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—Photo by L.W. Ward for The Gazette, Cedar Rapids

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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 Friends:

For the first time since I was sixteen or seventeen years old and wrote my first copy for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* (then called the *Mother's Hour Letter*), I am unable to hold a pen or use a type-writer to write this letter to you. I asked Evelyn Birkby to come up to the house and we are sitting here together at the dining room table where I am suggesting what I'd like to have written, and trust that from her notes she'll be able to put together those things I want to say to you good and faithful friends.

Before I even go into detail as to what happened, I want to send profound thanks to each and every one of you who sent me a card or letter while I was in the hospital and then recuperating here at home. Two messages came through loud and strong:

First, Hawkeye deserves a medal for recognizing that something was wrong and going to get help and, secondly, everyone hopes that Betty and I will soon be able to pick up our plans to go out to New Mexico and, this time, carry them out without a hitch.

For those of you who do not hear our daily radio program, I had best explain.

Late one evening, after Betty had gone to bed, I was sitting up watching television. Hawkeye was keeping me company. About 11:30, I decided it was time to go to bed, so I began lifting myself out of the easy chair which I find so comfortable when I sit for a long period of time. My wheelchair was in front of me and the coffee table was off to my right.

As I pulled up from my old chair (and it is lower than my wheelchair), I slipped. Two unfortunate events happened: my head hit the corner of the coffee table and I was knocked unconscious; my right hand crashed down in such a manner that my wrist was broken.

Hawkeye immediately realized that something was wrong. He rushed into Betty's bedroom—a room into which this big Doberman had never gone

before, mainly because he does not like to walk on an uncarpeted area—and began barking and growling and pulling at the covers.

All this commotion got Betty's attention real fast and she quickly awakened and came out of her room to see what was going on. The next thing I knew, I was in the local hospital with a black eye, a bruise on my forehead and a cast on my right wrist.

Needless to say, this put a screeching halt to our plans to be in Albuquerque in time for my 72nd birthday on May 3rd. At this writing, however, I am improved enough to be thinking seriously of picking up our plans again. However, through the years I've really learned that it is hazardous to make plans in advance.

For example: in March of 1963, our entire family began to think about how we were going to celebrate our parents' 50th wedding anniversary on June 25th. We decided on a home "Open House" for none of us were inclined to go out to a club or restaurant for such an occasion.

Mother wrote at great length in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* for three months telling the readers of all the plans being made for that momentous event. But, when the day actually arrived, three members of the family were in the hospital and the celebration had to be cancelled.

First to be hospitalized was Dad. He lost his balance and fell. No bones were broken, but he suffered from a badly sprained back which required hospital care. I was next with a fall that resulted in a broken hip. (Just as Mother knew instantly that she had broken her back in her tragic automobile accident in 1930, so I knew the instant I fell that my hip was broken.)

Sometime in that same period, brother Donald was traveling for Guide Lamp Corporation (a division of General Motors) and was headed west for the anniversary when he got sick on the road and ended up in the hospital in one of the Quad Cities—Davenport, if I remember correctly. This meant that three members of our family were hospitalized at the same time.

After that wedding anniversary was so completely blown out of the water, I decided to be very careful and include an IF whenever any plans are announced. I even say IF every morning when I get up regarding what may happen during the day.

One experience I had planned to write about in my letter was a mysterious happening in this house. Now, many strange noises and queer coincidences happened in virtually every house during this long winter just past, but they were all eventually explained. This particular incident never was.

Over the dining room table where Evelyn and I are sitting today hangs an



Once June arrives, James and Katharine Lowey will have more time to spend riding their bicycles.

unusual light fixture. I spotted it in the window of a store in Omaha when my husband, Russell, and I were driving by at the time we were remodeling this house. We bought it and put it in this special place where it has been much enjoyed.

The fixture is of filigreed brass and is made up of three cylinders about 17 inches long and 3 to 4 inches across. Each of the three hangs like a pendant from a curved brass piece which connects to a center base firmly fastened to the ceiling.

One day Betty and I heard a crack and then a smashing sound. One of the light bulbs in this dining room fixture had exploded and dropped to the table, on to a chair and then on to the floor with shattering intensity. From all the splatters and puddles among the glass shards, it was evident that the bulb had been full of water.

No one can explain how that bulb got water inside of it—certainly not enough to make it explode. No pipe or other water source is near that part of the ceiling. An attic space is above and it has a firm roof with no leaks. It is, indeed, very curious!

I'm wondering if anyone else has ever had such an experience?

As Evelyn and I sit making these notes, we can see the curved flower bed which is directly under the living room windows. It is full of gorgeous, snow-white trillium. These very plants were brought by Russell in 1946 from his mother's original family farm in Wisconsin. Those sturdy plants have survived everything that we and the weather have done to them, and this means our big remodeling project with workmen tramping around, and some very fierce winter storms.

Our magnolia trees did not do well this year. The last heavy load of ice and snow that descended unseasonably late undoubtedly froze the flower buds. The

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ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

The last time I wrote, I mentioned that I would have a surprise to share with you this letter. And so I do! Although I never dreamed it would take so many months to become a reality, our project is completed, and I am thrilled to tell you the saga of how we have come to live in a "new" home.

It seems hard to believe, but this last April Mike and I celebrated our eleventh wedding anniversary. And how did we spend the momentous occasion? With a quiet dinner at home after which we stained and varnished woodwork until midnight, trying to stay one jump ahead of the carpenters. And thus life has been for the last eight months for the Walstad family. I suppose it's a great testimony to a wonderful marriage which has lasted eleven years. It seems we are able to find enjoyment in the common occurrences of everyday life, and likewise are able to make special those moments of ordinary passing. If an expensive dinner and night on the town were required to make every occasion a celebration for us, we'd have been in dire straits by now. True celebration springs from the heart, and can abound from any situation, no matter how ordinary the instance appears to be.

It has been our dream for many years to build our own home, and through planning, hard work, and plenty of good luck, we have seen our dream realized—cause for celebration indeed.

In all actuality we didn't really build this home from scratch. When we purchased the place in 1978, there was a structure already built, which consisted of an older mobile home and a two-story addition built of wood and attached to the rear. The mobile home section contained the kitchen and bedrooms and the frame structure housed a living room downstairs and a master bedroom upstairs. The place was quite liveable, and although a bit unsightly and energy inefficient, we called it home and set about planning a series of goals for the place. First we would clean up and landscape the yard, and eventually remodel the house.

It took us nearly four years to "get our act together", and early last fall we undertook a major remodeling project which has virtually given us a completely new home, and left very little with which to remember the building as it looked in past years. With the cost of new construction a staggering \$65 per square foot in this town, remodeling an existing

structure was the only hope we had of obtaining our dream house.

Mike did all the creative design and blueprint work. He's blessed with a remarkable blend of artistic and practical capabilities, no doubt inherited from his mother, Southwest artist, Connie Walstad. He took great care in designing the house to be comfortable, sensible, and energy efficient. The windows capture the sun's rays to best advantage, and present the prettiest mountain views from every angle. I often teasingly downplay his talent, reminding him that all the drawing should have come easily, since he'd already designed half a dozen houses over the years—none of which had ever been built.

The actual construction was done by local labor, one or two men working on each phase—framing, plumbing, electrical, etc. Many of our friends are employed in some fashion by the construction industry, (which incidently is flourishing in this resort town) and they put their hearts into the project.

So let me tell you a bit about the house. It is passive solar in heating design. For our sunny Southwestern climate, this is ideal. There are windows on the south, east, and west facings, and none on the north. All of the large windows are thermal-paned. In the winter all the sun's energy does a great deal to heat the house. In the summer the house gets quite hot so we found it necessary to install blinds on all the windows. To help with heating, we also have two wood-burning stoves and an electric heater in our little daughter, Lily's bedroom.

When we started construction, we sold the mobile home and moved it away. We were left with the two-story addition which became the core of the new house. We built onto it on three sides to complete the design. The house now consists of three bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, living room, and utility area. All in all, it's a very nice size for our family of three. It's plenty spacious, yet still cozy, with a lived-in look about it.

My favorite room of all is the kitchen. It has a high ceiling and many windows to keep my plants growing and thriving. The windows also give it a light, airy feeling. Equipped with all the modern conveniences and appliances, it is a real joy in which to work. This is the first really nice kitchen I've ever had, and it has been so much fun planning its design. The walls are painted a creamy white, the cabinets are oak, and the formica countertops are a deep royal blue. We had the carpenter build us a large table which seats about eight, and it is the center of attraction in the house. Located off the front entryway and right beside the large wood heater in the kitchen, it is a favorite spot for friends to share a cup of coffee. It serves its purpose well, keeping muddy feet detoured off the living



This is gift-giving month for fathers and grandfathers. Little Lily Walstad shows great interest in the brightly wrapped package her grandfather, Jack Walstad, is holding.

room carpet, and providing conversationalists in the kitchen to keep the cook company. I feel we have a room which will recapture the old-time spirit of a kitchen as a gathering place.

On the west wall of the kitchen is a double glass sliding door which looks out onto a beautiful view of the Hondo Valley and the Rio Ruidoso bubbling its way southward. The doors open onto a 15- by 15-foot redwood deck. This was my idea. After years of battling incredible winds, weeds, and grasshoppers, I was bound and determined to have a small area where I could grow a few summer flowers in pots, without having to fight the elements for their meager existence. We had to build a cedar fence along one side of the deck. This insures our privacy and a respite from the ever-gusty New Mexico winds.

The entire exterior of the house is finished in western red cedar, a style often seen here in mountain homes. It was this exterior finish which helped to tie in the old house with the newly built additions. I have to admit the finished product looks quite stunning.

I will always remember the first night we spent in our new home. My cousin, Juliana Lowey, and her family arrived in mid-afternoon for a visit. Things were running late, and the place was ghastly in appearance. The men were laying carpet that day, and furniture was stacked to the ceiling. Juliana looked a little dismayed upon arrival, and consequently the Loweyes decided to spend the remainder of the afternoon sightseeing. When they returned later in the day, the carpet laying was completed. I immediately pressed the whole family into service as furniture movers. With five of us lifting and carrying, we were set up for entertaining in record time.

(Continued on page 22)

For Father's Day

by
Mabel Nair Brown



AWARDS BANQUET

(A Dinner for Dads)

Set theme for your Father-Son (Daughter or Children) Banquet around an Academy Awards dinner.

Trophies gathered from various sports events make excellent centerpieces. They will act as conversation starters once everyone is seated at the tables.

Use the local high school or college colors for streamers and other decorations. Otherwise, red is always pretty used with gold or white. Use it to decorate the podium where the awards speeches and responses will be given.

Nut cups in the chosen color scheme can each have a card tied or stapled to it. Let the card be made up as a certificate of award to the "Greatest Dad", "Greatest Daughter", and "Greatest Son". If names of the guests are used, these will serve as place cards.

Following the style of the Academy Awards, different persons can be used in the presentations of awards. Prepare award envelopes ahead of time so those making the presentations can read the "nominations" and then the names of winners. If everyone will enter into the spirit of this affair, it can be a hilarious evening. Of course each recipient is expected to make an impromptu acceptance speech.

The sillier the awards, the better. These might include: best dressed, heaviest beard grower, most hobby minded, greatest sports addict, most competent at the barbecue grill, superior dishwasher, slickest alibi, one most often late to any event, biggest grouch, best smile, neatest baby sitter, etc. Comparable awards could be planned for sons and/or daughters: most pleasant laugh, best helper around the house, finest runner, greatest tree climber, superior bug catcher, exceptional puddle jumper, etc.

For the trophies to present, buy ceramic or plastic replicas, or make miniatures from wood, or large ones from cardboard cutouts. Tin cups or soda pop bottles could be decorated with seals, or inscribed with a marking pen. Cut forms from styrofoam are inexpensive and decorate easily in a silly fashion.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

(A Father's Day Acrostic)

Setting: Place a large family Bible, opened to the Book of Proverbs, at the center front on the altar or a small table. In a semicircle behind the Bible, arrange ten red candles in low holders. The candles are lighted as each letter in the acrostic is mentioned. Each speaker holds up the appropriate large red letter as the Scripture for that letter is given.

Leader: "Faith of our fathers, living still, in spite of dungeon, fire and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy whene'er we hear that glorious word." We know that this faith of our fathers was founded on the Bible, which was their guidepost and has come down to us through the generations. Hear, then, these pearls of wisdom from the Scriptures which we offer as our tribute to our fathers today.

F — For the commandment is a lamp and the teaching is a light and the reproofs of discipline are the way of life . . . For the Lord reproves him whom he loves, as a father the son in whom he delights. Prov. 6:23, 3:12.

A — A cheerful heart is good medicine but a downcast spirit dries up the bones . . . A perverse man will be filled with the fruit of his ways and a good man with the fruit of his deeds. Prov. 17:22, 14:22.

T — Truthful lips endure forever, but a lying tongue but a moment. Prov. 12:19.

H — He who is slow to anger has great understanding, but he who has a hasty temper exalts folly . . . He who has a bountiful eye will be blessed, for he shares his bread with the poor. Prov. 14:20, 22:9.

E — Every word of God proves true; He is a shield to those who take refuge in Him. Prov. 30:5.

R — Righteousness guards him whose way is upright but sin overthrows the wicked. Prov. 13:6.

S — Serve the Lord with gladness! Come into His presence with singing! Know that the Lord is God! It is He who has made us, and we are His. Psalms 100:2-3.

D — Do not lay up for yourselves

treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume, and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven . . . For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Matt. 6:19-21.

A — Ask, and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. Matt. 7:7.

Y — You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind . . . You shall love your neighbor as yourself. Matt. 22:37 and 39.

(All hold letters up in a row to spell out FATHER'S DAY.)

Leader: "Faith of our fathers, living still . . . We will be true to thee till death."

WHAT IS A FATHER?

A father is a best friend with love shining in his eyes. He's a warm hand that tousles your hair when you've done something to please him. He's a tired grin at the end of the day and a "Hi ya kid," as you come to the breakfast table.

He may be rich or poor, young or old, or in between. He's a teacher, a pal, a critic, a hero and a counselor. He is the security, love and devotion which makes the wheels of life turn 'round.

Father is a fixer of tricycles, wagons, toys, household appliances, and black eyes. A father is always busy. He mows lawns, paints the house, mends a fence, prunes the hedge, changes a tire, runs errands and earns the primary income to support his family.

Father likes to complain about taxes, politicians, grocery bills, toys left in the driveway, lingerie hung in the bathroom, TV watching when homework isn't finished, dainty tea sandwiches at a party, long telephone conversations, going shopping and getting dressed up.

Father likes sports, music, drama and speech contests when his own kids appear in them so he can brag about it. He likes to hear the toddler first lisp the word "Daddy". Father likes Mother, a daughter's and son's kisses, "A's" on the report cards and Grandma's cooking.

Father likes to brag about his good grades in school, how hard he had to work to earn his spending money when he was a boy, how far he walked to school as a kid, and how old he was before he had a car of his own.

A father fusses about daughters' boy friends and sons' girl friends, loud stereo music, Saturday jobs, finding the daily paper mused up before he has read it.

A father isn't afraid of haunted houses, ghosts or loud sounds in the night. He has the smile, the wisdom and the loving arms to soothe fears and solve problems. He is full of kindness, caring and willingness to sacrifice when the well-being of his family is involved.

He is the best, the greatest man around—a father.



Andy Brase

A LETTER TO A SON

(A letter to Andy Brase from his mother, Kristin, written on the occasion of his high school graduation.)

My Dear Son,

In primitive cultures, elaborate puberty rites mark the passage from child to adult. In our culture, nothing defines this transition more clearly than graduation from high school. As I watch you walk through this symbolic door between two worlds, I am beset with many emotions which can hardly be sorted out.

I feel deep gratitude and joy that God's grace and love have brought you to this day. I am pleased and happy with your accomplishments along the way—you've chosen to spend your time in positive and productive ways. I'm thankful that you have set a good example for your younger brothers.

My emotions are mixed; I'm grateful for the eighteen years I've had you around, yet feel the aching sadness of letting go. I wouldn't hold you back from finding yourself and discovering all life holds for you, but I'm human enough and selfish enough to want you around for another eighteen years.

Your jokes will be missed at the supper table and your roll up pancakes on Sunday mornings. On the other hand, I'll probably get along just fine without your drumming. No—I'll even miss the drumming; the house will be too quiet.

The tears you see in my eyes on your big day are both happy and sad. Perhaps my thoughts hold more memory than anticipation, but the excitement in the air is contagious, and I recall how I felt at eighteen with my whole future ahead of me.

You've voiced your concerns about the future, but I am not afraid for you. Fear is not one of the emotions I feel, because I know you will remain under God's care and protection. You have learned to seek His guidance and light for your path. However, that is not to say that I don't have concerns about the

world into which you walk and the problems you will face, but faith keeps these concerns from becoming fears. Your father and I have, in our bumbling way, tried to provide a foundation for your life which will help you meet each day with the strength for that day through a knowledge of the Source of your strength.

I feel a desperate need to give you hours and hours, pages and pages of last-minute advice. I want to say something profound like, "Preserve your integrity." From my love, I want to give you wisdom to save you from mistakes, failures, or suffering. But, these are part of life. So, in spite of my longing to do more, you can tie your own shoes and I must keep my hands off the shoelaces.

You go forth with our blessing—it is a great day for us all.

Love,
Mom

CHILDREN'S DAY

by Marjorie Misch Fuller

Traditionally, the second Sunday in June is observed as Children's Day in many Protestant and Catholic churches. Since early church organizations, there have been celebrations for children but it is not exactly known when the idea sprouted to devote a particular Sunday to the boys and girls.

It is thought the idea may go back to the Old World May Day when children participated in bringing flowers and branches to decorate the churches. It was originally called Flower or Rose Day, but was later shifted to June when more flowers were growing in the northern countries.

It is believed the earliest celebration of a special Children's Day was in 1865 in Chelsea, Mass., held on the second Sunday in June. Arranged by Rev. Charles H. Leonard of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer in Chelsea, he baptized a number of boys and girls as part of the event. This first day was known as Rose Day.

Also in 1865, the Methodist church recommended the observance. At the nationwide General Conference of the church in 1868, a resolution was passed to the effect that all Methodist churches should recognize the second Sunday in June as Children's Day. This pattern has continued ever since. In its General Assembly meeting in 1883, the Presbyterian churches set aside the second Sunday in June for the children.

Children's Day is still observed in most churches and the denominational publishing houses provide special materials for the day. Some churches combine this Sunday with promotion Sunday and confirmation class recognition. It remains a vital, yearly, Christian festival.

THE TRADING POST

by
Dianne L. Beetler

The Peoria Junior Guild and the Lakeview Museum in Peoria, Illinois, have co-operated to provide children and adults with a unique opportunity to learn more about nature.

Two years ago, the two organizations began operating The Trading Post. The Trading Post is located in a room on the lower level of the Lakeview Museum and is staffed by members of the Peoria Junior Guild, who volunteer their time to help others learn more about natural history.

People may bring natural objects such as pine cones, dried flowers, seashells, birds' nests, and rocks to The Trading Post. They receive a certain number of points for each item they bring. If they can tell a few facts about the object, they receive even more points. If they know nothing about them, they are encouraged to search natural history reference books in the study area of The Trading Post to learn about the article they brought.

The natural history items are then displayed on The Trading Post walls and shelves. Each object is assigned a point value. People who bring in items are allowed to choose an item of equal point value. If they wish, they may accumulate points until they have enough to take home the item they want. (A few of the acquisitions were donated by Lakeview Museum and cannot be traded.)

"We want it to be a spontaneous learning experience," says one volunteer. Some parents use The Trading Post to help their children improve mathematical skills by adding and subtracting their points.

Since The Trading Post opened over a year ago, it has become a popular place to visit. Although children mainly patronize The Trading Post, occasionally adults bring in something to trade. School groups and children's organizations are always welcome.

According to a volunteer, "The kids really love it."

Even if they don't have something to trade, children and adults can both learn much by examining the accessions displayed in the room. On a second visit, they are almost certain to bring something along to trade.

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

on the label of your magazine.
Renew at least 2 months in advance.
Only one notice will be sent.

ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

by
Lula Lammé

Once upon a time, to the child sitting in the small one-room country school in mid-Missouri, reading *Stories of Other Lands and Places*, actually being in Alaska above the Arctic Circle seemed an impossible dream. Yet, last summer found me there. I thought, "Is this really me, the little girl to whom traveling the few miles to our small inland town seemed an adventure?" It really was, showing that life is unpredictable and wonderful.

At loose ends after the death of my husband, I was persuaded by my daughter to join a tour group going to Alaska. My first plane ride included Denver, Seattle, Ketchikan, totem poles, ferry trips, glaciers and a kittiwake rookery. Panning for gold at Dawson Creek, Jack London's and Robert Service's cabins, the museums, the mountains, top-of-the-world highway and the miles of beautiful wild scenery, all formed a kaleidoscope of memory I will enjoy as long as I live.

I especially like recalling our trip to Kotzebue located on the Alaskan sound, 15 miles above the Arctic Circle, 26 miles from Siberia. This was the farthest north point of our trip. We flew from Anchorage to Kotzebue where we were met by a lovely Eskimo lady, Helen Sebeck, and her granddaughter. Both were wearing their native parka costumes. Helen spoke no English, but her granddaughter fluently gave us a warm welcome. Helen smiled a lot.

A bus was waiting to take us on a tour of the countryside. Although rather chilly, the sun was shining brightly. Much was made of the sunshine; it seldom shines for long, so we felt lucky to have arrived on such a beautiful day.

A few impressions come to mind readily: the salmon fishing boats, putting out chum for bait, glimpses of a walrus, a Dairy Queen—sign of commercialism, which our guide announced with pride, was the only one above the Arctic Circle. We saw Cape Blossom, where the last battle of the Civil War was fought months after General Lee had surrendered. The *Shenandoah*, a Confederate vessel, had been sent to the far north to waylay Yankee oilers. The crew didn't know the War had ended until finally convinced by a French ship's captain.

We met Elmer and Lois, an old Eskimo couple, at a fishing camp where they were fishing and drying meat for winter use. They are presently living in a shabby hut, but nearby was the dugout where they had lived. Standing inside, I soon felt the cold begin to creep up my legs from the permafrost, about 12 to 18 inches under the surface of the earth. We sam-



Our welcoming committee when we arrived at Kotzebue, Alaska.

pled seal meat, raw! We were taken out on the tundra where not a tree could be seen anywhere, and the ground felt spongy underfoot. I picked arctic cotton and wild rhubarb. The leaves of this rhubarb are small but can be eaten like greens. We saw the Norad installations, which house our farthest north line of defense.

At the outer edges of Kotzebue was their national forest—one tree! It was ringed about by ornamental fencing and bore the proud sign, KOTZEBUE NATIONAL FOREST. This tree was planted as a joke and surprisingly it grew and is now several feet tall. With my need to rationalize everything, noting the success of this tree, I wondered why more weren't planted.

In the town of Kotzebue, there were no sidewalks, just a gravel road on which to walk. Most of the houses were small for easier heating and many were built up off the ground to keep the permafrost cold so it wouldn't melt and cause the buildings to sink or shift. Some of the newer buildings have "heat exchangers", a sort of metal coil affair that brings the heat up out of the ground.

We were taken on a tour of the Jade Mountain Products building, and given a talk on Eskimo money matters. A co-operative has been set up for the betterment of the native Alaskans. Jade Mountain Products come from Mt. Ayleska in Kobuk Valley. Jewelry, statuettes, and such are produced. This is nephrite jade, not as good in quality as Chinese jade, and doesn't have as wide a variety of colors, but beautiful, nonetheless. I prize my necklace and earrings purchased there all the more knowing they are Kobuk Valley jade.

It takes months to get a piece of jade ready to sell. The first step is taken in summer to find a jade boulder—some of them are huge. Then, a fire of logs is built to thaw the ground, the boulder is bulldozed out and loaded onto a sled. Then comes a wait until winter for the ground on top to freeze so the sled can be hauled

down the 120 miles to the factory where the boulder is cut into smaller pieces to be finished there or sent away to be made into jewelry and other intricate items. Some is sent to Taiwan; even so, it is still Alaskan jade.

After our lunch, we visited the museum and saw many interesting artifacts and displays of native animals in their natural habitats. We were entertained by Eskimo dancers in native costume; I could feel my blood begin to stir as the tempo of the drums and dancers increased.

Boarding our plane for the return trip to Anchorage, we were presented with a certificate showing we had crossed the Arctic Circle on August 3, 1981, en route to Kotzebue. This certificate is now framed and hangs on my bedroom wall as a reminder of that wonderful trip.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Dip the bottom of rough vases or flowerpots into paraffin to keep them from scratching furniture.

Did you know a nail makes a good stopper in a tube of glue if you lose the cap?
—M.M., Thurman, Iowa

Candy-Coated Strawberries: Melt white almond bark; add some Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring. Dip ripe, washed, well-drained, whole strawberries in the melted mixture. When dry, arrange on a pretty plate to serve guests. For variation, use chocolate bark with Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring added.
—J.L., N. Mex.

Instead of using expensive strips of aluminum foil around my pies to keep them from running over in the oven, I use dry-goods sacks. A grocery sack is too heavy. When unfolded, one will reach around a pie plate plus 1 or 2 inches. Cut into 2½-inch strips. Place in a glass or pan of water (rolled loosely) when you start to make the pies. When the pies are ready to go into the oven, squeeze the paper gently to get out most of the water, and unfold. Place a strip around each pie so there is a good inch or a little more above the edge and pull lightly, just enough to fit, and pin with a straight pin. The paper draws up tight while the pie is baking and keeps the juice on top of the pie.
—Mrs. R.J., Riverton, Iowa

The other day I heard a lady say she keeps a clean powder puff in her shortening can and uses it to grease pans with. I keep a clean powder puff in my flour container. I use it to dust baking pans; my rolling pin and breadboard.

—S.E., Maryville, Mo.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We couldn't ask for a more beautiful day. It is warm, sunny, the grass is green and sprinkled with both blue and blue and white violets, and there are beds of bluebells and sweet williams along the roadside. The cattle are so happy to once again have green grass to eat instead of the dry hay they've eaten for many months. Spring is truly here.

Several weeks ago, Kristin said that Aaron and his friend, Kris Mickey, were hard at work on a project for the National History Day Contest they had entered. The theme this year was "Trade and Industry", so the two seventh graders decided to do their project on the history of Kitchen-Klatter. The district contest was held in Torrington, Wyoming. Aaron was a very happy boy when he called us right after the judging to tell us their project had been chosen to go to the state contest in Rock Springs. Aaron said, "Grandma, if we win there we get to go to Washington, D.C."

Yesterday was the big day in Rock Springs and when the phone rang at 10:30 last night and I heard the happiness in Kristin's voice I knew that Kris and Aaron had won and were going to Washington, D.C. Aaron had called his mother long distance and told her, and she couldn't wait to pass the good news along to us.

I was unfamiliar with this history program until Aaron became involved. It is a program that encourages young people to explore a historical subject related to a theme. There is a different theme each year. Students in grades 6 through 12 may enter in any one of six categories. (Aaron and Kris entered in the *Group Project* category.) Entries in the Junior Division—grades 6, 7, 8—were judged separately from those in the Senior Division—grades 9, 10, 11, 12. Each category in each age division is judged separately.

I must mention my other two grandsons. Our oldest, Andy, who is graduating from high school on Mother's Day, has been very busy with all the activities for seniors at the end of the year. He was especially honored when he was chosen King of the Junior-Senior Prom. Julian, our little first grader, has been winding up his first year of school attending and competing in the Little Kids wrestling tournaments. He has had a good win-loss record and undoubtedly has gotten good coaching at home from his big brother, Andy.

There was an interesting story in our Chariton paper last week that ties in with what I wrote last month about old ceme-



Aaron Brase (left) and Kris Mickey enjoyed working together on the history of Kitchen-Klatter for a National History Day Contest. Dorothy tells of the outcome in her letter.

teries. A couple who rented a farm near Chariton last December had started to clean up around the place this spring. They were tearing down an old wooden shed when they came across a headstone lying under about three inches of dirt. The stone was for a child, a boy aged one year, ten months, six days, who died July 15, 1864. They could find no record of the name in Lucas County, but did find a similar name of a family who had lived near the gravesite. The administrative officer for the State Historical Museum archives reported that family plots are scattered in many areas, especially through central Iowa on the old farmsteads. He said the headstone would indicate that the family had probably been settled in the area for a length of time, rather than just early pioneers traveling through Iowa.

Yesterday Bernie, Belvah Baker, Dorothea Polser, and I made a trip we had really been dreading simply because we were afraid of what the outcome might be. Since we were all so elated with the report, I'll tell you about it. Several years ago, Bernie lost the sight in one eye because of a bloodclot. For several months now, her other eye has been getting progressively worse and we were all becoming alarmed. She had had some conflicting reports about what was wrong with the eye—one was an extremely discouraging diagnosis. She finally decided to make an appointment at the well-known Wolfe Eye Clinic in Marshalltown, Iowa, and find out definitely the cause of the problem. We arose early and got Belvah to Marshalltown in time for a 9:00 o'clock appointment. The doctor, one she had seen once before about ten years ago, as-

sured her she had a cataract which could be removed so she made an appointment that day for the simple surgery. We felt like celebrating all the way home.

It doesn't seem possible that a little less than a month ago we had an 8-inch snowstorm. The little magnolia tree, which we thought had been killed by the storm, is now in full bloom. This tree was planted many years ago and has been broken off several times but always has come back up. For years it had leaves but no blossoms. The last two years it has finally had a lot of flowers.

Bernie and Ruth didn't know what to get us for a joint birthday gift so they finally decided to get something useful that they would get some good out of too. They ordered two loads of gravel delivered and spread on our long drive from the road to the house. It was a happy surprise when the big trucks pulled in.

Frank has been working hard on the yard this past week. There is so much to do, he feels as if he is getting nowhere. I haven't been any help to him because I have been so busy with other commitments. Frank got a new lawn mower for his birthday that is lighter in weight and easier to push than the old one, so this helps.

The last session of the turkey-hunting season is on now, and although we have had friends hunting during all three sessions, they haven't been having any luck. They have seen a lot of the big birds but haven't been able to get a shot at them. We don't know if the turkeys are getting smarter or if it is because last year every one of the men who hunted here got a bird. The other evening, when Frank and I were still outside, we could hear tur-

(Continued on page 22)

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

We had a wonderful visit with our son, David, and his wife, Sophie. Betty gave two big dinner parties in their honor, one for members of the family in this area, and one for friends from the Boston area. We had roast beef for the first dinner, and for the second one we had barbecued chicken.

Having grown up here in New England, David just had to have some good, fresh lobsters, and so one night we had a lobster feast with a first course of steamed clams in melted butter. At least three times during their visit, we had David's favorite vegetable dish—artichokes in melted butter. To add pound upon pound, Betty served fresh, hot rolls three times a day!

The one thing that our Calgary, Alberta, family wanted most to do while on this visit was to go sailing. In spite of all the wind of late spring, we were able to have several days of perfectly beautiful sailing along the coasts of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and every minute on the water was a joy. Both David and Sophie love sailing, and they do quite a bit of it on the fresh water lakes in western Canada.

On the day that Sophie and David left for home, Betty and I drove to Springfield, Mass., where I was the guest preacher in the 140-year-old South Congregational Church, where I am the Minister Emeritus. It was a marvelous experience. My old friend and colleague, the Rev. John Willard Ames, and his Associate Minister, the Rev. Wilbur Green, were so gracious in the way they welcomed me back to the pulpit where I had preached for 24 years.

After having been away from the church for three years, it was quite an emotional experience for Betty and me to return to the people we love so much. Since our retirement, we have been attending many different churches of all denominations, and this familiarity with other churches and their styles of worship gave Betty and me a very good perspective for looking at our old church home where we had given so much of our professional life.

The first thing we noticed as we entered South Church was the big congregation. There were hundreds of persons present. Then we were inspired by the beautiful music. Mr. David E. Mergeson, the Minister of Music of the South Congregational Church, did his graduate work in sacred music at Yale University, and his church music shows it. When I



Frederick Driftmier was given this cake-church as a gift. Made by Gloria Scussel, it was used as a coffee table centerpiece during the church homecoming in Springfield, Mass.

try to describe the music we heard on that Sunday, words fail me. Again and again I was reminded of how important it is for a church to have the finest music possible. The organ and the choir brought the Holy Spirit right into our hearts. When the choir sang my mother's favorite hymn, "Count Your Many Blessings, Name Them One by One", many of us were moved to tears.

Betty and I have seen many beautiful flower arrangements on altars and communion tables, but when we went back to South Church, we actually gasped at the beautiful flowers we saw. I am a great believer in the giving of memorial flowers to decorate a church, and the members of the church in Springfield have a reputation for making the memorial flowers something very, very special. Their custom of giving unusually large and beautiful arrangements of memorial flowers has proved a blessing to thousands of persons. Each Sunday after the final service, the flowers are distributed to the sick and the aged.

There was a coffee hour following the service at which I preached, and Betty and I expected to meet and shake hands with many of our dear friends. What we did not expect was standing in one spot shaking hands with hundreds of persons for one hour and fifteen minutes. I don't know how many persons we greeted there in the parish house dining room but the numbers were sufficient to cause my right hand to swell. It was a marvelous homecoming.

One of our very good friends, Mrs. Victor H. Scussel of Enfield, Conn., made a lovely model church for the coffee table centerpiece. It was made of pastry and candy and was a perfect delight to see and she gave it to us to bring home.

We were given another unexpected present. It came out of the freezer in the church kitchen, and it happened in this way. One of our dear friends in the church is a Mrs. Clifford W. Greene of the village of Agawam, Mass. She is

famous for her homemade candies. Each Christmas for many years, she has given us a big box of her finest. Last Christmas, thinking that we would surely visit the church during the holiday season, she left our box of candy at the church office, and then she left for Florida. We did not know the gift was at the church, and we did not go there during the holiday season, so the candy ended up in the church freezer. Now at last we have the candy, and we have found it to be just as good as always. Irene Greene dips most of her candies in a bittersweet chocolate, and how I do love every bite.

I am writing this letter down in my study, and up on the next floor in our family room, Betty, my sister, Margery, and her husband, Oliver Strom, are watching television. The Stroms arrived for a two-week visit a few days after David and Sophie left for Calgary. For three years we have been begging Margery and Oliver to drive out here to the Connecticut shore to visit, and at last they arrived. They decided to fly out, and we drove up to the Hartford-Springfield airport to meet them.

We are doing some sailing, but we are doing more sightseeing. Yesterday we drove over to Newport to show Margery and Oliver the picturesque harbor with all of the navy ships and commercial vessels coming and going, and to give them an opportunity to visit some of the fabulous mansions for which Newport is noted. On another day, we took them to Battleship Cove at Fall River, Mass. If everything works out, we are going to drive to Boston tomorrow. The car will be parked in a downtown lot, and then the four of us will walk the historic Freedom Trail. Many of you undoubtedly walked that trail through the ancient, narrow streets of old Boston. Margery and Oliver will enjoy it since both of them are real history buffs.

Almost always, when some of our Midwestern family is here in the East, we visit *Old Ironsides*, probably the most famous navy ship our country has ever owned. It is a gorgeous sailing vessel which played a big part in establishing America's rights on the seas. Today, the ship is berthed in Boston Navy Yard where she is visited by a whopping 600,000 enthusiastic fans every year. We shall see that Marge and Oliver join their ranks.

When the Stroms return to Iowa, we are going to have visitors from Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Lloyd are the godparents of our son, David Lloyd, and about once every ten years they pay us a visit. The Lloyds were so good to us when we lived in Honolulu, and our friendship has lasted over all these years.

When the Lloyds leave, another very dear friend is coming to spend a week with us, Mrs. Jane Umla Troy of Chattanooga, Tenn. We were her guests in
(Continued on page 15)

"DIG BAGS"

by
Evelyn Tuller

I first met Grace Dorman at the Art and Craft Fair in the north-central Kansas town of Kirwin. It was a bleak day, and the Community Center was filled, both with booths and a milling crowd of buyers, lookers and merchants. Even with the crowd, the "Dig Bag" booth wasn't hard to locate.

Craft fairs are fun, and especially a good diversion when one must be away from home, as we had been last year. But the Kirwin fair was a new experience for my husband and me and we wandered from booth to booth, talking to the exhibitors and taking pictures. It soon became apparent to both of us that the center of attraction was the Dorman display of "Dig Bags". The display offered a wide range of samples, for the Dormans offer a rainbow assortment of more than a hundred colors of the lined, vinyl "Dig Bags". They are available in three sizes and feature four pockets on the inside and four more on the outside of the purse.

There is a story behind the "Dig Bags", which Grace shared with us between customers. Ten years ago, Grace Dorman was a busy farm wife in partnership with her husband, Orval, on their Double D Ranch outside of WaKeeney, Kansas. When a severe allergy made it increasingly difficult for her to help with the outside work, Grace was not content with a routine of idle hours between running errands to town.

"I'd always liked to sew," Grace told us. "So I began to make gifts for family and friends. It all crystallized when I ran across an advertisement in the newspaper. A woman had bought a purse for fifteen dollars, ripped it apart and made patterns from the pieces which she sold for ten cents. I bought the pattern."

Grace used the pattern and made a purse using scraps of vinyl upholstery fabric. A friend saw it and wanted to buy it, then came back with orders for eight more. As the orders increased, Grace saw the potential and decided to plunge into the purse-making business.

The back seat of the family car became a delivery van. The Dormans mapped out a route, offering the bags for sale as they stopped at shops along the way. Today, the route sales continue, but retail customers are also supplied as her markets have been built up. When Grace offered her bags to a Nebraska shop which sold fabrics, as well as the model of sewing machine on which she makes her bags, they reluctantly gave an order. Today, that shop is not only a good customer but Mrs. Dorman has purchased additional machines there for her shop and family members.

At one time, Grace had another



Grace Dorman and her display of "Dig Bags".

woman helping her, and together they turned out approximately thirty bags a day. Today she works alone, and it is a busy operation.

"I've been urged to expand," Grace said, "but I want the business to stay within limits we can manage ourselves." Much of the selling and display is now done at art and craft fairs in their region. The Dormans have a camper which they load with merchandise and travel from one fair to another. Their reputation is often there before them and customers are waiting for the "Dig Bag" display.

The bags are a bond between Grace and her customers, even those who have originally ordered by mail. "They'll ask in WaKeeney where the 'Dig Bag Factory' is. They expect it to be in town."

Today, her second-floor workshop is just as organized as her purses. One room contains two sewing machines, margarine tubs filled with material samples and row after row of finished purses. Spools of thread in rainbow colors are neatly arranged near the sewing machine; thirty-yard-long rolls of soft vinyl upholstery fabric fill another room. The vinyl, originally purchased retail, is now obtained wholesale from dealers in Texas, Arkansas, and Colorado. Grace has experimented with cloth and velvet but says, "Materials other than vinyl slip, and are so time-consuming to sew that I'd have to raise my prices if I used those fabrics."

Grace is proud that she has been able to keep her prices down, even to the point where customers have told her she isn't charging enough. "I may have to raise them," she says, "but we do not employ a salesman and much of our advertising comes word-of-mouth from satisfied customers, so we keep our expenses as low as possible." More than 12,000 of the purses have been sold, many by mail, since Grace started. Many have traveled far from the Double D Ranch.

And Grace has traveled far from the first purse created with a ten-cent pattern—but not from her original love for their ranch. "I enjoy the fairs and the

people we meet," she explained as she dug through piles of purses to straighten them between customers. "But the farm still comes first. If I could, I'd be out digging in the dirt." Digging comes naturally and that led to an explanation of the name of her product: "I originally planned on a contest to find a trade name but decided I didn't have time, so I developed the appropriate trademark from the reversed initials of my name, Grace Irene Dorman."

It is appropriate, for what woman doesn't appreciate an arrangement of pockets to organize the contents of a purse she must constantly dig into in the course of a normal day? By the activity at the craft fair where we visited with Grace, a great many do.

So, if you are making the art and craft fair circuit in Kansas, and catch the "Dig Bag" display, stop and say "Hi" to the Dormans. If you are passing through WaKeeney on Interstate 70, look up the Double D Ranch and tell Grace I sent you.



GARDEN ROMANCE

(A shower game)

(Fill in the blanks with name of a flower, fruit or vegetable.)

The romance of (1.) and (2.) did not get off to a smooth start.

"I am (3.) tired of seeing you hanging around here, (4.) it," Pa yelled at the boy. "I want my daughter to (5.) and you don't have a (6.)."

But still the young man (7.) and she said, "Yes". They were married at (8.) by (9.). They made a lovely (10.). The bride wore (11.) and a (12.) to match her (13.) blue eyes and dainty (14.) on her feet. The groom wore (15.), the (16.) fashion for men. (17.) was the bridesmaid and her friend, (18.), was matron of honor. There were (19.) of people at the wedding and all called "(20.)" as the couple left. They kept (21.) about where they were going on their honeymoon.

Soon they were home and in the routine and the bride's first job was to sew on his (22.). She (23.) bravely to the occasion with her (24.) smile and said, "Do you need any (25.) mended?"

(26.) reigned in their little cottage.

ANSWERS: 1. Sweet William 2. Heather 3. Plum 4. Beet 5. Marigold 6. Bean 7. Aster (asked her) 8. Four-o'clock 9. Jack-in-the-pulpit 10. Pear 11. Queen Anne's lace 12. Bluebonnet 13. Cornflower 14. Ladyslippers 15. Dutchman's-breeches 16. Currant 17. Brown-eyed Susan 18. Lily 19. Phlox 20. Forget-me-not 21. Mum 22. Bachelor's buttons 23. Rose 24. Cherry (cheery) 25. Pansies ("pantsees") 26. Sweet peas (peace).

—Mabel Nair Brown

LITTLE DID I REALIZE

by
Craig Birkby

As the music began to play, I became acutely aware that this was a momentous occasion in my life. The tension of the ceremony grew as one by one, my fellow classmates had their names called and they proceeded to walk across the floor to receive their diplomas.

Watching my classmates, my mind drifted over the last year: the seemingly endless amount of classroom work, the high degree of technical finesse which I had achieved, and the wide variety of people that I had come to know. My thoughts also turned to the future—the continued amount of work, study, and experiences that lay ahead of me in the year to come. And then the moment of truth arrived and I advanced forward to receive my diploma.

"Maybe now he'll keep his room clean," I can recall my father saying as I returned to my seat.

Yes, a lot of responsibility goes along with being a kindergarten graduate. But with the hurdles of working with scissors and paste now behind me, I was ready to take on the challenge of being a first-grader.

Little did I realize how the challenges would continue to grow, and that I would be going through graduation three more times—first from high school, then from college, and now this spring from medical school.

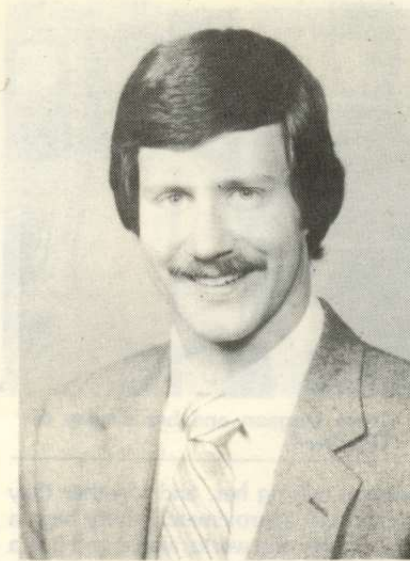
My choice to become a physician was not an easy one. For, as is true with most worthwhile undertakings that one chooses, I knew there were numerous difficulties and times of personal sacrifice which lay in the road to becoming a physician. But for me, the reward of medicine appeared to far outweigh the disadvantages. It includes that one quality which is needed in anything to which we commit ourselves—enjoyment.

Part of this enjoyment for me came from a strong interest in the life sciences. As youngsters, there were numerous times that brothers Bob, Jeff and I would bring home a plastic bagful of mucky pond water teeming with a mass of tadpoles.

"Look!" we would squeal with delight to our mother as we dumped the squirming amphibians into the bathtub.

At other times it would be a monarch butterfly chrysalis, a bull snake, or a salamander that we would gleefully hold in front of her. She amazingly encouraged us in these endeavors, for Evelyn held the same fascination of the diversity of life that her sons were discovering.

She was not alone in this regard, for our father Robert's explanation of the intricate socialization and life style of the honeybee colony while he was working on his hives left me wide-eyed (and occa-



Doctor Craig Steven Birkby.

sionally stung). He would also take us on hikes in the bluffs, where our lessons in botany, ornithology and ecology would nurture the seeds of curiosity and amazement in the thing we call life.

But in addition to working in the life sciences, I wanted an area in which I would work with a wide variety of people. My experiences at Philmont Scout Ranch, and as head resident of the men's dormitory at college, had strongly affirmed the reward and learning that comes from working with people of diverse personalities and ideas.

Finally, medicine offered the satisfaction that comes from helping others. It's an area with immense opportunity to provide relief from suffering, and a direct means for making a positive contribution in improving the quality of persons' lives.

It was on the basis of these motivating factors that I began my medical school training four years ago at the University of Iowa Medical Center.

The first year was spent studying the basic sciences and the anatomy and function of the normal body. All aspects of the body, from the molecular interactions of the biochemical reactions, to the larger microscopic study of the different types of tissues, to the dissection of the body, where arteries, veins, nerves, muscles and internal organs were all identified, were included in this phase of study.

In addition, various aspects of the psychological, social, and cultural interactions which effects a person's well-

being were also taught during this introductory year.

With this background, the second year began the study of disease and the changes that occur with illness, as well as an introduction to the treatment of people with these diseases.

The third year was the time of assuming the role of a physician. Formal lectures became fewer and fewer, and most of the time was spent in the hospital with the patients. Obtaining histories, doing physicals, deciding on appropriate tests, diagnosis and management, and assisting with surgeries and other procedures, comprised the bulk of the time.

The fourth and final year of medical school is considered by many to be the most enjoyable, for with the basic principles well instilled, and the logistics of patient care and the workings of the hospital well established, time and effort can be directed towards specific areas of interests. Many students also use this time to experience other types of health-care systems. I spent six weeks at a public health service hospital in Alaska working with the natives in that area. Others in my class spent time in England, Africa and India. Not only did we learn how medicine is practiced in a variety of regions, but it was a tremendous opportunity to learn about other people and cultures that are part of this world.

Through my four years of medical school, there were times when my ideals, and my faith in medicine were severely tested. I had learned long ago with the tadpoles that nature has its own course that cannot always be altered. Yet, the gnawing feeling of helplessness as a fellow human slowly and painfully deteriorates strikes an emotional cord with an ache that cannot be overcome by any amount of logical thinking or rationalization.

But much more frequent were the times when my ideals were strongly reinforced. The excitement and joy of delivering a healthy baby and knowing that I had helped get him started successfully on his road of life, the satisfaction of helping a patient with a disabling and debilitating skin disease return to a happy and productive life, and watching a man leaving the hospital for home, knowing that only a short time earlier his heart had stopped working properly, are examples of such times.

And now the fourth year is over and it's graduation time again. It's been quite awhile since I walked across the stage in kindergarten. My robe is now longer and more colorfully decorated, but just like so many years ago, as I move across the floor to receive my degree, there are thoughts of the accomplishments of the past and of the challenges of the future. And, just like then, my father once again is wondering aloud, "Maybe NOW he'll keep his room clean."

INFLUENCE

Each life must touch so many lives

From morn 'til set of sun—

So leave many marks for right or wrong

By things that you have done.

—Sunshine

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

By the time this letter arrives in your mailboxes, the occasions of Mother's Day and possibly Father's Day will have been enjoyed by many. Others, like my sister Marjorie and I, shall have experienced for the first time, the fuller meaning of Memorial Day.

Twenty-two years ago on Memorial Day's eve, my family buried our father. This year, two weeks before Easter and two days before my birthday, we buried my mother. Now, she who faithfully put the flowers on my father's grave, will be remembered with flowers by those of us left behind.

The mind surely is a strange part of one's life with which to contend. My mother once said some time after my father's death, that it seemed to her that life was nothing except memories. I had to agree in part that despite all of the anticipation we hold for events which are expected, both long-range and short-run, when they finally arrive, seem to pass with such swiftness that we are left with only memories. My minister commented to me that there is seldom a day which passes that he does not think of his father—and his father died ten years ago. Hence, it should come as no surprise to me that memories of Mother flood my mind every single day. I catch myself most unaware when I see interesting things which I mechanically store away to share with her on our faithfully kept Saturday morning long distance phone calls. A 22-year habit is impossible for the mind to bring to a quick halt.

Before I returned to Milwaukee, my sister and I were caught up in the avalanche of legal work connected with a mortal's passing from this life into the next. Mother had her life and death's conditions well ordered, but nevertheless settlement is a complicated affair to deal with regardless of well-laid plans.

Because of the terribly depressed economic conditions existing in Anderson, leaving a house filled with furniture empty for very long would be folly, so my sister and I made the decision to sell the house. In Indiana, before that can be done, in fact, before anything can be started, the "officials" must come in and put a dollar value on everything inside the house, on the house itself, on any automobiles, and on the contents of a safety deposit box. Upon this revelation, I added another occupation to my list of those I would not wish on the lowliest creature. It is truly obnoxious to consider the greed of a system which would invade the privacy of a family in grief. As the saying goes, one cannot escape death and taxes but I failed to realize that

even after death one's belongings must be assessed.

My girls, Katharine and Adrienne, and I went through Mother's house to begin the task of sorting out keepsakes from things of little value which were earmarked for the church's rummage sale. We marked with red tape those pieces of furniture which would be brought to Wisconsin. Before much time had passed, the two girls were forced to leave and return to their jobs—Katharine to Maryland and Adrienne to her final term at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill.

There was considerable therapy in the hard work which they accomplished before they left, however. Mother had specifically left her crystal and china to the granddaughters, so they had the melancholy task of wrapping and packing each piece. It was with almost total disbelief that they noted that in Mother's Bavarian china service for 12, there was just one chipped coffee cup. All the other pieces were in mint condition. This china was bought, as I later learned from the fantastic records in Father's meticulously kept filing system (Dewey Decimal System, no less), between the years 1930 and 1932. One place setting of dishes was given as a wedding present in 1923 and when they could afford completion of these dishes, they did so. These now priceless dishes were bought at the unbelievable price of \$9 for a set of 12 dinner plates.

As the girls completed each box and taped it securely, they carried it out to the garage where they began filling the corners of Adrienne's new car. Several months before, we had connived secretly with Mother and my sister's husband, Bill, to have Adrienne's graduation present bought and stored in Mother's garage. That car had been waiting for her June graduation to be presented, but now we revealed her surprise, processed the papers to secure insurance and a license for it, and sent her back alone to Milwaukee with the car filled with treasures.

Among the other treasures which I tucked into the corners of our car for transport to Milwaukee, were the boxes of memorabilia which my mother had kept securely in boxes shut away from the destruction of dust and light.

In one of the boxes was a hotel register from 1879. It belonged to my great-grandfather, David Hale, who was the proprietor of the Central Hotel in Three Rivers, Mich. (It is amazing that this book survived for my mother's home was broken up when she was a girl of fourteen upon the death of her mother in 1916.) The hotel's register is a large leather-bound book measuring about 15 by 9 inches. The earliest entry is August 28, 1879, and the final one is dated March 26, 1882. Somewhere along the line, Grandmother Hale decided that due to

a shortage of paper, she would turn this register into a scrapbook and the important happenings in the world have been clipped from the newspaper and duly pasted over many of the signatures of the guests. Prominent among the clippings is the review of President James Abram Garfield's death and funeral arrangements.

Where the pastings stopped the signatures are extraordinary. There is a column where a notation may be made concerning the guest's horse, the time this person wishes to be awakened and sometimes a notation whether he will be catching the train west or east, and the record of the person's home town. Surprisingly where I have begun to remove the pasted-on clippings, the India ink has retained itself entirely despite the paste, and all the information is still there without a smudge. The cost of a night's lodgings was \$1.25. My curiosity is peaked, to say the least, with the consideration of finding a famous signature someplace in this very large book.

The day has practically slipped past me all because I picked up a biology class scalpel and began the process of fine-shaving one of the pages from the Central Hotel Register. Now I shall have to hurry and find something in the refrigerator to feed my hungry men when they roll in the driveway.

Until next month, I remain faithfully,
Mary Beth

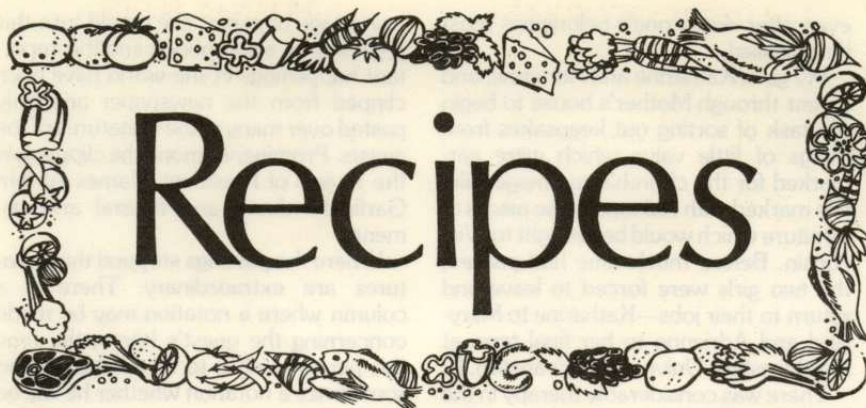
COVER PICTURE

One would be hard-pressed to find a lovelier garden than this one which is the pride and joy of my cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger. Gretchen and her husband, H. Clay Harshbarger, live in a lovely home located on the banks of the Iowa River near Iowa City, Iowa.

Gretchen, shown in our cover picture in her garden, has long been recognized for her expertise in raising flowers. She comes by this interest naturally, for her mother, my Aunt Helen Field Fischer, was extremely knowledgeable in the way of flowers. Gretchen has authored many magazine articles as well as the *McCall's Garden Book* (published by Simon and Schuster, New York, in 1968). For many years, she traveled extensively to speak to various garden organizations. This activity had to be curtailed when she developed osteoporosis.

The Driftmier and Fischer girls were always very close—friends as well as cousins. Many of our early growing years were spent in the same Shenandoah neighborhood.

My daughter, Juliana, has a great love for gardening and has an extensive collection of helpful books on the subject but she has said that she finds Gretchen's *McCall's Garden Book* the most helpful of them all. —Lucile



MOCK ROSE ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup hot milk

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together three times. Set aside.

Beat eggs while gradually adding sugar, beating until mixture is thick enough to hold peaks. Add flavoring. Fold in flour mixture in small amounts. Add the hot milk gradually, mixing quickly. Spread batter in three greased 8-inch paper-lined cake pans. Bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

For filling and frosting, combine sweetened whipped cream and fresh crushed strawberries. Chill and serve.

—Juliana

BUTTERMILK-PECAN CHICKEN

- 2 frying chickens, cut up
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 egg
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup ground pecans
- 1 Tbls. paprika
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup sesame seeds
- 1/4 cup whole pecan halves for garnish

Cut up chickens. Melt butter or margarine in 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Combine buttermilk and egg in a bowl. In separate bowl, combine remaining ingredients (with exception of whole pecans). Dip pieces of chicken in buttermilk mixture, then in flour mixture. Put skin side down in pan with melted butter or margarine, coat well, turn over and leave with skin side up. Place a pecan half on each piece of chicken. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 1/4 hours, or until tender. Garnish with fresh parsley and cherry tomatoes, if desired, for a pretty serving platter.

This is an unusual way to prepare chicken for a covered dish dinner or a picnic, or your own family. —Evelyn

DOROTHY'S CREAM CHEESE COOKY

- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 cup chocolate chips or plumped raisins

Cream the margarine and sugar. Add the cheese, eggs and flavorings and beat well. Combine the flour, baking powder and soda and add to creamed mixture. Stir in the pecans, chocolate chips or raisins. Drop by teaspoonfuls on lightly greased sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 dozen cookies.

—Dorothy

STRAWBERRY-PRETZEL DESSERT

- 8 ozs. crushed pretzels
- 3/4 cup margarine, melted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 pkg. dessert topping mix, prepared according to package directions
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 large box frozen strawberries

Mix crushed pretzels, melted margarine, butter flavoring and 3 Tbls. sugar. Press into 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool.

Mix together the cream cheese, prepared dessert topping and 1 cup sugar. Spread over cooled crust.

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Drop frozen strawberries into gelatin. Allow gelatin to partially set. Pour over cream cheese mixture. Let set until firm. Additional crushed pretzels may be sprinkled over top, if desired.

VEGETABLE CHEESE BAKE

- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1/2 soup can milk
- 1 regular-size pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 2 cups shredded cooked ham, chicken, turkey, or tuna
- 1 tube refrigerator biscuits (10- to 12-biscuit size)

Mix soup, milk and frozen vegetables. Heat until very warm. Add the meat. Pour into a buttered 2-quart casserole. Top with biscuits which have been separated. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Verlene

EASY LIME PIE

- 1 6-oz. ready-to-use purchased chocolate-flavored pie crust
- 1 6-oz. can frozen limeade concentrate
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 3/4 cup sour cream
- Few drops green food coloring
- 1 8-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed
- Grated chocolate and additional whipped topping for garnish

In mixing bowl, combine limeade (undiluted and frozen), flavorings and sweetened condensed milk. Add sour cream and food coloring. Fold in the whipped topping. Spoon into crust, mounding high above rim. Chill until set, about 6 hours. Garnish with grated chocolate and additional whipped topping.

—Betty Jane

RHUBARB MUFFINS

- 1 1/4 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 1/2 cups finely diced rhubarb
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. melted butter
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Combine the brown sugar, oil, egg, vanilla flavoring and buttermilk. Beat well. Stir in the rhubarb, walnuts and black walnut flavoring. Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder and salt. Add to beaten mixture. Spoon into about 20 greased muffin tins. Combine the melted butter, granulated sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle a little over each muffin, pressing lightly into batter. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. —Robin

CHEESE CRISPS

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper
- 1/2 lb. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 3 cups crisp rice cereal

Cream the butter. Sift the flour, salt and pepper together. Using hands, add the flour mixture to the creamed butter. Gradually work in the cheese, then the cereal. Shape into small balls. Place the balls on an ungreased baking sheet and flatten them with a fork. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 17 minutes. These freeze well when placed in an airtight container. —Robin

BARBECUED CHICKEN

- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground black pepper
- 2 tsp. salt
- Dash garlic powder

Chicken (whole, quartered or cut up)
Combine the marinade ingredients. Pour over the chicken. Marinate for 2 hours, turning chicken occasionally. Place over hot coals. Grill until done, basting occasionally with any leftover marinade. —Juliana

DELIGHTFUL DESSERT

- 2/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups crushed vanilla wafer crumbs
- 2 1/2 cups crushed pineapple with syrup
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup sugar

Melt 1/3 cup of the butter or margarine. Add butter flavoring and crumbs. Blend well. Press 1 cup of crumb mixture firmly in bottom of 9-inch square pan. Reserve remainder of crumbs for top.

Heat pineapple and syrup to boiling. Stir in gelatin until dissolved. Add pineapple flavoring. Cool. Cream remaining butter or margarine with the 1/2 cup sugar. Mix in egg yolks, one at a time. Beat well. Add cooled gelatin mixture and nuts. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually add the 1/4 cup sugar and continue to beat until stiff. Fold egg whites into pineapple mixture.

Pour into crumb-lined pan. Top with reserved crumbs. Chill for several hours or overnight. —Hallie

GOLDEN HONEY ROLLS

- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup oil
- 2 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 1/2 to 4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 pkg. active dry yeast
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1 Tbls. honey

Heat milk, oil, 2 Tbls. honey and flavoring until very warm (120-130 degrees). Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup, then level off. Add 1 1/2 cups flour, yeast, salt and eggs to the heated liquid ingredients. Beat at medium speed for 3 minutes. Then, by hand, beat in the rest of the flour (dough should be soft and sticky). Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead about 15 times. Divide dough into 20 equal parts. Shape into balls. Place in greased baking pans and let rise again until double in size. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes.

Combine the margarine or butter and 1 Tbls. honey and lightly brush over rolls.

GLAZED RASPBERRY CHEESECAKE

- 1 cup wheat germ
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 pint cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 eggs, separated

Combine the wheat germ, 1/2 cup sugar and nutmeg. Measure out 2/3 cup and set aside. Scatter the remaining mixture in a well-buttered 9- by 13-inch or two round baking pans.

Put cottage cheese and light cream in mixer bowl and beat until smooth. Add the heavy cream, flavoring, cream cheese, flour and sugar. Blend well by hand. Add well-beaten egg yolks and blend again. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry, then fold into mixture. Spread in prepared pan. Top with the reserved wheat germ mixture. Bake at 300 degrees for 1 hour. Cool and top with the following glaze:

- 2 pkgs. frozen raspberries, thawed
- 1 glass currant jelly
- 1 Tbls. instant tapioca

Drain juice from raspberries into a saucepan. Add jelly and heat until jelly is melted. Add the tapioca and cook, stirring, for about 30 minutes until glaze has thickened and is clear. Cool.

Spread the raspberries over the cooled cheesecake and pour glaze over all. —Betty Jane

JULIANA'S BEETS

- 2 lbs. fresh beets
- 2 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 green onions, tops and all, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. tarragon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup boiling water

Peel and shred beets. Place in heavy pan with the remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer for about 5 minutes, or until beets are tender. Drain, saving liquid. Taste—more salt may have to be added. Place beets in bowl. Just before serving, reheat liquid and pour over beets.

BAKED FISH FILLETS

- 4 nice-sized fish fillets
- Salt to taste
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Pinch paprika
- Pinch nutmeg
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 Tbls. cream
- 1 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
- 4 sprigs parsley

Wipe off fish with damp cloth. Place in shallow glass baking dish. Sprinkle with a little salt and with the lemon juice. Melt butter. Stir in flour and seasonings. Add mushroom soup (undiluted) and stir until smooth and mixture boils. Cook over low heat for 3 minutes, stirring. Pour cream over fish. Then spoon hot sauce over top. Top with Parmesan cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Do not overcook. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4. —Frederick

SUPER-DUPER COLESLAW

- 12 cups shredded cabbage
- 4 medium carrots, shredded
- 2 small onions, grated
- 2 small green peppers, chopped (optional)
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seed
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups salad oil
- 2/3 cup vinegar
- 2/3 cup water
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin

Combine prepared vegetables. Mix in seeds, salt and oil. Let stand for one hour. Combine vinegar, water and sugar. Bring to a boil. Stir in lemon gelatin. Let cool until syrupy and then pour over cabbage mixture. Refrigerate until time to serve.

This is an excellent recipe for large groups because it can be made a day or two ahead. It is also great when the garden is producing quantities of cabbage as this mixture can be spooned into containers and frozen. —Evelyn

SANDWICH MAKIN'S

(Including hints from our readers)

Beef

Grind up the meat from a tender roast beef. Chill the drippings from the roast and skim off and discard the fat. Combine enough of the drippings with the ground beef to moisten. (If juices jell, heat to liquefy.) Salt and pepper to taste. Butter bread, spread with moistened beef filling. Store in tight container and freeze. If several layers of sandwiches are made, put waxed paper between each layer.

—Mrs. B., Nebr.

Interesting beef sandwiches were made for a wedding using small home-made silver-dollar size buns. The filling was made with ground roast beef, a small amount of mayonnaise, beef juice, mustard and chopped (well drained) sweet pickles. Moistened just enough to spread well. These freeze nicely. Freeze on tray or cooky sheets and then put in plastic bags for storage.

—Mrs. N., S. Dak.

Chicken

Either of the above ideas for beef can also be used in making chicken sandwiches. Grind the cooked chicken meat (or use canned) and proceed according to directions, using a bit of chicken broth in place of the beef juices.

A favorite chicken filling is chopped chicken, chopped English walnuts, chopped celery and Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Salad dressing. Vary the

amount of ingredients to your taste and moisten with just enough Country Style dressing to spread nicely.

—Evelyn

Chicken Spread

2 cups cooked boned chicken, ground
2 Tbls. prepared horseradish
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 Tbls. dried onion
1/4 tsp. celery salt (or seasoned salt)

Combine all ingredients. This spread can be used for crackers or for party sandwiches. Sandwiches can be made ahead of time, wrapped and frozen.

—Hallie

Tuna-Cheese Roll

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 small onion, finely chopped
1/2 cup chopped Brazil nuts
1 small can tuna, drained
1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce
Salt and pepper to taste
1/2 cup finely chopped parsley

Combine all ingredients except the parsley. Sprinkle parsley on a sheet of waxed paper. Roll mixture in parsley, shaping into log. Store in waxed paper or plastic wrap in refrigerator. (This freezes well.) This can be used as a sandwich filling or served with crackers.

—Verlene

Swiss & Ham Spread

1 cup coarsely ground cooked ham
1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
1/2 cup drained sweet pickle relish
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

3/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
Dash cinnamon

Combine all the ingredients and spread on bread. Excellent on white, whole wheat or rye bread. Also delicious on crackers.

Easy Salmon Spread

Combine softened cream cheese, drained canned salmon and chopped olives. Spread on bread or crackers.

—Betty Jane

Cheese-Nut Spread

1 cup Cheddar cheese, grated or ground

1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup chopped stuffed olives

Beat cheese and cream until well blended. Add nuts and olives.

Ideas

Trim crusts from bread, cut into various shapes with a knife or cooky cutter for pretty open-faced sandwiches.

Butter bread to the edge; use filling to edge. This keeps the bread from becoming soaked with any filling ingredients which are moist, and also keeps the bread from drying out.

For open-faced sandwiches, a variety of breads and fillings can be used: Banana, date and apricot breads are excellent.

CHOCOLATE-MINT ICE CREAM

3 eggs
3/4 cup sugar
1 pkg. (3 3/4-oz.) instant vanilla pudding mix

1 13-oz. can evaporated milk
2 1-oz. squares semisweet chocolate
1/2 cup finely chopped butter mint candies (or after-dinner mints—not chocolate)

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
2 cups half-and-half

Beat eggs in a large bowl. Gradually beat in the sugar until mixture is thick and lemon-colored. Add the pudding mix and evaporated milk. Blend well. Melt the chocolate over hot, but not boiling, water. Add melted chocolate to egg mixture slowly while stirring constantly. Add candy, flavoring and half-and-half. Freeze according to instructions of your ice cream freezer.

—Juliana

REIS' STEAK

1 10-oz. sirloin steak, cut 3/4 to 1 inch thick

2 Tbls. olive oil
2 Tbls. peanut oil
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 or 3 large cloves garlic, mashed
6 or 7 peppercorns, slightly crushed

Blend the oils, flavoring, garlic and peppercorns. Place in a shallow glass dish. Put in the steak, turning to coat on both sides. Press in the garlic and peppercorns. Cover and let stand at room temperature for 4 hours, or refrigerate overnight. (If refrigerated, remove and let set at room temperature for 1 to 2 hours before cooking.) Grill over hot coals until done to your liking. Season with salt and pepper after cooking. Slice steak diagonally to serve.

—Betty Jane

CAULIFLOWER & BROCCOLI SALAD

1 head fresh cauliflower, broken in small pieces

1 bunch fresh broccoli, cut in small pieces

1 cup chopped celery
1 cup fresh mushrooms, diced
8 radishes, sliced
8 green onions, sliced
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 cup mayonnaise

2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing

1 Tbls. Beau Monde (a seasoning found in the spice section of most grocery stores)

1 Tbls. dill weed
1 Tbls. finely minced onion
2 tsp. parsley flakes

In a large bowl, toss together the cauliflower, broccoli, celery, mushrooms, radishes and green onions. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over the vegetables. Refrigerate.

—Dorothy

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ENTERTAINING IDEAS

by
Erma Reynolds

If you enjoy entertaining, here are a few tips for you to have up your sleeve:

1. It makes sense, if possible, to give two parties in a row. The house is spic and span, the best dishes down from the top shelves, silver cleaned, and the flowers still fresh.

2. When issuing invitations to a party, tell the guests what you plan for entertainment, what sort of clothes to wear, and who's on the guest list. Unhappy the guest who arrives in formal attire to discover the affair is a backyard barbecue.

3. A buffet is one of the easiest and most pleasant ways to entertain—avoid serving anything that needs to be cut. Be sure that each guest has a place to rest his plate for it is difficult to balance a food-loaded plate on one's knees.

4. Include ice water with the beverages; there's always someone who wants to have water with a meal.

5. Let an electric grill pinch-hit as a hot plate. Open it, adjusting so both surfaces are flat. Preheat at lowest heat and it's then ready to keep a couple of lightweight serving dishes warm.

6. An opened-up ironing board, disguised with a pretty tablecloth, can be used for an extra serving table.

7. An easy way to entertain is to have a "Come for Dessert" party. Serve an out-of-the-ordinary dessert accompanied by salted nuts, mints and coffee.

8. For an eat-outdoors party, personalize the plates by marking each guest's name on the edge of a paper plate with a felt-tip pen.

9. Finger foods are often part of the menu of an outside meal, so have in readiness a package of travel cleanup cloths to use to clean sticky or greasy fingers.

10. If you have a garden wheelbarrow, put it into use at an outdoor meal. Scrub it thoroughly, line with foil, then fill with ice. It's then ready to keep salads crisp and bottled drinks cold.

11. Party punch has a way of getting watery and losing its fruity flavor from melting ice cubes. Overcome this problem by freezing some of the punch beforehand in ice cube trays. Come serving time, put these cubes in the punch bowl to keep the beverage cold.

12. For a substitute relish tray, make compartments on a large round plate with stalks of celery arranged pie-wedge fashion.

13. Flowers add a lovely touch to a party, but when a large number of guests are moving about a room, there's a chance a vase can be knocked over. Avoid such an accident by placing the posies where they can be seen but not toppled.

14. When using flowers as a center-



Betty (Mrs. Frederick) Driftmier is an experienced hostess. During the years when she was a pastor's wife, Betty was responsible for many fine dinners and other special occasions. Now that they are retired and live in Pawcatuck, Conn., Betty continues to enjoy entertaining guests.

piece, keep the arrangement low. Give them a before-the-party test by sitting at the table and deciding just how high the bouquet can be to allow guests a glimpse of each other.

15. Candles, with their glow casting a

flattering light on dinner guests, should be placed so their flames are at a level that prevents their flickering to cause annoyance to the diners.

16. Establish a party closet or shelf where you will locate in one place any table decorations, holiday fixings, games, cards, score pads, etc.

17. Keep a party notebook, listing each party given—who was invited, what food and drink were served, what sort of decorations, etc. This data provides a good check list for future entertaining.

18. Most important of all, enjoy your entertaining, then your guests will too.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
Chattanooga in early December of last year. Jane loves to sail, so while she is here we expect to go out often. She is the friend who was with me last year when my boat went aground in the Pawcatuck River. We still laugh about that. I know the channel of that river like I know the lines on the palm of my hand, but still I had the accident.

We expect Betty's parents to arrive in the middle of June for a lovely reunion. We hope they will stay until the middle of October.

Betty joins me in all good wishes. Keep well, and keep happy.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Banana | <input type="checkbox"/> Cherry | <input type="checkbox"/> Orange |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black Walnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Coconut | <input type="checkbox"/> Pineapple |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blueberry | <input type="checkbox"/> Lemon | <input type="checkbox"/> Raspberry |
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GARAGE SALE IDEAS

by
Louise Simms



Garage sales have become very popular for several reasons: they are a good way to convert into quick cash things that are no longer used or needed, the buyer benefits by finding something fitting his or her needs and the cost is a fraction of the original price. It is also gratifying to know that the useful life of an article has been extended by recycling it through another consumer.

Just about anything goes at a garage sale if it is clean and neatly displayed. People involved with crafts are always looking for discarded jewelry and other things for craft work. Many search for discarded clothing to make rugs, doll clothes, etc.

Anyone who likes to do crafts can include some items for sale at such an event. Homebaked goods, jams, jellies and garden produce will sell well. Display them along with the used items but be sure to mark them "Homemade" or "New".

Displaying of items is important. A grocery sack of baby food jars failed to sell at one sale. Later the jars were neatly displayed in a cut-down cardboard box and were quickly sold to a lady who wanted to use them for jelly jars.

Incidentally, small-size jars of jam and jelly sell well at church bazaars (and garage sales) to people who live alone. Small individual pies are quick sellers for the same reason. And being able to advertise something "homemade" at your garage sale is a good lead item.

A cooperative garage sale among residents of the same block can prove profitable for everyone involved. Drawing shoppers to one area is the principle on which malls and shopping centers operate. There is no reason why the same psychology cannot apply to garage sales.

This kind of project affords a great opportunity for neighbors to socialize, make a little money, and recycle usable merchandise which they no longer need. What could be more typical of the good old American system of free enterprise?

A group of residents in Monmouth, Ill., tried this plan. The results were beyond their wildest expectations.

It all started when one young wife and mother told a neighbor she was going to have a garage sale. The neighbor decided she had some things she would like

to include in the sale. She asked if they might have the sale together. Word spread down the block. By the time the sale date arrived, seventeen families were taking part in eight garage sales in a two-block area.

Instead of competing with each other, they all cooperated by sharing the cost of one newspaper ad covering all the sales. The ad listed at least one outstanding item to be featured at each individual sale.

According to the ad, sales were to begin at 8 a.m. But by 7 a.m., people started coming and ten minutes later the street was lined on both sides with parked cars.

At each end of the street area, shoppers were given a grocery sack which they could fill with everything from fresh eggs and live puppies to handmade wood items and an antique lamp (which sold for \$75).

One neighbor remarked that it looked like old Maxwell Street in Chicago with the sidewalk merchants.

This was not a "ladies only" affair. Many husbands joined in and apparently had as much fun as their wives.

One man, who makes wooden planters, towel racks, doll beds, picture frames, and magazine racks, decided to display his work on his driveway. He remarked that people are usually looking for "nickel and dime stuff" at garage sales and he didn't really expect to sell much of his craft work, but it would be an opportunity to let shoppers know what he had for sale. He hoped they would come back when they did their Christmas shopping. To his amazement, he had only three pieces left three hours after the sale started.

A total of more than \$1,000 was taken in by all participants in the sale. What had been unusable items had become treasures and both buyers and sellers were happy.

The only fault which the participants in the Monmouth sale could find with the plan was that each one was so busy selling things of her own she had no time to see what the neighbors were offering for sale! So, if you like to browse around at garage sales, have enough help at your own sale to be able to leave it long enough to see what your neighbors are selling.

This could establish a trend in the future. And why not? Parking your car while you attend eight or more garage sales on one street is certainly better than driving around town to attend sales at eight different locations—conserving gasoline as well as time.

The optimist sees the world as a place for opportunity. The pessimist, as a place for doom and trouble. The artist, as a place for beauty and inspiration.

OLD WEDDING SAYINGS

Marry in white, you have chosen all right.
Marry in gray, you'll go far away.
Marry in black, you'll wish yourself back.
Marry in red, you'll wish yourself dead.
Marry in green, ashamed to be seen.
Marry in blue, he'll always be true.
Marry in pearl, you will live in a whirl.
Marry in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.
Marry in brown, you will live out of town.
Marry in pink, your spirits will sink.

COMMANDMENTS FOR MARRIAGE

(Given to a couple 50 years ago.)

For Wedded Bliss:

1. Work hard for a common cause.
2. Go to bed early.
3. Get up early.
4. Neglect neither business nor pleasure.
5. Forgive mutual faults.
6. Partings are unwise.
7. Make your own clothes.
8. Cook your own meals.
9. Go to church.
10. Teach your children to follow these rules when they marry.

For the New Husband:

1. Don't marry unless you want a family.
2. Don't be dogmatic in your home.
3. Love your wife as you love yourself.
4. Strive always to get your wife's point of view.
5. Don't lie to your wife about finances.
6. Remember you married a human being—not an angel!
7. Don't stray from your own fireside too many nights a week.
8. Kiss and make up any quarrel before going to sleep.
9. Don't complain about your wife to any other woman.
10. Be generous with praise.

For the New Wife:

1. Don't commit indiscretions that lay you open for suspicion of graver things.
 2. Don't treat your husband as if he were omnipotent, and then complain if he comes to believe it himself.
 3. Don't sing to him praises of other women's husbands.
 4. Don't preach continually that your husband is a failure.
 5. Don't discuss your private family business with your women friends.
 6. Honor your husband's father and mother.
 7. Don't preach economy to your husband and exempt yourself.
 8. Don't hold your husband to a strict accounting of promises he made before marriage.
 9. Permit no loves to come between you and your husband—not even your children.
- Sent in by M.N. Brown



Wedding Cakes

by Ruth Townsend

Recently, we had a wedding in our family. I discovered that the wedding cake was one of the most memorable parts of the event—interesting, exciting, and fun.

It was interesting because there are so many different types of cakes to choose from. My daughter leafed through picture after picture that the "cake lady" gave her for her consideration. She finally chose a gorgeous style with pillars and a little fountain. What a beauty it was—both pictorially and in actuality.

The exciting part was seeing the cake set up. Each layer had to be placed carefully where it belonged and extra icing swirled around to cover any joinings. The result was an out-of-this-world creation with blue water dancing up and down and cupids circling all about.

The fun was in the eating. Wedding cake always seems to taste so good, partly, I suppose, because of the happy occasion surrounding it and partly because it is just plain good eating. Anyway, this one was delicious and though every crumb is gone, the memory lingers on.

After thinking about my daughter's cake, I found myself wondering about wedding cakes in general. How did they become an integral part of a wedding reception? A book called *How Did It Begin?* supplied me with some interesting information.

The idea of a wedding cake seems to have had its beginning back in Roman times. It appeared first at marriages in the upper strata of society at a ceremony known as *confarreatio* which translates loosely as "an eating-together time". After the actual wedding, the bride and groom would share a small part of the cake, similar to our tradition of the bride and groom feeding each other a bit of cake after they have done the initial cutting.

The "cake" in Roman times was not what we think of as cake at all. It was a sort of unleavened scone, made of flour, salt and water, very plain with no decoration at all. Eating this scone-cake was supposed to secure for the bride and groom a life of plenty, in both happiness

and children. After the bride and groom had their share, the part that was left was broken over the bride's head (a custom that I am glad has not carried down to the present day). The guests were then allowed to scramble for the fragments of cake that were scattered about. Anyone getting a piece was believed to get a share of the blessings.

After Roman times, there is no mention of wedding cakes until the Anglo-Saxons took to supplying a basket of small dry biscuits at weddings. Each guest took one home and the remaining ones were distributed to the poor.

Later, guests began to bring their own "cakes" to weddings. These cakes were like our buns of today. The buns were piled in a heap and the bride and groom were supposed to kiss each other over the mound. Eventually, the idea of a big mound as a center of interest at the reception table led to the custom of one, big cake. More time passed and the cake came to be the beautiful, delicate, edible creation it is today.

A hundred years from now, will wedding couples still enjoy wedding cakes? Perhaps there will be some new custom which will be even better, though what it might be I can't imagine.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SAYING GRACE

On the table is the dinner, all steaming hot and fragrant. Everyone, though tired and hungry, sits quietly and waits until Dad has finished saying grace. Can the family really have an attitude of thoughtful prayer at this time?

Some people think grace spoken at mealtime, when people are least receptive to prayer, is hypocrisy; because everyone is hungry and thinking about food, there is a hollowness in prayer.

Still, no gesture is more symbolic of dependency on food than that of a family bowing heads together to give thanks for what they receive and asking divine guidance.

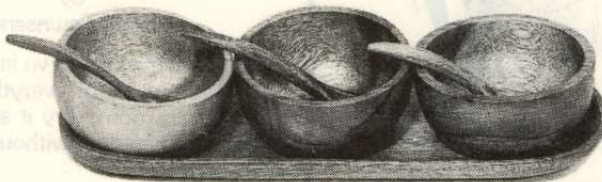
The practice of prayer is a practice of faith. It builds a source of strength. It is a practice that reminds the family of the faith, hope, and love by which we live as Christians.

In these days of protest, fear, and confusion, a simple grace, reminding us that we live and breathe and have our being only because of the Creator, is well worth the effort it takes. Prayer time, any time, is an important time for the family.

—Evelyn Witter

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From Our Family Album

This photograph of my youngest brother, Donald, and his wife, Mary Beth, was taken in 1954 in the living room of our parents, Martin H. and Leanna Driftmier. They were married in April of 1954 and I would guess this picture was taken on their first trip back to Shenandoah. While our parents were living, Mary Beth and Donald came every year for a much appreciated visit. They now make their home in Delafield, Wis., and are the parents of Katharine, Paul and Adrienne.

—Lucile

AN OUNCE OF INVENTORY . . .

by
Ruth Townsend

Did you ever sit down in your kitchen and make a list of everything that's in your living room? Try it sometime and see if you can do it without leaving anything out.

This is a good exercise to see whether you need an inventory of your belongings. If you can list everything in each room of your house without looking, then you probably don't need one, but most of us cannot rely on memory alone. We need written proof of what we have. This was brought forcefully to mind when a close friend of mine had a fire in her home. Luckily, no one was hurt and the house itself was not destroyed, but most of the contents were completely burned or charred beyond recognition.

As soon as the fire was out, or so it seemed, the insurance company wanted a list of *everything* that had been destroyed. My friend had no inventory and, although she has a good memory and so does her husband, they are still not sure they are remembering every item. As she said, "You think it won't ever happen to you, but sometimes it does. I wish I had

made out an inventory. It would help so much now."

An up-to-date inventory of your furnishings and personal belongings can be invaluable in case of fire, flood, tornado, burglary or some other disaster. For the major items, list serial numbers, purchase prices, current value and purchase dates, if possible. Attach any available receipts to your inventory. You can check with your own insurance representative as to what your particular company wants in the way of a record.

To supplement your list, photograph each wall of each room in your house, with closets and cabinet doors open. Such pictures may not be worth a thousand words, but they can help authenticate a written inventory. Be sure to write the date when the picture was taken on the back of each photograph, along with the name of the room, the major items in it and any other information that might be helpful in your particular case. Keep the pictures with your inventory.

Your inventory should be stored in a safe place away from your house. It's a good idea to keep a copy at home, though, so you can update it occasionally.

Remember, the more complete your inventory is, the more valuable it will be if you ever need it.

WRITE YOUR LIFE

by
Elizabeth Myhr

Your life IS interesting—truly worth writing about. You haven't won awards or banked a million or made *Who's Who?* Never mind. You are still making a unique mark in this world.

When our Gramps died he left something we treasure: his autobiography. Gramps, who was my husband's father, told us in his story how shy he was as a boy growing up. He determined to overcome his self-consciousness and make a success of himself, which he did—as head of a lumber company. At age 65, he was elected mayor of his town and served three terms.

Autobiographies take as many forms as there are people to write them. When my husband's great-great-grandmother wrote her story, she began it this way: "Are not all lives turned in the kaleidoscope we call time? So my story may be old, but in the turning a new light may appear which shall not have grown dim by the shadow of time."

A person needn't wait until eighty to write an autobiography, as Gramps did. Indeed, it might not get written at all if one waits that long. When is the best time to start such a book? Now. Today. No matter what age one may be.

A good way to begin is to jot down in a diary or journal each day's happenings. Birthdays are an excellent time to remember and record events from the past and draw daily experiences together and weave them into the next chapter of your life story. Your writing style should reflect the real you—avoid flowery or stilted words unless they come naturally. Relax and enjoy writing your story in your own words as you recall past events and add present-day happenings.

Record birth dates, military service experiences, education, courtship, marriage or singlehood, employment, children and other memorable events in your chronicle. Agatha Christie did this, and more, in her *Autobiography*, which was published after her death at 85, in 1976. She described in detail her several homes, all the key people in her life, her many travels and her writing career. It is a vivid picture of the times in which she lived. I mention this book to give you some ideas for your own story.

Your successes and your happy times ought to be recorded, but equally important are your failures, your weaknesses and trials. Your humanness will endear you to your loved ones. For example in *The Vineyard of The Lord*, Helen Steiner Rice tells her life story in poetry and prose. It is a mingling of both her happy and sad experiences, published in 1979.

Humor will make your book come alive, too. Tell the funny events that have happened to you, the ridiculous things

you have done, family jokes, coincidences and even nicknames you've acquired.

Examine your faith in God and your fellow man. This may be something you have never discussed with others, but in a book your written beliefs can be witness to those who follow you.

In his book, *Human Options, an Autobiographical Notebook*, published in 1981, Norman Cousins foregoes the chronological routine. Instead, he records his many life-learning experiences, what he believes about the great adventure of living and the countless options open to each individual. Cousins is affiliated with the School of Medicine at U.C.L.A., Los Angeles.

Whether an autobiography is read by family, is eventually published during one's lifetime or upon one's death, doesn't really matter. What does matter is that it was written—an open book, a sharing of a life, a flame to light pathways

and ignite hopes for those who come after.

Your unique life story can be a priceless legacy, a stretching of yourself far into the future. I cannot urge you too strongly to start writing your life's record today.

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Do you like to watch "60 Minutes" on Sunday evening? A special part is the segment by Andy Rooney, with his explorations of everyday life. He has been a part of "60 Minutes" since 1978, but he has written "commonsensical essays" for twenty years.

A Few Minutes With Andy Rooney (Atheneum Publishers, \$12.95) is a popular book right now. It contains the best of his essays, more than fifty in all. His observations on junk mail, coffee can savers, elections, and catalogs are just a few of those found in it.

Andy Rooney is a saver. This is what he writes: "I'm a saver myself. I save everything. I don't think I've ever thrown away a pair of shoes, for example. I have shoes in my closet that hurt so much or look so terrible I'll never wear them again . . . but there they are. There are two kinds of savers. The first is the practical saver who keeps string, bags and old aluminum foil as a practical matter. And then there's the sentimental saver. The sentimental savers can't stand the idea of throwing out any memory of their lives. Unfortunately, I'm both kinds."

It is easy to relate to Andy Rooney. When daughter Ann was home recently, we cleaned the storage room. What to save, what to toss? We tried to be practical, but sentiment crept in. The essays in Mr. Rooney's book are fun to read. Through them, we recognize the ring of truth in our lives. For some laughs and

some "that's the way I feel" thoughts, read *A Few Minutes With Andy Rooney* by Andrew E. Rooney.

Daughter Ann and her husband, David, now live in Kennewick, Wash. David, an accountant, was transferred to Pasco by his company. They are enjoying living in the Northwest. During her recent visit, Ann and I headed for the bookstore where she was checking for helps in her job with four-year-old children. While there, I purchased a copy of *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady* (an Owl book, published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, paperback, \$9.95) by Edith Holden. This book was mentioned previously in the hardcover edition. It has established itself as a best-selling hardcover classic, to the surprise of publishers. Edith Holden was born in England in 1871 and lived in the small village of Olton, Warwickshire. Here it was she wrote and illustrated the book. Her handwritten observations on the wildlife environment around her home and her sensitive paintings make this a delight for readers of all ages.

Edith's June diary reads: "Went for a long country walk . . . Everywhere the lanes were fragrant with Wild Roses, and Honeysuckle, and the breeze came to us over the hedges laden with the perfume of the clover fields and grass meadows. I found the Meadow Sweet in bloom in many places, gathered Self-heal and Great Burnet among the meadow grass, and Dogwood and the white, waxen blossoms of the Trailing Rose from the hedges. We picnicked under the hedge, with pink and white clover blooms and tall grasses nodding 'round our heads,

while a pair of excited robins chattered and fluttered in the bushes 'round us, evidently very curious as to what we were about, down in their field-corner."

The book is faithfully reproduced in full color to delight the eye. As a special gift or a keepsake, *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady* would bring much pleasure. The hardcover edition, published in 1977, is still available at \$16.95.

A good friend sent me a copy of *Iowa The American Heartland* because she wanted you readers to know and enjoy it, too. It is described as a volume of "immense beauty and simple truths, told through some of the finest photographs ever taken of our state and people". Iowa is the heartland where food is raised to feed the world's hungry, and Iowa people set an example of willingness to work.

We are familiar with Hugh Sidey's column on the Presidency in *Time* magazine. This Greenfield, Iowa, native writes in the introduction of *Iowa*: "The golden ear of hybrid corn, hefty and dented, still is Iowa's symbol. But I would at this moment launch a campaign to establish the fact that the state's best and most abundant crop is common sense, that blend of intelligence and humility that ripens into wisdom. If studied and copied, if exported in large enough quantities, if borrowed and used, if employed more and more, common sense may yet steady this tipsy world."

If you love color and natural beauty, you'll be enchanted with more than 160 photographs by Craig Aurness and eight Iowa photographers. On page after page, you'll see skylines and cultural centers, technical factories and Victorian architecture (such as the Dow House at Dow City). The State Capitol has stood as the permanent seat of Iowa government since 1884. Its spired domes dominate the Des Moines landscape. The state's three public universities and 34 private colleges are finishing grounds for a school system that has given Iowans the highest literacy rate in the nation.

Iowa is written and edited by John Arends. The caption he has written for two pages about Rural Route, Balltown, is: "A few last chores, warm glowing windows, the rusty creak of the screen door, and it's time to bed down for the night. On a family farmstead, large or small, everyone chips in from dawn to dusk to help with the unending circle of chores, whether it's feeding the calf or surveying the yard from a mailbox command post." Mr. Arends' family roots are three generations deep in Iowa. One can tell by his writing.

Iowa The American Heartland is available from Bankers Trust, Attention: Ed Redfern, 7th Fl., 7th and Locust, Des Moines, Ia. 50304, \$24.95. Bankers Trust is to be complimented on presenting this book to Iowa and to the world.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Much of the joy gleaned from gardening comes from growing new and different plants and finding different combinations of form and color to please the eye. During the midwinter doldrums, I was sorely tempted to invest in a lighted garden plant stand. The one my heart desired, my pocket book frowned on. It was a cart which cost almost \$400 plus shipping charges. My idea was to put it in the basement and use it for growing seedlings during early spring. When the seedlings were planted outdoors, I would use the cart for growing African violets. Then the new seed and nursery catalogs began arriving and my desire for a plant stand changed to that of ordering some new-to-our-yard plant materials.

Actually, no gardener who gets the "wants" as badly as I do when I see a new catalog, should ever, ever, be subjected to looking through the catalog of Wayside Gardens, Hodges, S.C. It is enticingly beautiful and offers superb plant materials from all over the world. Close-up pictures show the flower detail of blooming plants; the hardiness zone is always given in the plant descriptions. After checking through the Wayside catalog, I found that for just a portion of the cost of a lighted cart, I could buy several fine, blooming shrubs. The choice was potentillas. This small shrub grows well and flowers abundantly in almost any garden soil, even in areas where the winter temperatures drop well below zero.

After deciding where the potentillas would be planted, I made out an order for four varieties. All are hardy in Zone 4 where I garden. *P. fruticosa* 'Klondyke', the first choice, was a deep golden-yellow bloomer with extra large flowers up to 1½ inches across; second choice was *P. fruticosa* 'Katherine Dykes', with graceful arching branches and shimmering yellow flowers; third choice was the lovely white-blooming *P. fruticosa*, 'Abbotswood' and the fourth was *P. fruticosa* 'Tangerine', a bright tangerine-orange flowered shrub that originated in Ireland.

Wayside offers the best size for successful transplanting and the plants are not very large. With the tender, loving care all of us give them, the potentillas should make beautiful specimen plants after a few growing seasons. If you get up on U.S. Highway 71 to Eagle Bend, Minn., this summer, do stop in and see our small collection of potentillas planted along the walkway to the Little Chapel.

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makes one good.

Not what is read but what is remem-
bered makes one learned.

Not what is dreamed but what is lived
makes one alive.

Not what is preached but what is prac-
ticed makes one religious.



Julian Brase's seventh birthday was happily celebrated with the help of two close friends—Tim Troxel on the left and Gary Cole on the right.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

keys gobbling all over the timber. The hunters say they have been watching for mushrooms when they have been in the timber but haven't found any; perhaps the weather hasn't been warm enough yet. The men did comment about the number of squirrels

they saw—more than in one place before.

A radio friend heard me telling about my friend who lost just about all of her sweet corn to the raccoons last year. She said that she, too, lives in an area where the raccoons played havoc with the corn until they used the following method to

discourage the animals: Watch the corn and before it is quite ready to harvest, take a 2-gallon sprayer filled with fuel oil and spray all around the outer edge of the rows. It worked for her.

By next week at this time I should be with my little family in Torrington, Wyoming. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

Mike returned home from work that night, shocked and surprised to see us sitting around relaxing and catching up on the latest news. Who'd have guessed the place was completely torn apart only a few hours earlier. My dishes weren't unpacked yet, so we ordered a carry-out dinner, and in the wonderful spirit of family and fellowship we all enjoyed our first evening in the new home.

You can well imagine what a busy summer this is for our family. Lily is almost two years old now, and it would take a book to write down all the cute things she says and does. News of her development will have to wait until my next letter. Until then . . .

Alison Walstad

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

hopa crabs have, in contrast, proved to be especially lovely and the huge weeping crab in the back yard is really startling. In a certain degree of light, every branch of that tree turns into a brilliant coral-red glow.

Juliana continues to write faithfully every week (how many mothers can say that about their daughters in this day and age?). Her summer plans are geared around August 15th when her children will be plugged back into school. It does not seem possible that James will be a freshman at Valley High School and Katharine will be a seventh grade student at Taft Middle School. Whoever said that Time goes fast must have been watching grandchildren grow.

By the time you read this letter, I expect to be in Albuquerque, N. Mex., with Juliana and her family IF ALL GOES WELL. Yes, I'll make that statement despite my experiences with such things as wedding anniversaries and my own recent fall.

At this writing, I'm not certain what route Betty and I will take. It would be interesting to find at least one new stretch of highway that we haven't been on before. I can't think of any of the routes between Shenandoah and Juliana's home that we haven't driven on at least once but, rest assured, if there is a new stretch we'll find it.

So, thank you again for your cards, your letters and your thoughtful concern. Faithfully yours,
Lucile

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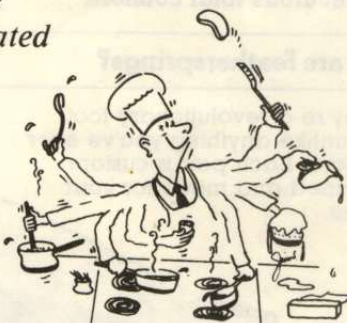
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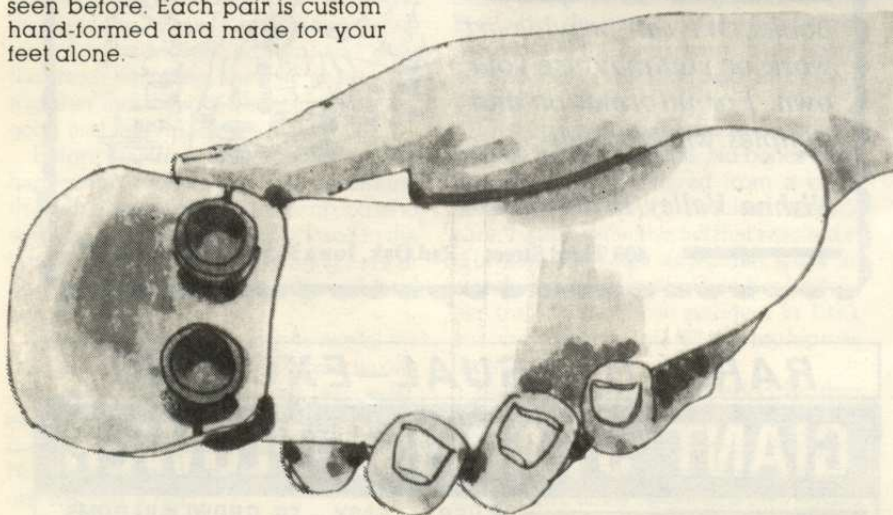
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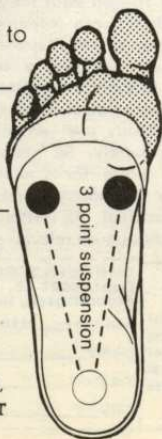


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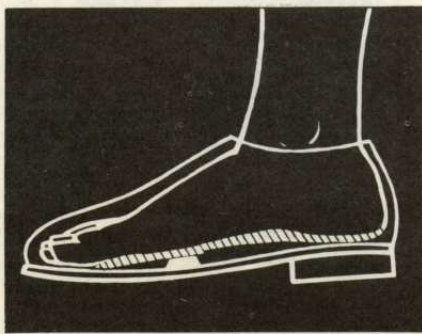
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