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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:

Early this morning, when I opened the door to pick up the morning paper, I called to Betty Jane: "Well, there's lots of *humaditty* today."

She paid no attention whatsoever because after six summers together she's not surprised when I say "humaditty" rather than "humidity". However, the first time she heard me use the word, she was jolted, so I explained why I gave the common word "humidity" such a pronunciation.

It's been about 34 years now since we replaced an old feeble coal-burning furnace with a gas furnace, and the summer this work was done we had a scorcher—soaring heat registered on the thermometers for days on end. I tried to keep the workmen supplied with big pitchers of ice water, iced tea or anything cold. One day, when I appeared with a fresh pitcher and lamented about the terrible heat, one of the men said: "It's not the heat—it's the *humaditty*."

To my ears this pronunciation sounded much more meaningful than simply "humidity" and as a result I found myself saying "humaditty" frequently during the summer months. I never really gave it much thought until I found myself seated at a dinner table with three English professors from one of those famous colleges in the East, and to their genuine shock (and my own shock too) I tossed off "humaditty". After a frozen silence I corrected myself, of course, but to this very day I still think that "humaditty" sounds right to the point.

Last month I told you how much we were looking forward to seeing Mary Lea Palo and her family, now stationed at Offutt Air Force Base outside of Omaha. (Mary Lea is Betty's and Frederick's only daughter. Mary Lea's husband is Vincent Palo, and their two children are Isabel and Christopher.) Turbulent weather held them up past the point where we couldn't wait longer for my letter to be set into type, so now I'm happy to go back and report that they made the trip to Shenandoah just a few days after I had written my July letter.

Their first trip down here had to be pretty hasty because they had problems galore, plus extremely uncertain weather. First, they stopped for a visit with Marge and Oliver Strom. Then they came the few doors down the street to my home to tell us a few high points of the past several weeks. They had dinner and spent the night with Marge and Oliver. The next morning they stopped by to see Howard and Mae Driftmier, and consequently managed to cover all three relatives' base points before they returned to Offutt.

Their next trip down was much more relaxed because they brought with them Vincent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Palo, Sr., of Waterbury, Connecticut. The Palos had driven out from the East with a collection of things that Mary Lea and Vincent hadn't wanted to pack on the enormous moving van which transported their belongings, so it gave them a chance to look over Offutt Air Force Base and then come on down here to Shenandoah.

We had enough time for a leisurely lunch, and the children had a chance to tear back and forth between my house and the Stroms' house—no grownups tagging along at every hop, skip and jump! Isabel is a quiet little girl with eyes that indicate she is summing up everything with thoughtful deliberation. Christopher is only three, but from the moment I first laid eyes on him I thought that he was four—several months past four, as a matter of fact. He talks very fluently and is unusually articulate. I'm sure that when they're at home together, the two children probably have the inevitable disagreements, but there was no clue to any of this while they were here. None of our black and white magazine pictures do them credit, for their coloring is beautiful.

Not long after Mr. and Mrs. Palo, Sr. had returned to Connecticut, we had a lovely note from Mrs. Palo thanking Betty Jane and me for a lovely lunch and the delightful chance to see Shenandoah. She said: "In the years that I've been reading *Kitchen-Klatter*, I never dreamed that someday I would actually be in Shenandoah and meet the members of the family who were in town."

With all of the Air Force bases in this country, we still think it's a wonderful stroke of good fortune that Vincent's assignment brought his family to Offutt. Not too far from where they live is the home of Tom, Donna, Lisa and Natalie Nenneman (Donna is Howard and Mae's daughter), so this gives them family very close at hand. Then there are three of us here in Shenandoah and Dorothy is in Lucas, Iowa, so it's a far cry from being assigned to a point where the nearest family members might be several thousands of miles away.



When Christopher and Isabel were in Florida visiting with their great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Crandall, they were fortunate enough to visit Disney World. This photograph of the two children and the wily "fox" was taken near the Pinocchio Village House Restaurant. The children's mother and father, Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, certainly chose a delightful moment to take the snapshot for it plainly shows that the children are having a wonderful time going through this big tourist attraction.

In Dorothy's letter, she told you that Betty Jane and I finally made it up to their farm, and my! I cannot tell you what an interesting and relaxing time we had. Not only did we have the unique experience of taking the Cinder Path she described, but we ate at the restaurant in Derby—the terminal point of the Cinder Path. I've been in many and many a restaurant, but never have I been in anything like the one in Derby; and I think it unlikely that there is anything else quite like it in our part of the country. I just wish that Mother and Dad could have gone there on some trip when they went to Dorothy's and Frank's farm because they would have loved it.

My grandson, James Lowey, has now had his two weeks at the camp in Jemez Springs, New Mexico. This stay was different because he had Kenneth Crouse with him. (Kenneth is from El Paso, Texas—his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Steve Crouse are old, old friends of Juliana's and Jed's.) It was the third year for James at this camp and he enjoyed every second of it. Now Kenneth is back in El Paso, James is back in Albuquerque, and my granddaughter, Katharine, is having her turn at the same camp in Jemez Springs.

Towards the latter part of July, both James and Katharine will be flying back for their annual visit with the home folks in Iowa. Their plane arrives at Omaha in the late evening, so Mary Lea is going to

(Continued on page 22)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

This is the first day in three weeks that there has been sufficient peace and quiet to permit me to hear the thoughts inside my head. The source of all of the noise was the sewer!

Delafield has been discussing whether to sewer or not to sewer for nearly ten years. The culmination of the years of debating was finally settled in favor of sewers. All winter we drove through treacherous sections of street which were only half intact. Finally, one day in April, we noticed the backhoe, a front-end loader and huge eighteen-wheel dump trucks parked half a mile from our street and we knew then that the sewer was no longer a myth. With any luck, the digging and thumping and roaring of trucks and the accompanying dust could have been completed along our street before school was ended, but such was not to be. The first week we were home, down our block came the gigantic digger. The hole it gouged into the street was at least thirty feet deep in places and at least eighteen feet wide. Aside from the dirt and inconvenience and astronomical cost, which is yet to come, it was a fascinating procedure to see. Several times I went out to watch the men at work and learned, to my amazement, that they were determining the correct depth the sewer pipe was to be laid by the use of a laser beam.

My mother came up to visit us in the midst of this operation and we found ourselves doing most of our talking after four o'clock in the afternoon. My sister, Marge, and her husband, Bill, drove up two weeks later to take mother home and by then our driveway began with an enormous pit.

This was the first time in many years that all of my family and all of my kids have been together. We celebrated Adrienne's and Katharine's birthdays during the time everyone was here.

As I started to tell you at the beginning of this letter, the trucks and diggers and all the battery of men picked up their equipment and vanished this morning. Now all that is left is a back country-type dirt road. We still have city traffic, however, and the clouds of dust churned up by every automobile are staggering.

I have one more school story to relate to you even though the subject of school should be allowed to rest for the summer: We finished our study of American history with the signing of the Constitution of the United States and I knew of a book which I especially wanted to buy as the award for academic



Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier enjoy a calmer schedule during the summer months. Moments when they can sit in their yard are to be treasured. Mary Beth continues her hobby of knitting whenever time permits.

achievement. This book was written in 1964 by George F. Scheer, who put into story form a diary and journal kept by a fifteen-year-old Connecticut boy who marched with General Washington in his Continental Army. This was the perfect book for a boy and I began my task of phoning one bookstore after another to try to locate it. I had not one inch of luck in Milwaukee. Then I thought of my friend, George Kieser in Omaha, Nebraska. When I called George, he lamented the fact that if this were still 1976 he would have been able to help me, but historical novels for children are not hot sellers in this year of 1980.

Each day which passed brought me farther from finding the book and discernibly closer—only five days—to Awards Day when the books were to be presented to the top students in each class. Finally, in desperation, I picked up the phone and placed a call to George Scheer's home in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. It didn't occur to me at the time that it was a bold, unusual move to make. I really wanted that book and I figured the author was the most obvious person to help me find it.

When the telephone was answered at Chapel Hill, I found myself talking to Mrs. Scheer, who had the most charming, warm Southern drawl. She said that Mr. Scheer was in New York and asked if she could assist me. I explained my problem to her and she volunteered to help. Mrs. Scheer promised to speak with her husband by telephone to see if he knew where the book might be purchased. If it could not be located, she would call me back. Meanwhile, Mrs. Scheer remembered that they had placed some copies of the book in storage in the attic and she said she would run up and see if a copy might be left. If she found one, Mrs. Scheer said she would mail it to us.

I was left with disbelief to have found someone so far away so willing to help get this book. Two days later, Mrs. Scheer called and I thought immediately

that she had not been successful in finding the book. No—she wanted me to know that she had wrapped and started on its way a copy of *Yankee Doodle Boy*. She apologized beforehand because she did not expect it to arrive in Wisconsin in time for the program, but the mail service was nothing she could control. Mrs. Scheer did not even send a bill with the book because, as she explained, it was printed in 1964 and the price then was \$3.95. She said that I should send her whatever I thought the book was worth!

The climax to the story is that the book arrived in Delafield the morning of the ceremony. I was in Brookfield, fifteen miles west, and Paul, who was at home when the book was delivered, hopped in his car and drove to school so that the new book could be given to the winning student. What a surprisingly and unusually happy ending to a story. Mrs. Scheer's gracious Southern manners are something I greatly appreciated. She even told me that she and Mr. Scheer were so flattered to have their book given as an award that they wanted to be sure that the winner, Derek Deubel, received the book.

Incidentally, I must share with you the fact that Derek is unusually interested in history. He is twelve, not an age at which boys are famous for their keenness for history. Important to his enthusiasm is the fact that he is a first-generation American. His mother and father came here from Germany before their marriage, some twenty years ago. Derek's father has read the books we studied this year. His delight and interest in American history helped promote Derek's fascination with the subject.

This boy is so eager to follow the example of his father—and the father is such an exemplary man—that there is no way for Derek to go but UP. Teachers across the country could not ask for more cooperative parents than these two people are. Happily, there is another little Deubel coming along in two years so I may have the opportunity again to have the parents as the third part of the triangle that makes up the best conditions for learning: teacher-parents-child.

Adrienne is working the noon shift at the hotel-resort dining room where she is hostessing. She was fortunate, indeed, to find a job this summer. The unemployment picture for college kids has been pretty dismal.

Don heads off each morning for his job as consulting engineer for a firm which makes super-fast, carbonated-drink bottling machines. He says it is just like a vacation to work here, because this job does not require four hours of homework to face every evening as his teaching does. I am reveling in the time to clean up the accumulation of "chucking and hiding" which has transpired all around the house during the school year.

Have a good August, Mary Beth



A Dog Daze Party

by
Virginia Thomas

Plenty of fun and not too taxing on brain or brawn is a clue to planning a party or picnic for August.

If we let the dog be our chuckle-getting theme, we can come up with some doggone good decorations and games for a party.

Decorations

Purchase a supply of long, slim balloons. Use these for the bodies of all kinds of dogs—hound dogs, dachshunds, little dogs and big dogs. Size of each dog is determined by the extent of your "blow". Features are painted on one end of the inflated balloon to make a head. Paint on dog faces which range from sorrowful and ferocious to grinning and cunning. Glue on great floppy ears, paper feet and paper or yarn tails. Beads and buttons can be glued on for added eye allure.

Large, brown paper grocery bags can also become the body of a big, friendly collie or shepherd dog. Stuff the bag with crumpled newspapers; tie the bag tightly. Cut two heads from heavy construction paper or a brown cardboard carton. Mark in features. Glue a head on each side of the tied end of the sack body. Pull together at the top and staple. Staple on log floppy ears cut from brown construction paper. Buttons can be glued on for eye pupils for a weird effect. Add a paper or yarn tail—or make a tail out of brown discarded nylon hose which have been fringed. The crazier and funnier these dogs appear the better. "Chain" the dogs to light fixtures, doorways, table legs, chairs, gateposts and porch pillars. They can also be pinned to curtains and fastened to light fixtures.

Favor Poodles: Use large jelly beans for the body and add pipe cleaner legs and tail. Mark features with icing, or glue on crazy paper heads, big floppy ears, etc. These can stand on trays or tables. Peanuts in the shell can also be used for the body for similar favor poodles.

Centerpiece: A table centerpiece, be your party indoors or on the porch, can

have a cardboard doghouse with a balloon dog chained to it by a paper chain.

Nut Cup: Create a miniature dog-feeding pan (small nut cup) filled with dog food (nuts) with a jelly-bean dog tied to it with a yarn leash.

Entertainment

Dog Race: (A race run by couples.) Each couple is given two small paper plates. One person in a couple does the actual running, the other moves the plates. At the starting signal, one partner places a paper plate on the floor for the other to step on with one foot; the other foot must be held in the air until the partner gets the second plate down in place so he can step into it with the other foot. He then stands on that foot while partner picks up first plate and moves it forward for him to step on—so they continue to goal line. First couple to reach line wins. If "dog" loses his balance while standing on one foot, the couple must start over.

Dog Fight: Partners are chosen. One blows up a balloon and ties it to his partner's ankle (the strings should be of uniform length). The couple links arms and must not let go during the game. The object of the game is for each couple to break the other couple's balloon while protecting their own. The couple who survives longest and ends with an unbroken balloon, wins the dog fight and the prize—a rubber toy bone.

Canine Artists: Give each guest a piece of paper (a fourth of a sheet of a daily paper will work fine). He puts the paper behind his back and tears out the silhouette of a dog. Award prize to the best one.

Wiener Gobble: This is a takeoff on the old marshmallow-on-a-string game. Tie a wiener in center of each string and let "dogs" from the competing teams chew up the ends of the string to see who gets to the wiener first. Another version is to string slices of wiener along on the string so that each "dog" has the same number to eat as he chews along to the rubber bone in the center.

Cur Quiz:

1. A polite cur. (Curtsy)
2. A bird. (Curlew)
3. A valuable one. (Currency)
4. One in charge. (Curator)
5. A tolling one. (Curfew)
6. The kind the pitcher likes. (Curve)
7. An inquisitive one. (Curiosity)
8. One that conceals. (Curtain)
9. A prescribed course. (Curriculum)
10. A timely cur. (Current)

Making a Dog Chain: This game is played in couples. Each couple is provided with paste and a stack of paper strips (cut from old newspapers or construction paper). The object is to see which couple can glue together the longest dog chain in the given length of time. (If you want to make it harder, allow

players to use only the left hand, keeping the right hand behind the back.)

Refreshments

The easiest way to following the theme of the party is to roast hot dogs over an outdoor bonfire. Provide wieners, buns, potato chips, pickles, onion, mustard, catsup, etc. For dessert serve "Smores". "Smores" are made with toasted marshmallows placed upon a graham cracker square, then a square of a sweet chocolate candy is placed over the marshmallow and another cracker placed on top sandwich-style. The hot marshmallow melts the chocolate just enough to be yummy. Children love these and grownups do right well by them, too!

If you have only a few guests and you want to do something a little fancier, let the wieners come to the table, or tray, complete with floppy ears (green pepper slices), pimiento nose and mouth, raisin eyes and a carrot-stick tail. Such a "hound dog" could be the centerpiece for the table upon which your snacks and fixin's are put for the outdoor wiener roast, too.

ALL ABOUT FISH

1. What a soldier carries. (Swordfish)
2. An animal. (Buffalo fish)
3. House pet. (Catfish)
4. Sits on a limb. (Perch)
5. Very valuable. (Goldfish)
6. To struggle. (Flounder)
7. Rhymes with paddock. (Haddock)
8. Illegal card dealer. (Shark)
9. Used in a canoe. (Paddlefish)
10. A band instrument. (Drum-fish)

—Evelyn Lyon

WHICH CIRCUS ANIMAL?

(A quiz for the children)

1. I have a built-in baby buggy. (Kangaroo)
2. I am known as king of the beasts. (Lion)
3. I am a striped kitty. (Tiger)
4. I carry my trunk with me. (Elephant)
5. Pretty ladies ride me. (Horse)
6. I eat fish and balance a ball on my nose. (Seal)
7. I am the second largest animal. (Hippopotamus)
8. I am a friend of man and do many tricks. (Dog)
9. Goldilocks came to my house. (Bear)
10. I can swing by my tail. (Monkey)
11. I have humps on my back. (Camel)
12. I am small and children like to ride me. (Pony)
13. I have black and white stripes. (Zebra)
14. My neck is long and graceful. (Giraffe)

—Dorothy Sandall



Hard-working judges are a primary part of the volunteer force of any county fair. The bread judging is always an important part of the food contest and draws a crowd of observers—and nervous bakers—as the decisions are being made.

A Purpose for August

by

Faye Tanner Cool

And the Almighty decided there should be a special purpose for the month of August. And He said, "Let there be County Fairs all across the land!"

And every person heard and obeyed. Carnival men loaded their Ferris wheels and merry-go-rounds, their bingo cards and floating ducks... cowboys rounded up their Brahma bulls and bucking broncos, their ten-gallon hats and lariats... food vendors stocked up on popcorn and salted peanuts, dill pickles, hamburger, and soda pop... community folk selected stitchery and paintings, preserves and baked goods, and all manner of blossoms, seeds and crops... 4-H'ers and F.F.A.'ers chose many species of livestock and varied projects... and the wise and careful judges gathered gleaming trophies and satin ribbons of every color: purple, blue, red, white, green, yellow and brown. And each and every one of them entered into some vehicle of travel and converged on the gates of the fairgrounds. Immediately there was a frenzy of activity in every stall, booth and building. The noise lifted and blended, and it was the end of the first day of the Fair.

Before dawn of the second day, those who had brought livestock to exhibit were tending their animals: feeding, watering, cleaning pens or stalls, pitching hay, clipping, grooming.

Suddenly, young showmen appeared in splendid dress leading their animals through the show rings class by class. And the crowds watched intently as the judges weighed decisions and beckoned to the chosen. And, at the same time in other buildings, every manner of exhibit was also judged and bestowed with an appropriate award. And the second day of the Fair was known as The Day of

Champions!

On the third day, every man, woman and child for miles around assembled along the main streets of the towns and cheered the ingenuity of the float-makers as long parades passed by. Then these men, women and children funneled back through the gates of the fairgrounds to appear before the ticket sellers, so that they might be given admission to rodeos, where again they marveled at the sights—this time at cowboys in chaps and ten-gallon hats meeting the challenge of snorting, bucking animals.

And the evening became quieter, and was a time of visiting, viewing and evaluating what each had won. Thus, the Day of Community Fellowship came to an end.

And the fourth and final day arrived. F.F.A.'ers, 4-H'ers and community folk counted their ribbons and collected their prizes with abounding joy. Then they meandered to the carnivals to make the most of the hours that were left to them.

As the afternoon of the final day grew to a close, weary, pleasure-filled people began gathering up belongings and collecting families. One by one they re-entered vehicles, which rolled slowly away, leaving the blazing electric lights, the powdery dust of the grounds, the litter of peanut shells and crumpled paper, and the faint tinkling music of the merry-go-rounds playing wearily for those stragglers reluctant to have the Fair end.

And when, at last, all these people stretched out in the comfort of their beds, they sighed and thought these last four days had been good. Then they fell asleep to dream of next year's County Fair, so that August would forever have a purpose.

WHICH WAY IS SOUTH?

by

Mabel Nair Brown

If you are one of those super human beings with a built-in compass for whom there never lived a double half hitch triple cloverleaf intersection which could lure you from your prescribed course, just turn the page, for you will never understand my predicament.

I, too, once prided myself on my wonderful sense of direction and my ability to follow instructions. Alas, those days are long gone, along with my glib assumption that only the very stupid or the senile would get lost in broad daylight.

As a young girl, I don't recall a single incident of driving a horse and buggy ten miles out of the way to get to a friend's house for club or of starting out for the county seat and an hour later ending up at the crossroad corner a mile from home. Later, our Model T never had any trouble driving around the "square miles" of the countryside or to the neighboring village. Then came utter confusion.

Faster and faster cars, paved roads and (heaven help us!) cloverleaf intersections, bypasses, frontage roads, expressways and four, six, eight, ten laners arrived. Who could ever hope to reach a destination beyond the next block?

Someone always asks the question, "Don't you have a map?" Of course we have maps. After all, we usually know what *state* we are in, at least. But maps never explain the road signs.

There are millions of signs: "Left Lane Must Turn", "Thru Traffic Only" (Isn't everybody trying to get through to someplace?), "Turn on Red", "Don't Turn on Red", "One Way Only" (We only want to go one way—if we can find it.), "Watch for Falling Objects" (How about the ones roaring by on each side of you?), "Exit Left Lane Only", "Exit Right Lane Only", "I-75 South", "I-75 North". North? South? Do we want to go south? Or north?

Miles past the exit I weakly croak, "I think we missed our exit. We'll have to turn around and go back."

How can we turn around with cars and trucks to the right of us, cars and trucks to the left of us, swishing by like bullets of destruction? Nothing to do but take a firm grip on the steering wheel and begin inching over to that outer lane and an exit. Now we can turn. Nope, another sign, "Do Not Enter—Wrong Way". Which way is south?

Ah, there's a rest stop, we'll stop and take a few minutes and see if we can figure how to get there from here. There oughta be a way...





—Photo by Joan Hosman

At Chadron, Nebraska, Bordeaux Trading Post Museum is located just outside of town. Mrs. Marie Hanson who, along with her husband, Charles, founded the museum, stands beside the descriptive sign.

BORDEAUX TRADING POST

by
Joan Hosman

Traveling over 25,000 miles in the United States in the last four years makes this vast country captivating and lures me to see more and more of it. In every area, there is something different and interesting to see. If you don't know, ask. If you wish to learn, ask.

One of our recent travels took us through Arthur, Hyannis, and Alliance, Nebraska. We were headed for the Black Hills to see the Mount Rushmore Memorial. Our overnight stay was at a motel in Chadron, Nebraska. I asked the lady at the motel, "Is there anything special in this area that you would recommend seeing?" She replied, "One of the best museums I've seen is located just outside Chadron. It is a Fur Trade Museum." With her directions, we drove to the museum.

When we reached the Bordeaux Trading Post Museum, we were greeted at the entrance by Mrs. Marie Hanson. It was love for history and the lack of information on the early fur-trading industry that inspired Mrs. Hanson and her husband, Charles, to begin their collecting of fur-trading artifacts and research on the subject years ago. Their dream began to materialize in 1948 in the purchase of the land near Chadron originally possessed by a fur-trading post run by James Bordeaux, a fur trader with the Indians. Upon their retirement, the Hansons opened the Fur Trading Museum. It contains the largest antique gun collection in the world, Indian relics and various other items dealing with yesterday's fur trade.

Adjoining the museum is the personal library of Mr. and Mrs. Hanson. The

Hansons have three sons who have helped in locating information and relics. One son is affiliated with the *National Geographic Magazine*. The personal touch and interest shown by the people that founded the museum adds to one's visit.

The old Fur Trading Post and the Powder House both were constructed on their original foundation. A creek runs behind the trading post. This was traditional of the times. The traders would camp and water their horses on the banks of this stream. A small plot in the back of the museum has a garden containing Indian plantings.

During the fur-trading days, a buffalo hide was worth about three dollars. For two cups of whiskey, a buffalo hide could be purchased although this was not a legal transaction. A blanket desired by the Indians required several buffalo hides in return.

Chadron Bordeaux Trading Post is an enjoyable traveler's stop in the north-western portion of Nebraska.



The host and hands are white, the radials are orange and red on a medium yellow background. Light and dark blue were used on the sleeves of the robe and the pie-wedge shape is orange.

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

Not long ago our church needed to have a banner to exchange with a sister church; we wanted it to be representative of our church. We also needed an easy technique so that many of the ladies who did not sew or draw could participate in the project.

I was on the design committee and was ransacking my brain for ideas when one Sunday the minister's sermon was on the meaning of several of our stained-glass windows—truly a heaven-sent inspiration! At our next meeting, I suggested we copy one of the windows and use that as our banner design. The idea met with overwhelming approval.

Our church is new, with small windows of a modern design, which are quite easy to reach. We taped lightweight paper to the window of our choice, and with a very, very soft charcoal stick (often called "vine charcoal"), we traced the lead outlines of the figures from the window. In this way, there was no danger of damaging the glass. We used this outline as our pattern, tracing the shapes onto heavier paper. We cut out these pattern pieces, then cut them from the appropriate colors of lightweight cotton cloth. Using fusible webbing (sold usually under the name of Stitch Witchery, this is available in most fabric stores and comes with complete instructions), we ironed the pieces onto a background fabric with fusible webbing between the pattern and background. Although it wasn't necessary, we satin stitched with the sewing machine around the edges in

order to enhance the stained-glass effect. I'd like to share with you a few tricks we picked up along the way:

1. Whenever possible, cut one color as a base area, covering both its own outline and that of another color, then cut the second color as an overlay so that you have fewer cut edges meeting, thereby, giving a neater appearance. For example, we cut a yellow circle as one large piece, fused it to the background, and then the radiant orange and red "rays" were fused to the yellow circle.

2. Pin and check the layout before fusing one single piece! This can save costly errors, although many fusibles can be unstuck, it is difficult to do and there are no guarantees.

3. Cut the webbing about 1/8 to 1/4 inch smaller than the pattern so that there is room for shifting, otherwise the fusible webbing might mess up your iron.

4. Select a design with as few small details as possible; it will be much easier to work with.

5. While our banner measured 22" by 36", this method can be used for any size desired. Our cost was about six dollars, and we still have plenty of material left for our next project!

6. Most important of all, this technique required no special talents so that anyone who wished to, could participate.

JES OBSERVIN'

Don't go around saying the world owes you a living. The world owes you nothing. It was here first.

It's funny, but the day I have nothing to do, it still takes all day to do it.

Anyone is able to criticize. It takes an important someone to improve.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It has been so hot and humid the last few days you can literally see the corn grow. Frank and I have really been lucky so far this year for so many farms have been completely devastated with hail, high winds and floods. Although we did have the hail and high winds, our crops came out looking good compared to places not far from our farm. The creek came out over the Lucas bottoms, and the Chariton River flooded everything south of Chariton, but for some unknown reason, the creek which goes through our farm ran bank full three different times and didn't spill over. Since we have been on the farm, we have never seen such a year for hailstorms, not only in Iowa, but many other states as well.

Are the moles as bad where you live as they are here? For the past few years they have been so thick everyone is complaining. They have just riddled our yard. We have tried everything that has been recommended to us to get rid of them with no success. We found a dead mole in the yard the other morning and didn't know whether to praise Spot (the dog) or one of the cats for catching it. I rather imagine it was Spot because the other day I was walking in the timber hunting for one of the cows and her new calf and the dog was with me. All of a sudden he stopped dead still and I saw the ground move in front of him. Spot dug fast and came up with a mole.

Spot went to the field the other day when Frank went to move hay bales, and he caught a great big field mouse. Frank said the dog carried it around with him all afternoon as he followed the tractor—maybe Spot brought it home to the cats.

Frank and I were talking about fences the other day and he asked me if I knew what a Devil's Lane is. Since I didn't, he proceeded to tell me. When two land-owners can't agree on where the line is between their properties, they measure four feet out on either side of the old fence line and each puts in his own fence. The space between the fences is called a Devil's Lane. Frank said the only one he ever knew about was on a neighbor's place when he was a boy.

I told Frank I learned something new just about every day from him, and he said if that was the case after living with him for forty-two years, I should be getting pretty smart.

In the past few years, there has been a renewed interest in bicycling in this country. It is a sport that can be enjoyed by everyone, no matter what his age, so it is something that families can do

together. Bicycling is wonderful exercise if you need to lose a few pounds, because riding for an hour will burn more calories than almost any other activity and is much more enjoyable than a lot of things I can think of. Many people taking vacations haul their bicycles along so when they get to their destinations, they can save gas by exploring the countryside at a leisurely pace on their bikes. If this is something your family loves to do, you will be interested in the beautiful Lucas County Bike and Recreation Trail which is called "The Cinder Path".

The Cinder Path is a 3½-mile trail which begins at the southwest edge of Chariton, on old Highway 34, and winds southwest until it ends at the county line south of Derby. It is an abandoned railroad right of way of the Burlington Northern Railroad Company (formerly the C.B. & Q.). The railroad was known to the people of Chariton as the "South Branch" and connected Chariton with St. Joseph and Kansas City, Missouri. It was built in 1873 and 1874. Through most of the years, it daily accommodated four passenger trains and perhaps as many freight trains.

The railroad was abandoned in 1972. The part of the right of way in Lucas County was purchased by the Lucas County Conservation Board in 1974. Included in the purchase were all bridges, culverts, and improvements. A crew of men working under a federal public service grant brought the trail up to standard. It is level and smooth, and has been cleaned of all railroad debris. These workers floored and railed seventeen bridges, built a covered bridge, several shelters, picnic tables and lookouts. All the materials used were secured by salvaging old houses and barns throughout the county, and by using the best of the old railroad ties. Some of the old ties were deliberately left beside the trail for wildlife cover. The abundance of animals and birds and the variety of vegetation makes it a real nature trail.

There is no need to make application for using the Cinder Path. It is open year

around to everybody. Conservation Board regulations prohibit the use of motorized wheel vehicles on the trail, restricting it to hikers, bicycles, horseback riders and, in the winter, snowmobiles. Twice a year, one day in the spring and one day in the fall, usually on a Sunday, the Board opens the trail to cars. This enables people to enjoy it who can't see it any other way.

I had told Lucile about the trail and had shown her all the pictures I had taken of the little structures that have been built. She was determined to get here for a weekend visit on the day in May when the trail was open for cars so she could make the drive. When the day arrived, she couldn't come. I talked to the board members and got special permission to take her through when she could get here.

The Cinder Path was the highlight of Lucile's weekend visit. She even got to see a wild turkey. We stopped and visited with two cute little boys who had ridden their bikes out to do a little fishing in a small pond beside the path, and they proudly showed us their catch. The trail winds along the Chariton River part of the way, and the entire trail is a children's paradise. As we drove along, we kept remarking how much our grandchildren would enjoy this area—the log cabin made out of old ties; the swinging bridge crossing a little ditch to a rest area on the other side; the lookout tower beside the river; the shelter made like a cave dug into the bank, to name a few.

With all the abandoned railroads across the country, maybe you can find enough enthusiastic and interested men and women in your community to get organized and develop a Cinder Path-type recreation and conservation trail in your county. If you are driving across Iowa on Highway 34, with your bicycles fastened to the back of the car, feel free to stop and enjoy ours.

We are expecting visits from friends and relatives during July and August, but so far no definite dates or plans have

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The photograph on the left shows a delightful covered bridge which was built over a section of "The Cinder Path" near Chariton, Iowa. The picture on the right was taken of Dorothy's good friend, Peggy Dyer, as she was crossing the swinging bridge. These and many other lovely spots have been developed on the trail.

LETTER FROM EUGENIE



Dear Friends:

It's been such a long time since I've written a letter for *Kitchen-Klatter* and so much has happened it is hard to know where to begin.

Last January, Martin and I took two weeks of our vacation time and drove to Arizona to visit Martin's parents, Margery and Oliver. We drove southwest via a different route than we had previously traveled. We decided to take our time and enjoy seeing the sights. Perhaps the most spectacular place we toured was Carlsbad Caverns. We walked all the way down and around all the trails. This "hike" takes about three hours. The Caverns are so breathtakingly spectacular, we hated to leave it. Once we'd left, we wanted to go back again right away.

Spending a week with Margery and Oliver in Green Valley, Arizona, was a relaxing break from our hectic everyday schedule in Maple Lake. We were fortunate enough to be able to spend considerable time browsing around Tubac. Tubac is an old art colony which is quite diversified and a very exciting place to visit. We made our usual jaunts across the border into Mexico and to Tucson and still managed to catch up on some reading.

Homeward bound, we stopped in Albuquerque to visit with Jed and Juliana Lowey. Fortunately, we were able to stay two nights in their guest house. Juliana spent an entire day showing us around Old Town. Martin and I both thoroughly enjoyed Old Town with all its quaint little shops. One of our favorites was the Christmas Shoppe. This is composed of several small adjoining rooms, each laden with Christmas ornaments and decorations. Everything imaginable is on display representing many cultures and countries. I purchased a handblown glass ornament from Germany. That evening, Jed and Juliana took us out to eat at a favorite Mexican restaurant.

Home again, we were soon busy with the Lenten Season.

In December of 1981, our church will celebrate its centennial year. As Minnesota's Decembers are unpredictable weatherwise, part of the celebration will be held during the previous summer. Already committees have been making lists and planning activities. Martin is preparing to host a tour of the Holy Land as a means of beginning the second hundred years by "getting back to our roots". This tour will be January of 1982.



Katharine Lowey enjoys flowers just as much as her mother, Juliana. She enjoyed showing the blooming plants to her cousins, Martin and Eugenie Strom, when they came to visit.

He has already gone to a meeting of prospective tour hosts. Of the forty or so future tour hosts present at this meeting, Martin was fortunate enough to win the door prize, a completely free trip to the Holy Land. We're so excited! He will use this trip when he leads the tour in 1982.

We have done a lot of barbecuing this summer. We have a "Baby Weber Kettle" and love to use it. Martin usually takes charge of the outdoor cooking and thoroughly enjoys it. However, when I decide to try something new, Martin tries to talk me out of it. By this time I am already so excited about trying something new, I agree to cook it myself. Once the food is done cooking, Martin usually tells me it's so wonderful that I can be the cook whenever we have that dish again.

Barbecuing is a favorite among our friends, too. Last spring our friends, Linda and Larry Denny, had their young son baptized by Martin. After the service, we all went to the Denny's for barbecued hamburgers and a whole spread of picnic fare. It was a lovely afternoon. Best of all was the wonderful company. Larry is from the Maple Lake area so his family attended. Linda is from Nebraska and her folks came up for the special event. Linda also had relatives from California and the Twin Cities present. Martin and I had such a relaxed, enjoyable afternoon; we could sure use a few more days like that!

Margery and Oliver came to Maple Lake for a visit the latter part of June. We always enjoy their visits so much. A few weeks later, my dad and his wife came down for a visit. My dad recently had knee surgery and was still recovering. He was glad for a change of scenery and we were all thrilled to see one another. Due to busy schedules, we had not been together since November. We enjoy having company!

Later this month, we will be taking our youth group on their Fifth Annual Camping Retreat. This year we plan on going to the St. Croix River in Wisconsin.

sin. We may take the group tubing down the Apple River where Martin and I rode tubes several years ago. It is a fun and wet way to spend an afternoon. None of the kids in the group have ever experienced this kind of activity before; we think it would be a delightful experience to share with them.

Our garden is great this year; we enjoy it more and more each year. Last year I decided to grow some herbs so planted sweet basil and marjoram. I want you to know they do excellently in Minnesota! We had stacks and stacks of drying herbs all over the house. I did manage to give away much of it to our friends. This year, I omitted the marjoram and sweet basil but am still producing an abundant garden. I do miss all the wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and gooseberries from northern Minnesota where I grew up. We are able to get some tame berries around here, and they are often available in grocery stores, but it is just not the same. Aside from the delicious taste of wild berries, we miss the joy of spending warm afternoons climbing through rough terrain to gather them.

Martin and I haven't done much camping this year—without fifteen kids along, that is. Just a few one or two over-nighters in some of our fine state parks. We are planning on a couple of weeks this fall. It seems the summer months become shorter every year making it harder for us to find two weeks when we can get away.

The Minnesota State Fair will start soon and we are looking forward to our annual trip to that event. We are hoping my cousin, Jeanette, and my brother, Chris, will be able to go with us as they have in the past. Martin is already talking about having one of those delicious milkshakes at the Dairy Barn.

Fall will soon be coming to Minnesota. It's a beautiful time of the year here. I hope it will be a beautiful fall where you are too.

Sincerely,
Eugenie Strom

FROM THE MAIL

Dear Friends:

Enclosed please find a check for a two-year subscription to the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. I had taken the magazine for years and then decided that amid the hubbub of this life, I had no time to read all the publications I was taking. With the children gone from home and a busy life in an office, I felt that perhaps our home had outgrown the use of my friend, *Kitchen-Klatter*. But it was like missing a letter from home each month and I missed it with the nostalgia of someone who had lost a friend. So here is my subscription. May God bless you and all the family. Your friend,

—Mrs. R.T., Iowa

OLD-TIME RADIO REUNION SHOW

by
Nadine Dreager

Little did my mother, Mrs. William Krohn of Atlantic, Iowa, suspect that she was launching an old-time radio reunion show that day in 1977 when she cleaned her attic. Her married daughters' memorabilia could now find a place of storage in their own homes, she reasoned. And there in the stack of treasures she handed me were my well-read *Kitchen-Klatter* magazines and the *KMA Guides* from the '40s and '50s. Thumbing through the tattered pages brought back vivid memories of the radio programs, along with an emotional recollection of the radio personalities themselves, and how very much they contributed to the enrichment of our lives in the golden era of radio.

In those "good old days" of mud roads, kerosene lamps and crank-type telephones, the battery radio was a prime source of entertainment and education. Gathered around their studio microphone (as we waited for our radio receiver tubes to warm up) were the radio personalities who brought into our homes their corny jokes, toe-tapping jubilee shows, unofficial weather forecasts, and tips on homemaking and farming. They were diverse individuals who could adapt to any situation for which the programming called. The multifaceted talents of the musicians proved to be a requisite for the diverse daily agendas they faced.

Our frenetic, scrambling world of today had not yet threatened the bonds of family unity. The focal point of this closeness was mealtime when the entire family gathered to share conversation and Mother's good home cookin'!

The homemaker's show, with house-keeping tips and delectable recipes, was a perennial favorite with my mother, who was a rural homemaker and is a superb cook. Via the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio programs, I grew up with Juliana and Kristin, and became familiar with the members of Leanna Driftmier's entire *Kitchen-Klatter* family.

One of the fondest memories of my childhood is coming home on a blustery, wintry day from a one-room country schoolhouse to the warmth of a cozy, snug home filled with the unmatched aroma of homemade bread freshly baked in a wood cookstove oven. Or the mouthwatering aroma of a feast being prepared for tired, hungry threshers. Many of our most treasured recipes have been acquired from *Kitchen-Klatter* programs and magazines and handed down from our grandmother and mother.

From the crack-of-dawn shows to late at night, our ears were tuned to the radio speaker as it offered us a variety of the



The influences of the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio program and the magazine are evident in the history of the "Old-Time Radio Reunion Show". This lovely photograph of Leanna Driftmier was taken during her 20th anniversary celebration as a radio homemaker.

other shows such as, "The Shadow", "Fibber Magee and Molly", "RFD 960", "Stumpus Gang", and "Country School". The popular "Country School" was broadcast live from Shenandoah, Iowa, at the KMA studio as well as the city auditorium in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The art of yodeling had many practitioners in this golden radio era, including Mae and Oma, "The West Sisters", with their unique cackle yodel; Bob Stotts, "The Mile-High Yodeling Cowboy"; and "Happy Valley June". Even a popular clarinetist, Eddie Comer, got into the act with his yodeling clarinet.

Midwest broadcasting studios produced stars, too! Ike Everly introduced sons, Don and Phil, on his KMA programs. Mack Sanders and the Blackwood Brothers went on from Shenandoah radio to television and recordings. It was here that Bill Monroe formed his popular bluegrass band.

And some of the entertainers had a profound effect on people's lives, as did KMA's Jimmy Morgan on my own life. When I was a small child, I could hardly wait to get home from our country school north of Atlantic, to catch Jimmy Morgan's homespun show. Billed as "The Man from Old Kentucky", Jimmy and his Martin guitar taught me the unforgettable beauty of a simple, country song. His warmth and personality projected enchantingly over the airwaves. (In 1975, I spent many weeks attempting to locate Jimmy and, in June, found him hauntingly lonely and unhappy, living in his beloved Kentucky. With a little prodding, Jimmy moved to northern Missouri to be near his daughter.)

Jimmy often related stories of his days behind the mike. His most embarrassing moment was in 1939: "It happened on WAAW, an Omaha radio station, in front of the whole staff and several visitors. We were doing a dinner concert. I had been smoking my pipe and just before I got up

to the mike to sing, I dumped the tobacco and put the pipe in my front pants pocket. Well, kitchen matches and a hot pipe don't mix! About halfway into my solo, 'I'm Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes', the smoke started rolling, and I yelled right into the mike 'I'm on fire!' I was, and I have a scar on my leg to prove it."

Relating all of these memories to my colleague in country music, Bob Everhart, inspired Bob to suggest that Jimmy Morgan and I roundup former radio personalities and pay tribute to them in a special "Radio Reunion Show" at his annual festival, the "Old-Time Country Music Contests & Pioneer Exposition" held at Westfair just east of Council Bluffs, Iowa, each Labor Day weekend. Since Bob's and my country music aspirations lean heavily on the preservation aspect and the "Old-Time Exposition" represents this conviction, we reasoned the radio show would fit into this particular pioneer event perfectly. Jimmy responded to the idea with enthusiasm and a renewed interest in entertaining. Depending on his memory of where the former radio performers now reside, we located many of them one by one. It was an exciting and rewarding search which sometimes ended on a sad note. Some have died, including Curly Dale, Elmer Axelbender, Steve Wooden, Jeannie Pearson, Leanna Driftmier, Bernice Currier, Ralph Childs, Henry Field, etc.

(Continued on page 20)



The Pioneer Kitchen- Klatter Homemaker Radio Program

is still being heard after over 54 years of broadcasting. Tune in your radio each weekday to one of the following stations:

- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

All is quiet here on the Pawcatuck River tonight. It has been a cool summer day, and now that the sun has set, it is actually chilly. Some of the children in the neighborhood are having a "sleep out" in tents, and I have a feeling that before morning they are going to be running into the house for warmth.

Bonnie, the mother of our swan family, will probably have quite a job trying to keep her eight young ones warm through this night. The cygnets have grown so much over the past month that it is all Bonnie can do to keep them under her wings. When they were smaller, two of them used to sleep on Bonnie's back, one tucked down under each wing, while the other six would huddle in the soft feathers of her breast and abdomen. Tonight, as I fed Clyde, the swan father, I scolded him for not helping Bonnie to keep the babies warm at night, but he just stared at me as though he thought I were slightly touched in the head.

You undoubtedly already know that this is one summer when things are apt to be just a little more unusual than at any time during the past ten years. This is the year when the sun hits the top of its eleven-year magnetic cycle, and that means all sorts of strange things can happen here on earth—strange things like March weather in July. No doubt you have been reading about the sudden, intense bursts of electromagnetic energy and highly charged gas particles that have been shooting out from the sun to batter our earth. These sun flares have upset weather, affected radio and television broadcasts, caused electric power line blackouts, and even increased the radiation hazards for passengers flying in high altitude jet planes.

I subscribe to several scientific publications, and in one of them that crossed my desk recently there was some information that will interest people who live on farms and are so utterly dependent on the rainfall for the growth of the crops. The sun radiates its energy in all directions, and only a very small part of it ever reaches our earth, but that small part does the job that God wants it to do for us. Of the energy that does reach the earth, only fourteen percent of it powers the evaporation-rainfall cycle, and only one percent of the sun's energy that reaches the earth is made into food for our human consumption. Hopefully, we can harness more of that solar energy for human use in the future.

As a subject of conversation, ask your

friends what percentage of all the plants on the face of the earth are used for human food, and what percentage are used for domestic animal food? The surprising answer: two percent of the world's plants are eaten by humans, and one and one-half percent of the world's plants are used for food by domestic animals.

I think the sun flares affected my brain a little bit today! I went over to the Mystic Seaport Museum and did my volunteer job thinking that it was Thursday. I am always at the museum on Thursday, but the trouble was that this just happens to be Wednesday. Now I have to go back tomorrow for my regular Thursday assignment in the scrimshaw room.

We have been hoping to attract some wild pheasants to our back yard, and this afternoon, Betty saw our first hen pheasant. When she told me about it, I immediately went to put out some grain,



Mrs. Julian T. Crandall is Betty Driftmier's mother. She is shown here surrounded by four of her fourteen grandchildren. Frederick's and Betty's daughter, Mary Lea Palo, is shown in this photograph the second from the left. It was a poem written by Mary Lea which inspired her Grandfather Crandall for the title of his latest book. Incidentally, Mrs. Crandall is an avid reader of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

hoping that the hen pheasant will return with a family to get a free lunch.

Did you ever hear that it is bad luck to buy a horse with one white foot? I had never heard that until an old farmer who lives up the road from us told me. He recited a little rhyme which he said he learned from his Yankee grandfather. It goes something like this:

"One white foot, try him;
Two white feet, buy him;
Three white feet, refuse him;
Four white feet and a white nose,
Knock him on the head, and give to the crows!!"

This old farmer also stated that a light-colored hoof is softer than a black hoof, and has to be shod more often. I am skeptical about that statement, but I don't argue with this farmer about his ideas. He is quite a weather forecaster, and I believe him when he says "When the frog goes up the mountain hoppin', the rain comes down the mountain drop-

pin'."

I also believe my farmer friend when he says that if the chickens go out into the rain to eat, the storm will last a long time, but if the chickens stay in the shed to keep dry, the storm will soon be over. That is true with wild birds, and so it must be true with chickens, too.

I love to sit by the side of the road and chat with my Yankee farmer friends. They tell so many interesting stories, but they like to hear my stories, too. Most of them have not been west of the Hudson River, and they like to ask me about the West. I always can hold them spellbound with some of the stories I used to hear my mother tell about the Iowa prairie fires. She saw very few of them herself, but my Grandfather Field was a homesteader in the very early days after the Civil War, and he fought to save his farm home from many terrible fires. Here in New England, there were no prairies, and so there were no prairie fires, but the early settlers did have some forest fires, and they did have swamp grass fires.

You may have heard us tell on our Saturday morning Kitchen-Klatter radio program about the good visit we had with the Vernon Pagels and the Loren Ranks from Toledo, Iowa. They called us from the Mystic Seaport Museum, and Betty told them how to find our house. Vernon took some pictures of me feeding the swans, and then we went inside to chat with Betty and her mother.

Betty's parents are amazingly well for their senior years. One of the happiest events of the summer thus far was the surprise recognition my mother-in-law's church gave her. At ninety years of age, she is the oldest member of her church, and she has been a member of the church longer than anyone else now living. She grew up in a beautiful colonial home almost on the edge of the church grounds, and through all of her years, the church has been a focal point for much of her interest and activity. She taught Sunday school for many years, and at the same time, she was the choir director.

Mr. Julian T. Crandall, Betty's father, is keeping me busy this summer. He is writing another book, and I do much of the proofreading for him. The book is to have the title: *The Tapestry of My Happy Life*. He got the idea for the title from a poem that our daughter, Mary Leanna Palo, wrote some years ago entitled "A Tapestry", and in the dedication, he has written: "I bequeath to my children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and future progeny the bits of philosophy and wisdom that have been garnered from a very full life of interesting productivity. I do so with the hope that these ideas may help to stimulate and enhance their lives." The book is now in its final stages of composition and will soon go to press.

Betty joins me in wishing you all the best of health.

Sincerely,
Frederick



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

I often receive correspondence from my Aunt Lucile, and she wrote not long ago to request that I share with all our Kitchen-Klatter friends the recent comings and goings of the Walstad family, soon to become a threesome. Having once been the mother of a newborn herself, I'm sure Aunt Lucile realized that in only a few short weeks I will be much too busy to sit down with pen and ink to have a friendly chat with friends!

Undoubtedly, there will be surprises after the birth of our baby. Although I know my time and attention will be required in great quantity by the little one, I imagine the reality of the actual situation can only be gained by living through the experience. Like most first-time mothers, I have tried to read as many books and articles as possible to help become informed as to just how our lives will change once the baby is born. Gathering advice from friends and relatives, and by reading, I have an inkling that it will take a depth of commitment and inner strength so unique that it is like no other devotion witnessed in a lifetime. Am I prepared? Some days I answer, "Yes, definitely so." Other days I panic and say, "Heavens no!"

My sister, Emily, has been a great help. Living in Washington, D.C., she constantly browses bookstores, something not available here in our small town. She has sent us several books, two of which I will mention. One humorous and enlightening book is entitled, *How to Be a Pregnant Father*. Mike took quite a bit of teasing when he took it to work and read it during his lunch hour! Another interesting book is, *The Mother's Almanac*, by Kelly and Parsons.

I feel extremely fortunate to have an entire family devoted in every aspect to helping and being involved with our first birth. Cousin Juliana Lowey drove down one weekend from Albuquerque to personally deliver the family bassinet. This beautiful white wicker antique has seen use for many, many Driftmier babies, including Juliana, Martin, Emily, Clark and myself.

Mike's mother, Connie Walstad of Hobbs, New Mexico, has also been of great assistance. I have to be blessed with the world's greatest mother-in-law. I scarcely knew Mike's parents when we were married nine years ago, but had I spent all that time carefully studying



Clark Driftmier is showing his sister, Alison Walstad, the cactus beds in the Hines Nursery, Irvine, California, where he is in a training program.

prospective in-laws, I could not have come up with a more delightful pair! At any rate, Connie is an artist of some local renown and has a flair and passion for interior decorating.

Knowing that my kennel business occupies so much of my time, Connie graciously offered to help fix up a nursery for the coming new arrival. She is an extremely well-educated consumer in her field of home decorating. Working on a shoestring budget is her specialty, and she knows prices and bargains like a Wall Street tycoon!

We wanted a bright and cheery room that would highlight the white wicker bassinet, and, of course, didn't know if it should be boy blue or girl pink! We chose a basic color scheme of green and white. The choice was inspired by a gift I received jointly from my Aunt Lucile and Ruby Treese, Granny Leanna's companion for so many years. Ruby is an

LITTLE PEOPLE

Little bits of Heaven,
Bundles of joy;
Babies are such treasures . . .
Whether girl or boy.

Eyes of sparkling wonderment,
Dimpled, rosy cheeks;
Smiles that steal away the hearts
Of everyone they meet.

Innocence personified;
Purity and charm,
Makes us want to hold them
Closely in our arms.

Little folk are lovable,
Adorable and cute;
Grandparents know these things —
We have the proof.

—Thelma M. Griffith

extremely talented needlewoman, and she and Lucile collaborated to make a lovely hand-crocheted collection for my newborn. It consists of blanket, booties, bonnet and top, each done in cream and pastel green. The pieces are examples of exquisite craftsmanship, and I have vowed to save and keep them in good condition so each of my children can use them someday.

The spare bedroom chosen to house the nursery in our mobile home definitely needed some cheering up! Years of constant use had taken their toll. The walls were drab brown paneling, unattractive and stained by an incessant leak in the roof. We fixed the leak, and Connie completed an amazing transformation using bright foliage and frog wallpaper and blue gingham curtains on the windows. The remaining wall, closet, and cabinets were painted glossy white. It's hard to believe it's the same room! My parents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, are sending down some large house plants from their garden center to fill spaces not yet taken up with toys. The nursery gets ample sunlight, and it's as delightful a setting as one could hope for. Never underestimate the ingenuity of an American woman with a sewing machine, a few bolts of sale fabric, and a paintbrush!

Mike and I have not only redecorated the house this summer, but have taken a few excursions too, as we're trying to take every advantage of our pre-birth freedom. I feel quite fortunate that my health has been wonderful, and my schedule has not changed a bit due to a big tummy and some added pounds. Mike thoroughly enjoyed a ten-day horse pack trip with several other friends in the mountain wilderness of western New Mexico. I graciously declined this adventure, and chose instead to visit my brother, Clark, in Irvine, California. All too seldom do I get to spend time with my favorite and only brother, and I figured this summer it would be now or never! We had a marvelous time together, and enjoyed attending barbecues, touring the nursery where he is on a training program, and walking four-and-a-half hours through the San Diego Zoo.

I still try to remain involved in our local humane society, somewhat inactive with summer schedules what they are. I would like to thank each of you who have sent me news of your local associations. I do so enjoy reading of such worthwhile efforts. We hope to start fund-raising for a local shelter soon.

The next time I write, there should be some glad tidings . . . I don't know who will get to spring the news first, since my sister's baby is due within two weeks of mine. In any event, it's bound to keep our poor mother in a joyous tizzy!

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad



RECIPES

BANANA-FRUIT SLUSH

- 6 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 12-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
- 1 46-oz. can pineapple-grapefruit juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 5 medium bananas
- 1 32-oz. bottle lemon-lime or club soda, chilled

Place the water and sugar in a large bowl. Stir to dissolve sugar. Add the juices and flavorings. Put the bananas in a blender to make a puree and stir into mixture. Pour into two 1/2-gallon containers. Cover and freeze at least 24 hours. To serve, remove containers from freezer and let set at room temperature for about three hours or until slushy. Add the soda and serve immediately.

—Betty Jane

MINUTE STEAK ROLLS

- 6 minute steaks
 - 1 3-oz. can broiled chopped mushrooms
 - 1/2 cup chopped onion
 - 1/2 cup snipped fresh parsley
 - Salt and pepper
 - 2 Tbls. oil
 - 1 10½-oz. can condensed beef broth
 - 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 - 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
 - Fresh tomato wedges (for garnish)
- Pound steaks if thick. Drain the mushrooms, reserving the liquid. Sprinkle some of the mushrooms, onion, parsley and salt and pepper over each steak. Beginning at the narrow end, roll up the steaks and fasten with toothpicks. Heat the oil in a skillet and brown the rolls slowly. Add about half the beef broth and simmer for 30 to 40 minutes, or until steaks are tender. Remove steak rolls to hot platter. Combine the cornstarch, mushroom liquid and remaining beef broth. Stir into drippings in skillet and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Pour the sauce over the rolls and sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese. Garnish with tomato.

—Juliana

CHERRY-LEMON LAYER SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 1 can cherry pie filling
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 1 pkg. whipped topping mix, prepared according to package directions
 - 1/3 cup mayonnaise
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 - 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
 - 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Stir in the cherry pie filling. Pour into an 8- by 10-inch glass dish or a mold. Chill until firm.

Dissolve lemon gelatin in 1 cup boiling water; let cool. Add the flavoring, prepared topping, mayonnaise, cream cheese, pineapple and marshmallows. Stir well. Spoon over first layer. Chill until firm. Unmold or cut into squares to serve.

—Hallie

CHILI SAUCE

- 24 ripe tomatoes
 - 10 white onions
 - 6 green peppers
 - 4 stalks celery (optional)
 - 1 1/2 cups vinegar
 - 2 Tbls. pickling salt
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 1 tsp. whole cloves
 - 1 Tbls. whole cinnamon
 - 1 Tbls. whole allspice
- Wash tomatoes. Remove stems and any white spots and chop into large, heavy kettle. Grind onions, peppers and celery and add to tomatoes. Stir in vinegar, salt and sugar. Tie spices in a bag and add. (To measure cinnamon, break stick of cinnamon into small enough pieces that 1 Tbls. can be measured.) Cook over high heat, stirring, until mixture boils. Reduce heat to low and simmer until mixture thickens—about two hours. Remove spice bag. Ladle into hot, sterilized jars and seal. Excellent to use in meat loaves or for any recipe using chili sauce or catsup.

—Evelyn

QUICK CASSEROLE

- 1 1-lb. can mixed vegetables
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tube (10-biscuit size) refrigerated biscuits

Combine the vegetables, soup and flavoring. Spoon into greased skillet. Arrange biscuits over top and bake for about 15 minutes at 400 degrees.

—Betty Jane

CHEESY POTATO SALAD

- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 1/2 cups diced cooked potatoes
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup shredded process American cheese

Cook onion in oil until tender. Blend in flour, salt, sugar and dry mustard. Stir in vinegar and water. Cook until thick and bubbly (about 2 minutes). While warm, toss with the potatoes, celery and green pepper. Fold in cheese. Cover and chill thoroughly.

—Robin

VEDA'S PEACH COFFEECAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1/2 cup white sugar
 - 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1 egg
 - 1/2 cup sour milk or sour cream
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 - 1 1/2 cups flour
 - 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 3 to 4 peaches
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 - 1/2 cup sugar (either white or brown)
- Cream together the butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugars. When smooth and creamy, beat in egg, sour milk or cream and almond flavoring. Sift the flour, baking powder, soda and salt together and add. Spoon into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Slice peaches over top of batter. (Canned peaches can be used if they are well drained.) Combine remaining ingredients and sprinkle over top of peaches. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes. Delicious served either warm or cold.

—Evelyn

HAM SALAD

- 3 cups cooked rice
- 1 15½-oz. can kidney beans, drained and rinsed
- 1 1/2 cups sliced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped sweet onion
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 2 to 3 cups diced cooked ham

Combine the above ingredients in large bowl. Prepare the following dressing:

- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 2 Tbls. Dijon mustard
- 2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 tsp. ground black pepper
- 1/4 tsp. bottled hot pepper seasoning

Combine dressing ingredients in small pan. Bring to boiling and cook for about 30 seconds. Cool slightly. Pour over the ingredients in bowl. Toss, cover and chill at least four hours. Stir occasionally. Serve on lettuce garnished with boiled egg slices and fresh tomato wedges.

—Juliana

UNUSUAL PEPPER JELLY

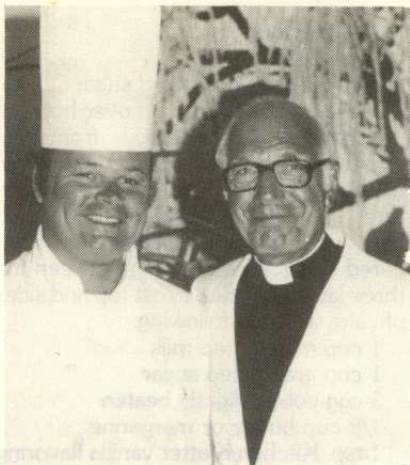
- 1 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup canned jalapeno pepper
- 1/2 cup sweet red pepper
- 1 1/4 cups apple cider vinegar
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 bottle liquid fruit pectin
- Green food coloring, if desired

Remove seeds from green pepper, chop coarsely and measure. Rinse liquid from jalapeno pepper and discard. Place the two peppers in blender or food processor with 1/2 cup of the vinegar. Blend until smooth. Pour into 4-quart saucepan. Rinse the blender with remaining vinegar and add to the pepper mixture. Add sugar and the red pepper which has been seeded and finely chopped. Bring to a hard boil which cannot be stirred down. Remove from heat and let stand a few minutes to bring foam to top. Skim off foam, being careful to leave red pepper pieces in the mixture. Stir in liquid fruit pectin and green coloring if desired. Stir until well blended. Pour into jelly glasses or small canning jars, seal with paraffin or lids.

Some liquid fruit pectin now comes in little foil-like bags. I used two in the package for this recipe as the bags indicated they were measured out to equal half of the old bottle measure. It was exactly right for the jelly consistency desired.

This makes a zippy, delicious jelly which is especially fine with any kind of roast meats, or used with cheese spreads to top crackers. The friend from Missouri who sent this recipe said it is one of their traditional holiday foods, but even though the red and green indicate Christmas, it is a jelly equally good the rest of the year.

—Evelyn



Frederick and Betty Driftmier found the food provided on the SS Statendam wonderfully prepared and served. In this photograph, taken aboard the luxurious Holland America cruise ship, Frederick is shown with the Executive Chef of the ship, Jacob Roth.

EASY BISCUIT PIZZA

- 3 cups packaged biscuit mix
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 pint chili sauce or 1 15-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 4½-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Lightly grease a jelly roll pan. Combine the biscuit mix and water to make a soft dough. Knead. Press into bottom and up sides of prepared pan. Set aside. Cook beef, onion, salt and garlic. Drain excess fat. Spread chili or tomato sauce over dough in pan. Spoon on the meat mixture. Scatter the mushrooms and green pepper over meat and top with the cheese. Bake about 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

VEGETABLE "RUFF"

(A Salad)

- 6 cups chopped fresh vegetables
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sweet basil

Chop vegetables into a bowl. Use whatever is available: peeled cucumbers, green peppers, sweet red peppers, cauliflower and tomatoes—lots of tomatoes. Add onion. (This is enough onion, too much can cover the flavors of the other vegetables.) Combine remaining ingredients and toss with vegetables. Cover and chill several hours. This salad will keep for about two weeks if refrigerated and covered tightly.

—Evelyn

CUCUMBER SAUCE

- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup coarsely grated peeled cucumber (seeds removed)
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. dill weed
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients. Use as dressing for salad greens, on sliced cucumbers, or on fish.

—Betty Jane

JULIANA'S LEMON MERINGUE PIE

- 1 baked pie shell (or vanilla wafer or graham cracker crust)
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 3 egg yolks, lightly beaten
- 1/2 cup reconstituted lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated lemon peel
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

- 3 egg whites

- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1/3 cup sugar

Combine sweetened condensed milk, egg yolks, lemon juice, peel and lemon flavoring. Pour into baked pie shell. Beat egg whites with cream of tartar and vanilla flavoring until stiff peaks form. Gradually beat in sugar until mixture is shiny. Cover top of lemon filling with this meringue, sealing at edges. Bake at 350 degrees until nicely brown. Chill well.

SURPRISE COFFEE SQUARES

- 1/2 tsp. instant coffee (dry)
- 1/4 cup strong hot brewed coffee
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 large egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- 1 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder

- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup chopped pecans
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate chips

Dissolve the instant coffee in the brewed hot coffee. Set aside to cool.

In mixing bowl, cream the butter or margarine and brown sugar. Add the egg, mixing well. Add the flavorings to the coffee and stir into the creamed mixture. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add to mixture, blending well. Fold in the nuts and chips. Bake in greased 8- by 11-inch pan at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes. Cool and cut into squares. This will make thin squares. The recipe could easily be doubled and baked in a 9- by 13-inch pan.

—Lucile

GERMAN SWEET CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 4 ozs. German sweet chocolate
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttermilk

Melt chocolate in boiling water. Cool. Cream butter or margarine and sugar until fluffy. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in flavorings and cooled chocolate. Sift flour with soda and salt and add alternately with buttermilk to chocolate mixture, beating after each addition until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter into three 8- or 9-inch layer pans which have been lined with paper. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. Cool. Prepare the following filling:

- 2 cups milk chocolate bits
- 1 tsp. instant dry coffee
- 2/3 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut

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flavoring

1/4 tsp. salt

3 cups sifted powdered sugar

Melt the chocolate bits over hot, but not boiling, water. Remove from heat and stir in the dry coffee. Cool ten minutes. Combine the chocolate mixture, sour cream, flavorings and salt; beat well. Gradually beat in the powdered sugar. Use as filling between the three layers of cake. Frost top and sides of cake with the following:

- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups flaked coconut
- 1 cup chopped pecans

In a heavy pan, combine the milk, sugar, egg yolks, butter or margarine and flavorings. Cook and stir over medium heat until thickened—about 12 minutes. Add the coconut and nuts. Cool until thick enough to spread. Stir frosting occasionally while it is cooling.

After frosting cake, wrap and freeze—cake must be frozen for best results. If cake is cut without freezing it crumbles badly. After cake is frozen, remove from freezer and slice entire cake. Wrap and return to freezer, using as many pieces as needed at a time. —Lucile

ORANGE CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/2 cup orange marmalade
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 6 cups finely shredded cabbage

Combine the pineapple, sour cream, marmalade, dressing and salt. Mix well. Pour over the cabbage and toss. Refrigerate at least two hours before serving. —Betty Jane

PORK-ZUCCHINI BAKE

- 1 lb. lean ground pork
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 3 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 6 5-inch long zucchini
- Salt and pepper
- 6 ozs. sliced mozzarella cheese

Over medium heat, cook pork until all pink color is gone. Drain off excess fat. Stir in garlic salt, crumbs, 2 Tbls. of the Parmesan cheese and sour cream. Cut zucchini into lengthwise pieces; salt and pepper. In greased 2-quart shallow baking pan, layer half the zucchini. Spoon pork mixture over top of zucchini. Cover with rest of zucchini. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees for 35 to 45 minutes. Uncover and arrange mozzarella cheese slices on top and sprinkle with the remaining 1 Tbls. of Parmesan cheese. Return to oven for about 10 minutes longer or until cheeses are melted. —Betty Jane

BAVARIAN PEACH PIE

- 1 1/4 cups ripe peach pulp
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup well-chilled evaporated milk
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

- 1 9-inch baked pastry shell
- Sliced peaches for garnish

Pour off as much juice as possible from peaches (pulp should be the consistency of applesauce). Heat pulp to boiling point. Add gelatin, sugar, cinnamon and lemon flavoring. Stir to dissolve. Chill until partially set. Combine evaporated milk, lemon juice and almond flavoring in chilled bowl. Whip until stiff. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Pour into baked pie shell and garnish with peach slices. Chill until firm. —Verlene

GRATED CARROT MEATLOAF

- 1 1/2 cups fine dry bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 3 eggs
- 2 large carrots, finely shredded
- 2 Tbls. prepared horseradish
- 1 envelope onion soup mix
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 3 Tbls. finely packed brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. Dijon or regular prepared mustard

In large bowl, pour milk over the bread crumbs. Allow to set until milk has been absorbed by crumbs. Mix in the beef, eggs, carrots, horseradish and soup mix. Pack into greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pan. Combine the French dressing, brown sugar and mustard. Spread over top of meatloaf. Bake, uncovered, in 350-degree oven for about 1 1/2 hours.

FIESTA CORN

- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 cups fresh cut corn
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped pimiento pepper
- 1/2 cup sliced, stuffed green olives
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Melt the butter in a large frying pan. Add the corn, green pepper, pimiento pepper, olives and parsley. Cover and saute for about 10 minutes. Stir in the flour, salt, black pepper and milk. Gradually beat in the eggs. Add the cheese. Pour in greased 2-quart casserole. Place the casserole in a pan of hot water. Bake for about 25 minutes at 350 degrees. —Juliana

LET'S HAVE A "MELON BALL"

by
Virginia Thomas

This can be a party just for fun, or it can be a fine technique for a money-making social. Both watermelons and cantaloupes are used as the main items in the menu and also in the decorations—watermelons even serving as punch bowls and fruit bowls.

Create funny figures and animals out of melons for decorations. A round muskmelon can become a perfect cat face with the addition of black paper ears, button eyes and nose, pipe cleaner whiskers and a lipstick mouth. Cantaloupes also make neat "smiling faces". Turn an oval or round watermelon into a "country rube". Slice off the bottom end so that the head stands upright. Fasten on button eyes and nose, draw on a mouth and insert a toy corncob pipe, then add an old felt or straw hat. Country gals can be fashioned in a similar manner, giving them corn silk hair and a sunbonnet.

A melon bowl filled with melon balls, pineapple chunks and fresh whole strawberries is delectable to eat and pretty on a serving table. Use a large, long, oval watermelon for the bowl. To make: Slice a bit from bottom so it will stand firm. Carefully cut through rind, carving lengthwise scallops around the melon so that the "bowl" will be the larger part of the melon. (I find it good to mark off the scallops with a pencil first.) Once you have carved the scallops, cut on through the melon. Scoop out the melon balls from each part of the melon, removing seeds. Set the balls aside. Make melon balls from cantaloupe. Wash and stem strawberries. Cut fresh pineapple into large chunks. Wash and stem white seedless grapes. Other fresh fruits such as peaches and apricots may be used, too, if you wish. Sweeten lightly if desired. Chill fruit. When ready to serve, fill the melon "bowl" with the prepared melon balls and fruit, adding a few sprigs of mint or some grape leaves for color. Place the melon bowl on a large crystal plate or silver tray.

A large watermelon becomes a pretty punch bowl when you carve it in scallops (as described above) cutting it so that you have about two-thirds of the melon for the bowl. Slice the bottom so that it sets upright on a plate or tray. Encircle the base with grape leaves, fern or smilax.

Want to make "smiling faces" on watermelon slices as you serve them? Use large grapes or cherries for eyes and nose and a slice of the green melon rind for the smiling mouth.

Another way to serve melon balls is to place them on small skewers along with grapes, maraschino cherries and chunks of pineapple. These are very pretty

served on a buffet plate or on individual luncheon plates.

When serving cantaloupe, you can make attractive melon cups by cutting each melon in half, using a "seesaw" cut.

Ice cream served along with melon makes a hit. Several hours ahead of time, dip out round balls of ice cream, using an ice cream scoop. Use plain or roll each ball in coconut. Freeze on a cookie sheet until serving time. Use different colors and flavors of ice cream or sherbet for a pretty effect. When ready to serve, place balls in one of the large melon bowls and allow each guest to serve himself. To serve with cantaloupe, make small balls and fill the cantaloupe cups. Decorate with a sprig of mint. Serve on a pretty salad plate.

If you feel the melon balls require more time than you have to spend, try cutting the watermelon in small triangle-shaped wedges and stand on a crystal plate, pink point up. Cut cantaloupe and honeydew melons in small slices. Cut some of these slices in half, crosswise, for variety. Arrange on the plate along with other fresh fruits, a few sprigs of mint, or small grape leaves. Add lemon-lime punch for a refreshing drink on a hot summer day, and the color contrast with the melon and fruits is very pretty.



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CUDDLES — OUR CAPRICIOUS CANINE

by
Shirley E. Jipp

Our Cuddles is part sheltie with a mother who was a purebred Shetland sheepdog and her father a black cocker spaniel. She looks very much like her mother and definitely resembles her herding ancestors who were bred to have strong legs and feet for following flocks of sheep over rocks and steep terrain. I bought her from a friend one summer day when she was only a few weeks old; a winsome rolypoly ball of brown and black fur. "Shirley, when she's grown she'll lay down her life for you," said my friend.

The following fall, we took our new puppy with us on a short vacation to the Ozarks. As we toured Silver Dollar City, we were surprised when several tourists stopped us and asked to buy her. They thought she was a full sheltie. She was



"Cuddles", the capricious canine.

not only a cute puppy and adored by our three children, but a good traveler as well.

During the ensuing months, she grew into a beautiful dog, looking like a miniature collie. The top of her head and ruffed fur around her throat became a lovely tan, setting off her dark brown eyes. The rest of her body had black and a few white areas.

When she was nearly a year old, husband Ed and the children gathered their sleeping bags together and camped up on a hill overlooking our house. Since it was on a Friday night and we live just off the Dana College campus, there was a great deal of activity accompanied by various noises throughout the night. Cuddles never slept but stood like a sentinel at the entrance of the tent. Ed awoke a couple of times and there she was, carrying out her self-appointed duty of patrol by faithfully guarding him and the children.

Cuddles loved a good romp around the back yard. Her favorite game was running with an old sock in her mouth or a stick, and then goading the boys into chasing her. She especially liked to grab Martin's cap. She would shake it vigorously, her eyes narrowing to fox-like slits before she took off again on a lope around the lawn.

Once a TV repairman came to our door, then stood by his truck while I took our car and went to look for Ed. Cuddles lay quietly in the yard, not taking her eyes off the repairman for a moment. The minute I drove back into our driveway, she sprinted up and down the hill opposite our house like a brown dart, barking shrilly all the while. The repairman shook his head muttering bewilderedly, "Why, I never touched her—and she was so quiet while you were gone." We assume she was trying to impress us with how well she'd been guarding our property.

Her hearing is incredible. Even when she's napping in the house, she is instantly alert at the first hint of an alien noise—a noise she detects long before we do. She not only has an aversion to the garbage truck and its driver, but dislikes our nice paperboy. For this she is soundly scolded, though it does little good. He quietly ignores her, is very understanding and has never given her so much as an unkind word.

Once we either had a prowler or some-

one cut through our back yard in the middle of the night. We were rudely awakened by the impetuous Cuddles growling, snarling and throwing herself against the walk-in basement door. As I ran downstairs, I was surprised to see the hair rise on her back. She allows no encroachment upon her territory without warning. In spite of her age, a stray cat or dog never comes into our yard without being chased away.

Before my parents' retirement from their farm, Cuddles sometimes went with us to visit them. She was quite adept at rounding up the pigs and cattle, and it was obvious she would have made a marvelous sheepherding dog. But she didn't take kindly to my dad or brothers, and wouldn't allow them to get close to her. They, in turn, reminded me that Cuddles was misnamed. They thought there was nothing cuddly about THAT dog!

Cuddles has always been affectionate with all three of our children. If we are gone for an entire day, she greets them on our return in a frenzy of excitement, her tail wagging furiously. Then she throws herself at the kids, kissing them as she whines and cries like a neurotic mother whose wandering child has returned.

Cuddles is thirteen years old now and I've come to learn her various moods. As I work about the kitchen, I sometimes catch her quietly regarding me with supple eyes. I recognize this as a time for a tidbit from the refrigerator or a need for reassurance. Popping a meat leftover in her mouth, I pat her on the head and make soothing remarks, whereupon she immediately rolls over on her side to have her tummy scratched. Sometimes she whines and rubs her ear with her paw, hinting that it needs to be rubbed.

Occasionally, in the evening, I take a walk up the Dana College hill or around the campus. Just one short whistle or call and Cuddles is ready to join me. Sometimes she moves noiselessly beside me, walking daintily as a debutante. Then she hurries on ahead, importantly waving her plume-like tail while sniffing out the unknown in the bushes. Or she lags behind, her ears up listening intently for danger. Often she runs her nose into my hand to let me know she is protecting me, but she never goes out of my sight.

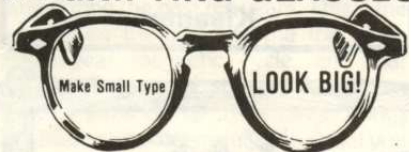
I've come to know this capricious canine almost as well as my three children. Watching her grow into maturity has been an interesting experience. Sedentary as she now is, Cuddles is still on duty, doing what she has done all her life: being overly protective, at our heels, under my desk at Ed's office, sleeping near our beds. Responding to our moods and activities has been her life's work. Though her barking exasperates us at times, she is definitely a part of the family and we would be lost without her.

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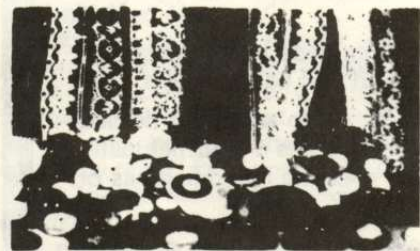
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A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

by Evelyn Birkby

The postman called to me as I walked down the lane to the mailbox.

"Are you in some kind of trouble?" he asked with a concerned expression on his face.

"No, not that I know about," I answered. "Why do you ask?"

"You've been getting so many letters from lawyers and judges and law offices it made me think you might have a serious problem."

"Oh!" I laughed. "No problem. I am on the State Judicial Nominating Commission and one of the justices from the Supreme Court of Iowa is retiring the first week in August. All those letters you've been bringing to my mailbox are from persons applying for the vacancy, or sending letters of recommendation for someone who is an applicant. It is certainly a great responsibility, but I am in no trouble and I do not think I have a problem!"

Incredibly, this is the fifth justice of one of the higher courts—the Supreme Court of Iowa and the Iowa Court of Appeals—in whose selection I have played a part.

It began for me a little over three years ago when I had a phone call from the office of Governor Ray saying that I had been chosen as a member of the Iowa Judicial Nominating Commission. Would I accept? The next step, after I said "Yes", was to be confirmed by the Senate.

The day I drove to Des Moines to meet with one of the senators I did not realize that I was to be presented to the entire body of august lawmakers. I was looking for a dress to wear to Craig's college graduation, which was to take place shortly, and, as fate would have it, I did find a nice suit and decided to wear it on out to the State Capitol Building for my interview.

Just as I pulled into the parking lot on the capitol grounds, a sudden rain shower began. Running between the parked cars, across the street west of the building and around to the ground entrance door so as to miss the long series of steps which lifts up to the main floor, I arrived damp, grateful for my new synthetic-fabric suit, and somewhat less calm than I had hoped.

The senator whose guest I was to be was in a meeting, so the senator from southwest Iowa, Calvin Hultman of Red Oak, took me under his care and guided me to the front of the Senate chamber to be introduced to the entire assemblage. A resume of whatever qualities seemed necessary for the decision on my appointment was in the hands of each voting member. Eventually the vote was in; I had been approved.

The organizational meeting for the Commission was held in the Iowa



Evelyn was searching for a picture of the Iowa State Capitol Building to use with her article when she found this one taken at the west entrance of that beautiful structure. To the left of Evelyn is a friend, Lyle (Mrs. Edwin) Bruere of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Lyle serves with Evelyn on the Iowa State Judicial Nominating Commission.

Supreme Court room in the capitol building. Being in that magnificent and awe-inspiring place is an experience in itself.

Members of the Judicial Nominating Commission come from all sections of Iowa. It is made up of fourteen members, plus the presiding chairman, a member of the Iowa Supreme Court. This year our chairman is Justice Clay LeGrand. Seven members of the Commission are lawyers, chosen by the State Bar Association. The other seven are laypersons appointed by the Governor and approved by the Senate. Five of the members are women. Members come from small towns and cities, a variety of professional backgrounds and concerns, and all are vitally interested in a strong, intelligent, fair judicial system for our state.

Interestingly enough, the attitudes and voting of the Commissioners are never divided according to a lawyer-layperson division. If a separation of ideas occurs it is usually done with some laymen and some lawyers agreeing, while other laypersons and lawyers disagree. It is just like any other committee division in that respect—philosophy and attitude are the major groupings.

The law sets up a schedule of timing so that when a justice nears retirement age, he or she is required to give notice within sixty days of the vacancy. Within ten days of receiving notice of the vacancy, the Chairman of the State Judicial Nominating Commission calls an organizational meeting of the Commission. Within the sixty-day period, the Commission meets for the purpose of balloting on three nominees. Once chosen, the names of the nominees are immediately communicated to the Governor and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The Governor then makes the final selection.

Once the vacancy has been formally

announced, the Commission has met and set the dates for acceptance of applications and for the final balloting, the work (and excitement) begins. Great packets of documents, answered questionnaires, legal briefs and anything else pertinent to the position which the applicants wish the Commissioners to have for consideration, begin arriving by mail. (No wonder our mailman was concerned!) Friends and co-workers of the applicants send recommendations and supportive letters. Some of these are obviously solicited by the applicants; some are equally obviously sent voluntarily.

Following the letters come the phone calls. "May I come to Sidney to have a personal interview with you before the time when the entire Commission meets to talk with me and declare their final vote?"

My feeling has been that if anyone felt it important enough to make the trip to the far reaches of southwest Iowa to see me, I should grant the courtesy of an interview. And so they have come—driving, flying, whatever mode of transportation each chose—tall, short, chunky, lean, young, old, men, women, from various places in the state and from various backgrounds in law studies and experience.

I had applicants come at noon and at dinner time, in the morning and in the evening. I met several in Shenandoah during my working days' lunch breaks and we shared lunches in a quiet corner of a local restaurant while the interviews took place. One fine lawyer arrived at my home just as the family was starting a picnic in the backyard. Another came on a Sunday noon when a light salad was all I had to offer. If you asked me what a Commissioner serves a potential Supreme Court Justice, my answer would be, "Anything from wieners and potato salad to fried chicken and homemade bread."

The basic responsibility of the members of the Commission is to nominate the most qualified persons available. In Iowa, the process is not based on politics. When the final day (or days) of decision arrives, the Commissioners gather in Des Moines and each of the applicants who cares to do so appears for an interview before the entire group. At the conclusion of these appearances, the voting takes place.

A surprising after-event came with the thank-you letters which arrived from many of those who had come to see me. Some who were not nominated wrote me a number of the finest notes of appreciation. Those who were nominated were very thoughtful. The people who were ultimately appointed were, and continue to be, especially gracious.

It has been a tremendous experience for me to be a part of a fine example of democracy in action.

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GARDEN OF MEMORIES

by
Harold R. Smith

Many of our most precious memories are enclosed in a garden of memories. Here we enjoy the first greening days of spring through summer's golden hours until the last russet leaf spirals to the ground in the fall. The location is the garden and lawn that surrounds the old house known as Greystone.

When we first moved into this house, it was nearly November and a dip in temperature frosted the lawn. The following spring, we walked the lawn and examined all the plantings. Some we determined to be original plantings like the barberries, the privet hedge, the old-fashioned lilacs (one dark purple, the other purest white), an old rambler rose, forsythia and spirea. In time, new additions were made through the generosity of friends, and each new plant and shrub was lovingly planted and nurtured. If the plant wasn't identified as such, we simply called it by the name of the person who had given it to us.

One morning, I recall leaning over and saying, "And how is my Nora Lou's baby's breath doing?"

My mother, Frances, had walked up behind me and said, "Harold, I wouldn't talk to those plants when neighbors can hear."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, it's peculiar!" she replied.

"My conversation or the plants' names?" I questioned.

"Both," she said dryly and walked across the lawn.

"I've read where scientists have proven that plant life does register emotion," I said as Frances examined a dwarf cherry tree nearby.

"Now, honestly," she replied, "you don't think that the lilac quivers when I approach it and cut off some blooms."

"Who knows but the lilac?" I retorted, "but why not ask it?"

"I think I'm going to the house," Frances said cryptically, "and have an aspirin and rest awhile."

As I watched her retreat to the apparent sanity of the house, I looked thoughtfully at the wild rosebush brought from my great-grandmother's townhouse to Greystone; it continues to bloom with delicate pink petals wreathed around pure yellow stamen. And she had carried it from her own farmhouse over a century ago to the townhouse! Who had given it to her, I wondered.

Hybrid purple iris, nearly blooming large as orchids, were a gift from my friend, Martha, long gone. I think of her as the iris blossoms display a vivid purple that an emperor would have envied. The coral bells in another bed lift delicate slender stems and their tiny bells tinkle in my imagination. This plant was removed

from the old townhouse where it was found to have been buried in a clay pot with roots going downward and the greenery upwards and the pot sandwiched in between, creating a mystery that will never be solved. Now replanted, it blooms with no more vigor than when imprisoned for so many years.

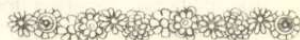
Our Scotch pine is now about fourteen feet tall; we enjoy measuring the growth by watching the candles emerging from the previous year's growth. The tree was a gift from friends who found it in a field where it had been lying, uprooted, for weeks without moisture. It was planted, watered, fertilized and nursed to health and now rewards us with miniature cones and a green-blue haze in all seasons.

The cedar near the back of the house was planted years ago by another friend who has been gone for many years. Eight were planted but only one survived. If she had not planted it, we would never have had the pleasure of watching our favorite birds gather near the feeders we hang in that tree. Many times a friend has said, "My, how I wish we had a tree like that near our house to shelter the birds so we could watch them at the feeders." And we thank the lady for her gift to our future.

The cedar windbreak in the rear lawn was planted by myself and another friend years ago with small seedlings gathered from a rural cemetery. Neither of us ever thought they would grow into such a handsome windbreak. (Apparently our faith was at a low ebb that day.) The silver maple was collected from nearby woods by an old gentleman and today it is tall with green leaves that show a silvery underside when the breeze ruffles the tree.

Some of our roses came from Leavenworth when friends sold property and they invited us to dig up anything we liked. What a field day we had! Among our treasures were hybrid poppies and a crape myrtle. Russian lilies came from a neighbor and we think of her when they lift brilliant orange blossoms up to the early-morning sun. The white lilies were Easter gifts and reward us by blooming again. The hydrangeas were given to us by an elderly neighbor who said, "My wife loved these so much, I'd like to share them with you."

I find myself wandering around the lawn and remembering, with great clarity, each plant and shrub, who gave each one to us and possibly the reason why. We find that true plant lovers are willing to share and that these special friends enjoy a kinship which is hard to define. I have often said that all of us plant primarily for coming generations and I hope those who follow us in this old house appreciate and love our garden of memories.



Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



The Midwestern states make up one of the richest and most important regions of the world. The combination of good soil, mild climate, and generally level land surface makes the Midwest one of the most productive areas in the United States. Few people realize the cultural importance as well as the economic significance of these central states.

Many nationally and internationally recognized authors and poets grew up in and later honored the Midwest in their works. Although it is fascinating to read historical novels about Britain, the Far East, and other foreign places, it adds much flavor to read a story and know that you have actually experienced the same climate, and enjoyed the same beauty of landscape.

With my cousin, David (who wrote about Nebraska's most famous author in the July, 1978, issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*), I share Willa Cather as a favorite regional author.

To refresh your memory, Miss Cather was born in Winchester, Virginia, but was raised and educated in southern Nebraska. There she found the material which colored many of her novels: the land—open to the sky, the people—Slavic, Scandinavian and German. Her stories reflect the tomboyish life she enjoyed herself, horseback riding and farming on the plains.

My *Antonia* is one of Willa Cather's most moving descriptions of pioneer life. The story of James Burden, the endearing narrator, parallels much of Miss Cather's personal life. He, too, was born in Virginia and at the age of ten crossed the Midwest by train to live with his grandparents in Black Hawk, Nebraska. On this journey he first meets the Shimerdas, a family of Scandinavian immigrants. James narrates the touching story as the foreign farmers accustom themselves to a new land and a new culture, and describes the development of the frontier and the sophistication of the pioneer settlers.

My *Antonia* follows the paths of Jim Burden and the fourteen-year-old daughter of the Shimerdas, Antonia, for thirty years. It details the deep friendship and lasting closeness of the two as they grow up; Jim on a fine, well-established farm, and Antonia on a rough piece of land, broken only by a sod barn and a dugout.

Antonia had a real fire for life. She worked so hard to pull her family up from poverty, but never lost her amazing vitality, strength and positive spirit. Jim left the farm, went to law school and

Whenever they are home, Adrienne and Katharine Driftmier enjoy playing with Ying and Yang, Katharine's two Siamese kittens. For a time, the two kittens lived with Katharine in her Madison, Wisconsin, apartment. Paul reported in his July letter that the two Siamese liked the spaciousness of the Driftmier home and yard in Delafield so much that they are now making their home with Donald, Mary Beth and Paul.

established himself in Chicago, but he always cherished this captivating girl.

Underlying the story, the strength and the beauty of the unsettled prairie are magnificently described. Miss Cather's ability to capture the sounds and colors of the unbroken landscape and of the changing seasons is a testament to the love she had for the plains.

My *Antonia* is one of three in a series of Willa Cather's memories of her childhood on the prairie. The other two include *O Pioneers!* and *The Song of the Lark*.

If you have not read any of Willa Cather's books recently, I hope this will remind you to choose any one of her writings for happy summer reading.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
been made. I hope the weather settles down and cools off before any of them arrive. We thoroughly enjoyed the short visit from Lucile and Betty Jane, and hope they can make it back a few more times before the winter months.

It is time for me to leave this cool house and go out into the heat to do a few chores. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

EVERYWHERE

Lilies on the water,
Roses in the garden,
Daisies in the meadow,
Beauty everywhere.
Lilacs by the porch,
Violets in the window,
Sunflowers looking at the sky,
Beauty everywhere.

—Annette Lingelbach

TIME

Time is like the wind and waves,
I know not where it comes from
Or where it goes when it is gone.

Sometimes fast, wild and rough,
Sometimes lazy, gentle and smooth—
No beginning, no end—here and gone.

Time, wind and waves are everlasting.
Like God, they heal, soothe and cleanse.

They will remain when I am gone.
—Dorothy Sandall



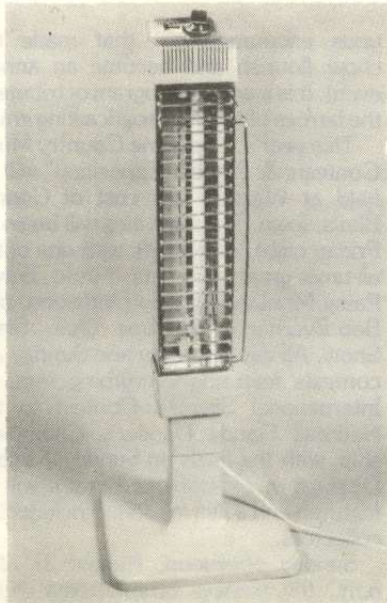
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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

It always seems a bit strange to me that no one is interested in buying dianthus seedlings in the spring when offered for sale in the greenhouse. "Where should they be planted?" "Will the plants come back every spring?" "I think I'll stick to petunias because I know they bloom all season long," are some of the remarks made when gardeners look at the seedlings. It is an entirely different story though when they see dianthus in bloom in the Chapel Gardens. "They're lovely! I hope you'll have some plants for me next spring," or "I didn't know pinks would bloom all summer long—are they a new kind?"

Most dianthus start blooming a few weeks after sowing and never stop blooming all summer. There are so many bright and beautiful varieties in both annuals and perennials that, no matter what choice you make, dianthus will provide a wealth of colorful bloom. One of our favorites is a Park exclusive called *Zing Rose*. This is a hardy perennial-type that comes back each spring. We have used it as a border plant in annual flower beds. Each spring, when the beds must be tilled prior to planting, the little clumps of *Zing Rose* are dug out with a small spade and laid in a cart. After the bed is ready for the annual seedlings, the dianthus are replanted to serve as a border again.

If you have a cold frame, it is an easy place to start seedlings in early fall and winter. The *Lace Series* are distinguished for their heat tolerance and the neat, compact plants bear lacy, lacinated flowers. If the first flush of bloom is cut back, the plants will rebloom. *Magic Charms Hybrid* comes in a mixture of coral, pink, white, crimson and scarlet blend. One of the brightest of dianthus is *Queen of Hearts Hybrid*. The scarlet-red blooms almost hide the deep blue-green foliage of husky, compact, ten-inch plants. For quick germination, sow seed in moist Jiffy-Mix and keep at seventy degrees until germination takes place which is usually in ten days. Then grow in a fifty-degree location until seedlings can be transplanted to soil-filled containers. Place in cold frame and cover with straw after ground freezes outdoors. You should have lots of plants for spring planting.

RADIO REUNION — Concluded

Jimmy Morgan died July 2, 1978. He left for me, personally, a profound affection for country music, and he gave to me the inspiration to work in its preservation. The timeworn magazines from my mother's attic sparked the idea for the radio reunion show, but it was Jimmy Morgan's initial assistance and contin-



From Our Family Album

Blistering hot August days always called for ice cream at our Driftmier home. Many a day, Mother would fill up the gallon container inside the freezer with the ingredients needed so we could take turns cranking the handle. None of us kids ever got away without pitching into the work at some point—if we expected to eat homemade ice cream we had to help produce it.

Another generation came along and the same old summer commotion continued. In the Driftmier back yard, the grandchildren were now allowed to help put in the mixture, put on the lid, add the ice and salt and take turns cranking up the smooth, tasty concoction.

Both generations found that licking the paddle was the high point of the experience. This photograph was taken about 1950 and captures the precious moment as Juliana Verness Lowey (now of Albuquerque, New Mexico) was aiding Alison Driftmier Walstad (of Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico) to get a mouthful of the precious ice cream. Martin Strom (of Maple Lake, Minnesota) and Emily Driftmier DiCicco (of Arlington, Virginia) are trying to do a gracious job of concealing their impatience as they await their turn.

(Things were always this placid when the paddle came out, for it was a special moment!)

—Lucile

uous encouragement that made the show flourish and become an annual event. It is a unique program of tribute to the heroes of the live broadcasting era.

This year's "Old-Time Country Music Contests & Pioneer Exposition" will be held at Westfair just east of Council Bluffs, Iowa. The festivities will begin on Friday night, August 29, with one of the all-time great guitarists, Merle Travis, Patsy Montana, Jimmy Driftwood, plus Bob Everhart's Old-Time Opry Stage Show. All day Saturday and Sunday are contests featuring everything from an International Singer's Contest to the National Gandy Dancer's Championship, with the finals on Sunday evening. Displays of old-fashioned crafts will be featured and a flea market is included for collectors.

Sunday afternoon, August 31 at 1 p.m., the pioneer broadcasters' "Old-Time Radio Reunion Show" will be featured in the Green building. Warren

Nielson, longtime broadcaster, is to be the show's host. Among those appearing on this year's program will be Patsy Montana (who was one of the Chicago WLS Barn Dance stars for fifteen years); Eddie Comer and his clarinet from Kansas City; The Ruby Trio (whose dance band followed the same circuit as Lawrence Welk in the '20s and '30s); Evelyn Birkby (representing the longtime radio home-makers); fiddler Buck Dille; "The Swedish Nightingale", Marion Hildings; Bob Stotts, "The Mile-High Yodeling Cowboy".

Cleaning out attics can bring to light many interesting long-forgotten memories. Mother's cleaning spree, which caused the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazines and *KMA Guides* to surface back into my life, led me, eventually, to become the coordinator for the "Old-Time Radio Reunion Show". Without a doubt, the upcoming fourth annual program will be the best.



Take Up the Song

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Call to Worship:

TAKE UP THE SONG

How wide is the bounty of the Lord,
How immeasurable the gifts from His hand,

His fingerprint is set upon the fields,
Beauty He has wrought o'er all the land.
Praise the Lord for every perfect gift,
For life and health and home and love;
Take up the song, pass it along,
Praises to the Lord above. —M.N.B.

Hymn: "To God Be the Glory".

Scripture: Gen. 1: 29-30 and Romans 15: 5-6.

Prayer: Dear Lord and Father of Mankind, forgive our foolish ways and grant us wisdom to see your love, your guidance and your wonder in everything and everyone about us. As we see the evidence of your supreme love and care, grant that we may be content to feed and water and to let you determine the way our souls should grow. O Lord, let us daily lift our hearts and lips to take up the songs of your praise. Amen.

Meditation: One glorious sunshiny morning, little Molly dashed into her grandmother's bedroom and excitedly began to shout, "Wake up, Grandma, the world has begun!" And so it had.

"The world's begun," and so it does anew each day. Every fresh morning heralds the dawn of new opportunity, new accomplishments, new evidences of God's mercy and goodness. It is up to us to be alive and make the most of each moment.

Sad the man whose world begins afresh each day amid a pall of gloom and despondency with never a thought to his blessings.

This is the day which the Lord hath made, rejoice and be glad in it.

Let nature teach us of the Lord's wisdom. Each year as spring comes and the summer progresses, a variety of plants grow from the earth, each following the pattern built into its own seed. There is never a mistake about what will develop from planting a particular seed. Mustard seeds grow mustard plants and dandelion seeds make more dandelions. The tulip bulb grows a tulip and an acorn will sprout a new oak tree—each a part of God's pattern of life. Can we doubt that

He has a pattern for each of us? Our very life should be a living song of praise to our great Creator! Awake! Arise! Look to this day and take up the Song!

Hymn: "Be Thou My Vision".

Meditation: There is a legend about an elephant and a thrush. The elephant boasted that he could make himself heard the farthest in the great forest. The thrush was willing to accept the elephant's challenge to a contest. With great confidence, the huge elephant raised his long trunk and sent forth a trumpet blast; the little brown thrush sang her song sweetly and quietly.

Judges then went into the forest to find out from the animals how far the contestants had been heard.

"Did you hear the elephant's trumpet?" the judges asked.

"Yes," came the answer, "very loudly."

"Did you hear the thrush's song?"

"Yes, but ever so quietly."

On and on the judges went through the forest until they finally came to animals that had not heard the elephant.

"Did you hear the thrush?" asked the judges. Again came the answer, "Yes, but ever so quietly."

So the judges declared the thrush the winner of the contest.

"But how," the judges asked, "could a thrush's song be heard farther than the elephant's mighty trumpet?"

The little thrush explained: "The thrush family has sentinels throughout the forest. When one sings, another takes up the song, so it passes along until it is carried everywhere."

This lovely legend tells us that we, too, can take up the song of God's love and goodness and pass it along in our homes—at work—at school—wherever we are. God lives in YOU and THROUGH YOU. Take up the song.

Hymn: "All Creatures of Our God and King".

Benediction: May the God of love and hope fill you with joy and peace in believing, so that you abound in hope and go your way to take up the song of His praise. Amen. —Mabel Nair Brown

COVER PICTURE

Thirty-five years ago this last spring, Russell, Juliana and I moved to a spot of ground on East Clarinda Avenue here in Shenandoah, Iowa, the very spot where I still live today.

The fence was eventually completed, then painted (I helped with that), and finally the climbing vines were planted, interspersed with ornamental gourds. The entire project added a great deal to a back yard that had formerly been an open piece of ground running along an alley, so in addition to gaining some much-needed privacy we also had many highly decorative gourds for use during the winter months. —Lucile

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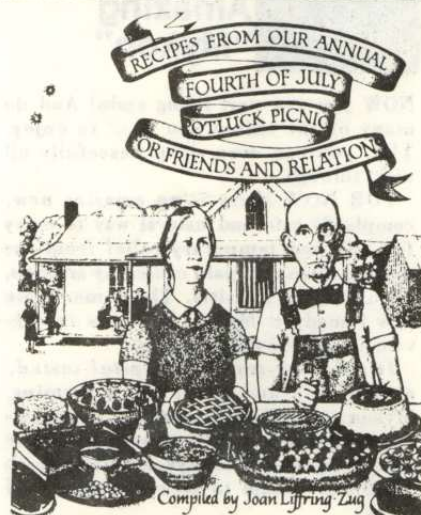
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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

pick them up and take them to her home to spend the night. The next morning, Betty Jane and I will drive up to get them, and from that point on our plans sort of hang in midair. In these days it is certainly difficult to make final plans several weeks in advance.

If everything has worked out as it's planned, friends in the area of Norfolk, Nebraska, will have had a chance to introduce themselves to family and friends connected with Kitchen-Klatter. Many of you have met Hallie Blackman and Verlene Looker here at our Shenandoah Kitchen-Klatter base so you

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No one could make a mistake as to the special birthday being celebrated by Julian Brase, youngest son of Kristin and Art Brase. As with most children, Julian found it difficult to wait for the special date when he would finally become five years old. From the expression on his face, it is easy to tell that he found this a perfectly wonderful birthday.



Aaron is the baseball player in the Brase family. He is the middle son of Kristin and Art. He had the misfortune of being sick at the beginning of the summer, but soon recovered enough to get back on his feet and assume the special position as pitcher of his team. Other activities have kept Aaron busy and happy during these summer months.

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probably felt that you already knew them, so having them in Norfolk on Saturday, July 26, gave many of you a chance to greet them at radio station WJAG. (This is a genuine pioneer station since they've been on the air since 1922!)

If all has gone well, you also had a chance to visit with Dorothy, her daughter, Kristin, and Kristin's youngest son, Julian. It's been many, many years since three generations of the Kitchen-Klatter family have been at the same spot at the same time to greet you longtime friends, so this was a special event.

Betty Jane and I cannot seem to get things pinned right down for a run up to Lake Ottertail and the Twin Cities. (Just look how long it took us to get to Dorothy's and Frank's farm!) About the time we get mazes cleared away with a straight trail in sight, something totally unexpected comes jumping out from an unexpected point. I used to write my letters to you from all kinds of different places, but no more. I'm not lamenting about this, you understand, just stating it as a fact... and adding the comment that I'm grateful to be able to type. I haven't missed not having a piano for a long, long time, but I don't believe I'll ever hit the point where I'd be happy without a typewriter!

Next month I'll report how things work out, and also what comes of plans so fragile in construction that I dare not put them down in black and white.

Devotedly yours,

Lucile

FROM THE MAIL

Dear Friends:

Many, many years ago I attended school in Selma, California. Recently, I have been attending our annual high school reunions and resumed a friendship with an acquaintance from those long-ago high school years. Her name was Norma West and mine was Esther Payne and we both lived in Selma and went to school together.

Recently, I told Norma that I was a writer and sent her several of my publications including a *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. This is what Norma wrote back to me:

"The very first *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine our entire family ever heard about was in 1931 when an aunt and uncle from Geneva, Nebraska, Aunt Delia and Uncle Charles Lightbody, came out to California on the train. Aunt Delia brought a copy of the magazine with her and we girls and Mother read it and enjoyed it so much."

Just thought I would pass this information on in the interest of Kitchen-Klatter so the family would know that the mention of the name rang a bell for my friend, Norma. I first learned about your magazine when a cousin of mine from Missouri, Clea Burdette, sent me a gift subscription. It has been a happy relationship.

Sincerely,
Esther Davis,
Mountain View, Calif.

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HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

I like gelatin-cucumbers so well that I decided to freeze grated cucumbers when they are plentiful from the garden. I use my food blender for this. I peel, quarter, discard the seeds and use only the firm part of the cucumber, put in blender for a few seconds on "grate" or "chop", drain off liquid (which I have added for the chopping process) and use the same liquid for the next blender full. I put the chopped cucumber in small one-cup-size jars or bags. Freeze, and presto! I have just the right portion to make my salad. This is a good way to use up big cucumbers which are too large for pickles.

—R.B., Omaha, Ne.

I make a low-calorie beet dish by reserving juice from unsweetened pineapple to pour over my cooked, drained beets. Just simmer a few minutes to blend the flavors. It can be thickened with a little cornstarch if desired. This works well with canned beets, also.

I must tell you my easy way to make butter-crunch ice cream. I use your vanilla ice cream recipe and, while adding the sugar, I also add a 5½-oz. (large family size) box of Instant Butter Pecan Pudding Mix. Be sure it is the instant kind. Then, just add chopped pecans if desired and 1 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. If you have a 6-quart freezer, use 2 small boxes of the instant pudding. Remember, disregard all directions on the pudding mix box and just dump it into the ice cream mixture when you add the sugar. I made up this recipe myself and everyone raves about it.

—Mrs. J.S., Adair, Okla.

I got rid of ants in my kitchen by putting some Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring on a piece of cotton and laid it on the counter . . . no more ants!

—D.R., Shannon City, Iowa

Freeze cooked tomatoes in ice cube trays. Blend in herbs either before or after cooking. After the mixture freezes, slip into plastic bags. A good way to keep tomatoes frozen to use in stews, chili, goulashes, etc.

—Mrs. M.B.

Snap wooden clothespins make handy pan holders for tube cake pans that need to be inverted as the cake cools. When cake is taken from the oven, snap four clothespins around the edge of the pan. Turn cake upside down. No need to rely on the usual bottle.

—A Kitchen-Klatter Reader

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