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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Happy 4th of July!

—Photo by Barton's Studio

Kitchen-Klatter

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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'm writing this on a tricky morning in June, the kind that makes you wonder if we're going to get through the day without alarming tornado warnings, or if the sky and wind will settle down in a reasonable manner.

Last night we went to bed after listening to all kinds of reports that were not calculated to give anyone a good, sound sleep. We have many longtime friends in Grand Island, Nebraska, and after watching reports televised from the scene we can only hope that these good friends pulled through without catastrophic experiences. In fact, we have so many longtime friends in *all* of the areas that have been blasted by storms this past week that my thoughts are very much with them. I hope that when things have calmed down you'll write me reports, even very brief ones, if you've experienced devastating winds, flash floods, and any of the other miseries that follow when nature runs amok.

One member of our family who certainly had a rousing baptism into what can happen in this part of the country is Mary Lea Palo (Betty's and Frederick's daughter) and her family. Mary Lea has never visited here long enough to get a good taste of summer in the Midwest, so it came as a surprise to her to find that twice since she and her family arrived at Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha they've had to postpone trips down here. She must wonder now if they'll EVER make it to Shenandoah!

I wish that I could write this after she has turned up with Isabel and Christopher, but deadlines are deadlines and consequently I can only say that between the weather, car trouble and housing difficulties, they've had to change expected dates. Surely, by the time I write next month, I can fill you in on details and hopefully have some brand-new pictures to share with you.

Summer always brings the chance to see family members and longtime friends who cannot make the trip at any other time of the year. It wasn't actually summer when Aunt Adelyn Rope and

her husband came to these parts from their home in Mountain Home, Arkansas. (I believe I closed my last letter to you with the news that we were expecting them.) Well, we had a perfectly wonderful visit with them and all of us were in complete agreement that they are a marvelous example of how much zest and sheer joy in living can be achieved by people in their 80's even those who've had some serious health problems and soared right above them. (For new readers, I should say that Aunt Adelyn is the youngest member of Dad's family—only she and Aunt Clara Otte now survive.)

When her 84th birthday rolled around on March 20, I called Aunt Adelyn to send my love, and in this conversation I asked her if she could find time to tell me about her two sons and seven grandchildren. A couple of weeks later she wrote a letter to me that gave me a real jolt. Page after page was beautifully typed, all major points were completely organized, and the upshot was that I felt considerably subdued when I put it down.

Right here I want to say that those of you who have been with us for years may recall that when Aunt Adelyn's and Uncle Albert's younger son, Gene, was married in late December of 1947, Kristin and Juliana were ring bearers at a beautiful evening service in the Lutheran church northwest of Clarinda. Dorothy and I made their lovely white dresses that almost touched the floor, and we used a picture of them for the June, 1948, cover of our *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. We still laugh when we remember that both of them referred to their roles as being "ring-lands" rather than ring bearers. My! how important they felt to be members of the wedding.

In addition to these dear relatives, I've had the opportunity to see two old and very close friends who made it to Shenandoah. The first one on deck was Katherine Simons of Albuquerque, New Mexico, who grew up in Shenandoah. She has lived in Albuquerque for many, many years, but has missed only a couple of years or so in returning for a brief visit to catch up on everything.

As we said goodbye, she made the comment that we really have an opportunity for better down-to-earth visits when I am in New Mexico than when she comes back here to Shenandoah, because once in Iowa there are many relatives and old friends for her to see in a short space of time. I told her that as long as she lives in Albuquerque, I feel that regardless of whatever disaster should strike Juliana and her family, she'd be there in the ten minutes it takes to drive from her home to Juliana's home. Nothing in this world can ever take the place of such dear friends.

The other longtime friend whom I hadn't seen for several years is Mrs.



It would be interesting to know how many boys have climbed on historical cannons around our country. Christopher Palo, son of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, especially enjoyed climbing around this old Confederate cannon at Fort Conde in Mobile, Ala.

Elaine Powell. We first met each other 34 years ago when she lived here in Shenandoah with her husband (a genuinely inspired doctor) and their three children. We've always kept in touch even though she's lived in Pennsylvania for many years, and our children have carried on the family friendship. Yes, even her grandchildren still know what goes on with us! These intricate webs of friendship are downright comforting in our wildly chaotic world.

All of us are excited about the two new babies who are expected this summer. At this point it looks as if my niece Emily's baby (she and Rich live in Arlington, Va.) may appear on the scene earlier than first expected. If this comes to pass, it is possible that Emily's mother, Abigail Driftmier, may be able to fly back East for a short time, and then go to Ruidosa Downs, New Mexico, for the arrival of her other daughter Alison's and Mike's baby. Babies are so notoriously undependable that only the next few weeks can settle the whole situation!

My plans for the visit from my grandchildren, Katharine and James Lowey, are still up in the air as I write this. They are both going to the summer camp that they attended last year, but not at the same time. Since each session lasts for two weeks, it puts them up almost into August before they are free to come to Shenandoah. Then school begins with a crash and a bang on August 20 (yes, actually that early!), so it doesn't leave much time for getting back here for a visit.

The only thing I know for an absolute fact is that both children are flying back together (alone for the first time), and then Juliana and Jed will drive the car to pick them up. Any plans involving Jed are always tentative because he never knows when some big construction order will turn up unexpectedly, and when this happens he has to be right on the scene. Jed has been here such a few

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Since I last wrote to you, I have had a birthday. Although people are always kidding about birthdays when you get to be as old as I am, and many say they don't want to celebrate or be reminded of their age, I have done more celebrating this year than ever before and enjoyed every minute of it.

Lucile and Betty Jane were the first to entertain me. Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope were visiting in the area from Mountain Home, Arkansas, and they were also present for the lovely dinner at Lucile's home. Lucile even baked my favorite chocolate cake herself.

The next day two of my good friends in Shenandoah, Lois Radden and Dorothy Lumry, took me out to lunch. Lois had made arrangements at the restaurant the day before, and when it was time for dessert, the waitress came in with a small decorated cake with a lighted candle on it and set it down in front of me. That evening my sister, Margery, and her husband, Oliver Strom, took me out to dinner.

After I returned to Lucas, Frank's sister, Bernie, had us come to her house for the family birthday party, and our good friends and neighbors, the Roy Querreys, had a dinner for me at their house.

There are two of us in the Birthday Club with birthdays in May, so the girls decided we should eat together in Derby. After dinner we all went back to the home of Dorothea Polser and played bingo.

Don't you agree with me that my birthday was royally observed this year?

When I talked to Frederick on his birthday, he told how surprised he was one day to see a Lucas County, Iowa, car in the parking lot of the Seaport Museum where he works as a volunteer. Just for fun, Frederick put one of his personal cards under the windshield wiper with a message telling the car owners that he would appreciate it if, when they got back home, they would call Mrs. Frank Johnson and give her his best regards. I was curious to find out who the visitors were and kept asking my friends if they knew of anyone who was visiting in the East who was in Connecticut. No one could think of a soul. About a week later, I got the phone call and it was our own Lucas postmaster and her husband, Margery and Charles Rogers. (I hadn't been in the post office while they were gone and didn't know they were on a trip.) Margery said they had driven



Uncle Albert and Aunt Adelyn Rope of Mountain Home, Arkansas, recently visited friends and relatives in Iowa.

several miles away from the Museum before they noticed the card and stopped to take it off. It was such a coincidence because she had just told Charles that I had a brother who had retired and moved to Connecticut, but she didn't remember where. Too bad they didn't know they were both in the same building at the same time and could have gotten acquainted.

I was happy to be able to meet so many of our longtime Kitchen-Klatter friends in the Osceola area recently when I was asked to give the program at the Farm Bureau Women's guest day. This meeting was open to the public so there were women present from several other towns and counties. There were several who have listened from the very beginning, and it's always wonderful to meet the very young homemakers who are now a part of our listening audience.

Frank and I have enjoyed visiting with the men who came here to hunt wild turkeys during the hunting seasons this spring. They came very early to get permission, which we appreciated. There are three different seasons in Lucas County, and fortunately the men who asked if they could hunt had licenses for different seasons. The young man we got acquainted with the best was Bill Ohde of Keystone, Iowa, who works for the Iowa Conservation Commission. Right now he is located at the Stephens State Forest south and west of Lucas. He didn't get his turkey until the last morning and he brought it by to show us. We hadn't seen Bill when he had his face and hands smeared with black and green makeup the same color as his camouflage suit, so we hardly recognized him. His job is very interesting and I told him I wanted him to come back sometime and visit with us when I could take some notes because I found it fascinating and I'm sure you readers would too.

While I am on the subject of fowls, I must tell you about our little black bantam rooster. For a long time, Frank has been telling me how that rooster will

sneak up behind him and flog him. I never did see it happen, but one morning I was walking out to the shed, minding my own business, when something attacked me from the rear, and there was Blackie. It made me so mad I picked up a clod of dirt and threw it at him. Now he is carrying on a continual battle with me. Frank says Blackie is a fighter but since all the other little roosters can get the best of him, he stays by himself all the time. Probably he has to take out his frustrations and antagonisms on someone and I'm the likely candidate. Frank gets a big kick out of it.

The last meeting of the year for the Chariton Woman's Club was guest day so I invited two non-member friends to go with me. It was a noon salad luncheon prepared and served by the women of the St. Mary's church. There was a big variety of salads, every one delicious.

The Chariton club has a large membership partly due to the fact that they always manage to come up with such good programs. The speaker for this meeting was Connie McBurney, the very popular weather girl for KCCI-TV in Des Moines. She told us about her work, how she got the job, and how all the weather information is compiled and presented. Her main topic, however, was "Women", their struggles over all the years, and the progress they have made professionally. Her talk was not only informational but very clever and entertaining. She held her audience captive and they loved her.

Our friends, Peggy and Glenn Dyer, spent last weekend at their trailer on the hill. Peggy was telling me about a meeting that is to be in Des Moines this summer. The Hawkeye State Archeological Society (Peggy is a member), is going to have an American Indian artifact display and arrowhead meeting on Sunday, July 20, at the American Legion Hall, 3712 2nd Avenue. It is open to anyone interested in Indian artifacts with no admission charge. This is a meeting where collectors can have free tables to use to display and share the enjoyment of their personal collections with others. Also, if you have a few things you want to have appraised, there will be people there to do that for you. Peggy says collectors come from many states, some as far away as California. We have a small collection of artifacts Frank has found here on our own farm, and it will be fun for us to see some other collections.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls of Roswell, New Mexico, has been here visiting relatives. Frank's aunt, Mary Wagner of Burlington, was also here so we had a family picnic on our front porch—the first of the season.

Kristin's family is going to be very busy this summer. Andy will be working all summer. Aaron has some lawns lined up to keep mowed, besides playing in

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Decorations & Favors

Spray a woven basket with red paint. Fill it with an arrangement of red carnations, white daisies, baby's breath and greenery. Tuck in tiny American flags here and there for accent. Add a bow of striped patriotic ribbon or use the ribbon to make streamers.

White, potted mum plants work wonderfully well for large room decorations. Tie a length of striped patriotic ribbon around each pot ending with a large bow on one side into which two American flags are stuck crisscross fashion. Cut medium-size stars from red and blue construction paper. Fasten stars to wire stems and insert among the mum blossoms.

For favors, cut miniature logs from twigs or small tree branches. Use a bit of florist clay to anchor a tiny American flag to stand upright on each log. Conceal the clay with a tiny bow of red or blue ribbon.

Entertainment

What with election time coming up, the games can be keyed to the idea of politics — all in fun.

Candidate's Platform: Each player is given a sheet of paper and pencil. Along the left side of the paper print the letters for the words, "I S-T-A-N-D F-O-R". Allow a few minutes time for each one to write out his or her political platform using the letters on the paper—one word for each letter in order given.

Stumpin' for the President: Each player must stand and give a one-minute (may be less if large number is playing) speech why his or her candidate (the player to the right) should be chosen President for the duration of the party. All players vote by ballot on the one whom they think should be chosen. Award a prize to the one who nominated the winner.

States' Rights: Use a map of the United States which has been cut apart on the state lines. Using these states as patterns, cut each state from construction paper. Number each state, mixing them up well. The guests will need pencil and paper, numbering their papers to 50. See who can identify the names of the most states correctly from its size and shape, and write the name beside the paper number.

Americana: A quiz.

1. What famous monument was a gift of the French people? (Statue of Liberty)
2. What do these have in common — The Hermitage, Monticello, Mount Vernon? (Homes of presidents)

Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!

(A July Party)

by

Mabel Nair Brown

3. Which was originated first — Independence Day, Memorial Day or Mother's Day? (Independence Day)

4. Where is the original Declaration of Independence kept? (The National Archives Building, Washington, D.C.)

5. Where is the U.S. flag placed when in a group of flags? (It should appear on the viewer's right.)

6. Which one of our patriotic songs has the tune of the British National Anthem? "America"

7. Which was settled first — Jamestown, Plymouth Colony or St. Augustine? (St. Augustine)

8. How should our flag be disposed of when worn out? (It should be burned, preferably, the law says, in a dignified manner.)

FLAG ETIQUETTE

Flag etiquette says that whenever the flag passes by in a parade, everyone present should face the flag, stand at attention, and salute. Persons in uniform render the hand salute. Men, not in uniform, remove the headdress with right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Men without hats stand at attention. Women and children salute the flag by placing the right hand over the heart. When the flag is passing in a parade, the salute is rendered when the flag is five or six paces away and is held until it has passed by.

FOR THE 4TH OF JULY

(A responsive reading)

Leader: O, Lord, thank You for our country, for our independence and for our freedom of choice.

Chorus: WE THANK YOU, LORD.

Leader: For our free elections, for our choice of candidates, for those who are wise, cool, and knowledgeable leaders.

Chorus: WE THANK YOU, LORD.

Leader: For being able to choose the type of education we want to have and to do the work we want to do.

Chorus: WE THANK YOU, LORD.

Leader: For being able to enjoy and strive for the freedom of worship, the freedom of speech, the freedom from fear and the freedom from want. For all the privileges, responsibilities, choices, and freedoms of a democracy.

Chorus: WE THANK YOU, LORD.

Leader: May we always serve You and our country as true Americans should. Amen

Chorus: AMEN.

—Annette Lingelbach

PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS

by

Virginia Thomas

Often an occasion arises where the "presentation of the colors", when Old Glory is brought to the platform to stand in a place of honor, is used as an opening ceremony. Here is a proper, yet effective, way to handle the situation.

It is colorful and effective to have the flag bearer be someone in uniform: the military, a Boy Scout, 4-H, Campfire, American Legion Auxiliary, etc. As the program is ready to open, position the flag bearer at the back of the hall ready to proceed very slowly to the front of the room to place the flag in its standard on stage (always at the right of the speaker's podium). As the flag bearer comes slowly forward, a narrator stands at the podium and reads:

Narrator: As we look at Old Glory, we see the roots, the present and the future of America.

The white stripes can symbolize the Bible, for upon the truths found on its white pages, our nation was founded. (Picks up open Bible as this is spoken.) May we continue to say and believe, "In God We Trust".

The red stripes remind us of courage. (Picks up large red apple.) As American as apple pie is a familiar saying which leads our minds to think of those priceless memories of our ancestors, courageous pioneers, common men in a new nation who, when the need arose achieved uncommon goals. Today, as in the past, America needs the common man to courageously lift the torch of justice and right and hold it high.

(Holds up blue flower or a blue ribbon bow.) The blue of our flag reminds us of the ties of brotherhood which unite our nation and the peoples of the world.

Out of the past comes cherished things which have been wrought in happiness and sorrow: integrity, honor, simple faith, friendship, hope and a vision of a better tomorrow. Old Glory reminds us of so much! (Flag is placed in standard.)

All Sing: "The Star-Spangled Banner", or "God Bless America".



AWARE OF NOBILITY

I hope the eagle knows how great
And beautiful it is,
Knows well the honored place it holds,
That America is his
And he is hers—great bird, great land.
May she, like him, rise high
And higher every passing day,
Her virtues multiply.
—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

SUMMER ADVENTURES OF A FARM CHILD

by
Fern Christian Miller

When I was a small girl on a Missouri farm back in the teens and twenties of this century, we farm children had much innocent fun. Television, radio, daily papers and "bottled" music were unknown, at least to us. Fancy bicycles and other motorized toys were in the future. The only wheeled toys we knew were our little red wagon, a doll buggy and hoops. But we enjoyed life with much zest!

In summer, our calloused brown feet went scrambling up orchard trees to see if our friend, the robin, had laid another lovely blue egg. The orchard oriole kept a sharp eye on us from her swinging cradle nest. Jenny Wren scolded vigorously from the grape arbor, while doves cooed from the hedgerow at the far end of the orchard and red-winged blackbirds whistled musically from the cattails in the marshy pond nearby. We found their nesting sites just as we did those of the flickers, woodpeckers, catbirds, brown thrashers, and sparrows in the big shady yard.

We were also well acquainted with Mother Cottontail and her bunny babes in the tall grass at the end of the vegetable garden. Every terrapin that crawled about the garden searching for insects belonged to us, and the toads by the rain barrel. Lively Bushy Tail Squirrel and his family lived in the tall old walnut tree behind the henhouse. He was our special delight. A sneaky old possum and a few rats lived under the corncribs, but we didn't like any of these much because Mother said they caught young chickens and we loved fried chicken!

Mother sometimes had to pick nettles, hedge thorns and splinters from our tough, bare feet. Tetanus shots were unheard of. Mother simply had us scrub our feet well with warm water and lye soap, dry them well, and apply a drop of iodine to the sore spot. We wasted no time on tears. Instead, we dashed off again because other adventures were waiting.

The farm was filled with wonderful things. We stayed out of the hog pens, but what fun to catch a cute baby pig that crawled out from under, or through, the fence! The hard-pecking, big turkey gobbler and the flogging roosters in the chicken yard kept up a running war with us. We kept our weapons of clods and long sticks by the chicken yard gate because the fowls considered themselves the "royal guards of the outhouse". This small building stood at the back of the chicken house behind a big trellis of trumpet vines. These fowls, along with the big black snakes and lizards in the old root cellar, added the spice of danger to our calm days. We were not

exactly fond of the little garter snakes we saw in the garden and fields either, although Mother insisted they were useful and were not poisonous.

When we fell in the brook or the shallow water at the edge of the pond, we simply scrambled out, laughing because we were so awkward. The sun soon dried us off. We loved catching water bugs, frogs, and small fish, so water was well known to us.

Often we wandered off up the dirt road to the fields our father farmed. This road was sometimes traveled by two friendly neighbor ladies and their brother. They drove to town in a buggy or wagon to sell their cream, eggs and chickens, and to purchase a few necessities. The kind postman also used it five days each week.

The fence rows along the road grew up to tall prairie grasses and wildflowers, with now and then a thicket of wild plums, roses, or a tall wild cherry tree. In early spring, the air was perfumed with the white blossoms of the wild plums. Mother always knew when those delicious wild plums ripened because of the stains on our mouths and hands. Then she gave us clean syrup pails so we could pick every plum for her jelly and jam.

The big clusters of creamy-white wild cherry blossoms, with their sharp aroma, came later. Those wild cherries grew high and their tree trunk was slick and hard to climb, so Mother had us wait until Father could haul the stepladder up to the tree. Then she put baby sister and the pails in the little wagon and walked to the tree. I pulled the wagon about and watched my baby sister while Mother climbed the ladder and picked the cherries. My oldest brother was

sometimes allowed to climb up in the branches and hand down big clusters of the red fruit to her. We could never get any of the cherries toward the top of the tall tree, but Mother said the birds liked wild cherries so we would leave plenty of them. We also left the bittersweet berries and wild rose hips of autumn for the birds.

After we returned home, Mother made jars of jellies and jams to store for winter. How delicious that jelly and syrup made from the fruit tasted on our pancakes and hot biscuits on cold winter mornings.

I was a stocky, rosy, tanned tomboy with sun-bleached dark braids. Mother always insisted I wear my calico sun-bonnet to protect my nose and neck from sunburn. How I hated that sun-bonnet! I longed to have a cool straw-hat to wear like my brothers.

On hot July afternoons, when Father was working in the wheat, we three children carried jugs of cold water to the field. First, we took water to Father on the binder, then to the men hired to shock the big bundles until threshing time. After drinking his fill, Father would reward each of us with a short ride on the binder.

Often, as we walked back across the fresh-mown field, even our tough little feet were pricked by the sharp wheat stubble and burrs. But we had other rewards for our long, hot walk: a pretty mother quail with her sweet little chicks running along the end of the field, a prairie hen flying up with a whirr of wings, a pretty meadowlark trilling her lovely warble from a fence post. Our big collie dog always went with us. He barked and warned us if a snake was near, and

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This is a kitchen very similar to the one which Fern Christian Miller tells about in the story about her childhood summer adventures. The kitchen range is the kind which needed the wood that Fern helped to carry in for her mother. This particular room is the "Turn-of-the-Century Kitchen" found in the 1900 farmhouse at the Iowa Living History Farms near Des Moines.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Do you know what a *jagging wheel* is, or a *pie crimper*? Right now, it is my job to know the answers to those questions. As a matter of fact, in the past few weeks I have learned more about jagging wheels and pie crimpers than I ever intended to know or wanted to know. This knowledge has come to me in a new job as a volunteer museum interpreter. Last month, I became an official member of the Mystic Seaport Museum Volunteer Staff assigned to the Scrimshaw Room of the Stillman Building. I hope I am going to have an opportunity to meet many of you when you visit Connecticut's most famous tourist attraction.

The Seaport Museum is on Route 95, the main route from New York to Boston, and it is only eight miles from our home. I drive to the museum a couple of days a week where my job is to act as a guide or interpreter for the museum's collection of model ships and scrimshaw. The Mystic Seaport Museum is actually a completely restored old New England village on the banks of the Mystic River, but in the village are some exhibition halls where there is on display a perfectly fascinating collection of antiques of all kinds relating to colonial seaport life. One of those exhibition halls (the one nearest the North Entrance just off Route 95) is the Stillman Building where I work as a volunteer. If I am on the job when you visit the Seaport Museum, we certainly must get together.

I could write a book about all of the interesting things in the seaport, but since I am an interpreter for the scrimshaw collection, let me tell you about that first of all. Scrimshaw is the word used to describe the ivory and whalebone and teeth carving done by the sailors who hunted whales. Since the average whaling voyage lasted at least three years, and since the sailors would sometimes go for many months without even seeing a whale, the men had much time to kill. Lots of free time gave the men and boys an opportunity to indulge their fancy by engraving or etching varied designs or pictures on the ivory teeth of the sperm whale, teeth that were often as large as a man's hand. Some of their carving skills were used on whalebone taken from the lower jaws and from the spine of monsters that often weighed as much as thirty tons. It is impossible to picture just how beautiful scrimshaw is unless you have actually seen some really good examples. President John F. Kennedy used to keep two lovely pieces



Chaplain Frederick Driftmier and the Health and Sanitation Officer, Mr. Paul L. Hutcheon of the Holland America Line cruise ship, the SS Statendam.

on his desk at the White House.

Perhaps two of the most popular items the whalers loved to carve were *jagging* or *crimping wheels* and *corset busks*. If even six months ago you would have told me that one day this year I would be lecturing on corset busks, I would have sent you to see the nearest psychiatrist! Our Seaport Museum has thousands of persons admiring our collection of these fascinating items every week of the year. A jagging or crimping wheel is what the colonial ladies used to run around the edges of their pies, and from the numbers of these wheels made by the whalers, it is obvious that our colonial ancestors must have made an awful lot of pies! A corset busk was a piece of whalebone about two inches wide and eighteen inches long used as a bodice stay in the days before the use of rubber for this purpose. These were often intricately and beautifully etched by the whalers, and then they were given to their mothers and sweethearts. What would we think today about our young men whiling away their time making beautiful additions for their girlfriends' girdles?

On the exhibition floor where I work, we have a big collection of scrimshaw *swifts*. Do you know what a *swift* is? Your great-grandmother probably used one. It is a folding, accordion-like device with a construction similar to a folding umbrella which was used for winding homespun yarn back in the days when people used to make their own woolen yarns. We also have many rolling pins made of ivory and some fashioned from rare tropical woods that the whalers found on some of the islands of the South Pacific. One of our most beautiful collections of scrimshaw includes canes or walking sticks made of carved whalebone. In the one room where I am stationed, we have hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of scrimshaw of all kinds, even some valuable Eskimo carvings. How I would love to show them

to you.

A few weeks ago, I was visiting with some ladies who happened to notice my name tag. Right away, they introduced themselves as Kitchen-Klatter friends from Nebraska. One of them was Associate Judge Dorothy Cromwell, originally of Columbus, Nebraska, who now lives in Genoa, Nebraska. With her were her daughter, Joan, and one of Joan's friends, Miss Nancy Gdowski of Columbus. They were simply delighted with the Seaport Museum and with everything about New England.

Incidentally, when you come to visit our Mystic Seaport Museum, be sure to allow enough time—plan to spend at least one full day in the seaport. It is a complete village, and all along the waterfront are sailing ships you can go aboard to see how the sailors had to live in the olden days. You can even take a ride on a real antique steamboat called the *Sabino*, a boat that used to cruise the waters of Maine. Almost every hour of the day there are demonstrations of all kinds, and special concerts, all included in the one entrance fee paid as you first enter the seaport.

But enough about the seaport in this letter; I shall be telling you more about it in the months to come. I hope to be volunteering as a museum interpreter for the rest of my life! I just love the work.

Every other Friday, Betty and I have a volunteer job that we do together. We take "Meals on Wheels" to fifteen shut-ins. Many areas of our country have this helpful program. It is a social agency which provides a hot noon meal and a cold supper for people who are unable to cook for themselves, but who are not so incapacitated that they have to be in nursing homes. The meals we deliver are prepared in the local hospital, and it is there that Betty and I go at eleven o'clock in the morning to pick up a cold thermos chest and a hot thermos chest. Last

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GOD IS FAITHFUL

by
Mollie Dowdle

It was the year 1951 with summer in all of its glory. I was alone on our small farm, trying to keep up all the necessary tasks that had to be done. I held down an eight-hour a day job and then would rush home to mow a yard, keep up a garden and feed animals that I felt I must somehow keep.

My husband had been critically injured in a logging camp accident and lay desperately ill in a city hospital eighty miles away. Of my two sons, one was in a veteran's hospital in the same city as that of his father. The other had been shipped out to Korea and I had received no news of his whereabouts for several weeks. I was going through the dark waters of adversity and my soul was melted with grief and sorrow. I only knew that God was aware of the tremendous price of war on human lives, and of its sorrow. My knees were calloused from prayer—I had to somehow have help.

Dazed with concern, I made my mailbox my altar of gladness. All of my family would write—when they could muster strength—between pain and duties.

If I could only know of my youngest boy's whereabouts, it would be a big relief.

A distant church bell seemed to be tolling out a familiar promise: "I will not let you suffer more than you can bear." God was faithful! He would provide help and encouragement. So I hung onto the rope of security. I leaned heavily on His arms of everlasting strength.

But, I grew weak and—I'm afraid—I became another Job, where he reached in all four directions and couldn't touch out and find God.

But then another promise was remembered: "In everything God works for good with those that love Him." I was traveling through a dark valley and I let doubt and fear darken the light at the end of the path. My candle flickered, burned low and would then flash into a weak flame again.

It's terrible to be alone so I made everything count for something. My flowers bloomed lovelier, the hens laid more eggs than usual and at night I was so tired I slept like a log.

"This too will pass," kept coming into my mind. It had to—to see me through! More than once I was awakened from a sound sleep and I would slip from my bed and search for answers in my Bible. Miraculously I kept going, although it became very difficult.

Mud sparrows always build a nest in the front peak of my old two-story farmhouse and I began to observe their goings and comings. They would dart low for material for their nest and then fly

straight for their future nest.

I read and reread where God takes special care and sees the falling of every one of these active little birds. Why not me? Where was my faith? I was only a heartbroken mother aching for the return of her family.

My faith grew stronger each day as I walked up the front walk from the mailbox and took time to watch those birds' activities. God had promised to care for them and so He surely also would take care of me. My load grew lighter in a strange spiritual way. I began to sleep better and grew in grace and knowledge.

One day the nest was finished and then I watched a sedate little dark hen sit motionless on the mud nest for about three weeks. One day I saw fuzzy, long, ugly necks lean dangerously over the side waiting to be fed with hurried greediness. Activity among the parents increased as they darted about for food. Gaping red mouths were a constant sight. They were surely teaching me a lesson. Sparrows, mud sparrows, became the instrument to fan my flickering faith . . .

Human wisdom and understanding

"BUFFALO BILL" CODY

by
Joe Taylor

When one thinks of the Wild West, Iowa is seldom considered as being a part of it. Yet, Scott County, Iowa, was the birthplace and boyhood home of one of the Wild West's legendary greats—William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

"Buffalo Bill" was born in Le Claire, Iowa, on February 26, 1846. Le Claire, a small town on the Mississippi River north of Davenport, still remembers the frontiersman with a "Buffalo Bill Museum" and Cody Road.

The family moved from Le Claire to rural Scott County in 1847. Near Mc Causland, Buffalo Bill's father, Isaac, planned and built a stone house on 7,000 acres of unbroken Iowa prairie. Some say it is the only home of Buffalo Bill still standing on its original site since the house in Le Claire had been sold, dismantled, and moved earlier. The Mc Causland homestead remained Buffalo Bill's boyhood home until 1854 when the family moved again.

By the time of the Civil War, Cody had been a horse wrangler, mounted messenger, prospector, and a Pony Express rider. He joined the Ninth Kansas Cavalry in 1863 and was later a Union scout in Tennessee and Missouri. After the War, Cody earned his nickname when he took a job as a hunter for a company that supplied food to railroad construction crews in Kansas. By his own count, Buffalo Bill killed over 4,000 buffaloes in a two-year period.

Later, Cody was an army scout during

could never explain how that fragile lump of mud and straw hung precariously to the straight, high peak of the old house. The birds had taken the instinct God had given them and fashioned a nest that would hold. They didn't doubt and fear for the safety of their young. They had mated, nested, laid their eggs, and sat complacently at this dizzy height until their babies were born.

Suddenly, one day, I realized these were part of God's creation and so was I, "Fear not, are not five sparrows sold for a farthing and not one is forgotten before God." "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." I began to realize the great love of my God.

Slowly I conquered fear. My sons came home. My husband didn't. After eighteen months he died of leukemia. But my shoulders had grown strong and I could even face death without fear. A nest of little sparrows took me over the roughest spots, then they flew away.

I hope I can help some other sad heart that has almost given up in despair. Remember my sparrows and the great lesson they taught me on the darkest days of my life.

the Indian Wars. In the early 1870's, Buffalo Bill was popularized in novels and by the play, *Scouts of the Prairies*, written by E.Z.C. Judson. The play successfully toured the East coast, starring Cody and later "Wild Bill" Hickok.

In 1876, Buffalo Bill briefly returned to scouting, killing a Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, in a famous duel. Cody returned to the stage in 1883 and organized his own "Wild West" show. The show toured the United States, Great Britain and Europe and featured Cody, Annie Oakley and Sitting Bull.

The great career came to an end when Buffalo Bill died suddenly in Denver in 1917. His body is buried in a solid rock tomb at the top of Lookout Mountain.



In 1847, the stone part of this house was built by Buffalo Bill's father near Mc Causland, Iowa. The frame section of the house was added in 1860 by the Mc Causland family. Furnishings in these rooms are Victorian in contrast to the more primitive furniture of the stone area. The house is open daily to the public as a museum.

DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

Our two girls are delighted that summer is here. They were more than ready to wrap up the past school year and just relax for a few weeks. I thought this year just flew by, but both girls assure me that for them it seemed very long.

Natalie had one day to get her suitcase packed after school was out before she boarded a flight to Washington, D.C., with approximately 150 other eighth-graders. Doesn't that sound like a tremendous job for a group of chaperones? They were gone for only three days and believe me they were exhausted when they returned. Needless to say, with everything there is to see in our nation's capital, these students were busy every minute of those few days.

As I mentioned in my last letter, Tom and I spent the end of March and first of April in Atlanta, Georgia. We stayed at Peachtree Plaza Hotel which is just one of many fine hotels in downtown Atlanta. We often hear so much about how the downtown business and shopping districts of many cities are becoming virtually nonexistent. This is not the case with Atlanta. Every place you look, you see either a new building or one under construction.

The only side trip that Tom managed to make with me was to Warm Springs which is the location of Franklin D. Roosevelt's "Little White House". It was from this house, on June 25, 1945, that word came of his death. Mr. Roosevelt started coming to Warm Springs in the mid-twenties, after hearing of a fellow polio victim who had been helped by the unusually warm waters of the area. By the time he arrived, a swimming pool had been built at a local hotel which eventually attracted many other polio patients. President Roosevelt spent many years traveling from Hyde Park to Warm Springs for treatments in the warm waters of this pool. Shortly before he became president, he decided he would like to build a small home in the area; construction was completed in 1932 at a cost of \$8,700.

Another interesting outing was to Stone Mountain, which is located a few miles east of Atlanta. This is supposed to be the world's largest mass of exposed granite out of which has been carved the world's largest sculpture. The figures carved in this mountain are those of the Confederate President Jefferson and Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on horseback. The figure of Lee is approximately the height of a nine-



Natalie Nenneman received an excellent rating at the district piano finals.

story building and his horse is about 145 feet long. Perhaps this will give you some idea of the magnitude of this project.

Three sculptors have worked on this project over a period of many years. Gutzon Borglum, who later did Mt. Rushmore, began the carving in 1923. After two years, he became frustrated and left the mountain. It is said that no evidence of his work remains.

In 1925, Augustus Lukeman was hired to continue the project. He made a new design of the three figures and worked on them for three years until financial problems arose.

The sculpture then went untouched for thirty years. Then, in 1958, the Georgia Legislature purchased the mountain and surrounding land and made it into a recreational and educational park.

In 1963, Walker Hancock was selected to complete the carving. This was to be no small undertaking, as it took him until May of 1970 to complete—the largest piece of sculpture ever attempted.

Also located within this park is an area



THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD

Centuries ago, some saw the rose.

Time forgotten, the lily bloomed.
Still today we share with many,
The Beauty of the Lord.

Oaks were mighty, lakes were blue,
And the mountains stood quite tall.
Butterflies were like rainbows,
And hollyhocks looked at the sun.

Strange that so many centuries
Have known what we see.
And that with many others, we still share
The Beauty of the Lord.

—Annette Lingelbach

referred to as "The Plantation". This is a series of old homes restored to show how different classes of people lived during the antebellum period. You can see the living quarters of the slaves, the caretaker, the cooks, etc., right on to the large mansion house of the plantation owner.

Although the weather was less than cooperative during our stay in Atlanta, we did have an enjoyable trip.

I mentioned in an earlier letter that Natalie had a good friend, Karen, who was moving to Atlanta, so naturally I had to call and see how things were going with her. We made plans for Karen to make a surprise trip back to Omaha for a stay this summer. If all goes as planned, by the time this letter reaches your door, Natalie will have had one big surprise at her front door.

Lisa is planning on attending a Flag Squad workshop at Hastings College in July. This workshop has been presented throughout the United States for the past sixteen years, so she should learn a great deal. It is not just for Flag Squads, however, as there are also sessions for Baton Twirling, Pompon and Dance Routines, Marching, Field Conductors, Drum Majors and Rifle Squads. According to the literature we received, the youngsters are kept busy with an eight- to nine-hour day. However, I would imagine that they also have time for some leisure activities.

The first of June our local Lions Club hosted the State Lions Convention. This is always fun but an awful lot of work goes into it to make it a success. Planning started the pervious fall and at that time Tom was selected to serve as secretary-treasurer for the state event. Needless to say, this required the efforts of many people to make it a success. The convention was held the same weekend as Millard Days so there were two "celebrations" going on in our town at the same time.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the convention, but people were ready to relax a little, once it was all over. It had been ten years since the Millard Lions Club had hosted the event; those who participated look forward to next year's convention. As in any occasion, the people involved make a convention "go" and this one certainly had a lot of "go" to it.

The first two weekends in August will find Tom and me attending our 25th class reunions. That is a quarter of a century! I find that a bit on the frightening side as it seems like just yesterday that we were graduating. My class has had reunions at five, ten and twenty years, so I should recognize people with ease. Tom's class has never had a reunion, so many of these people haven't seen each other since graduation.

I hope you are all enjoying a happy and healthy summer. Sincerely,

Donna Nenneman

SUMMER FAMILY FUN

by
Mabel Nair Brown

"What'll we do now, Mom?" is a question with an all too familiar ring. Avoid the summer daze, make them happy days instead, good days with time for fun for all the family.

Go Over Family Heirlooms: Get them into order and make a list of the family antiques. Jot down the history concerning each. Get some of your family history written up. Interview older relatives, make tape recordings of family stories.

Explore the Attic: This is a good one for a rainy day. Look over the artifacts and talk about their history. Dress up in old clothes found in the trunks and take pictures of each other in Great-aunt Sarah's flapper dress, Uncle Joe's army uniform, or Grandma's graduation dress. Read some of the old letters to learn how it was in "the olden days".

Family Participation Sports: Try home baseball games, tennis matches, swimming—whatever is fun for most members of the family. The children could plan some neighborhood tennis matches, ball games, croquet tournaments or a swimming meet.

"This Is Your Life" Scrapbooks: As a family project, develop a scrapbook for each member of the family using pictures, keepsake mementoes, report cards, crayon pictures, whatever is treasured. It is a good chance to get the dresser drawers and extra boxes cleaned out and all of the keepsakes into a safe place. The books will become more treasured by each member of the family as the years go by.

Keep Weather Records: Put up a rain gauge and take turns charting the rainfall for the summer along with each day's high and low temperature in a notebook. Study the stars and clouds and get books from the library to help you learn about them. Observe storms and discuss them—a fine way to help the children overcome fears of lightning and wind. Watch for rainbows and read what significance the Bible places on the rainbow.

Plan Made-to-Order Picnics: Let various members of the family (especially the children) plan a picnic by choosing some nearby spot, planning the menu, deciding on the entertainment: volley ball, swimming, hiking, jogging around the park, etc. The chief "planner" can help in the food preparations according to age: bake a cake, fix a salad, grill the hamburgers or help make a freezer of ice cream. Out of this might come a family picnic cookbook.

Family Field Trips: Visit a nearby factory and places of historical interest in your own county or city. Take the family to see how a bakery works, how pre-



Julian Brase is sound asleep on his daddy's favorite chair.

fabricated houses are made, visit a bank to see how money is handled, etc. Proper arrangements will be needed to be certain the businesses accommodate tours.

Bird Watching: Keep a record of the birds which visit your yard. Take pictures of them, tape the bird calls for future listening and for identification. Put up feeders and waterers and keep a record of the favorite eating habits of some of the feathered creatures.

Tape Family Music: Try to tape the different members of the family singing or playing instruments. This can include solos or together in a jam session with neighbors or friends or an evening sing-along. Grandparents would love a tape of the children's music.

Put on a Circus, Playlet or Puppet Show: This can be as simple or as an elaborate production as time, talent and patience allows. It can even become a neighborhood affair. Perhaps a performance can be open to the public, with a small donation, the proceeds going to some charitable organization.

Nutting, Berrying, Collecting Dried Weeds, Pods and Leaves are all simple old-fashioned pleasures that still may bring plenty of fun, not to mention all of the fresh air and exercise. Also, think of the good eating when those nuts are cracked and picked out to use in candies, cookies and cakes next winter—another family project.

Quickie Tent House: Turn an old bed sheet into a quick playhouse. Draw windows, window boxes of flowers and doors onto the sheet. This can be done with crayons or poster paint. Cut a "crawl through" door on one side. Drape sheet over a bridge table. Presto! a quick playhouse.

SETTING FOR A DOWN-ON-THE-FARM PARTY

Why not take advantage of our American heritage and have a down-on-the-farm party? This type of party is easy to give and fun to attend.

The setting for a farm party can be a backyard, a place in a nearby park, or in a vacant lot which you've gotten the owner's permission to use.

Hay bales (rented, purchased from a feed store or borrowed from a farmer) make excellent seats. If the bales are too difficult to get, benches will be all right too.

Paper plates and other eating utensils can be stacked on a child's little red wagon. A pitchfork, its tines covered with foil, makes a perfect rack for doughnuts. Fill shovels with sandwiches. Set burlap bags at the end of the table, open end up. To get a bulging effect, fill the bags almost full of newspapers. Cover the top of the newspaper with clean sheets of waxed paper, then place potato chips, popcorn or other snack foods on the top. The bags look as if they are filled with the goodies.

Next, fill a wheelbarrow with ice. Place milk cartons or carbonated beverages in the ice. The drinks will stay cold until needed.

The down-on-the-farm party is so easy to give that you'll feel as free to enjoy your own party as your guests do!

—Evelyn Witter

DREAMS

A dream promises . . . a dream creates hope . . . a dream keeps life in love with tomorrow . . .

Keep your handful of dreams, and when any one dream comes true, may two replace it.

PAUL IS HEARD FROM THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

Before you lies another installment of my memoirs. As you may or may not know, I returned to the family fold as of February. Shortly after arriving here in Delafield, Wisconsin, I landed a job at a local foundry. A number of the experiences were completely new to me. The work was strictly manual labor consisting solely of swinging a monstrous sledgehammer as hard as I could. When the castings come out of the mold, they have a lot of excess metal flash on them and it became my job to break it off. It is by far the most physically strenuous activity I've ever undertaken. That kind of work builds strong bodies in at least a dozen ways. I also learned that nothing vents frustration better than smashing things to bits with a sledgehammer!

Although the job wasn't very mentally stimulating, I did derive a lot of satisfaction from doing my work well. My superiors even indicated that I could make foreman in a year! My pay at the foundry was another new experience; I was earning triple what I had been making in Florida. All that money went straight to my head and I had no trouble spending it as fast as I made it, though for the life of me I don't remember what on. I meant to use most of it on the restoration of my car, as well as saving some of it. As you may have guessed, neither of those things happened. As you may have also guessed, from my use of the past tense, I am no longer "in the chips".

The economy, to which my previous contact was no closer than the evening news, was suddenly staring me in the face. Due to a lack of work, fifty or sixty men at the foundry, including myself, were laid off. Living in a tourist state like Florida had sheltered me from the recession, but as soon as I got back up to Wisconsin, I found out how real it is.

So here you find me, among the eight percent of the population without jobs. Most of my applications for a job since being laid off have been answered with, "Don't call us, boy, we'll call you." I did get one promising response from an electronics store. The manager was impressed with me as a prospect and after my first interview said I should study computers so I would be able to sell them. Now, I didn't know the first thing about computers, so I came home and started poring over all the books and brochures I could find. I have succeeded in learning how to program in "Basic", the simplest of computer languages. The manager was supposed to call me the following Wednesday if I was to be hired... he didn't. I finally called him and got the same old refrain, "Don't call us etc., etc." Well, at least, I learned how to program a computer!



Paul has written several times about his car. As is true with most young men, this is his prize possession.

On the brighter side, my abundance of time gave me a chance to attend the wedding of my best friend, Gary. I had promised him I wouldn't miss it and I'm glad I didn't. I flew down to Florida for a week and had a wonderful time. I felt like I had never even left—as if I had just seen all those people the day before.

I haven't gotten too bored, yet. I'm keeping busy job hunting and taking care of the lawn for my father. I have a guitar now which I'm slowly learning to play. On top of this, I've gotten the job of baby-sitting our two "adopted children". Maybe I should explain. Their names are Ying and Yang and they're both at the playful age of one year. They require almost constant supervision since their curiosity often gets them in trouble. They are a pair of Siamese cats, or kittens, depending on how you look at them. One is a *seal point* and the other a *lilac point*. Ying and Yang belong to my sister, Katharine, who lives in Madison. She used to bring them over to Delafield on weekends, to the constant dismay of Simba, our Siamese. Eventually we gave the two kittens a taste of the great outdoors and they loved it. We decided that it would be cruel for them to be kept cooped up in Katharine's apartment after they learned what it was like outside, so now they live here.

When they were small, they could totter around on shelves and in cupboards without doing any serious damage. Now their bodies are full size and they don't fit in places like that anymore, but that doesn't keep them from trying! It just doesn't seem to bother them when china and books crash down behind them. The past few days, when we've allowed them outdoors, someone has had to keep a close eye on them to make sure they don't wander away or get chased by a too friendly dog. That someone is me!

I mentioned Simba. She is the ten-year-old Siamese who has lived here with us since we moved in. The self-appointed matriarch of the household, she is most unwilling to share her domain with any other creatures and certainly not with the two impetuous youths, Ying and Yang. I think she's jealous, remem-

bering the long-past days of her youth. Just like children all over the world, these two kids never tire of harassing Simba and generally making life difficult for her. She tolerates their friendliness to a degree but lets them know when they've gone too far with a very unfeminine growl. Hopefully, she'll get used to them after a while as her maternal instincts start to surface. Meanwhile, I'll be keeping my eyes on all three cats. I'll let you know how everything works out in my next letter. Till then, take care.

Sincerely,
Paul Driftmier

WE THANK YOU, LORD

We thank You, Lord, for every bird
which sings,
For every tree that grows,
For every flower that blooms,
For every family pet,
For every family joy,
For every lovely memory,
For every glowing sunset,
For every shining rainbow,
For all the joy of having lived.
We thank Thee, Lord, today.

—Annette Lingelbach

LET THE STARS SHINE

Throughout history, stars have guided mankind: Sailors used the North Star to direct their ships... Desert travelers were guided by the stars... Surveyors based their measurements for laying out streets and highways by the positions of stars... The morning star still hails the dawn; the evening star, twilight... A shiny star tops the Christmas tree... And three wise men followed the star of the East to Bethlehem.

Yes, stars have guided mankind.

And that is why each star in America's flag represents a state of the Union, for our forefathers proposed that those original thirteen stars, a new constellation on "a field of blue, like the heavens above" should guide this nation in the preservation of freedom, liberty, and justice for all.

May the stars forever shine.

EXPLOSIONS! EXPLOSIONS!

by
Evelyn Birkby

The world has been full of explosions—some near at hand and most, fortunately, far away. But no matter where they originate, nature's shenanigans have an effect on many, many people.

In my own back yard, the first explosion of the summer began when many of the trees, bushes and shrubs bloomed at the same time. Pollen erupted everywhere. Friends and neighbors and relatives commented about the quantity of cotton fluff in the air from the cottonwood trees, the number of little oak "airplanes" which carried far on the wind, and the little fuzzy mulberry seed carriers that look much like tiny caterpillars that almost covered the flower beds in our back yard. Probably next year the number of seedlings which will be growing will create a new problem, but that can be coped with later.

By the time the handkerchiefs were put away as the allergy-creating pollens abated, the garden began burgeoning. Asparagus flourished, rhubarb grew like crazy and the gooseberries outdid themselves in producing plump green fruit. Radishes and green onions added girth daily. All these fine foods graced the table and added to the frozen food supply, as did the June peas, the maturing beans and the lettuce.

Along with this proliferation of activity in my own garden and kitchen came an equally active profusion of requests for me to speak at a variety of events. It is not surprising that such activities run in bunches, for spring and early summer are times when many organizations have gatherings and guest days and end-of-the season specials. It would not have been such a demanding situation if I could have prepared one talk to fit all occasions, but each request was different. The Red Oak United Methodist Women asked me to tell of my work with the National Methodist Board of Communications, the Page County Farm Bureau Women wanted to hear of various trips our family had taken, the First Baptist Church at Mt. Airy had me come "fill the pulpit" on a Sunday they were without a minister, the Sidney Methodist Church had a mother-daughter banquet and asked me to be mistress of ceremonies and later asked me to speak on my research into the history of the Sunday school at the Sunday morning worship service while the minister was gone to annual conference. One calm, at-home day, I had a call from a nearby four-church parish with an SOS that their planned guest speaker was ill and could I come in four hours and fill in for her? That talk ended up by being a compilation of stories on the surprising turns life can bring, including a morning



One of Jeff Birkby's favorite camping places in Montana is called Lava Lake. It takes a sturdy hiker to climb up the rugged path but the gorgeous view of high peaks, the quietness of the water and beauty of the tall pine trees makes it worth the effort.

of working in the garden which suddenly became a day to prepare a talk and go out to the wonderful Locust Grove country church for their guest day. Then, in June, Billie Oakley went on vacation and asked me to do her KMA radio broadcasts for her—an enjoyable and interesting experience.

Now, I don't want to suggest that all this explosion of engagements had my tongue hanging out, but it certainly did fill up any empty corners on the calendar.

Between the regular work and these special activities, my interest in the catastrophes in the western part of the country increased with every news story of earthquake, flood and volcano eruption. It began with the heavy floods in Arizona which affected the life of my sister, Ruth Gerhardt, and her family (she lives in Mesa, so found many limitations of transportation when the bridges and roads were inundated during the heavy spring rains). Then Mount St. Helens in Washington started its rumblings and shakings and spewing and my concern grew. We have a large number of relatives in that area from a cousin who lives at Battleground, Washington, just 25 miles south of the new volcano, to Robert's brother and his family and numbers of nieces and nephews in the Portland and Tacoma area. Then, our son, Bob, has been in Seattle for several months. We knew he had been spending as much time as possible camping in the Cascades a safe distance away from, and yet in view of, the spectacular events which were in the offing.

Once Mount St. Helens had the first great eruption, our reaction back in Iowa was to phone Bob to be certain he was safe and to get a firsthand account of the happening. Now that took some doing, for the telephone circuits were busy for several days. When we did hear his voice, he sounded excited by the once-in-a-lifetime experience. Seattle, he

assured us, was clear and safe. The ash and dust had gone east. He commented on the great concern in Washington for the tremendous destruction and the loss of life created by the volcano. It was both fascinating and frightening to realize that the same force which made the mountains and shaped the earth is still active and ready to change the face of the landscape and many lives forever.

The ash which blew east went across Washington, across Idaho and into Montana. Once we had talked to Bob, we then began thinking of those in the places affected by the fallout. Jeff, fortunately, was attending a geothermal meeting in New Mexico the week of the first eruption. By the time he returned to Helena, a rain had fallen which settled a great quantity of the ash and cleared the air.

The last letter I received from Jeff mentioned that he was going to take a few days off and go camping, possibly in the Bob Marshall Wilderness or back down near Bozeman where he is well acquainted with the mountain area.

Jeff has a new project in connection with his natural resources work. He is setting up booths at county fairs around the state. I would love to sneak into the tent or show building and see all the geothermal and energy-saving materials in Jeff's booth and listen to his statements to the people who stop by.

Speaking of explosions—Jeff says that the wildflowers in the mountains have had a blooming explosion this year. He tries to identify and classify all he sees but since Montana has over 2,000 species of wildflowers it is almost impossible to keep up with them all. The last time he wrote, Jeff mentioned that he had identified the location of a large stand of serviceberry and chokecherry bushes and plans to go back when the berries are ripe so he can pick them to make wild berry jelly later in the summer. Do you suppose he would consider reversing the usual procedure of his mother making him jelly and see that I get some of his good wilderness produce?

Our youngest son, Craig, was home for a short vacation between the end of his second year of medical school studies and the beginning of his third year of hospital rotation training. The sharing of his "explosion of experience" will need to wait for another time.

Meanwhile, back in the Midwest we have our own kind of concerns, what with the farm situation, the weather's irrational behavior and the threat of tornados which can arrive at breath-taking speed. No place is safe from one kind of problem or another, so I guess we just each take the one that is close at hand, cope with it the best way we can and use our best judgment in trying to stay safe. At any rate, no one can suggest that this is a dull year.

★ RECIPES ★

4TH OF JULY ICE CREAM

- 6 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 cups half-and-half
- 4 cups whole milk
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Beat eggs until very thick. Gradually beat in sugar, and continue beating until light and thick. Beat in remaining ingredients (using flavorings to taste). Pour into one-gallon freezer can. Put on lid. Pack with ice and ice cream salt and turn crank until ice cream is frozen. Keep packed and covered until time to serve. Makes delicious homemade ice cream. The vanilla with a touch of lemon flavoring gives it a real old-fashioned taste. Other flavorings could be used, including fruit flavorings. —Evelyn

INEXPENSIVE MACARONI SALAD

- 1 pkg. macaroni and cheese dinner
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, thawed
- 1 chopped fresh tomato
- 3/4 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sliced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 5 hard-cooked eggs, chopped

Prepare macaroni and cheese dinner according to package directions. Cool. Add remaining ingredients and mix lightly. Chill and serve. —Dorothy

CUCUMBER RELISH

- 4 cups unpeeled, seeded, ground cucumbers (fairly large ones)
- 4 large onions, ground
- 4 green peppers, ground
- 1 sweet red pepper, ground
- 1 Tbls. pickling salt
- 4 tsp. mustard seed
- 4 tsp. celery seed
- 2 tsp. turmeric
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 4 cups cider vinegar
- 4 cups white sugar

Combine vegetables; add salt and let stand for two hours. Drain well; rinse and discard liquid. Add remaining ingredients to vegetables. Cook slowly for one hour. Ladle into hot, sterilized jars and seal. Yield: 4 1/2 pints. —Lucile

SKILLET VEGETABLES

- 2 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- 1 carrot, grated
- 1 onion, thinly sliced
- 1 tomato, sliced
- 1 tsp. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 Tbls. oil

Combine all ingredients in skillet in which oil has been heated. Stir-fry about five minutes, until vegetables are tender-crisp. Serve hot. Soy sauce can be added or passed, if desired. An excellent combination of summer garden vegetables. —Evelyn

CHICKEN WITH CUCUMBERS

- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 2½- to 3-lb. fryer, cut up or quartered
- 1/4 lb. mushrooms, sliced (or 1 can stems and pieces)
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 large (or 4 small) cucumbers
- 1 cup sour cream

Brown chicken on both sides in hot oil. Remove from pan. Add mushrooms and garlic to drippings and saute about 2 minutes. Stir in flour. When smooth and well blended, gradually stir in dressing, bouillon, salt and water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Add chicken, reduce heat and cover. Simmer about 30 minutes. Cut cucumbers into large chunks. (Have some thinly sliced cucumbers to use fresh as garnish.) Add cucumbers to chicken the final 15 minutes of cooking time, or cook until cucumbers are tender-crisp and chicken is tender. Add sour cream. Heat through. Serve on a platter by arranging chicken pieces first, surround with cooked cucumbers pieces, pour sauce over all and garnish with cucumber slices. Delicious served with rice.

The cucumbers can be cooked in the sauce as given without the chicken. They are surprisingly good cooked and the sauce is excellent. Start with oil, butter or margarine, a little butter flavoring and continue as given for making sauce. Add cucumbers and cook to tender-crisp. —Evelyn

BROWN MOUNTAIN CAKE

- 1 cup margarine, softened
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 3 Tbls. cocoa
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup warm water

Cream the margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Beat in eggs, one at a time, blending well each time. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture alternately with buttermilk. Add the remaining flavorings to the warm water and stir into batter. Bake in 350-degree oven in lightly greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool and frost with the following:

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups sifted powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In a saucepan, mix the sugar and cocoa. Add butter or margarine, milk, corn syrup and salt. Stir and bring to a full rolling boil. Boil vigorously, stirring occasionally for about three minutes. (Must be thick enough to coat spoon.) Beat in powdered sugar and flavoring.

—Betty Jane

HONEY DILLS

- Small cucumbers
- Onion, dill, celery seed
- 3 cups cider vinegar
- 2 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups honey
- 1/4 cup pickling salt

Pack small, washed cucumbers into jars (pints or quarts) which are sterilized and hot. Set the jars in hot water and keep hot while proceeding with method. To each jar add: one or two tiny onions or a few slices of onion, 1 medium to large dill head (or 1/2 tsp. dill seed), and 1/4 tsp. celery seed. Boil remaining ingredients together. When ingredients are dissolved and mixture is boiling well, ladle over cucumbers in jar, seal quickly; do just one jar at a time so syrup will be boiling hot when jar is sealed. Set aside to cool.

The friend who sent this recipe says to use more or less of the seasonings according to taste. The onion can be omitted if that flavor is not desired. She also sometimes adds a few horseradish leaves in the top of each jar for variety. —Evelyn

EASY-TO-MAKE PECAN PIE

- 1 regular-size pkg. instant butter-pecan pudding mix
- 1 pkg. whipped topping mix (dry)
- 1 2/3 cups cold milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans
- 1 baked pie shell
- Whipped cream or topping

Combine the pudding mix, topping mix, milk and flavoring. Beat until thick. Fold in half of the nuts and pour into pie shell. Cover with whipped cream or topping. Sprinkle with rest of nuts.

—Dorothy

LAYERED ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

- 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 medium-size zucchini, sliced
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced
- 2 medium-size tomatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. oregano leaves
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted

Place 1/2 cup of the bread crumbs in the bottom of a well-greased 1½-quart casserole. Arrange zucchini, onion and tomatoes into layers, using half for each layer. Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper and oregano. Top with remaining bread crumbs which have been tossed with the melted butter. Bake uncovered in 350-degree oven for one hour or until vegetables are tender.

—Juliana

BERRY PATCH PUDDING

- 4 cups prepared berries
- 1 cup sugar (or sugar to taste)
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring to complement fruit used
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. salad oil

Prepare berries (strawberries, boysenberries, blackberries, raspberries, loganberries, etc.). Butter a 2-quart, shallow baking dish. Fill with the whole berries. Sprinkle with sugar to taste—about 1 cup—which has been mixed with the spices. Dot with the butter or margarine. Stir together the flour, 1 Tbls. sugar, baking powder and salt. Add egg, milk, flavorings and salad oil. Beat until smooth. Pour evenly over berries. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Serve warm or cold topped with whipped cream or whipped topping. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

—Betty Jane

TEXAS ZUCCHINI & BEEF

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 medium-size onion, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup Minute rice (dry)
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups sliced unpeeled zucchini
- 2 cups cottage cheese
- 1 can mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1 cup (or more) grated Cheddar cheese

Brown ground beef and onion. Drain excess fat. Stir in the oregano, salt, rice and pepper. Grease an 8- by 10-inch baking pan and layer the sliced zucchini in the bottom. Layer the ground beef mixture over this, followed by the cottage cheese, mushroom soup, and ending with cheese on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 to 1½ hours. Pan may seem very full, but zucchini will cook down, allowing more room.

—Hallie.

CALIFORNIA CURRIED COLESLAW

- 4 cups lightly packed shredded cabbage
- 2 cups seedless grapes
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1/8 tsp. garlic powder
- Additional parsley and paprika for garnish

Combine vegetables in a bowl. Combine remaining ingredients and toss with vegetables. Chill well. Garnish with additional parsley and a sprinkling of paprika. (Use the curry powder and garlic to taste; the quantity given is not too much.) It makes an excellent cabbage slaw that is different.

—Betty Jane

QUICK BLUEBERRY CRISP

- 2 15-oz. cans blueberries, drained
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 2/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup all-purpose flour, unsifted
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, room temperature
- Vanilla ice cream

Spread blueberries in bottom of greased shallow baking pan. Sprinkle water and flavorings over blueberries. Combine brown sugar, flour, salt and nutmeg. Cut in the butter or margarine. Mix until crumbly. Place over blueberries in pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm with ice cream.

—Betty Jane

CUCUMBER SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 medium cucumber, peeled and grated
- 1 Tbls. finely minced onion

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add flavoring and let thicken slightly. Combine remaining ingredients and fold into the partially congealed gelatin mixture. Place in mold or 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill until firm.

—Dorothy

SIMPLE FROZEN CORN

- 16 cups corn, cut from cob
- 1/2 to 1 cup sugar
- 4 tsp. salt
- 4 cups water

Cut corn from cob—do not blanch first. Combine with remaining ingredients. Simmer on moderate to low heat for 8 to 10 minutes. Chill well. Pack in freezer containers and freeze.

(The friend who sent in this recipe puts her cooked corn in the refrigerator overnight before packaging and freezing. I like to put mine in the freezer as soon as possible, so I experimented with both methods. Either way will produce a fine product, so take your choice.)

—Evelyn

FROZEN RASPBERRY DESSERT

- 3/4 cup vanilla wafer crumbs
- 3 Tbls. butter, melted
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup whipping cream (or 1 9-oz. carton prepared topping)
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries

Combine crumbs, butter and 2 Tbls. sugar. Press into greased 7- by 11-inch pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 8 minutes. Cool. Beat egg yolks until thick. Add flavorings, cream cheese, the 1 cup sugar and salt. Beat until light and smooth. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold in cream (which has been whipped) or the prepared topping. Gently stir in cheese mixture. Partially thaw and crush raspberries (or whirl in blender). Swirl half the raspberry puree into filling mixture to make a marble effect. Spoon carefully into cooled crust. Smooth top. Spoon remaining raspberry puree over top and swirl a bit more. Freeze, then wrap to store, frozen. Remove from freezer about 10 minutes before time to cut into squares and serve. A good prepare-ahead dessert.

—Dorothy

CHEDDAR-TOMATO DIP

- 1 lb. shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 to 1 1/2 lbs. fresh cherry tomatoes, finely chopped (or 1 1-lb. can tomatoes, drained and chopped)
- 14-oz. can whole green chilies, drained
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 tsp. chili powder

Combine all ingredients and cook over low heat until cheese is melted. Serve warm with crackers, chips, etc.

—Betty Jane

CAMPERS' BARS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/3 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/3 cup cocoa
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup non-fat dry milk crystals
- 1/4 cup wheat germ
- 1 cup unsifted flour (white or whole wheat)
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 2 cups peanut butter-flavored chips
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup nuts or sunflower seeds

Cream together the butter or margarine, brown sugar, eggs and flavorings. (Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring if margarine is used.) When light and fluffy, beat in cocoa and milk. Add remaining dry ingredients. When well blended, fold in chips, raisins and nuts. Spread on greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 30

minutes. Cut into bars. When cool, wrap each bar separately in plastic wrap. Excellent for campers, hikers and hungry children as a high-energy snack. Other kinds of chips can be used instead of peanut butter chips if preferred.

—Evelyn

PINK LEMONADE CAKE

- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix cake according to package directions, adding the vanilla flavoring. Bake in two round cake pans at temperature given in package instructions. Cool cake layers and remove from pans. Fill with the following:

- 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 6 drops red food coloring
- 1 6-oz. can frozen pink lemonade concentrate, thawed
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Stir ice cream to soften. Add lemon flavoring, food coloring and 1/2 cup of the lemonade concentrate. Spread ice cream mixture evenly in one foil-lined round cake pan (same size as cake layers were baked in). Freeze until firm, about 2 to 3 hours.

Place one cake layer on plate; top with frozen ice cream layer, then place second cake layer on top of ice cream. Whip cream with remaining lemonade concentrate and sugar until stiff. Frost sides and top of cake. Return to freezer for at least one hour. Cake will keep in freezer for several weeks. —Robin

DOROTHY'S VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1 medium unpeeled eggplant, cut in 1/2-inch slices
- 2 small unpeeled zucchini, cut in thin slices
- 2 large tomatoes, skinned and cut in 1/4-inch slices
- 1 medium onion, thinly sliced
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. dried thyme
- 1/2 tsp. dried basil
- 1/2 tsp. dried rosemary
- 2 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Salt eggplant slices and stack one slice on top of another. Let set 30 minutes. After 30 minutes, wipe slices with paper towel. In large casserole, arrange alternate layers of eggplant, zucchini, tomatoes and onion (cut slices to fit pan, if necessary). Drizzle each layer with a little of the salad oil. Sprinkle each layer with the combined herbs and parsley. Salt each layer except the eggplant. Top with the cheese. Bake for about 45 minutes at 350 degrees until brown and bubbly. —Dorothy

JULIANA'S REFRIGERATOR ORANGE ROLLS

- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk, scalded and cooled to lukewarm
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 4 cups flour (about)

Dissolve yeast in the warm water. In large bowl, mix softened butter or margarine, salt, sugar, milk, egg and dissolved yeast mixture. Mix thoroughly. Add about 3 cups of the flour and beat in. Turn out and knead in more flour to make a sticky dough. Place dough in greased bowl and let rise (about 2 hours). Punch down dough and divide into two portions. Roll out into two long rectangles and prepare the following:

- 3 to 4 Tbls. butter, softened
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. orange juice
- 2 to 3 drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Spread the softened butter over one of the rectangles. Combine the sugar, orange juice and flavoring and sprinkle over butter. Roll up dough and refrigerate. (When I make this, I usually put orange filling in one rectangle and a sugar-cinnamon mixture in the other.) If making all orange rolls, double the filling recipe.

Next morning, slice in 1-inch thick slices and place in greased muffin tins. Bake about 12 minutes at 400 degrees.

May be kept for several days in the refrigerator. —Juliana



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QUICK MEAT BALLS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 egg
- 1 cup crisp rice cereal
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion

Combine the above ingredients and mix well. Form into balls. Place in greased shallow pan and bake at 350 degrees until brown—about 30 minutes. While meat balls are baking, prepare the following sauce:

- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 3 Tbls. vinegar

Combine the sauce ingredients and pour over the meat balls. Bake slowly for an additional 15 minutes. These can be transferred to a slow-cooking pot to keep warm until ready to serve. —Hallie

CURRIED HONEY CHICKEN

- 3 lbs. chicken pieces
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/4 cup prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 of medium-size onion, chopped

Melt margarine and add flavoring, honey, mustard, salt, curry powder and onion. Coat chicken pieces with sauce. Place chicken in single layer in shallow baking pan. Pour over any remaining sauce. Bake at 375 degrees for about 1 1/2 hours or until done. —Juliana

FROSTED APRICOT SALAD

- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 17-oz. can apricot halves, juice and all
- 1 8 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 2/3 cup chopped pecans
- 2 large bananas
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 cup chilled whipping cream
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flaked coconut

Pour boiling water over gelatin in large bowl. Stir until dissolved. Add orange flavoring, apricots, pineapple and pecans. Chill until slightly thickened. Slice bananas and add to mixture along with the banana flavoring. Pour into 9-inch square pan and refrigerate until set.

Beat whipping cream until stiff. Add cream cheese, powdered sugar and almond flavoring and blend well. Spread over gelatin layer. Sprinkle coconut over top. —Betty Jane

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1 cup, plus 2 Tbls. powdered milk
- 3/4 cup sugar

Place the warm water and powdered milk in the top of a double boiler and mix until well blended. Add the sugar and stir and stir (it takes a lot of stirring) until the sugar is completely dissolved and the mixture has thickened. You must stir all the time. This will take at least 17 minutes. Remove from the stove and let the mixture cool. This can be stored in the refrigerator in a covered container.

—Dorothy

TAOS SALAD

- 2 cups chopped lettuce
- 1 #1 can red kidney beans, drained
- 2 medium-size fresh tomatoes chopped and drained
- 1 Tbls. chopped canned green chilies
- 1 medium avocado, mashed
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup crushed corn chips

Combine lettuce, beans, tomatoes and green chilies in salad bowl. Chill. Blend avocado and sour cream. Add dressing, chili powder, onion, salt and pepper. Mix well and chill.

Just before serving, toss lettuce mixture with avocado mixture. Top with cheese and corn chips.

—Donna Nenneman

ORANGE POUND CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 3/4 cup cooking oil
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 4 eggs

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Generously grease and flour a 12-cup bundt pan. (Do not use oil for greasing pan.)

In large bowl, combine all cake ingredients; beat for three minutes at medium speed. Pour into prepared pan and bake for 40 to 50 minutes or until cake tests done. Remove cake from oven. Prick deeply every inch with fork. Spoon half of glaze (recipe below) over hot cake in pan. Let stand 10 minutes and then invert onto plate. Spoon remaining glaze over cake.

Glaze

- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
 - 1/2 cup orange juice
- Blend glaze ingredients and use as directed above. —Donna Nenneman

HONEY JELLY

- 3 cups honey
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 bottle fruit pectin

Combine honey and water. Bring to boiling point over high heat and add the half bottle of liquid pectin. Stir constantly. Bring to a full, rolling boil and immediately remove from fire. Skim. Pour quickly into hot, sterilized glasses and seal or top with paraffin. —Evelyn

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Thimbles Talk

by
Elizabeth Mhyr

Can thimbles talk? I believe they can. I have over sixty of them and each one has a story to tell.

Finding my mother's thimble in her sewing basket after she died brought such a flood of memories that I decided to collect thimbles in her honor. Her thimble is an ordinary dime store silver-plated one with a plain band, but it felt comfortable on her finger and it was sturdy. In all the years she used it for sewing, it never wore out.

My mother's thimble stands out above and beyond all the sewing she did with it—it is now a symbol, telling a story of the many clothes she made, the hundreds of socks she darned, the school costumes she put together and the wedding dress she created for me.

A thimble, my mother said, was indispensable for pushing a needle through thick materials, it protected her finger and it saved physical energy as well. She would have no more settled down to sewing without her thimble than she would have without needle, thread and scissors. She had one very special use for her thimble which fixes its memory in my mind forever—but I'll tell you that story later.

My second thimble came to me when I was a child. An aunt gave me a small silver thimble and taught me how to embroider. This thimble reminds me of the countless painstaking stitches that I not only put in, but in order to come up to my aunt's high standards, I also ripped out until I finally learned how to embroider properly. The third thimble in my collection came from a friend. Made of inexpensive metal, its value lies in the fact that it was one that had been given out to the ladies as a souvenir during a political campaign.

Since then, other friends and relatives have contributed to my collection, adding to my thimble lore. Some of the gift thimbles were family heirlooms, having belonged to a beloved relative. These long-ago seamstresses often stayed up until the wee hours of the night in order to complete a school dress, party clothes, or to mend torn pants. Many of the thimbles have tales of the tiny stitches they helped push into the dainty clothes of an expected baby. One of the favorite stories is that this thimble or that one was "the one we used to play hide the thimble."

In my collection are quite a number with advertising on them. They advertise everything: bread, shoes, photo studios, corsets, dairy farms, style

shops, farm seeds, sewing machines, tractors—anything that is sold. These thimbles have been out and around and must feel pretty worldly beside the stay-at-home work thimbles.

One of my thimbles was given to me by my husband's aunt when she was in her nineties and no longer able to see well enough to sew. It had been purchased for her one Christmas by her brothers and sisters, all of them chipping in money until they had a total of six dollars with which to buy it for her. It was a gold thimble, one she dearly wanted but could not afford as she was a young country school teacher and her wages were unbelievably low.

Thimbles are made of many materials: silver, gold, china, pewter, brass, ivory, plastic, wood, leather, glass, jade. There are commemorative thimbles for occasions such as Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Thanksgiving, Saint Patrick's. Some come in sets: a thimble for every state, state birds, flags of various countries, presidential sets, sets from the Holy Land, the Twelve Days of Christmas and storybook thimbles. There are thimble "firsts", annually dated ones, exclusives. There are thimble necklaces and thimble earrings and thimble pins.

Thimble shapes are also interesting. I have a dear one in the shape of a bonnet which was given to me by my daughter. I have one with the Old Mother in the Shoe on the side which slides back to reveal miniature children inside the thimble. Another thimble has a goose on a tiny hinged door that opens to reveal a golden egg.

The earliest known thimbles were made of bronze and found at Pompeii around the year A.D. 79. The Chinese used thimbles at an early date and it is believed they were introduced into Europe during the seventeenth century by Nicholas Van Benschoten of Amsterdam.

Sail makers of long ago used a *thummel* which was a ring worn on the thumb. To this, there was a disk attached with which to push the needle through the sails.

Thimbles were also called *thimbell*s because of their bell shape. One of my treasures is a thimbell made of wood crafted at the Amana Colonies in Iowa, a gift from my daughter and husband. It is exactly the shape of a bell, complete with handle and a tiny metal clapper.

One of my especially prized thimbles is made of pewter and has the words, "Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa", in embossed letters around the band. It also has a cluster of grapes on the side. I have several bone china thimbles with hand painted flowers and birds on them. I have thimbles from Germany, England, Japan, Austria (with a needlepoint top), Mexico and one made in Ecuador.

Although most of my thimbles seem to come from other states and other countries, I have one that was purchased at Winterset, Iowa, during the annual covered-bridge festival. It is metal, painted black, with tiny bright flowers hand painted around the band.

My smallest thimble is barely one-fourth inch high. Another thimble, made of glass, is two inches high and has the words, "just a thimble full", around the band. Two of my thimbles are ceramic, handmade by friends and bear their initials and the date made. My largest thimble is ten inches high—it happens to be a yellow plastic wastebasket made in the shape and design of a thimble.

I catalogue my collection. First, I record each one in a notebook, giving it a number, writing in the name of the donor, or the place of purchase and price. Then I place a small sticker inside the thimble with its number, thus I can identify the origin of each one.

Most of my thimbles are kept in small boxes, one of the advantages of a thimble collection—they take up little storage space. I keep only a few thimbles on display, changing them from time to time. A divided wooden memory box was given to me by my birthday club in which I display some. My daughter and husband gave me a three-tiered wooden thimble holder which holds eighteen thimbles; wooden spools hold the tiers apart. There is a wooden bobbin on top with a wooden thimble over all.

Yes, each thimble has its story. The thimble, itself, is not so precious as the friends and loved ones it represents. When I look at my mother's thimble, I recall the times she used to thump me and my two brothers on the head with it. It was a good way to get our attention and it worked better than a spanking—the special use she had which fixed it in my mind forever.

Thimbles take up little room, as mentioned, but watch out, for the memories thimbles evoke will more than fill your heart!

THE GARAGE SALE

I'm having a garage sale
The sign is on the door,
I'm selling a lot of items
Which I don't need any more.

An old-time ice cream freezer,
A pitcher trimmed in gold,
A foot tub and a basin
That's really awfully old.

Some earrings and some bottles,
An antique picture frame,
A sack of toys, a box of books,
And an old badminton game.

The ad is in the paper
And Wednesday is the day,
The time is nine to five-fifteen—
I'll see you then, okay? —Verna Sparks



Claire McConahay, daughter of Brenda Kay McConahay of Clarinda, Iowa, models the cotton shirt which can be made with the directions given in "Needle Notes".

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

This column is for those knitters who put away their needles in July and August because it is just too hot to work with wool. Don't despair, American yarn makers have discovered what the Europeans have known for years, cotton knits beautifully!

There are several brands of especially soft cotton on the market now: *Pingouin*, *Pernelle*, *Lily* (which goes by the name "Sugar and Cream") *Bernat*—including a lovely textured yarn called "Cotton 'n' Silk". Blends containing linen and other fibers are also available. If your local store does not carry cotton yarn, ask—if they carry a line of crocheting cotton, chances are they can get knitting cotton from the same company. Instead of being mercerized and tightly twisted, knitting cotton is spun just like wool to form a soft yarn-like strand—you'll know it when you feel it.

To get you started on a cotton knitting project, here is a simple baby's shirt that can be made any size, even for the big brother or sister. Size given is for nine months to one-year-old, depending on growth rate. Fits chest size 18 to 22 inches.

Gauge: 8 sts to 1½ inches on size 3 needles.

Materials: Pingouin cotton, one 300 gram skein.

Back: Cast on 60 sts (for other sizes use a multiple of 8 stitches plus 4 additional stitches). Work in k 1, p 1, ribbing for one inch.

Pattern: Row 1: * k 4, p 4, repeat from * to end of row, ending with a k 4. Row 2: * p 4, k 4, * repeat to end, ending with p 4.

Row 3: same as row 1. Row 4: same as row 2. Row 5: * p 4, k 4, * repeat to end, ending with p 4. Row 6: * k 4, p 4, * repeat to end, ending with k 4. Row 7: same as row 5. Row 8: same as row 6.

These 8 rows form the pattern; a simplified basket-weave stitch. Continue working the pattern stitch until the back measures 7 inches, or desired length to underarm. Cast on 4 stitches at each side edge, work these additional stitches in keeping with the pattern. Continue to top of shoulder, 4 more inches or desired length, then bind off all stitches.

Front: Work the same as for back until armhole (7 inches), cast on 4 stitches at right edge, work to center, drop thread, tie on a new ball, and work to left edge with the new ball, cast on 4 stitches. Continue to work in pattern but always drop working thread at the center and pick up the hanging thread. Do not twist threads around each other or in any way entwine them. You will have a center slit for a neck opening and yet work both sides of the front at the same time. Continue in the pattern until the same size as the back, bind off.

Sleeves: Cast on 40 stitches (other sizes—multiples of 8 plus 4 additional stitches). Work k 1, p 1, ribbing for 1 inch. Work in pattern until total measurement is 8 inches or length from wrist to shoulder, minus 1 inch. Bind off loosely.

Finishing: Sew front to back at shoulders, but only 2½ inches for each shoulder, leaving the remaining free to form the boat-neck. Other sizes should use their shoulder measurement, plus 1 inch to determine the amount sewn. Sew sleeve to armhole extension, sew side and sleeve seam.

With a #3 or 4 crochet hook, single crochet around free neck edge and slit, skipping one stitch at the bottom of the slit to ease in fullness. Join the last single crochet with a slip stitch, end off. Fold down free corners to form lapels, sew in place with small buttons for decoration. Weave in all ends with a darning needle. You now have a darling drop-shoulder shirt for a boy or girl.

By following measurements taken from the person this shirt is intended for, you can make it any size as long as you use a multiple of 8 stitches plus 4 to keep the pattern accurate. For an adult, I would add 8 stitches at each side for the armhole extension. For all sizes, add 2 to 4 inches to the chest measurement to have the proper amount of ease. How snug a fit desired is a matter of personal preference and knitting has stretch built into the technique.

Please, don't give up your hobby of knitting because of the heat, here is something cool to make and cool to wear!



IN THE SOAP

by
Erma Reynolds

No one is quite sure how or when soap was developed. The first record of this commodity is found in the writings of Pliny the Elder, a Roman scholar and writer of the first century A.D., who mentions soap's basic ingredients. Galen, a Greek physician, who lived in the second century A.D., tells of soap being used as a washing agent. A complete soap-making shop was found in the ruins of Pompeii. The soap in it, preserved since 79 A.D., contained the basic ingredients of soap as we know it today, but in a much cruder form.

In the early days of our country home-makers had to make their own soap. All year long, animal fats and ashes from the fireplaces were saved. With spring came soap-making time, an arduous job, with water having to be carried and heated in great kettles over smoking fires. As the ingredients were processed and cooked, the odor was terrible. The mixture, when finally cooked and hardened, was sliced into large-sized bars of very strong soap.

Later, the first commercial soap was sold to grocers in the form of large blocks from which pieces were cut to size as desired by the customer. It wasn't until about 1830 that the first cakes of soap of uniform weight and individually wrapped were manufactured.

Soap is used to keep people and things sweetly and scrupulously clean, but it has other versatile uses:

1. Keep a cake of soap in the sewing basket in which to stick pins and needles. The ingredients in the soap act as a lubricant so the pins and needles go through fabric easily. A slightly rusted needle can be made useable again by inserting it into a soap cake. If the end of thread is frayed, rub it with a small piece of soap and it will go through the needle's eye easily. When machine stitching an extra heavy seam, rub the seam with a piece of hard soap and the machine needle will go through the cloth without difficulty.

2. Before inserting drapery hooks, give them a coating of soap and they will go into the curtain fabric much easier.

3. If you are about to leave the house and discover a run in your hose, stop the run by rubbing it with a bar of wet soap.

4. Use your supply of scented soap as sachets. Store some of them in the linen closet tucked among the sheets and towels. Keep a couple in the guest room bed (between guest visits) so the sheets will smell fragrant when the bed is opened for use. Tie a ribbon around soap cakes and hang them in the clothes closets. When storing suitcases, place unwrapped cakes of soap inside to prevent the valises from developing a musty odor.

5. Before starting a gardening or paint-

(Continued on page 19)

MY DOG KENNEL GARDEN

by
Delphia Myrl Stubbs

Somewhere between the spring and autumn time of life, I was constantly searching for a hobbyhorse which I could ride down the road of golden years, one that I could feel free to ride to my heart's content, and also be a benefit to my needs.

Being a true native of the soil, I decided my hobby would be gardening. So much grief can be buried in the earth of a garden, and there is a certain healing balm to be found in working out-of-doors.

Starting during the winter months, I garden by the fireside. From my favorite rocking chair, I study the many catalogues and then place my seed orders in late January or early February. Come spring, I am prepared to start putting my hobbyhorse to work. The real drawback is to discipline my runaway thoughts when ordering seeds, as I am limited in space.

When I finally chose my hobby to be gardening, it seemed everything was in my favor. Several years ago my son, Bill, installed a dog kennel in my back yard which measures 25 feet wide and 25 feet long with a 6-foot high fence. A gate was situated so it could open right onto the back yard walk.

Carefully surveying the no-longer-in-use dog kennel, I visualized all kinds of uses for the fenced-in space. Plenty of fresh air and good earth would be beneficial, not only as a supplier of food for the table, but to provide food for my thoughts as I worked in this cloistered spot right in my own back yard.

I screened three sides of the space with Kentucky Wonder pole beans and the fourth side was planted to cucumber vines. Cucumbers dangled from the top wires, both inside and outside the fence. Some grew to measure from 10 to 14 inches in length, a hybrid cucumber variety which is tender and has few seeds.

Last year from my "dog kennel garden", I canned 18 quarts of green beans, made 18 quarts of lime, dill and bread-and-butter pickles, 12 pints of chili sauce and 6 pints of green tomato relish. I also canned 6 pints of beets and had carrots which lasted long into the winter.

My spring garden was made up of onions, radishes, lettuce, spinach, beets, mustard for greens, Swiss chard and bush beans. It continues to produce even though summer is moving right along.

I buy all my tomato and pepper plants and I usually am in no hurry to get them set out too early on account of weather conditions. I use tomato food to start the plants, then, after they are well-adapted to their new home, I add Epsom salts around each plant. My tomato plants this year are real beauties. I have red and

yellow ones and one patio salad plant that is covered with over 50 tomatoes.

I have planned my fall garden to include turnips, bush beans, okra, peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers and pole beans which produce beans until frost.

I'm discovering that the golden years offer much, whether it is gardening, painting, sewing, writing, or whatever we find that is interesting to enrich our lives. My dog kennel garden has proved to be that enriching project for me for it includes therapy, exercise, beauty and good food for the table.

I love the soil, although I am now city-bound. I treasure every seed and pod. When the silver beads of dew of early morning are shimmering on the grass and leaves, I love to walk down the aisles of my garden. I have searched long, but nowhere else have I found such nearness of relationship to God.



EASY CARE GARDEN

In less than an hour, a complete miniature garden can be planted and ready to be put in place. The garden takes the minimum of care. Water it every two weeks, no more, and it will stay pretty.

The supplies needed for the cactus garden are: cactus mix planting soil, decorative rocks, artificial flowers, decoration for the occasion (such as a ceramic knickknack), and the bottom saucer of a clay pot.

Fill the clay saucer base with soil, plant cactus as desired. Arrange rocks, knickknacks and flowers to decorate and the miniature cactus garden is ready to be placed in your home or to be given to a shut-in or used as a gift for a special occasion. Spelled out ceramic or cutout ornaments with "Happy Birthday", or "Happy Anniversary" can also be added to a gift.

A card sent with the gift might read: A special cactus garden just for you On this your special day. I just knew You'd enjoy the whole year through, And say, as our friendship, "It grew."

—Joan Hosmann

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Clumps of lilies are putting on a show along the rail fence that separates the parking lot in our yard from the Chapel gardens. A few years ago an order was sent off for three bulbs each of "Golden Splendor", "Burgundy", "Ming Yellow", "Pirate", and "Pink Perfection". The bulbs arrived after the ground was frozen on the surface and it took a little work to dig up a place in the vegetable garden so the bulbs could be planted. They were duly tucked in and covered about six inches deep with a layer of soil and then a mound of old hay over the soil. As soon as the crowns emerged in the spring, the hay was removed and the bulbs dug and replanted along the fence where they come back each year with renewed vigor and beauty. The lilies outshine all of the other perennials growing along the fence during July when most of them are in full bloom.

Many folks feel that anything as exotic as a beautiful lily must surely be hard to grow. This is not true as once planted, they will increase in beauty each passing year. Now is the time to visit gardens which feature lilies and to check catalogs that offer bulbs. All of the above varieties have proven hardy in our central Minnesota garden. We found some of the Aurelian hybrids to be short-lived, but certainly worth a try.

Myrtle M. writes that she was given a climbing lily and no instructions for planting it. "I tucked the tuber in the ground near a trellis on the east side of our house. A weak vine has appeared but is not doing much. Can you tell me what to expect of a climbing lily and if it can be left outdoors over winter?"

The "Gloriosa" lily (*Gloriosa Rothschildiana*) demands a warm temperature and a long growing season. Induce good growth by feeding a little soluble plant food and watering as needed. Dig a plant when frost threatens this fall and pot up for a window garden. It may bloom indoors, after which withhold water and rest the tuber in the basement as you would any tender bulb. Propagation is by division of tubers during dormancy.

A SMILE

Pebbles tossed into a pool
Will quickly sink from sight,
But the rippling waves
Will go round and round
Catching each ray of light.
So it is with every smile
That may quickly come and go,
The lives that are touched
And the burdens eased
No heart can ever know.

—Dorothy LaBelle



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

While browsing at the bookstore, a favorite fun thing to do, I found the paperback edition of *Beauty in Your Own Back Yard* by Marjorie Holmes. You'll want to add this to your collection of books by Marjorie Holmes. Her gentle wit and wisdom illuminate the simple beauty of everyday objects and happenings . . . ordinary things like teapots, foggy mornings, dandelions and roaring winter fires. She fills us with deepening appreciation of those things near at home.

Divided into four sections for the seasons of the year, we think now of summer. Here are some of her thoughts concerning it:

There is nothing like the sight of daisies on a hot summer morning to refresh the spirits, soothe the soul, untangle the complexities of life. Just to see them is to be reminded that on this crowded and often difficult planet there are still innocent simple things—like daisies.

Of a sudden the humble poplars have attained new grace and loveliness. You regard them with an astonished new respect . . . Like people, you think. Like some people who go through life simple, modest, taken-for-granted, hiding their talents—or merely not flaunting them. Then of a sudden you discover a quality unsuspected, a wisdom, an achievement, a contribution to life quietly accomplished, a beauty undetected. "Why didn't I realize this before?" you wonder.

You'll enjoy this new book by Marjorie Holmes. (Buy it at your local bookstore or write Bantam Books, Dept. HF, 414 E. Golf Rd., Des Plaines, Illinois 60016—\$1.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.)

When our son was home recently, he noticed that I was reading Charles Osgood's book, *Nothing Could Be Finer Than A Crisis That Is Minor In The Morning* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$9.95). Jon said he enjoys Charles Osgood on the CBS Morning Radio News. Mr. Osgood writes that the people involved in his radio stories are at least as fascinating as politicians and officials who tend to hog the headlines. He offers this witty bit on "Advice and Self-Help"—

There's plenty of it to be had,
And some is good and some is bad,
But it is always worth the price.
I speak, of course, of free advice.

I like what Andy Rooney has to say about Mr. Osgood and his thoughtful comments. "Charles Osgood is one of the best young writers in radio and television and if he was old, he'd be one of the best old writers in radio and television, too!"



Evelyn Birkby and Armada Swanson have been close friends since 1962 when they met at an Iowa Press Women's meeting. Armada has been a regular contributor of book columns to the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* since that year. This picture of the two was taken when Evelyn visited Armada in her Sioux City home.

Although every enthusiastic reader of Edna St. Vincent Millay's work will find favorites in *Edna St. Vincent Millay's Poems* (Harper & Row, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$8.95), the selections have an appeal for young people. Here is a favorite taken from *A Few Figs for Thistles*:

FIRST FIG

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

Beautiful woodcuts by Ronald Keller add to the total look of the book, originally published in 1951.

IN THE SOAP — Concluded
ing job, scrape your fingernails over a bar of wet soap. The soap caught under the nails keeps dirt and paint out, and rinses out easily after the work is completed.

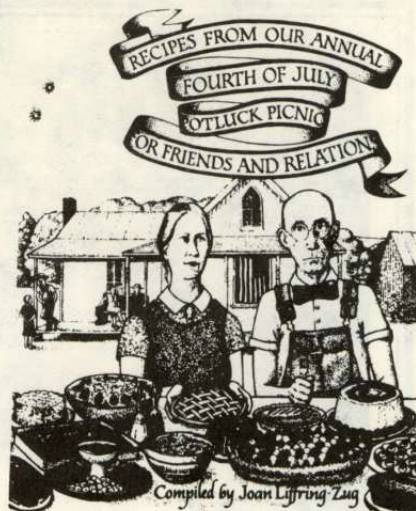
6. Before painting windows, rub a bar of softened soap over the panes. At the end of the job, any paint that has splattered will wash off the soapy glass.

7. A bathroom mirror won't fog up if it is given a thin coating of soap followed by a polishing with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue.

8. Candles will burn without smoking or dripping if they are rubbed thoroughly between well-soaped, lathery hands. Just be careful not to get soap on the wicks. After soaping, allow to dry in candleholders before lighting.

9. A balky drawer will open smoothly if its top and lower edges are rubbed with soap.

10. To cure a squeaking door, rub a little soap into the hinges to silence the squeak. To cure a sticking door, rub the soap over the edges of the wood.



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From Our Family Album

Recently, we've mentioned the old family bassinet that is now at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, waiting to be occupied by the expected baby of my niece, Alison Driftmier Walstad, and her husband, Mike. This is the same bassinet that proved to be such a fine place for dolls when Juliana and Kristin were little girls. When the bassinet wasn't being used for babies in the family, it took quite a beating from Juliana (on the left) and Kristin (on the right) as they used it for a play bed for their favorite "babies".

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
Friday, we took to each of our fifteen shut-ins a hot dinner consisting of vegetable soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, green beans, milk and cookies. For their supper, we left some sandwiches and fruit and a vegetable salad. For this service, the people pay the hospital \$1.50 a day. Now isn't that a blessing for those people? Oh, they are so grateful, and Betty and I thank God that we can have a part in this wonderful work.

Speaking of food reminds me that I promised to tell you something interesting about the food on the big cruise ship we were on this spring, the Holland America Line SS *Statendam*. The Executive Chef, Mr. Jacob Roth of Holland, and the Sanitation and Health Officer, Mr. Paul Hutcheon of Enfield, Connecticut, both talked to me about their work aboard the ship. Those two men have to see to it that the 800 passengers and 400 members of the crew not only get the best food in the world, but get that food in a healthy and sanitary manner. Just imagine the quantity of food needed aboard for one eleven-day voyage: 8,890 pounds of prime beef, 1,983 pounds of fresh pork, 650 pounds

of veal, 4,725 pounds of poultry, 2,700 pounds of fresh and smoked fish, 1,100 pounds of fresh lobster and shrimp, 39,600 eggs, 3,550 quarts of fresh milk, 318 gallons of ice cream, etc., etc. How would you like that grocery bill every eleven days, and how would you like the responsibility of seeing to it that that amount of food is perfectly prepared in a hundred different ways? It almost boggles the imagination! The food officers and chefs keep their kitchens and storage rooms immaculate, facilities which are used to give the passengers four big meals a day, plus two light snacks. I thought that my twenty years of traveling around the world had taught me everything, but my cruise on a Holland America Line ship taught me just how much I have yet to learn!

Sincerely,
Frederick

SUMMER ADVENTURES — Concl.
chased off yelping with excitement when a long-legged jack rabbit jumped out and tore off across the stubble.

When we returned to the house hot, weary and dusty, Mother had a pan of cool water waiting on the bench under

the maple tree. We washed our hot faces, hands, and burning feet. Then she doctored our "stobbed" places and picked out the nettles. We fell down in the grass and rested. Then, thoughtful Mother gave each of us a slice of bread and butter and jelly and got us glasses of cold milk from the cave. This revived us enough to tell her about what we had seen and heard and to help with the evening chores as the day cooled a bit.

We each had a job. We took turns gathering eggs, feeding the young chicks, hens and turkeys. We pumped water for the hogs. This went through a big pipe Father had rigged up which ran through the barnyard into the hog troughs some distance away from the well. We gathered clean cobs and chips from the woodpile for the quick fires in the big range to heat up supper and to stack to make a hot fire for cooking breakfast. We carried in a load of smaller wood to make the dinner fire, which took longer. Then, if time permitted, we might dig a few potatoes or gather beans or tomatoes.

As Mother warmed up supper, I skipped about setting the table, talking a mile a minute, relating the adventures of my day. It took a lot to shock Mother, so I always talked freely, asking questions about anything that puzzled me. Mother was a patient listener. She laughed often. She answered all questions wisely and honestly. Thus I was sensibly educated on many subjects which puzzle educators today.

Those summers of my childhood come back to my mind each time I smell fresh-mown wheat. They were a wonderfully simple and happy time which continues to enrich my days, even now.

FROM OUR MAIL

Dear Friends:

I am enclosing my check for \$5.00 for one year's subscription to your *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. I have never subscribed to it before, but my dear mother-in-law has for many years. She has also been a faithful listener of your radio program and uses your products. Since I work, I have been unable to listen as often as she.

We both enjoy your recipes. I also enjoy your sharing family news with listeners and readers. In this day when the family unit has deteriorated, it is refreshing to know that there are families who "keep in touch". I truly believe that in order for America to be the great country it once was, the family unit is going to have to become strong again, and we are going to have to get back to God. I attend a church which has standing room only almost every week. It is gratifying to me to see so many young people and young families attending. This makes me believe that America is still strong and will grow stronger as we grow closer to God. —Pittsburg, Ks.



"Summer"

by
Harold R. Smith

Summer's lease is now upon our rural area, and yet it seems but yesterday that spring heralded its season with swelling buds, greening grass that came after the showers, and violets that ranged in color from true purple to the grey-white of the Confederates. Now, we see the maturity of summer in deep yellows and browns and measure the growing season by the inevitable crop of weeds that seem to jump up overnight.

I have often wondered if Lucile has a favorite spot that is quiet. Close to our old house, known as Greystone, we have a small brick terrace (really a wide walkway) overlooking a small rose garden and reflection pool. I find it an easy place to sit and observe whatever flowers might be in bloom, and watch the birds dip in and out of the evergreen windbreak. Nearby, next to the house, is a bed of vinca minor and, although the lavender blooms are long gone, I find it a place of coolness on a warm day. Feathery ferns lend a touch of the exotic and I wonder if anything can look as cool as ferns. I do not count the time as I sit here in my quiet spot, for I feel everyone must have time to reshape and restore his mental faculties. Quiet spots are like miniature islands in our lives when the sound of civilization can be shut out temporarily. Sometimes, a great jet flies overhead; I do not know its destination but I wish those on board a safe and pleasant journey as the plane skims a cloud bank and is lost from sight.

Opinions differ as how to preserve cool air in our houses. We feel that drawing heavy draperies against the harshness of the sun helps. And, as the sun continues its circular path, we draw the draperies on the other sides of the house. The high ceilings in Greystone help to dispel some of the heat and fans circulate the air. During the present energy crisis, we have read much on how to conserve energy but we find on some very hot, humid days, air conditioning is necessary.

The roasted meats and savory casseroles now give way to lighter, cooler dishes. We find that salads are refreshing and when julienne strips of meat or cheese are added, it makes a filling luncheon. I wonder if there is anything equal to the cool jewel tones of gelatin laden with various fruits as it shimmers in the light. We find containers of potato salad, kidney bean salad, and tomato aspic in the refrigerator add much to any meal in hot weather.

Redecorating portions of the house are on the list of things to do this

summer. We dislike the confusion of rooms being upset but the end result of freshly painted walls, ceilings and woodwork is worth the effort expended. I'm amazed at how the paint store in the city can mix paint the same shade year after year. Color is added to a tint base and out comes the soft provincial gold that is Greystone's trademark. When I paint the living room, all the furniture is moved to the dining room. It's sometimes difficult to find Frances sitting among the jumbled furniture watching a favorite program on television!

Tomatoes ripen now and we find them the greatest taste-treat of all of summer's bounty. They are chilled and sliced or stuffed with cottage cheese or tuna salad. We occasionally slice off the top, mix various herbs with butter and bread crumbs and broil them. We find a divided camp exists among our friends when we speak of tomatoes. Some firmly insist the tomatoes must be peeled, others disagree. I do not know if scientific proof exists about vitamins beneath the skins of tomatoes, but I like to feel they are present. In any event, we continue to eat tomatoes—peelings and all.

A gift of food is a fine offering. Someone who bears a gift of food is somehow extraordinary. We find rural people delight in sharing the rewards of their gardens and I think the givers are re-

warded too, for their faces light up when they are thanked profusely. I can think of no finer gift than freshly dug potatoes, firm heads of cabbage, stalks of rosy rhubarb. And later on, dark Damson plums that reside in glass jars for winter treats, or gooseberries that are transformed into juicy cobblers or pies, warm from the oven.

We find ourselves taking short drives about our rural area these days. Wildflowers dot meadows and upland pastures, sleek cattle graze placidly upon green grass and we usually see at least one cow sticking her head through the fence to select grass that grows lush near the wire. This must prove the adage that the grass is often greener on the other side of the fence, even for cows. If a hazy cloud formation grows dark, we turn around and drive back home. On occasion, such cloud formations boil rapidly through the skies bringing high winds and heavy rains. As we round the corner, Greystone always looks solid and sturdy and is truly a refuge.

As summer continues, the distant hills are clothed in subtle, heavy mature colors. July, as is true with each season, brings to our hearts special gifts.



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DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
 Little League baseball and participating in summer band. Kristin will be doing some tutoring. We will just have to hope she can make it back here with little Julian sometime before vacation time is over.

I hope you all have a happy and wonderful summer.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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CUTTING WAYS

by
 Erma Reynolds

How are you as a cutup? Here are a few tips to help your cutting ways:

Bread: Cut fresh, rather unmanageable, bread with a thin-bladed knife that has been heated. A heated knife, or scissors, should be used to cut warm coffeecake.

Sandwiches: If you want the party variety of sandwich to be especially dainty, with a nice shape and smooth edges, cut with a pair of sharp scissors instead of a knife. An electric knife is also very good for cutting tender, delicate sandwiches.

Butter: To cut butter so it comes out in nice, clean squares, place waxed paper over the knife blade.

Cake: You'll avoid crumbly cake slices by heating the knife in very hot water. Then, without wiping it dry, slice the cake.

Angel Food Cake: This delicate cake needs careful slicing. Instead of a knife, use a wire thread, cutting the cake with a sawing motion. A piece of silk thread, held taut, can also be used.

Cheese: Cuts smoothly with a heated knife. A piece of waxed paper placed over the knife blade helps to turn out even slices.

Fruit: The sticky variety of fruit, like dates and raisins, will handle easily if cut with scissors that are dipped in water occasionally during the cutting process.

Marshmallows: Here's another sticky food, just cut with scissors dipped into hot water.

Onions: Hardly a tear will be shed if onions are diced with this quick method. Cut an end slice from peeled onion. Cut the exposed surface of the whole onion into tiny squares by slicing into the onion to any desired depth, then cutting crosswise in thin slices.

Pie: Meringue on a pie has a mean way of sticking to the knife when cut. To avoid this problem, try these cutting ways: 1. Sprinkle sugar over the meringue. 2. Cut pie with a knife that has been dipped in cold water. 3. Butter the knife.

Pizza: No need for a special gadget to cut pizza—kitchen shears make a fine substitute for the cutting.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

times that I'm really anxious to have him return and see the big changes in this town since he was last on the scene.

Dorothy and I are very hopeful that somehow Katharine and James can get up to the farm for a few days, and that Kristin and Julian can make it at the same time. This is only a hope, you understand, because with so many complications on every front it is foolish to set your heart on fast and firm dates.

Earlier I had hoped that there would be time to take my grandchildren and go up to "Grandma Lu's" summer place at Lake Ottertail in Minnesota, for this would give the children their first experience fishing in a lake rather than a dashing mountain stream or the Atlantic Ocean. But now it looks as if this must remain just a dream to think about in summers to come.

Lu has made a good recovery from the car accident that I told you about last month, but she still goes for out-patient therapy twice a week.

Hannah Tilsen had no difficulty whatsoever in lining up a good secretarial job in a medical complex, so she is living with her grandmother and helping out with things that Lu still finds beyond her. (Heavy weeding, replacing a couple of small windows that had suffered wind damage, preparing a good meal at night . . . well, just a collection of jobs that Lu still finds beyond her strength.) It's a great relief to Betty Jane that Hannah can be right there during this period.

And what are my own plans for the summer? Well, I'm still trying to get up to Dorothy's and Frank's farm for the long-planned trip down the Cinder Path Trail, a meal at the unique old restaurant in Derby, a chance to visit again with some of Dorothy's close friends—just a relaxing escape from all of the clocks in this house that toll out virtually every second of the day—yes, and the night too, since I read a great deal after I've turned in to settle down with books and magazines that I keep right at hand.

Since Betty Jane and I go almost no place whatsoever, it has been a real pleasure for us to become hooked up to the Heritage Cable System that was installed in town around the middle of May. In a world so incredibly mechanized, it still seems surprising to me to sit in this old house on a quiet street in Shenandoah and look at a program coming by satellite from Atlanta, Georgia! I've grown up in a world that has had what people now call the "Communications Systems", but I still get a start out of having Atlanta come in live.

But even more "alive" to me are your letters. They are my lifeline to a world much more real to me than anything that flashes across a TV screen. Please write as soon as you can and keep this lifeline open.

Devotedly yours,

Lucile



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Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.

CORRECTION

The Unusual Rhubarb Pie crust recipe in the May, 1980, issue should have included 3/4 cup shortening and 1/2 tsp. salt in the ingredients. We regret the omission.

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HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

We had a birthday here and instead of candles we used five sparklers. They were great. We put a light cardboard top on an unfrosted angel food cake to protect it, then stuck the sparklers in just like candles. I would also suggest putting a breadboard or piece of cardboard under the cake as sparks can make tiny holes in a tablecloth.

I like to eat gooseberry jam made with orange slices, but OH! what a chore to cut up the candy. I have found that I can make it just as delicious by making up the gooseberry, sugar and water mixture according to Evelyn's recipe, and then just before it is ready to remove from the stove, I add one package of orange gelatin and a little orange flavoring. I always taste it to see if it needs a little more flavoring before I spoon it into the jars. Life is too short to spend much of it cutting up orange slices!

—B.K., Stanton, Ne.

To get rid of gnats and fruit flies, take a glass or fruit jar and put whatever drew them in, usually some fruit, into the glass. Stretch a piece of plastic over the top and put a rubber band around it to hold it tight. Then make a hole in the center—I

use an ice pick. This is my own idea—the gnats go inside the jar and can't get back out. —Mrs. L.R., Kingsville, Mo.

When I make bread and butter pickles, I always use small onions the same size as the cucumber slices—the big ones are too stringy. The smaller ones look nicer and are easier to pick up with a fork.

—A Kitchen-Klatter Reader

Save small plastic pill containers with snap-on lids. They make perfect containers for salad dressing, mustard or catsup for lunch pails, sack lunches or picnics.

—M.C., Osceola, Mo.

For a safe and inexpensive oven cleaner, set oven on warm for about 20 minutes. Turn off oven. (This should be done with the racks in place.) Then place a small dish of ammonia on the top rack in the oven. Put a large pan of boiling water on the bottom and let stand overnight. In the morning, open the oven door and allow to air while you prepare a solution of 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Kleener dissolved in warm water. Wipe out oven and wash racks with the solution.

—A Listener

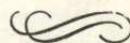
When lots of cabbage is ready to use from my garden, I make up cabbage rolls

for the freezer. I peel off the biggest, nicest leaves from the cabbage heads and cover with boiling water and simmer until they are soft. Then I make up a meat loaf mixture. I roll up the meat mixture inside the drained cabbage leaves and fasten with a toothpick. I freeze these rolls on a cooky sheet and then wrap them or put them in a heavy plastic bag and seal. Then I freeze them until I'm ready to use. They can go right on a cooky sheet in the oven and bake until the meat center is done.

—Mrs. J.W., Bedford, Va.

Tell your listeners and readers that some things just do not freeze well—like jelly, mayonnaise, dressing, egg whites, celery and lettuce. I learned the hard way not to use these ingredients when I wanted to make sandwiches ahead and freeze them. I use a lot of butter or margarine on the bread so the filling won't soak in so bad. Then I can fill with chicken, ham, tuna, sliced beef, egg yolk or cheese and wrap well and freeze. If I want to add a fresh vegetable, I wrap it separately and put it into the lunch box along with the frozen sandwich. By noon the sandwich has thawed and the vegetable is still crisp.

—M.M., Muscatine Iowa



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