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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Lucile has asked me to use her space this month.

I hope the first part of this summer has been as delightful for you as ours has been for us. Our daughter, Kristin, and two of her sons, Aaron and Julian, have been here and there hasn't been a dull moment. I think I'll go back to the time just before their arrival and tell you all about it.

The Monday morning Kristin left Chadron, Nebraska, for Iowa, Frank and I woke up to find we were surrounded by water. We had had a torrential down-pour in the night, and all I could think of was how thankful I was that the evening before, when it started to sprinkle, I decided to bring three cows and their new calves up from the bottom and put them in a lot on high ground "just in case". Kristin was staying the first night of her trip in Grand Island with Art's brother and wife, Don and Mary Brase, and the second night with Lucile in Shenandoah. We knew if we didn't have any more rain it would be possible for her to get here as planned. It worked out just that way, so they arrived in time for dinner Wednesday noon. By that time the water had receded and they were able to drive right in.

Kristin's Uncle Raymond Halls had been here visiting for a couple of weeks and hadn't planned to stay another week until he heard Kristin was coming. He changed his plans so he could see her and the boys. It had been years since he had seen Kristin. Aaron was about four the last time the Brases visited Edna and Raymond in Roswell; he had never seen Julian. We had asked Raymond to come for dinner and to come early so he could be here when they arrived. (Bernie couldn't come for dinner, but she came for supper and Raymond also stayed.)

Everyone who had seen Aaron last summer when he visited us, has been surprised to see how tall he has grown. He is only twelve and is five-foot-eight

inches tall. If this growth spurt keeps up, he shouldn't have any trouble getting on the basketball team when he gets to high school and college. Julian had grown only about an inch since he was here last summer, but he is huskier and seems much older.

Aaron has been good to help his grandpa do the chores. I think he actually appreciated having Frank ask him to help because he gets tired of entertaining and playing with Julian. Julian wants to be with Aaron all the time because he misses his own playmates. Aaron is very good to him; it has given Kristin a great sense of relief knowing she doesn't have to keep her eye on Julian all the time and is free to help her dad with the projects he has wanted to get done. Frank hasn't felt up to par for some time, and Kristin came with the intention of helping him get some of the things done that have been worrying him.

Aaron is old enough to be trusted with the riding lawn mower so I taught him how to operate it. It is lots of fun for him so he is keeping our yard in good shape. He and Kristin both do the trimming, so this has relieved me of all the yard work while they are here.

The boys have had a lot of fun fishing and Kristin has been going with them in the evenings. In between times, they have been busy cleaning and picking up the debris left by the high water and have piled up enough logs and sticks to have a big bonfire or two. (Just when Frank thinks it has dried out enough to burn we get another rain.) Hopefully, they will get their big bonfire and wiener roast before they go home. They have had one small fire and wiener roast and this has kept them satisfied.

All the rain has created extra fun for the boys because both of the ditches that run through our timber to the bayou have had enough water running in them to make building dams worthwhile. They also look forward to the weekends when our friend, Peggy Dyer of Des Moines, is here. She takes them fishing and also takes them for rides on her horse (the one we take care of for her).

When Kristin was here last summer, she didn't have the opportunity to get together with Mary Leanna and her children from Bellevue, Nebraska. I was determined to make it possible for these cousins to see each other this year. I called Mary Lea and we found a day we could all be in Shenandoah. We met at Margery Strom's, had a picnic dinner at the park so the children could play, then went to Lucile's home. Later we went back to Margery's where Howard and Mae Driftmier came for coffee. So we got to have at least a short visit with everyone before we headed back to Lucas.

Last year I wanted to take Aaron on the Cinder Path but I had only one bicycle. This year I have a new bicycle and



It's been quite a long spell since we have had a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Art Brase to share with you with not a son in sight! This was taken about the time the Brases made their final decision to move from Chadron, Nebr., to Torrington, Wyo. Both of them will be enjoying the challenge of carrying very complex schedules.

we fixed a seat on the back of my old one for Julian. At 9:30 one morning I left Kristin and the boys with the two bikes at the entrance to the Cinder Path in Chariton, and told them I would meet them with the pickup in Derby at noon nine-and-a-half miles away. This gave them plenty of time to stop and see all the interesting things that have been built along the way and rest once in awhile. Our timing was perfect—they came off the trail just as Dorothea Polser and I pulled up, and they couldn't have been more enthused about their trip.

We had an errand to do in Humeston, so after the bikes were loaded in the pickup, we drove on to a restaurant there and ate dinner and took care of our business. On the way home, Kristin and Aaron decided they wanted to take the trail back to Chariton. They unloaded the bikes, left Julian with us this time, and took off. I had to go back to Chariton to pick them up and this time they had to wait for me about ten minutes.

Kristin was hoping I would have time to do a little sewing for her while she was here, so she made a deal with me—she would cook and do dishes if I would sew for her. I got one pair of slacks and a slack suit made for her, and one shirt for Julian. I promised Aaron I would make matching shirts for him and Andy, but I had too many interruptions to get those done. I will make them later and put them in the mail. I have another slack suit and two pairs of slacks to make for Kristin too, but that will also have to come later.

Kristin and the boys will be leaving in a

(Continued on page 22)

KEEP A DIARY

by
Agnes W. Thomas

"Mom, you aren't planning to throw these away, are you?" asked Tom, as he helped me pack my belongings. "Someday I may write the story of your life, and these will come in handy."

Tom, second oldest of my four sons, was referring to a stack of diaries dating back more than forty years. The oldest ones, written in pencil on yellow tablet paper, were now faded and musty with age. Some were ten-cent composition books and the latest were regular diaries, leatherbound and fancy.

My husband had recently died, and I was preparing to move from a large house to a small apartment. Because of the lack of storage space, I was trying to discard many of my possessions. But I'm glad I listened to my son and kept the diaries.

A few days later Tom and his wife had a disagreement about the day of their wedding.

"I know it was on Friday," said Tom, "because I had to work that day and I never work on Saturday."

"It was Saturday," said his wife. "We had to be sure the janitor could work that night to get the church cleaned up for worship services the next day!"

"We'll just call Mom and ask her to get out her diary and settle our argument," Tom decided.

As it turned out, Mary was right, but Tom explained it all by saying, "Oh, it was the *rehearsal* that took place Friday night. I knew we were at the church on Friday."

Just yesterday a friend called and asked if I still wrote in my diary every day, and if I would please check to settle a dispute for her. I checked my diary and found the date she needed.

Keeping a day-by-day record of events in your life may sound boring, but a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction can be found in recording events, activities, and observations. Besides using my diary to help settle disputes, I enjoy expressing my thoughts and ideas on paper for future reference.

Having been interested in writing since I was about twelve, I delighted in telling "Dear Diary" some of my private thoughts. My wise mother warned me to be careful what I wrote. She explained that although one's diary was supposed to be personal and private, with eleven other children in the family, I could never be sure that I would be the only one reading what I wrote.

"Think twice before you express your thoughts," she advised, "and never write anything you might be ashamed of later."

I tried to remember her advice when I started dating, but had difficulty expressing my feelings with the idea that



This snapshot of Oliver and Margery Strom was taken at Frank and Dorothy Johnson's farm when the Stroms visited there earlier in the summer.

they were open for others to read. Soon I learned to use a kind of secret code or mark that would indicate how I felt about my current boyfriend. In this way, I continued with my diary-keeping through high school and college.

My sixteen-year-old granddaughter likes to read about my school days and compare them with hers. "Five-cent chocolate bars? And ten-cent comic books! My, they were the good old days, weren't they?"

As a parent, I found that a daily journal provided accurate records of children's growth, diseases, and development. Although I was busy with the rearing of four sons, I always found time to record their special achievements.

Diary-keeping might be compared to visiting a psychoanalyst. It sometimes allows us to ventilate our guilts or faults. Admitting our shortcomings in private may not take the place of a personal apology (if one should be made) but it could be one step toward confession.

Some of my friends say they are reluctant to start a diary because there are bound to be some sad events and painful entries which are difficult to write. True, no one lives in total happiness all the time, and it isn't easy to write about the death of a child or a mate, but if we are honest, we must record such events. Although writing about happiness is much easier than writing about pain, sometimes putting our grief into words can help us cope with tragedy.

Reading other people's diaries is like reading a history of their lives. When my elderly aunt died recently, I inherited her books, clippings, scrapbooks, photo albums and diaries. I enjoyed reading all of her papers, and was surprised to find that she had won Teacher of the Year awards several times, but she never told anyone about the honor. I was also shocked to learn that her salary as a public school teacher had been twenty-five dollars per month.

Although I like to think that future generations may enjoy some of my

recordings, keeping a diary offers more than pleasure for my descendants; it is a present joy. It not only gives me a record of events I want to remember, it also lets me practice expressing my thoughts on paper. Reading my daily record reminds me of the things I should have done, but didn't. If, at the end of the day I cannot put down one kind deed, I count that day lost, and resolve to do better tomorrow.

So, the next time you're out shopping, pick up a notebook and start recording the daily events in your life. Include your secret thoughts and aspirations. Future generations may rise up and call you blessed.

EASY PAINTING

It is not necessary to buy expensive paint for your young "artist".

Shaving cream makes excellent material for finger painting—and it smells good for added pleasure. Construction paper, an aerosol can of shaving cream, some colored powder paint to sprinkle here and there will satisfy the child. Cleanup is extremely easy because shaving cream has a soapy base.

Another unusual but ordinary material for the juvenile artist is liquid starch. Supply dark construction paper, a large brush, and a bowl or pan of liquid starch and let the young artist brush to his heart's content. Cleaning up is a little sticky, but this product is pleasant to work with.

—Evelyn Witter

A BROOMSTICK

An old broomstick can still be very useful, even when you can no longer sweep with the broom part.

Cut the broom head off to make a walking cane for the elderly.

Keep the broom head on and create a horse for a youngster to ride. Draw the features of a horse on some heavy paper, cardboard, or a paper bag, put it over the main part of the broom, and you have a horse's head.

With or without the broom head, a broomstick can decorate your garden; paint the handle a bright color and cover the broom head with plastic flowers. Vines can climb it, flowers or vegetables grow around it, and birds perch on it for a short rest.

—Annette Lingelbach

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



DOG DAYS FUN FARE

For Kids of All Ages

by
Mabel Nair Brown

The *Dog Days of Summer* is a fun theme for an August party. It will be easy to plan a relaxed afternoon or evening with an informal get-together for kids of any age.

Play up the "Dog Days" theme by decorating the area for the party with large, stuffed toy dogs, ceramic dogs and dog pictures. Beforehand, use your tape recorder and get some sounds of neighbors' barking dogs to play back during the fun. Some of the guests may even wonder if the barking came from their own dogs.

Help the guests think cool by arranging fans to blow cool breezes across a block of ice or around a fountain. A fan could also set wind chimes to tinkling for a refreshingly cool sound.

One fun event for any age group could be the staging of a "Dog Show". Ask each guest who owns a dog to bring the pet to the party. Have a "show and tell" time to look over the pets. Awards could be given (probably a dog bone) to: 1. the smallest dog, 2. dog with the longest tail, 3. best mannered, 4. ugliest, 5. most dignified, 6. most mischievous and 7. most protective. Blue, red and white ribbons could also be given in a mock presentation ceremony.

Such a summer party could include a swimming session in a nearby pool and then continue in a park or on a shady lawn.

Guests can be invited to come to the party dressed in swim clothes (or bring them along and change after arriving). Have easy chairs on the lawn and space for those who wish to sit on the grass to do so. Turn on the lawn sprinkler for a cooling-off time. Children can be part of this type of fun as they run and play in the refreshing spray.

GAMES

Chow Time: Purchase two new inexpensive plastic dog dishes, plastic spoons and a box of cereal which resembles dog food. Use two couples to compete against each other. Blindfold one

player from each pair and have him stand behind a chair on which his sighted partner is seated. At leader's signal, the partner on the chair feeds the cereal from the doggie bowl in her lap to the partner behind the chair, reaching the spoonful of cereal up over her shoulder to do so. The couple to get their "chow" eaten first wins a prize of a box of dog food or a doggie dish. (This can have variations as to positions of the players.)

Dog Race: Each side passes a doggie dish heaped high with dog biscuits from the leader down the line and back again. Only the palm of the hand can be used by each player, and the dish must be passed over the head to the next in line with no spilling of biscuits. If biscuits are spilled, the dish can be sent back to the beginning or a demerit can be given to that side. Getting the dish from the palm of one hand to the palm of another is a "doggone" good maneuver!

Ball Throw: Make a dog face in the side of a large cardboard box. Cut a big opening where the mouth would be. Have players take turns throwing the ball at the dog and see how many can get the ball through the dog's mouth.

Leash the Dog: In advance of the party, hide short lengths of string. Have guests choose partners and, on a signal, go hunting for the string. As they find the strings, they tie them together. The couple having the longest leash at the end of the time limit (10 minutes is good) wins a toy pooch.

What Cur Am I? Quiz: 1. A cur in charge? (Curator) 2. A college cur? Curriculum) 3. A cur who knows good leather? (Currier) 4. A horse's cur? (Curry) 5. A cur that conceals? (Curtain) 6. A very polite cur? (Curtsy) 7. An inquisitive cur? (Curious) 8. A timely cur? (Current) 9. A cur to put an end? (Curfew) 10. A cur in the highway? (Curve) 11. A winged cur? (Curlew) 12. A valuable cur? (Currency)

REFRESHMENTS

Since dogs do not use silverware, it is

fun to serve refreshments which are finger foods. Open-faced sandwiches, dog biscuits (cookies) or dog-shaped sugar cookies, chunks of watermelon and cantaloupe, any fruit which can be eaten with the fingers, etc. Iced tea or punch can be served in the small margarine tubs with directions that all dogs lap up their beverages so the guests should do the same.

Undoubtedly the most appropriate food for such a party would be *hot dogs*. These could be boiled and kept hot in a bun warmer or slow-cooking pot, or the guests could cook them over an outdoor grill.

SUMMER POINT GAME

by
Marjorie Richards

Leader reads point-qualifying sentence. Players score points.

1. Had visiting relatives stay overnight 3 points
2. Made homemade ice cream in a hand-cranked freezer 2 points
3. Went on a picnic 1 point
4. Made chokecherry jelly .. 2 points
5. Went swimming at least once .. 1 point
6. Attended a circus 3 points
7. Went to a county fair ... 2 points
8. Taught Bible school 10 points
9. For each sidewalk sale you've been to 1 point
10. Made watermelon pickles . 1 point
11. Took a vacation in your own state 3 points
12. Drank a glass of lemonade today 1 point
13. Went to a softball game . 2 points
14. Got up with the sun at least once 5 points
15. Took a vacation to another state 2 points
16. Played tennis 1 point
17. Made a gladioli arrangement ... 3 points
18. Entertained in the yard .. 2 points
19. Took a sunbath 4 points
20. Cleaned the garage 3 points
21. Took a vacation to a foreign country 1 point
22. Swung in a hammock ... 3 points
23. Played croquet 3 points
24. Gone Sunday driving ... 2 points
25. Wondered where the summer is going 1 point
26. Been to a rodeo 2 points
27. Entertained the preacher 2 points
28. Made sun tea 1 point
29. Sewed a sundress 2 points
30. Prefect attendance at church . 10 points

Players total points. Winner has highest number of points. Suggested prizes: picnic items (paper plates, cups, forks, spoons, napkins, etc.).





—Photo by Boone News Republican
The Mamie Doud Eisenhower Birthplace in Boone, Iowa.

The Boone Legacy by Laurie Kristiansen

Nestled in between two white frame houses on a tree-shaded street in Boone, Iowa, sits a quiet, unassuming home. Its quaint turn-of-the-century exterior is subtly highlighted by a wrought iron fence which surrounds the house.

More than 15,000 pairs of feet have walked the brick path to the doorway of this simple home since it opened last summer. And it is this home that also bears the distinction of being one of only two first ladies' birthplaces to be restored in the United States.

Since its restoration and dedication in June of 1980, the Mamie Doud Eisenhower Birthplace has proven to be a very popular tourist attraction in the central Iowa town of Boone. The home has been toured by thousands of visitors from all fifty states and over twenty countries since opening. In addition, many school classes and other groups have had the experience of visiting Mamie's birthplace.

Mamie Doud Eisenhower, wife of Dwight D. Eisenhower, thirty-fourth President of the United States, traced her simple beginnings back to Boone and this house on a typical Iowa November day in 1896. Although Mamie's birthplace was nothing more than a modest frame structure that was built in the late 1880's, it was always home for the small-town Iowa girl. Mamie traveled worldwide and was recognized by dignitaries from all corners of the earth, but always claimed Boone as her home, and never forgot her Midwestern roots.

Five years of restoration work went into the home that sits across the street from its original site. Visitors can admire its 1890 vintage furnishings. Many of the

pieces of furniture in the house are authentic period pieces that came from Mamie's Uncle Joel's home. Like many dwellings of its era, the house has two bedrooms, a dining area, kitchen and pantry. To the rear of the home is also a summer kitchen where the family prepared much of the food and also did washing and other chores in the hot Iowa summer months.

Another especially interesting feature of the home is the master bedroom. The room is furnished with the same furniture that was there when Mamie was born. On permanent loan from the Colorado Historical Society is a commode and the oak bed in which Mamie was born.

The birthplace restoration committee also built a museum and collected memorabilia from Mamie's life and the Eisenhower era. One whole wall is lined with display cases depicting Mamie's life from her birth, and includes her original baptismal certificate. The exhibit traces her years with Ike, visits to Boone, and her death in 1979.

The Mamie Doud Eisenhower Birthplace has captured a bit of America. It's a well-preserved legacy that invites you to step back and relive a piece of history.

The home is open most months, Tuesday through Sunday, from one to five p.m., and by special appointment.

Each person alive has his or her own clock of life ticking away the minutes, months, and years. Make use of that ticking time now! Who knows when your clock must stop.

FANNIE FARMER

A woman who lived back in the Gay Nineties made an impact on the kitchen that is still being felt today. She was the indomitable Fannie Farmer.

Fannie grew up in the era when a woman's place was considered to be in the home. She was forced to leave high school when she became ill with a paralysis which made it difficult for her to walk for the remainder of her life.

When she was nearly thirty years old, Fannie returned to school. She decided to attend a vocational school where immigrant girls were taught the rudiments of cooking. Fannie was a plain, shy girl who had little encouragement.

After her graduation, Fannie was offered the position of assistant principal of the cooking school. At the end of two years, she was made principal.

In 1896, at the age of thirty-nine, Fannie Farmer made culinary history by writing *Fannie Farmer's Cookbook*. It was the first time a cookbook had been prepared with exact measurements, concise directions as to how a recipe was to be prepared, how long it was to cook and how many people it would serve. To women who had previously been faced with directions such as, "butter the size of a walnut", "a pinch", "a handful" and "a smidgeon", Fannie Farmer's book was a whole new world of cooking. Homemakers loved it!

Getting her book published wasn't easy. When she visited publishers with her manuscript, they refused to print such a book by an unknown author. She finally put up the production money herself and one publishing house agreed to print the book. Fannie's cookbook became the best selling non-religious book the world had ever seen.

Fannie's cookbook is said to have sold over four million copies to date. It has been sold all over the world and has been updated from time to time to include modern methods. From the time of its publication, Fannie Farmer became a celebrity. She gave weekly lectures, wrote columns in national women's magazines and had a national chain of candy shops named after her.

Later, Fannie opened her own cooking school. She worked especially with diets for invalids and the ill. She taught in over twenty schools of nursing and was the first woman to lecture at Harvard Medical School. Dr. Joslin, who made many of the early discoveries about diabetes and insulin, credits Miss Farmer with getting him interested in such research.

In 1903, at the height of her success, Fannie Farmer fell victim to the illness which put her in a wheelchair for the remainder of her life. Until her death in 1915, she continued her lectures and demonstrations from a wheelchair. She was truly a heroine among women.



This picture was taken at Battleship Cove, Fall River, Massachusetts, a place where Betty and Frederick take many of their house guests to show them the sights. Betty Driftmier is on the left and the other two people pictured are Mr. and Mrs. John Lang of Calgary, Alberta, Canada. The Langs, who are the parents of Sophie Lang Driftmier, spent several days with Frederick and Betty last June. Incidentally, Sophie and David Driftmier are now also settled in Calgary.

RETIREMENT TIME

by
Ruth Townsend

Are you thinking of retiring, have you already retired, or is retirement still a few years ahead? No matter, retirement is often in our minds, since Americans in general now look forward to a longer life than they did even a few years ago.

Many people equate retirement with freedom, especially freedom to move. It's a time to get out the atlas and the travel folders and think about places to go. If it's a trip and not a permanent move, the decisions aren't so difficult, but if a permanent move is ahead, it's time to do some serious thinking and careful planning.

According to research done at Iowa State University, there are four facts which should be considered before pulling up stakes: climate, taxes, family and friends, and status.

First, think "climate". Climate is mentioned by most people when they think of retirement, especially if they live in an area where the winters are cold. I remember my widowed grandmother saying, "I can't wait to retire myself and my snow shovel; I'm going to Florida." She liked it fine. However, not everyone likes an always-warm climate. Try to visit the place where you are thinking of living and see if you really like it. A trial run might save you making a move and then finding you don't like the weather as well as you thought you might.

Second, consider taxes. Perhaps you want to retire someplace where the taxes are not so high. There are very few

places where taxes are minimal but there are some areas where property taxes are quite low. If you find such a place and are interested in it, be sure there are needed public services, such as special programs for the elderly and good transportation. Frequently, places with low taxes are also low on public services. A place with slightly higher taxes might suit you better in the long run.

Third, remember that where you live is more than a house or apartment—it's a community. How much do you value being near your friends? Are some of your family members close to where you live now? How comfortable do you feel about making new friends in a new community? Will you miss the activities and organizations you've been associated with where you now live? Take an honest look at your life style and your feelings before you pull out of a community where you have lived for a period of time.

Finally, consider status. The word "status" here does not mean trying to be better than other people. It means that you have a place in the community and are known by a good many people. In most strange cities, no one would know you at first. Would it bother you that there would be no acquaintances around to "vouch for you"? Would you feel insecure without relatives or friends?

Pulling up roots when you retire works great for some people but not for everyone. Check out your options and your feelings carefully before making a decision, then you will be happier whether the decision is made to move or to stay where you are.

GAMES

Houses: Can you name these houses?

1. What many women are. (housewives)
2. What sailors look for. (lighthouse)
3. Grand music is heard here. (opera house)
4. The law and justice (courthouse)
5. A little girl's toy (doll house)
6. Seen on the water (houseboat)
7. Found at the amusement park (fun house)
8. The English Parliament (The House of Lords and The House of Commons)
9. Free (on the house)
10. For poultry (chicken house)
11. The United States Congress. (House of Representatives)
12. It's awfully cold. (icehouse)
13. For a dog (doghouse)
14. A boy's delight (tree house)
15. A well-trained pet (housebroken)
16. Strong (powerhouse)
17. For Japanese food and entertainment. (teahouse)
18. Where meats are cured. (smoke-house).

—Annette Lingelbach

Know Your Numbers: Fill in blanks with correct number.

1. ____ strings on a violin (4)
2. ____ Wonders of the World (7)
3. Cat has ____ lives. (9)
4. Tale of the ____ Cities (2)
5. ____ -Year Itch (7)
6. ____ Commandments (10)
7. ____ Island dressing (1000)
8. ____ stars in the U.S. flag (50)
9. "Bicycle Built for ____" (2)
10. Spirit of ____ (76)
11. Behind the ____ ball (8)
12. At the stroke of ____ (12)
13. Superstitious Friday the ____ (13th)
14. ____ Blessed Sacraments (7)
15. ____ keys on a piano (88)
16. ____ -ring circus (3)
17. Wonderful age of sweet ____ (16)
18. ____ -legged race (3)
19. ____ -H Club (4)
20. ____ score and ____ years ago (4, 7)

—Norma Tisher

Women in Music: Complete the song titles by adding the correct woman's name.

1. "Sweet ____ O'Grady" (Rosie)
2. "____ O'Neill" (Peggy)
3. "My Darling ____ Gray" (Nellie)
4. "I Wonder What's Become of ____" (Sally)
5. "I'll Take You Home Again, ____" (Kathleen)
6. "Goodnight, ____" (Irene)
7. "Thoroughly Modern ____" (Millie)
8. "____! Sweet as Apple Cider" (Ida)
9. "Little ____ Rooney" (Annie)
10. "____ 's a Grand Old Name" (Mary)

(Continued on page 23)

HANDY NAIL POLISH: IT'S FOR MORE THAN NAILS

by
Erma Reynolds

If you think nail polish is just to beautify and protect fingernails, you're wrong. It has a variety of other handy uses, and here's just a sampling:

Do you inevitably pull the wrong cord when about to open drapes or Venetian blinds? You'll know at a glance which cord to use if you identify one by painting the end with nail polish.

Put a dab of nail polish on the back of panty hose to distinguish which is the front or back.

Paint your name (or initials) with nail polish on a clip clothespin. Carry the pin in your purse. When you have to leave your overshoes or boots with a collection of similar footwear, clip yours together with the initialed clothespin. Then, when you're ready to leave, your boots can be located easily.

If you're a knitter, mark one-inch lengths on your knitting needles with polish, and you'll always have a measure right at hand.

After starting a new spool of thread, it's hard to locate the tiny notch that anchors the end of thread. Place a dot of nail polish by the notch to mark its location.

No more guessing as to the size and capacity of your baking dishes with nail polish to the rescue. Measure the dishes, then use polish to mark the size of each dish neatly on its bottom. Be sure to let the polish dry thoroughly before heating the dish.

When entertaining several guests, and serving liquid refreshments, print the initials of each guest on a beverage glass with nail polish. Come time for refills, each person will get the same glass for "seconds". Polish remover will clean off the printing.

If sewing is your thing, keep a bottle of colorless nail polish nearby. When making handmade buttonholes, mark the place for each opening with a thin line of colorless nail polish. Let dry. Then cut through the line and you will have straight, non-raveling edges ready to work as usual.

A cloth, which has a tendency to ravel can be kept from fraying further if colorless nail polish is applied to the raveling edge.

Do you sometimes have trouble threading a needle? Coat one end of the thread with colorless polish, give it a pinch, and into the needle it should go.

To prevent scuffing of shoes in the toe section and back of the heels, add a coating of colorless nail polish to those areas. Renew the polish from time to time as it wears off with use.

Cover the labels of medicine bottles with colorless nail polish to prevent the

directions from becoming illegible.

If an envelope flap has lost its "stickum", colorless nail polish can be used as a substitute. It dries quickly and leaves no smudge.

To reinforce the holes in loose-leaf notebooks, dab each hole on both sides of the page with colorless nail polish.

When loaning a book, insure its return by writing your name inside the cover. Then, paint over the signature with colorless nail polish and your name can't be erased or become illegible.

Keep handy nail polish available. It's for more than hands.

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

My house is not air conditioned so I work in the basement during the hot summer months. It may seem strange, but I like to work on quilts, dresses and quilted toaster covers. I make the toaster covers reversible using the *Ohio Star* and the *Winding Ways* patterns for the four-slice toaster and the *Bow Tie* and the *Pierced Star* patterns for the two-slice toaster. I cut the design down to make about a six-inch block. Just use as many blocks as needed for each toaster. I quilt the two sides together on the machine. The finished covers make lovely gifts. —Mrs. F.C., Loveland, Colo.

When I wash windows on the inside, I tuck each curtain or drape through a clothes hanger and hang it from the curtain rod. This way they are safely out of the way but don't have to be taken down and put back up. —J.J., Red Oak, Ok.

I always had difficulty cleaning out the narrow tracks at the bottom of my sliding doors. Now I wrap a small, wet cloth around the eraser end of a pencil and it fits into the little groove just fine.

—M.M., Thurman, Iowa

Marigolds are so pretty but I do not like the odor. A friend told me to add a little sugar in the water when I put the marigolds into a vase and it does help eliminate that unpleasant smell.

I knew for a long time to spray cattails, dried flowers and weeds for fall displays with an inexpensive hair spray but only recently found that spraying fresh cut flowers with the hair spray helps to keep them from drooping. Spray in an upward direction about a foot from the flowers. —Mrs. M.L.T., Muscatine, Ia.

I read in a magazine about a family that got sick because they put paint-covered brushes in plastic bags and stored them in the freezer. They obviously did not wrap the brushes so they were airtight and, seemingly, foods in the freezer were not wrapped airtight, either. The paint

could have been a brand that included lead which can be very dangerous. At any rate, the fumes from the paint permeated the meats and other foods in the freezer. I wanted to caution people to not put paint brushes in the freezer between paint jobs just in case the type of paint used could be dangerous.

—C.A., Lewiston, Idaho

If a wasp or bee gets into the house, spray with hair spray to make him stiff and then you can get him outside. Could work with pesky flies, also. —A listener

Baking soda does a lot of jobs around the house from make a refrigerator sweet smelling to rinsing out the garbage disposer. It is a good "dry" shampoo to massage into the hair of a bed patient and then brush it out. Great, also, for use on cats and dogs to clean, freshen and deodorize their hair.

—Mr. J.C., St. Louis, Mo.

To keep onions from sprouting, wrap in foil. A cool storage place helps, also. Onions can be frozen to put into stews and casseroles. Chopped or ground freeze best and are all ready to use.

—D.S., Maryville, Mo.



Andy Brase was dressed to attend his school prom when this picture was taken. A summer job kept him from making the trip to Iowa to visit his grandparents along with his brothers, Aaron and Julian.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

As I sit here at my good 'ole reliable typewriter, it is with a feeling of betrayal to it to realize that it is entirely outmoded. I have been attending classes at the technical institute in Waukesha, Wisconsin, to learn to use the newest Word Processing machines. Last night I read that the electric typewriter is now considered an "off line editing piece". When I consider that in college we did not have benefit of electric typewriters upon which to practice, I begin to really get a full impact of how the world has changed since I was a secretary.

I was interested in continuing my education this summer at the technical college which is only seven miles away from our house in Delafield. When my teaching was completed for this spring, I decided to see if any classes were still open. I managed to get into a class which meets twice a week for four-hour sessions, but discovered that is not enough practice time for this old typist—the only thing remotely similar to basic typing is the arrangement of the keys on the typewriter. The vocabulary is radically altered and, believe me, I feel fortunate that the classroom is open so that I can return and practice and practice on these 21st century developments.

Summer is moving along smoothly and calmly. Don was again fortunate enough to have his math-related job with the company which manufactures carbonated drink bottling machines. His work requires that he leave the house by about eight A.M. Don's exit is preceded by Adrienne's, which is announced by the slam of the front door at half-past six. Adrienne's exit is preceded by Paul's at five A.M.

The kitchen is a busy, warm spot during these early four hours of the morning. The cats get up with Paul in the sure knowledge that they will get some tidbit from him. I don't know how generous Adrienne is with sharing her breakfast or if the cats are interested in her diet-oriented menu. I can always tell what time it is when the last breakfast preparations are complete because the little furry fellows arrive back in my bedroom to work off their mounting eagerness for their can of cat food by romping (and generally making nuisances of themselves) all over my stretched-out back.

Two years ago I suffered pangs of conscience about staying in bed while the folks who had to keep scheduled early work arrival hours were getting up and preparing their own breakfasts. However, it soon became apparent that



Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier much enjoyed the time spent in their home in Delafield, Wisconsin, by Mary Beth's mother, Mrs. Paul Schneider.

any of them who had something to read with their breakfasts would opt for the reading in preference to conversation with the cook, so the cook opted to stay in bed and enjoy her summer vacation by not getting up with the birds. My conscience is now so thoroughly salved that only the cats bounding on my back, or my eight-o'clock class twice a week, manage to get me motivated enough to make good use of the early-morning hours.

Adrienne has her foundry-woman's wardrobe complete now except for her safety glasses. Her feet are well protected by steel-toed brown oxfords, her legs by brown duck Army-surplus trousers, the top of her body with a nylon shell, long-sleeved jacket which fends off flying sparks and her hair is covered with a hard hat. Her office is all the way into downtown Milwaukee, but she goes off to the various plants in the suburban cities to do her time-study analysis.

Adrienne is adapting very well to the masculine work environment and, from the sound of it, the men are adjusting to having her in their domain. One man assumed that a female sitting at a typewriter was, of course, a secretary. He made some mention to Adrienne about the unusual number of crossed-out and struck-over letters on a sheet of paper he saw as he passed her desk. When she jokingly answered that she was not paid for her typing skills but was an engineer, he was taken greatly by surprise at his own male-oriented thinking.

Paul's jobs continue to keep their steady pace. His work on the loading dock at Peck Meats is strenuous and cold. His muscles are responding by developing properly and the cold conditions are improving his appetite proportionally. However, to the consternation of the distaff members of the family, he eats with impunity. Not one ounce of fatty tissue is visible on his bony

frame.

The plural possessive form I used when I mentioned "Paul's jobs" was in reference to the ongoing Pontiac Firebird repair saga which seems to stretch from month to month. I mentioned a deadline date to him this week by lightly referring to the date when I was going to order a tow truck to come drag away the dead remains of his hulk in the driveway.

Last month I told you that we were ready to drive to Anderson to attend the wedding of a daughter of a friend and how much I was anticipating renewing neglected friendships. Adrienne arrived from Evanston on a Wednesday and, on the following Friday, she and I started for Indiana. It was a beautiful day for driving and there were surprisingly few trucks on the road. The following day, Paul and Don drove down in Paul's Corvette. Don's only comment after multi-hours in the semi-crouch one assumes riding in such a little car, was that he preferred the spacious Oldsmobile.

The wedding was beautiful. This was one of the few times I had been back in the church of my youth and it certainly looked beautiful. Most Congregationalists built such austere churches that the stained glass windows in my old church seem absolutely spectacular.

At the reception, I visited with more old friends than I have seen in the twenty-one years we've been going back and forth to Indiana to visit. One mature man, who introduced himself to me, was my lab partner from chemistry class in high school. We danced and ate and had a wonderfully good time. No one knew my grown-up children and it was fun to show them off to my pals. We took my mother home from the reception about eleven o'clock and then returned to stay until the party closed down entirely.

The following week, after taking some time out to rest our "sit-upons", we

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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Here it is, the middle of the summer, and I am looking out of my window at a solid blanket of fog. This summer has brought so much fog that it has drastically cut down on my sailing. A few weeks ago, there was a period of four days and nights when the foghorn did not stop blowing. The intervals between the blasts are about forty-five seconds. We get so used to the sound that we do not notice the horn until it stops blowing. Just as one gets used to the traffic when living near a busy highway, so can one get used to the sounds of the sea. As a matter of fact, we rather like to hear the foghorn on occasion, but we never like the fog which makes it necessary.

The fog and the heavy moisture content of the air (with or without fog) prompted us to install a central air-conditioning system. Betty's parents are with us during the summer months, and my father-in-law has trouble breathing when there is too much moisture in the air. The system has been a big help in a variety of ways, one of which is to help keep our basement rooms very dry. My study is in the basement level of the house. Before we installed the air-conditioning system, I could not bear to be in this room during the warmest days of the summer for the humidity was simply stifling. Even with all of our fog today, this room is very comfortable.

The new solar system, installed last spring, is a big success. It heats all of our hot water for this household which uses many gallons every day. Most solar heat panels are on the roofs of houses, but not the one we have. I did not want it on the roof, so had it installed on the south side of the house. The outside unit is designed to look like an awning over the downstairs windows so nobody notices it. New England has the most expensive fuel oil in the nation, and until we installed the solar system, all of our water was heated by fuel oil. From the moment we started to use the solar system, we have not used one drop of that costly fuel.

For the first time since our marriage thirty-five years ago, I am a vegetable gardener. I have labored many hours, but it is a challenge to have a good garden. It is an expense, too, and if I had kept careful account of all the money I spent on seeds, tools, water, insecticides, and fertilizers, I might decide it would be cheaper to buy my vegetables next year. Perhaps that is an exaggeration; maybe I would want to have a

vegetable garden no matter what the cost, because there has been much satisfaction in providing some of our own fresh, delicious food.

I have told you how little soil we have on the top of the rock ledge where our house is, and you may wonder how I can have a garden—it is through the generosity of my neighbor who has land to spare.

How many natural enemies we gardeners have! Woodchucks have become my most hated opponents. Rabbits are the bane of my gardening delights, and even our pet geese are driving me to distraction. Yes, even the seagulls are finding the garden a new attraction.

Did I remember to tell you that Betty and I are not on a regular working schedule at the Mystic Seaport Museum this summer? We both have too many



This is an excellent picture of Frederick Driftmier standing beside the battleship, the U.S.S. Massachusetts. Anyone would look dwarfed with such a great ship looming up behind him.

things to do here at home during the summer weeks. We do, however, help out on an emergency basis; at least one day a week the museum has one or the other of us over to take the place of someone who is ill or on vacation.

While doing some of these emergency stints, I have met many Kitchen-Klatter fans this summer, so many that I cannot take the space to list their names. Without exception, these friends have been delighted with the museum. If you come to the East this fall, be sure to visit the Mystic Seaport Museum. When there, ask for the Driftmiers. If you do not find us working on the day of your visit, do telephone us. We can tell you how to find our house, and it is only a twenty-minute drive from the museum.

Perhaps you remember my telling you about a badly crippled girl by the name of Sharon Reed of Lakewood, Colorado. She is the marvelous young lady who, traveling with her parents and three wheelchairs, took the same cruise to South America that Betty and I took last year. Well, on her vacation this summer,

she visited the museum. We were not there, but she called us and a few minutes later she was here in our home.

Sharon Reed and her parents travel all over this continent in a beautiful motor home with complete living accommodations. Sharon rides with her wheelchair fastened securely to the floor right in front of the a large picture window. Behind her chair there is a large bathroom with every convenience. It is an ideal way for a handicapped person to travel. The Reed's motor home is so spacious that they could take a fourth person with them in air-conditioned comfort.

Speaking of handicapped persons doing interesting things, my eighty-five-year-old father-in-law has been in and out of hospitals with many physical disabilities, but he keeps going. In spite of severe arthritis, he goes to the YMCA swimming pool each morning at eight o'clock. His driver picks him up here at the house, drives him into the city to the YMCA, and then stays with him while he goes into the pool to do thirty minutes of exercises. He comes out of the pool and goes to his office to get his mail. He really is remarkable—so keen and alert, so quick to laugh, and so interested in every aspect of life. In the past two years he has even written two books.

You have heard of Captain Kidd, the man who was caught and hanged for being a pirate. Are you aware that he really was not a pirate, but was just an unfortunate ship's captain who got caught up in politics? I am not going to write all of the details here, but when you get a chance, go to the library and look up the story of this courageous man's life.

Although he was not a pirate, Captain Kidd did have reason to be carrying some treasure on one of his ships, and it is probably true that that treasure was buried on an island not very far from where we live. Most authorities agree that Captain Kidd did hide some treasure at one of three possible places—the tip of Long Island, Fishers Island, or Gardiners Island. Each of these islands is within a short distance of our house, and, like thousands before me, I may try my luck at hunting treasure. Since no one has found any of Kidd's treasure (except for a small amount found directly after his capture and trial), my chances are as good as those of anyone else.

At three o'clock in the morning not long ago, a commotion started in our driveway. Jumping out of bed, I looked out of the window and saw a police emergency vehicle with flashing lights. It was pulling a fast speedboat on a trailer. The commotion was caused when the police tried to turn around in our driveway and got the boat trailer stuck on the edge of the driveway curbing. The police were gone before I could get downstairs

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About the time this issue reaches you, Stephen Louis DiCicco will be celebrating his first birthday in Arlington, Virginia. He was exactly ten months old when this picture was taken and he looks wonderfully hale and hearty. His grandparents (Abigail and Wayne Driftmier, Denver, Colo.) report that he is as good as he looks!

BABIES' BELONGINGS

by
Erma Reynolds

Mother-to-be Jane Hadley looked at the tangle of pink and blue ribbons that had decorated the gifts at her baby shower.

"I wonder how the custom of using pink and blue colors to differentiate between boy and girl babies got started?" she commented to her friend, Beth Preston, who was helping her put away the gifts.

"I've heard that the custom started in Holland," Beth replied. "When a new baby arrived in a household, the proud parents would hang either a pink or blue ribbon on their front door as a birth announcement. With the Hollanders, though, the color scheme was reversed, with pink for a boy and blue for a girl."

Looking at her shower gifts, Jane said, "Look at all these presents, Beth. Aren't they lovely?"

Beth nodded in agreement. "New babies in ancient Greece received gifts too. Only presents in those early days were given after the baby was born, never beforehand. When the infant was about ten days old, his parents would invite all their friends and relatives to a party. These guests brought toys made out of metal or clay for the baby, and richly decorated vases for the mother."

"Vases! What an odd gift. Perhaps Mom was supposed to use them as storage for safety pins and talcum powder; that is, if pins and powder were

available in those early days, which they weren't." Jane laughed. "Know any more baby lore, smart friend?"

"It just so happens I did read that the custom of giving a baby christening gifts dates back to the Middle Ages. In those times, among the christening gifts was usually a silver or gold spoon presented by the baby's godparents."

"Probably the way the phrase *born with a silver spoon in his mouth* got its start," Jane commented. She picked up a rattle and gave it a brisk shake. "How about rattles? Were they a baby toy in ancient days?"

Beth nodded. "A Greek, Archytas by name, is given credit for inventing the rattle. His version was a painted clay puppet with small stones in its hollow interior to supply the noise. Another noisemaker given to a new baby was a piece of coral bedecked with bells. This toy supposedly had the power to frighten away evil spirits from the infant."

Jane walked over to a cradle that had been one of her shower gifts. "Isn't this cradle quaint?"

"It's a lot different from the primitive contrivances early-day mothers had to use for a cradle," Beth said. "The baby rested on a flat board with strips of animal skin holding him in place. Narrow strips of skin placed at the top of the board suspended it from the mother's shoulders so she could tote her baby around as she worked."

"I'm certainly glad they improved on babies' sleeping arrangements," Jane said, as she rolled the last piece of ribbon into a neat ball. "And thanks for briefing me on the beginnings of babies' belongings, I've learned a lot."

TELL HIM SO

by
Elder Floy F. Gross

(This can be used as a meditation for a church meeting or a discussion-starter for any group.)

There is a basic need in the soul of every human individual to feel appreciated, and there is hardly ever anyone with whom we come in contact who does not possess some truly admirable qualities. Sure, we cannot help but observe some things about people that are not as they should be, but everyone should be aware of the fact that he, himself, comes short of being what God would have him to be. Traits that we disapprove of ought not make us less aware of our own faults or prevent us from appreciating the good in others—and telling them so.

In any case, severe criticism is seldom justified and usually does more harm than good. The Bible teaches us that one of our most important tasks is to learn to *bridle our tongues* and to *engage in good, wholesome conversation*. Practically all troubles between neigh-

bors, between members of families and in churches have been caused by failure to remember this. The distress that has been caused or enhanced by idle gossip, careless remarks and unjust criticism cannot be measured.

It is high time that we pay more attention to the task of looking for the good in others, finding qualities about them to honestly appreciate, and tell them so. A common failure of many people is a readiness to complain and criticize, and a great reluctance to express appreciation. It seems to be almost impossible for some people to hand out a compliment. This lack of appreciation for others has hampered good relations between employers and employees, parents and children, husbands and wives, and the members of churches more than almost anything else.

We all need to go out of our way to express honest appreciation, and to leave the harsh, unkind and fruitless words unsaid. We may not have the satisfaction of "telling off" someone, but we will gain in the long run.

The Bible teaches that the happiest, most blessed people in the world are those who trust in God and go calmly on their way. They are willing to receive insult without reprisal, to render good for evil, and to speak a good word or do a good deed whenever opportunity affords. These individuals are spoken of as *the meek*. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

So, each day let's look for good in those with whom we are associated, and when we have found it, let's not hesitate to tell them so.

Does a neighbor help a little
As along the way you go—
Help to make your burden lighter?
Then why not tell him so!

Does a handclasp seem to lift you
From the depth of grief and woe,
When an old friend shares your sorrow?
Then why not tell him so!

Does your Heavenly Father give you
Many blessings here below?
Then on bended knee before Him,
Frankly, gladly, tell him so!

TO MY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

Today, as I sat in my home town church
Where I sat so long ago,
My heart was filled with memories
Of people I used to know —
Neighbors, friends, my grandparents,
Preachers who filled me with awe,
A choir under stained-glass windows—
All these in my mind I saw.
But, of all the personal memories
That dwell in this hallowed place,
The clearest, dearest vision to me
Is my Sunday school teacher's face.

—Inez Baker

SUMMER ADVENTURES

by Evelyn Birkby

It is late evening and I am sitting at the desk in my study looking out the west window toward the fading glow of a beautiful summer sunset. The flowers have been watered under the window, Attu has been walked around the square made by the country roads north of our place, and the bees have tucked the last drop of pollen into their honeycombs and buzzed off to sleep.

On the side of the desk is a picture which should cool off my summer-warm brow. It shows three of Bob's friends sitting on a snow bench on the side of Mt. Rainier. This photograph was supposed to arrive in time to share with Bob's July *Kitchen-Klatter* article, but the printer took too long and it missed the deadline. However, it is nice to have such a cooling photograph to use for the dog days of August.

Ironically, Bob's snapshot of a happy outing arrived the day following the terrible glacial avalanche which took so many lives on the side of Mt. Rainier. Our hearts go out to all who were involved.

When we first heard the news on the radio about the tragedy, we immediately phoned Seattle. The sound of Bob's voice was reassuring. He and his friends had discussed a mountain hike on that particular weekend, but the weather was cloudy and foggy so they opted for a few interesting activities around Seattle.

In fact, Bob told us, the last real mountain trip he had taken was when his brother, Craig, stopped by for a few days on his way to Alaska. Along with two long-time friends, the brothers had driven south of Seattle, stopped on the slope of Mt. Rainier for lunch, and then driven east to Mt. Adams. It was cold and windy, but sunny, during the climb. It took all of Saturday and most of Sunday before they reached the summit; it took a very short time to come down since they covered a considerable amount of the distance by sliding on their jean-clad bottoms over the ice-covered snow.

The group hurried back to Seattle for a very short night's sleep and then Craig flew off to Alaska for six weeks' work with the public health service.

Which leads me to describe the second picture on my desk—a gorgeous Alaskan sunset with rays of golden light descending through soft clouds to reflect on surf and sand below. Craig sent us this card from Kanakanak, Alaska.

The Kanakanak Native Alaskan Hospital is in a choice location on a bluff above Nushagak Bay (near Bristol Bay and the Bering Sea). Craig's second-floor room overlooked both the bay and, to the north, the mountains. Since the commercial salmon fishing season had just begun, Craig saw much activity outside his window.

Craig was soon caught up in the routine

of the hospital. He delivered an Eskimo baby, stitched up lacerations and set broken bones. Many patients came in as a result of fishing accidents but Alaska has its fair share of motorcycle, moped and triped accidents just like the "lower 48".

Craig found the resident physicians and the local staff persons friendly and helpful. Several invited him to their homes for good meals including some featuring freshly caught salmon. The hospital cook proved to be a hearty ex-navy man who served up meals fit for a lumber camp.

The last time Craig phoned home he had just returned from a weekend camping trip. He had pitched his tent about fifteen miles north of Dillingham on a ridge overlooking Snake Lake. A fresh breeze wafted any mosquitoes out over the lake and the sun set in spectacular splendor at five minutes to eleven. Craig did not stay up to see the rays of the sun creep up in the east soon after midnight. "I was tired, so the light of night did not keep me awake!"

Craig's next planned adventure is a fishing trip to try and bring in some king salmon. If he is successful, he promised, he'll see about sending one home to us.

Can you guess what else is on my desk besides the picture from Bob and the postcard from Craig? A jar of wild violet jelly from Jeff.

Last August, Jeff went up into the Montana mountains and picked quantities of wild huckleberries which he made into jam for special Christmas gifts. This year, he started in June to collect all kinds of exotic wild fruits and flowers to make into interesting sweets.

Earlier in the summer, Jeff was home for a marvelous ten-day visit between the completion of his studies on his Master's program at Montana State University in Bozeman before returning to his work in Helena. We had fun working together

making seat covers for his little car out of wool pieces I had in the fabric drawer. Attu took Jeff and Robert out for several hikes in the bluffs west of our home in Sidney, Iowa, and I kept busy making bread, frying chicken and generally trying to stuff this middle son with home cooking.

When Jeff was ready to leave, his little car was loaded with gleanings for his small house in Helena: pots, pans, dishes, canned goods, linens and potted plants.

Jeff's trip back to Helena was fraught with car trouble, horrendous rains and, finally, bridge washouts which caused more delays. It took him about ten days to travel what should have been done in two.

Jeff's work in the Natural Resources Department for the state of Montana is, again, in the area of geothermal energy. He settled back into the work and then, on his first free weekend, was off to the mountain peaks where he picked a large box full of violet petals and proceeded to make jelly. What a treasure!

As the summer progressed, Jeff's work has increased. He has put together speeches, displays, guides and other materials for resources, locations and uses of geothermal energy. He has spoken to many groups, including sixty home economists gathered for their state meeting in Bozeman. He has gone to county fairs and visited small businessmen. He has had several out-of-state meetings with other energy specialists. And, when the weekends arrive, he slips away to the mountains to check on the chokeberry and serviceberry supply for more jam.

Jeff also insists that he has located some mountain trout "who are getting fatter and sassier all the time and someone should come out from Iowa to teach those trout a lesson". Somehow, I have a feeling that those trout just might see Robert and me before the fall season is over—we need an adventure, too.



Evelyn likes to look at this picture to help cool off on hot summer days. It shows the three friends who shared Bob Birkby's adventures on Mt. Rainier as reported in the July issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. Left to right: Carl Imhoff, Carol Munch and Doug Robinson. They are sitting on the snow bench stomped out of a drift. Supper is cooking over the small camp stoves in the foreground.

Recipes for August



RAZZLE DAZZLE PIE

- 1 7-oz. jar marshmallow creme
- 1 cup raspberry sherbet
- 1 8-oz. carton raspberry yogurt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- Few drops red food coloring (optional)
- 1/2 cup chopped toasted almonds
- 2 cups frozen whipped topping
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine marshmallow creme and sherbet, mixing with wire whisk until well blended. (It may be easier to combine if you set bowl in hot water while mixing.) Stir in yogurt, flavoring, coloring and nuts. Fold in whipped topping. Spoon into pie shell and freeze until firm. Garnish as desired. —Betty Jane

ITALIAN VEGETABLES

- 3 strips bacon, chopped
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup fresh cut corn
- 1 Tbls. oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 medium zucchini, sliced 1/4 inch thick
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

Place bacon, onion, corn, oil and butter flavoring in a large skillet. Brown. Put sliced zucchini on top of browned vegetables in even layer. Pour the salad dressing over all. Cover and simmer for about 30 minutes, or until zucchini is tender. —Juliana

CLAUDIA'S SPICED PEACH JAM

- 5 cups crushed, fresh peaches (about 3 lbs.)
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 9 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 bottle liquid fruit pectin

Wash and pit peaches. Do not peel. Crush in blender. Combine peaches, lemon juice, sugar and spices in a heavy kettle. Boil about three minutes, stirring constantly, to blend flavors. Remove from heat and at once stir in the pectin. Stir and skim off foam for several minutes (this helps keep pulp from sinking to bottom). Ladle into sterilized jars. Cover with 1/8 inch melted paraffin. —Evelyn

JULIANA'S CATSUP

- 8 lbs. ripe tomatoes
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup cider vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsp. crumbled cinnamon stick
- 1 1/2 tsp. whole cloves
- 1/2 tsp. ground allspice
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper

Remove skins from tomatoes and quarter. Put tomatoes and onions in blender and blend. Strain if desired. Place in large kettle over heat. Add the sugar. Continue cooking uncovered until about half in volume and thickened. Stir frequently. This will take about 2 hours. Meanwhile combine the vinegar, cinnamon, cloves, allspice and celery seed. Bring to boiling, then remove from heat and allow to stand at room temperature. When tomatoes are finished cooking, strain vinegar mixture and discard spices. Stir into the tomato mixture along with the salt and cayenne. Cook about 30 minutes. Place in containers and freeze or can in jars.

CHICKEN 'N ORANGE SALAD

- 3 to 4 cups cooked, diced white chicken meat
 - 2 stalks celery, diced
 - 1 medium green pepper, thinly sliced
 - 1 medium onion, diced
 - 2 11-oz. cans Mandarin oranges
 - 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- Mix the meat, celery, green pepper, onion and oranges. Add mayonnaise; toss well. Chill and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. —Donna Nenneman

FROZEN BAKED POTATOES

(A make-ahead recipe)

- 5 medium potatoes, baked
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 2 1/2-oz. pkg. sour cream sauce mix
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Paprika
- 5 strips bacon

Bake potatoes until tender. With electric mixer, beat together the milk, cream sauce mix, salt and pepper. Let set about 10 minutes. Cut a thin lengthwise slice from each potato. Scoop out centers and add scooped-out portion to sauce mixture. Add the margarine and butter flavoring. Beat until fluffy. (More milk may have to be added.) Spoon into potato shells. Sprinkle with paprika. Freeze, covered, up to two weeks.

When ready to use, bake, uncovered, at 375 degrees for about 40 minutes. Meanwhile, fry the bacon slices and drain. Form into curls; secure with wooden toothpicks. Top each potato with a bacon curl. —Robin

NORWEGIAN DEVEILED EGGS

- 25 hard-cooked eggs
 - 1/2 cup chopped onion
 - 1/4 cup softened margarine or butter
 - 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
 - 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. Dijon mustard
 - 3 Tbls. fresh dill (or 1 tsp. dry)
 - 3 Tbls. minced fresh parsley
- Cook and peel eggs. Cut eggs in half lengthwise and remove yolks. Mash the yolks and add remaining ingredients. Beat until fluffy. Use to fill cavities in egg whites. Chill. —Betty Jane

CUCUMBER JAM

- 4 large cucumbers
- 1/2 cup water
- 4 cups sugar
- Juice from 2 lemons
- Green food coloring

Wash and split cucumbers. Remove seeds. Peel if skin seems tough. Grind and put into heavy saucepan. Add water, sugar and lemon juice. Simmer, stirring often, until thickened (falls in globs from spoon). Add food coloring if desired. Spoon into sterilized jars and top with paraffin, or seal. —Evelyn

CHERRY STREUSEL COFFEECAKE

- 1 pkg. hot roll mix
- 3/4 cup lukewarm water
- Pinch of sugar
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Powdered sugar frosting

Dissolve the yeast from the hot roll mix in the lukewarm water. Add the pinch of sugar. In a bowl, combine the 1/4 cup melted butter, 3 Tbls. sugar, vanilla flavoring and egg. Add the yeast mixture and beat. Add the flour from the mix and beat again. Place on floured breadboard and knead slightly. (Dough should be sticky.) Put in greased bowl, turning to coat all sides, then cover and let rise until double.

Pat dough out into greased jelly roll pan or cookie sheet with rim. Spread pie filling, to which the cherry flavoring has been added, over top of dough. Combine the 1/4 cup butter or margarine, 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 cup sugar until crumbly. Sprinkle over top of filling. Let rise for 20 to 30 minutes. Bake at 400 degrees for about 20 minutes. Drizzle with powdered sugar icing.

Other fruit pie fillings and accompanying Kitchen-Klatter flavorings could be used. —Dorothy

FRESH TOMATO SOUP

- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 6 green onions, thinly sliced
- 2 cups chopped spinach (fresh or frozen)
- 3 1/2 cups chicken broth
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 tsp. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 cups fresh tomato puree (I peeled my tomatoes, then whirled them in the blender.)
- 3 to 5 fresh tomatoes, peeled and chopped
- 1/8 tsp. dry dill weed

Melt the margarine in a large saucepan or kettle. Lightly saute the onions and spinach. Add the remaining ingredients and bring to boiling. Cover and simmer for 20 to 30 minutes. —Juliana

MADONNA SALAD DESSERT

- 1 3-oz. pkg. apricot gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 8 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple with juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 7 1/2-oz. jar apricot with tapioca baby food
- 1 9-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed

Combine the gelatin, sugar, pineapple and juice, and flavorings. Place over heat and bring to boiling. Stir until gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Remove from heat and cool. Mix in the cream cheese and baby food. Fold in the whipped topping. Spread in a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill until firm. —Betty Jane

FRESH PEACH SOUFFLE

- 1 cup fresh peach pulp
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 4 egg yolks, beaten
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine all the above ingredients with the exception of the egg whites in a blender. Blend well. Beat the egg whites in separate bowl. Fold the egg whites into the peach mixture. Pour into a greased 7-inch souffle pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 45 minutes. Serve with the following sauce:

- 1 1/2 cups fresh peach pulp
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 cups chopped fresh peaches

Combine the sauce ingredients and cook over low heat for about 30 minutes or until slightly thickened. Cool to room temperature. —Juliana

SALMON SHOESTRING SALAD

- 4 large carrots, shredded
- 1/2 head lettuce, shredded
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 1-lb. can salmon, drained, boned and flaked
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 2 1 1/2-oz. cans shoestring potatoes.

Combine the carrots, lettuce, onion and salmon. Blend the mayonnaise and mustard and toss with the other ingredients. Just before serving, add the shoestring potatoes. —Donna Nenneman

CUCUMBER-CHEESE SLICES

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. chive cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup finely chopped pimiento-stuffed olives, well drained
- 4 5-inch long cucumbers

Blend cream cheese and olives. Cut off ends of cucumbers and peel. Scoop out seeds, making a tunnel in the cucumber. (I used an apple corer.) Pack the hollow with the cheese mixture. Wrap the cucumbers in plastic wrap. Chill thoroughly. Slice cucumbers in 1/3-inch thick slices and place on relish tray. —Robin

JAN'S ZUCCHINI JAM

- 6 cups peeled and grated zucchini
- 1 cup water
- 6 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

2 3-oz. pkgs. apricot gelatin (dry)
Cook the zucchini and the water over medium heat. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and cook six minutes. Add the sugar, lemon juice, crushed pineapple, and the pineapple flavoring. Bring to a boil and cook six additional minutes. Add the dry gelatin and mix well. Pour into jars and seal with paraffin. —Verlene

BRAUNSCHWEIGER BALL

- 1 lb. braunschweiger
- 1/2 cup chili sauce or Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1 to 2 tsp. prepared horseradish, drained
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- Mayonnaise

Sliced stuffed green olives and parsley
Combine braunschweiger, chili sauce or dressing and horseradish. Form into a ball. Refrigerate for several hours. Add enough mayonnaise to the softened cream cheese to make a spreading consistency. Frost chilled meat ball with the cream cheese mixture. Decorate ball with sliced stuffed olives. Place on plate and put parsley around base of ball for garnish. Serve with crackers. (This also makes an excellent sandwich spread.)

—Evelyn

CABBAGE-RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 medium head cabbage, shredded
- 1/2 cup margarine
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 cups water
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. oil
- 2 cups milk
- 1 to 2 cups Velveeta cheese, cubed

In a saucepan, place the shredded cabbage, margarine, salt and pepper and water. Bring to a boil and cook until cabbage is tender-crisp. Remove from heat and add the rice. Cover and let stand five minutes.

Over low heat blend the flour, oil, milk and cheese. Stir until cheese is melted. Place the cabbage-rice mixture in an ungreased 9- by 12-inch baking pan. Pour the cheese mixture over it and bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

Note: This freezes well. Bacon bits can be added if desired. —Verlene

RASPBERRY CUSTARD DELIGHTS

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup margarine, softened
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Cream sugar, margarine, flavorings and egg yolks until light and fluffy. Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup; level off. Gradually add the flour and baking powder to the creamed mixture, mixing well. Refrigerate at least 30 minutes. Meanwhile prepare the following filling:

- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 or 2 drops red food coloring
- 1/2 cup whipping cream or half-and-half

- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten

In small pan, mix the sugar, flour, flavorings and food coloring. Gradually add cream or half-and-half. Cook over low heat until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Blend 2 tablespoons of the hot mixture into the slightly beaten egg yolk. Return all to hot mixture; blend well. Cook just until mixture bubbles, stirring constantly. Cool.

Shape chilled dough into 1-inch balls and place 2 inches apart on ungreased cookie sheets. With thumb, make imprint in center of each ball. Fill with about a half teaspoon of filling. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 11 to 14 minutes or until light golden brown around edges. Store in refrigerator. Makes about 40. —Betty Jane

APRICOT CHIFFON CAKE

1 1/3 cups dried apricots
 1 1/4 cups water
 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 3 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup salad oil
 5 egg yolks
 2/3 cup water
 1 tsp. grated lemon peel
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 cup egg whites, room temperature (7 or 8 eggs)
 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

Place apricots and the 1 1/4 cups water in saucepan and bring to boiling. Remove from heat and let stand, covered, for ten minutes. Drain, reserving liquid. Press apricots through sieve or blend in blender. Measure apricot puree. Add enough of the drained liquid to make one cup. Mix well and set aside.

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and

salt into mixing bowl. Make a well in center. Add, in order, the oil, egg yolks, 2/3 cup water, lemon peel, flavorings and apricot puree. Beat with wooden spoon until smooth.

With electric mixer at high speed, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until very stiff peaks form. Do not underbeat. With wire whisk, gently fold batter into egg whites until just blended. Pour into ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake in oven preheated to 325 degrees for 55 minutes. Increase oven temperature to 350 and bake 10 minutes longer, or until cake tests done.

Invert cake pan and let cool completely. Remove cake from pan onto cake plate. Top with the following glaze:

1 cup apricot preserves
 1 tsp. grated lemon peel
 2 tsp. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Heat preserves in saucepan, stirring, until just melted. Stir in rest of ingredients; strain. Cool and pour over cooled cake.

—Betty Jane

ZUCCHINI SALAD

2/3 cup cider vinegar
 2 Tbls. wine vinegar
 1/3 cup oil
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup diced onion
 1/2 cup diced celery
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
 5 to 7 zucchini, sliced
 1 2-oz. jar diced pimiento

Combine the vinegars, oil, sugar, pepper and salt. In a bowl, toss together the onion, celery, green pepper, zucchini and pimiento. Pour the dressing over and toss. Cover and allow to marinate in refrigerator for several hours. —Robin

OVEN SPICED PEACHES

60 small peaches
 Whole cloves
 5 lemons
 7 cups sugar

Scald peaches for a few minutes in boiling water. Plunge into cold water and slip off skins. Cut in half and remove seeds. Place these halves in roasting pans and stick a whole clove into each section. Two layers of peaches per pan are sufficient. Slice the lemons and arrange over top of peach layers. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Several times, spoon liquid over top of peaches. Remove from oven. Take out cloves and lemons. Pack into hot jars, pour in liquid to fill jars, and seal. Process in boiling water for 5 minutes to insure a seal. (This quantity is easy to reduce. A small amount could be kept in the refrigerator for a couple of weeks.)

—Evelyn

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1/2 cup margarine, softened
 1 2/3 cups sugar
 3 eggs
 3 cups sifted flour
 4 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 1-lb. can blueberries, drained and rinsed

Cream margarine and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Add flour mixture to batter alternately with milk and flavoring, mixing by hand until just combined. Fold in blueberries. Spoon into greased muffin tins and bake at 375 degrees for 25 minutes.

—Donna Nenneman

ROBIN'S BULGUR SALAD

1 1/2 cups bulgur wheat
 8 cups boiling water
 1 cup finely chopped fresh parsley
 1/4 cup minced fresh mint leaves
 1/2 cup chopped green onions
 2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped
 3 Tbls. chopped green pepper
 1/2 cup lemon juice
 1/2 cup olive oil
 2 Tbls. salt

Freshly ground black pepper

Put bulgur wheat in large bowl. Pour the boiling water over the wheat, cover and let stand for several hours until wheat is tender. Drain well. Stir the parsley, mint leaves, onions, tomatoes and green pepper into the wheat. Combine the lemon juice, oil, salt and pepper and toss with the first mixture. Chill. Keeps well for several days.

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 1/4 cup sugar
 Dash of salt
 3 eggs, separated
 1 8 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple with syrup
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 Juice of 1 lemon
 2/3 cup ice cold evaporated milk

In top of double boiler, combine the gelatin, sugar, salt and egg yolks; mix well. Add pineapple with syrup, flavoring and half of the lemon juice. Cook for 10 minutes over hot water, stirring constantly. Chill until consistency of egg whites. Meanwhile, beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into gelatin mixture. Beat evaporated milk until triple in volume. Add remaining lemon juice and beat until very thick. Fold into gelatin mixture. Line a loaf pan with plastic wrap and spoon in mixture. Chill for several hours or overnight. Unmold, remove plastic and serve.

A light, refreshing dessert to serve on a hot summer day.

—Robin



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ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

As I sit down to write this, I've got an ever-watchful eye turned in the direction of our precious Lily. She has changed so much since I last wrote to you. Everyone talks about the incredible experience of watching a baby develop, but it's one of those rare insights that is never understood until one lives it, day by day. There have been so many moments which are saved in our hearts as priceless memories. I've vowed to write down these treasured times for posterity in Lily's baby book.

Although I cannot see into the future, I would imagine there will be a time in about thirteen years when our darling little Lily could be forcing her mom and dad to the brink of despair. When life with a teenager has us at our wit's end, I will pull out Lily's book and there it will all be in pictures and words—our dream-like existence with an adorable princess. It may not help solve life's crises in 1995, but if it brings a smile to possibly two haggard parents, the book and its memories will be priceless.

It seemed to Mike and me that in the first four or five months, our daughter developed at a turtle's pace. The first smile took forever! Perhaps the early subtle changes occur inside. However, once her outward physical and motor development accelerated, changes seemed rapid. As I write this, Lily is on the verge of walking; I imagine by the time this goes to press our crawler will have become a toddler.

If I were to describe her, I would say Lily is petite, virtually without hair, and has the deepest blue eyes imaginable. A friend remarked that she reminded him of an antique doll, as if she had brilliant blue glass beads inset into a cream- and peach-colored china face.

Lily is quite at ease around unfamiliar people and situations, a trait which has made her a delight wherever we go. One Sunday in late spring we arrived unannounced at cousin Juliana's lovely Albuquerque home. We were quite surprised to see a car with Iowa license plates parked out front. (I could recognize that familiar Page County plate anywhere!) Lo and behold, my Aunt Lucile answered the door. And how surprised she was to see Mike and me, and of course her first view of Lily.

In one of those truly remarkable coincidences that make life seem genuinely fantastic, Lily was dressed that day in an exquisite hand-smocked dress that had



Lily is pictured on Mike's horse, "Rudy".

been made by Lucile for her own daughter, Juliana, over thirty years ago. I had no earthly idea that she would be at Juliana's home, but I'm sure Aunt Lucile's first memory of Lily has a special glow which fate arranged for us that particular day.

In early summer, Mike and I took a trip, just the two of us, while Lily stayed with Mike's parents for a week. We were a little unsure of leaving her at first. After all, a week caring for a nine-month-old can be a pretty tough job, even for adoring grandparents. However, they assured us that with a great-grandmother, an aunt, uncle and three cousins as additional baby sitters, there would be plenty of people to share the responsibility.

So Mike and I left for our vacation knowing our daughter wouldn't be lacking for loving arms to hold her. As we loaded our horses and jumped in the pickup heading for the Gila Wilderness, we were laughing and giggling to the point of being downright silly. Is this what happens to two mature adults when the burdens of responsibility are lifted from their shoulders?

At any rate, we were certainly excited about our trip—a wilderness adventure on horseback packing into the rugged mountains of southwest New Mexico. We own two marvelous mountain horses—an absolute *must* for a trip of this sort. We traveled sixty-five miles, deep into rough country accessible only by foot or on horseback. Little has changed since the days when this country was a hide-out for Geronimo and the Apache nation, and oftentimes a person's very life depends on his horse.

Mike rides a big, heavy, paint gelding

named Rudy. Of plow horse extraction, he has giant feet which are the target of countless jokes. I ride a dun gelding named Durazno, meaning peach or dun color in Spanish. My horse has led an interesting and varied past. Originally foaled in Mexico, he has traveled many hundreds of miles in a lifetime to finally join our family.

Throughout the days of riding, trout fishing and camping, we took care of our horses and they took care of us. The four of us (two horses and two riders) emerged with a mutual dependence, affection, and admiration after having shared such a unique experience together.

To add icing to the cake, we returned to civilization to find Lily had adjusted beautifully to our absence. All the kinfolk who shared the week of her care were convinced that we had given birth to an angel instead of a baby girl. And believe me, it was so good to see her after a week away that Mike and I were convinced she was an angel as well.

Even part-time angels get fussy when they're tired, so I'd better end this chat and put the little cherub down for her nap.

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad

MATCHING-PHOTO FUN

1. Take photographs of business, public, historical buildings, churches and homes in your city. Use various angles—across the street, from the back alley, from windows of other buildings, etc. Have the guests try to correctly identify these buildings.

2. An excellent puzzle is to match the pictures of interiors with exteriors. Photograph the homes of organization members, the buildings where they and/or their families work, schools, churches they attend, places they shop or go for entertainment, museums, etc. Try to match the exterior and interior shots of these places.

3. Buildings on farms—which barns and outbuildings go with which farmhouse—are easy to assemble.

4. Pets, horses, livestock, etc., are excellent pictures to match with the correct homes or farms.

5. Take pictures of the backs of peoples' heads, then pictures of their faces. See who can correctly match the most backs of heads with the faces. This can also be done with photos of hands, shoulders and legs.

6. Cut pictures of celebrities out of magazines and newspapers. Have each picture numbered and have guests see how many of the famous faces they can identify. The same can be done with pictures of geographical places and historical buildings.

—Annette Lingelbach



WHEN SORROW COMES

by
Mabel Nair Brown

When sorrow comes to a neighbor, a friend or a relative, often people feel at a loss about what to do to really help the bereaved ones through the time of sorrow. Perhaps you have sent in food, given to a fund for flowers or a memorial, have stood tongue-tied as you met the family at the funeral home, fearful of not saying the right thing. Yet, when it was all over you felt dissatisfied wondering if only you could have done something more, something that would have really eased the sorrow for those who mourned.

Be assured everything you did was kind and thoughtful and greatly appreciated. The family knew you cared. But let us think a bit about some of the things that are most helpful at such a time.

We need to realize that in most cases the first hours after a death leave the immediate family in a state of shock, even if death has been imminent. How can grieving individuals tell you what needs to be done when they cannot realize themselves what needs doing? They'll know that funeral arrangements must be made, that relatives must be notified, but may not remember about checking the pantry and refrigerator supplies to see what foods are required for the meals or preparing beds when there will be out-of-town guests arriving. Possibly the lawn needs mowing, a baby sitter is needed for young children or someone should stay at the home to take telephone calls, greet callers and see that meals are ready while the immediate family tends to details. These are all things that a good friend can do quietly without being asked. Just look around to see what needs to be done, then step in and do it.

When death came to our home, I appreciated a dear friend who slipped in while we were at the funeral home that first morning and straightened the house, dusted the furniture and did two loads of laundry. Another friend telephoned to say not to worry about dinner that evening as she and two other neighbors would be bringing in all of the food in time for our evening meal.

What do you say when you make that first call in the home or at the funeral home? Don't worry, a simple "I am so sorry," or "I'm thinking of you and remembering you in my prayers," with a warm handclasp or hug, is all that's needed. Too often callers avoid any mention of the name of the person who has died or any subject that might bring memories of the deceased. This only makes everyone concerned feel strained and ill at ease. After all, that lost one is very much on the minds and hearts of those who mourn. It usually helps if they can talk about their loved one. I've found that if I extend my sympathy and then add something like, "We will all miss Mary. She was such a great help to me when we taught a Sunday school class together. She had such good ideas and her wonderful sense of humor made lesson-planning fun." Such shared experiences can open up the conversation. Then the family may go on and speak of their loved one—or not—as they choose.

There comes a time after the funeral is over and the relatives and friends have all returned to their homes, when grieving deepens. This is when comfort and support are needed most. One of my friends lost her husband suddenly when he died of a heart attack at his office.

"The time that is hardest for me," she told me later, "is about five-thirty in the afternoon, the hour he usually arrived home from work. I find myself still listening for his car in the driveway."

I began telephoning her for long chatty visits about five-thirty in the afternoon. If we had been out together for an afternoon, I would postpone taking her home until past that hour or invite her home for potluck. Sometimes I'd stop by in the late afternoon to take her a book from the library. (That brings to mind that many fine books which deal with sorrow are often helpful and comforting. If you haven't seen them, check your local library, church library or your minister.)

Friends can do much to offer cheer and encouragement during the adjustment period. Sharing some of the activities of your life will help: Take them with you to shop, to an exhibit and various community events. A way to get the sorrowing one away from home and out among other people occasionally is good. Drop in often for a casual chat and to share your own family news. Invite them to your home for coffee or a quiet evening of visiting. Think of things that you can ask them to do, such as help with an impromptu picnic—"I have most everything here to round up except a salad. Could you fix one of your good tossed salads to eat with the hamburgers?"

Everyone who has suffered the loss of a loved one knows how important the cards and letters of sympathy are. It is just another way of saying "I care and I'm

thinking of you." Personal messages written on these cards can mean so much.

If death occurs near a holiday, do not hesitate to send a greeting card, just be a little more selective in the choice of the wording on the card. But such a card lets the receiver know that life does go on and that you are standing by.

So, when sorrow arrives, *lead with your heart*. You will find many ways to help, to comfort, and to show your love and concern for the bereft one until that time when healing comes.

ORIGINAL GREETINGS

A friend's little son had both his grandmothers sick at the same time, so she wanted a special greeting for them. She got a large piece of poster board and with a felt-tipped marker wrote "Get well, Grandma, Love, T.J." Then she set the poster on her davenport, and put her little son, T.J., beside it. With her instant-print camera, she took two pictures. In a matter of a few minutes she had two unusual cards to send to two loving grandmothers. Pictures can be sent in same type of envelopes as other cards.

The same idea could be done for other occasions. The poster could be lettered for an anniversary or birthday. If the children are older, they can hold the poster. The date can be included on the picture.

—Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner

COVER PICTURE

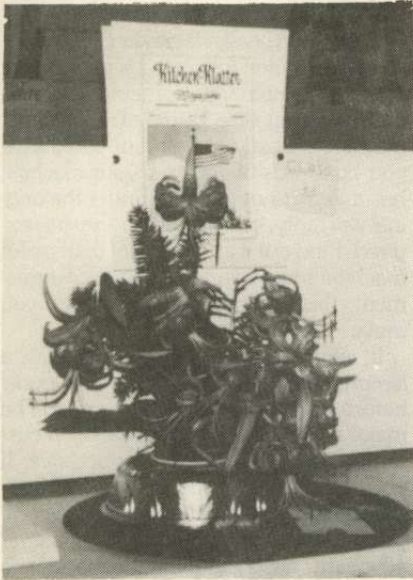
On a beautiful June day, we had the pleasure of seeing these relatives, big and little, gathered around a table at McComb Park near our home here in Shenandoah, Iowa, for a fried chicken dinner with all the trimmings. Interestingly, the children were getting acquainted with each other for the first time.

At the left in the front row is Mary Lea Palo of Offutt Air Force Base in Bellevue, Nebraska. Next to her is Kristin Brase, who now lives in Torrington, Wyoming. The happy youngster next to Kristin is Isabel Palo, the daughter of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, and the granddaughter of Frederick and Betty Driftmier.

Behind them are two little boys who really hit it off famously: Christopher Palo (son of Mary Lea and Vincent) and Julian Brase. Dorothy Driftmier Johnson is shown next (she was on deck to see that everything clicked along) and sitting beside Dorothy is Aaron Brase. Julian and Aaron are the children of Kristin and Art Brase and two of the three grandsons of Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

The picnic was perfect from every angle and will be remembered by all who participated for a long, long time to come.

—Lucile



Many of the county and state fairs held in July and August feature flower arrangements. This unusual display has bright orange tiger lilies in a copper ring mold. A copy of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* is used as background for what proved to be a blue ribbon winning entry.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Summer is in full swing this month and many people are away on vacation and hoping their gardens will survive without constant attention. Use mulch generously around perennials, roses and shrubs especially if this is their first (and most critical) year in your gardens. Lawn clippings are invaluable as mulch material. We save all the grass from our large lawn each time it is mowed. The grass is emptied from the lawn mower's canvas bag grass-catcher into a cart and immediately spread around plants.

"Don't you dry the clippings first?" many visitors ask. Fresh, heavy grass clippings stay where they are spread, do not fly in the wind and are much easier to handle than dry material.

Another reason for immediate spreading of cut grass around plants is that lawn clippings left for only a short time in piles will heat and mold and have a bad odor. Start with a three-inch-deep layer of the clippings and tuck it close up around the base of the plants. Add more as needed throughout the growing season. Because we have so much grass, the clippings are used around both perennial and annual flowers, around roses, shrubs and in the berry patch. Grass clippings keep strawberries up off the ground and to some extent conceal the berries from birds.

Grass clippings decay easily and by the following spring the residue can easily be worked into the soil. Grass mulch dries to a tan color that is attractive as well as useful.

August is the month for planting fall crocus, colchicums, *Fritillaria imperialis* and Madonna lilies. Tip over onion tops so the bulbs will mature for winter keeping. Use white onions first as they do not keep well. If cabbage heads are about ready to crack, bend the plant over until the roots break on one side to slow the growth. Thin carrots, beets and parsnips to allow uninterrupted root growth. Dig early potatoes as soon as the tops die down indicating growth has ceased and store the tubers.

Be sure to harvest vegetables when they have reached their peak. Rake up and bury dropped fruits—they are likely to be wormy and disposing of them promptly helps keep infestation down. Keep cantaloupes and watermelons off the ground by slipping a piece of board or other material under each to prevent decay from damp soil.

THANK YOU, MRS. BOWEN

Whenever I read the passage in the Bible about a lighted lamp being placed on a stand so that it could give light to all, Mrs. Bowen comes to mind. She didn't really light a lamp, she made beautiful arrangements of flowers and placed them on a polished mahogany table in front of a large window that overlooked the street.

When I passed her house, I always walked more slowly so as to enjoy the beauty she had placed on the table. One day it might be a low crystal bowl of old-fashioned yellow roses, the next some tall stalks of spotted tiger lilies in a stone jar. Maybe there were velvet-petaled gloxinias, or delicate sprays of dun-colored dried weeds from the roadside. No matter what her materials, her artistry created a beautiful picture of them.

Many other people surely found delight in Mrs. Bowen's flowers. I often thought that someday I should tell her how much they meant to me, that they were a constant inspiration. Although her flowers spoke to me each day, I had never met Mrs. Bowen.

Then early one morning, Mrs. Bowen died quietly in her sleep. After the first anguished shock at the news, remorse swept over me. I had never taken even a few moments to tell her how much her flowers meant to me. Now it was too late—I could never thank her.

For a long time after her death, I avoided passing Mrs. Bowen's house. A new family moved in and there were no more flowers in the window.

It is strange to realize the lessons taught by Mrs. Bowen's flowers. Because of them, I try to make something beautiful with whatever God places in my hands and I'm trying to catch up on my unpaid debts of gratitude. I'm learning to say, "Thank you" and "I love you" quickly and without delay.

Thankfulness is for now; tomorrow may be too late. —Dorothy Enke

REST ON SUNDAY

by Ruth Townsend

"Rest on Sunday." That phrase has had very different meanings at different periods in our history. Many of us grew up when it meant a day with church in the morning, a quiet afternoon and oftentimes church again in the evening.

I remember those quiet afternoons so well. My sister and I weren't supposed to do any sewing or fancywork of any kind on Sunday. We could read and we could listen to the radio if we didn't have the volume turned up too loud. In the summer we could go outside and play, but noisy games or shouting were taboo. For some reason we could play croquet—undoubtedly it was considered a quiet game. It usually was, but I remember one time a ball hit one of the cellar windows. The crash brought Mama and Papa running. That ended croquet for a while.

I had paper dolls for inside play and would spread them out on the living room floor. My sister was older and she felt she was beyond such play, but she spent hours making clothes for me to use with my dolls. She was very artistic and the paper clothes she made were lovely. I still have some of her pretty creations.

Often, in the latter part of the afternoon or in the early evening, if there was no church service, Papa would read aloud. I still cannot see books like *Ivanhoe* or *Lorna Doone* without hearing Papa's voice in my ears. We also loved Joseph C. Lincoln's books about New England. We would laugh till we cried over the funny parts. Christopher Morley was another author Papa liked. He read us a book called *Where the Blue Begins* that was especially fine. Would it seem as much fun to read it now as it did then?

My parents did not believe in card games with regular playing cards but they would play "Authors" with my sister and me. When I got to the middle and upper grades at school and began to learn about literature, I never had any trouble with names like Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and so on, because I'd met them all on "Authors" cards. We also played dominoes and checkers and sometimes put jigsaw puzzles together.

On warm summer evenings, we frequently went out to look at the stars. Papa, though a farmer by profession, had many interests and one of them was astronomy. He loved to show us the stars and tell us facts he had learned about them. When we would go inside, he would read us the myths about how the constellations got their names.

Sundays of fifty or sixty years ago probably sound dull to young people today but they were restful and gave body and mind a chance for renewal before facing the busy week ahead.

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

The average life span of a sewing machine is twenty-four years. That's an important tidbit of information if you're in the market for a machine. Whatever you buy will be around a long time, so it should fit your future needs as well as the present ones.

Machines are terribly expensive nowadays, but many good bargains can be found. Floor models and demonstrators are reduced in price and sold each year when new models are introduced. (April and June are good months to shop for last year's close-out models.) Be sure the discount is enough to offset the fact that these machines are scratched and often damaged in some ways. Check to see if the warranty is still valid and if it is an "as is sale" with no dealer guarantees. Plug it in and try every stitch; this could save you a costly mistake.

If your dealer offers you a rebuilt machine, ask if the manufacturer or a factory-authorized repairman rebuilt it. These sources usually offer some kind of limited warranty and are most familiar with the machine.

In some regions of the country, a machine can still be purchased on a home-trial basis. Be aware of what you are signing! A disreputable salesman can slip a purchase agreement in among the receipts you sign.

If you buy a used machine from a private party, the warranty will most likely not extend to a second owner. Ask the age of the machine and the last date of service. Find out if there are any major recurring problems. Don't be concerned

if the machine has been repaired a time or two; the kinks may have been worked out and saved you the trouble.

The hardest part of buying a machine is sorting out all the features offered: do you really need a \$500 machine that has twenty-one embroidery stitches? If you do only basic utility sewing such as mending and making an occasional garment from a simple-to-work-with fabric, you could do well with a simple zigzag machine. These basic machines are often lower than \$100 in price. Keep in mind that basic machines do not last as long as their more expensive counterparts and are created for light sewing.

When considering any machine, bring several types of fabrics with you—knits, corduroys, tricot, denims and even fake fur. These samples will show any shortcomings of the machine more than the stiff cotton fabric all the dealers use for demonstrations. That cotton fabric is almost a cheat, it's no challenge for any machine and will make every machine look good.

Try out the buttonholer on several types of fabric. Is it easy to use? Are the holes neat? Is there a reliable spacing guide? If a buttonholer is awkward, you won't use it enough to merit the additional cost.

Avid sewers should look into the double needles that many machines accept. Ask if yours does and request a demonstration—topstitching was never so easy! Try out the cams if they are involved. Are they easy to insert and remove?

A consideration on the the electronic machines is that, on most models, what you see is what you get—you do not have the option of adding any new stitches. Also, all the flaws have not yet been

worked out of those machines.

When you finally decide on the style of sewing machine for you, ask your dealer about a maintenance agreement, and be certain to get one. Some arrangements may seem costly at first, but could save you hundreds of dollars if your machine has a defect not covered under the original warranty, or if your warranty has expired. Find out if all dealers of your make machine must honor your service agreement; this is especially important if you move.

If, after all this, you wind up with a lemon, complain immediately and loudly before your warranty has expired. The major manufacturers want satisfied customers and are usually cooperative. If you do not get satisfaction, call your Better Business Bureau and lodge a complaint, then write your local consumer advocate association or newspaper's consumer affairs editor. These people may be able to help you or tell you who can.

Whatever brand sewing machine you buy, fancy or simple, the most important factor is that it fills your needs and that YOU are happy with it—it need not please anyone else. Which brings me to one last point, *do not loan out your machine*. Many repairmen have told me that a machine gets "broken in" to a seamstress and can be thrown out of adjustment by different users, particularly anyone unfamiliar with the brand or model. Protect your investment by tactfully keeping it to yourself.

THE PATH OF LIFE

Onward, onward, ever onward,
Goes the path of life,
Sometimes upward, sometimes downward,
Filled with joy and strife,
Always forward, never backward,
Goes the path of life.

—Margaret Wessel

A NEW MODEL

When people's cars get old and worn,
And then begin to toddle,
They go somewhere and trade them in
And get the latest model.

Now I have very often thought
That when my joints get achy,
And when my hair has turned all gray
And knees are rather shaky,
And when the onward march of time
Has left me rather feeble,
How nice 'twould be to find a firm
That deals in worn-out people.

How nice 'twould be, when feet give out,
Or we have damaged livers,
If we could go and buy new parts
Just like we do for flivvers.

And when my form is bent with age
And gets to looking shoddy,
How nice 'twould be to trade it in
And get a brand-new body!

—Anonymous



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Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



An article in a recent edition of our local paper caught my eye last week. The Wisconsin librarians circulated a survey to teenagers in order to compile a list of their favorite books. I don't think many libraries will post the results. Disappointed and very surprised, the Delafield librarian said the books found in the teens' top ten would rarely be found on library shelves. She claimed the books were largely unsuitable for youngsters, and certainly devoid of any literary merit.

There are so many really good books in print today, it is too bad that the supernatural "ghost" type are receiving so much attention.

Scott O'Dell has written some of the most interesting and appropriate books for young readers that I have ever read. An authority on California history, O'Dell writes regional novels reflecting as much love for the Southwest as Willa Cather had for the Midwest.

The Island of the Blue Dolphins is probably the best known of the O'Dell books. I was introduced to it when I was twelve, and was awestruck by the courage and strength of the heroine, an Indian who could not have been much more than twelve years old herself.

The Island of the Blue Dolphins tells the story of Karana, an Indian girl who is left alone on the Island of San Nicholas when her tribe moves east to California in the 1800's. Every day she waits and watches for ships, certain her friends will return for her. While she waits, she bravely keeps herself alive by building a shelter, finding food and fighting the wild dogs which roam the island.

O'Dell has done more than rewrite the story of Robinson Crusoe. Underlying the adventure is a story of self-discovery, personal strength and serenity. With quiet courage and Indian self-reliance and acceptance of fate, Karana turns a lonely and terrifying ordeal into an inspirational experience.

Zia is a sequel to *The Island of the Blue Dolphins*. The fourteen-year-old Zia grows up in California hearing stories about her Aunt Karana alone on the Island of San Nicholas, and Zia is determined to make the journey there to find her. It seems fated that she should go when a whaleboat is cast up on the beach. But sometimes Zia wonders if Karana will want to be rescued; will she want to leave her freedom on the island and live at the mission where white men, not nature, make the rules?

The King's Fifth is about the Spanish Conquistadores who searched for the fabled cities of Cibola, *Sing Down the*



All dressed up and, obviously, with someplace to go are Paul, Adrienne and Mary Beth Driftmier.

Moon describes from the Indian point of view the forced migration of the Navahos from their original home in Arizona to New Mexico in the mid-1860's. *Carlota* is the story of a fearless sixteen-year-old cowgirl, based in part on the life of Luisa Montero, who lived in southern California in the early years of the last century.

Most of O'Dell's books are located in the Southwest, but *The Hawk That Dare Not Hunt By Day* is set in a very different time and place. This is the story of William Tyndale, a smuggler during the reign of King Henry VIII, a time of both political and religious turmoil. William Tyndale was no common smuggler, for the contraband materials he circulated around revolutionary England were Bibles. It was heresy to translate the Bible into English, but after eleven years, this is what William had done. For the first time, even the farmers and working men of England would be able to read and understand the sacred Scriptures.

The Hawk That Dare Not Hunt By Day gives a very interesting and accurate look at 16th-century England. All of the characters except the two who helped smuggle the Bibles into England, Tom Barton and his Uncle Jack, are real people of history, including Henry VIII, Sir Thomas Moore, John Stokesly and Henry Phillips.

O'Dell followed Tyndale's life as it is recounted by his biographers. Tyndale accomplished more than he could have dreamed possible. His contribution to establishing English literary style is considered to be even greater than that of Shakespeare.

The stories are beautiful and moving, and always say more than usually can be caught in only one reading.

If you haven't got the right material, go get it; if you can't find it, make substitutions; if you can't substitute, improvise; if you can't improvise, make an innovation.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

packed my mother's suitcases, our long dresses and Don's clothes into our comfortable big car and started for Milwaukee. There had been storms ripping through the Midwest the day before our drive and more the days following it, but we managed to strike a beautiful day for driving. Mother and all of the family settled in for a lovely visit which was cut short by the threat of the airline traffic controllers' strike. Mother returned to Indiana so she would not be stranded here in case the strike materialized. Now I'm trying to get her to return later this month when Katharine is expected for a visit. Adrienne will be working until the first week of September so if Katharine comes, we shall have a brief reunion.

Until next month . . .

Mary Beth

COMING HOME

Over the mountains, past rippling streams,
Into the forest, and vacation-home dreams,
From the quiet serenity of hillside and glen
To the rush of the city and out again.
By way of the desert, we bring memories to store—
Summer vacation is over, we turn homeward once more!

—Marjorie Lundell

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From Our Family Album

In contrast to the people on the cover, we will turn back the clock to another beautiful summer day long ago when the youngsters and the grown-ups pictured went down to my Aunt Helen Field Fischer's garden to have homemade ice cream and cake.

In the front row is Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh with Martin Strom (Oliver's and Margery's son) on her lap. Then comes Aunt Helen Field Fischer with Kristin Johnson Brase (Frank's and Dorothy's daughter). At the end is Mother, Leanna Field Driftmier, holding both little Emily Driftmier DiCicco (Abigail's and Wayne's daughter) and Juliana Verness Lowey (Russell's and my daughter).

Standing behind the three Field sisters in the front row is one more sister—on the right is Aunt Martha Field Eaton. On the left is my Uncle Henry Field's wife, Aunt Bertha Field.

All of the grown-ups are gone now, and the children live in Maple Lake, Minnesota; Torrington, Wyoming; Arlington, Virginia; and Albuquerque, New Mexico, respectively. But in spite of the geographical distance between them, they maintain close ties and feel very much concerned about each other.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
to question them, but from the articles in the newspaper the next day, I think I know what happened.

Modern-day pirates are smuggling drugs into this country, and the little cove in front of our house is an ideal spot for a smuggler to unload his contraband cargo. Fast boats can bring the drugs up the river under the cover of darkness while the larger "mother ship" stays out in the ocean just a short distance from shore. Our little cove is one of the few spots in this neighborhood where a person can stand on the deck of his boat and hand a cargo to someone sitting on the road in a car or truck. The police in our driveway were probably trying to

prevent just such an action, for that was the same night that a big drug ship was seen off our coast.

Life is never dull around here, not even in our "quiet retirement". If you were to stop by to call on us, it would be such fun. I am told that we have more visitors and more mail than anyone else on our road. That is the way Betty and I like it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy.

Remember the weekday and work it wholly.

ARE YOU AN ANT OR A GRASSHOPPER?

by
Sue Peeler

Remember the story of the ant and the grasshopper? The ant worked hard all summer, digging a nice burrow and storing away food, while the grasshopper played, sang and laughed at the ant for working so hard while the weather was nice and food was abundant. Then, when winter arrived, the grasshopper came crying to the ant because he was cold and hungry.

On our homestead, winter gives us a chance to figure out whether we were ants or grasshoppers during the summer, sometimes we're embarrassed by the answers.

Are the barns nice and cozy, or are we out in a blizzard patching up holes while the wind is tearing off the temporary tar paper siding? Is the new sheep pasture fenced, or are we trying to drive posts in frozen ground? Do we have enough hay to last the winter, or do we find ourselves driving on icy roads with a pickup load of scrubby hay (and thankful to find that) because nobody wants to turn loose any good hay in the middle of winter.

In the summer it was so easy to decide to have the lambs and kids arrive in January for the early market—but why did we wait till the week before they were due to get out in the sub-zero cold to put up makeshift pens in the horse barn? In the warm sunshine, my pleas for indoor feeding facilities for the woolies fell on deaf ears. When winter hit, they had a choice: stay dry inside and starve to death, or brave the elements out at the feeder. After one Angora kid was found frozen in a cold rain, there was a frantic flurry of activity to build indoor mangers and feed boxes.

Do we have a full supply of wood, or will we go out every weekend (rain, snow, or shine) to get next week's supply? More than once we've put the last three sticks of wood in the stove, then headed out to cut a load. One winter we found ourselves carrying the wood several hundred feet through three-foot-deep snow. This happened every week—the snow didn't melt off until spring.

Every year we decide to build a root cellar and plant lots of crops for storage. Every year we don't get the cellar built and end up giving away lots of vegetables and losing others due to make-shift storage.

It doesn't have to be this way. Winter on the homestead can be a very rewarding time. Under the right conditions warm, dry, well-fed animals are so grateful and affectionate choretime is more like a party than work. In the rare years when we were well-prepared for

winter, the worst inconvenience we suffered was shoveling snow away from doors and bringing water buckets in to thaw by the stove.

Yes, the cold days of winter spent fighting the shortcomings of the summer and the long evenings of winter, with plenty of time for planning how to organize our time so we can accomplish more next summer, have brought us to this credo: Do it now! Don't build the barn after the goat dies of exposure.

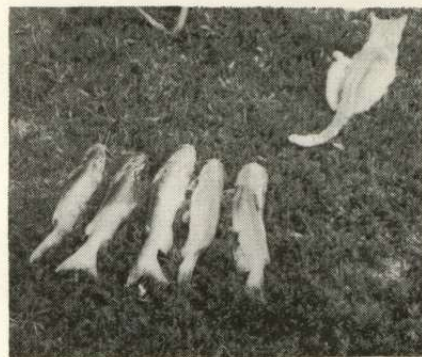


KATYDID

Katydid, Katydid,
It sings and sings.
And yet I still don't know
What Katy did.

Was she bad or good?
Was she kind or mean?
I wish I really knew
What Katy did.

—Annette Lingelbach



Can you imagine a cat coming this close to real fish and leaving them alone? These channel catfish, weighing between 3 to 5 pounds each, were caught at Lake Icaria near Corning, Iowa, by Bob James. Bob is our printer who operates the presses that bring this magazine to you. He drives to Shenandoah from Stanton, Iowa, (approximately 18 miles) every work day, so his hunting and fishing can be done only on weekends. Bob also has several cats and they really do leave his fish strictly alone. The cat pictured is a full-grown tomcat Bob calls "Big Foot".

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—Louise Simms



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ENJOY A SAFE VACATION

Everybody enjoys a vacation. The
tensions of everyday living in today's
society make an occasional holiday
almost a necessity.

Here are some suggestions:
To Save Money —

1. Before leaving on your vacation,
make certain that your home is securely
locked.

2. Check with your insurance agent—
you may be able to take out a policy on
your luggage, clothing, sporting equip-
ment, etc., only for the length of your
vacation time.

3. Take only a small amount of cash.
Use travelers' checks instead. They can
be cashed almost anywhere and, if lost or
stolen, are quickly replaced. It is a good
idea to split your travelers' checks and
keep some in two different places. Also,
don't put all your cash in one place—just
in case.

Near Water —

1. Swim in company so there is help
available if necessary.

2. Wait at least one hour after eating
before venturing into the water.

3. Know where you are swimming or
diving. Don't take chances with hidden
rocks or logs.

4. If you're tired or overheated, don't
go swimming.

5. In case of a thunderstorm, get out of
the water immediately and seek shelter.

In the Woods —

1. Check on local hazards such as
snakes, poison ivy, or insects.

2. Carry a first-aid kit in case of cuts or
bruises.

3. Before building a fire, be sure that
the area is cleared of brush, debris, and
overhanging branches. Have plenty of
water or dirt handy and keep the fire
small for better cooking and safety, too.

4. Be sure the fire is out completely
before leaving the area.



One advantage of a city park is the
fact that kids have equipment to
climb on, slide down, swing in and run
around. When Blaine Barton arrived
with his camera, he found all three
children perched high on the top
beam, but they obligingly came down
to pose long enough for him to snap
this picture. On the left is Julian
Brase, in the center is Christopher
Palo and on the right is Isabel Palo.

5. In case of thunderstorms, get to the
shelter of the car or cabin as quickly as
possible.

6. Carry an extra sweater or coat in
case the temperature drops suddenly.

In the Sun —

1. Use suntan lotion to help prevent
bad sunburns.

2. Wear a hat for protection from
direct rays of the sun.

On the Road —

1. Obey all traffic rules and regula-
tions. Be a courteous driver.

2. If you are staying at a national or
state park, check their regulations in
advance — particularly if you are pulling
a trailer or boat.

Above all, use good judgment and
common sense in all situations, and en-
joy another vacation next year.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
few days and it will be mighty lonesome
around here. Kristin will have just a
month before her new job will start, and
in that month she has to get everything
packed to move to Torrington, Wyo-
ming, where her husband, Art, is now
working in the hospital. They have
bought a home there, so she will have to
get settled in it. We are especially grate-
ful that she was able to spend a month
with us.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

P.S. Lucile has been having difficulty
with her back. She has been unable to sit
at the typewriter.

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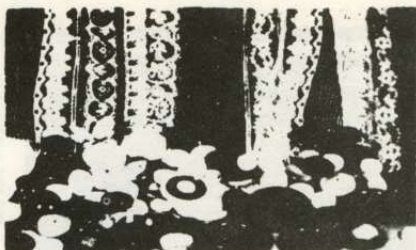
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11. "My Gal _____" (Sal)
 12. "Oh! _____" (Susanna)
 13. "When You and I Were Young _____" (Maggie)
 14. "Oh My Darling _____" (Clementine)
 15. "Sweet _____ From Pike" (Betsy)
 16. "_____ by Starlight" (Stella)
 17. "Hello, _____" (Dolly)
 18. "_____ o' My Heart" (Peg)
 19. "Sweet _____" (Adeline)
 20. "Waltzing _____" (Matilda)
- Dianne L. Beetler

All About Water: Answers contain the word "water".

1. He supplies drinking water for a work crew. (water boy)
2. A large animal. (water buffalo)
3. Something caused from a burn. (water blister)
4. Used in Chinese cooking. (water chestnuts)
5. Kind of painting. (watercolor)
6. Salad greens. (watercress)
7. Beautiful works of nature. (waterfalls)

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"Gone Fishing" — A perfect day for hooky, and a lazy afternoon's fishing — as long as Teacher doesn't find out!

"Nighty Night" — Bathtime's over, bedtime's here. So what if they're just dolls? You're their Mommy!

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