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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Good Friends:

It seems to me as if many and many moons have waxed and waned since I wrote to you from anything but my own old desk and typewriter in Shenandoah. Probably it hasn't been all *that* long if you want to get down to hard, cold facts, but here I am in Albuquerque and everything around me is so extremely different from my Iowa setup that it gives me a feeling of being dislocated in time.

I always like to get an early start on any trip, but there was such a mountain of things to get taken care of that Betty Jane and I didn't make it out of town until almost 1:00 in the afternoon. We headed straight to I-29 and hadn't covered much of the highway until we found that we had the road almost to ourselves. Lawrence, Kansas, was our destination for the night and we made it earlier than expected because there was so little traffic.

It was in Lawrence that we had an interesting experience that was totally unexpected. We wanted to get as close to the Kansas Turnpike as possible, so pulled off at a very large motel and were extremely surprised to find that at 5:30 in the afternoon there wasn't a single vacancy. The explanation for this was made very clear by a large sign that read: WELCOME PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY.

The woman at the desk was most helpful and said she would call a motel a few blocks away to ask them to hold a room for us—a room for the handicapped, I might add, since this is of great importance to anyone who lives in a wheelchair.

At the second motel when Betty Jane went in to register, she noticed two men who had what might be called a "different look". They said, "We noticed the Iowa license plate on your car. Are you from Iowa?" Yes, we were.

Then they said, "We're members of the Pittsburgh Symphony and last night we played a concert at Ames; in all of our tours we have NEVER had such an

appreciative audience, and we've NEVER met such hospitable people. It was a wonderful concert for us—we'll never forget it."

Now this unusual encounter made us very happy indeed and it seems important to tell you about this because it was surely a tribute to Iowa. The thousands of miles these musicians travel every year on tour gives them a wide basis for comparison.

The following morning, the members of the orchestra piled onto three big chartered buses. They carried very small personal pieces of luggage because their instruments had to be stowed underneath. Then their conductor, Andre Previn, came out of the motel, and this was the signal for all of them to head south to Tulsa for a concert that night.

We left the Kansas Turnpike at Wichita and started the long trek to Liberal. The number of new oil wells pumping away was astounding, and also the very few numbers of cattle compared with days gone by. When we left southwestern Iowa, the area was in desperate need of rain, but southwestern Kansas looked much worse. Consequently, when heavy clouds began building up ahead of us, we hoped most fervently that they actually held rain. And believe it or not, they did.

It was sprinkling when we stopped at the motel and the sprinkles turned into good old steady rain that kept up through the entire night. When we checked out in the morning, the woman at the desk said, "Well, you folks sure brought us good luck! We had only one day all winter with a little snow on the ground, and this is the first rain we've had for months. Can you plan to come back again?"

Betty Jane and I brooded about this while driving along towards Tucumcari to pick up I-40—U.S. 66. It occurred to us that perhaps we should travel around to various drought-stricken areas and set up some kind of a meeting where everyone concentrated 100% on a fine old soaking rain. It's long been known that whenever I take to the road a severe weather commotion of some kind always appears, so perhaps I should use this peculiar personality streak to be of aid to hard-hit communities. (By this time you know me well enough to figure that I'm speaking with my tongue in my cheek!)

On the long stretch between Tucumcari and Albuquerque, the traffic was very different. There were many, many big trucks grinding along but very few carrying passenger cars. Always before, there have been countless huge transports carrying new cars, but on this trip we saw only one—just one. It confirmed all that we hear about problems in the car industry these days.

MY! I just cannot tell you how wonderful it was to see the sign "Albuquerque City Limits" and to know that in another



Katharine Lowey enjoys playing with her big, fat bunny, Fluffy.

twenty minutes we'd be pulling into our destination. Juliana was in her yard busily watering her gorgeous display of tulips, daffodils and hyacinths which were in full bloom. For the first time we felt that spring was really here.

I hadn't seen James and Katharine since August of last year, and when they arrived home from school, it was unbelievable to see how much they have grown and changed in the months that had passed. James has put on several inches in height and is very thin and agile. Katharine has changed very much too—seems older than her years (to use an old-fashioned term).

Being here with the Lowey family at this stage of the children's development has been a great eye-opener; for the first time, I can genuinely understand what a complex pattern governs their daily routine. They clean up their breakfast dishes, pack their school lunches, gather up their homework and are out of the door by 8:00 o'clock. When they return from school, they must do daily chores around the house and yard, get the evening meal on the table and then help clean up after it. Immediately, the two settle down to their homework and get everything done that is due the next day.

Now all of this sounds reasonable enough, but it's their various activities that complicate the picture. Katharine is extremely absorbed in 4-H with a multitude of projects. Two evenings a week she drives with her mother to an exercise class. James is involved with intramural sports, and this means that he cannot make the regular trip back home on the school bus but must be picked up (by his mother) at Taft Middle School. He also has projects which call for studying at libraries quite some distance from home. All in all, if it's true that Satan finds mischief for idle hands, I can only

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MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

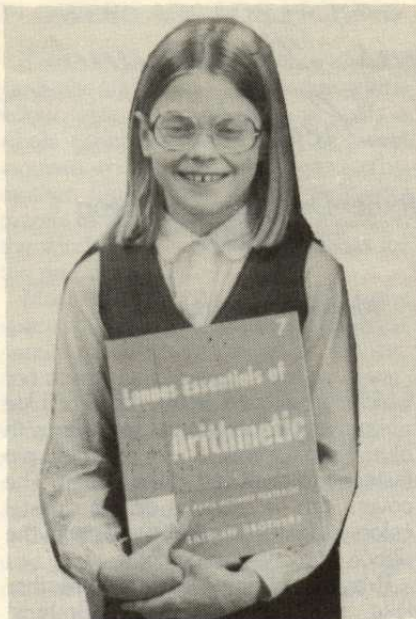
This is the most nearly "fresh" newsletter I have ever written, and its freshness is due to the fact that in the crush of closing my term grades, packing for a vacation, wondering if I would go "with" or "without" Don, I completely forgot my monthly due date for my *Kitchen-Klatter* letter to you friends. Considering that I've been keeping this monthly publishing date since 1958, I was stunned to realize what had happened. The business of a vacation is to break the normal pace of one's lifestyle. My vacation was surely a cure for my borderline maniacal schedule.

Don and I were both at the end of our second term at school and, as a result, neither of us had time to plan ahead for our vacation. My usual outline of jobs was listed on a long yellow legal-size sheet of paper, but what neither of us had anticipated was Don falling into bed two days before our take-off day with a perfectly dreadful swollen jaw. The poor man fights tooth and jaw infections and this one put him to bed with a fever. We did not know until the morning we were to leave for Evanston, Illinois, where Adrienne waited with her suitcases, whether Don would stay home for extensive dental surgery, or if he would chance severe odds and go along. Fortunately, his dentist prescribed a high-powered new drug which made it possible for all of us to leave on schedule.

After picking up Adrienne, we left Evanston at noon and were heading south out of Chicago when we settled into a stream of cars which I presumed to be early rush-hour business traffic. However, by the time we went around Lafayette, Indiana, and the crush grew heavier, I began to suspect the truth. We were part of the rush of lemming-like creatures who were migrating from the cold North toward the warm shores of Florida.

Passing Indianapolis, we included more little compact cars into our two lanes of divided highway. South of Columbus, Indiana, still another rush of autos and vans joined us. These cars were all packed with youths of Adrienne's age. The vans were equipped with card games and liquid refreshments. As night drew on, the interiors of these "traveling hotels" were amply illuminated and it was clear to see that these young people were off for the beaches. I have never driven in such a herd of cheerful, friendly youths.

As night drew near and we flowed into the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, it



Last month, Mary Beth wrote about how proud she was of this student of hers, Emily Tyre, for her accomplishment in independently completing her entire mathematics workbook in six months.

became obvious that these fellow travelers of ours were not stopping for a night's rest at any motels. We dropped out of the parade by ten in the evening at Franklin, Tennessee, where we had earlier reserved a motel room. All night long we could hear the traffic going by. By morning, when we were once again on the road, the stuffed compacts and rolling card games were gone. It was like the twenty-four-hour life of the mayfly.

We continued in a more relaxed manner of speed straight south through Alabama to the panhandle section of Florida, which, believe it or not, was totally void of this young crowd. We were at Destin, Florida, midway between Pensacola and Panama City, where there are the most beautiful sugar-white sandy beaches I have ever seen. My mother, sister, Marjorie, and brother-in-law have come to this part of Florida frequently so they knew what the area was like.

The condominium, which my mother had chosen for our week's stay as our 1981 birthday gift, was only a ninety-foot walk from the Gulf of Mexico and had a magnificent view. We suited ourselves, ate wonderfully fresh seafood every evening and were stunned by the atmosphere of opulence wherever we went. There was such construction as I had not seen in the North in five years. There were probably forty units altogether where we were and, although less than half were completed, very few of these were still unsold. The eating places were all crowded. We felt as though we were in another country where there was no hint of inflation-recession or its accompanying distresses.

The time flew by as we unwound on the beach in varying stages of dress. Much of the time we needed light beach jackets. Adrienne managed to pick up enough sun to keep her continually hot from a sunburn. There were occasional swimmers and regularly dolphins were exercising where we could see them.

On the way home, we went west to Mobile, Alabama, to inspect some restored eighteenth-century homes. In Biloxi, Mississippi, we toured the final home of Jefferson Davis. It, too, is right on the Gulf. The estate is named Beauvoir, meaning "beautiful view". Despite its beauty, the tragedy of the Civil War still hangs heavily over this place.

Don and Adrienne left me in Anderson, Indiana, for a visit with my mother and family. Now Adrienne is back in her classes and Don is home tending to his real estate business. I shall catch a quick flight for Milwaukee in a few days. This will give me some time to stock my larder before the final period of school.

I surely hope you are enjoying a happy spring.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

THAT FEELING

February often feels it,
Sometimes March does, too.
And now and then April
Smiles through her tears.

But it isn't 'til the month of May,
When the feeling gets so strong,
And all the magic sings around us,
That we know it's really Spring!
—Annette Lingelbach

THE IRIS

One of the spring joys is provided by the iris. Showy in the yard, the flowers combine for house bouquets as well. For maximum benefit, cut when buds are just beginning to open.

The iris colors have expanded but the purple and yellow varieties are most familiar. The purple combined with white spirea makes a striking combination while the yellow blossom couples with a sprig of forsythia for an accent in yellow shades. A cluster of one or more colors also commands attention.

The hardy bulbs will flower for many years with little care. Don't trim the leaves after blooming as they provide continuing nourishment.

With the Victorian era came a language of flowers, a handy message for a young man to send to his young lady via bouquet. While several interpretations of that day were popular, one states through the iris that "your freindship means much".
—Marjorie Misch Fuller



Moms, Babies and Cradles

A Mother-Daughter Luncheon or Banquet

by
Mabel Nair Brown

With the current interest in antiques and in "the way it was 'way back when", a theme built around cradles would be a sure-fire hit for a mother-daughter luncheon or banquet.

Begin by trying to locate some heirloom cradles which you can borrow for a display. This display might be set up in a separate room where guests could browse before or after the meal. A display of christening dresses and other infants' clothing of years gone by would make a delightful addition to a cradle display. Imagine the chuckles over the style changes, not to mention the questions about such outdated items as stomach binders, flannel nightcaps, soakers, banded receiving blankets and foot warmers.

A very pretty decoration in one corner of the room would be a "Rock-a-bye Baby" tree. Anchor a small tree branch to a firm base. Conceal the base by draping a square of baby print flannel around it. Fasten a square of the print flannel in the top branches as the cradle and in it place a baby doll. This same idea might be used as centerpieces by using smaller trees.

Centerpieces: Cut cradle shapes from small, round, oatmeal boxes. Canopy-style cradles may be cut from plastic bottles. These cradles may be painted or covered with paper—self-adhesive covering can be purchased in a pattern that looks like wood. These cradles may be filled with flowers, baby rattles or small toys. Swirl curled narrow ribbon in pastel shades around the base of the cradles and down the length of the tables.

Favors: Miniature cradles may be made by making a rectangular box shape out of pastel construction paper or cover a kitchen match box. Cut a matching crinkle baking cup in half and glue one half to one end of the cradle for a canopy top. This cradle might hold a single flower, or may be used as a nut cup. A large mint can be put in the cradle cup, then make a coverlet of tiny rectangles of fabric to tuck into the cradle over the mint.

Program Booklets: Cut pink construction paper covers and white pages in cradle shape. Fasten cover and pages together with a large safety pin to

which is fastened a tiny bow of blue ribbon, or tie the booklet together with blue ribbon with a tiny gold safety pin fastened to each end of the ribbon. The covers can be made in different pastel colors as featured in baby wear with the ribbon of a contrasting color.

Program Helps: "Baby Your Mother (like she babied you)", "Brahms' Lullaby", "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby", "When There's Love at Home", "Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again" and "Ain't She Sweet?" are a few of the songs which would make fine musical numbers for the theme.

This, or other appropriate poems, can be used anyplace in the program.

"Nobody Knows but Mother"

How many buttons are missing today?
How many toys are left in her way?
How many thimbles and spools has she missed?

How many burns on each little fist,
And how many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?

Nobody knows but Mother.
How many socks to darn, do you know?
How many times to fix a stubbed toe?
How many torn jeans to mend?
How many hours of toil did she spend?
What time does her day's work end?

Nobody knows but Mother.
How many worries does a mother-heart know?
How many joys from her mother-heart flow?

How many prayers by each cradle bed?
How many tears for her child are shed?
How many prayers for her child are said?
Nobody knows but Mother.

—Unknown

A fashion show, featuring infants' and children's wear from pioneer days to the present would make an interesting addition to the program. Baby and toddler models are sure to captivate the audience. Dolls may be substituted as models for infant wear if need be. Include dates and history concerning garments modeled as well as name of original wearer.

The Story of Cradles: (To be read or told.) "Rock-a-bye baby/ In the treetop,/ When the wind blows/ The cradle will rock." What a simple little lullaby to catch at the heartstrings of so many

down through the years. There's something about a cradle and a baby that has universal appeal.

We do not know who invented the first cradle—their use stretches back hundreds of years. Babies of kings and serfs, slave or free, have been rocked in cradles for centuries. Cradles have been made of everything: reeds, rushes, animal skins, ropes, carved oak and simple pine. The earliest cradles were box-like without hoods and rockers. The ones with the hinged tops or hoods that shaded baby's head and protected it from drafts date back to the 1600s.

Cradles of wood and wicker were sturdily constructed. They needed to be for they were often moved from place to place about the home so that the babies were near their mothers as they worked, or beside the bed at night.

The cradles of pioneer America were usually made of the wood at hand, oak, pine, walnut or other woods. Stories have been handed down in families of a pioneer father-to-be who spent weeks carefully selecting the wood and then constructing a cradle for his firstborn. Often, with painstaking care, he would use his pocket knife to carve a design on the headpiece or on the sideboards.

Some of the wooden cradles were not of solid wood but were made with slats or turned posts on the sides and ends. Some looked like miniature spool beds with sides. Pennsylvania Dutch folk often painted their cradles with artistic designs.

These old cradles have become collectors' items today and are used in ways that would have certainly amazed our ancestors: magazine racks, for a collection of potted houseplants, to hold old quilts in the bedroom, or placed in the playroom to hold toys.

Today we think of a cradle as having rockers but through the years, some have been made to suspend on ropes from trees, some to hang down the mother's back or carried in a pouch-like bag on her stomach, some suspended between two posts.

A favorite story of unusual cradles is the one telling how a slave woman, who was given the care of her white master's child, made a sling-like cradle of cotton fabric which she hung on the low limb of a tree on the lawn near where she was working. She could tuck the baby in the cradle and watch over it while she stirred the soap or apple butter in the big iron kettle over an open fire. Often her own little black baby would be suspended in a second tree cradle near the first so that both babies were lulled to sleep by the same gentle breeze or could gurgle and coo at each other when awake.

Rock-a-bye baby
With love and with care,
Let your cradle protect you —
May this be our prayer.



This delightful picture was taken at one of the Decoration Day picnics described in Annabelle Whobrey's article. The people in the photograph are friends and relatives of the author.

Decoration Day

by Annabelle Scott Whobrey

My childhood was made of many mysteries; for example, why did women usually attend to the tender things about a home? Why did Dad apply the peach tree tea and Mama the turpentine and sugar poultice to my foot when I stepped on a stob? I remember Mama erasing my despair when the fattening hog escaped its pen and upset my playhouse. It seemed a way of life on the farm; women administered most of the tender touches even, as I recall May 30th, to doing the decorating of the graves. This did seem appropriate, for the first persons to visit the tomb where Jesus had been buried were women.

Mama made long-range plans for Decoration Day. She grew flowers for the very purpose of being well supplied to do homage to our loved ones. All year long she saved her chipped canning jars and water glasses to use for cemetery vases. Late in the day on the 29th, Mama cut dozens of daisies, picked her biggest peonies, literally stripped her lilac bushes and the bed of bleeding hearts. Since she had rambler roses on every fence, one hardly missed the masses of bouquets which she gathered of those bright, fragrant flowers. She put the cut flowers in tubs and dishpans filled with water and set them in the cool cellar to keep fresh until morning.

Also the week before the 30th, besides preparing quantities of food, Mama spent a lot of her time at her treadle sewing machine making a dress for me. One year, Mama's feet fairly flew as she worked on a pretty pink organdy dress. She had a newfangled attachment that made ruffles so, for a time, every dress of mine had lots of lace and yards of ruffles. A new dress for Decoration Day was a must so I could measure up to all the

other cousins when we arrived at the graveyard.

The morning of the 30th Mama was up early and moved in a hurry; Dad drove our Model "T" down by the kitchen door so the car could be loaded with flowers and food. By midmorning I was dressed in my scratchy new dress, my long white stockings and black patent leather slippers. Mama kept my patent slippers well-greased with Vaseline to keep them from cracking. Once in the tin lizzie and on our way, Mama checked to see if my hair ribbon was in place and gave me final orders on how I was expected to behave. Our car looked a bit like a floral delivery van with posies perched on the back seat, but we needed a large quantity for Mama planned to place a bouquet on each grave in the "silent city".

When the kinsfolk arrived, the women and children went inside the cemetery, but the men stopped short of the gate to sit and talk. They settled down to whittle and discuss weather and how crops were progressing and the prices on the current mule market. Once their preliminaries were out of the way, they each took a chew of tobacco and settled back to talk hunting. Dad had spirited stories of his fox hunts because he had an imported hound brought from another state. (Mama had raised a ruckus about paying out money for a dog.) When my rich uncle took his turn at hunting tales, he told about his coon dog. He lived on a river and during hunting season the sides of his woodshed were covered with coon hides. Some of the men had little to boast about as hunters, only killing a rabbit now and then for Sunday stew—a far cry from being a Davy Crockett. Listening to their bragging and watching them use

tobacco, made it clear; men were not worthy to enter a graveyard and decorate.

While inside the cemetery, we children were not allowed to run or yell, but we could drop flowers on some of the older graves. The women looked toward the men with disgust when their talk got too boisterous. Doubtless, the women considered this a desecration of the dead.

Once the decorating was done, dinner was served under the oaks. There were no sawhorses and boards for tables and dinner was laid out on the ground. However, it looked elegant because white linen tablecloths were used to cover the grass. Mama tied a tea towel around my neck to protect my dress and handed me a plate; then my Uncle Deacon gave a long-winded, tear-jerking prayer. He mentioned long-departed loved ones and Mama used her apron to wipe her eyes and blow her nose. After the mournful tones of the blessing faded, the men filled their plates to capacity. This custom I never understood—why men ate first although they had no part in the cooking, flower cutting or decorating.

Many memories were relived each May 30th as renewed acquaintances were made with cousins, for many relatives lived too far to visit often. One certain cousin I dreaded for he always pulled my hair ribbon and pushed me into the dust. Mama tried to excuse his rudeness by saying he was born in the timber (at least Mama said he was a "woods' colt"). This unique circumstance supposedly set him apart from the rest of the relation. My childish mind never could grasp why this was told in hushed tones. Mama said this cousin was naughty because he wanted attention—but why did he always pick on me?

Decoration Day is quite different in today's world; many people deem it a duty that is reluctantly performed. Many of the flowers that are put out on graves are plastic. Some families rush away for a picnic or to play and count themselves lucky to simply have a day away from work.

Many of the qualities of the earlier Decoration Day celebrations were beautiful and meaningful. I'm glad to know that some families still follow these old traditions and find them good.

**Take
Special Note of the
RENEWAL DATE
on the label of your
magazine. Renew in
advance. Only one
notice will be
sent.**



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

There have probably been other years when spring flowers burst into bloom the latter part of March, but right now I can't remember any. At a Birthday Club luncheon at the home of my friend, Angie Conrad, the 26th of March, the table centerpiece was an arrangement of daffodils from her yard. Earlier that week, Bernie's border of grape hyacinths were in full bloom. At the same time, our yard was blue with the little scillas. I can remember when we were children hoping we could find enough violets in the timber on May 1st for our May baskets. This year, Frank picked violets on the last day of March.

A good portion of Iowa is much too dry, but we are fortunate to be in a small section that is not suffering at present from lack of moisture. In fact, some of the farmers in this area have been getting their tractors buried in low spots in their field. High winds and low humidity, plus the lack of rain in most parts of the Midwest, have really dried out the ground to the point some authorities are predicting a very poor crop outlook.

Several people have written to me saying they were curious about a picture that was in the magazine last fall of Frank and his friend, Roy Querrey, putting ear corn in one of the bins. They had heard that ear corn wouldn't keep when stored in bins. Many years ago, when Frank decided to put up a couple of bins for shelled corn, he got a new kind which was supposed to keep shelled corn from spoiling. They had louvered sides so that the moisture in the corn could get out. Unfortunately, the moisture also came in, and there was no way to keep the corn dry enough. The first year both bins were filled with shelled corn and a large percentage spoiled. Knowing he couldn't use them for shelled corn again, the next year Frank decided to fill the bins with ear corn which would be ground later. Since the corn would be used up fairly fast, it probably wouldn't have a chance to spoil. We have been using these bins ever since for ear corn and have never had any spoilage. Frank is always careful to be sure the corn is dry enough to crib before he has it picked. The bins have the added advantage of being easy to get the corn out.

Iowa has three consecutive seasons for hunting wild turkeys beginning on April 14th and ending May 10th. The same men who hunted here last year will be back this year, including Bill Ohde, our young friend from Keystone, Iowa. He worked for the Conservation Commission and when he was working

here in the Lucas State Forest Area, we used to have some nice visits with him. He was transferred to Clear Lake, Iowa, so we didn't know if he would be able to get back for turkey season or not. Consequently, it was a nice surprise when he dropped in to see us one recent Saturday afternoon.

Bill told us something funny that happened last year in our timber. He had on his camouflage pants, jacket and hat, with his face painted the same colors as his clothes. While he was sitting on the ground leaning against a tree being very quiet, a little squirrel came running across the ground and ran right up on his chest and sat there a little bit, then moved on.

In March, Dorothea Polser and I went to Oskaloosa where we were guests of the Mahaska County Farm Bureau Women at a guest day salad luncheon held in the Farm Bureau Building. Mrs. Leo Fox, the chairman, had written several months ago and asked me if I would come and give the program. I am always happy to do this if I am able because it gives me a chance to meet so many of our good Kitchen-Klatter friends. One very special lady I was privileged to meet that day was Mrs. Dora Wilson who had just had her 98th birthday. Amazingly, she walked down a long flight of stairs to the meeting room where the luncheon and program were held. Incidentally, she has listened to Kitchen-Klatter since it began in 1925. It was a real thrill for me to know she cared enough to make the effort to come and hear me speak.

I never cease to marvel at the great variety of salads that are brought to these salad luncheons. Along with the salads, hot rolls and coffee were served. This was also their craft day, and many of the members had brought a craft to display. Members were then asked to vote on the ones they liked best, and the three winning items were sent to a state craft festival.

One of the fastest growing hobbies in recent years has been doll houses with miniature furnishings. One of the reasons for this has been the fabulous Colleen Moore doll house that used to be taken on tour. (It is now on permanent display at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry.) Thousands of people have seen this fantastic work of art and have been spurred on to have one of their own in a small way. A good friend of mine, Norma Pim, decided a few years ago to have a doll house made for her daughter. It is a replica of the house where Norma lives, and where her daughter, Mary Ann (Mrs. Kenneth Storms), grew up. Now Mary Ann is having fun trying to furnish the rooms with furniture as nearly as possible as she had at home.

Mary Ann's house is unique because



This doll house belongs to Mrs. Kenneth Storms of Lucas, Iowa, and is a replica of the home where she grew up. The little boy proudly showing it to Dorothy is Aaron Storms.

the roof lifts off, then the second floor is removable. She has two little boys, Aaron and Adam, and they have fun playing with it. Aaron was so proud to show me some of the little things he had made for the house. He also wanted me to be sure to stop at his grandmother's house on my way home to see the small barn she had just had made for them to play with when they came to visit. The boys already had it filled with animals. It includes stalls and feed bunks, sliding doors, a divided door, and a haymow door which comes down. The hayfork really slides on a track. Aaron also pointed out the tiny birds' nests on the rafters just under the roof. There are even lightning rods on top of the roof. Seeing the little barn brought back memories of the old barn that was on this farm where Kristin and her friends spent many happy hours playing. The new steel buildings that are being built now to replace the big red barns just aren't the same.

Frank is concerned because we haven't yet seen any little wood ducks. Most years, the ducks arrive before the ice goes out of the bayou and settle on

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The barn which Mrs. Norma Pim of Lucas, Iowa, had built for her grandchildren.

GREYSTONE'S GALLERY WALL

by
Harold R. Smith

When we first moved into Greystone in 1963, a distant cousin from whom we purchased the house left a large, ornate antique picture frame. A few days later, a friend came to call and gave us a large print of the Sacre Coeur Church in Paris. It fit the frame perfectly and was hung on the wall above my bed. As time went by, friends visited Nassau in the Bahamas and gifted us with three small pictures that depicted typical scenes there. These were hung on the wall to compliment the large picture.

Word of my interest must have spread rapidly to my friends for one couple sent a dozen miniature prints for which they no longer had space, and these were added along with my grandfather's pocket watch and my father's two pocket watches.

As the collection was growing steadily, I had to first arrange them on the floor, switching them around until I found a pleasing and balanced arrangement, and then hung them on the wall.

One day a package arrived from friends who were visiting in Spain which yielded three antique keys from an old castle when a locksmith was changing locks on three doors and gave them the keys. I suddenly became panic-stricken as prints, miniatures and other pictures arrived from here and there—the wall was quickly becoming filled.

A period of time went by in which no one gifted us with anything for the space which, by now, was called the "Gallery Wall". I stopped looking for picture hangers, small nails, wire and the always elusive hammer. Then Christmas arrived and with it came a handsome Madonna and Child print that had been decoupage on a walnut plaque; it found a place between the Spanish keys, one pocket watch and a bisque miniature angel which someone sent who had found it in a flowerpot! A retired dentist gifted us with five original 1892 labels from his family's Union Mills which were framed under glass. Two different families sent miniature florals in oil and a local artist sent a beautiful colored photograph of the old Union Mills taken at a unique angle from a sandbar in near-by Platte River.

One of the strangest gifts arrived by way of flood. In 1965, sixteen inches of rain fell throughout our area. When the floodwaters receded, Frances and I found a small oil painting of an autumn scene. I washed it thoroughly and found it was flawless and painted in the style of Robert Woods. No one claimed the oil and it found a home with us.

Cleaning closets recently, I found a letter sent to me by the Duchess of Wind-

sor, along with two photographs and a stiff vellum card bearing the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's signatures. I had met them briefly years ago and the Duchess asked that I write her later at the Waldorf Towers in New York. When she wrote to answer my letter, she included the photographs and signatures. I framed these paper mementos in white and gold against a red and gold background, and added them to our collection.

My antique shop friends sent a patented Chemograph dated March 21, 1893, which depicts a young couple in a wheat field with a second girl gleaning grain and looking at the first two. It is a heavily embossed print which was made in groups of four; this one depicts youth. (I have looked for years and thus far the other three prints have eluded me.)

I now count forty-five pictures: oil, watercolors and reproductions, plus watches, keys and other art objects on the gallery wall. Each item has a different story and history and sometimes a reason why a particular friend sent a particular gift.

Visitors came one day to see the old house and I took them upstairs to view what I thought was a magnificent gallery. The lady glanced at the wall and exclaimed in a loud voice, "My that space is certainly cluttered."

We were not offended, for we realize that each one of us is an individual with his own way of decorating. Cluttered or not, we are proud of our collection; all are gifts sent by those whom we count as close friends and each one has a special place in our hearts as well as on our gallery wall.



The "pictured memories" described by Joan Hosman.

PICTURED MEMORIES by Joan Hosman

Memories are something nothing can erase, but a picture of memories is a true delight. Make a framed arrangement of "Pictured Memories". These make delightful, inexpensive gifts and will be cherished by the one to receive it. Whatever the occasion, graduation, wedding anniversary, birthday, etc., give photographs. Collect special pictures from family members or friends to be framed.

Go to the stationery department of any local store and find a large desk blotter, of whatever color you wish, for the background. Poster board can also be used. Buy some construction paper, preferably black (for the lettering), and some glue. A frame can be purchased or use one on hand. Using the black construction paper, outline and cut out letters to spell "Memories". Cut the

blotter the size of the frame and lay out the pictures and letters in an arrangement which is pleasing. The photographs may be cut in diamond or heart shapes for decorative purposes and figures can be cut out.

A few flowers can be painted on for decoration, or cut out pretty flower pictures and place them on the background. When the arrangement is to your liking, glue everything in place. When dry, place it in the frame and your special "Pictured Memories", is ready to be wrapped and given. A special card can be enclosed with this verse:

Each picture depicts a place,
Something special or a face,
Things and thoughts, hearts
embrace
Memories, you just can't erase.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Betty and I have returned only recently from a very brief trip to Pompano Beach, Florida. We had not planned to go to Florida at all this year, but then decided to attend a birthday party for Betty's father, Mr. Julian T. Crandall. We flew out of Providence on Friday night and spent a wonderful four days with Betty's parents and Betty's two sisters and their husbands. In addition to the family, there were about one hundred other guests present for the festivities.

It was a very, very busy time; Betty and her sisters helped prepare the refreshments, and I was kept busy on the details of the entertainment. In spite of all the party activity, we did manage to have a few hours in the Florida sunshine on the beach and in the pool. Yes, I did get a little bit of a sunburn, but nothing bothersome.

One of the reasons for the briefness of our Florida visit was all the work waiting to be done here at home, primarily the installation of a solar hot water system. There are carpenters, plumbers, and electricians in and out of the house each day. If this proves to be as economical and efficient as hoped, we may install some additional solar energy devices. Only today, I heard an authority on oil heat say that in less than five years the cost for heating oil will be almost twice as much as it is now. If that should prove to be true, all of us are going to be forced to use more and more solar energy.

Incidentally, if you have any thought of improving or renovating your present house, do not hesitate to spend money on details which some future purchaser might find attractive and inviting. Recently, a real estate salesman told me that the house renovations which bring the greatest monetary return are remodeled kitchens and bathrooms. Most buyers are impressed with large and beautiful kitchens and bathrooms equipped with the most modern fixtures.

This certainly was true in our case. When we bought this present house two years ago, it was not our first choice. The house we really wanted was a larger house about a quarter of a mile down the road from this one. When we could not get our first choice, we bought this one because of its beautiful view of the water, and its splendid kitchen and bathrooms. Actually, my idea of a dream kitchen is the one that my sister, Lucile, has in her house; it is just about the most convenient and comfortable one I ever have seen

anywhere.

The central air-conditioning we installed last summer has given us much comfort and has added many dollars to the value of the house. Any energy-efficient, wood-burning fireplaces or stoves make a house more attractive to potential buyers, but swimming pools and outdoor patios do not. The real estate salesman told me that pools and patios rarely get back for the owner as much as one-half of what it costs to acquire them.

In this day of increasing low morals, it is good to learn about people of influence who still demand high standards. One of our friends is an author who has had several books published in the past few years. While a guest in our home, he told us about a telephone call he had had from his publisher advising him to put more graphic sexual content into his writing. His publisher said: "If you want your book to be popular and to have big



Frederick Driftmier (left) and his brother-in-law, Samuel Fisk Pierson.

sales, you must put more sex into your stories."

When I asked our friend how he replied to that kind of advice, he answered, "I shall tell you exactly what I replied. I told that publisher, 'If immoral sex is what it takes to sell a book, then I guess you had better forget about my work.' Right away, the publisher tried to calm me down. He asked me why I felt so strongly about his suggestion. I said, 'Sir, there is a simple answer to that. I have three grandchildren who love me!'"

What a difference it would make in some of the television shows if the producers and script writers had the same attitude that our author friend has.

Betty and I have been eating more pancakes than we have eaten in some years. If my diet permitted, I would love to eat pancakes for breakfast every morning of the year. Do you like your pancakes to be large or small? When Betty makes pancakes, they are small and delicately browned. When I make them, they are large, thin, and dark brown with crisp edges. One of my big pancakes will fill a

dinner plate; Betty can put several of her small pancakes on a plate without their touching edges. Her pancakes are delicious I admit, but so are the ones I make.

The Guinness Book of World Records states that the largest pancake ever flipped intact on any griddle was a pancake four-feet, nine-inches in diameter. It was cooked and eaten at the St. Paul Winter Carnival in 1974. Now that would be my idea of a real pancake!

There is a fourteen-year-old girl in the house next-door who loves to come over and play word games with Betty and me. Never have I played any kind of a literary game with a brighter person—in other words, she always beats me. Her mind is so sharp, so quick, so imaginative, and with an amazing vocabulary. When she was over here yesterday, she gave me this interesting quotation:

"The letter 'E' is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, in Hell all of the time, and has never been in Arizona. But we call attention to the fact that the letter 'E' is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease, and the end of trouble. Without 'E' there would be no meat, life, or Heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no editors and no news."

Each morning, this neighbor girl comes across our back yard, walks down our driveway to the road and gets on her school bus. As she walks by, she always waves, and always I find myself saying a silent prayer for her good health and happiness. She is such a bright girl, but intellect is never enough to assure happiness. To succeed in life, one must have a goal, a dream, a great hope, and then, no matter what trouble comes, faith is necessary to keep pressing onward and upward.

In one of my high school classrooms back in Shenandoah, Iowa, there was posted on the front wall a verse that I have remembered to this day. It is good enough to be posted in every school-room throughout America.

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

Sincerely,

Frederick

The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart.

HINTS FOR WRITING A HISTORY

by Virginia Thomas

With many churches and communities celebrating an Anniversary Year, a history is often written for the occasion. The following suggestions are offered to help anyone undertaking such a task.

Get organized for the job. Buy a large loose-leaf notebook for assembling the notes taken as you research the project. Several manila envelopes are needed in which to file pictures, clippings and other items pertaining to the history. A tape recorder is wonderful to use for interviews with various people. After using the tapes to compile the history, file them in the local library, the church library or with a genealogical or historical society. Before beginning to work on the history, make an outline of what you wish to include. Divide your notebook under these headings so the information can be filed correctly and in order.

Here is a sample outline for a community history:

1. *Earliest history of the area:* Include a brief summary of the time when the state entered the Union, when the county and township were established and information concerning their names and locations. List the first settlers and any stories concerning them. Record first death, first wedding, first birth and any other interesting stories of the earliest days. A brief history of nearby rural schools, country churches, etc., will add interest. This can include several townships bordering a city, if so, arrange the history by townships.

2. *Maps:* Find old township and town maps (plats) if available. If not, draw one. On it locate early businesses, schools, churches, railroads, homes of early pioneers and other interesting landmarks.

3. *Town History:* Give location, date when platted, date of incorporation, origin of name, first post office and postmaster, earliest businesses, dates churches were first organized, the first newspaper, fraternal organizations and schools.

4. *Schools:* Trace history of the local schools from the very beginning to the present. Include pictures to show progress and special events, names of long-time teachers and the story of the P.T.A. or similar organizations.

5. *Businesses:* It is probably impossible to list all of the businesses ever to come to your city, but include those of the earliest days and any which have held an important place in the business and industry of the area. If possible, include a list of the current businesses, thus future historians have a record from which to gauge progress.

6. *Organizations:* List the fraternal organizations and clubs, giving the his-

tory of each. This should include date of origin, charter members and the first officers. To save time in collecting this part of the history, contact a responsible person in each organization and ask him or her to see that the history is in your hands by a designated date (this is a good procedure for the churches, also).

7. *Newspapers:* Include names of owners, editors and any items of special interest.

8. *Cemeteries:* Relate interesting stories connected with the development of each and its location. Some historical societies have cemetery records which could make a separate volume.

9. *War veterans:* In a community history, it is valuable to include an honor roll of veterans. (If it is too lengthy to include the names of all veterans from the community, then limit the list to those who have died in service or have received special commendations.) Do indicate where a complete list of persons who have served their country might be found.

10. *Churches:* List each church and give a brief history, including date of origin, charter members, first minister, original building and parsonage. Include date, cost and how money for each building was obtained, etc. List any later church buildings which have been erected.

Once all the material available has been collected in the notebook, make a new set of notes according to the year. Then, when the history itself is being written, all the gathered items will be in chronological order.

Available resources include the local newspapers (be certain to note dates after each item copied), county history books, descendants of pioneer families, and county courthouse records (cemetery plots, town plats, abstracts, wedding, birth and death statistics). Libraries—local, school and historical museum—usually have old county atlases

and other materials of historical interest. Many libraries now have copying machines which can be used for a nominal fee.

If the history you are writing is just for a church organization, use a notebook as recommended and set it up under headings for filing information as it is collected. Gather as much as possible about the charter members and their families and other important members of the church through the years so the history will come alive. List all the ministers with their dates of service. Collect pictures which show the life and progress of the church through the years and clippings of special events. Include stories about the various church organizations.

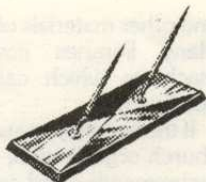
As part of compiling a church history, enlist the help of some good photographers to take pictures showing the various present activities to include in a scrapbook. An interesting entertainment for a fellowship night as part of the historical observance would be a presentation of a slide show with narration on the present and the past life of the church.

Scrapbooks are a natural outgrowth of historical collections but a few words of caution need to be given. Be certain to purchase a scrapbook with acid-free paper. Do not use rubber cement, as it yellows and dries with age. Wheat paste is excellent. Use only cellophane tape which is invisible and will not crack dry or turn yellow. Watch your scrapbook through the years to be certain plastic sheets, glue, etc., is holding and not causing deterioration. Laminate with plastic any really brittle and valuable papers. Use permanent black ink for records and documents; do not use felt-tipped pens. Use paper specially made for permanent record keeping. Fortunately, the better copying machines use paper which is recognized for preservation. If in doubt, ask a specialist in such matters.



Many communities have exciting celebrations every year and Chadron, Nebraska, is an example. This community holds Fur Trade Days each year with many activities reminiscent of the olden days. At a recent parade, one of the floats honored famous Nebraskans. The young man representing Henry Fonda at the far left of the picture is Aaron Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's grandson.

DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

How many of you noticed how time moves so quickly when we have a mild winter? It seems that we moved directly from fall into spring. Omaha was blessed, temperature-wise, with an extremely mild winter. In fact, those seventy-degree days in January and February gave one the feeling that we were living in the sunbelt states rather than changeable Nebraska. The only thing wrong with such a pleasing winter was that it was extremely dry. We even reached the point when Tom was out with a deep-root feeder watering the trees and shrubs in January. Usually, it would be impossible to get through the frost at that time of the year, so it was indeed an unusual season.

So many things have been happening since I wrote last that I need to skip over some of them rather quickly and might not give them the detail they deserve, but I'll try to bring you up-to-date on the Nenneman household.

It is good that we purchased a third family car last fall. With Lisa sharing in a car pool and working at a shopping center four or five days a week, it would have been impossible to have gotten along with just two vehicles.

Lisa is spending many evenings and some weekends working at an apparel store and loving every minute of it. She works in customer's service and has many opportunities to meet people. She has been especially pleased with the new friendships made with some of her co-workers. A work experience like this is good training and lets a person know what the workaday world is like. It should be helpful to her in determining whether to go to college and, if she does, what she would like to major in while seeking a degree.

College! do you mean that we have almost reached that point in life already? That was Tom's response when we took up the discussion of Lisa's future, potential colleges to attend, finances and the like. I informed him that "yes, this is it!" and that old adage of "time goes fast when your having fun" had finally caught up with us. It didn't seem too long ago that Tom and my parents (Mae and Howard Driftmier) were waiting at the Hand Hospital in Shenandoah, Iowa, for Lisa's arrival. That was 1963 and Howard still talks about the nurse bringing Lisa out to see them right after she was born. He has always kidded that she wanted to check us out before she decided whether to let us claim her or not. Well, she decided that we were worth keeping and now we will soon be sending her off to



Lisa and Natalie are pictured showing two of the lifestyles of these active daughters of Tom and Donna Nenneman (granddaughters of Howard and Mae Driftmier of Shenandoah and Leroy and Mary Nenneman of Sidney, Iowa). Lisa is dressed in her spring prom dress and Natalie is shown in casual garb.

college.

Lisa has had a very busy school year. In addition to taking a rather hectic schedule including algebra IV, college-prep chemistry, world history, American literature, German, and creative writing, she has also tackled those preparatory tests known as the S.A.T. (Scholastic Aptitude Test) and A.C.T. (American College Test). She said it was quite an experience and, as Tom says, an experience she'll never trade, but never wants to go through again. Young people today are finding such hurdles very important as they attempt to prepare for the future by applying what they've learned in the past.

Natalie has been extremely busy with her freshman year. Her algebra, "honors" French, U.S. and the World, weather, novels and nonfiction, and typing classes have kept her in a studying mood. Mix in the school activities and the number of baby-sitting jobs she has and it boils down to one extremely busy fourteen-year-old.

Tom and I have spent a sometimes fruitful and sometimes frustrating spring. Tom has become an avid jogger and then ended up hurting his knee one night while in the process of running seven miles. (I hurt just to think of walking that far, let alone running.) Tom has gone to several doctors seeking answers to his many questions. I didn't know so many things could be wrong, or go wrong, with a simple little knee joint. After viewing some of the many diagrams Tom has shown me, it appears that there are many little things which can go wrong and cause big problems. Tom is so intent on getting back out "on the road" that it sometimes becomes difficult to get him to sit down and rest and let the knee heal. I've heard that runners are hard to

be around and I now know what that means.

We've all been moving into spring with anticipation. Last fall, we did a rather thorough job of getting our trees and shrubs into shape. They had been badly damaged by flat-head borers. They got into the three lilac bushes and killed one. They also got into the nice ash tree that shades our patio. Tom took drastic action on the tree by getting out his drill and hammer and boring holes and inserting insecticide cartridges into the trunk. The scars never did get closed over with new bark and now we're concerned that the trees will be injured from fungus getting into the holes which were drilled to fight insects. One never knows if the cure is worse than the disease, but we have hopes that problem will be solved.

For now, I bid you a happy, healthful summer from our family to yours.

Sincerely,

Donna Nenneman

YOUR ANCESTORS AND YOU

If you could have your ancestors

All standing in a row,
Would you be proud of them,
Or don't you really know?

Some strange discoveries are made
In climbing family trees,
And some of them, you know,
Do not particularly please.

If you could see your ancestors

All standing in a row,
There might be some of them,
You wouldn't care to know;
But there's another question

Which requires a different view—
If you could meet your ancestors,
Would they be proud of you?

YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN

by Evelyn Birkby

In central Iowa, a few miles west of Earlham and south of Dexter, is what to me is the most beautiful country church in the world. It stands tall and proud with a regal exterior. It has a well-kept and lovingly preserved interior. It is peopled with members and friends who have a spiritual glow which corresponds with the beauty of the building they share. This has been true in the sixty-two-year life of this particular church.

In fact, the story of the Penn Center Church goes back farther than 1919. It begins in 1869 when a circuit-riding Methodist minister arrived in the area to hold revival meetings. He found a small Sunday school and occasional worship service being held in the Penn Center country schoolhouse. Enthusiasm ran high and the result was the actual organization of a Methodist congregation. A minister, James Lisle, was assigned to serve the new group, along with six other churches in the area.

Each month, Rev. Lisle rode his horse over four hundred miles to serve his congregation. Some thirty miles of this was done each Sunday with three services held at three different locations with the remaining services held during the week.

The Penn Center Church grew in size and vigor. A small frame church was built in 1873 and then, as enthusiasm and energy grew with the membership, in 1918 the wooden building was torn down and the present beautiful building commenced. It was dedicated on June 8, 1919.

In 1925, the Dexter-Penn Center charge of the Methodist Church was created. Later, when I was seven years old, my father, Carl Corrie, was sent as minister to these two churches.

I can still remember how impressed I was with the beauty of the Penn Center Church when I first saw it. The exterior is a buff-colored stucco material with a red brick foundation. White wood gracefully frames the stained-glass windows. The green lawn has room for outdoor picnics and the adjoining cemetery space holds many of the early "saints" of the church.

The sanctuary was designed in the old-fashioned circular pattern with a pulpit area backed by a rounded wall painted a sky blue. The curved altar with its low rail was at the head of the center aisle. A choir loft reached out to one side where the choirs and orchestras and seasonal programs could sound forth a joyful noise. A balcony lifted above the sanctuary to seat overflow crowds. Side rooms and stair landings were built generously enough to contain numbers of Sunday school classes. The basement was spacious in size for youth meetings, fellowship dinners and church socials.

This may sound like the description of



The Penn Center United Methodist Church.

hundreds of church buildings erected across the country around the same period, but this was built out in the country—not in a city.

Recently, it was my unexpected pleasure to return to the Penn Center United Methodist Church. A reunion of friends and members, past and present, developed from the need to raise money to pay for storm windows to protect the fine stained-glass windows in the building. Robert and I drove up the 145 miles from our home in Sidney to participate in the gathering. It proved to be a trip back to my childhood.

I do not remember having been in the church since I was eleven, and, as we pulled into the parking lot, I said to Robert, "The first time I saw this church I was seven years old. I can remember vividly how impressed I was that day. Do you suppose it has changed much?" We walked up the steps, pulled open the front door and went inside. It was a glorious revelation—amazingly the entire interior was exactly as I remembered. It was a delight to discover, also, that the basic design and original atmosphere have been preserved. I felt as if warm, loving arms were enfolding me as I walked down the aisle to the curved altar and touched the rail at the very place where, so long ago, I had knelt to experience the special moment of dedication and commitment which culminated in my becoming a member of the church.

Soon I was literally enfolded in loving arms, as the people began to gather for the reunion—longtime members who remembered those days when my father was their pastor—children who grew up in the community and stayed to raise their families in the same friendly atmosphere. Some were people I was meeting for the first time and some, bless their hearts, were Kitchen-Klatter friends.

When it was time for us to go up to the sanctuary and for me to begin my talk as speaker for the evening, I realized how inadequate was my ability to share the

feelings I had of really being back home. I did try, as I told of the beginning of the ministry of my father and his eventual move to the Dexter-Penn Center charge with my mother and sister, Ruth, and the way in which the life of this particular church influenced my own life.

This was the place where we lived in a large, old house with a wide, pillared porch on two sides. I loved to sit in the porch swing at the front and watch the world pass by. This was the place where I put on plays with any of the neighborhood children I could bribe into helping me and where a group of girls held a sewing "club" and imitated our mothers and their grownup organizations. While we lived in this parsonage, a chimney fire alarmed my father. He called to the family to vacate the premises. As we stood in the yard, we suddenly realized that Mother was standing holding the one item she had saved from the threatened house—a very sad, droopy geranium plant. And it was here that I had a long bout with rheumatic fever and learned how many eyes a congregation can have.

The doctor had told my mother that I should have daily sun baths to speed my recovery. Mother carefully stitched up some sunsuits for me and I went outside on each sunny day to absorb the healing rays. Preachers' children of that day were not supposed to wear skimpy clothes. It was not long until Mother was being told that the members of the church were watching her family and finding that modesty was a prized attitude which was being neglected. Since Mother was strong-willed in her own way, she put my health above public opinion and my sessions in the sun continued. Since I recovered enough to return to this wonderful reunion of 1981, I'm grateful that the eyes, in this case, did not win.

These, and other stories I shared on the special night of reunion.

All too soon it was over. We
(Continued on page 20)



Recipes for Springtime Meals

ORANGE-RHUBARB COBBLER

- 4 cups thinly sliced rhubarb
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Dash of nutmeg

In heavy saucepan, combine the above ingredients. Bring to boiling and cook for 10 minutes or until slightly thick. Stir occasionally. While this is cooking, prepare the following batter:

- 1 1/4 cups unsifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup milk

Sift together the dry ingredients. Stir in the milk. On a floured breadboard, roll or pat out dough to fit an 8-inch square pan. Pour the hot, boiling rhubarb into bottom of greased 8-inch baking pan. Cover with the dough. Bake at 425 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Serve warm with vanilla ice cream. —Juliana

SPANISH POT ROAST

- 3- to 4-lb. beef roast
- 1 8-oz. bottle Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 3/4 cup water
- 8 small onions
- 8 small potatoes
- 1 cup sliced stuffed green olives
- 2 Tbls. flour

Brown meat in 1/4 cup of the salad dressing. Add remaining dressing and 1/2 cup of the water. Cover and simmer for 2 hours and 15 minutes. Add onions, potatoes and olives. Continue simmering for about 45 minutes longer, or until meat and vegetables are tender.

Remove meat and vegetables to platter. Make a paste of the flour and remaining 1/4 cup water. Gradually add to the juices in pan. Cook and stir until thickened. Serve. —Betty Jane

PORCUPINE FUDGE PIE

- 1 9-inch baked pastry or graham cracker pie shell
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese softened
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips, melted
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 3/4 cup whole pecan halves

Combine the cream cheese with 1/4 cup of the sugar and the flavorings. Beat the egg yolks and add to cheese mixture along with the melted chocolate chips. Beat the egg whites, adding the remaining 1/4 cup sugar, until peaks form. Fold the egg whites and whipped cream into mixture. Mound in the pie shell. Arrange pecan halves over top. Chill. May be garnished with whipped topping and maraschino cherries, if desired. —Betty Jane

HAM & ASPARAGUS CREPES

- 8 crepes (frozen or prepare your own)
- 8 thin slices of cooked ham
- Dijon-style mustard
- 8 slices Swiss cheese
- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh, frozen or canned asparagus spears, (if fresh or frozen are used, cook in boiling, salted water until tender-crisp; drain)
- 2 fresh tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped
- Snipped fresh parsley
- Crushed dried tarragon
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. dried tarragon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1/2 cups half-and-half
- 1 small jar sliced mushrooms, drained

Place slice of ham on each crepe and spread with the mustard. Add a slice of cheese, a few asparagus spears and some chopped tomato. Sprinkle with the parsley and a little dried tarragon. Roll up

and place, seam side down, in baking pan.

In medium saucepan, melt butter. Blend in the flour, 1/2 tsp. tarragon, salt and pepper. Stir in half-and-half. Place over medium-high heat until mixture bubbles, stirring constantly. Stir in the mushrooms. Pour over the crepes in baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes. —Robin

RAISED DOUGHNUTS

- 1 1/4 cups milk, scalded
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 pkg. yeast
- 5 cups flour
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/8 tsp. mace

Combine the scalded milk, shortening, salt and flavoring. Cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and let set for five minutes. Add 2 1/2 cups of the flour and beat until smooth. Cover and let rest until bubbly. Add eggs. Combine sugar and spices and beat into batter. Add remaining flour. Knead until smooth. Cover and let rise until double. Punch down and roll out to 1/2 inch thick. Cut out doughnuts. Cover and let rise again. Deep-fat fry at 375 degrees, turning to brown on both sides. Drain on paper and dip in granulated sugar. —Juliana

SAVANNAH SPINACH PIE

- 3/4 to 1 lb. fresh spinach
- 1/4 lb. mushrooms, sliced
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced celery
- 1/4 cup thinly sliced green onion
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 1/2 cups shredded Monterey Jack cheese with jalapeno peppers
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 deep 9-inch frozen pie crusts
- 1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Clean spinach, discarding any stems. Pat dry and chop. Combine chopped spinach with mushrooms, celery, onion, eggs, sour cream, garlic powder and 1 cup each of the Cheddar and Monterey Jack cheeses. Mix well. Layer about half the rice in bottom of one of the pie crusts. Then make a layer of about half the spinach mixture. Press down firmly. Repeat layers with remaining rice and spinach. Top with remaining cheeses, putting the Parmesan cheese on last. Invert the second pie crust over top. Press crust edges together to seal. Cut a few slits in top. Bake on lowest rack in a 375-degree oven for 60 to 65 minutes, or until crust is brown and knife inserted through top comes out clean. Let stand 10 minutes before serving. —Betty Jane

TROPICAL BANANA CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 2/3 cups sugar
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups mashed bananas
- 2/3 cup buttermilk
- 1/2 cup eggs (3 small or 2 large)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift dry ingredients together into large bowl. Add remaining ingredients. Beat well with electric mixer for four minutes. Pour into two 9-inch layer cake pans which have been greased and floured (or in a 9- by 13-inch pan if preferred). Bake in 350-degree oven, 30 to 35 minutes for layers, 45 minutes for larger pan. Cool. Frost with the following icing:

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 Tbls. mashed banana
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Powdered sugar

Combine all ingredients, adding enough powdered sugar to make a good spreading consistency. Frosting may also be used on plain butter cakes, yellow or white cakes or pound cakes.

—Evelyn

SAUERBRATEN-STYLE RIBS

- 3 to 4 lbs. beef short ribs or country-style pork ribs
- 1 cup catsup
- 1 cup water
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. prepared horseradish
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 1/2 tsp. ground allspice
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 cup crushed gingersnaps

Cut ribs into 3-inch pieces, trimming off excess fat. Combine the catsup, water, sugar, vinegar, horseradish, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, pepper, allspice, onion and salt. Pour into a heavy plastic bag which is resting in a large pan. Add the bay leaf and meat. Make sure all pieces of meat are coated with the marinade. Seal bag with wire tie and refrigerate overnight, or even several days. Turn ribs and marinade into a 5-quart pan. Cover and simmer, stirring occasionally, for 2 1/2 to 3 hours or until meat is very tender. Using a slotted spoon, lift ribs out of pan onto a platter. Skim fat from juices. Stir in the gingersnap crumbs and cook until thickened. Serve sauce over meat.

—Betty Jane

FROSTED SANDWICHES

- 4 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 2/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup finely chopped celery
- 2 5-oz. cans white chicken meat
- 1/2 cup chopped ripe olives
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 5-oz. jars Old English cheese spread
- 1 egg
- 1 loaf sandwich bread (light wheat or white)

Combine the hard-cooked eggs, mayonnaise, celery, chicken and olives. In a pan, just melt the butter and cheese. When cool, beat in the egg. Cut bread in round circles. (I used a biscuit cutter.) Spread chicken mixture on one bread round, top with another round and spread it with more filling, then top with another bread round, making a stack with three pieces of bread and two layers of filling. Frost tops and sides (not bottoms) with the cheese mixture. (Keep cheese mixture warm for easier handling.) Set the sandwiches on a pan (do not allow sandwiches to touch each other). Refrigerate for 24 hours. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes. —Robin

ORANGE-CURRENT MUFFINS

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. ground coriander
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/3 cup chopped nuts
- 1/3 cup currants
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 cup sugar

Beat the 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, 1/2 tsp. butter flavoring and 1/3 cup sugar until well blended. Add the orange and coconut flavorings and egg and beat well. Combine the flour, baking powder, salt, nutmeg and coriander. Stir dry ingredients into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fold in nuts and currants. Spoon into greased medium-size muffin cups, filling cups about 2/3 full. Bake at 375 degrees until muffins are golden brown and tops spring back when touched, about 20 to 25 minutes. Remove muffins from pan and dip each into the melted butter or margarine which has the 1/2 tsp. butter flavoring added. Then dip into the cinnamon and sugar which have been combined. Serve warm.

—Lucile

RHUBARB PIE

- 3 cups diced rhubarb
- Boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell

Pour boiling water over rhubarb and allow to stand for five minutes; then drain. In a bowl, combine the sugar, flour, egg yolks, flavoring, butter and water. Beat until creamy and then combine with rhubarb. Pour into pie shell and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Top with the following meringue:

- 3 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat the egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Add the sugar 1 Tbls. at a time, beating until stiff. Lastly, fold in the flavoring. Remove the pie from oven and top with the meringue. Return to oven for 10 to 15 minutes or until meringue is brown. A simple, but delicious, pie.

—Robin

ASPARAGUS SALAD

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can beef consomme
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- Cooked asparagus spears
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. Dijon mustard
- Salt, as desired
- 1/3 cup thinly sliced onion

Place gelatin and cold water in small pan. Let set about five minutes to soften. Add the beef consomme and lemon juice and place over low heat. Stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Cool to room temperature. Grease bottom and sides of 8-inch square pan with the Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing. In the bottom of the pan, arrange one of the boiled eggs which has been thinly sliced and a few asparagus spears. Pour 3/4 cup of the gelatin mixture over this and chill until firm. Chill remaining gelatin mixture until syrupy.

Chop remaining boiled eggs and asparagus. Combine the mayonnaise and mustard, adding salt as desired. Combine with the chilled gelatin. Carefully fold in the chopped eggs, chopped asparagus and onion. Spoon over the firm gelatin in pan, cover and chill for several hours. Unmold and cut into squares.

Cooked broccoli or peas could be used instead of asparagus. —Lucile

ALL-AMERICAN SANDWICH FILLING

- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1 Tbls. minced onion (optional)
- 2 Tbls. chopped sweet pickle
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise

Combine all ingredients. Mayonnaise or salad dressing of your choice can be used to moisten. This makes a good spread for open-faced sandwiches or on crackers.

—Evelyn

TUNA PATTIES IN SAUCE

- 1 9-oz. can tuna
- 1 6-oz. box chicken-flavored stuffing mix
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

Drain and flake the tuna. Combine the seasoning packet that comes with the stuffing mix with the 1/2 cup hot water. Stir in 1/2 the can of cream of chicken soup. Mix in the beaten eggs, the stuffing crumbs and tuna. Form mixture into patties. Brown in butter in a skillet. Combine remaining half can of chicken soup with salad dressing. Heat and, just before serving, pour over tuna patties.

—Evelyn

TEXAS FUNERAL CAKE

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup buttermilk
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift together the flour and sugar; set aside. Combine the margarine, cocoa and water. Bring to boiling and then pour over the flour-sugar mixture. Add the remaining ingredients in the order given, beating by hand after each addition. Pour into greased 7- by 11-inch baking pan. (Batter will be very thin.) Bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool and frost with the following:

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine the margarine, cocoa, milk and flavoring and bring to boiling. Add the powdered sugar and beat well by hand until glossy.

—Juliana

STUFFED MEATBALLS

- 1/4 cup water
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup seasoned croutons
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. catsup
- 1/2 cup milk

Heat water and butter until butter melts. Add croutons, onion and celery; mix gently. Mix ground beef with evaporated milk. Divide mixture into six patties. Flatten each patty on a piece of waxed paper and place 1/4 cup of crouton mixture in the center. Pull edges over mixture and seal patty into a large ball. Place all meatballs in a 1 1/2-quart casserole. Mix soup, Worcestershire sauce, catsup and milk in a saucepan. Heat until bubbly. Pour over meatballs. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for one hour.

—Verlene

SPECIAL PARTY MINTS

- 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar (sifted, then measured)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint, butter or fruit flavoring

Food coloring as desired

Combine ingredients and knead well. Roll into little balls and let dry a bit. Dip each ball into granulated sugar and press into mint molds. Press out onto waxed paper which has been sprinkled with a little granulated sugar.

—Betty Jane

SPICY CHICKEN

- 2 to 3 lbs. chicken pieces
- 1/4 cup flour
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 14 1/2-oz. can tomatoes
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Cooked noodles

Dust chicken with the flour. Melt the margarine in skillet and add the butter flavoring. Brown chicken pieces on all sides. Remove meat and place on paper towel to drain. In the same pan, combine all remaining ingredients except the noodles. Bring to boiling, then add the chicken. Cover and simmer for 40 to 45 minutes, or until meat is tender. Serve sauce over cooked noodles.

—Juliana



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Test of a Good Housekeeper

by
Fran DeCook

At the time I was so mad at the person standing in my kitchen that, had it been possible, I would have thrown him bodily out of the door.

Who did he think he was coming into my kitchen trying to sell me a new vacuum cleaner and then telling me, in the course of our conversation, that he could always tell just what kind of a housekeeper a lady is by the "way the top of her refrigerator looks". If it was neat and uncluttered, he said, she was an excellent housekeeper, if it contained a collection of junk, well... I must say this for him though, he did have the good grace to blush when our eyes met across the top of my refrigerator. No, I did not buy one of his vacuum cleaners.

After the salesman's hasty departure, I poured myself a cup of coffee and sat down at the kitchen table to simmer down a bit. I let my gaze wander about the room and the more I looked the more I began to see, reluctantly, that there was some truth in his statement. No, my house wasn't dirty; the dishes were all done up, the sink was clean and shiny, the white ruffled curtains were crisp and fresh and the floor was as clean as is possible with a family and a couple of pets, then why on earth did it look so messy?

I poured myself another cup of coffee—one can do a heap of thinking over a cup of coffee. I kept pondering the situation as I looked around. Every time my eyes "lit" on the top of the refrigerator, I chafed inwardly. How could such a small space hold so much stuff? I could see the toaster, a cake cover, teapot, cooky jar (where the kids left it after helping themselves to the contents), a bottle of hog medicine that my husband had neglected to put back in the cabinet, a pair of Ruthie's mismatched socks!

So, according to the top of my refrigerator, I was a lousy housekeeper.

The same situation, I soon discovered, existed in the other rooms. In the living room, the television set and the window seat were piled high with papers, magazines, the children's treasures, and more socks. No, my house wasn't dirty, but it sure did look messy. My family, it seemed, as soon as they would come in, tossed everything willy-nilly. They all seemed to think a closet is just

something that came with the house but is entirely superfluous. Even Nip, the family cat, insisted on pushing his private sandbox where I could stumble and fall over it.

While I looked around with these "new" eyes, I suddenly had an inspiration. First, I brought my biggest clothes basket up from the basement. Second, I walked to the refrigerator and swept everything off it into the basket in one swoop. Next, the coffee table got this treatment. I continued around the rooms and soon had the basket overflowing. This done, I stood in the middle of the kitchen and could survey most of the first floor. What a surprise—the house looked wonderful. It was amazing to realize what a devastating effect clutter can have on the overall appearance of an entire house.

Thanks to what seemed to be the thoughtless statement of a total stranger, I have found the key to an orderly house. We now have a new rule—KEEP CLUTTER OFF EVERYTHING. My family doesn't dare put as much as one mismatched sock on top of the frig for fear of dire consequences. Even the cat now keeps his box hidden.

So, if you want to know just how you rate as a housekeeper, take a good long look at the top of your refrigerator; it tells ALL.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

To make an excellent rhubarb juice for canning: take 4 cups washed, diced rhubarb, cover with water and cook until mushy. Strain the juice and add 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup of either orange, pineapple or apricot juice. Bring to a good rolling boil, ladle into sterilized fruit jars and seal. (I have also put the rhubarb and juice into the blender together, whirled and then continued as directed for a thicker, delicious mixture.)

—E.W., Manhattan, Ks.

I clean my garden tools with a soap-filled steel wool pad dipped in kerosene or turpentine. It cleans off rust, too. Since I do this outdoors, the odors from the liquids don't bother or cause danger-

ous fumes. —Mr. J.J., Riverton, Iowa

My two children seemed to find more ways to make messes than anybody else's kids. I've tried to help them have their fun and keep neat, too. I take sponges and cut a hole in the middle of each just the size of their watercolor paint jars. This makes a collar around the jars and keeps them from tipping over. It also catches drips off the brushes for a little distance, at least.

I also found out that two or three tight rubber bands around each drinking glass makes it easier for them to grip and keeps some of the spills from happening. They still knock a glass over now and then, but I still do that myself, so I don't scold.

—M.M., Dexter, Iowa

When my baby was little, I bathed her in the kitchen sink. I had a rubber pad on the bottom so she didn't "skid". A folded bath towel on the drain board gave a perfect place to dry her off. The height of the sink made it so I didn't have to bend over. Now that same daughter has a baby of her own. When I went to visit her yesterday, she had her baby in the bathtub sitting in the infant carrying seat. She had taken out the pad and put in a towel. The baby was very happy and secure while her mother bathed her.

—Mrs. W.A., Red Oak, Okla.

If you have dark-colored appliances in your kitchen (refrigerator, stove, etc.) and they constantly are "finger printed", use car wax to coat them. It really works.



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Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

Books! Books! Books! With so many craft and sewing books on the market it's hard to tell which are really informative, easy to understand and offer unique ideas. After many years of collecting needlework references of all kinds, I've become convinced that there is nothing new under the sun, only variations on a theme. For those just starting their needlework library, who want to add to their shelf, or would like help in choosing a gift, I've reviewed some of the best available today and a few that can be found in libraries, attics, or used-book stores.

First, there is the grandmother of all needlework by Th. de Dillmont, *The Complete Encyclopedia of Needlework*, (Running Press) available now in paperback. It has everything: sewing, embroidery, mending, applique, tapestry, needlepoint, knitting, crochet, lacework, macrame, and much much more. If you were to have only one major reference book, this is the one to have. Priced under \$10, it makes a great gift.

The ultimate embroidery book is, without a doubt, *Erica Wilson's Embroidery Book* (published by Charles

Scribner's Sons). It is a lavishly illustrated volume that includes blackwork and whitework, use of metallic threads, pad stitching and canvaswork (crewel embroidery on needlepoint canvas). Making it more than a book of just instructions on how to do stitches, the author includes a fascinating history and invites you to create by including practical guidelines for designing your own projects.

The only drawback is that it is expensive, but an excellent investment for the serious needleworker.

Bobbin lacework is gaining the interest of craft persons everywhere. Bruges in Belgium was and still remains a famous lace-making town. There are many large and lavish books which give a detailed history of lace making and offer instructions, but most of these are quite expensive. An interesting introduction is a *Guide to Lace-Making* by M.E.W. Milroy (distributed in the United States by Robin and Russ Handweavers, Oregon). It was originally written as an aid to the Girl Guides of Scotland in earning their lace-making badges. It includes ten different lace patterns and takes you from what to buy through finishing your first lace. At under \$5, it is a good buy for those whose interest is just blossoming.

Weaving is also gaining popularity in the United States. In many European countries, the weaving loom is as much a part of the home furnishings as are our sofas. For those interested in floor-loom weaving, Edward F. Worst's *Weaving with Foot-Power Looms* is an invaluable tool. Beginning with warping and ending with almost 300 pattern drafts, there is a section on understanding drafts and each draft is illustrated in black and white. A small section on natural dyes and diagrams on building your own equipment are helpful but by no means complete. A good buy at about \$6.

If you are interested in weaving, it almost seems to follow naturally that an interest in spinning will develop. A handy little book by Bette Hochberg is the *Handspinner's Handbook* (distributed by Straw Into Gold, California). It tells about the different types of spinning wheels, how to care for them and use them easily and effectively. The instructions include not only directions for spinning wool, but mohair, goat, camel, rabbit, silk, linen, cashmere, and even dog and cat hair. A handy little book that is reasonably priced at around \$3.

For home sewers, the books published by the major pattern companies are all quite good and useful. They can range in price from \$2.95 to \$25. Beyond basic sewing books, there is an excellent reference for making clothes of your own creation. It is *How to Make Sewing Patterns* by Donald H. McCunn (available by mail only from Design Enterprises,

Box 27677, San Francisco, California 94127). This book shows you how to measure yourself or others in order to make a basic pattern. With this basic pattern you can create different patterns by following the diagrams in the book for various styles. If you don't want to start from scratch, this is still a very useful guide for altering patterns. If you are hard to fit or want to add or subtract details such as tucks, pleats, ruffles, collars, different sleeves, this is a wonderful book. The book was last advertised at about \$6 plus postage.

My recommendation to crocheters is to keep on looking; I have yet to find one book at a reasonable price that takes the place of the numerous small leaflets and project books on the market. Most dictionaries of crocheting stitches are found in combination with knitting books.

I have not by any means read every book on needlework that exists, but these represent what I feel are informative, different and good values. Enjoy!

SEWING SHORTCUTS

Certain imperfections in my figure have made it necessary for me to make my own clothes for over forty years, especially my housedresses. Then, seven years ago, I lost the partial use of my left hand and arm creating additional difficulties in dressing myself. Because of this, I have worked out many helps and shortcuts that have benefited me immensely so that I now can sew a garment with more ease, and in much less time. These are hints which can help other sewers, handicapped or not.

I buy materials when they are on "special" or in dress-length remnants. I buy enough so I have material for several dresses. Then I begin cutting out the dresses from a simple pattern that I like and that fits me. I put all matching thread, zipper for each garment, and trim in plastic see-through bags with all the pieces for that particular dress.

When I want to put a dress together, I lay the pieces on the dining room table (any flat surface will do), then I sew up all darts and press. Next, attach waist to skirt, back first, then the front (unless waist and skirt are in one piece). You now have two flat pieces to work with. Before sewing up the side seams, finish any pockets and sew them on, also put in the zipper (so much easier to do at this stage). If there is any trim on the front, put it on now. Simple short sleeves—cuffed or hemmed—may also be put in while you are still working with the flat pieces. Before you attach sleeves, sew the shoulder seams together, lay flat, and attach sleeves.

Last of all, stitch up the side seams, put in hem, press, and there you are—a pretty, finished dress in record time!

—Fran DeCook

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POPPIES OF REMEMBRANCE

by
Margaret Jones Ross

The poppies of remembrance which are the red paper flowers we are privileged to wear each year, have been with us for sixty years. The poppy was adopted by both the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion and their Auxiliaries as their official memorial flower. The live poppies which grow wild in France, and the ones we wear, remind us of the sacrifices made by men and women, living and dead, who served in the armed forces.

There is no doubt the poppies were very much a part of the memories of veterans returning home after World War I. The contrast of the red poppies growing among the white wooden crosses in cemeteries in Europe painted a scene which was not easy to forget. The poem, "In Flanders' Field", was written by Colonel John McCrae, immortalized the poppy as a symbol for those who died for the cause of freedom. The response of R.W. Lillard in his poem, "America's Answer", dedicates us, the living, to a continued struggle for freedom.

The first poppies sold in the United States and Europe were for the benefit of children in war-torn France and Belgium. These poppies were sold by the Franco-American Children's League and were made of silk by widows and orphans of French veterans. Probably the first wearing of poppies for remembrance was in New York on November 9, 1918, at the twenty-fifth conference of the Y.M.C.A. In May 1922, the Veterans of Foreign Wars conducted a nationwide sale of poppies made in France. The American Legion conducted its first sale of poppies made in France in the spring of 1923.

A daisy was once the memorial flower of the American Legion and its Auxiliary. At the American Legion National Convention in 1922, the delegates acted to make the poppy their national memorial flower instead of the daisy. The American Legion poppy is made of red crepe paper petals formed around a green crepe paper center.

In February of 1924, the name, *Buddy Poppy*, was registered with the United States Patent Office by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. That organization still has trademark rights of the name *Buddy* under the classification of artificial flowers. The *Buddy Poppy* is made of a circle of glossy red paper, stamped to show seven petals behind a green center. Each poppy design has a paper ribbon stating that the flower was made by a veteran, plus the name of the veterans' organization.

For some persons who were in the armed forces, there is no going home.



The poppies shown are: American Legion poppy on the left, and the Buddy Poppy made by the Veterans of Foreign Wars on the right.

Their injuries, whether physical or mental, have incapacitated them for the rest of their lives. Government programs assist with some of their problems, but it was the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars with their Auxiliaries, who began showing concern by providing care which can change mere existing into living. All money contributed for poppies goes for relief and rehabilitation of veterans and their families. Most of the funds remain in the local organization to be administered as needed.

Hospitalized veterans are now provided with materials by these organizations to make the poppies. Poppies are assembled as part of therapy programs in Veterans' Hospitals in nearly every state. Veterans are paid nominal wages for their work, thus enabling them to earn some money as well as keeping their hands and minds occupied.

Poppy sales are scheduled so that both organizations are not selling poppies at the same time. Sales are held before Memorial Day and before Veterans' Day. The offering of poppies by either the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars is not really a sale. Volunteers do not quote a price for the flowers; each individual must decide the amount of money to spend for the privilege of wearing the poppy. Sadly, the amount contributed averages only about fifteen cents per poppy.

This year, as poppies are offered by either organization and their auxiliaries, let us accept the bright red flowers with compassion and thanksgiving: compassion for the suffering and sorrow caused by wars; thanksgiving for the life we enjoy in our country. Poppies for remembrance are the means of helping those who have tried to secure the peace we all desire, but who cannot now help themselves.

Do not confuse one's accumulation of money with his treasury of happiness.

Fear not to ask the stupid question. That is far better — cheaper, too — than the costly mistake.

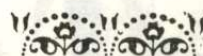
COVER PICTURE

In March, our regular routine was broken by a very brief, but very happy, visit from Betty Jane Tilsen's three daughters. At the left in our cover picture is Naomi Tilsen who flew in from her home in San Francisco. Going clockwise, next to Naomi is Heather Tilsen Baum, then Hanna Tilsen. Heather and Hanna drove down to Shenandoah from their homes in Minneapolis, Minnesota. It was the first time the three sisters had been in the same place for a long, long time.

As you can see, Hawkeye (my Doberman) got into the scene, also. Betty Jane is holding him with a firm hand to keep him quiet enough for this picture.

Now the three girls are back in their respective homes and that short visit seems like a dream.

—Lucile



Great Ideas for Spring

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MAKING A LIVING WITH KID'S PLAY

by
Evelyn Tuller

What's a practical young business woman like Sue Hancock doing in a doll-like world? Making a living in her own home for herself and her young daughter, Mary, and having all the fun that comes from reliving a storybook childhood. Such a trick can be seen in action at Mary Sue's Doll Shop in St. Joseph, Missouri. If that seems like magic equal to pulling a rabbit out of a hat, the welcome mat is out to all who want to indulge their own child-like instincts.

Sue isn't the first young mother to face the problem of making a living for a young baby, but she considers herself fortunate to have found an answer which is now shared with equal enjoyment by both members of the family twosome. Daughter Mary is now a resourceful teenager who mimics her mother's business manner with her own individual charm. But it has not always been as easy as it looks today. In those earlier years,

Sue did children's alterations to provide support for herself and her then two-year-old daughter. It was slow income. As she sewed, she looked toward the future, striving for something which would give faster returns. It was then that her accidental involvement with dolls began.

Sue had developed the idea of costume designing in a group setup where individuals brought their own crafts to a central marketing outlet. A member came in with a china doll she'd made and dressed. Sue examined it carefully, then she remarked, "I think I could do that." The member offered a two-for-one deal—Sue would dress two dolls and keep one to be sold for her own profit.

In time, Sue began experimenting with making her own dolls. When several customers brought in dolls to see if they could be restored, Sue enrolled in a commercial course to learn repairs, then graduated to actually making dolls. Because this can be an expensive craft, Sue began to look for less costly material to use for her dolls. She replaced the commercial china heads with her own creations, going first to wax, then bread dough heads. Sue has now added her own ingredients to the bread dough composition, which she analyzes as "bread and glue, with a couple of my own secrets added to create the color effect for which I'm working".

In increasing numbers, customers asked her to dress dolls for their little girls. She soon found this to be the quickest turnover, and now concentrates much of her business activity on that phase of doll work.

Her daughter, Mary, has grown from the youngster who, like every other little girl, enjoyed having her mother make doll clothes for her, to become a capable partner in the doll shop. She now helps select her own line of merchandise, and has invested her own money in a line of miniatures which includes tools, cars and mini cup-and-saucer sets.

An afternoon in the doll shop is like an afternoon "playing dolls", a short return to childhood in the midst of a workaday world. Sue may be one-up on many of her customers; she doesn't have to leave home for this world of make-believe. When asked if she became bored or weary with the work, if it ever became "just a job", Sue emphasized her negative reply; she enjoys it all. She is grateful for the chance to make their living, and their life, in this particular manner. "Modern parents are paying a horrible price for mothers going out to work," Sue worried. Being available when Mary comes home from school is very important to her. In their cottage-business career, Mary has acquired a grown-up manner, and Sue has continued to hold onto a sort of make-believe quality that at times makes for a



Dough dolls made as hanging ornaments are an imaginative creation which Sue Hancock has developed as a sideline when she has time to spare from her doll-dressing demands. Their size is evident from the size of the hands.

fun-like reversal of roles.

We said goodbye to Sue. As we left the shop, a friend remarked, "Do you know who she looks like? She's just like a Kewpie doll herself."

Perhaps this practical young woman has found the real secret of youth in her doll-like world.

MY GET UP AND GO

How do I know that my youth is all spent? Well, my get up and go has got up and went. But in spite of it all I am able to grin when I stop and recall where my get up has been.

Old age is golden—so I've heard said—but sometimes I wonder when I get into bed, with my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup, my eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself, "Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?" But I'm happy to say, as I close my door, my friends are the same, perhaps even more.

When I was young my slippers were red. I could kick up my heels right over my head. When I grew older, my slippers were blue, but still I could dance the whole night through.

But now I am older, my slippers are black. I walk to the store and puff my way back. The reason I know my youth is all spent, my get up and go has got up and went.

But I really don't mind when I think with a grin, of all the grand places my get up has been. Since I have retired from life's competition, I accommodate myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits, pick up the paper and read the "obits". If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead, so I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed!

—Reprinted from an old
Kitchen-Klatter Magazine



CLOSE TO YOUR HEART ... THE FRESH, BLOOMING LOOK.



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THE MARK OF QUALITY



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

My sister, Amy, operates a "clipping service" for me, regarding books. Recently she sent information from the Ft. Dodge Messenger regarding a book of poetry by Marilyn MacCanon Brown, poet from Wilton, Iowa.

Called an exchange of gifts, the book's title is taken from a line in Rainer Maria Rilke's "Letter to a Young Poet": "Every meeting of persons is an exchange of gifts."

Many of the poems Marilyn Brown has written are an exchange for the love and concern she has been shown by others, including Grayce Nicolaus, whose illustrations appear in the book. Excerpts follow from an exchange of gifts:

"Poem of Presence"

A friend cannot always be there,
But there is a presence shared . . .
which lingers, not trailing off . . .

"The Subpoena"

The rolls are warm and fresh and good
the coffee's brewing as it should
Not significant at all;
whose turn it is to pay a call . . .

"A Poem of Wood and Marriage"

Becoming one is a willingness
to grow together,

This shared and central heart . . .

"Anniversary Poem" (to her parents)

Even your childhoods
are precious to me, as if I knew you
completely.

"A Sample of My Craft: a Poem"

It is like sitting at a table
with each of you,
to bring my poem to this roomful of
friends.

It is my heart in swatches, remnants,
stitched together in words to make a
poem.

Marilyn Brown is a solo artist for the Iowa Arts Council and this book incorporates many of the works which are most requested during her poetry-reading appearances. She has said, "I hope I have been able to contribute something lovely to the book world." She has, beautifully so. (an exchange of gifts is available from Wilton Junction Press, Box 928, Wilton, Iowa 52778, \$6.00.)

A tribute to the American farmer is *From This Earth*, an earlier contribution by Mrs. Brown, with superb photographs by John Zielinski. She knows wherein she speaks. She and her husband live in his grandfather's house where David Brown is the fifth generation to farm the land. She writes:

"If you are rural, you are not remote.
Farmer, you are not an isolated unit, but
a global carrier.

You penetrate and influence the world
and humanity by your very being."

John Zielinski has photographed people all over the world, but he has found some of the most interesting within a hundred miles of his backyard. The Amish, the Mesquakie Indians, the Dutch, the Norwegians, the Czechs—all exist with their customs and heritages in Iowa. He has had a life-long interest in people and enjoys photographing them. *From This Earth* is a touching, warm photo and poetic book of the American farmer. (*From This Earth* is distributed by Interstate Books and can be requested at most Midwestern bookstores. \$3.95)

The Ranchers (Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, New York, \$13.95) is a book of generations by Stan Steiner. For more than thirty years, he has been wandering up and down the dusty back roads of the American West, listening to descendants of the pioneers recall how they have lived out this century on the frontier. These old homesteaders have maintained their faith in a long-gone rural America, an America in which they had to "make do"—with their wit, their ingenuity, the work of their hands, their individualism, their independence.

They talk about cooking without fire, about learning the secrets of dry farming, about struggling against storm and drought, and about how they came to respect the life around them and to cherish the land.

In the prologue to *The Ranchers*, author Steiner writes, "On the plains and mountains of the high country there are hundreds of these ranching families, living on the homesteads that their pioneering ancestors built. They go on ranching in old and new ways, hidden in the nooks and crannies, valleys and flats, of the West, where the countryside has barely changed since wagon-train days. And these families are the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sometimes sixth generation on their place. In one place, on the earth, for all that time. In America, that is a small miracle."

This gives you an idea of the substance in *The Ranchers*. It is a remarkable portrait of men and women living a true American experience. Stan Steiner now lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

With Mother's Day on May 10, I read once again the memories of my mother's life—*Sketches of My Life* by Anna Jacobsen Carlson—which she has compiled for her children and grandchildren. Beginning with her ancestors in Denmark and The Netherlands, she follows with her own life. This is what she has written about her wedding day to my father, C.W. Carlson, in 1917:

"I wore a white voile dress with beaded neckline trim that I had designed and sewed myself. The material cost \$3.00 and the white slippers, \$1.95. I had a pink carnation bouquet. After the wedding I wore some of the flowers in my hair and



Hawkeye, Lucile's Doberman.

the rest with greens were around the wedding cake. Carl wore a navy blue serge suit bought specially for that day. Witnesses were my father and Carl's brother, Ernest. Elizabeth played musical selections. Rev. Grantham married us."

We have a laugh reading how the one-horse cutter tipped in a big snowdrift when Grandpa Jacobsen took the minister back to Rutland, and how the shivaree by friends that evening terrified Mother's little brother, Jes. Incidentally, this was one of those good marriages.

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From Our Family Album

May has long been known as "birthday month" in our family. This picture was taken back in 1955 when some of the members of our family who had May birthdays were together at our parents' home for the occasion. Mother, Leanna Driftmier, had baked the two angel food cakes to celebrate the event.

Holding the first cake in the front row at the left is Donna Lair (now Mrs. Tom Nenneman of Omaha, Nebraska). Next to Donna is Lucile (Mrs. Russell Verness of Shenandoah, Iowa) and holding the second cake is Abigail (Mrs. S. W. Driftmier of Denver, Colorado).

Standing in the back row are, left to right, Dorothy (Mrs. Frank Johnson of Lucas, Iowa), Russell Verness and Mae (Mrs. Howard Driftmier of Shenandoah, Iowa).

There are two rather unusual facts about these birthdays: Mae's birthday is May 15th and her daughter Donna's birthday is May 16th; Russell and Lucile both celebrated their birthdays on May 3rd.

The Driftmier birthday celebrant missing from this picture is Frederick, whose birthday is May 8th. Incidentally, if the picture were taken today, we would add Frederick's granddaughter, Isabel Palo, with a birthday on May 29th and Dorothy's son-in-law, Art Brase, with a May 5th birthday.

Do you wonder that we call May our family birthday month?

A POUND SHOWER FOR THE PREACHER

Many churches like to welcome a new minister with a special reception, or show their gratitude when a pastor is re-assigned to the charge for another year. An old-fashioned pound shower is a delightful and fun way to show appreciation.

Instead of just stacking the groceries brought on a table, try one of these suggestions to make your pound shower a heap of fun. The word "pound" suggests the gifts donated be such as a pound of sugar, pound of butter, pound of coffee, and canned fruits and vegetables. However, any food item will be acceptable.

1. Mrs. Roly Poly Pound: Make Mrs. Roly Poly Pound using a barrel or box for the body, a smaller one for the

head, padding to get the effect of a plump Mrs. Roly Poly. Dress her in full-skirted dress and a fancy bonnet. Fill the barrel with foods donated for the shower. If the figure is arranged upon a freight dolly, it can be wheeled into the fellowship hall when it is time to present the gifts to the minister and wife.

2. Pot of Gold: Decorate fellowship hall with crepe paper streamers to make a rainbow. Place food gifts in a huge "Pot of Gold" at the foot of the rainbow. There could be a program preceding the gift presentation which is centered around the rainbow theme, with various organizations of the church extending their welcomes and a rainbow of good wishes to the parsonage couple.

3. Missionary Barrel: Try to locate a large wooden barrel. Fill the bottom with the foods brought for the pound shower, leaving room in the top of the barrel to be

filled with a collection of castoffs reminiscent of the old mission barrels sent to missionaries in days gone by: out-of-date clothing and household items that will get laughs. The minister and wife are urged to inspect the barrel and to take out and display the articles. You can imagine the laughs as they haul out such items as long-handled underwear, men's spats, old-fashioned dresses, loud neckties, odd hats, sad irons, a washboard, corset, etc. Have a photographer at hand to catch the fun on film for the church history, including the look of relief on the honored couple's faces when they finally come to the goodies in the barrel.

4. Cooking a Parsonage Stew: As guests bring their gifts for the pounding, number each gift. Have ready a huge black iron kettle (or create one with wire netting and black crepe paper) and an over-sized stirring paddle. Large cover-all aprons are put on the minister and wife. They are then handed a "recipe" printed up on a large card. The recipe reads: Church Stew and lists ingredients as 1 cup of #1, 2 cups of #3, 1/2 cup of #4, 3 tablespoons of #5, going on with a list of ingredients. The couple must read the recipe aloud and as each number is called, the person holding the package or can with that number brings it up to present to the couple. Imagine getting peaches and marshmallows for a stew. The couple can then be given a recipe for a salad and a dessert, with equally hilarious results as they are handed navy beans to go in a dessert or a can of turnips for a fruit salad.

TO MOTHER

Thanks, Mother dear, for everything,
For all you've done for me,
For teaching me what's right and wrong,
How I should strive to be.

Thanks for your loving example,
For showing me faith that's true;
I'm grateful and I'm glad to say:
Thank you for being you. —Inez Baker

YOU CAN GO HOME — Concluded
reluctantly said goodbye and walked out to the car. As we pulled out of the driveway, I looked back. The lights were shining brightly through the stained-glass windows with their jewel-like colors. As we moved down the road I could see that one by one, the lights were being turned out, until the church stood lit only by a full moon. Soon we were far enough away that I could see it no more. No matter, the brilliance of that singularly marvelous country church lives in the life of every person who has ever been a part of its existence.

Thomas Wolfe says we cannot go home again, but he is wrong. I proved that when I returned to Penn Center and discovered it was the same loving, friendly, spiritually alive fellowship of my childhood.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Is your garden space too small? Then look to "vertical gardening". Many plants that require big spaces because of their rambling growth habits can be trained to grow straight up on trellises, fences and other supports. Staking tomatoes or confining the plants to wire cages can give heavy yields in much less space than regular row planting. *Grow Nets* can be purchased at a reasonable price and because they are made of weather-resistant nylon, the nets can be saved and used again and again. You can grow a fine crop of cucumbers, some squash and melons on this netting if it is stretched between sturdy posts.

My husband sometimes puts up heavy wire mesh fence in the last row at the edge of our rectangular garden area. The fence runs the long way and north to south so that it gets sunlight in the forenoon and afternoon. Also, it does not shade the vegetables growing beside it. Along this stretch of fence, we grow pole beans, sugar snap peas, cucumbers and sometimes muskmelons. Since it is on the outer edge of the garden, it does not interfere with cultivating and the fruits are much easier to harvest.

A reader writes, "Only the cost prevents me from buying one of the compost-making deals offered in the garden aid sections of several catalogs. A compost heap looks so unsightly even if located in an out-of-the-way place in the back yard. Can you tell me if I can make a bin or something to confine wastes that would do the job at less cost? I will be anxiously waiting for your reply in the 'Joy of Gardening' column."

Get some salvage planks or sturdy boards and build a compost bin. You will need six sturdy two-by-four pieces three feet long. Several planks or boards will be needed to form the sides and one end of the bin. Be sure to nail the boards on the inner edges of the frame to give added strength. Make the bin about six feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. Leave the south end open.

You can set up cement building blocks in the above size and shape to make a neat compost bin. This is a convenient size to dispose of vegetable and kitchen wastes (no grease), leaves and lawn clippings. Start piling materials at the front and fill toward the back last. If it doesn't rain often, hose the pile and speed the process by fork-turning from time to time. Nature will soon reduce the pile to rich compost.

There is more adventure in *doing* than in all the dreams of a lifetime.

What the mind can perceive the hand can achieve.

FLOWERS ARE FOR PICKING

There are two great qualities about a garden in full bloom—the freedom a little fellow feels as he plucks and sniffs a whole fistful of flowers, and the sweet moment when he gives the flowers to his mother. Quickly she forgets his earlier pranks as she puts his gift into a vase on the windowsill, and her heart sings for the rest of the day.

Most children soon learn to leave the special blooms alone and pick only in the annual patch where marigolds, zinnias, and nasturtiums benefit from the shearing. Explain to even the youngest child which flowers are for picking and which must stay in the garden. Give him his own small section of each and watch how carefully he cares for it.

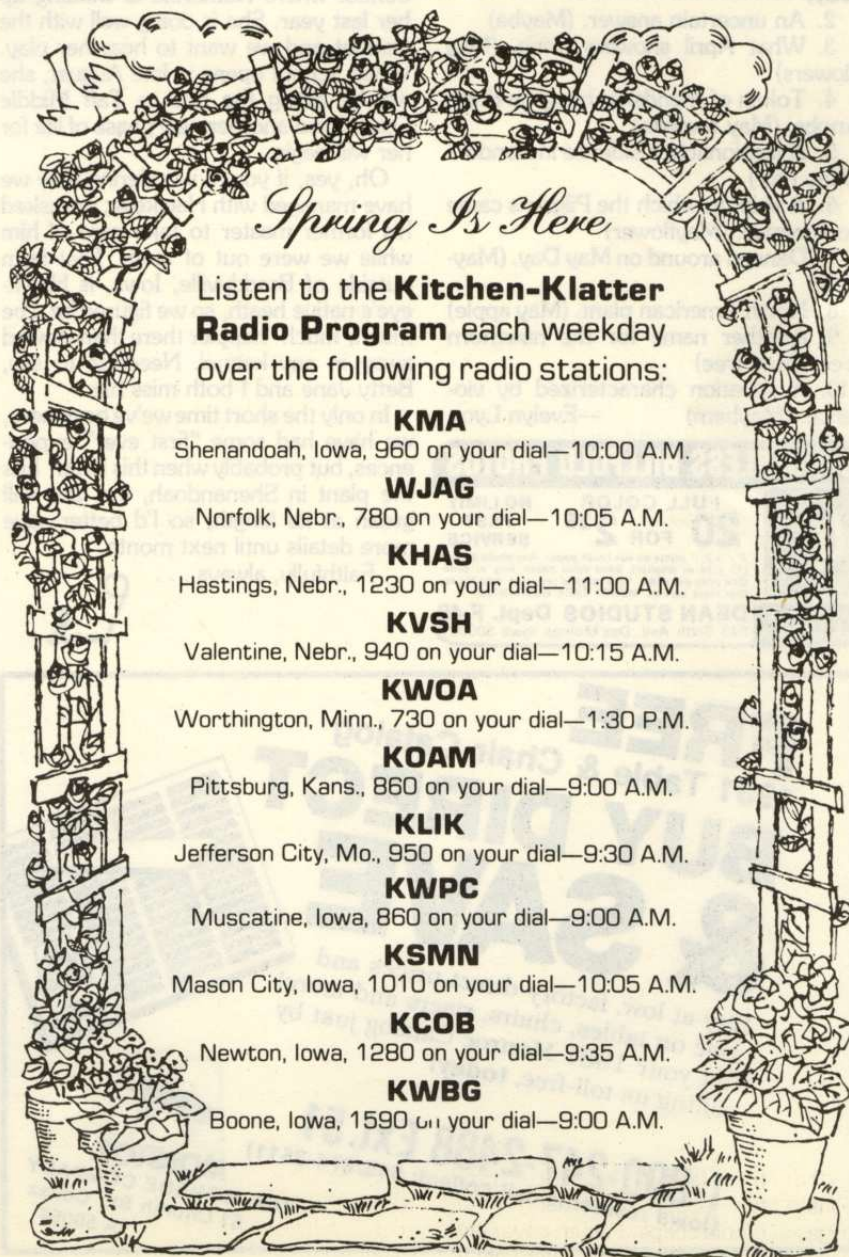
One little girl I know learned the hard way. She just couldn't resist a bed of carnations in front of the house of the

sternest lady on the block. That night a phone call gave her mother quite a different reaction from that of joyous discovery. It was scary marching up to the lady's door the following morning to recite an apology; the girl tended to feel guilty about picking any flowers for years and years after that experience.

Adults gain much from a flower garden, also. Plant a patch of annual cutting flowers. Arrange them in pretty vases and put around the house, or even plop them in a drinking glass if time is short and enjoy the casual effect.

If you don't have a profusion of flowers, take a trip to the ditches, timbers or meadows beside a country road and gather weeds to make interesting bouquets. Later they can be dried and will last all winter.

If at all possible, plant plenty of annuals; picking flowers is half the fun of growing them.
—Monica Brandies



DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
the creek for several days until the bayou is thawed out. The ice has been gone since the middle of February. Everything seems to be off schedule this year because of the unusually warm weather which came so early.

Kristin and her family are all well and busy. Andy's junior-senior prom was scheduled for the first week in April which seems early; there are so many last-minute activities in May the schools must be having the proms earlier these days.

Much cleaning up needs to be done in our yard so I hope to have enough time left today to get a little work done in that area. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

ALL ABOUT MAY

1. The first day of May is called. (May Day)
2. An uncertain answer. (Maybe)
3. What April showers bring. (May flowers)
4. Token of friendship hung on door-knobs. (May baskets)
5. A fashionable residence in London. (May Fair)
6. A ship on which the Pilgrims came to America. (Mayflower)
7. Danced around on May Day. (May-pole)
8. North American plant. (May apple)
9. Another name for the hawthorn tree. (May tree)
10. A situation characterized by violence. (Mayhem)

—Evelyn Lyon

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
say that he has mighty poor pickings around here.

Katharine has made and decorated three very beautiful and delicious cakes since we have been here. (Cake decorating is one of her 4-H projects.) She is only ten, so I told her the other day that even though I'd baked and decorated hundreds and hundreds of cakes through the years, I had never once been able to turn out such beauties.

(Right now I must thank those of you who so kindly sent the newspaper clippings about Noted Women of Iowa and the account of Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh's pioneer experience with 4-H. Katharine was very thrilled to have them.)

Betty Jane and I have had a chance to see several old friends since we've been here. Now we are looking forward to attending a band concert at old Mission School where Katharine is winding up her last year. She is doing well with the clarinet and we want to hear her play. When school opens in late August, she will be riding the bus to Taft Middle School and another new phase of life for her will begin.

Oh, yes, if you're wondering how we have managed with Hawkeye; we asked his former master to take care of him while we were out of town. That farm outside of Braddyville, Iowa, is Hawkeye's native heath, so we figured he'd be much, much happier there than stowed away in any kennel. Needless to say, Betty Jane and I both miss him.

In only the short time we've been here, we have had some "first ever" experiences, but probably when this letter hits the plant in Shenandoah, the girls will groan at its length, so I'd better save more details until next month.

Faithfully, always . . .

Lucile

SAVING TIPS

Having been a homemaker over fifty years, through good times and bad, I have some money-saving tips to share. Get out your cookbooks and look for one-dish meals. As a general rule, one-burner cooking utilizes cheaper cuts of meat, making for a double saving.

Save every tidbit of meat and vegetables in a jar in the freezer. When a goodly amount is there, put it all in a pot, add some tomatoes and extra onion for flavor, and cook slowly for a rib-sticking soup. Make some muffins or French bread to serve with it and it won't seem like a meal of leftovers at all!

Save bits of fruit and dabs of jelly and use for gelatin salads, puddings, or as filling for rolls and coffeecakes. Stale cake crumbs or cooky crumbs also make good fillings.

When cooking potatoes, always cook more than needed. Refrigerate to use for adding to stews, for creaming, or frying.

Some stews and casseroles will cook just as nicely in a heavy pan on a top burner rather than heating the whole oven. When the oven is in use and space permits, bake apples, puddings or potatoes for future use.

Introduce your family to new soups and stews, maybe a hand-me-down recipe from your family background. There is nothing better to greet your family in the evening than the smell of a good soup simmering. Consider chicken and noodles, dumplings, roast beef hash, scrambled eggs with bits of leftover ham or bacon, corned beef and cabbage, sauerkraut and pork or wieners—all fine one-dish meals.

Cut buns in half and quickly dip in milk, then bake in a 200-degree oven for an hour for mouth-watering rusks.

In our affluent times, many younger homemakers have never had to save on little things. It is surprising how the small savings do add up on foods, as well as electricity or gas. A really good cook is the one who can utilize what is available and turn it into mouth-watering good eating. Our ancestors had to live this way with no box-ready mixes or frozen foods at their disposal.

So, find new eating enjoyment, and save as much as possible from that ever-dwindling pocketbook. —Vern Berry

A GARDEN'S MADE

Man plows and plants and sows and weeds,

He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air
And thus a garden's made.

He must be brave who tills the soil
And cultivates the sod,
Blending his thoughts with energy
And thankfulness to God.

—Verna Sparks

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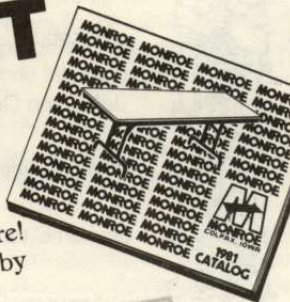
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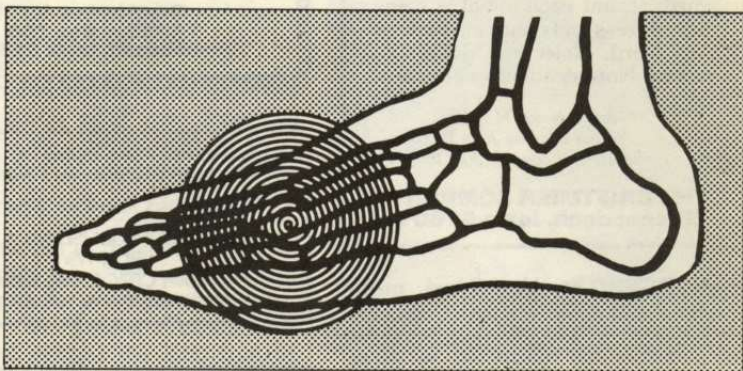
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