't complain, though, when I think of farmers who are fighting grasshoppers and other insects in a desperate attempt to save their crops.

I'm sorry this letter had to contain so many IFS, but next month I'll have a chance to tell you how everything worked out.

Until then, I am always your genuinely faithful friend . . .

P. Wink

When the time comes for God to determine your worth, He will measure your heart.

UNDERSTANDING LOVE

by
Lois H. Sargent

"I think 'love' is the most over-worked word in the English language," said a friend. She had read in an article the phrase "treat the problem with love", and it had meant nothing to her.

Sometimes the word "love" is used with vague or indefinite application to a subject under discussion, for this sublime word really has two distinct meanings.

Love is both an emotion and a principle of living. To some individuals, it is solely an emotion which needs an object, such as mate, children, an intimate friend, or even a pet, but any other meaning of love he cannot fathom. To him, there is no such thing as love in its abstract sense; he must love *someone*.

Such love, when sincere and deep, enriches life, for it usually inspires patience, cooperation, unselfishness, and even sacrifice. But personal love expects or hopes for some degree of reciprocation.

Love as a principle could best be described as being based on our moral and ethical standards. We express this kind of love when our decisions and actions are prompted by what is honest and fair.

Many practice love as a principle without being aware of it. When a person voluntarily donates money or time to a worthy cause, he is expressing love as a principle. If a person finds money or some other valuable object and returns it to the owner without expectation of a reward, he is demonstrating love as a principle. Love in these situations is impersonal—simple good will toward others.

When such impersonal love guides human action, there will be no greed, subterfuge, or cunning. Prosperity is built upon good will, and what benefits one will benefit everyone. The saying that "honesty is the best policy" is but another expression of love as a principle.

When we practice such love we will always give our best in any work we may do in whatever capacity we may serve; it brings the satisfaction of knowing that we have lived up to the best within ourselves. We become, in effect, "a good Samaritan".

Meeting problems, or facing difficult or unpleasant situations with this type of love enables us to handle whatever comes with serenity and patience, and gives us the inspiration needed for the right decisions and actions. This is the way to "treat the problem with love."



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Dessicated LIVER TABLETS
100
TABLETS **79¢**
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DOLOMITE Calcium Rich
100
TABLETS **49¢**
500 for 1.85

"Formula T-M"
Therapeutic Multi-Vitamins with Minerals
100
TABLETS **\$2.49**
500 for 11.25

HERBAL LAXATIVE
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Tablets **1.25**
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KELP, VIT. B6, LECITHIN, CIDER VINEGAR
100
TABLETS **98¢**
500 for 3.88
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HI-POTENCY STRESS FORMULA
Hi-Potency B Complex & Vitamin C
100
TABLETS **1.95**
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500 MG. BRAN TABLETS
Easy way to get this important wheat fiber.
100
TABLETS **85¢**
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100 mg. VIT. C & Acerola in Each Delicious Tablet
ACEROLA-C
100
TABLETS **98¢**
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100
CAPSULES **1.79**
300 for 4.99

HERBAL CALMATIVE
Helps relax tensions for a good night's sleep
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250 **\$6.50**
500 **\$12.50**

250 MG. GINSENG CAPSULES
50 for **2.49**
100 for **3.98**
250 for **9.49**

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TABLETS **95¢**
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LECITHIN POWDER
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100 MG. TABLET
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TABLETS **99¢**
250 for 3.95

250 MG. SUPER GINSENG TABLET
100
TABLETS **2.98**
500 for 12.95

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

Super Potency 500 MCG. VITAMIN B12
100
TABLETS **1.49**
500 for 6.25

VITAMINS A & D (5,000 A; 400 D)
100
TABLETS **69¢**
1000 for 4.25

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

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

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500 MG. BEE POLLEN TABLETS
100
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30 for **8.95**
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GARLIC OIL CAPSULES
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Capsules **1.49**
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TABLETS **5.00**
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TABLETS **9.50**

Our "TOP-B" B-COMPLEX "50"
Famous Formula at a Sensational Low Price!
Every Capsule Contains 50 mg. B1, B2, B6, Niacinamide, Pantoic Acid, Choline, Inositol; 50 mcg. B12, Biotin; 50 mg. Paba; 100 mcg. Folic Acid.
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500 mg. Vit. C Plus Rose Hips, 100 mg. Bioflavonoids, 50 mg. Rutin, 25 mg. Hesperidin
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