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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Barton's Studio

Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Friends:

If I tried to tell you how much it means to be able to sit here at the typewriter and get off my letter to you with my own two hands, you probably wouldn't believe me; I'll just sum up my feelings by saying that it's a gorgeous summer morning. There is no better way to celebrate the healing of my broken wrist than to be back at the typewriter again after such a long, long stretch when I couldn't touch it at all.

Last month, I told you that Betty and I wanted to find at least one new stretch of road between Shenandoah and Albuquerque that we hadn't covered before. When we arrived at the exact point where we had to turn to hit the planned unfamiliar stretch, we found the road firmly barricaded with signs reading: CONSTRUCTION UNDERWAY. That took care of that.

Since we were already running two days behind schedule because of totally unexpected last-minute complications, we decided that we might just as well stick to the old run—first the Kansas Turnpike, an exit at Wichita, then Highway 54 that runs on a bias across Kansas.

We've been across 54 under every imaginable weather condition, but never before had we found ourselves on the fringes of a tornado. We'd noticed that the sky was becoming very ominous looking and it was unsettling to pass through small towns and not see one living human being on the streets. However, we didn't realize how bad things were until the storm hit. Our car is old and very heavy, but it shook as if it had been constructed of cardboard.

It was only when we reached Liberal, Kansas, (where we had advance motel reservations) and drove through streets that looked like lakes, that we learned we had been on the fringes of a highly damaging tornado that had swept up through the Oklahoma Panhandle.

Incidentally, that particular weather

pattern through northern Texas, the Oklahoma Panhandle and on into Kansas, etc., continued for days and days. I know that it affected Nebraska and Iowa because every time I heard from anyone back home it was the same story of rain, rain, rain and more rain, rain, rain. When I talked with Dorothy the last time, she said that "everything here is just one great lake". After surviving such a terrible winter, the least we should have had was a gorgeous and perfectly normal late spring and summer!

When we arrived at Juliana's home, I was bowled over by the changes that had been made in the Guest House. (I use capital letters because it is completely separate from the main house.) Two walls had been removed and this makes it infinitely easier for me to get around in my wheelchair. I can get to the stove, a new low sink that is just right for my use, and a different refrigerator-freezer with doors that open towards me. The bathroom was also altered for my specific requirements. All in all, if I had drawn up the plans myself, I doubt that I would have come up with anything so completely suited for my needs. How Juliana ever made the time to do all of the painting (ceilings included!) is something I haven't figured out yet.

Another big change is something that everyone is enjoying to the utmost. In front of the main house is a brick terrace and until now the only time anyone could sit out there and really enjoy it was in the early morning and after the sun went down. (Believe me, this New Mexico sun is nothing with which to fool around!)

Now a large section of the terrace has been covered with a redwood arbor, so we can sit there at any time and be shaded and thoroughly enjoy all of the plants that are hung from the slatted roof. It even gives Jed a place to barbecue in real comfort; a genuine bonus after a rough day at the office—plus the drive home in heavy freeway traffic.

Our first week here brought a happy surprise when Betty's daughter, Naomi, took part of her vacation to drive over from San Francisco to visit her mother. Betty hadn't expected to see any of her family until later in the summer when they plan to gather at their family cottage at Lake Ottertail, Minn., so this was a very real bonus.

One weekend (over Memorial Day, to be exact) Betty and I "held down the fort" when the big camping gang had a wonderful trip into Arizona, Utah and back through northern New Mexico. There are eighteen people in this group and, most fortunately, include boys and girls who are good friends of James and Katharine. They carry their own tents, sleeping bags, full cooking equipment, and breads and cookies made in advance at home.

Those of you who are longtime friends



Suzie Berry and Katharine Lowey enjoyed doing some sightseeing together during a recent trip which Suzie made to Albuquerque, N. Mex. Suzie, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Henshaw, was raised in Shenandoah, Iowa, and is a former classmate and very close friend of Juliana Verness Lowey. She now teaches learning disabilities in Hugoton, Kans.

will remember that in 1961, Juliana and Chris met each other when they were assigned as roommates at old Hokonah Hall on the campus at the University of New Mexico. In all of the years that have passed since then, they have remained the dearest and closest of friends.

Well, Chris and her extremely busy doctor husband (a neurologist), drove up from El Paso with their two sons, Keith and Kenneth to be part of this camping group. Steve had to fly back to El Paso as soon as everyone returned from the excursion, but Chris stayed on with the boys for a few days and we had some wonderful visits together.

Chris told me that the first time she ever boarded a plane was to fly back to Iowa for Kristin's wedding (this is Dorothy's and Frank's daughter) and how vividly she recalled all of the details. Iowa was an unknown country to her since she was familiar only with Cleveland, Ohio, and Roswell, New Mexico.

On one of the gates that leads into the Lowey's home, there is a white sign that has printed on it in green letters: 4-H MEMBER. Katharine continues to have a very lively interest in her 4-H work, and if she were going to be in Iowa this July (which she isn't) I'd figure out somehow to get her over to Davenport to see the comprehensive program on Jessie Field Shambaugh that will be presented at the North Park Mall.

A great deal of research on this program, which is sponsored by the Iowa Humanities Board, has been done by Dr. Janice Friedel, Merrill Dryden of Clarinda (who is active in historical projects), and Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, (my Aunt Jessie's daughter). We have many longtime Kitchen-Klatter friends in the Davenport area, so those of you who see the exhibit might like to drop a letter to

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MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

After three weeks of tedious shifting of boxes and furniture, I have managed to clear a path to this typewriter. The partial load of furniture from my mother's home in Anderson, Ind., finally made its appearance in our driveway but not when it was expected. Having furniture moved further than across town is very much like having a baby. A woman is given a date upon which she can hope to receive the blessed event. This date may or may not be met. A secondary date is established and again may prove to be false. Finally, an eleventh-hour announcement is made and—frequently unexpectedly—the load is delivered. This is the pattern by which my load arrived.

The gentleman who was driving the truck phoned me long-distance the night before he intended to pull into our driveway so as to give me an opportunity to hotfoot it to the bank and secure either cash or a cashier's check which he is required to collect before he unloads the goods. This is a reasonable request when one considers how easy it would be for a man to work himself to a nub only to have payment refused for some reason. He would be loath to put all of the furniture back onto the truck to ensure eventual payment.

I had risen quite early to ensure getting into the bank the minute it opened. After transacting my business (now 45 minutes ahead of schedule), I stopped at the police station in downtown Delafield to ask one of the patrolmen if he would, sometime in the near future, stop by our house as his official signature was needed on the license application for Adrienne's graduation automobile.

I want to tell you how I directed the patrolman to the correct house. We had not exchanged names, but knowing that the few police in this town recognize every single resident by car if not by face, I mentioned that we lived on Oakwood Drive across from Bob Duncan. Bob Duncan has lived in Delafield all of his life, served as deputy sheriff of the township for many years, and handles the insurance needs for many house and auto owners here. All of these things make him a landmark in the area. Then, just as an afterthought, I added that our house could be recognized by the dead, red Firebird sitting in the driveway.

"Oh," the patrolman said, "you're Mrs. Driftmier!"

I chuckled to myself at this unique form of recognition as I followed the boldly identified police car down the main street of town directly to my house. Imagine my surprise when I pulled into



Paul Driftmier pauses long enough from his work at Peck Meats to have this picture taken. Some of his work is done in the cooled area of the plant which accounts for the warm clothing which he wears.

the driveway behind the police to find the gigantic moving truck already parked and waiting. What a picture we all made. The neighbors' thoughts concerning the congregation of vehicles around our house would be hard to imagine.

The first order of business was delivering up the automobile which the patrolman had come to check. This precious car, completely covered with oversized tablecloths and worn blankets, was squeezed against the wall of the garage.

While the patrolman peeled back the protective layers atop the car, I dug down to the bottom of my bag for the cashier's check for the moving men. Almost before the house was unlocked, the moving men had the doors turned back on the truck and the ramp was vibrating with their steps as they began the task of following my directions as to the destination of the big pieces of furniture. The dining room soon became nothing more than a passageway to the kitchen with some thirty boxes stacked one on top of the other.

Our basement has now become a very respectable entertaining room. Where there was formerly a finished room with only a pool table and many unmatched bookshelves, there is now a long couch which converts to a bed, several chairs, a coffee table, lamps and many, many boxes. With Adrienne living at home and working in Milwaukee, and Paul doing the same, they will now be able to entertain their friends in our new addition. This house was built before the notion of family rooms became recognized as a part of a house, but by the careful use of dehumidifiers, we should be able to control moisture so these upstairs-type pieces will survive until the children are financially able to set up living quarters of

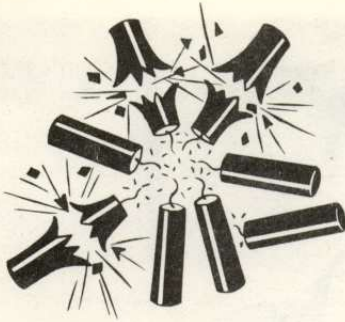
their own. (It was to this end that I originally undertook this major transfer of goods.)

The day after the movers arrived, I hurried off to church for an antique show. More than three hundred women had worked for over nine months to prepare for this money-raising event.

Because I have been involved with teaching for so many years, I had never had the chance to even attend let alone help with the Church Antique Show. In September, 1981, I had sent out letters to many professional antique dealers who had participated in our program in previous years. I typed the contracts which the dealers signed and then continued to contact them during the months before the May show—a simple chore requiring typing ability and a reasonable degree of organization necessary to keep track of who rented which booth.

The other women had a very much larger responsibility. The show was open to the public with booths set up in the social halls and church classrooms. The dealers displayed their most enticing items. Twenty-two booths, each with two hundred square feet and three long banquet tables, were rented out. Many of the women worked at home preparing baked goodies, others worked in the kitchen putting together delicious meals to serve during the Antique Show days, still other women had gone to wholesale nurseries and purchased pansies, red and pink geraniums, and assorted plants ready for planting and sold nearly a thousand dollars worth of plants in three days. The show was scheduled just prior to Mother's Day and literally hundreds of people bought gifts

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For July Fun

by Mae Dragoo

DECORATIONS

This is the time for a red, white and blue party. Decorations can be as simple as a white paper tablecloth with red and blue crepe paper streamers to fine checkered or plaid cloth coverings. For centerpieces, use the cardboard rolls from paper towels or toilet tissue and make them look like firecrackers. Cover the cardboard with red construction paper. Cap the top with a red circle of the paper through which a sturdy string or wire is pushed to make a fuse. Arrange in clusters on table. Especially effective when made in different sizes.

The red-covered cardboard tubes can also be used to hold sparklers as part of the centerpiece.

Red, white and blue balloons can be used to decorate a porch, to tie onto trees and bushes for a lawn party or to tie together and hold down with a brick in the center of the serving table.

Fold one red and one blue napkin together to form a pocket. Tuck white plastic silverware into the pocket. Make one of these for each guest expected. Pretty on a set table or placed on a tray for a picnic or buffet.

GAMES

Scramble: Have a quantity of peanuts in the shell or individually wrapped candies. Line up players about fifteen feet from the person holding the peanuts or candies. At a signal, the goodies are tossed in every direction and the players "scramble" to retrieve them.

Whistle Race: Mark a start and a finish line about a hundred feet apart. When the whistle blows, all the players begin running toward the finish line. But, as the whistle is blown again, everyone must turn around and run back the other way. The whistle is blown several times and each time the runners must reverse their direction. The first one who—finally—crosses over the finish line is the winner. (This is really a hilarious game.)

Baseball: Choose up sides, mixing boys and girls, men and women on the same team. Play by regular softball rules, except the men and boys must throw

left-handed and run backwards at all times.

Ping-Pong Baseball: Mark out a small diamond and use Ping-Pong paddles and balls instead of regular baseball equipment. Be certain to have plenty of balls as some will get smashed and some lost in this fun game.

REFRESHMENTS

For this type of party the simplest refreshments served with paper plates and cups are the best: lots of hot dogs or hamburgers, chips, pickles, fresh fruit, cookies and (if the location is near a freezer) ice cream cones, Popsicles or chocolate bars. Serve lemonade or fruit punch, tea and coffee, depending on the group invited.

A BACKYARD EXPEDITION

by
Marilyn Brown

The sweetness of the season is sometimes not enough to call youngsters outside to play; often when there is a choice between air conditioning and humid heat, a child will tend to stay indoors. Endeavors should be made to help a child discover the greater experiences found in the natural world rather than from a television or video game.

Living with nature heightens a child's spiritual senses and expands the child's ability to create and wonder. One does not have to spend large amounts on gas and time to transport children to parks or wildlife centers to develop such imagination. Most backyards contain enough interest that, sprinkled with a little fun and imagination, one can stumble onto hundreds of adventures. For example, the great playwright, Shakespeare, never once in his whole life left his district. Universal ideas often come out of what is commonplace in little places.

One way of encouraging close-up experiences with nature in a backyard sense is to hold scavenger hunts. This is an especially fun activity when other children come to visit.

A list of possibilities for a scavenger hunt checklist: cocoon, pine cone, bird feather, old apple, piece of wire, a burnt stick, piece of cornhusk, piece of bark, an old bone, a worm, piece of rubber, gum or candy wrapper, smooth rock, bug, shiny leaf, a stick with Y shape, seed, a cobweb, leaf that has spots, clover, a fuzzy leaf, moss, a piece of gravel, etc.

Add to the list other known materials children can find in your setting, and remove any you don't have.

Send the children out with paper bags and lists, and treat them when they return. They'll have tales to share and treasures to show. Encourage everyone to discover more than what's on the lists.

A PRESIDENTIAL QUIZ

1. Which president was the only one to serve more than two terms and during his presidency the "Fireside Chats" were instituted?

2. Which president was the first to assume his office following the resignation of a president?

3. Which president never married?

4. Which president married his school teacher?

5. Name the only father and son that served as presidents.

6. Name the only grandfather and grandson that served as presidents.

7. Which presidents were assassinated?

8. Which president was the only one to be married in the White House?

ANSWERS: 1. Franklin Roosevelt, 2. Gerald Ford, 3. James Buchanan, 4. Millard Fillmore, 5. John Adams and John Quincy Adams, 6. William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison, 7. James A. Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, and John F. Kennedy, 8. Grover Cleveland.

—Norma Tisher

FLAGS & FLOWERS

(Suggestions for a Meeting)

A flag and flowers table arrangement is ideal for a historical society meeting, club gathering, church group or youth fellowship.

Use miniature American flags to decorate the table, along with red, white and blue flowers. These can include the blue flags, blue-eyed grasses, all members of the iris family, white lilies, white carnations, red roses, red trumpet honeysuckle, bluebells, red cardinal flowers and blue and white violets. You can make artificial bouquets from cardboard, heavy paper, crepe paper or silk.

For the opening of the meeting, include popular songs about flags, like "It's a Grand Old Flag", or listen to patriotic records such as "The Stars and Stripes Forever". Read aloud poems about our flag, as Henry van Dyke's, "America for Me" which ends, "Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

Have a qualified speaker tell how to properly fly the flag and care for it so as to show respect, love and reverence. A discussion can include the benefits and freedoms we have under our flag.

End the meeting by singing some church hymns which emphasize freedom, "The Star-Spangled Banner", or "God Bless America".

Give everyone a miniature flag to take home, and a nosegay of one red, one blue and one white flower.

—Annette Lingelbach





A patriotic post card from Mabel Nair Brown's collection.

COLLECT POST CARDS

by
Mabel Nair Brown

In looking over a box of old post cards found in the storeroom, I became especially interested in the ones which featured our American patriotic holidays, particularly the Fourth of July. Some feature the flag, sometimes with a short poem about Old Glory, others show children marching in a parade carrying the flag, another has Uncle Sam lighting a firecracker (that last one would certainly not be popular today).

I began reading about these old picture cards, particularly those commemorating Independence Day and was delighted when our daily paper carried an article about them. Now I find myself looking through all the card collections offered at antique shops, flea markets, etc., so I'll finally admit to having been hooked by the collecting bug—holiday post cards.

Most collectors agree that the years between the Spanish-American War and World War I were the post card era years and that is when we find most of the wonderful July Fourth cards which wished the receiver a "Merry Fourth", "A Glorious Fourth", "A Bang-Up Fourth", "A Sparkling Fourth", all with colorful patriotic scenes featuring Old Glory, Miss Liberty, Uncle Sam, children in various costumes (sailor outfits were popular). Some were with the flag, some were comic scenes.

I was amazed to learn that these old post cards, many of which sold for 2 for 5¢ and could be mailed for a 1¢ postage stamp, now may sell for prices from \$5 to over \$10 per card.

Recently, while visiting with my aunt,

we looked over a collection of old post cards she had in her attic. She told me that as a teenager just after the turn of the century and during her college years, "People sent post cards at the 'drop of the hat'. If we took the train to a neighboring town to visit or shop, we mailed cards to friends back home to let them know where we had been. Naturally, if we went to the lakes or on a vacation trip, we sent cards to friends and relatives. All holidays and birthdays were times to send cards. Every drug store in those days had racks of cards, including many which had pictures of local scenes, public buildings and the Main Street pictures of the home town. We didn't have the telephones then like we do today so we used post cards to keep in touch."

I understand that in the year 1909 alone, over 770 million post cards were sold in the United States, and that more than a billion were sold in Germany. It was interesting to learn that the large revolving racks upon which the cards were displayed were the forerunners of the racks upon which everything from panty hose to snacks are displayed today. This came about when the sales of post cards reached such proportions that merchants had to find a technique so customers could wait on themselves.

My aunt also told me that in large cities and at local fairs and celebrations, the card vendor selling post cards from his pushcart was a common sight to see.

Be very careful of the care and repair of your post card collection. Several fine books are available on the subject of post card finding and storing. One which is especially helpful is *Picture Postcards* by Marian Klamkin (Dodd, Mead and Company, New York). The author suggests ways to remove cards from old albums—if the paper in the album is thin and the glue used not too heavy, soaking the paper on the back with warm water until it can be rubbed off gently with the thumb, may take care of the problem. Keeping the card from getting soaked is important. Once it is removed, place between layers of paper towel with a weight on top until dry.

Marian Klamkin tells us to store our cards in shoe boxes. For valuable cards or extensive collections, clear envelopes can be purchased. The more cards are handled the more damage can occur, so these clear envelopes are valuable to protect the delicate and often fragile cardboard.

The same source mentions repairing dog-eared corners with a bit of white glue. Dirt can be removed with a soft rubber eraser or a damp cloth followed by a dry one (depending on the surface and material from which the design is made).

Some people mat and frame their special cards so they can be hung on the wall for decoration. Don't glue cards,

ever, to anything. A mat of fabric is easy to use which will hold the cards in place when the glass is firmly pressed into the frame.

Guard against dampness and insects when your paper objects are stored. Keep your eyes open at auction sales and attic cleanups for some of the interesting collectibles which are still, surprisingly, available.

In the post cards I've found, the messages written upon them often prove as interesting as the picture. Through the pictures and the messages on these old cards, one gets a nostalgic look back at "the way it was 'way back then" and I find it all interesting and fun.



COVER PICTURE

The picture on the cover this month will look very familiar to many of our Kitchen-Klatter friends. This is the building in Shenandoah, Iowa, where the Kitchen-Klatter products and the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* originate. Located just west of the corner of Highway 59 on Airport Road, this building was purchased in 1961 and remodeled to suit the needs of our growing company.

As you can see from the cars and trucks in the parking lot, this is a busy place. The accounting department, the mail sorting, premium packaging and shipping, the printing department and magazine addressing are just a few things which keep us busy.

The production and distribution of the Kitchen-Klatter products starts in the large equipment for mixing and boxing Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner, All-Fabric Bleach and Blue Drops Laundry Detergent. In the bottling department are big vats used to blend the Country Style, French and Italian salad dressings and the seventeen Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Nearby is the assembly line for bottling, capping and labeling these products.

Also in the building is the composing room where the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* is edited, the type is set and the layout work is done.

All in all, this is an interesting place and many, many tour groups come to visit us each year. A carload of travelers can be accommodated easily, but larger groups thoughtfully make reservations so plans can be made for their enjoyment of a tour through the plant.

Hours the Kitchen-Klatter plant is open for visitors are Monday through Thursday, 8:00-11:30 A.M., 1:00-4:30 P.M.; Friday, 8:00-11:30 A.M. —Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Do you remember the way we complained last April about summer never getting here? Well, we should be happy now. Summer is here with a vengeance, and my sunburned hands and face are proof of it. After setting out 1,112 plants, and with a sailboat sitting at the dock, there never is any question about how I spend my time once summer is here. Unfortunately, I never have seen as many weeds in my gardens as I have seen this year. They must have come in with all of the topsoil I had to buy last spring.

You know how Betty and I love to give parties, and I can assure you that being retired has made no difference in our pattern of entertaining. Yesterday, we gave a big party to welcome some new neighbors into our River Road area. The day was beautiful, warm and sunny, and some of the guests took their buffet plates out onto our deck so they could have a good view of the water and of my several small flower gardens. After all had eaten, they returned to the living room to hear me read a long poem that I had written about our new neighbors. It brought much hearty laughter and friendly kidding, but then I said to the guests: "Don't think that I have left the rest of you out of the poetic scene. Thinking that you, too, deserve some kidding, I have written a little limerick about each of you."

Reading the limericks was just about as much fun as writing them, and I recommend the idea to you as a way of entertaining guests at a party. Here are just a few of the ones that I wrote:

There was a good fellow named George,
Who on French fries and lobster did gorge.

When he filled up his plate,
His wife made a date,
When she talked to the man at the morgue!

Robert, this man at my side,
In a funeral procession was spied.
When asked, "Who's dead?"
He giggled and said,
"I don't know! I just came for the ride."

My Betty is quite a nice lady,
She seldom is caught being shady.
When she does act improper,
I defy you to stop her,
For she's the lady whose lawyer is Brady!

It takes only a few hours to do thirty or forty limericks providing you have some originality and a copy of a rhyming dic-



Frederick calls Henry Stewart, "my farmer friend down the road". Mr. Stewart, the owner of the famous Stewart Gardens, has done several broadcasts with Frederick for the Kitchen-Klatter radio program.

tionary. If you don't own such a book, you always can use one at the public library.

One variation on this limerick way of entertaining is to give each guest a piece of paper and a pencil. The guests are then given a few minutes to write a limerick about the person seated opposite.

Being retired has not kept me from having to make speeches. One day last week, I had to give the keynote address for a conference on the subject: "Raising Endowment Funds for Churches". The conference was a popular one with many prominent church leaders present.

Next Saturday, I am the guest preacher for the Seventh Day Baptist Church in which Betty got her early religious instruction, the church to which her mother has belonged for eighty years. There are very few members of that particular religious denomination, but wherever they are, Seventh Day Baptists are a fine influence on a community. Betty and her mother both sang in the choir of the local church for many years.

In just two weeks, I shall once again be a guest preacher at the New England Interdenominational Center at Ocean Park, Maine. Ocean Park is a residential community made up almost entirely of church people of every denomination, many of them retired clergymen or missionaries. It is on the ocean, and possesses what is said by the local Chamber of Commerce to be "The Cleanest Beach in the World". There are hundreds of acres of beautiful woods, all of them a part of the State of Maine Game Preserve and Bird Sanctuary.

Ocean Park attracts a very high type of summer visitor because of its

nationally known assembly program centering in its historic octagonally shaped "Temple" auditorium with conference and classroom buildings at either side. Overflow congregations attend the Temple Sunday worship services and sacred concerts, and it always is a thrill for me to preach there. It is a challenge for a minister to preach to a big congregation at any time, but there at Ocean Park, I know there will be several hundred clergymen in the congregation along with hundreds of lay leaders from many different denominations.

On the last Sunday in July, I shall be a guest preacher at the historic, little chapel at Weekapaug, Rhode Island, just a short distance from here. Weekapaug is a beautiful beach area with hundreds of lovely summer homes. On four of the five Sundays in August, I am to be the preacher at the historic, old Union Baptist Church of Mystic, Connecticut. So many of the members of that church are recreational sailors, and the high spire of the church is one that I frequently have in my navigational sights when I am out sailing. I think that I will write a sermon on the subject of "Keeping Off the Reefs with the Church in Sight".

Many times you have heard about someone cutting off the limb of a tree while seated on that limb. The other day I did something almost as dumb. We had some painters working on the house, and I instructed them to cut down the wires leading from the television antenna on the roof to the distribution point in the basement. "We now have cable T.V.," I said, "and we won't be needing those wires anymore." The painters did just what I requested.

When I told Betty about my instructions to the painters, she was shocked. "And just exactly how do you expect to use the other two television sets that are not connected to the cable system?" she asked. What a stupid decision I had made—we could not use the other television sets without the use of the roof antenna. Two choices were available: call a T.V. antenna man to re-wire the antenna, or call the cable T.V. people and ask them to add the other sets to the cable system at a sizeable extra monthly fee. Much as I hated to, I did the latter.

Have you read about the war we are fighting out here in New England? It is a war against the notorious, noxious, odious gypsy moths. Unfortunately, we seem to be losing the fight. The whole nasty business has found me raising the question: "Since God creates all things with a purpose, just what was His purpose in creating the gypsy moth?" He surely has made a great many of them. I am of the opinion that the answer is not a simple one; nothing theological is ever simple.

Sincerely,
Frederick

POSTSCRIPT

by
Evelyn Birkby

In last month's issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, Craig eloquently expressed his feelings about his recent graduation from the University of Iowa Medical School. The truth is, I was as excited as Craig was, and the graduation happened just as we had hoped. In fact, all the carefully laid plans worked out even better than we had dared dream they could.

During the days before we were to leave for the ceremonies in Iowa City, our house in Sidney was filled with activity. Bob, our oldest son, had arrived from Seattle and was helping with the preparations. Robert was trying to get his work at the A.S.C.S. office in order so he could leave on Friday morning. Grandma Dulcy was baking her famous cinnamon rolls (the only gift Craig had requested). Aunt Ruthella was packing her bag, and I was watching the sky, hoping for sunny weather.

Two days before the graduation, Bob mentioned that he needed the car to run some errands. I thought nothing about it as he drove off, and that afternoon I put oxtail soup on the stove to simmer, cleaned out the closet in Craig's room, and began packing my suitcase. Then, just before supper, the garage door opened and in walked Jeff. Bob had gone, not on an errand, but to the Omaha airport to pick up our middle son.

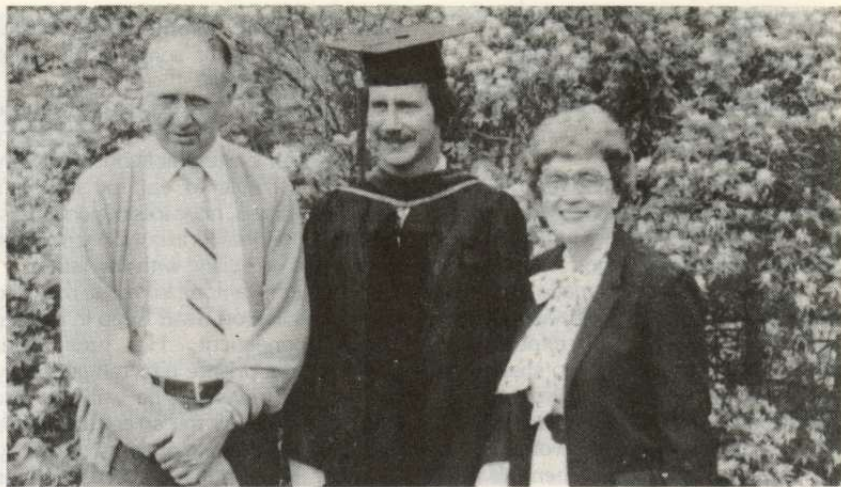
Jeff had been afraid he wouldn't be able to come to the graduation, but he had worked overtime and figured up his finances until he could scrape together enough free time and air fare to fly from his home in Helena, Mont., in time to be part of the family entourage headed for Iowa City.

I stretched the soup to feed us all, and then we sat around the table long into the evening catching up on Jeff's news of the West. We agreed to keep his unexpected arrival a secret from Craig until the last possible moment.

By Thursday evening, the car was loaded for an early-morning start. On Friday, Grandma Dulcy and Aunt Ruthella, who had the shortest legs, scooted to the center of the car seats, and then we four long-legged Birkbys shoehorned in. With jugs of tea and coffee and bags of snacks, we were on our way.

I was still concerned about the weather, especially after intermittent showers turned into a downpour near Des Moines. However, much to my relief, the rain stopped about sixty miles west of Iowa City, and we even saw farmers in their fields.

Five hours after leaving Sidney, we reached Craig's apartment, and most of us went inside. A moment later, Jeff casually wandered in.



Robert and Evelyn Birkby share the joy of a Medical School graduation with their son, Craig.

Joy! Delight! Amazement! The entire family was together, and Craig was genuinely surprised.

Craig had prepared for us a fine meal of oven-baked chicken, gelatin salad, green beans, fresh bread, and ice cream. He served it buffet-style on his table—a door lying across two short filing cabinets. When we finished eating, it was time to change our clothes and go to the ceremony. Craig put on his graduation robe and his mortarboard hung with a green tassel (the color used to represent medical sciences), and we were on our way.

At Hancher Auditorium on the University of Iowa campus, we joined an excited throng for the convocation. Jeff found seats for us right behind the faculty, so we were near enough to the front to feel we wouldn't miss a thing. The 180 graduates were seated on the stage.

Yes, I did hear the words of the President of the University and the Dean of the Medical School as they gave encouragement and accolades, but the most moving part of the ceremony came when the graduates recited in unison the physicians' oath, and solemnly vowed to serve mankind to the best of their abilities. I thought about the tremendous effort, dedication, and disciplined study which had gone into the making of the young doctors before us.

We cheered as each graduate's name was called and the black and gold hood trimmed with green velvet was draped around his or her shoulders. Then we gathered in the foyer with the happy graduates, families and acquaintances. I was amazed at how many Kitchen-Klatter friends were there, and pleased so many came over to congratulate Craig and greet the rest of us.

As the evening's festivities ended, Robert told me that he suddenly realized he would no longer need to go to PTA meetings, make out Parents' Confidential Reports for educational loans, or receive his sons' grade cards in the mail. He

had been thinking about the years when Craig was growing up—adventures as a Boy Scout, broken bones, occasional frustrations and failures, and the growing certainty that Craig's intelligence and capacity for hard work would help him succeed in any career he chose.

"Being a doctor will be an awesome responsibility," Robert said. "It's a long way from the days when he put on Band-Aids at Scout Camp."

The next afternoon, the Medical School hosted a luncheon on the hospital grounds for the new doctors and their families. The sun was shining, the day was warm, and the hours filled with more greetings, more introductions, and at last, farewells. The members of the class had begun to go their separate ways.

With Craig at the wheel, we drove to the nearby Amana Colonies to do some sightseeing and then to visit the Oxbow Inn for a delicious family-style feast. It was a lovely way to celebrate the end of the graduation weekend.

The next morning Robert, Dulcy, Ruthella, and I returned to Sidney, but Bob and Jeff stayed in Iowa City to help Craig pack his belongings and move out of his apartment. Although they did arrive in Sidney a few days later, it was almost time for them to be off again. Jeff flew back to Montana and Craig prepared for his year as an intern in Denver. Robert went back to the A.S.C.S. office, and Bob continued work on his latest writing projects.

And me? I sat down and rested. It had been quite a week.

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.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

I hope that this letter finds you well and enjoying summer. I love my teaching job, but, believe me, when summer comes along, I love my vacation.

Sophie, my wife, and I made two interesting trips this last spring, and I want to tell you about some of our experiences. At the same time, I want to share with you some of my favorite poetry. I love Japanese haiku poetry because it seems to say so much with so few words. In the 17th century, at the time when this kind of poetry was most popular, poets would include descriptions of their travels with a poem or two thrown in after a page of regular prose writing. It is as if they would come to a spot where normal description wasn't meaningful enough and only a poem could express how they felt or how something really looked. It was as if a poem could act like an illustration or photograph.

One of the most famous of such books is poet Basho's work *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*. It is a Penguin paperback and available in many libraries.

One of Basho's most famous poems is this one:

The old pond;
A frog jumps in—
The sound of water.

Do you see what I mean? It paints a very good picture and soundscape in just a few words.

Haiku is still written by poets all over the world. When I worked in Alaska one summer as a university student, I picked up a little book of verse called *Alaska in Haiku*, co-authored by David Hoopes and Diana Tillion. Like most Japanese haiku, each poem is written to be appropriate for a different season.

Here is a poem for spring:

Beside the snowdrift,
The gray mountain rock is warm
Under the young leaves.

The last time Sophie and I visited my parents in the East, we saw the moon on Long Island Sound as we flew from New York City. It looked like this:

A waxing spring moon
Unfolds its gilded pathway
Upon flooding tides.

Here is one of the Hoopes-Tillion poems for summer:

To summer breezes
Cottonwoods wave green kerchiefs
And throw yellow ones.

The whole, great size of Alaska is, I think, caught in this one, small poem:

Clearing to the west—
Row upon row of mountains
In the pale blue sky.

I won't spend any more time telling you about this art form but rather just share

with you some favorite haiku poems while writing about some of my latest travels with Sophie.

We were both very glad to get home to visit my parents (Frederick and Betty Driftmier) for Easter vacation. It felt very good to be able to eat my mother's wonderful meals, have lots of good talks, go out for long walks around my parents' home, and go sailing with my father.

My father is famous for many things to those who live on River Road in Pawcatuck, Connecticut. He runs what amounts to a private bird refuge. Every morning and evening, he walks to the small cove across the street and feeds the ducks, swans and other birds that fly through. At the marina where he keeps his sailboat, he is famous for being the first person to have his sailboat on the water in the spring and the last person to take it out of the water in the fall.

My father is a very good sailor and I like being his crew. It is fortunate that he is able to sail down the Pawcatuck River and get in both river and open-ocean sailing all within a few hours of home.

Going down the river, with marshes and fields and green lawns on either side, is a good place to watch spring begin to emerge.

In the river breeze
The willows are clustered.

Spring is appearing. —Socho

When we were back East, we made it a special point to go and visit Larry and Evelyn King in Springfield. (You may have heard Larry interviewed on the radio by my father.) He has one of the most successful organic gardens in the area; many articles have been written about him in Massachusetts' newspapers. When we visited him right after Easter, his garden, thanks to his several

solar-powered greenhouses, was already producing. In fact, he had been eating fresh lettuce from his greenhouses since February.

Even though spring was already in New England, we got back to our Canadian home and found that the warm weather was not in a hurry to arrive in Alberta. Our weather had its warm days, its cool days and its snow showers even through May.

I was not at all unhappy with our weather. This has been my first year to plant and take care of a garden of my own. Certainly I was not organized like Larry King. Living in Alberta, however, I do not have to feel guilty about my late start for most people here have a custom of planting their flowers on the May 24th weekend. After that date, there usually is not a frost or snowstorm. And so, I had a few extra weeks, after our trip to Connecticut, to get ready for the actual planting.

We have only lived in Alberta for one year. Sophie is from Alberta, and she has been wanting to show me what some of the other areas of this province are like. Last fall, we made a trip to the southeast corner of Alberta where, after driving across flat country rich with wheat and oil, we came to a beautiful rise of hills called Cypress Hills Provincial Park. I had many times taken the highway two hours west of the city to hike and ski to my heart's content in the Rocky Mountains, however, I had never explored the area between here and the city of Edmonton. Halfway between the two cities, the landscape changes from prairie to "park land", a large area noted for rolling hills, streams, lakes, and farmlands with many sloughs in the spring. In

(Continued on page 20)



When David and Sophie Driftmier were in Connecticut visiting David's relatives, he much enjoyed seeing his cousins. David is pictured in the center with Steve Crandall on the left and Chris Preston on the right.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by Eva M. Schroeder

It wasn't until recent years that hostas found their way to some of the shady nooks about my yard. While the flowers are pretty, unless you have a mass of hostas, they do not put on a big splash of color as do many other perennials. These plants are more valued for their leaves that vary from grayish blue-green to chartreuse. Sometimes the leaves have white or cream-colored margins or variegations, or come with white centers and green edges. Hosta leaves arise directly from the ground and are heart-shaped to oval. The leaf stalks are of varying lengths so the plants form mounds of overlapping foliage. The trumpet or bell-shaped flowers are outward facing or drooping from the tops of slender stems. The summer flowers come in white, lavender and blue.

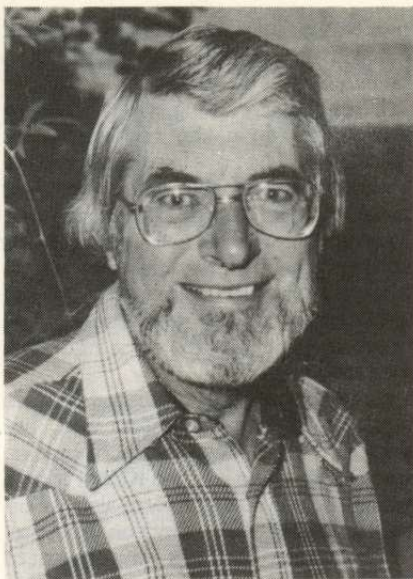
Hosta varieties range greatly in size from the little four-inch miniatures to the giants that form clumps up to five feet across when mature.

While hostas seem to thrive best in shade or semi-shaded places, many will grow well in full sun if given ample moisture during dry weather. The only enemies of the hostas in our garden are the pesky slugs and snails. Because the leaves are close to the ground, they provide slugs and slugs with natural hiding places. These mollusks can ravage a hosta plant as the foliage emerges in the spring so it is wise to spread slug bait around the plants. Wood ashes spread around the plants is a slug and snail deterrent as these slimy creatures do not like ashes.

It is easy to become addicted to hostas though I wasn't aware of this when a friend brought me a start of *H. Fortunei* 'Albomarginata'. The piece of root she gave me has developed into a showy clump with stunning big leaves attractively edged with a broad band of white. The charming lavender flowers appear in late fall when bloom is appreciated.

Each spring, I try to add just one more hosta to our yard. *H. Plantaginea* 'Grandiflora' is a very fragrant pure white bloomer with big five-inch lone tubular blooms in August and September. *H. Undulata* 'Medio-picta' has wavy, hand-somely variegated leaves with silvery white centers. The flowers are lilac, born on eighteen-inch spikes. This one does well in shade or partial shade.

Hosta clumps develop rather quickly if plenty of organic matter is incorporated into their planting sites and if ample moisture is provided. After the third year, you can divide your hostas if you want more of the same kind. If you want to go into hostas in a big way, write to the American Hosta Society, University of Minnesota Landscape Arboretum, Box 13201, Route 1, Chaska, MN. 55318.



Coming from a family which for generations has loved working with the soil, it is not surprising that Wayne Driftmier now is a professional nurseryman in Denver, Colorado.

GARDEN BOUNTY BECOMES GARDEN GLUT

by
Dorothy S. Hansen

Now comes the time when garden bounty becomes garden glut. First we feast on asparagus and peas and spinach for days at a time. Then comes the period when the poor housewife is inundated with an ever-mounting accumulation of beans and beets and carrots and cabbage. And then comes the corn which ripens all at once and demands concentrated attention.

There follows in quick succession endless tomatoes, cucumbers, zucchini squash, eggplant, sweet potatoes, white potatoes and onions. Only the latter two do not demand the housewife's meticulous attention as she pares, scrapes, slices, sieves, pickles, cans and otherwise prepares it all for freezer and fruit cellar.

Strewn around are sieves, colanders, steamers, stacks of plastic containers to be filled for the freezer, and jars to hold the pickles and fruits.

The kitchen is filled with hot steam for blanching at a time when the weather outdoors is trying to outdo the indoor humidity, and there comes a time when the "queen of the kitchen" has had enough.

"This will all taste so good in the long cold winter," her family reminds her, "and look how it will help out on the food bills at the supermarket."

True! But standing in a steamy kitchen, surrounded by the endless procession coming in from the outside, she can hardly be expected to keep a long-range perspective when she would

much rather be sitting in the shade with the rest of the family cooling off with a tall frosty drink.

As if her own bounty was not enough, the neighborhood gardeners bring over their surplus (no doubt because their wives are more assertive in deciding when the apex of their endurance has been reached). We love their generosity, but are just not in the mood for it at present, thank you.

Would someone please run down to the shopping center for some hamburgers and French fries? The cooking department in this house is temporarily closed for recuperative purposes.

TOMATOES, ANYONE?

We raised a lot of vegetables,
Corn, beans, potatoes . . .
But the one that caused a problem
Was the surplus of tomatoes.
We stewed them, we juiced them,
Most every way we tried.
We made an awful lot of soup,
And some, we even fried!
The rest, we tried to give away,
But sometimes a problem never ends,
For we still had tomatoes
When we ran out of friends.

—Berniece B. Phillips



A LITTLE MIXED UP

Just a line to say I'm living,
That I'm not among the dead,
Though I'm getting more forgetful
And more mixed up in the head.

For sometimes, I can't remember
When I stand at foot of stair,
If I must go up for something
Or I've just come down from there.

And before the fridge, so often
My poor mind is filled with doubt—
Have I just put food away, or
Have I come to take some out?

And there's times when it is dark out,
With my nightcap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring
Or just getting out of bed.

So, if it's my turn to write you,
There's no need in getting sore.
I may think that I have written
And don't want to be a bore.

So, remember—I do love you
And I wish that you were here,
But now it's nearly mail time,
So I must say, "Goodbye Dear".

There I stood beside the mailbox
With a face so very red,
Instead of mailing you my letter,
I had opened it instead. —Unknown



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It would be nice to start this letter by saying the day is beautiful, warm and sunny. Instead, it is dark and cloudy with more rain promised. Our fields are as wet as a rice bog; there was never a time in April or May when our renter was able to get a tractor into them. Normally our wettest month is June. It is even possible that no corn will be planted this year since the forecasters are telling us that the next few weeks will be warmer and wetter than normal. In this case we will just hope that the weather straightens out before it is too late to plant beans.

My trip to Torrington, Wyo., to attend our grandson Andy's graduation began a day earlier than I had planned. When we got up that morning, there had been a hard rain in the night and the creek was running bank full. Frank thought I had better get my bags packed so I could leave on a moment's notice if the water began to go across the road. That time came about 10:00 o'clock, so I called Kristin to make sure someone would meet me a day earlier in Scottsbluff, Nebr. Then I started out to catch the bus in Osceola.

My seatmate to Omaha was a lady from England who was very friendly. She was traveling from New York to South Dakota by bus because she wanted to see the country.

When I got back on the bus after changing in Omaha, my seatmate was Mrs. Alice Yardley from Savanna, Ill. We had a nice visit until she got off in Kearney, Nebr.

Art and Andy were at the Scottsbluff depot since it was Friday and Kristin was still in school. We ate lunch and then Art drove around town, past the hospital where he used to work, and on to Torrington where the rest of the family was waiting to greet me.

Andy and Aaron have several yards to care for this summer, so they went off to work bright and early on Saturday morning. One boy mows while the other one trims, so they get quite a lot accomplished in a day's time.

(The day after graduation, Andy started to work at Wheelers, a large farm supply store on the outskirts of town. He is enjoying his job very much. He still plans to help Aaron with the yardwork evenings and on his day off.)

Before I was out of bed, Art and Julian left for Mitchell, Nebr., where Julian was to compete in his last wrestling tournament of the season. Kristin and I drove over before lunch so we got to see Julian win his last two matches plus the first-place gold medal in his division. He was

one happy little boy. Grandma bought him a chain on which to put his medal so he can wear it to school.

Dinner that evening was at a place called Little Moon, about ten miles from Torrington. The boys like to go there because a shallow lake with very clear water is right beside the restaurant. Enormous turtles usually come to the surface to get the bread thrown to them. That night the big turtles must have been full because the only ones we saw were much smaller, but I did see a lot of two-foot long fish.

Later that evening, we visited Kristin's supervisor, Janet Rojahn, and her mother, Nellie Meyer from Nebraska, who is a longtime Kitchen-Klatter friend. Nellie and her husband were also in Torrington to see their grandson graduate.

On Sunday, Mother's Day, all went to church together, then we were invited to an open house buffet dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Quinonez. Their daughter, Adrianna, is a special friend of



Dorothy Johnson congratulates her grandson, Andy Brase, and his friend, Adrianna Quinonez, after their high school graduation.

Andy's and was valedictorian of their class. (Mr. Quinonez is the band instructor at Lingle, where Kristin taught this past year, and Mrs. Quinonez is a school nurse at Lincoln Elementary School in Torrington.) This was a busy time for this family because their other daughter, Sue, was graduating from the University of Wyoming a week following Adrianna's graduation. Somehow Mrs. Quinonez found the time to prepare five salads, three meats, two cakes, plus many other dishes. Adrianna told me the next day they thought they served approximately 100 friends and relatives at the buffet.

Finally, the time for the graduation ceremony arrived. One hundred and fifteen members of the senior class of the Torrington High School marched in. The program was very good and included Adrianna who gave a nice talk. Aaron played in the band since several of the junior high band members filled in for seniors. The band played for the processional and recessional and also presented several musical selections be-

tween the addresses.

On Monday, we drove to Casper for the day to visit my longtime friend, Frances Chambers. It rained off and on all day, but we still had a delightful time. It had been terribly dry in Wyoming and everyone was hoping that the rain they claimed I brought with me from Iowa was in time to save the wheat crop.

Tuesday was spent making pecan pies and peanut clusters and shopping with Kristin. The next morning one of Kristin's friends, Pat Anderson, picked me up to have coffee with some of the girls. Eleanor Wilt, another of Kristin's friends who was also there, invited me to go to a luncheon of the Hospital Auxiliary at the hospital that noon, so it was a happy time.

Thursday was my birthday. Eleanor and two other friends, Mary Lou Atkins and Illa McCoullough, picked me up at 10:30 and took me to Scottsbluff for lunch and shopping. Andy cooked my birthday supper. Adrianna was also a guest, and we played games all evening. It was a very nice way to spend my birthday.

Friday we had tea with Mrs. Ken Mickey. It was her son, Kris, who worked with Aaron on the National History Day Project. The display (pictured in the June issue) was at the Mickey home. The boys leave by chartered bus for Washington, D.C., on June 5th. Kristin is going as one of the chaperones. Julian will go along too, so it will make a nice trip for all of them.

On Saturday, Kristin and Julian drove me to Cheyenne so I could take the Amtrak train south to Denver. Brother Wayne and his wife, Abigail, came to meet me and I spent the night and next day with them. They were crying for rain in Denver too, so I took them a nice shower that night. For our dinner, Wayne smoked some very good thick pork chops on the new smoker Abbie had given him for his birthday.

The next morning, we took a drive up into the mountains to Central City and Black Hawk, where there was still a lot of snow. In fact, it snowed after we got there. We stopped along a stream to watch people pan for gold. Dinner was eaten at the Black Forest Inn which is noted for its authentic German food. On the way back, we drove past the greenhouse where Wayne's nursery grows all their little plants, and past the land where the trees are grown. We returned in time to rest a bit before I had to catch the train back home.

Frank and Bernie came to Osceola to meet me. It is good to be home again and back into the swing of normal routine. Now we are going to look forward to Kristin's visit with us after they get back from Washington, D.C.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy



KATHARINE DRIFTMIER WRITES TO US THIS MONTH

Good Morning Friends:

I don't remember having heard my alarm clock ring but I know it has. It echoes hauntingly through my subconscious. I sit, feet dangling, half awake on the edge of my bed and begin to focus on this new day.

This is another Monday. It's a beautiful early morning. The morning calls of the cardinals and robins and sparrows in our neighborhood help to call me to attention. Across my bedroom the early-morning sunbeams filter through the leafy branches of the trees and dance on my floor. Morning is my most favorite time at home.

The house is quiet. Though I live only two blocks from one of the main thoroughfares in Washington, D.C., my narrow street is calm and peaceful. The little fenced yards of each house along our block bars the noise of the city from this little haven. Perhaps my ears have become acclimated to the low-level din of city living. I know that whenever I return to Wisconsin for a vacation, my ears are shocked by the extreme silence of rural living.

Sitting at my breakfast table, looking out the windows, the sights and sounds in the street are pleasant. This is the city, I keep reminding myself. But sounds are summer sounds and their familiarity is satisfying. The morning is warm and damp. The air is fragrant. The city smells have not penetrated the back roads yet. A bus lumbers down a nearby street. I hear its brakes squeak as it stops. The garbage men are making their early rounds. Their racket is expected and, subconsciously, a comfort. Quiet people walk briskly past my house on their way to the main stream, to their buses and to work.

Summertime this year in Washington, D.C., has been lovely. I now have adapted to the hustle, the humidity, the heat and the haze. I expected to see these things this year, this being my second summer in Washington. Although I always miss Wisconsin and my family, Washington is home for now and doesn't really seem so alien to me this year. My routine of daily work and play seem to follow me wherever I am.

Last night was a late night on the town. My roommates and I met friends downtown to enjoy one of those events which make Washington, D.C., so delightful. Each year, the National Symphony Orchestra presents a series of free summer

concerts for the citizenry. The performances are presented outside where thousands of people gather on the west lawn of the Capitol. People come quite early in the evening to find a parking place, to picnic and stake claim to a patch of ground. Nearly two hours before the performance time, we spread our blankets quite close to the stage and opened our packages of snacks. Around us the blankets soon stretched corner to corner, dividing the lawn into patches.

Each group had its own style: some were casual with only the essentials, some people brought low chairs and pillows, others included games to occupy them as they waited, a few came prepared for an elegant evening of listening and dining. Out of picnic baskets came a variety of delights: full suppers of several courses, simple snacks, gourmet crackers, elegant cheeses, fruits and breads were spread for enjoyment.

As the crowd assembled, the blankets spread farther until they reached the retaining wall of the Capitol. People lined the brick walls. They sat on the steps all the way up the front of the Capitol. Individuals squeezed between blankets to sit on the grass if an unclaimed corner could be found.

There is an amusing unspoken etiquette on the lawn between those blankets. Trespassers trying to pick their way across the lawn to their space walk only on grassy spaces between blankets, never actually treading on another's space. People lightly tiptoe around and around in the maze of ground cloths, being very polite. I was quite impressed. It was a definite change from the rowdy familiarity found at most concerts I attended when I was in school. People were respectful and quiet and friendly to those around them. Once the performance began, everyone in that huge crowd gave the music their rapt attention. I gazed about me as the orchestra began to play and I was amazed by the simplicity of it all. Thousands of people—men, women, groups of students, grandparents, parents with families, all types and nationalities—sat silently straining forward to catch each phrase as the program of Aaron Copland's beautiful American music was played. I wondered as I watched them what images Copland's music inspired in their minds as they watched and listened, and I thought how wonderful it was to be, for now, in Washington.

As the sun set, the haze-hidden moon glowed luminously overhead. Jets ascended and descended over the Potomac River. The red and silver chains of lights of cars beckoned along Independence Avenue. The historic monuments stood around us—tall spires, domes, statues, gradually enfolded by the dusk as the symphony played on and on. There in the middle of the busy city



Katharine Driftmier frequently calls from her home in Washington, D.C., to visit with her parents, Don and Mary Beth Driftmier, and her brother and sister in Delafield, Wis.

was a large space of tranquility that was both awesome and moving. I fell in love with Washington, D.C., all over again.

Washington provides abundantly for its citizens with many such delightful situations all over town. The city is full of parks and creeks and paths upon which to wander. There is the wonderful National Zoo. The National Arboretum has beautiful flowering trees during this season. The C & O Canal offers quiet floating on an afternoon canoe trip.

Whenever I get to feeling especially homesick and reminiscent about Wisconsin and life as it was when I was there, some wonderful event arises to remind me that my life is here in Washington for now, and that I am blessed that it is so very pleasant. My job still offers me much excitement and satisfaction. My friends are wonderful, my activities many.

The space of time in which I can sit and write to you is nice. I am always delighted to hear of readers who enjoy *Kitchen-Klatter's* articles, letters and recipes. My roommates look forward to the magazine's arrival in our mail; by the time I come home, they have already opened it and begun reading. The *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook* really is a favorite at this house. It sits within easy reach for frequent use by all of us. Having grown up with *Kitchen-Klatter*, I never dreamed that my contemporary young friends would find the magazine and cookbook as refreshing and enjoyable as Driftmier family members do.

I hope your summer will be productive and satisfying. And I hope that you can visit your families sometime, especially if you are not living close to them already.

Sincerely,
Katharine Driftmier



Recipes

QUICK-AND-EASY CHERRY DESSERT

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1 3/4 cups cold milk
 1 pkg. (regular size) instant dry pudding mix (lemon, vanilla or coconut)
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring (lemon, vanilla or coconut—whichever pudding mix is used)
 Whole graham crackers
 1 can cherry pie filling
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 Whipped topping

Beat the cream cheese and milk together. Add the pudding mix and flavoring of your choice. Beat again. Line bottom of 8-inch square pan with the whole graham crackers. Pour the pudding mixture over top of crackers. Combine the cherry pie filling and cherry flavoring and spread over pudding layer. Cover with whipped topping. Chill. —Betty Jane

OVEN-FRIED LIVER WITH SAUCE

1 1/2 lbs. beef liver, sliced 1/2 inch thick
 3 Tbls. margarine or butter
 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
 1/2 tsp. crushed oregano leaves
 1/2 tsp. paprika
 1/4 tsp. marjoram
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 Salt to taste

Trim off any membrane from liver and cut in serving-size pieces. Put margarine or butter in 10- by 15-inch baking pan. Place in 400-degree oven until margarine or butter melts. Stir in seasonings. Add liver pieces, turning to coat on all sides. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes, uncovered, until liver is slightly pink. While liver is baking, prepare the following sauce:

3 Tbls. margarine or butter
 1 large onion, sliced
 2 cloves garlic, minced or pressed
 1 cup sliced mushrooms
 2 medium fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut into wedges

Melt margarine or butter in a 10- or 12-inch skillet. Add the onion, garlic and mushrooms. Saute until onion is transparent. Add tomato wedges and cook until heated through. Serve over liver.

BAKED CORN AU GRATIN

1 1/2 cups fresh corn (or 1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained)
 1 small onion, finely chopped
 1 green pepper, finely chopped
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 3 Tbls. all-purpose flour
 2 cups milk
 1 cup shredded American or mild Cheddar cheese
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 tsp. sugar
 2 eggs, well beaten
 Crumbs for topping

Prepare corn. In saucepan, saute onion and green pepper in butter or margarine and butter flavoring until tender. Stir in flour. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick and smooth. Remove from heat; stir in corn, cheese, seasonings, sugar and eggs. Turn into greased casserole and top with crumbs. Set in shallow pan of hot water in 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes, or until firm. Serves six. —Dorothy

FROZEN CUCUMBER PUREE

5 quarts prepared cucumbers
 6 Tbls. margarine
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 3 large onions, sliced
 1/4 cup water
 2 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1 cup lightly packed parsley sprigs

Peel cucumbers, seed if desired, and slice thin. Melt margarine over medium heat. Add flavoring and onion slices and cook, stirring, for about 10 minutes until onions are soft but not brown. Add cucumbers, water, salt and pepper. Turn heat to low, cover and cook for about 5 minutes. When it comes to boiling, increase to medium heat, uncover, and cook for 10 to 15 minutes, stirring often. Remove from heat and stir in parsley. (There will be quite a bit of juice.) Whirl juices and all in blender or food processor until a puree is made. Cool and pack in freezer containers and freeze. Use in stews and casseroles.

LAYERED PUDDING DESSERT

1st Layer

1 cup unsifted flour
 1/2 cup butter, softened
 1 cup chopped pecans
 Mix all ingredients together until crumbly. Press into a greased 9- by 13-inch glass pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Cool.

2nd Layer

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1 cup sugar
 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping (divided)

Beat cream cheese and sugar until smooth. Fold in half of the whipped topping. Spread over first layer.

3rd Layer

3 cups cold milk
 1 large pkg. (6 1/2-oz. size) instant chocolate pudding mix
 1 large pkg. (6 1/2-oz. size) instant vanilla pudding mix

With electric beater, mix milk and pudding mixes until smooth and thick. Spread on the second layer. Top with the remaining whipped topping. Refrigerate overnight or longer. —Verlene

FRESH TOMATO SOUFFLE

4 cups peeled, diced fresh tomatoes
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 1 large garlic clove, mashed
 1/2 tsp. sugar
 1/4 tsp. basil
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
 3 Tbls. butter
 4 Tbls. flour
 7 eggs, separated
 2 Tbls. shredded Parmesan cheese

In a saucepan, place the tomatoes, onion, garlic clove, sugar, basil, salt and pepper. Simmer rapidly, stirring occasionally, until mixture is reduced to 1 1/3 cups. Whirl smooth in blender or press through a colander or sieve.

Melt butter. Stir in flour and cook, stirring, until bubbly and mixture is smooth and blended. Add tomato mixture. Cook, stirring, until thick. Remove from heat. Stir a little of the hot mixture into lightly beaten egg yolks. Continue gradually adding hot mixture to egg yolks, stirring all the time, until it is all combined. Return to heat for 1 minute.

Beat the egg whites to moist peaks. Fold half of egg whites into tomato mixture. When blended, fold in remainder. Spoon into ungreased 1 1/2-quart souffle pan or straight-sided casserole. Bake at 375 degrees for about 35 minutes. Ten minutes before baking time is complete, sprinkle top with Parmesan cheese, return to oven for last 10 minutes. Serve immediately. Excellent served with cold sliced ham or turkey, marinated vegetables and rye bread. —Robin

CAPPUCCINO ICE CREAM

- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 Tbls. instant dry coffee powder
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups half-and-half
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine the cinnamon, sugar, coffee powder, cocoa and boiling water. Cool to room temperature. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Pour into ice cream freezer and freeze according to freezer instructions. Makes 2 quarts. —Juliana

CHERRY TOMATOES & GREEN BEANS

- 3/4 lb. fresh green beans
- 1 pint fresh ripe cherry tomatoes
- 1 tsp. minced garlic
- 1 tsp. minced rosemary leaves
- 1/4 cup vegetable oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cut green beans diagonally into 1-inch lengths. Cook beans in boiling water for 4 to 6 minutes. Drain beans and rinse in cold water. Pat dry. Saute tomatoes, garlic and rosemary in the oil and butter flavoring. Saute until tomatoes start to blister. Add beans and salt and pepper.

STUFFED CABBAGE LEAVES

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/2 of medium-size onion, chopped
- 2/3 cup Italian-seasoned bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. dry parsley flakes
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/4 tsp. cumin
- 1/2 tsp. whole caraway seed
- 1 egg
- 12 small blanched cabbage leaves
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup beef broth
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground black pepper
- 3 Tbls. tomato paste

Brown the beef and onion; drain excess fat. Combine with the bread crumbs, parsley flakes, garlic powder, cumin, caraway seed and egg. Place 1 to 2 Tbls. of beef filling on each cabbage leaf. Fold leaf over filling and secure with toothpicks.

Melt the 2 Tbls. margarine or butter in skillet. Brown filled cabbage leaves on both sides, then place them in a baking dish. Add the flour to the drippings in skillet and brown lightly. Add the beef broth and sour cream and cook until slightly thick. Add the salt, pepper and tomato paste. Stir well and pour over cabbage in baking pan. Bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes. —Juliana

3-2-1 BEET PICKLES

- Fresh beets (any amount)
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 cups vinegar
- 1 cup beet liquid (and/or water)
- 4 drops oil of clove
- 4 drops oil of cinnamon

Clean beets leaving about 1 inch of tops on beets. Place in large kettle, cover with water, add a little salt, and cook until tender. Drain, saving some liquid. Cover with cold water to cool. When cool, slip off skins and cut into slices or chunks. Place beets in kettle.

Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over beets. Bring to a boil. Ladle into hot, sterilized jars and seal.

If more syrup is needed, mix half a recipe of the syrup, or one more recipe. Extra syrup may be sealed in jar while hot and saved to use for next batch.

—Hallie

CANADIAN BACON-EGG MUFFINS

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 4 slices Canadian bacon, cut 1/4 inch thick
- Butter
- 4 English muffins
- 4 slices process American cheese

Poach eggs in the hot water and vinegar. Bring to boil, cover and let stand 2 minutes. Brown bacon and remove excess fat. Butter the muffins. Place a slice of bacon on bottom half of muffin, then 1 egg, followed by a slice of cheese; put on top half of muffin. Place in a 350-degree oven and bake until muffins brown and cheese melts—10 to 15 minutes. —Verlene

LION LEMON-PECAN CAKE

- 2 cups (1 lb.) margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/4 cups (1 lb.) brown sugar, firmly packed
- 6 eggs, separated
- 4 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 lb. finely chopped pecans

Cream the margarine, butter flavoring and brown sugar. Beat in the egg yolks, one at a time. Sift the dry ingredients together. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with the milk, lemon juice and lemon flavoring. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Fold into mixture along with the nuts. Turn into a greased 10-inch tube pan. Bake in 325-degree oven for 1 hour and 30 minutes. Cool cake in pan and remove. Dust with powdered sugar. This is a large cake. —Betty Jane

LUANNE'S CUCUMBER DIP

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup good-quality mayonnaise
- 1 grated unpeeled cucumber
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- Salt, pepper, dill weed, to taste

Combine all ingredients. Chill. Serve with crackers, chips and vegetable sticks for a refreshing, tasty addition to a snack tray. —Evelyn

STUFFED ZUCCHINI

- 12 small tender zucchini
- 1/2 lb. ground round steak
- 1/2 lb. ground pork loin
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 Tbls. olive oil
- 1/2 cup chopped fresh parsley
- 2 Tbls. Parmesan cheese
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup old bread, crumbled, dipped in water and squeezed out

Cut off both ends of zucchinis. With an apple corer, scoop out centers of squashes, making a tunnel. Combine remaining ingredients and use to stuff tunnels made in zucchinis. Brush squashes with additional olive oil. Place side by side in well-greased shallow pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Good warm or cold. —Robin

ALMOND TEA BISCUITS

- 1/2 cup unsalted butter, softened
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 large eggs
- 2 Tbls. water or lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup blanched toasted almonds, coarsely chopped
- 1 Tbls. anise seed

Cream the butter and sugar together. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the water or lemon juice, flavorings and lemon rind. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add to creamed mixture. This will make a stiff dough. Lastly, work in the almonds and anise seed. Cover dough and chill for one hour.

When dough is well chilled, remove from refrigerator and divide in half. Roll each half into a log about 2 1/2 by 16 inches. Place rolls on lightly greased baking sheet. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes, or until light golden brown. Cool on sheet.

When cool, cut diagonally in 1/2-inch slices. Arrange slices close together in single layer on baking sheet. Return to 350-degree oven for another 15 to 20 minutes to dry out. Store in airtight containers. Flavor improves upon standing. —Betty Jane

DOROTHY'S ZUCCHINI BAKE

In bottom of greased baking dish, slice enough zucchini for your family. Combine 1 can cream of chicken soup and 1/4 cup can of milk and pour over zucchini. Brown ground beef with onion and drain excess fat. Layer over zucchini. Add salt and pepper as desired. Place in moderate oven for about 45 minutes. Remove from oven and sprinkle grated cheese over top. Return to oven long enough to melt cheese.

FROZEN SQUASH PUREE

- 6 lbs. summer squash
- 6 Tbls. margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 large onions, thinly sliced
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 green peppers, thinly sliced
- 3 cloves garlic
- 2 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup lightly packed fresh parsley
- 1 cup lightly packed fresh basil leaves
- 1/4 cup lightly packed fresh tarragon leaves

Remove stems and blossom ends from squashes. Cut squashes into thin slices. Set aside. Melt margarine over low heat. Add flavoring and onion and saute until onion is transparent. Add water, squash, green pepper, garlic, salt, pepper. Cover and cook for 3 minutes. Uncover, turn heat to medium high and continue cooking, stirring often, for 12 to 15 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in remaining ingredients. Whirl in blender or process in food processor—juices and all. Cool to room temperature and pack into containers and freeze. Use in stews, casseroles, etc.

—Betty Jane

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**Summer Salads****FRENCH MEAT SALAD**

- 1 cup diced cooked chicken
- 1 cup diced cooked ham
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 head lettuce
- 3 Tbls. chili sauce
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise

Combine chicken, ham and eggs. Shred lettuce and add to first mixture. Combine remaining ingredients and toss. Add a little more French dressing if needed for moisture. Serves eight.

—Evelyn

GERMAN POTATO SALAD

- 6 slices bacon, cut in small pieces
- 2 tsp. flour
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3 cups sliced, cooked potatoes
- 1/2 cup diced onion (preferably green ones)

Fry bacon until crisp and drain on paper towel. Add flour to bacon drippings. Add seasonings. When slightly thickened, pour over potatoes. Keep warm until time to serve. Just before serving, toss with bacon bits and onion.

—Evelyn

DILLED SHRIMP MOLD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 3 Tbls. cold water
- 1 10-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1/3 cup sour cream
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1/3 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1/2 cup chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/4 cup thinly sliced green onion
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. liquid hot pepper seasoning (optional)
- 1/4 tsp. dill weed
- 8 ozs. fresh or frozen small shrimp, cooked and chopped

Combine gelatin and cold water. Let stand five minutes to soften. Place soup in a two-quart pan and place over medium heat. Add gelatin mixture and heat, stirring, until gelatin dissolves. Stir in the cream cheese until melted; remove from heat and set aside to cool. Stir in the rest of the ingredients. Spoon into six-cup mold. Cover and chill until firm—at least four hours. Unmold and serve.

FOURTH OF JULY WATERMELON MOLD

- 3 1/2 cups watermelon puree (make puree in blender or food processor)
- 2 1/2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup fresh lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt

After preparing watermelon puree, place one cup in a saucepan. Sprinkle the gelatin over it and stir. Place over low heat and heat, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in the rest of the above ingredients. Pour into one-quart mold and chill until very firm—at least 8 hours or overnight. Stir occasionally during the first hour of chilling. When firm, unmold on plate and prepare the following:

- 4 ozs. cream cheese, softened
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 Tbls. milk or half-and-half
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Few drops green food coloring
Fresh mint leaves and a few watermelon balls for garnish

Combine the cream cheese, mayonnaise, milk, flavoring and food coloring. Beat until smooth. Frost the mold and garnish with the mint leaves and melon balls. A lovely and refreshing salad for summer parties.

—Betty Jane

SPINACH & TONGUE SALAD

- 1 lb. fresh spinach
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Paprika
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 Tbls. fresh lemon juice
- 5 hard-cooked eggs
- 4 round slices cold boiled beef tongue, cut 1/4 inch thick (cooked ham could be substituted)
- About 3 Tbls. tartar sauce (recipe follows)

Finely chopped fresh parsley and lemon slices for garnish

Parboil spinach in salted water for about 1 1/2 minutes. Drain well, squeeze dry and chop fine. Combine the spinach with the salt, paprika, oil and lemon juice. Press mixture into 4 oiled individual molds. Refrigerate until thoroughly chilled. Turn the molded spinach out onto the tongue slices. Top with tartar sauce and garnish with the fresh parsley and lemon slices.

Tartar Sauce

- 1 1/2 cups Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped sweet pickle
- 1 Tbls. mixed herbs
- Chopped capers

Blend sauce ingredients well. Place in tightly covered container and refrigerate.

—Betty Jane

PINEAPPLE-CHEESE SALAD

- 2 8-oz. cans crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping, thawed
- 1 cup grated cheese

Combine the pineapple, flavoring, sugar and vinegar in a saucepan. Place over heat and bring to a boil. Remove from heat and stir in gelatin until dissolved. Let cool until partially congealed. Fold in the topping and grated cheese. Turn into mold or pan. Chill until set.

—Dorothy

CUCUMBER SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. prepared horseradish
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups shredded cucumber, well drained
- 1/2 tsp. minced green onion

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Whip together the cream cheese, mayonnaise, prepared horseradish, salt and lemon juice. Add the shredded cucumber and minced onion to cream cheese mixture. Combine with the gelatin mixture. Turn into a 9- by 13-inch pan, or a mold. Chill until set. This is a tart salad. —Verlene

CURRIED SEAFOOD SALAD

- 1 head lettuce (or leafy lettuce)
- 4 stalks celery, chopped
- 4 green onions, chopped
- 1/2 lb. cooked shrimp
- 1/4 lb cooked crabmeat
- 1/2 lb. cooked chicken (white meat is preferred)

Tear lettuce into bite-size pieces. Place in large salad bowl. Add the celery and onion and toss. Add the meats, reserving a few shrimp for garnish. Serve with the following dressing:

- 2 Tbls. peach chutney (other chutney can be used)
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 2 tsp. curry powder
- 2 to 4 Tbls. half-and-half

Mix dressing ingredients in blender or food processor until smooth. (Can be made up to two days ahead of time.) Pour dressing over salad mixture and toss. Garnish salad with the reserved shrimp. Salad can be topped with flaked coconut, slivered toasted almonds, raisins, diced cucumber or diced apple, if desired.

—Juliana

BERRY SALAD SUPREME

- 1 3-oz. pkg. black raspberry gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 21-oz. can blueberry pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all

1 cup miniature marshmallows
1 cup whipping cream, whipped
2 Tbls. chopped nuts
Dissolve black raspberry gelatin in the 1 1/2 cups boiling water. Stir in the blueberry pie filling and blueberry flavoring. Turn into 8- by 10-inch pan. Refrigerate.

Dissolve lemon gelatin in the 1 1/4 cups boiling water. Cool to room temperature. Add lemon flavoring. Beat the cream cheese and mayonnaise together and gradually beat into lemon gelatin mixture. Stir in the undrained pineapple and marshmallows. Refrigerate until mixture starts to congeal. Fold in the whipped cream. Spread on top of the firm raspberry layer. Top with nuts. Chill until firm.

—Hallie

GUACAMOLE SALAD

- 2 avocados
- 1/2 of pickled jalapeno pepper, minced
- 1 green onion and top, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 medium-size fresh ripe tomato, diced
- 2 tsp. lime juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Coarsely mash the avocados. Add the jalapeno pepper. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Chill. Serve on lettuce leaf with corn chips.

—Juliana

HALLIE'S MOLDED SALAD

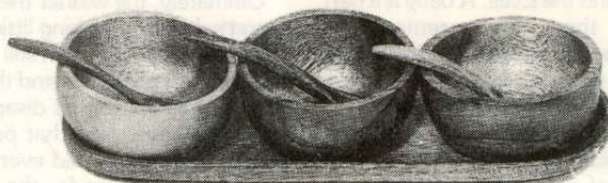
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 1 can corned beef
- 1 cup diced celery
- 3/4 cup diced green peppers
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water; add the cold water. Set aside to partially congeal. Fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Six to eight servings.

Chopped stuffed olives may be used instead of green peppers. Turkey, chicken or ham can be used instead of corned beef. A good luncheon salad.

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Lily, daughter of Alison (Driftmier) and Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex., is all dressed up and ready for almost any event which might come her way—even a Fourth of July celebration.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

by

Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

The Bible tells us that God created Adam of the dust of the earth and fashioned Eve from a part of Adam, both as mature human beings. He could have continued this system for populating the earth, but mankind would have been deprived of the miracle and loveliness of babies. Instead, thereafter, He caused individuals to stem from a union of both the Adams and the Eves. A baby is a part of both of them; the parents share equally in the joy of seeing and helping the child to increase in stature and responsibility to God and to society.

When the last baby arrived in our family, we older sisters adored her and never tired of caring for her. Our parents, too, were happy, though their brood was already large enough by present-day standards. Parental love is wonderfully elastic and capable of encompassing one more child. Edith was a beautiful baby. All families think that of their own, but really and truly she was extremely pretty.

Before she was yet old enough to walk, the annual Fourth of July celebration in a grove on the outskirts of Stockton, Mo., the nearby county-seat town, occurred, Ozark-style. Papa hitched the horses to the wagon and all of us in our best bib and tucker piled in. Mamma and Papa sat up front in the spring seat, Edith in Mamma's arms. In the back, the rest of us children carefully guarded the big baskets of food which were to be brought out and opened in a shady spot at noon. The parade, the concessions, the

crudely constructed grandstand from which patriotic speeches and performances emanated, and the meeting up with old friends and the making of new ones all contributed to the joy of this memorable day.

Soon after arriving at the grounds, Mamma met an old friend with a little boy baby, Joe, who was the same age as Edith. The two women sat down on a nearby bench for a good visit. Evidently, the news of Edith's charm had gone before her and though Joe was a lovely baby, someone had said that Edith was prettier. Immediately, Joe's mother said, "Yes, yes, Edith is prettier but Joe is sweeter."

Later from a grandstand megaphone, the announcement blared forth of the start of the pretty baby contest.

"You must enter Edith," the friend said.

Mamma demurred for she was never one to seek publicity. Her friend insisted and finally said, "Joe wouldn't win, but if you'll take Edith up, I'll take Joe."

So up they went. The circle of ladies with babies was large and the day was hot and the babies were tired. Some were crying but not Edith and Joe. By the time the judges got to Mamma, Edith had fallen fast asleep.

One of the judges said, "She looks good to me. Wake her up and we'll be back."

It was no use. Edith was exhausted. Mamma shook her and talked to her and even rubbed her face with a wet handkerchief that one of us had scampered off to get. The judges came back for a second look but had to pass Edith by for she was still sound asleep.

Ultimately, the winner they chose was a pretty but frail-looking little thing. The mothers dispersed, each still thinking her baby was the prettiest and the sweetest. We were all somewhat disappointed for we could have used that prize, a baby buggy. None of us had ever had one. It was a hard decision for the judges.

Not long after that Fourth of July celebration, we read in the local paper of the death of the little girl who had won. Mamma said over and over how glad she was that it was that child that had won the pretty baby contest and we all agreed. Beauty was in the eyes and the hearts of the judges that day.

A TASTY HERB

I took my kitchen scissors out
And snipped my chives in bits,
And slipped them into plastic bags
Before I called it quits.

They keep well in the freezer
And are nice to have on hand—
To sparkle up a salad
Or make a stew taste simply grand!

—Verna Sparks

THE DAY I KNITTED A DISHCLOTH

by

Lillian M. Keahey

It was going to be another in a seemingly endless series of hot, humid summer days, so I was delighted when the postman made his rounds early. I was expecting a new book and pictured myself reading the day away in the coolest spot I could find.

To my disappointment, there was no book—just notices that two more utility companies were raising their rates, a church was building and asked for a contribution, a group which was dedicated to saving unwanted dogs and cats needed funds. The mail and the weather, plus the inflation-filled times, suddenly seemed too much. I wanted to do something different, something to keep my mind off events I couldn't control.

It was too hot to consider getting dressed and going somewhere, or to do a bit of gardening, or even to try a new recipe. My mother used to say it was relaxing to her to make something useful out of something she had on hand.

It occurred to me that I needed a new dishcloth. Although my kitchen was filled with electrical appliances, I had never really settled for a dishwasher. I thought of a ball of string I had saved "for something". (They used to tie string around a box containing a pair of new shoes, for instance, and I had tied such pieces of string together to make the ball.)

Suddenly, I knew what I was going to do with that string using my knitting needles. As I cast on stitches, I thought the places where I had tied knots would work out great as gentle dish scratchers on my new dishrag. I remembered the friend who taught me to knit and vowed I would write her a note that evening.

The afternoon passed and my dishrag was finished. In the early evening I went out in the front yard to water the grass and plants. My next-door neighbor and friend came out about the same time. "Hi," she said, "we made it through another wilting day."

I told her about my project for the day. "A dishcloth could have been bought for very little money," I laughed.

"But gas for the car is expensive and besides the dishrag, you probably would have bought something you really didn't need. And the radio, TV and the newspapers are asking people not to go out during the day unless they have to."

"It's a good feeling to make something out of nothing once in awhile," I said.

"Being creative is a morale builder and it's relaxing. I made a pillow today out of an old skirt I haven't worn for ages," my friend said.

We joked about our ingenuity but, seriously, I would recommend being creative to anyone.



Thoughts About Our Flag

by
Norma Tisher

Do you remember reciting "Pledge allegiance to the flag . . ." every morning in school? Vivid *memory thoughts* remind me how proud I was to have the duty to raise and lower the flag every school day for two weeks. One standard rule prevailed: Never let the flag touch the ground.

Some believe that the history of flags can be traced back to the early days of Egypt. The Roman cavalry flags most closely resemble present-day flags.

An often-heard fallacy about our flag is that Betsy Ross (Elizabeth Griscom) made the first Stars and Stripes. However, historians remain skeptical about this fact. Betsy Ross did make ships' colors for use on naval vessels in Philadelphia (Pennsylvania Navy) during the American Revolution. She was an expert seamstress in her own right through her upholstery experiences.

Legendary thoughts of Betsy Ross' making the Stars and Stripes were first published in 1870 by William J. Canby, her 11-year-old grandson. According to Canby, his 84-year-old grandmother told him that a committee headed by General George Washington called on her in 1776 with a rough design for a new American flag. But, it is very unlikely that a flag symbolic of independence would have been made before the nation had declared its freedom. The stars and stripes design Betsy Ross may have stitched was adopted by Congress June 14, 1777.

History thoughts: The first American flag with thirteen stars was flown over the armed schooner *Lee* in 1775. The flag included a blue canton containing the thirteen stars, blue anchor in the center and at the top was inscribed the word "Hope". The Act of April 4, 1818, provided the ruling that one star would be added to the flag on the admission of every new state to the Union, the addition to take effect on the fourth day of July following each admission. The number of stars (and states) remained at 48 from 1912, when New Mexico and Arizona were admitted to the Union, until 1959 when Alaska became the 49th state. In 1960, with the admission of Hawaii to statehood, the number of stars was increased to 50.

Current thoughts: Our U.S. flag has fifty white stars arranged in nine rows on a blue field—a row of six stars alternating with a row of five stars. The stripes continue to number thirteen and alternate red and white.

Useful thoughts: Small flags are often

used during the opening exercises at civic, Scout and 4-H meetings, and before the normal business session. Patriotic decorations can always utilize miniature flags. Large flags are used for display as in a flag bracket holder which is easily attached to the house or place of business. To fly the flag high, one needs a flagpole which can be installed in concrete outdoors. The golden eagle is used as top emblem ornament on large flags. Nearly every home has a U.S. flag either large or small.

The most *depressing thoughts* arise when the U.S. flag is presented to the next of kin at interment of a loved one at military funeral services. A flag flying at half-mast indicates mourning.

Thoughts on flag useage: The flag should not be displayed on a float in a parade except from a staff. When carried in a procession with another flag or flags, it should be either on the marching right; that is, the flag's own right, or if there is a line of other flags, the American flag is carried in front of the center of that line. Everyone present should stand at attention with honoring thoughts and salute facing the flag. Women and children salute the flag by placing right hand over the heart. Individuals in uniform render the hand salute. Men without hats stand at attention. Men with hats should remove their headpieces with their right hands and hold hats at their left shoulders, the hands placed over hearts. Everyone salutes when the flag is about five paces away and holds the position

until flag has passed by in a parade.

Old Glory is not supposed to fly between sunset and sunrise, although some government locations have the flag flying 24 hours a day due to presidential proclamations. During election years, the flag is displayed in or near every polling place on voting days. Flags are displayed on or near the main administration building of every public institution.

When a flag is worn out, it should be disposed of by burning in a dignified manner.

These colorful and patriotic thoughts are easy-to-follow, effective reminders that can be practiced throughout the whole year.

GUARD THE FLAG

Guard the dear flag,
Of this, our native land.
Guard the flag of liberty,
Guard it well with heart and hand,
This banner of the free.

Guard the beloved flag
Our fathers proudly bore,
Let there be pride in our Old Glory.
Long may it wave from shore to shore,
Emblem of freedom's story.

God be with our flag,
Let our national striving cease.
Beautiful flag of stars and stripes,
God grant that we may ever live
Beneath thy folds in peace.

—Mabel Nair Brown

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO PROGRAMS

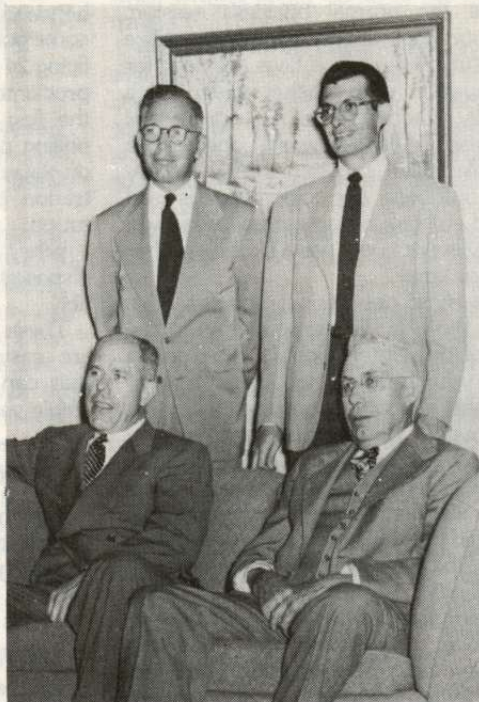
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KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 A.M.
KGGF	Coffeyville, Kans., 690 on your dial—10:30 A.M.
KFAL	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 P.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 P.M. (Monday through Friday only.)

From Our Family Album

Those of you who have seen pictures of the Driftmier men through the years will certainly agree that time brings about many changes.



This picture, taken in 1951, shows Frederick and Wayne standing behind Howard and Dad (Martin M. Driftmier). When this photograph was taken, Frederick had come from his home in Bristol, Rhode Island, for a visit. Howard and Wayne both lived in Shenandoah. Only brother Donald was missing from the reunion for he was still in the Air Force.

—Lucile

A STRANGE CURE

by
Helen Mitchel

Who would expect the cure for the sorrow of parting from one's children to arrive in the form of pasties? A pasty, as here used, is dictionary-defined as: Chiefly British, a pie filled with game, fish, or the like.

We had just left our small family in the woods of a state park in upper Michigan and depression haunted us all the way to Lake Gogebic State Park where my husband and I planned to spend the night.

It haunted us even as we wondered what the widely advertised pasties might be, even while I went into the kitchen of a farmhouse and bought a couple for our evening meal, even while I believed the pasty maker's guarantee . . . that she used only the best meats, the freshest vegetables, and, even as our mouths watered at the mere thought of a good meal, they watered in the minor key of parting from our children.

Glumly we chose a campsite. Glumly we pitched the tent. Glumly we began preparations for heating the pasties to the proper piping hot stage.

Husband Charles came from pioneer stock. Although he never before had

heated a pasty, he knew the meat- and vegetable-filled pastry pocket should be heated slowly. Our shoestring equipment provided a tin frying pan and a tin lid. This, said Charles, would never do.

After choosing a thin, flat rock from the shores of Lake Gogebic, Charles, with consummate cunning placed it in the bottom of the frying pan. Upon the rock he positioned the tin containing the pasties. Over this he put the lid.

The sun fell over the rim of the earth. The silence of Lake Gogebic yielded only to the happy sounds of distant campers, the burbling of our coffee pot, the busyness of our gasoline stove. With hunger and time beginning to make inroads on our melancholy, we awaited the coming feast. Visions of carrots, of onions, of potatoes and gravy, all encased in their flaky pastry covers, danced through our heads.

Oh lovely, lovely twilight-muted magic of Lake Gogebic. Never shall we recall you without hearing the tremendous explosion which, with not even a sigh of warning, laid bare the soul of silence . . . shredding it into fragments . . . echoing over the lake . . . running into distance . . . fainter and fainter until . . . again, silence.

Charles and I stared at the pasties in

the frying pan, regarding with awe and frustration the wretched condition of our evening meal. Heat, applied to the damp granite, had burst our rock asunder, had lifted the lid, had as bits and pieces of granite dust flew into the air and returned, decorated the pasties as with a generous sprinkling of poppy seed.

Later, having scraped away the sorry mess as best we could, we made another discovery. No granite dust on earth could have ruined those pasties—that had been done back in the Michigan kitchen from whence they came.

Carrots did I say? Onions? Gravy? Potatoes? Meat? The diced potatoes and scraps of hamburger resided alone and lugubrious in an inedible plastic crust. All I can say for pasties such as these, garnished with granite crumbs on the shores of Lake Gogebic, is that they will take the edge off anyone's appetite. They also took the edge off the sorrow of parting from our darlings. Perhaps in the long scheme of things, they served a purpose after all.



LAKE AMONG THE HILLS

by Joe Taylor

The origin of the hills of western Iowa is unique. These hills—loess hills—were formed during a 15,000-year period when windblown soil, called loess (pronounced "less") was deposited over the area. The easily eroded soil gives western Iowa its sloped and hilly character.

Nestled within these hills is Prairie Rose State Park, named for the town of Prairie Rose which once was located near the present park boundaries, but is now only a part of history. The outstanding feature of the park is the 218-acre man-made lake. Largemouth bass, bluegill, and crappie make the lake a popular place for fishermen.

A concession area offers refreshments, boat rentals, and bait. Paddle boats are available for those wanting a leisurely boat ride around the lake. The picnic grounds offer panoramic views of the lake and nearby hilly countryside. Primitive tent and trailer camping are available for those wanting to get away from it all.

Prairie Rose State Park—one of 17 state parks included in Iowa's 1933 conservation plan—changes with each passing year. Over 20,000 trees have been planted and will eventually transform the park from a prairie to a forest.

Prairie Rose, in the southwest part of the state, is easily reached from the Avoca exit on Interstate 80. A few minutes' drive north and east on Highway 59 and County Road J, will take the visitor to the main entrance.

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

Here are suggestions for straightening the grain of linens and cottons or other washable fabrics. The following method also takes care of the pre-shrinking step before sewing.

After you make the crosswise ends of the fabric thread perfect, fold it in half lengthwise, the right sides together. Baste the selvages together, then the crosswise ends. Fold the fabric in accordion pleat folds eight inches wide. Place the fabric in warm water until it is wet throughout. Lift the fabric from the water and press the fabric between your hands, keeping it folded to make it easier to handle. Wrap it in a towel and press to remove excess moisture. *Do not wring!*

Smooth the material out flat on a sheet or piece of plastic to dry (you can do this outside in nice weather). Do not hang the fabric since it may stretch.

Now, to straighten the grain. While still damp, pull the fabric in the opposite direction of the off-grain slant. Start at the corners and pull diagonally along the entire length and width of the fabric. Once the fabric is completely dry, press it with a steam iron, working in the lengthwise direction.

If your fabric has a nap (for example—corduroy or brushed flannel) it should be put in a clothes dryer once the excess moisture has been removed. This will help to raise the pile. You will usually not need to press this type of fabric.

If you need to pre-shrink and straighten woolens and other dry-cleanable fabrics, first make the ends thread-perfect. Leave the fabric folded in half lengthwise, right sides together. Baste the cut ends together. Use old clean sheets to wrap the fabric in to keep it moist. Wet the sheets throughout and wring out the excess moisture. If the fabric is heavy, leave more moisture in the sheets. Lay the fabric on a flat surface and place the wet sheets over it.

Starting from one end, turn in wide folds toward the center. From the opposite end, turn the fabric towards the center in the same way. Press down on the fabric as it is being folded to moisten it. Once it is folded, cover the fabric with another wet sheet, then wrap it in plastic or place it in a plastic bag. Leave it for three to four hours so that the fabric will thoroughly absorb the moisture.

After removing the plastic, lay the fabric out flat to dry. *Do not hang!* Straighten the grain by pulling and smoothing it gently with your hands. When the fabric surface is almost dry to the touch, turn it over so it may dry and shrink evenly. You will usually not need to press the fabric, but if you should, use a steam iron and press on the lengthwise

grain.

One note to save time, if the garment is to be dry-cleaned only, cut the fabric as you bought it without further attention. But, if it is off-grain, you can still improve the look of the finished garment by straightening the grain as suggested. Happy sewing!

Here are more words from my fabric dictionary:

Calico: Traditionally a smooth-surfaced plain-weave cloth. The term is now applied to fabric with bright, sharply contrasting, small-print designs. It is still most commonly a woven fabric.

Camel hair: This is a luxury fiber and is considered a wool. It really does come from a camel. Now it is usually blended with another fiber such as sheep's wool. The term is also used to describe the yellow-tan color common to a camel's hair.

Canvas: A coarse, heavy cloth usually made of hemp, cotton, or linen. Often unbleached, the fabric is used for work-clothes, shoes, tents, sails, etc. Also used in needlework on which embroidery or tapestry is done.

Cashmere: Another luxurious fabric made from the wool of the cashmere (Kashmir) goat and is extremely soft. It is blended with sheeps' wool to make the cloth less expensive and longer wearing.

Chambray: A smooth fabric of cotton or synthetic fibers which is made by weaving white or unbleached threads across a colored warp. Used for shirts, dresses, children's clothes, etc.



Julian Brase proudly displays the medal he won when competing in the final wrestling tournament of the school season.

WHAT DOES LOVE LOOK LIKE?

It has the hands to help others.
It has the feet to hasten to the poor and needy.
It has the eyes to see misery and want.
It has the ears to hear sighs and sorrows of men.
That is what love looks like.

—St. Augustine

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COOL IT!

by
Gertrude Perlis Kagan

Cool it! When the thermometer climbs and the heat is oppressive, you can't always head for the Norwegian snow-capped mountains. The closest you may come to realizing this dream is to whip up a mental image of snow flurries drifting from high peaks. Perhaps sometime you'll make the trip from Oslo to Bergen (if you haven't already) and manage to keep cool, watching rivulets descend impulsively into a sparkling fjord. Until then, when Old Sol blows his fiery breath, simply adjust the air conditioner and try to keep your body temperature down.

Don't let heat wear you down. Relax, steer clear of any pitfalls you can avoid.

Protect yourself in the summer sun. During early morning and late afternoon, the sun is not as strong as it is at midday. To obtain a tan, begin the first day with about 15 or 20 minutes in the sun, then lengthen the period each day. Keep in mind that on cloudy days you can subject yourself to overexposure of the sun's rays. It may take one or two weeks of moderate daily sunning to acquire an even suntan. Sunstroke can usually be avoided by covering the head—a vulnerable area.

Preserve your energy. Activity in extreme heat should be avoided, or at least restricted. Strenuous exercises should be curbed. No rushing. Keep in low gear. Frequent rest periods, even for a short time, should be observed.

Wear comfortable clothing. Wear loose, lightweight clothing that will permit the evaporation of perspiration. Cool, soft colors have a good psychological effect. Broad-brimmed hats to shield your head from the glaring sun and sunglasses to shield your eyes, add to your comfort. Lightweight, well-ventilated shoes or sandals will solve foot



Adrienne and Mary Beth Driftmier enjoy a cooling afternoon on the lake on a warm summer day.

problems.

Watch your diet. Research in connection with military operations shows that few people normally drink as much water as they need when perspiring profusely. Ancel and Margaret Keys observe in *Eat Well and Stay Well* that "when men were persuaded to drink more than they would otherwise, they showed less tendency to heat exhaustion and their circulation was maintained better."

Include plenty of vegetables, fruits and juices in your summer diet. Limit the amount of fat foods. Drinks containing vitamin C (lemonade, orangeade and limeade) are real refreshers. Fresh fruit juices are good thirst quenchers.

Cool it with cool "aids." Store astringents, colognes, after-shower lotions and spray bath powder in refrigerator. These will cool and refresh you.

Easy does it. Keep work at a minimum. Use paper plates, cups, towels, napkins and plastic tablecloths whenever possible. Cook in larger quantities and freeze the extra portions for future use. Make easy-to-prepare dishes. Whip up appetizing and nourishing salads. Make cool drinks in the morning hours and store in refrigerator. Wear clothing made of easy-care material and keep your laundering hours at a minimum.

Outdoor precautions. Swimming is a number-one refresher but rules should be reviewed yearly. Swim in a life-guarded area. Use a life preserver when boating. Private pools are growing in popularity; when neighborhood children swim in your pool, they should be supervised by parents or an adult.

First aid in sunstroke. It is wise to take every precaution to avoid sunstroke but if you should observe or be with someone who is manifesting the symptoms—nausea, headache, dizziness, flushed face and rapid pulse—the person should be laid on his back in a cool area, head slightly elevated and unnecessary clothes removed. The person may be wrapped in a sheet or similar covering and then small amounts of cold water

poured on. The head should be cooled with ice bags or wet cloths. Arms and legs should be massaged through the material toward the heart. Or, if possible, the person can be immersed in a tub of cool water. A physician should be called as soon as possible.

Accept the fact that summertime living can be easy living. Adjust yourself to it properly and you'll have a wonderful time. Show Old Sol it's no big deal. You can beat the heat even if you can't head for the Norwegian mountains.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

It is God in the tulips,
That makes them so gay.
It is God in the rainbow,
That brightens the day.
It is God in the beat
Of wind-freshened rain,
And it is God in the wheat
That goldens the plain.
It is God in the grass
That keeps it so green.
It is God in our hearts
That keeps us serene.

—Sunshine Magazine

DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

many ways, the land looks and feels like New England countryside. On our two-day trip, the weather was cool with a blue, blue sky reflected in the water of the sloughs.

The purpose of our trip was to visit our good friends, Buffy and Bob Ainsworth, who live in the country ten miles from the town of Camrose. Their home is on a dirt road near their tree farm. When we stepped out of the car and their big dog, Rip, came running out to see us, it simply felt GREAT to be out of the city where there was peace and quiet and no traffic.

All around

That meets the eye

Is cool and fresh. —Basho

First we walked down the road to a nearby blue, blue colored slough where 200 geese suddenly took off.

Listen! did you hear the cries

Of the wild geese of spring?

—Shohaku

It is so good to have friends who make us feel at home. Also, it is nice to have someone to visit who lives in the country who, in turn likes to visit us in the city.

I hope that this summer you will have some time to enjoy the outdoors with your family and friends. I have always liked the way that this poem describes how we move to the outdoors in the summer months. And so, I leave you with this idea:

Trees and stones

Just as they are—

The summer drawing room.

—Torin

Sincerely,
David Driftmier



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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

As I look out on this summertime world of beauty and color, I read again one of Emily Dickinson's poems:

Someone prepared this mighty show
To which without a ticket go
The nations and the days.

Displayed before the simplest door
That all may witness it and more,
The pomp of summer days.

For now, enjoy. More later on this book, *Poems of Emily Dickinson*, selected by Helen Plotz (T.Y. Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd, New York, NY 10022).

In my husband's family of relatives, there is a special little niece named Elizabeth Marie Swanson, sometimes called Betsy. Now, she likes to call herself Susie. For Elizabeth Marie Betsy Susie, I found a small book, palm-size, with delightful pictures and in simple language about a cat named Miss. A little girl tells about Miss, her green-eyed, mouse-chasing, fish-loving cat. *My Cat* is written by Gun-Britt Wallqvister, pictures by Lars Aberg (Harper Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd, New York, NY 10022, \$3.50).

A companion book is *My Cat Has Kittens* with the same author and illustrator, \$3.50. In this, a small child tells the readers all about her cat Miss and the four mischievous newborn kittens, and how they grow up and learn to be cats. These two books for very young children are sure to please.

A reader in Yankton, So. Dak., likes to buy books for her grandchildren. She says they all love books and she tries to cultivate that feeling. She writes, "I don't give toys to them. Books will last longer and widen their world more than piles of plastic gadgets." She frequents a bookstore named "The Homestead" (interesting name!) and they are helpful in ordering what she wishes to buy.

Daniel's Duck by Clyde Robert Bulla, with pictures by Joan Sandin, is an I CAN READ book for young children. The story is about Daniel and his family who live in a cabin on a mountain in Tennessee. During the winter months, the people make handicrafts and exhibit them in the spring at the town fair. When young Daniel carves a duck and others laugh at his wood carving, he is heartbroken. He soon learns that giving others pleasure is a very special gift. Illustrations add much to this heartfelt story. *Daniel's Duck* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, NY 10022, \$2.95 JR 031) tells of a traditional Appalachian family.

Alfred Slote writes books for young people, what happens to them, and how they handle it. *Rabbit Ears* (Lippincott

Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, NY 10022 \$9.50) is about pitcher Tip O'Hara who has the biggest rabbit ears in Arborville's fifteen-year-old baseball league. Everyone knows that you can get Tip to blow his cool by shouting at him. Because it bothers him, he decides to quit baseball. His coach and teammates rack their brains to find ways to help Tip ignore the taunts of other players. The solution finally comes from Tip's younger brother, who is "into" music and has contests of his own to win. *Rabbit Ears* is a funny sports novel, but also a human family story of growing up. For ages 9-12.

For anyone who wants to see the USA on a budget—and who doesn't, these days—*Let's Go: USA* is very helpful. Written by Harvard Student Agencies, these researchers comb the country every year in search of bargains, and offer travel advice. There is up-to-date information on hotels and restaurants, student, youth and senior-citizen dis-

counts, off-season rates, and camping opportunities. They've gone off the beaten path and into America's most beautiful countryside. Very comprehensive. The *Let's Go* series has been around for over twenty years—you can depend on them. *Let's Go: USA* 1982 (St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010 \$6.95) gives special information for those traveling in Iowa about the Amana Colonies near Iowa City.

A man who has formulated a life style that has helped him get the most out of life is Lawrence Welk. He says we're never too young to start thinking about it. His latest book, *You're Never Too Young* (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, NJ \$9.95), by Lawrence Welk with Bernice McGeehan contains joyful and touching anecdotes about his musical family and his personal family. In his book, Welk shares some of his thoughts and philosophies.

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WHY NOT A GREENHOUSE?

by
Marjorie Misch Fuller

If you long for a greenhouse as I do, but can't see one in the future, you might come up with good substitutes to fit your circumstances. In my case, the spare bedroom had the most promise plus the added value that it is vacant most of the time.

I chose the double set of windows on the east for the main focus. I took down all but two of the curtain panels. According to season, I adjust the panels covering the windows to screen summer sun, then push them to the side during the winter to grasp all available light.

For covering for the carpet, I bought a

six-foot roll of three-foot wide vinyl to use as a base for the plants. A pebbly design in a neutral shade seemed appropriate. Thus the carpet is protected from watering and leaf dropping.

At an estate sale, I found an old wire rack with four shelves, about four-feet high. The wire shelves are ideal for sun penetration. The rack covers one window. The other window accommodates an old chest which holds a small wire plant stand plus other plants. Between the large rack and chest, another wire stand rests on a stool. This stand holds more plants and some interesting shells.

Larger plants front the stands on the vinyl. My son-in-law rooted an avocado seed for me. The plant has grown to about four feet and now needs a support pole. Topped with a be-ribboned hat, a whimsical note is added. One large floored pot is held in the clasp of a pair of old gold-painted hot water tank legs to add a rather elegant touch. A shrimp plant, crown of thorns and African violets add color. The violets are purple, pink and white which fit into the room's decor. A Hindu rope plant and a rattail cactus hang from the curtain rod.

The north exposure of the room lets in cross light over a small table holding more plants.

Another growing idea in a different room sprouts on window shelves. My curtainless dining room windows accommodate four glass shelves. Blooming African violets, scattered through the cluster of plants, add color. This set of bare north windows will grow most greenery, though a tulip tree (a gift from a grandson) is growing just outside and may soon lessen the exposure for the plants.

A metal planter and stand my husband had made for me some years ago is about three feet long and twelve inches wide. It claims the two south windows of the living room. Full of lush greenery, it adds a pleasant note but the windows protected by the porch leave little sun for blooming plants. This greenery provides cuttings and part of the fun of growing things is dividing and sharing.

MELODY MAIL

From over the hills and far away
A loving letter comes wondering my way.
It brought me sunshine, hope and cheer;
It made me feel that you were here.

I held it in my hands with care
To keep the secrets that we share—
Your letters, be they short or long
Bring to my heart, a happy song.

To have someone as nice as you
To call a friend when I am blue
Is happiness that does not fail
Whene'er I find you in my mail.

—Suzy Johnson

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

I have a hint for you. When we built our house several years ago, I picked up a piece of 1/4-inch birch plywood left from the cabinets. It is about 11"x15". I use it for a lapboard to write on or sew on. When a dear friend went to a rest home, I went to a cabinet shop and asked if they had a small piece of scrap birch plywood and explained why I wanted it. He gave it to me. My friend uses it as a firm lapboard when she cuts and sews her quilt pieces. It made a nice gift and does not take up much space when not in use.

—Mrs. H.W., Houstonia, Mo.

I tried this hint and it does work. If your refrigerator has a strong odor, put some fresh coffee grounds in a saucer or jar lid on each shelf. It should take care of any odor in just a day or two.

—Mrs. E.A., Norfolk, Nebr.

I've been doing some mending and decided to pass along a hint or two: When doing hand sewing with a double thread, tie a knot in each thread instead of tying them together—thread will not tangle. When I mend overalls or jeans I run paraffin along the thread to wax it—makes it go through the heavy material easier.

It is easy to thread a needle with yarn or embroidery floss if you take a piece of sewing thread, fold it and put the loop through the eye of the needle, then put the yarn through the loop and pull sewing thread and yarn back through the needle.

—Mrs. J.J., Prairie City, Ia.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

Katharine Lowey about it. Send it to me in Shenandoah and I'll forward it on to her.

We hear a great deal about "The Sun Belt" but you really have to see it to get a clear picture. Albuquerque has changed so tremendously since I first spent any time here that I scarcely know it for the same place. I once thought that I had a reasonably sound idea of what was what and how to get here or there. No more! The city is enormously spread out in all directions and growing day by day. I don't believe that my small-town background could ever ease me into such commotion. Fortunately, Juliana and Jed are in an area where houses aren't jammed up against each other.

Next month, God willing, I'll be writing to you once again from my old home in Shenandoah and visiting with you on the radio.

Your devoted friend . . .

Lucile

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MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.
for their mothers at our sale.

The theme of the event was "Historical Elegance, A Glimpse of Fashions from the Past". Many of the church members wore antique garments from their families' treasures. I remembered a dress that a Kitchen-Klatter friend had sent to Katharine in 1971 when she had worked at an antique shop in Delafield. I dug into my cedar chest and there it was waiting for me to laboriously wash and iron. If Ruth Laird of Newton, Iowa, is reading this, I want to tell her how stunningly beautiful her dress looked. I squeezed my ribs into the waistline of this white 1912 dress and with careful intake of tiny gasps of air, I received many compliments on my exquisite gown. I felt historically elegant.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

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My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted.—see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Élysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.*

This wonderful invention was a custom-made foot support called Flexible Featherspring.® When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes *my pain disappeared almost instantly.* The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand, even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that women also can wear them—even with sandals and open backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Germany with my own countrymen.

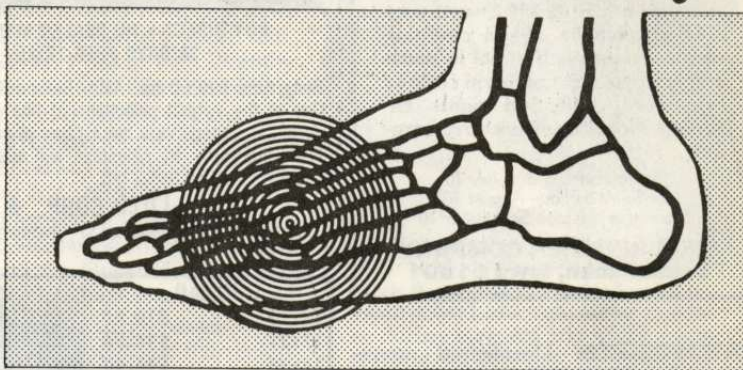
In the last nine years over a quarter million Americans of all ages—many with foot problems far more severe than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

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Dr. C.O.C., Tucson, Arizona

"I was extremely skeptical when I placed my order, and was expecting to be disappointed. Much to my surprise, I found almost immediate relief from knee and leg pains and corns on my right foot which were a source of continuing pain and irritation have ceased to trouble me."

J.C.J., Meridian, Miss.

. . . "At the present time I still wear the Feathersprings and indeed they perform well after seven years of use."

G.M.G., Dallas, Texas

*Posed by professional models

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