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Kitchen-Klatter

Magazine

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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Betty Jane and I are never given to lolling around the house in the morning, but this particular day began earlier than usual because we were up to say goodbye to our three house guests who were taking to the road after a week's visit with us.

"House guests" seems like a rather formal designation for these three people because one of them, Mrs. Lucille Rice of St. Paul, Minnesota, is Betty Jane's mother; the other two, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Broghaus of Cedar Cliff on the St. Croix River, seem like family too. They've been here several times, and the last two summers we've spent a couple of weeks at their home; I've described their beautiful place high on the bluffs where you can look for miles into Wisconsin.

This accounts for the three people involved in our happy week, but I must also account for something else and that was their Doberman, Noelle, who came with them. She is about the same size as our Hawkeye and is named Noelle because they acquired her on Christmas Day. They had asked in advance if they should board her in a kennel or bring her along and we said to bring her along—if things got too rambunctious we could go ahead and put her in a kennel.

This course of action was never necessary. Aside from discovering that we had to feed them separately, they settled down in fine shape in our tightly fenced garden. We were reminded of two very small colts when they rapped around out there. And they didn't tear up a single plant!

But I cannot resist adding one more note about these two big Dobermanns. Everyone who thinks that men rule the roost and lay down the law should have been here this last week. Separate feedings were necessary because Noelle wouldn't allow Hawkeye to come anywhere near their pan of food until she had her complete fill. So how's that?

These summer months are punctuated far and wide with high school class

reunions, and in reading about the ones that are held in adjoining towns, I am surprised by the great distances many people travel for these affairs. The one in which I'm particularly interested this summer is the Shenandoah high school class of 1961, their twentieth reunion. Juliana and Robin Read Justiz (you hear them twice a week on the radio) were put in charge of the entertainment, so both of them will be back.

Unless present plans go awry, Juliana plans to drive back with James and Katharine, and will stop in Hugoton, Kansas, to pick up her old friend, Suzie Henshaw Beery. Both girls can be in town only a very short time and then will make the return trip together. However, James and Katharine will stay with me for a visit, so I need not think about a full summer when I don't get a chance to see them. It really wouldn't seem like a complete summer to them if they didn't get back to Shenandoah where "there's never a mountain in sight", as Katharine puts it.

In only a few days we'll be looking forward to seeing Kristin, Aaron and Julian. They'll be here only overnight on this stop because their plans call for going up to the farm and Kristin's parents on the next day; later they'll be back for a longer visit.

It just so happens that two class reunions fall when Kristin is in Iowa. Dorothy's class of the Shenandoah high school, 1931, is holding its fiftieth reunion here in Shenandoah, and Kristin's class of the Chariton high school, 1961, falls due in Chariton. I believe they are both held on the same date, but I'm not sure about this.

There is one thing I'd like to mention right here. When my Shenandoah class of 1928 held its fiftieth reunion, I looked carefully at the scheduled events and my heart sank; steps, steps for every single thing. Since I live in a wheelchair, that reunion might as well have been held on Mars. There was no earthly way I could get to anything.

Well, I thought it all over and decided to ask the committee if they would announce at the first full gathering that I would be tickled to death if anyone who cared to make the extra stop would like to come to see me at my home. The announcement was made and consequently I had the great joy of greeting and visiting with many, many of my old classmates plus, in quite a few circumstances, their husbands or their wives, as the case might be. It made for a wonderfully happy two or more hours, so I'd like to suggest that anyone who lives in a wheelchair give thought to this if your class is having a reunion. Unless I am totally deluded, I think you will find it a wonderfully rewarding experience.

We've had such freakish weather conditions in recent years that nothing should come as a great surprise to us,



When Betty Jane and I arrived in Albuquerque for our early spring visit, we found that Katharine had made and decorated this cake to serve as dessert for our first meal at the Lowey table. It was an orange cake and simply delicious. —Lucile

but I'll admit that I was downright shocked when I heard that a tornado had hit the Denver, Colorado, area in early June. We can associate anything and everything in connection with Denver, but never a tornado.

As soon as the circuits were open and I could get through on the following evening I talked with my brother, Wayne, and his wife, Abigail, to see if they had suffered any losses. They reported that the worst of the winds had hit Thornton to the north of them, but at their own home they had two and a third inches of rain in exactly thirty minutes (at seven in the evening) and for the first time ever they had a flooded basement and ornamental plantings shredded by terrific hail.

"Those hailstones were so unbelievably big," Abigail said, "that they hit the ground and then bounced up high as if they were balls. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw that we had a full foot of hail in our yard."

The following afternoon they had an additional one and a half inches of rain and hail in exactly thirty minutes. They had no damage to their house, but at one of their warehouses all of the windows were smashed in by hail and high winds. They have three garden centers and only this one was damaged, so they felt they'd been downright lucky. If Denver ever again has such a storm, we'll have to annex it to our Midwest Tornado Alley.

As I write this letter, both Abigail and Wayne are spending five days at their daughter's (Emily and Rich DiCicco) new home in Arlington, Virginia. Their first home was a very snug fit, and after Stephen Louis arrived on August 2, 1980, they were bursting at the seams. I hope that Emily can round up a photographer while her parents are there so we can get (Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

For all the men who read my letter each month, here is a follow up on the wild turkey story in my last letter. The last two hunters to finish up the season each came in with a bird, so the final score was a hundred percent. Also, Frank and I finally got to taste some wild turkey and thought it was very good. One of the hunters was Dr. Boyce whose wife, Faith, is a good friend of mine. We had never eaten any wild turkey so, when they roasted theirs for a big family dinner, Faith saved some for us. I also said that last month the conservation people were considering a fall turkey season, and this is now an established fact. It is to be the last of October.

One of our ducks came into the yard last week with one baby. It is possible she got impatient and left the nest after one hatched out, or something got the rest of the eggs. At any rate, she is real protective of the one she has. She makes many trips each day back and forth to the pond. Invariably when I start to drive down the driveway, she'll be right ahead of me with her little one, just poking along. There is nothing that makes her hurry. From the car, I can keep her head in sight but I can't see the baby, so I have to drive at her speed so as not to run over the little one. The other day after a rain there was a low spot in the lane filled with water and that baby decided it was a good place to have a swim. I finally had to get out of the car and chase both of them up into the yard.

In my estimation there is nothing cuter than baby ducks unless it is baby banties. They are so tiny. One little hen hatched out five recently but managed to save only two. After something got the other three, she moved the remaining two into a safe place. Last week another little hen came in with three that are pure black. She still has all three, so maybe she'll be able to raise them. Usually banty hens are good mothers.

Raymond Halls, our brother-in-law of Roswell, New Mexico, is here staying with his two sisters. He came for Memorial Day and planned to stay a few weeks. He still has some coveralls he used to wear when he lived on the farm, so he brought those out here with him yesterday so he could help Frank.

Raymond reports that Roswell is growing by leaps and bounds. When they first moved there eleven years ago, the big air base had just closed and there were so many empty houses one could be bought awfully cheap. Now there is a big housing shortage in spite of all the building that is taking place. Raymond has a mobile home in an old established



Julian Brase (grandson of Dorothy and Frank Johnson) enjoyed a happy sixth birthday party with three of his friends. Julian is on the left blowing up the round balloon. His friends are Randy Harrington, Steven Boeslager and Russ Koza.

court. In December, many people had their mobiles for sale and had been unable to sell them. All that has changed in a few short months. The reason—oil and gas. A lot of wells are being sunk about seventy miles northeast of Roswell and that small city is expecting to become a boom town.

I had a very enjoyable trip to Norfolk, Nebraska, in May with Hallie Blackman and Verlene Looker (two members of our Kitchen-Klatter family). We attended the open house of radio station WJAG in their newly remodeled offices and broadcasting facilities. Our Kitchen-Klatter radio program has been carried over this station for almost twenty-seven years and we have many faithful listeners in the Norfolk area.

Bob Thomas, general manager of stations WJAG and KEXL (the FM station), and Hollis Francis, manager of WJAG, were congenial hosts and showed us around the station before we adjourned to the room where we met and visited with our many radio friends. There was a large table set up where the visitors were served coffee, punch and cookies. So many more people came than were expected that they ran out of cookies and had to get crackers, potato chips, dips and cheese spreads.

At a place like this I always wish it was possible to have more time to visit. For instance, I would love to have found out more about the Indian artifact collection of Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Boettcher of Spencer, Nebraska. Mrs. Boettcher was wearing an arrowhead necklace just like one I have (Peggy Dier made it for me from an arrowhead Frank found on our farm); we could have spent an hour discussing our collections.

Then there were Willard and Cecilia Grevson, a peppy young couple from Madison, Nebraska. Cecilia is from South America and didn't know about

Kitchen-Klatter until she married Willard and came to America. Willard hears our broadcasts over his tractor radio while he works. Cecilia loves our cookbook and says she has sent many as gifts to friends in other countries. I had to laugh when she told me that when she didn't know who we were, she was jealous of us because Willard was always calling us by our first names and telling her what we had said; she thought we were his old girlfriends.

Mrs. Esty Nelson of Norfolk told me a remarkable story about her mother, Nina Rust. On June 18, she was to have her one hundredth birthday. Mrs. Rust has twelve children, all living. With the exception of one, they all arranged to be with her in Oregon on her birthday. In the past year, Mrs. Rust has pieced three quilts, done crocheting and played at least one game of Scrabble every day.

The town in Oregon where Mrs. Rust lives with a daughter has a big celebration every year called a Safari. Last year, at age ninety-nine, Mrs. Rust walked in the parade and rode an elephant, getting on the animal unassisted. This year she is anticipating doing it again. She must be quite a person; how I would love to meet and talk to her.

A close friend of mine, Norma Pim,
(Continued on page 19)

**Take
Special Note of the
RENEWAL DATE**

**on the label of your
magazine. Renew in
advance. Only one
notice will be
sent.**



Great American Ladies

by
Virginia Thomas

Miss Liberty: There is one lady of America who has never lost her face or figure despite wind, rain, hail or snow, wars or change of presidents. She is the magnificent Statue of Liberty, symbol of justice and freedom to those who call America home.

Her great story begins with the dream and plans of the people of France to give a birthday gift to the American people on the observance of their one hundredth birthday on July 4, 1876. The gift was to be a great statue created by the sculptor, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi. Unfortunately, the great lady never made it to the centennial celebration. Many problems arose concerning transportation, where to place the statue upon arrival in the U.S.A., and the financing of a base upon which it would stand. Months went by and still the statue stood waiting in Bartholdi's courtyard in Paris.

Thousands of people visited the lady; they gazed in wonder and pondered as to how the statue could be gotten to its destination in America. Bartholdi himself helped to raise more than \$200,000. Years went by and the working people and children of France set about raising money to send the statue to America.

In America, people had been very excited when they first heard of the gift that was to come from France but as the months went by and nothing happened many almost forgot about it. Finally, Joseph Pulitzer, an American business man who owned a newspaper, decided to do something about the forgotten "Lady of Liberty". He ran an article telling about the sculpture and of all that the French people had done to raise funds for her transportation. He asked

the American people to contribute money to purchase land where the statue might "come home", to help with the transportation costs and to build a pedestal upon which the statue would rest.

Slowly funds began coming in from all over the United States, primarily in small amounts. Pennies and nickels and dollars came as the sacrificial gifts of the working people, organizations and churches. School children across the land took on projects to raise money to send to the fund. Newsboys, scrubwomen, cab drivers, housewives, farmers, and many more, each giving what they could no matter how small the amount.

At long last, Mr. Pulitzer's New York paper announced that \$100,000 had been raised and that the statue would soon be on its way to America. Miss Liberty was to make her home on an island in New York Harbor. President Grover Cleveland and the mayor of New York City would welcome her. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi would come to America for the official ceremonies.

The day came. On October 28, 1886, ten years and four months after the original centennial date, the Statue of Liberty stood on her magnificent pedestal on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor ready to be officially welcomed. Thousands thronged to pay their respects, school children wrote essays and newspapers ran long articles about the occasion. Many people who could not get to the ceremonies sailed by boat down the Hudson River just to get as near as they could to the majestic lady in the harbor.

Miss Liberty is one hundred fifty-two feet high, has a thirty-five foot waist, her right arm is forty-two feet long and her index finger is eight feet long. Her head is ten feet thick, her mouth three feet wide. She weighs two hundred twenty-five tons. She was built to withstand a gale up to one hundred forty-one miles an hour. Miss Liberty holds a shining torch high above her head, in her left arm she holds a tablet bearing the date of the Declaration of Independence. A crown rests upon her head and broken shackles are upon her feet.

In 1903, a poem by Emma Lazarus was inscribed upon a tablet in the pedestal of the statue. These lines from that poem have become famous across the land:

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming
shore,
Send those homeless, tempest-tossed to
me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

Katharine Lee Bates: Katharine Lee Bates loved to travel and, by 1893, was well known for her many fine articles

about the places she had visited abroad. On a trip west, she stopped in Chicago to visit the World's Columbian Exhibition where she was greatly impressed by the magnificent buildings in the "White City". Later on her trip, her eyes feasted on the great sweep of the wheat fields of Kansas, and the grandeur of the mountains of Colorado.

Miss Bates, a poet and head of the English literature department at Wellesley College, was to teach a summer session at Colorado Springs, Colorado. Woodrow Wilson, then a professor at Princeton, and the author, Hamlin Garland, were also teaching at the same school. They all decided to hire a tourist wagon to take them to the top of Pike's Peak.

Remember, this was 1893 with no streamlined buses or automobiles to quickly zoom the group to the summit. The road was rough, very narrow and full of treacherous curves. Horses were used to pull the wagon halfway up the mountainside, then they were left there and mules were hitched to the wagon to pull the load the rest of the way to the top.

At last the wagon and its occupants reached the summit and their awed eyes took in the great panorama spread out before them. What a view! Unfortunately, one of the group was stricken with altitude sickness and so their enjoyment was cut short and they soon headed back down the mountain. Katharine's experience, though much shorter than she had hoped, provided her with wonderful mind pictures which she kept thinking about as the return journey was made.

That evening, Katharine Bates sat in her hotel room in Colorado Springs, her thoughts turned again and again to all the sights she had seen on the trip from the East—the great white buildings at the world's fair, the wheat fields, the view from Pike's Peak. It was as if the panorama that was America was spread out before her mind's eye. That night she began to write a poem and later, when she left Colorado to return home, she penciled the four stanzas of the beloved song, "America the Beautiful", into her notebook.

The poem first appeared in print on July 4, 1895, in *The Congregationalist* and soon letters poured in from across the country asking permission to use it in programs and speeches. Musicians were busy setting the beautiful poem to music and in time over sixty tunes were composed for the words. Gradually, one tune came to be more accepted than the others, that composed by Samuel Ward and the one by which we sing the song today.

Today, most people consider "America the Beautiful" to be the most popular of our nation's anthems.





FOR JULY PARTIES

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Flags & Fluff: Fluff balls, the kind many people use as plate and pot scratchers, are easy and inexpensive to make for pretty decorations and favors. Make each fluff ball by cutting a strip of net four or five inches wide and as long as desired. Run a gathering thread down the center, pull to gather into a round, fluffy ball.

For a centerpiece, arrange three or five flags in a needlepoint flower holder or into a piece of styrofoam. Pile red, white and blue fluff balls around the base. Tuck curled ribbons in the same colors in among the net balls. Cute individual favors can be made by sticking a single flag into one net ball and placing on the table beside each person's place.

Balloon Fountain Centerpiece: This is a cool-appearing decoration for summer. Place an electric fan, face side up, in the center of the table. (Many small household fans have an adjustable head so this can be done easily.) Fasten a wire hoop or "hula hoop" ring from the ceiling. Run strings or strips of colored crepe paper from the hoop down to the fan guard or the table so that a circular "cage" is formed. Poke inflated balloons through the sides of the "cage", the number depending on the height and circumference of the area. When the fan is turned on, the balloons will rise and fall and tumble about. A colored spotlight can be turned onto the "fountain" to add to the beauty.

Scrapbooks can be loads of fun and a quiet entertainment on a hot summer day—useable for almost any age group. Ask each guest to bring a favorite scrapbook of any kind on any subject—photograph, school days, newspaper clippings, picture post cards, vacations, etc. The guests will enjoy looking over each other's scrapbooks, laughing over the old costumes and reminiscing about certain events. Prizes can be awarded to 1. the biggest, 2. the oldest, 3. most unique, 4. funniest, 5. the most mixed-up (either in subject matter or way material is displayed).

Rock Art can be an activity or craft for party fun or to use with a summer youth group, church school class, at camp or just for a hobby to enjoy at home. Provide a supply of rocks of different sizes and shapes, water-base paints, inexpensive brushes and plenty of paper towels. (Enamel paints can be used with adults if preferred.) Turn the participants loose to use their creative ideas in painting faces, flowers or other designs on the rocks of their choice. Prizes may be given for whatever categories the leader wishes.

CHEROKEE PRAYER

The American Indians are a very important part of our heritage. They knew and loved the land, and they lived from it. They did not have factories or corporations to keep themselves busy; their work consisted of finding a better way to provide for their families.

There were many tribes of Indians and they lived in many different ways. The Cherokee Indian village at Talequah, Oklahoma, is a symbol of how the Cherokee tribe lived, not in tepees, but in houses with dirt floors. Inside the stockade which surrounds the village, the little log houses have vegetables and skins drying. The cooking of food is shown as well as the tools with which they made their living. In many ways, people of today can see how these native Americans lived in that long-ago time.

I found "The Cherokee Prayer" at a gift shop near the village, the words burned on a piece of decorated wood. The author is unknown: "Oh Great Spirit, teach me to think quietly, to speak gently and to hear your voice in the whispering breeze, the song of birds and the

murmuring brook."

In this busy age of noise and confusion, of restlessness and strife, this simple prayer should bring us to a realization of how to live. We no longer think quietly, but belligerently, fiercely, furiously. We are mentally at war with the peoples of the world and with life around us. We do not often speak gently, but bitterly and violently to our enemies and those with whom we disagree. It is difficult to hear the voice of God coming through all the noise and confusion of modern life.

We think we are civilized, cultured and educated. We have inventions and great enterprises. We have gone to the moon and are learning about distant planets. But various groups are struggling against great difficulties to keep the little murmuring brook, the great rivers and the very air we breathe clear of pollution, struggling to protect and save the wilderness area in this country so we can have a place to go to find peace and return to nature and the land the Indians loved and understood.

May we learn to understand this wonderful prayer to the Great One above, their God and ours.

—by Donna Ashworth Thompson



OUR FLAG

July brings with it a wave of patriotism and what better way to show it than to wave our nation's flag in front of our home? A flag holder is easy to attach to the house. A flagpole can also be installed from which to fly the flag in all its glory.

The flag may be flown every day, but holidays present a perfect setting for the flying colors. From sunup to sundown is the usual flying time, however presidential proclamations have ordered the flag to fly twenty-four hours a day over some government locations.

Our emotions are stirred much today as they were in Henry Ward Beecher when he said:

"In 1777, within a few days of one year after the Declaration of Independence, the Congress of the Colonies assembled and ordained this glorious national flag which we now hold and defend, and ad-

vanced it full high before God and all men, as the flag of liberty.

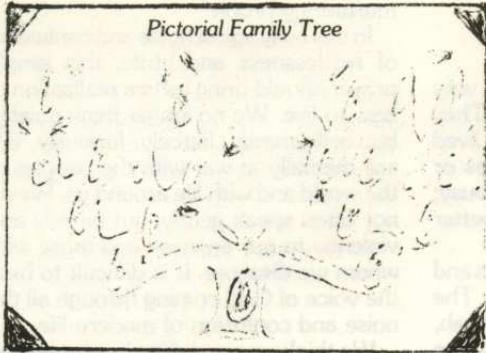
"It was no holiday flag emblazoned for gaiety or vanity. It was a solemn national signal. When that banner first unrolled to the sun, it was the symbol of all of those holy truths and purposes which brought together the Colonial American Congress. Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea—divine right of liberty in man. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; not lawlessness, not license; but organized institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty."

With its patriotic appeal, our flag has added historic and prophetic significance in that it is not a finished emblem from the past, but like the republic for which it stands, it is ever in the process of making.

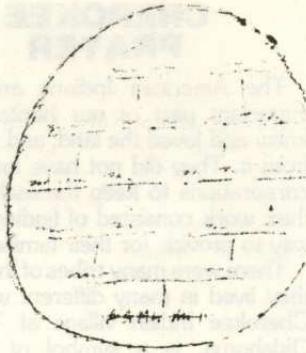
The Pledge of Allegiance was officially recognized by Congress in 1942. Written by Francis M. Bellamy in 1892 in honor of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, he didn't live to see the honor the Pledge received.

Be proud to show your colors, and let this pride become a habit.

—Marjorie Misch Fuller



Pictorial Family Tree



Arlene made sketches of her "roots" projects. Above is the pictorial tree, above right is the slice of the tree trunk and below that is the plywood "tree" with hanging photographs.

DISPLAYING YOUR "ROOTS"

Since the genealogy bug has bitten so many, how have you put your hobby and accomplishments in view?

There are numerous publishing firms that offer the charts and trees to fill in and frame. These are fine and very proper, but how about venturing out on a novel and unique "conversational" piece of exhibiting? One way is to obtain a slice of tree trunk about one-inch thick. Some have especially beautiful rings of growth. Sand it as smooth as you can and then use a soft lead pencil to mark off the diagram. This is followed by a permanent marker pen or ball-point paint to write in the ancestors names. The usual screws and wire on the back complete the project for hanging.

A pillow can "speak" out for your interests. I was fortunate to have a piece of homespun linen material, very coarse and natural color that worked perfect to embroider with the ancestors' names in sequence. On one side, I stitched my family and on the other my husband's. A brightly flowered asterisk denotes the owner of the linen and another identifies the one who supplied feathers for the pillow stuffing.

I've a descendant's tree I cut by hand from a piece of plywood, sanded, stained and varnished. This I mounted on a five-inch-in-diameter slice of tree with green fake fur wisping up like grass to hide the abrupt joining spot. I purchased small round frames for my children's pictures. On the back of each frame, I glued Velcro and positioned with the joining pieces I'd applied to the plywood. I drew a heart on the tree with our family name in it (like the old custom of carving initials in trees).

A pictorial tree is really an outstanding achievement. Variety stores have large sheets of green poster board (green relating to the tree). Circles can be cut out with a razor blade and pictures of ancestors can be positioned in their respective places in each opening. A

black pen can be used to write the name and wedding date (or other desired information) under the pictures. Draw limbs and a trunk to designate the "family tree" image.

I recently compiled a tombstone chart. One Memorial Day, when the flowers in the cemetery were in full bloom and many decorative plants and bouquets were evident, I took my camera with me when I visited the graves. A great amount of money and artistic talent are invested in memorial markers. The names and dates create a fascinating record. I took photographs of the stones of our close relatives. When the pictures were developed, I cut around each one and glued it to a green poster board. Using a black felt-tipped marker, I edged the board with a drawing of a wrought-iron fence.

Yes, I have a chart I purchased which was professionally printed and I carry that with me when I check libraries and other records. But the pictorial decorations I have made myself and have hanging on the wall receive more comments and give me far greater satisfaction than the "store bought" kind.

—Arlene Riensche

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

For a good zucchini dish, melt a little butter in skillet. Add thinly sliced zucchini. Sprinkle with garlic salt and add a little water. Put on tight-fitting lid. Cook until zucchini is tender. Put in serving bowl and sprinkle top with cheese.

—A Radio Listener

When you can fruits and vegetables at home, wipe off the outside of the jars with white vinegar. After they are sealed,

this special treatment keeps mold from appearing if you have a damp storage area.

—Mrs. T.W., Mitchell, S.D.

If you have to divide a big Christmas cactus, do the job in July. I put mine outdoors under the lilac bush each June and let the wind and rain have at it. (A friend of mine puts hers on the north side of her house under the eaves for a little protection.) In August, I start letting it dry out. I bring it inside in September and start watering it and giving it plant food. By the last of November, it usually has buds and then the beautiful flowers come in December. Sometimes they get root bound. Take a knife and cut down through the soil. This helps them bloom, too.

—C.H., Iowa

To make your flag hang pretty and not wrap around the pole, sew a heavy button on lower corner. It will wave very gracefully.

—Mrs. G.G., Wash.

Cabbage can be frozen successfully. Cut into wedges or shred and then blanch in boiling water for three minutes. Chill quickly, then package and freeze. These can go into stews, on a roast or with corned beef and cabbage. One year, after I had cut cabbage heads off my plants, they produced quantities of small heads, some about the size of a softball. These I also blanched and froze.

—Mrs. R.Z., Verdigris, Nebr.

When peeling tomatoes, just run your knife over the tomato lightly; it helps loosen the peeling.

—From a reader

Always hook garments before washing them, then the hooks won't catch on some fine fabric.

When you bake red kidney beans, always add 1 tsp. of dry mustard. It improves the flavor so much.

—A Friend

Use powdered sugar instead of granulated sugar when making whipped cream for a topping because it will keep the whipped cream thick for a long time.

Use 1 Tbls. of honey in any cake mix as it will keep the cake moist for a longer period.

—Mrs. M.G., Wells, Minn.

Before I use my broiler, I take out the broiler pan and cover it with foil. If I use a rack in the broiler pan, I lay a piece of aluminum foil over the rack and poke a few holes in the foil. The drippings then go through but the rack stays clean. If I have the pan underneath lined with foil, it too will stay clean.

—J.S., Springfield, Mo.



Kathryn Hunter is surrounded by blossoms and greenery right up to her front door. Inside are her antiques and memorabilia of an earlier day in America.

CRAZY?

by
Aileen K. Henderson

Often I hear people make slighting remarks about Californians. Recently a newspaper columnist wrote, "Everybody's crazy in California." Well, maybe that explains Kathryn Hunter for she typifies Californians.

Kathryn owns a garden in which she used to plant ten thousand tuberous begonias each spring, and in the fall ship the resulting bulbs all over the world. She did most of the work herself. Now that she's reached the age of eighty-five, she's had to slow down a bit.

Originally from the Midwest (as are many Californians), Kathryn's grandfather "proved up" on a farm in southeast Kansas. Her parents grew up in that area, and Kathryn spent a happy childhood there. The whole out-of-doors was like a big botanical garden to her and she roamed freely. She searched out wildflowers such as Jack-in-the-pulpit and violets, especially the big purple violets she calls "Easter violets". She kept in mind the location of those she found, then on Sundays after church, her girlfriends joined her to go wildflower hunting. Kathryn knew just where to go because of her scouting trips. She remembers that one of the best places to find wildflowers was along the railroad tracks. She and her friends made fresh flower arrangements and cured others for dried arrangements. Little did she know that all of this was preparing her for a future successful career.

After marriage to a local boy, Kathryn and her husband moved to Washington state where they managed a 3,500-acre

fruit ranch. They worked as orchardists for many years. Their fruit froze a number of times so life was not too easy.

During World War II, they moved to San Diego where Kathryn bought what appeared to be a dead garden. Despite war-time shortages, she was able to nurse the plants back to life. Her business, which was also her pleasure, flourished. Before long, she was shipping bulbs all over the world, and thousands of people visited her garden yearly.

An unexpected bonus happened in Kathryn herself. She had been in very poor health for seven years prior to buying the garden. Soon she became so absorbed in learning to be a professional gardener that before she realized it, she was well and has had excellent health ever since.

When I visited her recently, I found her still tall and slim, and looking very smart in a wide-brimmed panama hat and a tailored pantsuit. She lives in a former stable which she has made into a colorful and attractive home. She invited me for lunch and served peppermint tea (brewed in a willowware teapot) sweetened with honey, and a salad made of walnut meats, and Anjou pears. ("Buy them firm," she advised me, "and let them ripen in a dark place.") Just before serving, she gently mixed the pears with mayonnaise into which she had grated orange rind and added a bit of honey. With homemade, whole-wheat bread and cheese, we had an excellent meal. She told me she sometimes uses the petals of begonia blossoms in salads. "They have a delicious sweet-sour flavor," she said. Another lovely trick she has is freezing small begonia blossoms in ice cubes for gala parties.

Always she had been interested in history but raising a family and running her gardening business left no time to study. Now she reads history books and collects antiques. She showed me a sofa which was made before 1776 with a pocket knife, a handsaw and a hammer. Beside it was a Tiffany lamp and a Lincoln rocker. A collection of cobalt blue goblets arranged on shelves against a large window looked lovely with the sun shining through them.

Kathryn loves to encourage other people to grow plants because she believes that is the way to good mental and physical health. She marvels at the persistence of a begonia bulb to carry out its mission in the world. "I've had them bloom when they were so small the large blossoms completely hid the leaves. A begonia bulb three-fourths rotted and lying on a potting table will still bloom. There's a lot we could learn from tuberous begonias about overcoming obstacles."

She speaks eloquently about her plants: "That forsythia looks like a great big bush right out of heaven," she'll say. "Remember that poem that goes 'You're

nearer God's heart in a garden than any place on earth.' I believe that. And the beauty you help God create gives so much joy to others." She especially enjoys giving talks to garden clubs, church organizations, and school children, sharing her experiences on the farm, in the woods, on the fruit ranch, and in her beloved garden.

"With them I know I'm enhancing a background in gardening, which will result in the world becoming a more beautiful place." And that's one of her major concerns—to make the world a more beautiful and joyous place.

I'd call Californian Kathryn Hunter unusual—interesting—hospitable—inspiring—but not "crazy". What do you think?

A FEW CANNING HINTS

Make sure everything the food touches is clean. Wash utensils, pots and pans in soapy water, rinse with boiling water. Scrub and disinfect any wooden cutting boards or surfaces you plan to use.

A good seal is extremely important to canning safety. So, whenever you prepare to seal a jar, wipe off any particles on the lip which might prevent a proper seal.

Check the condition of your canning jars. Don't use any with cracked or chipped edges. If you have older-style jars, the edges may be shaped imperfectly—so use zinc caps with rubber rings on them.

Wash jars, rubber rings and covers before use. There's no need to boil the jars if you pressure can the food—the pressure canner will sterilize them. Follow manufacturer's directions for care of the caps and lids.

Before using, wash your pressure canner thoroughly. Wipe off the lid, keeping any safety valves clear. If it has a petcock, remove it while cleaning to keep it free from water. If your model has a rubber gasket, see if it's still in good condition. If it is, reverse it. Check any dial gauge for accuracy.

When you've filled and processed the jars, let stand undisturbed for twenty-four hours, then store in a cool, dry place. Heat can affect food quality, dampness may corrode metal jar lids, and freezing can damage the seals, allowing spoilage to occur.

I SLEPT UNDER THE STARS

I slept out under the stars last night
Where God holds open house;
I was lulled to sleep by hidden voices
Of whippoorwill, frog and mouse.
But, before I slept, I scanned the skies
In awe of the endless space,
And miracles of divine design
With, in it, my own small place.

—Inez Baker

"HELLO CENTRAL"

by
Harold R. Smith

Thanks to Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone is probably one of the finest inventions available to mankind; one that changed humanity, for the human voice could be transmitted over a wire in some mysterious way.

When the first telephone exchange came to our village many years ago, it was located in a small house, had few subscribers and a crude switchboard. The operator and her family moved in and a new form of communication began. Service was limited, conversations difficult to understand and calls could not be made after eleven o'clock at night.

Within a short time, another phone company was granted a franchise and absorbed the stock from the independent company. The switchboard was moved to a larger house on Main Street. A succession of operators and their families followed through the years. Among those, Agnes stands out in our memory for when she moved into our village, along with her family, she assumed her duties as operator as well as assisting with many facets of our lives.

Agnes was an assuming figure and immediately knew her importance in the village. The switchboard had a series of flaps with small holes beneath the numbers printed above. When one cranked his phone, a small flap fell down on the switchboard. Agnes selected a cord, plugged it in and answered with, "Central, number please?" and the local folk would always say, "Hello Central". If one were in Agnes's good grace, they might use her given name. Numbers really didn't mean much to either the subscriber or Central, but if a bad mood struck Agnes, she would remind one to look up the number the next time in the directory, a book which consisted of at least ten full pages.

Long hours at the switchboard and the heavy, uncomfortable earphones were tiresome. A small swivel-backed chair was used and a well-worn brass rail was located below for a footrest. Agnes would, on occasion, kick off her shoes and exercise her tired feet by sliding them back and forth the length of the rail. Sluggish, summer days were only slightly improved by a small rotation fan placed on the floor. In winter, a small amount of heat drifted out from the circulating stove located in the family quarters.

Two windows overlooked Main Street providing Agnes with an unparalleled view. If Mrs. Jones wondered why her husband was late for dinner, she rang Agnes. If Agnes had seen him wander into the hardware store, she would call the store and Mr. Jones would reach home before his dinner was cold.



Dad (M. H. Driftmier) was a genuine pioneer in the telephone company. This picture was taken at his desk in the Shenandoah Telephone Company office in 1906. In addition to the Shenandoah company, he was also the general manager of companies in Fort Madison and Waterloo, Iowa.

—Lucile

Holding open the keys to various lines so she could hear conversations gave Agnes further information about her clients which was often useful.

Rural customers shared a line with many subscribers. They usually purchased their own phones, paid a small rental for services and maintained their own lines which were victims of cattle breaking down the poles or ice storms snapping the wires. Eavesdropping was a favorite pastime and, as people lifted the receivers from their hooks and placed their hands over the mouthpieces, the line's power became weaker and conversations were difficult to understand. News spread like wildfire; little was secret or sacred in those days.

Another function of Agnes's office was the ringing of the noon whistle, only as accurate as her old spring-wound alarm clock sitting on the switchboard. A button was pressed and a loud wail was heard from the siren on top of the town's Lodge Hall. In times of an emergency, such as fires, the siren would sound and immediately all the flaps would flop down; everyone wanted to know what was wrong.

Toll calls were reserved for only the direst emergencies. These were placed by calling the city line and sometimes a lengthy interval of time passed before the connection was made. When a lady called her brother in Texas, word soon spread and everyone marveled at speaking such a long distance.

Agnes was usually kind, considerate and helpful beyond her calling. She slept with one ear open to the peculiar flapping sound of the board and local people seldom abused the privilege of disturbing their "Central" after a reason-

able hour at night. In addition to her regular duties, Agnes kept records, billed customers and collected bills. While an older child or her husband relieved her at the board, she did the laundry, cleaned house, cooked meals and looked after her family's needs.

When the telephone company decided to install automatic switching equipment, the uproar was heard for miles. Losing Agnes was unthinkable! But progress speaks louder than protests; the transition was completed and Agnes and her family moved away. Her head must have been reeling with all the information gleaned over the years. Her clients, on the other hand, may have been delighted she confidentially took all the information with her when she departed the office.

Today, we pick up a phone, dial a number and in a mere fraction of time a ring is heard at the other end. Time changes all things and we must change with it, but the memory of Agnes and the thousands of other operators who served the public with loving care cannot be erased from our memory. A bit of colorful Americana passed on as gently as it began and we no longer can use the greeting, "Hello, Central!"

A QUOTE

"My country owes me nothing. It gave me, as it does every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope."

—Herbert Hoover

FREDERICK'S
LETTER

Dear Friends:

One of the happiest experiences of recent years occurred when Betty and I returned to South Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, for a service. It was the first time for me to preach in our former church since my retirement. I returned with a certain amount of trepidation—wondering if there would be a good congregation, if I would remember the names of hundreds of persons I had not seen in two years, and wondering if my preaching would still have enthusiasm and spirit. My fears were needless. It was a heartwarming experience from first to last: there was a large congregation, I was able to call almost everyone by name and once I stood up in that high pulpit, I was like an old fire horse responding to an alarm.

It is hard for me to put into words just what that service meant—weeks after the event, Betty and I are still talking about it, and every word is a word of gratitude. We gave twenty-four years of our lives to that church, and in those years developed a great affection for its people. Going back to be with them again after a two-year absence was a reminder of how much love those good people had given to us and our children. All that they did for us is a gift which can never be repaid and we never can thank God enough for what they mean to us.

Betty's mother and father flew up from Florida to spend the summer with us. They were accompanied by their faithful housekeeper, Emma King, who will be a big help with all of the summer entertaining. Emma has her own apartment in town, and she drives down the river to our house each morning. She knows all of my favorite dishes, and it will be a miracle if I can manage to hold down my weight this summer. We've known some good cooks in our lifetime, but never one to equal Emma.

Just prior to the Crandalls' arrival from Florida, we had two sets of house guests. Early in the month, a dear friend from Chattanooga, Tennessee, Mrs. Jane Umla Troy, came for several days. Jane grew up in Springfield where her family was very active in South Church, and for years we have been trying to get her to come here for a visit. What fun we had! Jane is one of those persons with a thousand interests and skills, so easy to entertain, and always the life of the party. Our New England countryside was never more lovely than the week Jane was here, and we took many rides to nearby

places of interest.

Jane had a sailboat ride that she will long remember. Betty dropped us off at the marina where the boat is kept, and then she went on into town. You can imagine her surprise when she looked from the car window an hour and a half later and saw that boat high and dry on a sand bar only a few hundred yards from the point of our departure. That's right! Even though I know that river channel like the back of my hand, the boat ran aground. Such humiliation!

There is a good explanation (even though Jane is not convinced), and that had to do with an unusually low tide and the fact that one of the channel markers had been blown off its normal position by one of the winter storms. What made a bad situation even worse was the fact that the boat caught on the sand bar at the very moment I was telling Jane a story about a steamboat that went aground at that very spot on the river.

Just as I was saying, "And you know, Jane, that stupid steamboat captain was not paying attention to his position in the channel, and he went hard aground. The boat had to sit there until the tide came in," my boat went aground with a bang and a crunch. It was incredible! I was so mad I wanted to cry, yet so embarrassed I had to laugh. Because that boat was exactly where it was supposed to be, I simply could not believe what had happened. There we had to sit until the tide came in and lifted up the boat, then off we went to the ocean for some good sailing. Now I think with more understanding about that steamboat captain.

Many times you have read in *Kitchen-Klatter* about John and Susan Lang of Calgary, Alberta, Canada. They are the parents of our daughter-in-law, Sophia Driftmier. Recently, the Langs flew to

Boston where Betty's sister entertained them and then they came down here for a few days. John and Susan are two of the finest people we've ever known. The story of their life is a thrilling adventure filled with tragedy and pathos, but also containing great happiness and accomplishment.

It was twenty-four years ago that the Langs escaped from Hungary at the time of the Russian takeover of that beautiful country. John had been the City Editor of a large daily newspaper in Budapest; he was one of the first persons the Communists were out to eliminate. After some unbelievably narrow escapes, John, Susan, and baby Sophia, arrived in Canada as penniless refugees. Behind them in Hungary they left their lovely home and all of their financial resources. They were able to bring absolutely nothing with them but a few pieces of clothing.

What has happened to the Langs during the past twenty-four years makes a thrilling success story. They learned to speak English. They were not ashamed to do menial labor. They literally fought their way back up the ladder to a position of security. Today they have their own business corporation, own several fine apartment houses, and have a beautiful home in a lovely section of Calgary. With all of this, the accomplishment for which they are most grateful is the fact that they managed to bring several of their Hungarian relatives to safety in Canada.

Whenever anyone speaks disparagingly of Canada, that critic should speak to John and Susan Lang. The Langs are quick to sing the praises of their adopted country. They never speak of their experiences without mentioning again and again how grateful they are for

(Continued on page 18)



These are just a few of the swans which Frederick and Betty enjoy watching and feeding in the cove near their Connecticut home.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

This time last year I was waiting frantically for the mailman to bring me the book I planned to give as first prize for Awards Day. Now I have, by a chance combination of events, five books which are waiting my final decision. I am also waiting to grade the scholars' performances on their final exams. When the year's average has been found for each, I shall match the proper book with the deserving scholar.

In each of the classes, there is an award book given for first and second place. Right now there is only five-tenths of a point difference between the girl and the boy who are competing for first place. It will come as no surprise to you readers to learn that the little girl whose picture you saw in last month's *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* with the completed math workbook is the same little girl who is exercising both her self-discipline and her mind in these last days before our exams in an effort to gain that coveted first place.

The third award is given on a basis of character. There are many students who give and give of themselves in an effort to do their best and more frequently than not they will never quite reach the goal of being on the honor roll. A year of sustained effort is a long time, so the school recognizes this kind of child as being very important, too.

The student getting this year's Character Award is a fine boy who is a unique combination of determination, achievement, genuine wit and good humor. Have you ever watched a real achiever over an extended period of time? They demand great things of themselves, operating on the belief that good results will come to those who work. This chap does not expect to get an award because he is much too modest about his achievements, but they are great. He has bobbed around between fourth and fifth place in class which has put him on the honor roll but not without consistent effort. There are literally dozens of kids that one sees who have unused abilities which they choose not to exercise and who drift through a school year with little or no hard work. This boy, however, must have read Thomas Edison's maxim about genius being "ten-percent inspiration and ninety-percent perspiration."

Many of you have written me for book suggestions for young people. At one end of my shelf is a group of books by Scott O'Dell. He has been awarded the Newbery Award and the Hans Christian Andersen Medal for fine children's



Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier.

books. My favorites among his books are historical novels. The first is *The Hawk That Dare Not Hunt By Day*, the story of William Tyndale, translator of the Bible, and the brave boy who helped him smuggle the book into England. *The King's Fifth* is an adventure tale told by a boy writing from prison during the days of his trial for withholding the King's royal share of the treasure found with Coronado in the American Southwest. *Sing Down the Moon* is the story of the forced migration from Arizona of the Navahos by the Spanish slavers. These are available in paper back by Dell Publishers.

From Macmillan Company, comes author Burke Wilkinson with books based on historical novels about France. *The Helmet of Navarre* is a story of King Henry IV, *Young Louis XIV*, *The Early Years of the Sun King*, and finally, *Cardinal in Armor*, the story of Richelieu and his times.

The three books which I shall choose will be inscribed in the front with the student's name, the year he received the book, why he is receiving the book and an appropriate quotation which is selected to fit the student's achievement.

Don has one more week of school than I do. Adrienne will be rolling into the driveway the same week in our old and reliable but, more importantly, spacious Buick which holds all of her year's college possessions. Big cars may be a vanishing breed which are too expensive to sustain and maintain, but they do pack an enormous amount in the space of their trunks and back seats. This fact alone makes the minimum amount which we put out in insurance worth paying to keep this faithful old car.

The first activity of the family on the summer horizon is a trip to Anderson, Indiana. Here still live many of the group of my girl friends who have remained close from kindergarten throughout all of our marriage careers. This has been a very unique group because, as we completed high school and college, most of us returned to Anderson to work. The General Motors divisions in the town were the source of a fresh yearly supply

of young men who came into their training program. As a result, most of us married these local young working men and continued with the third generation of Anderson kids. Until Don and I were transferred to Milwaukee in 1960, all of our children were launched in the Anderson schools. Most of these girl friends still live in Anderson—perhaps a third have moved away.

D'Alice, one of my nine dear friends, is planning a wedding for her first daughter. She alerted those of us who live out of town early enough to manage to get all of the old crew of friends, their husbands and children back for this joyful occasion. Her daughter is one year older than Adrienne so it will be a happy reunion for this second generation of kids, too. I have not seen some of these girls and their families in twenty years.

Adrienne and Paul are driving down to Anderson in a separate car so that Don and I can stay a few days for extended visiting. I've never been to a three-generation party of any size and it could well be the highlight of the year. We keep our noses securely to the grindstone here with our school schedule, so we are both ready for a three-day fling.

When we start back for Delafield, we will pack my mother's things into the car for a few weeks of change for her, too. It hardly seems fair for her to enjoy her screened-in porch in Anderson with all that warmth when she could come up to Wisconsin and sleep under a blanket and wear a sweater in the evenings. Indiana, like Iowa, has humidity fit to grow corn by; my mother has yet to come to accept our Wisconsin climate with genuine pleasure.

Next month I should have some pictures to show you of our Anderson party.

Until then,

Mary Beth

COVER PICTURE

Those of us who live in "Corn Country" are so adjusted to looking at it as a solid and vast carpet that it seems necessary to identify those striped leaves as honest-to-goodness corn! If you didn't know this, you could easily conclude that it was something extra-special in the line of greenery for flower arrangements.

We also know that corn should be "knee high by the Fourth of July", but only a few days after the Fourth this particular corn was head high. Blaine Barton snapped the picture just four-and-a-half miles or so north of Shenandoah on a scalding day last July.

—Lucile

Freedom is not free! It never has been. Freedom costs! And the price is your interest and support of those institutions that insure freedom.

A Merry Heart Doeth Good

by
Elizabeth Myhr

T.L.C. (tender loving care) is a well-known and understood phrase. No one can better demonstrate the power of those three words than visitors of hospital patients. Having recently undergone major surgery, I had several weeks in which to observe how visitors help cheer the sick and even hasten their healing.

When a person is ill, it can sometimes be a great effort just to talk. When this is true, a smile and a few uplifting words from others can be very satisfying to the one confined to bed. It is helpful if a family member or friend can stay in the hospital room and do some of the talking for the invalid. Visits—when kept short and sweet—can do wonders, for they transmit love and concern to the patient.

It is amazing how some sealed envelopes defy opening. They can seem as tough as two pieces of cardboard glued together to one who is weak from illness. When you mail a card to a sick person, simply slip the flap inside the envelope; it will secure the card well enough and its recipient will have no problem opening your greeting card. The auxiliary women in my hospital slit the cards open as they deliver them to each room. One male patient was asleep when the mail was brought around. The auxiliary lady, thinking to be considerate, opened his mail and left it at his bedside. When he awoke and found the cards had been opened, he thought the hospital was censoring the mail. He was pleased to discover, instead, that his letters had been opened only for his convenience.

Letters inside the cards should be brief and as uplifting as a personal visit. The eyes that read them are often almost too tired to read more than a few lines—which is all it really takes to lift the spirits of the bedridden one.

Do tell the patients, in visits and in letters, that you are praying for them. They can be too ill or discouraged to do much praying for themselves. Intercessory prayers can help lift a patient right out of the doldrums and give hope and fresh determination to get well.

I doubt if one can overestimate the influence flowers command for lifting the morale of a patient. They speak of life, of God's infinite creativeness and the love and concern of others. However, if flowers are sent the very day of someone's surgery, their beauty may be lost for the patient can be too groggy to enjoy



them. It is wise to wait a day or two or else send artificial flowers.

A telephone can bring the world to the patient—providing it can be reached. It is a frustrating situation to be unable to answer a ringing telephone and wonder all the while who is on the other end. A would-be telephone visitor can check with a family member for the best time to make a call and then let the telephone ring long enough for the patient or an aide to reach it.

Often, however erroneously, some patients feel they must act as hosts to their visitors. They keep the conversation going or summon a nurse to provide an extra chair or a vase for flowers. This is where the perceptive visitor should be the first to notice needs and take care of them.

The attitude of the hospital visitor plays a vital role in the very life of the patient. The people who visited me always brought a smile to help lift the corners of my mouth—a much needed service in the life of the sick. A quote from the Bible goes, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." (Prov. 17:22 K.J.)

Visitors can often do an extra bit of good by remembering to cheer the family members of the sick. They can always use some T.L.C., too.



FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along;
If everyone thought of himself alone
And good things all went to the
strong;
If no one cared just a little for you,
And nobody cared about me.
And we all stood alone in the battle of life,
What a dreary old world it would be.
Life is sweet just because of the friends
we have made,
And the things which in common we
share.
We want to live on, not because of our
selves,
But because of the people who care.
It's giving and doing for somebody else,
On that all of life's splendor depends,
And the joy of the world when you sum it
all up,
Is found in the making of friends.

—Unknown

WHICH STATE?

Can you identify each state with its nickname?

1. Aloha (Hawaii)
2. Show Me (Missouri)
3. Sooner (Oklahoma)
4. Hawkeye (Iowa)
5. Sunflower (Kansas)
6. Blue Grass (Kentucky)
7. Land of Enchantment (N. Mex.)
8. Cornhusker (Nebraska)
9. Lone Star (Texas)
10. Wolverine (Michigan)
11. Constitution (Connecticut)
12. Old Dominion (Virginia)
13. Pelican (Louisiana)
14. Evergreen (Washington)
15. Garden (New Jersey)
16. Magnolia (Mississippi)
17. Peach (Georgia)
18. Centennial (Colorado)
19. Volunteer (Tennessee)
20. Badger (Wisconsin)

—Mrs. Norma Tisher

SIMPLE FLOWER SHOW

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Almost any group can have a simple flower show. The expense is small, it will promote keen competition, and the rewards will be fun for all. The beauty of the plan is that all members start on an equal basis—whether a full-time gardener or one who just grows plants in pots on the patio.

1. Appoint a central committee and let that committee choose six kinds of garden flowers which are easily grown from seed. (More kinds may be chosen, if desired, for a bigger showing.) The flowers selected are the only ones to be featured in the show.

2. Offer prizes in the following classes:
(a) Best bloom (with a class for each chosen flower). (b) Largest bloom in each class. (c) Best six blooms of a kind.

3. Arrangements: (a) Best overall arrangement. (b) Best centerpiece arrangement for the dinner table. (c) Best arrangement for a breakfast centerpiece. (Other categories if the committee wishes.)

4. Special arrangement class: (a) "Memories of Mother's Patchwork" (b) "Waltz of the Flowers" (c) "O What a Beautiful Morning" (d) "Love's Old Sweet Song" (e) Arrangement in a kitchen utensil, etc.

5. Arrangement of your choice (using one of the six flowers).

6. Specify in the rules if natural materials may be used with the flowers in the arrangements such as stones, moss, driftwood, etc.

7. Decide on a place, time and whether the public is invited. Choose judges and prizes.

Keep it all simple and fun and ENJOY.

Recipes for July



LU'S PICKLES

7 cups sliced unpeeled cucumbers
1 cup very thinly sliced Bermuda onions
1 3/4 cups sugar
1 Tbls. pickling salt
1 cup white vinegar

Place sliced cucumbers and onions in a half-gallon jar. Combine the remaining ingredients and bring to boiling. Cool. Pour over cucumbers in jar. Put lid on jar and place in the refrigerator for several days before using.

—Lucile

SPECTACULAR FROZEN CORN

16 to 18 cups fresh cut sweet corn
1 lb. butter
1 pint half-and-half

Put corn in large roaster. Add butter and half-and-half. Place in 325-degree oven. Cook for one hour, stirring occasionally. Remove from oven. Cool down by placing roaster in sink filled with ice water. (Dividing corn into two pans will help to cool more quickly.) When cool, package and freeze as quickly as possible.

To serve, heat corn through. Add salt and a bit of sugar if desired. —Evelyn

CONNIE'S BLUEBERRY DESSERT

3 egg whites
2 cups sugar
10 white crackers, crushed fine
1 tsp. vinegar
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup finely chopped pecans
1 pkg. dry topping mix, prepared according to directions
1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar
1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 can blueberry pie filling
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Stir in the sugar, cracker crumbs, vinegar, baking powder and pecans. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Cool.

Combine the topping mix, powdered sugar and cream cheese. Spread over the cooled crust.

Mix the pie filling and flavorings together and spoon over topping layer. Chill. Keep in refrigerator. —Hallie

PORK MEAT BALLS

2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
3 slices bread, cubed
2 lbs. lean ground pork
2 tsp. salt
1 large onion, chopped
1/2 tsp. chili powder
1/2 tsp. oregano
1/2 tsp. pepper
1/2 tsp. garlic powder
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 can cream of onion soup, undiluted

Beat eggs; blend with milk. Add bread cubes to egg mixture and let stand for a few minutes. Add remaining ingredients, except soup, and mix well. Shape into balls. Brown in a 400-degree oven for about 30 minutes. Remove from oven and reduce temperature to 350 degrees. Drain excess fat off meat. Pour the onion soup over meat balls. Return to oven for 30 more minutes. —Verlene

FRESH SUPPER SALAD

1 1/2 cups shredded unpeeled zucchini
1 cup shredded carrots
1 cup bean sprouts (optional)
4 ozs. shredded Cheddar cheese
Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
Lettuce leaves

4 hard-cooked eggs, halved
2 tomatoes, cut in wedges
Combine the zucchini, carrots, bean sprouts and cheese. Toss with about 3 Tbls. of Italian dressing. Place a lettuce leaf on salad plate and heap with generous amount of the combined vegetables and cheese. Garnish with boiled egg halves and tomato wedges. Drizzle with more Italian dressing.

—Betty Jane

LEMON MERINGUE BARS

1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup powdered sugar
2 eggs, separated
1 cup sifted flour
1/4 tsp. salt
2 tsp. grated lemon peel
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
A few drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Put the butter, powdered sugar, egg yolks, flour, salt, lemon peel, orange flavoring and a few drops of lemon flavoring in a bowl. Mix with hands. (Dough will resemble pie crust pastry.) Press into bottom of 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes.

In another bowl, beat egg whites until stiff while adding granulated sugar gradually. Add lemon flavoring and beat until high peaks form. Pile atop partially baked layer and return to oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Juliana

GREEN GODDESS DIP

1 pkg. Green Goddess salad dressing mix
1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 cup milk
1 small can green chili peppers, finely chopped

Combine all ingredients. Cover and let set in refrigerator for 24 hours. Serve as a dip for raw vegetables, crackers, chips, etc.

—Juliana

MARINATED CUCUMBERS & TOMATOES

Cucumbers, peeled and sliced
Fresh tomatoes, cut in bite-size pieces
3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

1 cup sugar
1 Tbls. pickling spice
1/2 cup water

Combine the dressing, sugar, spice and water in small saucepan. Bring to boiling and boil for about 10 minutes. Cool. Place prepared cucumbers and tomatoes in bowl with tight-fitting lid. Pour the cooled mixture over the vegetables. Cover and place in refrigerator until well chilled.

—Betty Jane

MEAT-STUFFED ZUCCHINI

2 large zucchini
1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
1 medium onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, finely minced
1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
1/2 cup small-curd cottage cheese
1 egg
1/2 tsp. dry oregano leaves
Salt and pepper to taste
1 15-oz. can tomato sauce
1 10 1/2-oz. can beef gravy
Parmesan cheese

Wash squash and boil, unpeeled and whole, until just tender—about 15 minutes. While these are cooking, brown beef, onion and garlic together. Drain off grease. Add salad dressing, bread crumbs, cottage cheese, egg and seasonings. Mix well. When squash is done, drain and cool enough to handle. Split lengthwise. Carefully scoop out inside, leaving about 1/4 to 1/2 inch of squash around the outer shell to keep it firm. Cut scooped-out portion into cubes. (If not tender, cook in a little water until done.) Add the squash cubes to meat mixture. Fill squash halves with beef filling. Place in baking pan, meat side up. Combine tomato sauce and gravy. Pour this over the top. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. If you make up a quantity of these, cool, wrap well and freeze; they make an excellent winter meal. Return to oven while still frozen, and bake until hot through. Enjoy.

—Juliana

HOT CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICHES

3 cups chopped cooked chicken
 2 cups shredded cheese
 1 1/3 cups finely diced celery
 4 Tbls. grated onion
 3/4 cup mayonnaise
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

Buns

Combine the chicken, cheese, celery, onion and dressings. Use mixture to fill buns. Wrap individually in foil and place on cookie sheet. Put in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes.

These may be prepared ahead and refrigerated for several hours before heating. They can also be frozen. If frozen, place on sheet frozen and heat for about 25 minutes. —Dorothy

APRICOT SUN PRESERVES

4 lbs. firm ripe apricots (about 8 cups prepared fruit)
 6 cups sugar
 4 Tbls. lemon juice

Wash apricots, remove pits and cut in half. Combine apricots with sugar and lemon juice in large pan. Cover and let stand about one hour. Place over heat and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Continue boiling vigorously while stirring for four minutes. Remove from heat and allow to cool, uncovered. Pour into shallow pans in layers 1/3- to 3/4-inch thick. Cover with clear plastic or glass. Place in direct hot sunlight for four hours. Stir every hour. Store in covered containers for up to four weeks in refrigerator, or freeze. Could also be made with peaches or berries. —Betty Jane

TIFFANY DESSERT

2 1/2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
 1/3 cup butter, melted
 1 3/4 cups milk
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
 1 3-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 quart fresh or frozen fruit (red or black raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, etc.)
 1 cup prepared topping mix

Combine crumbs and melted butter. Reserve 1/2 cup. Press remaining crumb mixture into bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Gradually add 1/2 cup of the milk to the cream cheese, mixing until smooth. Add pudding mix, flavoring and remaining milk. Beat slowly for one minute. Pour mixture over crust. Spread the fruit over the cheese-pudding layer. Cover with the whipped topping and scatter the remaining crumbs on top. Finely chopped nuts could be sprinkled on top also, if desired. Chill and serve. —Dorothy

Sliced peaches or apricots could be used also. If frozen fruit is used, be sure to drain well.

INDIVIDUAL QUICHES

1/2 cup butter, softened
 4 ozs. cream cheese, softened
 2 Tbls. heavy cream
 1 1/4 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 to 2 cups chopped ham
 1 1/2 cups heavy cream
 3 eggs, slightly beaten
 1/4 cup finely grated Swiss cheese
 Salt and pepper
 1/8 tsp. nutmeg

1/3 cup grated fresh Parmesan cheese
 Cream butter and cream cheese well. Beat in the 2 Tbls. cream. Work in the flour and salt to make dough. Wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate for several hours or overnight.

When ready to bake, preheat oven to 425 degrees. Roll out dough to 1/8 inch thick. Cut into rounds to line your muffin cups. Line cups with dough as if making a pie. Put some of the ham in the bottom of each lined cup. Combine the remaining cream, eggs, Swiss cheese, salt and pepper and nutmeg. Spoon a little over ham in the cups. Sprinkle tops with the Parmesan cheese. Bake 5 minutes, reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake about 15 minutes longer, or until nicely brown. Serve immediately. Make 24 to 36 quiches, depending on size of your muffin cups. Other meats could be substituted for the ham. —Robin

HONEY-PEACH COBBLER

1 1/4 cups whole wheat flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
 1/4 cup cold butter or margarine
 1/2 cup milk
 1/4 cup honey
 3 lbs. fresh peaches, peeled, pitted and sliced
 3 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/2 cup honey
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 Tbls. cornstarch mixed with 2 Tbls. water
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

In bowl, combine the flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg. With a pastry blender, cut in the 1/4 cup cold butter or margarine until crumbly. Combine the milk and 1/4 cup honey. Stir into flour mixture until just blended. Set aside.

Arrange peach slices in bottom of shallow, 3-quart baking pan. Combine the lemon juice, 1/2 cup honey, flavorings and cornstarch-water. Drizzle over top of peaches in pan. Dot with the 2 Tbls. butter or margarine. Spoon the topping mixture over top as evenly as possible. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. —Betty Jane

ROBIN'S ZUCCHINI SQUASH

2 large zucchini squashes, unpeeled and cut into 1/2-inch slices
 1 cup canned or fresh tomatoes, well drained
 1 Tbls. olive oil
 1 small onion, chopped
 1 clove garlic, minced
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. basil
 1/4 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
 Combine all ingredients except cheese and place in slow-cooking pot. Cook on low for four to five hours. Just before serving, sprinkle with the cheese.

QUICK TOMATO CATSUP

1 gallon prepared tomatoes
 1 onion, chopped
 1 tsp. mixed pickling spices (tied in a bag)
 1 box powdered pectin
 2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup vinegar
 3 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. red pepper
 Wash, peel and dice tomatoes. Bring to a boil, then measure.

Combine tomatoes and onion in large pan. Cook until bubbling and add remaining ingredients, including the pectin. Cook, stirring occasionally, until mixture thickens and drops in globes from a spoon. (Remember this thickens as it cools, so a spoonful on a saucer cooled in the refrigerator for a minute will tell how thick the mixture has really become.) Remove spice bag. Can boiling hot in 1/2-pint jars and seal with two-part canning lids.

—Evelyn

CREOLE-STYLE GRILLED HAMBURGERS

2 lbs. lean ground beef
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 3 Tbls. evaporated milk
 1 Tbls. butter
 2 Tbls. minced onion
 1 Tbls. minced celery
 1 Tbls. minced green pepper
 1 Tbls. minced black olives
 1 Tbls. minced mushrooms
 3 Tbls. catsup
 Dash of hot pepper sauce (optional)
 3 Tbls. shredded Monterey Jack cheese

Mix together the ground beef, salt and evaporated milk. Shape into very thin patties.

Melt the butter in skillet. Lightly saute the onion, celery, green pepper, olives and mushrooms. Remove from heat. Stir in the catsup, pepper sauce and cheese. Cover until cheese melts.

Put about one tablespoon of the mixture on one hamburger patty. Cover with another patty and seal edges. Cook on hot outdoor grill to desired doneness.

—Juliana

APRICOT-PEACH SALAD

3 3-oz. pkgs. peach gelatin
 4 cups boiling water
 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 1/2 cup cold water
 1 cup half-and-half
 1 cup sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts
 1 large can apricot halves
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Dissolve one package of the peach gelatin in two cups of the boiling water. Pour in a 9- by 13-inch pan and refrigerate until set.

Meanwhile, soften the unflavored gelatin in the 1/2 cup cold water. Place the half-and-half and sugar in pan and heat—do not boil. Mix into the plain gelatin and add the vanilla flavoring, cream cheese and nuts. Cool and pour over the first layer. Refrigerate.

Dissolve the remaining two packages of peach gelatin in the remaining two cups of boiling water. Drain apricots, measuring the liquid. Add enough cold water to drained apricot liquid to make two cups and add it and the almond flavoring to the dissolved gelatin. Stir in the apricots and pour over the second layer in pan. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

APPLE-RAISIN PUFFS

1 envelope dry yeast
 1 cup warm milk
 3 cups flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 2 eggs
 2 Tbs. sugar
 3 small apples, peeled and chopped
 1/2 cup raisins
 Oil for deep frying
 Powdered sugar

Dissolve yeast in 1/4 cup of the warm milk. Set aside. In a large bowl, mix the flour and salt. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add the yeast mixture along with the remaining milk and flavorings. Beat until just smooth. Stir in the sugar, apples and raisins. Dough will be sticky. Cover and let rise for about one hour or until double in size. In a heavy pan, pour in oil to about 4 inches deep. Heat to 350 degrees. Dip two spoons in the hot fat and use spoon to dip a spoonful of dough. Drop dough into the hot fat, using both spoons to form a ball. Cook until balls are nicely brown, turning once to cook on both sides. Drain on paper towels and then dust with powdered sugar.

—Betty Jane

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**FROZEN ICE RING**

Water
 5 or 6 large fresh mint leaves
 Fresh lemon slices
 Canned peach halves
 Fresh whole strawberries
 Candied cherry halves
 Fill 6-cup ring mold half full with water. Freeze until solid. Arrange mint leaves, shiny side up, on top of frozen ring. Continue arranging lemon slices, peach halves, strawberries and cherry halves in attractive design over top of frozen mold. Carefully pour more water over top to fill mold. (May be easier to add a little water, then freeze, then add more water, etc., until fruits are completely covered and frozen.) Unmold frozen ring and place in punch bowl. Other canned or fresh fruits in season could be used. —Robin

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

1 medium or large eggplant
 3/4 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
 1 small or medium onion, chopped
 1/2 green pepper, diced
 2 eggs, well beaten
 2 Tbs. melted butter or margarine
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 cup canned or cooked tomatoes
 1 cup whole kernel corn
 1 small can mushroom stems and pieces (optional)

Salt and pepper to taste
 1 cup dry bread crumbs
 Wash, peel and dice the eggplant. Cook in boiling, salted water about 10 minutes, or until just barely tender. Drain. Place in casserole and stir in cheese to melt slightly. Add remaining ingredients with exception of bread crumbs. Mix gently. Top with crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Evelyn

BUTTER PECAN TURTLE BARS

2 cups flour
 1 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 cup whole pecan halves
 2/3 cup butter
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 cup milk chocolate chips
 Mix the flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup margarine and the butter flavoring. Mixture will be crumbly. Pat into a 9- by 13-inch ungreased pan. Sprinkle the whole pecan halves on top. Mix the 2/3 cup butter, 1/2 cup brown sugar and the burnt sugar flavoring in a heavy pan over medium heat. Boil one minute, stirring constantly. Pour evenly over the pecans and crust. Bake at 350 degrees for 18 to 22 minutes, or until caramel is bubbly. Remove from heat and sprinkle the chocolate chips on top. Cool completely before cutting.

—Verlene

SKIING RAINIER

by
Bob Birkby

From Seattle, Washington, where I live, Mount Rainier is only occasionally visible. Clouds sweeping in from the Pacific frequently hide the dormant volcano, and even when the skies over the city are clear, haze often obscures the peak.

But when Rainier does emerge, it is stunning. Rising 14,000 feet, it fills the southern horizon, its glaciers shining like great white mirrors.

Last Saturday morning the skies were flawless. Rainier glowed in the distance. As fast as I could fill my backpack and gather my good friends Doug and Carl and Carol, I was on my way to the mountain.

The road took us 6,000 feet up the slopes to Paradise Ranger Station. Although it is spring in Seattle and the tulips are in bloom, Paradise is buried beneath a 140-inch snowpack. Locked in eternal winter, the mountain towers above, banners of snow whipped from its summit by high-altitude winds.

At Paradise, the air was calm, the sun glaring off the snow. We coated our faces with glacier cream, slipped into our packs and skied onto the corniced ridges.

Cross-country skiing is a curious sport. Experts can glide swiftly along, turn with ease, and stop where they wish. Of those three skills, we have mastered only gliding. Our turns are nonexistent. Fast glides usually ended with a "head plant"—the process of abruptly planting oneself headfirst in the snow.

Early in the afternoon, after skiing several miles, we stopped for snowcones made of powdered drink mix stirred into cups of snow. To the south, Mount St. Helens steamed quietly, its blasted hulk an awesome reminder that the mountain on which we sat could as easily blow itself away.

We found a high drift, and with a special mountaineering shovel began carving out a snow cave. The most secure of winter shelters, a cave is constructed by tunneling six or seven feet into a snowbank, then hollowing out a domed room. Since the entrance is lower than the room, and hot air rises, heat collected inside cannot quickly escape. Since the ceiling is smooth, any melting snow will run down the walls rather than drip. And since the drift is aerodynamically sound, no amount of wind or snow can threaten the finished structure.

We worked through the afternoon, cutting out chunks of snow, sliding them down the tunnel, and tossing them onto a growing pile. At last the cave was ten-feet long, ten-feet wide and four-feet high. We smoothed the ceiling and floor, and finished by carving candle crannies and storage shelves in the walls. Then we slid



According to Bob Birkby, cross-country skiing is a curious sport not easily mastered. Here Bob demonstrates the essential move of placing one ski ahead in order to obtain a forward motion. What happened when he reached the downward slope can only spark our imaginations.

headfirst down the tunnel, popping out like ferrets from a den.

Carol stomped a bench into the snow and lined it with foam pads for us to sit on as we cooked supper and watched the sun go down. It was not a feast likely to go down in the recipe pages of *Kitchen-Klatter*, but it was good. Over a camping stove we melted snow for cocoa, then made a stew of tuna fish, gravy mix, and noodles. After that came pudding and hot tea, and then in the light of the rising full moon, we gathered our gear into the cave. Carl spread plastic sheets on the floor to block the moisture, then put down the foam pads to insulate us from the cold. On top of those went goose down sleeping bags. We lit candles, lined the walls with our packs, and slithered outside once more.

The night was spectacular. Moonlight reflected off the snow so brightly one could have read a book, or gone for an evening ski. We chose the latter.

With the sun's heat gone, the snow had crusted hard and slick. To be on skis was to fly across the slopes. Rainier hung luminous in the night, the Big Dipper suspended just above it. We sped along, soundless but for the whisper of skis and an occasional head-plant scream.

Later, weary and exhilarated, we re-

turned to the cave and crawled up the tunnel. The room was cozy and close, the candles filling it with light. We zipped ourselves into our sleeping bags, made pillows out of sweaters and jackets, and were soon fast asleep, safe and warm. A passer-by could have skied right over our drift and never known we were there.

Doug fired up the stove at dawn, scraped snow from the wall, and melted it into cocoa water. He cooked a pot of oatmeal and we had breakfast in bed, then packed and slid down the tunnel into the morning.

The day was nearly as fine as the one before. We skied the empty country, exploring valleys and forests and watching each other ski out of control, arms flapping, speeding toward yet another head plant. Stopping for lunch alongside a frozen lake, we removed our skis and jammed them upright in the snow. Grey jays flew in and perched on their points, waiting like little vultures for us to toss out bits of cheese and biscuit.

The meal over and the day beginning to wane, we pushed hard down to Paradise, then made the long, sleepy drive home. A thin overcast blew across the sky, and the radio forecasts predicted rain.

Back in Seattle, the tulips still bloomed, unaware of the snowy world of the mountain. We took long, hot showers, spread lotion on crisping skin, and relaxed with pizza and television.

And to the south, the clouds moved in and Rainier was gone. Hidden. A memory. We were sunburned, sore, and tired, and the Monday morning world of work was upon us, but that was fine. We had skied Rainier by moonlight, camped in a cave of snow. The pleasures of life do not get much finer.

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A view of Frank and Dorothy Johnson's farm home near Lucas, Iowa.

FRONT PORCHES

by Hazel N. Hillhouse

With fuel curtailment, air conditioners are being shut off and the aimless motions of automobiles are slowing down. The search for less expensive entertainment is ending with many on an economical front porch.

Take a tour through any city or hamlet and observe the furnished verandas. They're like icing on a cake compared to the more modern, flat-faced architecture. A front porch is the culmination of genteel, relaxed living.

In the days before air conditioners, people closed themselves in behind drawn drapes or families took to backyards, boarded high for privacy. On Saturday afternoons or hot summer evenings, folks used to get cleaned up and converge on the front porch. People sat relaxed in porch swings, dragging their feet over the grey boarded floor. They rested on steps with their backs braced by curlicued, spindled pillars. Sometimes the powdery, white paint peeled and left its mark on clothing.

From up the street, the sound of a piano was often heard. Perhaps it was a novice getting in a bit of practice, or a musician giving a perfected rendition of Chopin. Maybe it was only the chords of a lonely soul, aimlessly picking out the accompaniment to heartbreak.

Couples sometimes drifted by—going nowhere in particular. Folks paused to chat a bit, offered tidbits of gossip or news, stooped to admire a flower, or pet the head of a tail-wagging dog. Neighbor recognized neighbor, knew who lived next door, and shared in their sorrows and joys.

As daylight waned, the overture of sleepy birds blended in restfully. Lightning bugs began turning their phosphorus lights off and on as they wandered here and there through the dewy eve. The discordant note was a mos-

quito getting too personal.

In my own experience, I remember buying a partially completed house in Florida. Specifications called for a screened back porch, including a screened roof to let in Florida sunshine or afford a peek into star-studded skies. No amount of argument induced the contractor to change the overhead screen to conventional roof protection.

"Didn't you ever eat cinnamon rolls on the porch when it rained?" I asked, groping for understanding.

"No!" He replied crossly. "I'd go inside the house and eat my cinnamon rolls if it rained."

That's the whole thing about porches for they have so many uses we've forgotten, or never learned, plus so many memories. Someday, there's just got to be some national legislation enacted regarding THE PRESERVATION OF AND RETURN TO THE FRONT PORCH.

In any event, this summer should experience the rejuvenation and the reward of a long-forgotten experience which is waiting just outside the door—THE FRONT PORCH.



HOW TO PRESERVE FLOWERS

The delicate purple of violets, lacy moss-colored ferns, winged goatsbeards, and the plush, many-hued marigolds are plants which many people take for granted during the summer. So, why not preserve them to brighten your home next winter?

You can save favorite flowers and foliage several ways. Methods vary with the choice of plants, but they all involve only a minimum of expense.

Use only healthy flowers and foliage at the peak of their beauty. Pick them when the sun isn't too hot and when there isn't

any dew on petals and leaves; early evening is usually a good time.

To gather wildflowers, take along a container of water and put them in it immediately after picking. With fluffy, loose-textured plants, like goatsbeards, coat with hair spray before picking.

Large, grainy roadside grasses and foliage can be air-dried easily. Hang them upside down in a dry, dark room for several weeks. The stems will dry straight and seed heads won't spread apart any further.

Leaves and branches that freely absorb water like the laurel and holly are best preserved with glycerin. Pound or slash the lower stems to speed up the absorption process. Then stand branches in a mixture of one part glycerin to two parts water. Keep adding water as it evaporates. It may take four days to two weeks before foliage is saturated.

Pressing is a common method of preservation. It works best with delicate flowers and foliage like violets, ferns and colored leaves. Just lay specimens between several thicknesses of newspaper and weight them down. The papers will absorb plant moisture, so change them daily the first week. Then, for the next two to three weeks, change them every few days. When thoroughly dry, these flowers can be used for pictures, bookmarks or greeting cards.

Other preservation methods involve a drying medium, such as cornstarch, silica gel, fine sand or cereal, or borax. They all work well, but borax is easiest to remove from the flowers after drying and is one of the least expensive to use.

To keep flower colors bright, add three tablespoons of uniodized salt to each quart of the drying substance. Choose a container large enough to hold the flowers without crowding them. Then pour in an inch of drying mixture.

Cut off all but one inch of stem from each flowerhead. (Rebuild them later with wire and florist tape.) Put flat flowers, like daisies, face down in the box. Lay roses and full blooms face up, gladioluses and other stalk flowers horizontally.

Spoon in more of the mixture until flowers are covered completely. Place a few "tester" flowers off to one side, then you needn't disturb other flowers when checking on the drying progress.

Most varieties will dry in a week or two. Remove them, carefully blowing and shaking off the drying medium. Store the flowers in a covered box until ready to use. Don't discard the drying mixture—it can be reused.

These dried blooms and leaves can offer many years of enjoyment. A bouquet of wild roses or cattails can adorn your table with as much splendor at Christmas as it did during summer.

—(Suggestions from Iowa State University Extension Service.)



Come Read With Me

by
Armeda Swanson

The Historic General Dodge House in Council Bluffs, Iowa, has always been a place I've wanted to visit. Recently, such a tour became possible for my husband and me. This charming Victorian home more than filled our expectations, due in part to the devoted guide who ushered us through this public museum.

General Dodge was called the "greatest railroad builder of all times" and was chief engineer of the construction to the Union Pacific Railroad from Omaha to Utah. Although he had multiple interests around the country, his first loyalty was to this handsome home he built for his family in 1869 at 605 Third Street in Council Bluffs. The fourteen-room, three-story mansion cost \$35,000, a lavish amount in that day.

Woodwork of black walnut combined with cherry and butternut adds to the total look. The library, filled with the General's books, contains a marble fireplace, as do many of the rooms. Surely there is a copy of his book, *How We Built the Union Pacific Railroad*, on one of the shelves. The dining room table is beautifully set with heirloom Dodge family pieces, and the front and back parlors make a suite almost forty feet long. Tall windows, nearly reaching the ceiling, are covered with lace curtains and velvet valances. Upstairs are five bedrooms and a bathroom, each bedroom having its own fireplace. The third floor has a ballroom and also the maids' bedrooms. One can almost hear the groans of workmen bringing the massive piano to the third floor.

After the last Dodge daughter died in 1950, the home became a boarding house. When the home came up for sale again in the early 1960s, concerned citizens formed a trust, the house was purchased, and a preservation program started. In October of 1963, the United States Department of the Interior designated the house as a National Historic Landmark. Descendants of the General returned heirloom pieces, so much of the furniture is the original Dodge furniture.

Viewing the Dodge House is like stepping back in time, and Council Bluffs can be proud to have this fine Victorian home now open to the public. Put it on your list to see while in Iowa, or check your public library for the October, 1980, issue of *House & Garden* magazine, which has a fine article, with photographs, entitled "When a Little Too Much Was Just Enough" by Martin Filler. (Hours 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M., Tuesday through Saturday; 2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M., Sunday, last tour 4:15 P.M.) The Dodge House is closed on Mondays,



—Photo by Dexter Press
Dodge House in Council Bluffs, Iowa.
(Picture courtesy of Historic General Dodge House.)

Thanksgiving, Christmas, and the month of January.

Daughter Ann and I took turns reading *Quest The Life of Elisabeth Kubler-Ross* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$11.95) since Ann had taken a college course regarding Mrs. Kubler-Ross' work. Derek Gill was authorized to write, for the first time, the inspiring story of her life. Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross is well known for her book and her seminars on death and dying. She has a mission: to teach us how to confront our fear of death so that we may know better how to live. She was born in Switzerland, a 2½-lb. infant not expected to live. Early in life she became the one with more fight in her, the one to be known for herself. If the clothing was the same that she and her sisters wore, Elisabeth would rip an ornamental button or ribbons from her dress. Her father was a strict disciplinarian, and Elisabeth, by her actions, got more than her share. As a young woman, she left home to do what she could for the war-ravaged people of France, and then of Poland. She struggled to become a physician, married an American medical student, emigrated to New York, and began working with mental patients regarded as "hopeless".

She felt drawn to those people most truly abandoned by our culture, the dying, and she is hailed by scholars and those who know her through her lectures, as a woman charged with a unique energy. Her compassion reaches out to touch all humanity. Derek Gill writes of Dr. Kubler-Ross, "I acknowledge her genius as a physician and communicator. I can give testimony to her selflessness and generosity. Yet she remains for me an incredibly complex character, a woman of fascinating mystery." You will agree if you read this book.

A Life Outdoors A Curmudgeon Looks at the Natural World by Wayne Hanley (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, paperback, \$5.95) is a collection of essays by an articulate naturalist. Much of his life has

been devoted to interpreting the world of nature to the general public. From 1964 to 1980, he was editor of publications for the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

Often cynical about humans, but never about nature, Hanley covers everything from marauding mosquitoes to migrating birds, and provides glimpses of his life from the days when "horse power was encased in hide".

He is the "curmudgeon" who told a lonely lady what she might feed a cricket whose chirping so cheered her that she wanted it to stay. He wrote, "Fortunately, I could tell her truthfully that crickets long have been favored pets in the Orient. In fact, cricket cages in that region evolved into an art form as the wealthier had exquisite little jars carved for favorite crickets!"

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THE CONNIVING KID

by

Annabelle Scott Whobrey

I worried my mama by having many traits like my "hoss-trading" daddy. I guess she wearied of fussing at his conniving and had learned to shut her eyes and pretend it didn't happen. She said he should have been a politician; he flattered ugly women, kissed dirty kids and elated the egos of household hubbys. Daddy reasoned there was nothing naughty about stretching the truth; it made folks feel better and it paved the way for good hoss-trading. Yet, when I showed signs of following in his footsteps of flattery, Mama couldn't completely close her ears. She desired that her darling daughter be more of a lady.

The art of connivery was not easy; first I bragged on Mama to keep her in a good humor, then she believed me when I told her my tummy ached when dishes were to be done. Another trick was my back trouble when her wood box went empty. I caught on quick to ways to get out of work. My reasoning was along the same line as Daddy used when he traded.

Mama kept trying to divert me into do-



Julian Brase was six years old on the day this picture was taken.

mestic work, but I'd rather play hopscotch, chase butterflies, or sit on the pond bank and fish a day away. Who found fun in hemming flour sacks when the whole outdoors was waiting to be explored? Most little girls were about the business of filling a hope chest, but my interest in embroidery work was nil.

Finally, to please Mama, I picked out a friendship quilt pattern from the Kansas

City Star and Mama ordered it with enthusiasm. She supposed her daughter had finally gotten on the road that would lead toward being a lady. Back in my mind I was figuring who would help me make the quilt; I had several aunts, cousins by the dozens, and two willing grandmothers.

When Dad heard about my project, he took some of Mama's pride away by saying it seemed a lot like hoss-trading. Mama didn't find his remark amusing, but reasoned that my quilt was a start in the right direction. The idea of obtaining help with my quilt caught on with some of my friends and cousins and I ended up having to help others make friendship quilts—I wasn't the only girl wanting an easy way out.

It is fun to look over my threadbare and faded quilt. It has been washed and worn for over fifty years during which many changes have taken place. Many who embroidered their names on my quilt passed away and some have moved and are now out of touch. The old-fashioned grey print reminds me of my maternal grandma's big apron; her big pockets held horehound candy and picnic twist chewing "taccor". The red-checked material, with the name "Kathleen", brings a laugh for she is the whiny, mousy and not-too-pretty cousin who has had four husbands. My dear paternal grandmother's block still speaks of her strict religious attitudes—she always sided with her daughter-in-law over her son's conniving. Each block is a story itself.

Mama lived long enough to know I outgrew making excuses and Daddy finally saw I was getting too big for such tricks to be cute. I often suspected he stretched the truth about his hoss-trading just to make Mama squirm. But, my resulting friendship quilt is a reality and it takes me on nostalgic trips anytime I want to travel memory lane.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
the opportunities Canada has given them.

When any of you people come to visit New England be sure to put Newport, Rhode Island, on your list of places to see. There is no city in America quite like Newport for a combination of fascinating history, beautiful scenery, and good food—especially good seafood. Our favorite eating spot is a restaurant on the very edge of Mount Hope Bay, just across the water from Bristol, Rhode Island. We plan to take Betty's parents over there for lunch one day next week.

In spite of my arthritis, I finally have all of my summer flowers planted. Oh what a job! However, now that the flowers are blooming, the effort all seems worthwhile. Why don't you come to see them?

Sincerely,
Frederick

Happy
Birthday, America

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KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 A.M.

LISTEN TODAY!



DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
 had a very special experience recently. Thirty years ago, she and her husband heard a talk at their Methodist church given by a man from India. He mentioned that it took very little money to support a child in India. After the meeting, the Pims talked to the missionary about how they could get involved. He showed them a picture of a ten-year-old boy whose father was a Methodist minister in a rural area of southern India where the salaries were very small. They took the boy's name—V. Sanjeeba Rao—and address. The Pims started writing to him and sending him a little money each month. They saw him through high school and agricultural college, where he received his Master's degree in plant pathology.

This summer, Mr. Rao came to the United States to visit a brother in California. He called Norma and made arrangements to come to see her. Norma said it was a dream come true when he recently spent a week here at her farm. He is now a professor in a college in India, is married and has three children. His first son is named Stephen after the Pims' son who was killed in a farm accident when a young boy. His wife is a math and science instructor in high school. It was a happy visit for both Norma and her Indian "son".

If everything works out as planned, by the time I write my next letter to you, Kristin and the boys should be here. We are anticipating a happy vacation with them right here at the farm. Julian has had his suitcases packed for days and has sent his order for the kind of ice cream he wants Grandma to have in the freezer. We hope the fish bite well for Aaron, and Frank has all kinds of jobs lined up for Kristin. Andy may not get to come because of a summer job, but we hope he can come later. Art can't come this time either, so he and Andy can keep each other company on the weekends.

Until next month . . .

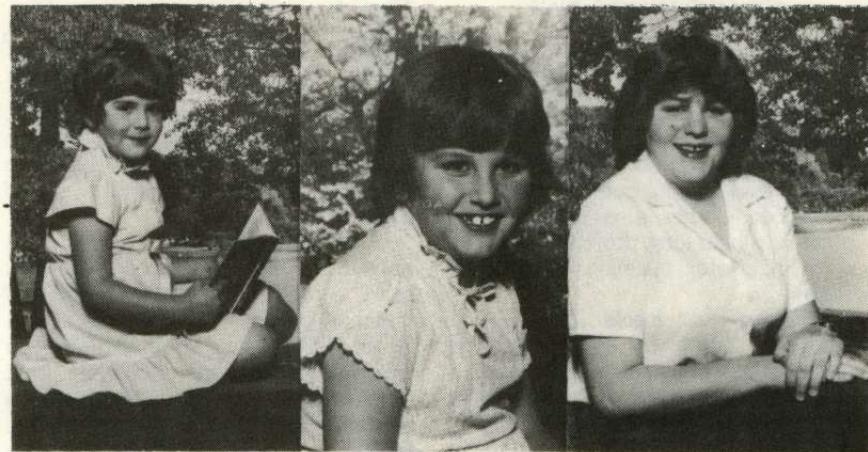
Dorothy

FLOWERS & FEMALES (A Quiz)

The answers are feminine names and also flowers.

1. A purple color (Violet)
2. Girl asked to ride on a bicycle built for two (Daisy)
3. Goddess of the rainbow (Iris)
4. Popular flower at Easter (Lily)
5. Porky Pig's girlfriend (Petunia)
6. A reddish color (Rose)
7. A flowering tree (Magnolia)
8. Also called heartsease (Pansy)
9. Evergreen tree or shrub (Camellia)
10. Name probably derived from the Virgin Mary (Marigold)

—Dianne L. Beetler



Stacy, age 5, Kim, age 7, Michelle, age 13 are the three nieces Verlene Looker often speaks of when she broadcasts on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program. The girls live with their parents near Essex, Iowa.

SPOOL KNITTING

Do you remember spool knitting? The other day, when I was cleaning out a drawer, I found an old-fashioned, home-made spool knitter. It had the four little nails on the top of the wooden spool in the square shape needed. There was a small, smooth nail as a "pick".

I sat right down to see if I still remembered how to do spool knitting. I did. Down through the hole came a round "worm" of spool-knitting cord. I think the fascination always was in seeing the "worm" grow longer and longer.

I don't remember the cord ever being too useful. My sister sewed hers together, when we were very young, and made a little "tam". Otherwise, I don't remember that we did much of anything with our long, colorful strands except enjoy making them.

Nowadays you can buy spool knitters. There's one called a "Knitting Knobby". I bought one to see if the knitting cord would come out the same as with the homemade spool knitter and discovered it does. The instruction sheet with the "Knobby" says you can make a beanie or beret (shades of the old-time "tam"), rugs, belts, table mats, lapel ornaments, necklaces, tiebacks, coasters, and even covers for chair backs and seats. It also shows a one-piece dog leash and collar. Wouldn't that make a good conversation piece? You could say airily, "I'm out walking my dog with his new Knitting Knobby leash."

A special belt can also be made by braiding three strands of cord together. That sounds interesting to me because I like to braid. I may try it if I can find someone who would like a belt. Maybe I can start a fad and make Townsend spool-knitting, braided belts the "in" thing. Fashion designers need not worry.

Just doing something for the fun of it can be worthwhile sometimes—spool knitting is a good example.

—Ruth Townsend



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THE MARK OF QUALITY

CLOTHES SENSE

by
Fern Christian Miller

If you are feeling the pinch of higher clothing prices, now would be a good time to plan what garments you and your family need for the coming season. In fact, good clothes sense and management is a year-long project. These are some helps for planning, buying and sewing.

1. Clean out closets. Toss out all worn-out, outgrown and out-of-style clothes. Pass usable items to a friend or a charitable institution. Look over clothes which could be altered. Many garments can be made over to fit younger children, some remodeled for an updated look.

2. New outfits can be created from old with a little imagination. A dress worn under the arms can be made into a jumper. A too-small blouse can be expanded with a strip of material down the back or under the arms and then worn with a jumper dress which covers the additions. A too-short dress can be worn with a skirt to make a blouse and slip all in one. If the skirt is too tight, slit up the sides and face back. A box pleat can be inserted if showing expanse of leg is not to your liking.

3. Lay out all your accessories.

Consider new ways of using them. Combine with dresses and suits to decide which can be worn with what. Toss out any which are too worn, tarnished or unusable for any reason. Clean, press and restore any which need such care, then store in order—possibly with items to be worn together stored together.

4. Make a list of accessories which need to be added or replaced. A gay neck scarf, a pretty belt, bright jewelry and matching purse or shoes may be all that is needed to update some garment you already own. A word of caution: don't overdo accessories. Keep them restrained and consider them as accents. Buying items which are "faddy" may be fun for one season, but for the long haul, a person gets her money's worth out of more traditional and tasteful choices. Keep them proportionate to your figure type.

5. Think about the life style, body lines, colors and personal clothes most becoming to you and members of your family. Consider how to flatter the good points and hide the undesirable. Discard any ideas involving current fads and fancies if they do not apply to you. List favorite colors. What are the best basic colors around which a wardrobe can be built?

6. Buy important and basic items first: shoes, coats, jeans, shirts, undergarments, socks, etc.

7. Make a list of needed clothing including the sizes, colors, etc. Watch ads for discount stores, general sales, used-clothing places, factory outlets and garage sales. Take a tape measure along to check sizes. Secondhand clothes may need to be laundered or cleaned; any used shoes should be sprayed with a disinfectant before a new owner wears them.

8. Decide on sewing projects you can do yourself. Study garments in stores and display windows, look through pattern books and fashion magazines. Make notes and sketch details which take your fancy. Look over fabrics and notions available.

9. Many women have learned to tailor well enough to make husbands' and sons' shirts and jackets. Pajamas and shorts are easy to sew and can be a real savings on the clothes budget.

10. Women's and girls' pantsuits are not difficult to make if you purchase a simple pattern. A skirt and vest of matching or contrasting fabric can give a wardrobe extra mileage. For a dressy outfit, a velvet skirt can be made in any length and color from a simple, flattering pattern. A jacket of the same velvet will create a fine suit. Look at cape patterns also for an alternate style which can be used for evening wear.

11. Blouses can change a suit from formal to casual depending on design and fabric. Sewing blouses can be one



From Our Family Album

On many a sunny summer morning back in the 1940's, my brother, Wayne, Dad and Mother (Martin and Leanna Driftmier), would come down the alley from the family home to turn up unexpectedly to see what was blooming in our back yard. The lovely rose garden was planted by my husband, Russell. We all enjoyed these tours of inspection. After the flowers had been viewed, we always concluded the visit with cups of piping hot coffee and fresh rolls of some kind.

—Lucile

great way to save on the clothing budget. A white blouse with a flattering face-framing collar is a must. Trim with soft lace and it becomes a feminine, high fashion addition to a wardrobe. Pastels make flattering blouses to go with basic-colored suits.

Modern American women are not slaves to fashion. They dress to suit themselves and their life styles. They want good-looking basic garments which can be mixed and matched harmoniously. They like the different looks achieved by changes of accessories. All of these factors are applied to other members of their families as well, as the present-day wife and mother uses her imagination and ingenuity to create usable, attractive and economical wardrobes.

FEELING

A tree, without sun's strength and fertile soil,
Bends scraggly stem without a leaf of life
in shadows bare.
The person without love lives lost in shadows.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Thunbergia, or black-eyed Susan vine, has been listed in seed catalogs for a long, long time but not very many gardeners in our area have tried it. I was as reluctant as any because my first attempt ended in failure. And no wonder—I planted the seed outdoors in late April when the ground was still cold and wet. Last spring, I placed two seeds to each Jiffy Mix-filled peat pot, and set the pots in the "Grovarium", a small, electric-heated, miniature greenhouse. The temperature inside is about seventy-two to seventy-five degrees.

Later, the peat pots with the sturdy seedlings were planted in the center of six-inch hanging pots. The vines soon wound gracefully up the hangers or trailed over the sides. The variety was ALATA SUZIE MIXED. The flowers were orange, white and yellow in plain and bicolor (with black-eye forms). This year we also planted a packet of Thunbergia ANGEL WINGS, which is a variety with large pure white flowers. They are a delightful addition to our window boxes and porch planters. Park's Catalog (Greenwood, South Carolina 29647) offers six named varieties in the SUSIE SERIES. You can start seeds anytime as the plants will bloom all winter indoors in a windowsill garden.

"Last spring I stopped at our local greenhouse to buy two dozen geranium plants for a sunny bed near our front entrance," writes T.R. "The plants the greenhouse offered me looked different than the kind I had bought in former years. They seemed more compact, the blooms were extra large and so uniform in shape and color that each plant seemed to be a duplicate of the other. I looked at them so long and wordlessly that the grower asked, 'Don't you like them? They are a new seed-grown variety called RED EMPRESS.'

"I assured the nurseryman that these geraniums were tremendous but I was wondering if they would take outdoor weather. He said the blooms on RED EMPRESS were more shatterproof than the other varieties on his greenhouse benches. He asked that I let him know how well they performed in my garden. Late last fall, I stopped in to tell him those geraniums were the finest I had ever grown—they had bloomed continuously until killed by frost. He said he wished he could convince more customers that seed-grown geraniums are a good choice. He said they are more disease free, more uniform and vigorous, than stock grown from cuttings. Could you pass this information on to readers? It will do my good grower of seed geraniums a service."

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geraniums is that they are easy for the amateur gardener to start indoors in early spring. Geranium seedlings pop out of a sterile planting mix in a week if given bottom heat. Other hybrid geraniums

you may wish to try are the CAREFREE SERIES, the JOLLY SERIES, ORBIT SERIES and the new double-flowering hybrids, MARATHON, RINGO SERIES and DOUBLE DIP.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
a picture to share with you. My own plans don't call for making a trip to the Washington, D.C., area at any time in the future, so I can only hope that eventually I'll get to see the baby when his parents are en route to Denver.

As it is, I feel singularly fortunate to have had an opportunity to see Lily Florence Walstad, when I was in Albuquerque the last time. I told you folks all about it when I visited with you on the radio, but there are thousands of people who can keep up with our family goings-on only through the pages of this magazine. so I'd like to say something about the event right now.

It was Easter Sunday and Juliana, Jed James and Katharine were due back from a few days in El Paso—expected to get home around five P.M. Betty Jane and I were cooking up a storm in preparation for a happy Easter dinner when all of a sudden the front door opened and someone called "Hello! Anyone home?"

I was much closer to the front door than Betty Jane was at that moment, so I turned around quickly and saw that it was my niece, Alison Driftmier Walstad, her husband, Mike, and their darling baby, little Lily Florence. I don't know when I've ever been so totally surprised—really knocked almost speechless. They were equally surprised.

It seems that they had been in Santa Fe to see about something concerned with a race horse that they are interested in, and then had driven from Santa Fe to friends in Albuquerque who share their interests. After a few short hours of sleep, they piled back into the pickup and headed over to see Juliana and Jed.

Lily, now eight months old, had been part and parcel of this chaotic sounding trip. Most babies I've known would have been whining and crying and carrying on in great style, but she acted as if she'd

been right at home in her own snug crib without a single thing out of the ordinary going on. I said hesitantly to Alison: "Do you think she would come to me?"

"Why, of course," Alison replied. And with that Lily came right into my arms without a second's hesitation. You would have thought she had known me forever. This is the age when most babies are shy and timid if they are confronted with strangers, but not Lily. I asked Alison how it happened that she was so happy with total strangers and she explained that many women boarded their dogs at her kennels, and when they saw Lily in her little run-about walker they picked her up and made over her. She saw many different people every day and thus was completely at home in any situation. I felt that she was a very fortunate baby.

Incidentally, she was wearing a white dress smocked in red that I had made for Juliana thirty-eight years ago, and it all called back a million memories to me. I never could have dreamed when I made that dress in Hollywood, California, in 1943 that some day I'd see it worn by my little great-niece who lives in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

The next baby due in our family will be born in September to my niece, Mary Lea Palo and her husband, Vincent. I wish I could think of some way to get our old family bassinet all of the way from Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, up to Offutt Air Force Base in Bellevue, Nebraska, but as yet I haven't been able to figure out a single solution. Anyone traveling through those two points with a pickup truck that isn't crammed full?

I've written on at great length this month, but there was some extra space available and I decided to make use of it.

One thing has happened recently that I feel very, very badly about. I don't want a single one of you countless friends who've listened to our daily Kitchen-Klatter visit over radio station KOAM in

Pittsburg, Kansas, to think that we took such abrupt leave of you through some kind of an idle whim. We're dependable people and we don't operate on whims.

It seems that radio station KOAM was sold, and the new owners had new plans in mind. From the very day this happened, we have been deluged with phone calls and letters from people who were terribly upset to lose radio touch with us after so many years. Believe me, at our end we are terribly upset too. There isn't a thing in the world that we can do about it—not a thing. It has all of us mighty upset.

Well, it's time now to leave my typewriter and see what has happened in the rest of the house since I came in here after morning coffee to have this visit. I'd like to think that you will start a letter to us today—write it in installments if you like. At least we'll be in touch that way.

Faithfully always . . .

*R
Lucile*

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I want each one that Providence sends.
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Are red, red roses with perfume rare.

A slow sweet smile and motherly face
Makes white hair seem like Queen Anne's
lace.

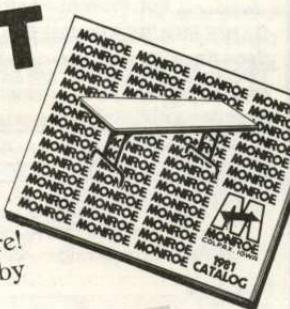
While a pert little nose and saucy look
Is a hardy aster near a sunny brook.

I'm arranging all into large bouquets—
They'll be extra nice for my sunset
days. —Sunshine Magazine

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