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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

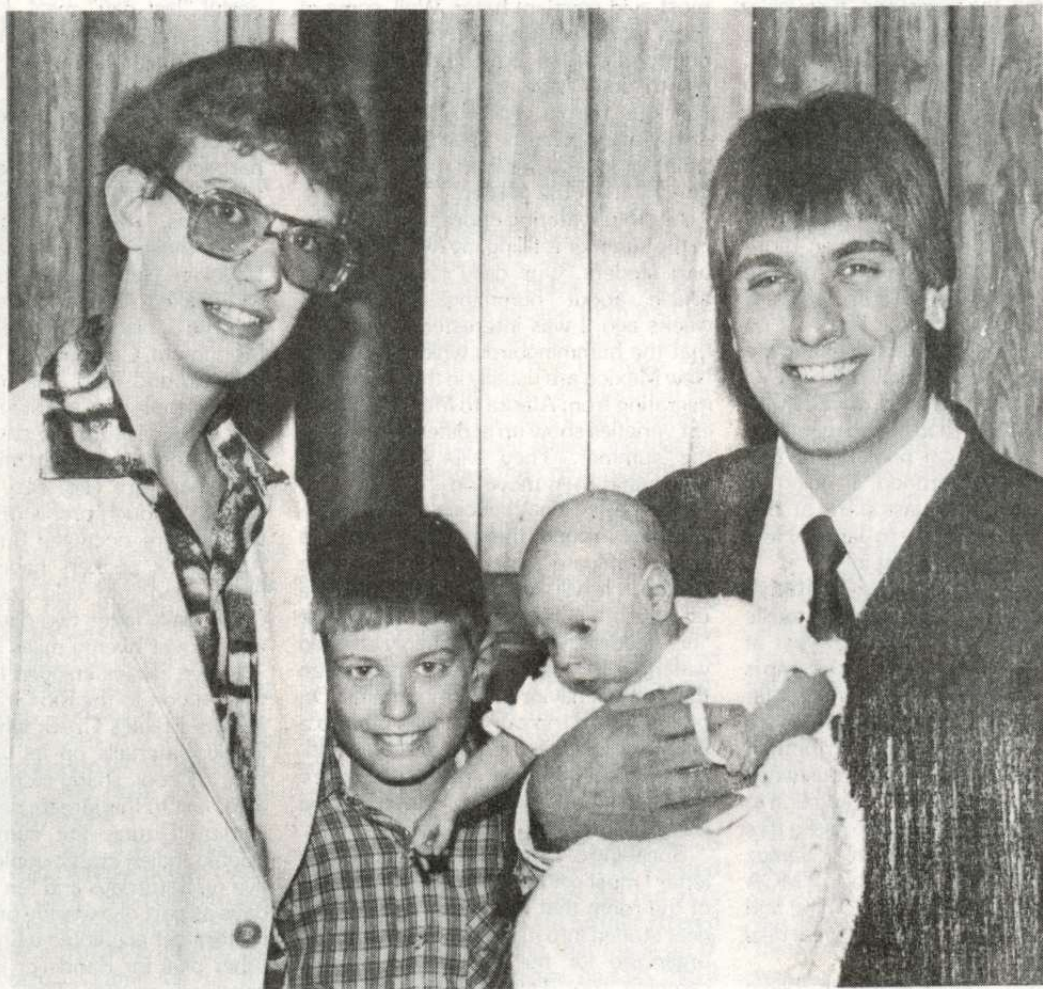
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NUMBER 7



Aaron, Julian, Elizabeth, and Andy Brase.



## 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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## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

What a beautiful summer morning this is! The sky is an incredible blue turquoise color. On mornings like this I can almost believe the old Indian legend that tells us about the gemstone, turquoise. Supposedly, this prized stone was formed when pieces of sky fell to earth. They solidified into turquoise. I know that there are all kinds of scientific explanations for the existence of turquoise, but I think I like the "sky" theory better.

Whatever happened to the lazy days of summer? We are into the summer routine and I think it may be even more hectic than the school year. For one thing, my fifteen-year-old son, James, is going to summer school. There is no school bus service in the summer and the school is three and a half miles away. This means that I have to drive him to and from his class. I had hoped that there would be a way to car pool, but no one else in the neighborhood is going to summer school. The class starts at 7:45 A.M. which is a real blow to James. He is a firm believer in "sleeping in!"

My daughter, thirteen-year-old Katharine, has spent the last week at music camp. This has been her third year at Hummingbird Music Camp. The camp is located in the Jemez Mountains not far from Albuquerque. The campers give a concert every Sunday afternoon for their families. They spend the previous week getting ready for this event. In addition to the Sunday concert, they also give a free concert for the nearby town of Jemez Springs and for the next-door YMCA camp. The kids have a terrific time and manage to practice and learn a great deal of music in the process.

My summer routine seems to begin and end with watering my garden. Mid-westerners have a hard time believing that in the Southwest gardens have to be watered every single day. We just don't get our share of the wet stuff out of the sky. Our infrequent rain showers tend to be too scanty or so hard that the mois-

ture runs off rather than sinking into the ground.

When we first moved into our present home we had a well to provide our water. Fortunately, that was the year that city water was put into our rural area. We hooked up to the city water and shut the well down. This may have been a mistake. Over the last winter our already-high water rates were doubled. We were grumbling last summer about the ridiculously expensive water bills. When we were faced with bills that would be doubled this year, the decision was made to eliminate the two big vegetable gardens I have had in the past.

Now I can do without a lot of home-grown vegetables, but I simply couldn't stand the thought of no tomatoes, broccoli, bell peppers and Japanese eggplant. My family was enthusiastic about the abbreviated garden idea—except for the eggplant. I have mentioned before that I am the only true eggplant eater in my family. Many of you friends have sent eggplant recipes to me to tempt even the most avid eggplant hater. Well, some of them work, but unless there is about a pound of cheese to a half pound of eggplant I don't have any luck serving this delicious purple vegetable. Laughingly, James and Katharine have threatened to train our local jack rabbit to eat eggplant directly from the garden.

Another watering chore that I take on in the summer is filling my two hummingbird feeders. Our daily paper had an article about hummingbirds several weeks ago. I was interested to find out that the hummingbirds which we see in New Mexico are usually in the process of migrating from Alaska to Mexico. Different varieties show up at different times of the summer. They will stay several weeks and then move on.

No matter what species of hummingbirds are around, there always seems to be a dominate male who controls the feeders. He will swoop and dive and drive off any other bird that tries to feed at "his" feeders. We have certainly enjoyed watching the birds' antics. I have seen the same behavior in the mountains. On one camping trip our tent was next to a field of wildflowers. One particular wildflower plant was just spectacular. Sure enough, there was a hummingbird jealously guarding "his" flower.

Speaking of camping, when I finish this letter I must get into the closet at the end of the room that has all of our camping gear stuffed into it. It is time for me to get organized for the big Fourth of July camping trip. This is turning into an annual event for about twenty of us. Most of our camping trips are aimed to please the amateur archeologists among us. This Fourth of July trip is geared to the fishermen and women.

The campground is in northern New Mexico along the Santa Barbara River.

Every year it is a little more crowded. To make sure that we get a spot to put up all of our tents, several of us are going a couple of days early. This is certainly no hardship. I love every minute I spend in the high country among the tall pines. To have a wonderful trout stream right outside the tent makes it almost heaven.

Planning menus for a group of twenty people for four days is a big job. We have our old, standby meals which everyone likes and are easy to fix. One of these meals is sausage shish kabob. We use precooked Polish sausage or bratwurst cut into chunks. This is put on the skewers with pieces of squash, mushrooms, pineapple, onions, cherry tomatoes and bell peppers. The whole thing is basted with melted butter. People can fix their own skewers and do their own cooking over the campfire coals. With the shish kabob we have warmed up French bread and a green salad.

Another frequently requested meal centers around my slow-cooking barbecued beef. I have found that it is a wonderful "last day" meal. I cook it in advance and freeze it in a block. In the cooler it acts like a bag of ice keeping everything cold. About the time the block thaws out for reheating, the last day of the camp out has arrived. With the barbecue sandwiches we usually have fried potatoes and onions. Any leftover tomatoes, lettuce, etc., go into a salad.

For those of you who are planning to travel in New Mexico this summer, I would like to suggest a visit to one of my favorite places—Bandelier National Monument. Campers will enjoy the large campground and the nightly ranger talks. People who are staying in Santa Fe can easily visit for the day as the monument is only about fifty miles from Santa Fe. There are very easy walking trails that go through prehistoric Indian ruins which were occupied until about 1550 A.D. Back packers have several trails which lead into wild country. One of these trails takes two days to complete and is over twenty miles long.

I have always enjoyed the walk down the canyon to the Rio Grande. The trail follows Frijoles Creek which forms two lovely waterfalls on its way to the big river. A cool, shady picnic area is available next to this stream near the visitors' center. During the summer months, Pueblo Indian craftspeople work nine to five on Saturdays and ten to six on Sundays as part of a weekly program to help visitors get acquainted with the area. Another plus for Bandelier is that there is handicap access. The next time my mother Lucile visits, I hope that we can get to this interesting place.

Time to tackle the camping gear.

Sincerely,

*Juliana*



## MARY BETH REPORTS



Mary Beth Driftmier has some surprising news to report this month.

Dear Friends:

This is a difficult letter to write to you this month. It is packed with unexpected news and it brings me to a point of putting into print a few sentences which are dramatically changing my life. Because it is a subject which I cannot avoid forever as I continue my monthly visits with you, I have determined to share my past four weeks' activities with you.

I have had an unexpected trip out of town. A vacation, of sorts, where I was offered a fine selection of menus, all of which were served by gracious ladies, where I was lavished with tender attentions and where as many waking hours as I wished to fill were crammed with new activities.

I left my home in Delafield, Wis., one beautiful sunny Wednesday morning for a nine o'clock appointment to have my hair trimmed. From there I drove to a jewelry store to leave an earring and my mother's beautiful white jade ring for repair and sizing due to my ever-enlarging arthritic joints. I had several hours to leisurely squander before my next one o'clock appointment. I meandered eastward across Milwaukee to visit again the typewriter shop where I had been the previous month with my electronic typewriter for repairs. Once again I looked longingly at the full page display attachments which are now available to upgrade these typewriters. They can have *unlimited* memory by means of magnetic floppy disks.

I didn't stop for lunch since my stomach was a little on the jittery side because of the nature of the next bit of business on my agenda. It has been my habit to have an annual checkup with my wonderful doctor. During the years that I was teaching, this always occurred during spring vacation. My physical with my favorite lady doctor was due for the third week of the month, but based upon the fact that once again I was entertaining some little lumpy nodules in one of my breasts, I had asked my doctor to arrange a mammogram before my physical so that we could have that done before our appointment.

So here I was again. It is my nature, apparently, to have a tendency to cystic nodules in my breasts. I had been to this same hospital on the south side of downtown Milwaukee in 1979 for exactly the same little worry. I came up to the second floor dragging my plastic bag of knitting prepared to wait the forty-five minutes for my appointment.

As I was checking in at the appointment desk, one of the hospital's doctors whizzed behind the counter to give some directives to the nurses on duty. I

thought I knew the voice and when his head was high enough that I could see his face, I realized that it was the father of three of my former students from my days of teaching. He was equally surprised to see me again after perhaps a six-year interim. I had no idea that he was associated with St. Francis Hospital. From school I knew only that he was Dr. Stobbe, a very quick, energetic man who had eluded both the Nazis and the Russians in a bizarre escape from his German homeland when he was a lad of seventeen. He was one of those rare student's parents who insisted that his children do correct work, and learn to the maximum of their ability, and that the teachers maintain their requirements for excellence. He wished me well for whatever brought me up to that department and vanished.

The mammography department was running early that day for some strange reason so before my appointment time had arrived, I had already been delivered a carefully worded but nevertheless serious sermon about the nature of the cystic lumps in my breast. The radiologist reading the mammograms apparently did not understand that I knew there was a lump in my breast. I explained that this was a condition which came and went with me, but he insisted that this time the pictures did not look like they had in 1979. He further jittered my nerves by insisting that I was probably safe, a 50/50 chance, he said, that it would be benign when the biopsy reports were in. I asked him how soon he felt this would need to be done and he asked if I had a wedding or something which would keep me from doing it right away. I kidded him and said no but inside my head I was thinking of a bridge date I had

for the next day and the day after that a DAR luncheon.

To tell you the truth I was reeling, both from hunger and shock. I numbly put on my clothes and walked out of the building to drive home and then decided that I wanted very much to talk to my own physician. Surely she would dispel what this glum radiologist had reported. She was not at her office but was, instead, at the same hospital I had just left, teaching some classes. Over the phone I explained to her what I had just learned and that I did not even know a surgeon upon whom I could call for a biopsy. She recommended Dr. Stobbe whom she knew to do very nice work and who was chief surgeon at St. Francis Hospital. She invited me to return the few blocks to the hospital and she would see what she could arrange with us. The next phone call I made before I returned to the hospital was to my husband, Don. I was beginning to panic as an absolutely cold terror was creeping up my heels and almost immobilizing me. He agreed to meet me as fast as he could get there and that was the beginning of a long week.

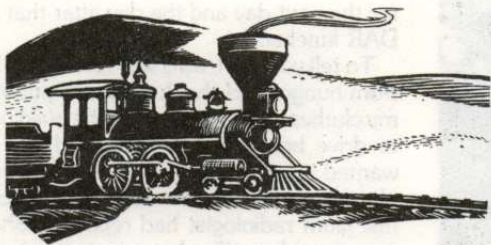
Dr. Stobbe was in surgery that afternoon so I settled down with my knitting and in no time at all I had Don right there beside me encouraging me *not* to panic. I managed to knit my way through the next two hours when, suddenly, out of the blue appeared Dr. Stobbe!

Still wearing his green gown and green cotton surgical shoes, Dr. Stobbe sat down to talk with Don and me. He explained that a needle biopsy was out of the question because the cyst was too small. I could, however, check in as a day patient and have a quick bit of surgery and go home that evening. He really wanted me to stay the evening in the hospital but something inside of me said that if one wasn't in the hospital to have a baby then it probably was not going to be a joyous occasion.

Dr. Stobbe personally orchestrated the required chest x-rays, blood tests, and preliminary requirements prior to an early-morning surgery date. He asked if I would be agreeable to giving him permission to proceed with the surgery if the biopsy, which would be performed while I was under the anesthetic, proved to be malignant. I assured him that it would not be malignant. I reiterated that this was my nature to have these little hard cysts and there would be no need for these preliminary agreements. When I came out from under the affects of the anesthetic, it took me a while to realize that I was not back in the same little "day surgery" bed from whence I had started my journey. Instead, I was scheduled for further surgery the following day. It seemed that despite my complete knowledge of my own body, this was one time when my diagnosis was wrong. The cyst

(Continued on page 22)





## Kate Shelley, Iowa National Heroine

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

July 6, 1881 was a date marked in the records of the NorthWestern Railroad and in the annals of Iowa for all time to come. It was a night that brought one of the worst electrical storms and cloudbursts that central Iowa has ever known. During the height of the storm nearly every bridge in Boone County went out, including the railroad bridge across Honey Creek near where the creek empties into the Des Moines River east of Moingona. What happened that night was graphically told in *The Ogden Reporter* (Ogden, Iowa), and the story was picked up and copied in newspapers across the nation and later published in many school readers. Here is the story as the *Reporter's* editor, Earl Billings, wrote it:

"On last Wednesday night when O'Neil, Donahue and Olmstead went down to death, when all things terrestrial seemed a blaze of fire and rain deluged the earth, a poor lone, but noble girl, but 15 years of age, was watching and praying for those whose duty called them out over the railroad in the fearful storm.

"Kate Shelley, whose father was killed on the railroad some years ago, lives with her widowed mother just on the east side of the river, just opposite where the engine made the fearful plunge (into Honey Creek) and O'Neil, Donahue and Olmstead lost their lives.

"Miss Shelley and her mother, in their vigils, heard the crash as the engine went down and, realizing what had happened, Kate took a lantern and amid the hurricane of wind, the deluge of water, the incessant glare of lightning, and peal upon peal of deep-toned thunder, left her home and started for the wreck. Her light soon went out, but she felt her way through the woods and fallen timbers to the edge of the dashing waters that covered the drowned men. She could hear above the roar of the tempest and the voice of Wood, the engineer, who had been caught in a treetop. She knew that the express with its load of passengers was nearly due, and no one to warn them of their danger.

"She, a young girl, was the only living being who could prevent an awful catastrophe. The telegraph office, at Boone or Moingona, was the only place where she could notify the officers. To Boone was five miles over the hills and through the woods, and before she could get there the express would have passed. To

Moingona was only a mile, but between here and Moingona was the Des Moines River, 10 to 15 feet above its natural height, and to cross this she must pass over the railroad bridge, 50 feet above the rushing waters. She must cross the bridge, 400 feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething muddy waters beneath.

"Not one man in five hundred would have gone over the bridge at any price, or under any circumstances. But this brave, noble girl, with the nerve of a giant, gathered her flowing skirts above her and on her hands and knees she slowly crawled over the long bridge. Slowly but surely she went. Tie after tie was passed. It was time for the express to come dashing over the bridge and hurl her down to her death amid the dark and muddy waters of the roaring and rushing river. Slowly she nears the shore. The blood from her lacerated knees has stained her dress but she does not falter.

"She reaches the shore, and the remaining half mile, she flies almost to the telegraph office. Breathless, and in broken accents she tells her tale of death and destruction and faints in the arms of the bystanders. The wires set to work and a most horrible disaster averted. Of Kate Shelley we have no more at present to tell. We believe the NorthWestern cannot be unmindful of the duty they owe this brave girl."

The experience was a terrible one for so young a girl and after the news came, on the Sunday following, that the last body of the three trainmen had been found, Kate Shelley's strength gave out and for three months she lay gravely ill. Meanwhile, her fame had spread far and wide. Many sought to do her honor. Strangers found their way to her door, seeking to hear her story, and from all over came invitations to speak and tell of her experience. The young girl's health remained frail from then on, but her fame was to follow her all her days, though as she herself said in a speech in Dubuque in 1888, her family "did not reap a bonanza" from her heroic deed.

Various groups collected money gifts to present to her—a group of traveling men sent her \$150, the railway men \$144, the State of Iowa \$200, and the NorthWestern sent a check for \$100 and a free railroad pass for life and a "stock of coal and provisions." Burlington conductors gave her a gold watch and chain. The city

of Dubuque erected a statue in her honor.

The State of Iowa through the General Assembly ordered a gold medal struck in her honor, and July 4, 1884 was designated as "Kate Shelley Day" in Ogden with Kate Shelley as guest of honor and a representative of the governor came to present the medal to her. Kate and her aged mother came by special train and were met by a brass band and crowds of well-wishers. In 1941 the Ogden community dedicated a plaque in her honor, placing it on the spot on Main Street where she had received the medal.

In 1883 Kate went to Simpson College at Indianola, Iowa, which she attended for two years and then became a teacher. She and her sister, Mayme, also a teacher, saved every penny so that they could keep the home, and hire someone to farm the ground and help their mother. They built a new home to replace the tiny cottage they lived in at the time of the storm. Kate also accepted invitations to speak, using the money to help her family.

In 1901 the NorthWestern Railroad built a new bridge across the Des Moines River between Ogden and Boone and named it the Kate Shelley Memorial Bridge. It is 2,685 feet long and 185 feet high, the largest double-track bridge in the world.

In 1903 she was named station agent at Moingona. She died January 21, 1912. Schools of the community were dismissed for the day of her funeral, that all might pay tribute to this Iowa heroine.

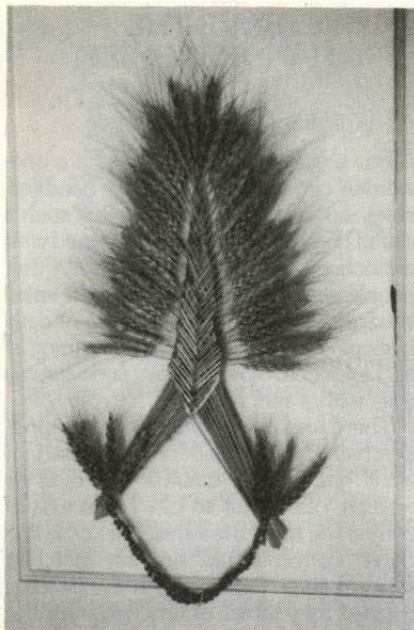
In recent years the Boone County Historical Society and other interested persons have been working to get a memorial park in Kate Shelley's honor. They hoped to preserve her home as a museum, with a park around it, but unfortunately vandals damaged the house on different occasions and finally the home was burned. But the Historical Society was determined there would be a memorial for their heroine and continued to work toward that end. Now an old depot, very similar to the original one which burned, has been moved back to the original depot site at Moingona and has become the Kate Shelley Museum with a surrounding park, a fitting and lasting tribute to a brave Iowa girl.

—\*Quotes from the *Ogden Reporter* used with permission of the editor.

### "AMERICA" — SINCE 1832

The song, "America," was sung publicly for the first time by children in Boston at a Fourth of July celebration in the Park Street Church in 1832. The words, said to have been written in a half hour by Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, a clergyman, were set to the music of "God Save the King".





Welsh Border Fan, an ancient traditional wheat weaving design.

## WHEAT WEAVING

by  
Katherine Epperson

The art of weaving grain stalks into good luck charms or symbols for religious rites is as old as civilization. Remnants of pottery found in archeological digs on the site of ancient Mesopotamia bear the imprint of woven wheat designs. The skill was known in Egypt, and later all across Europe and in the British Isles. Within the last quarter century the art found its way to America.

The ancients believed that these woven symbols were inhabited by harvest spirits who lived in them from one season to another. Many myths came into being as primitive people tried to find explanations for the phenomena of seedtime and harvest.

In some countries a "corn" goddess was woven from the finest stalks and grains at harvest time, to stand at the doorway to insure the fertility of the next year's crop. In medieval times, to cut the last stalk of grain in the field was thought to bring bad luck on the reaper. So that the "corn spirit" would not know who did it, the harvesters turned their backs on that sheaf and threw their sickles simultaneously to cut it down. Then the oldest reaper took the remaining straws and wove them into a "kern doll" to bind the evil spirit that was believed to lurk there. ("Corn" meant any small grain. Corn, as we know it in America, was unknown. In order to avoid confusion the craft is known in this country as wheat weaving.)

The corn spirit was usually associated with a woman. In Ireland and Wales it was called "The Hag." In central Europe it was "The Old Grandmother." In Devonshire, England, it was called "The

Neck." Does the phrase "The Neck" come from the Danish word *neg* meaning sheaf?, or the Dutch word *nekken* meaning to kill?, or the Greek *necro*? No one knows.

"Crying the Neck" was a strange ritual which survived for many years. The old harvester, when he had nimbly woven the "kern doll," would sweep it in an arc over the stubble close to the ground and between his straddled leg. The others would take off their hats and repeat his movements, shout three times, "The neck," and then say, "We have it," as though to say they had imprisoned the evil spirit.

Every community had its own symbol. Some of the traditional designs were the Suffolk Horseshoe, Staffordshire Knot, Welsh Border Fan, and the Shepherd's Crook.

With the coming of the machine age this ancient art almost died out, but within the last two or three decades it has had a revival. Tourists in Great Britain can purchase all the traditional designs in craft shops. (As well as cornhusk dolls, an art imported from America!) The designs are now appearing in shops in the United States as more and more people learn the skill.

The art of wheat weaving came to America through Bethel College at Newton, Kansas. Mrs. Harold Schultz, wife of the president of the Mennonite college there, had seen the "corn dollies" of woven wheat straw in England. In 1974 she and fellow Mennonites were searching for a special way to commemorate the centennial celebration of the Mennonites' coming to America.

The original Mennonite settlers had brought Turkey Red hard winter wheat from Russia to the Kansas plains, so centennial souvenirs made of wheat seemed fitting. The souvenirs sold quickly, and interest in the craft mushroomed.

Today many persons enjoy this ancient craft as they learn to weave the traditional patterns or create their own designs. One who has become very skillful in weaving the intricate patterns is Mrs. Virginia Dade, a housewife living in Overland Park, Kansas. Her creations are so much in demand that she must hold herself to a daily working schedule of from 7:30 in the morning to 4:00 in the afternoon. In her basement shop there are more than a hundred different specimens of her work.

Working with area potters Mrs. Dade has helped to bring back another ancient use for the art form. While the clay pot is still damp, the wheat is pressed in until it is flush with the clay. When the pot or plaque is fired in the kiln the wheat burns away, leaving a permanently etched design. Articles adorned in this fashion have been found in the tombs of the Pharaohs and Chinese emperors from long-perished dynasties.

## COVER PICTURE

The four fine young people on this month's cover are the children of Kristin and Art Brase of Torrington, Wyoming, and the grandchildren of Dorothy and Frank Johnson of Lucas, Iowa.

Aaron, on the left, is fourteen years old and will be in the ninth grade when school resumes this fall. He is keeping busy this summer mowing lawns.

Eight-year-old Julian will be a third-grader this fall and is looking forward to a summer visit with his Grandpa and Grandma Johnson on the farm.

Elizabeth, born in February, was about two months old when this picture was taken. She already likes all the attention of her three big brothers.

Andy, on the right, has finished his first year of college at Eastern Wyoming College, a community college located in Torrington. He plans to return this fall for his second year.

Delightful smiles and bright eyes reveal how happy and proud three handsome brothers are with a new little sister.

## HINTS FROM THE MAIL

When washing a dust mop, place it in an old nylon stocking. This will help keep the lint from getting all over your washer.

—A Friend

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Add a drop (per bowl) of liquid smoke to potato or bean soup for a different flavor.

—Mrs. J.D., Malta Bend, Mo.

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For an unusual decoration for a child's gift, blow up 6 balloons to about 2 inches in diameter. Place one in the center and 5 around it, forming a flower shape. Tie openings together securely, then tie on package. I used 5 blue balloons for the petals and a yellow one for the center.

—A Kitchen-Klatter Reader

\*\*\*\*\*

When I make my own bread and want to freeze extra loaves, I slice it all, wrap well and freeze. Then I can take out as many slices as needed for a meal without having to thaw the whole loaf.

—Mrs. E.N., Charter Oak, Ia.

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I store my kitchen knives in a small brownstone upright jar. I crumple a paper towel and place it in the bottom of the jar. Put knives in jar point-side down. Handles stick up about 1½" and are easy to pick up.

—Mrs. A.B., Laddonia, Mo.

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A little cream mixed with an equal amount of Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Salad Dressing is a nice sauce to pour over fish.

—A Listener

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This antique lamp is part of Marjorie Misch Fuller's antique decor.

## ANTIQUE DECOR

by  
Marjorie Misch Fuller

Antiques, cups or music boxes can be woven into the interior decor rather than crowding shelf space behind closed doors.

Collections are frequently arranged in groupings for the greatest effect, but if Aunt Beth's fruit bowl is hidden behind a stack of plates bring it out for an unusual container while enjoying the nostalgia of it. Handy for fruit, it also could double as a flower bowl or perhaps hold fancy soaps in a bathroom. During the Christmas season a bowl full of baubles is a festive eyecatcher.

The other day I removed my old glass sugar loaf tray from the shelf to hold stemless permanent blossoms. As an unusual piece, it drew comments.

A dainty short-stemmed arrangement of small artificial flowers will fit into an old sherbet dish or goblet making an appreciative hospital gift.

A small cut glass pitcher perched on my window shelf roots a cluster of Jacob's coat. A fancy cologne bottle displays a sprig of philodendron.

An old vase holds pencils on my desk. An antique box might contain stamps or clips as could a china butter pat.

Old paper items may be framed into a tray or just framed and hung as I did with some of my old grade-school valentines.

Early-day jars and crocks have many uses. One small crock serves as a match holder. Another might contain wooden spoons. A set of antique scales on my counter top weighs a bunch of imitation grapes when I'm not testing the butcher's honesty.

The washbowl Mother used in her first home now holds spools of thread in my sewing room.

A grandson refurbished an old milk can for his mother which she filled with dried grasses and placed in an empty

corner in her family room.

Easily used as a watering can, an old teapot can also stand as a vase or planter.

Old jewelry pinned to a framed hanging pincushion is accessible while the bead strings or chains could hang from corsage pins inserted.

The Victrola my dad bought in 1916 plays in a corner of our den. Its burl walnut finish is still beautiful and the nostalgic music fascinates our grandchildren who are tuned to today's raucous sounds.

Candy invites a bite whether in an antique spoon holder or a jam dish.

The early-teen era brought a flux of silver teaspoons. Many occasions were noted by an identifiable spoon. If you have some in your family, use them the next time you entertain—the individuality will intrigue your guests. One of my favorites is the one given to Mother by her Sunday school class when I was born.

Grandmother's honey compote always held fruit on our table.

Old hatpins in a bud vase can decorate your dresser or favorite table.

An old china tea strainer adds an interesting note to our coffee table.

Two antique hanging spindle files originally from my grandfather's print shop hang in our home. The one by the phone spears written messages while the other just adds a bit of nostalgia by my husband's desk.

Our daughter, a gourmet cook, uses an old pharmacist's mortar and pestle to grind her spices and herbs. She also rescued an antique stove from an old railway station to display a lovely fern.

To reflect a bit of you use your heirlooms in a visible way so that your friends can enjoy them along with you. As each piece grows a year older, it is more valuable and dear to your family. Let your heritage show. Because of our assembly-line production, items are plentiful and frequently discarded for new. The old pieces remain because they were cared for and could not be easily replaced.

One of my treasured pieces is the old lamp pictured. A wedding gift to Mother and Dad in 1909, the lamp, both base and shade, was crafted by my uncle. Originally gas lit, it was piped to the center fixture in their front room. Later the lamp was wired for electricity.

Through the years a shade section was broken and Mother relegated the lamp to a storage room. I persuaded her to let me get it repaired and bring it home with me. Nestled amongst some crawling philodendron and family photographs the lamp gives a warm glow to its corner while stirring childhood memories for me.

While I'm not a real antique buff, I prefer the old, familiar things I grew up with rather than collecting.

## SAVE THE HANDKERCHIEF!

by  
Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner

For some time I have been on a one-woman campaign to save the handkerchief. To me it is unthinkable that such a useful common article is threatened with extinction. But the evidence shows that people have almost abandoned the small square of soft cotton as an item of daily hygiene. As long as I can do anything at all, I expect to blow my nose and wipe my eyes with a real hanky.

There was a time when a lovely handkerchief was considered the perfect small gift. It was suitable for man or woman, old or not so old. Linen was of course the most desirable, but some fine sheer cotton could not be matched today. Ladies took pride in the delicate edgings they tatted or crocheted for the handkerchiefs they gave to others. Travelers brought back handkerchiefs as souvenirs of faraway towns; I have one my grandfather brought from Paris in 1900. It has the Eiffel Tower embroidered in colored silk thread in one corner.

Everyone has heard the saying about "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue" for a bride. Many times the something old was a dainty lace-edged handkerchief carried by a grandmother or mother at another wedding.

Pretty hankies have been stitched into baby bonnets. They have been not only pocket accessories, but collars and cuffs on dresses. I have a baby quilt made of handkerchiefs saved over the years. I pick up some of the prettiest hankies at estate sales, unwanted by a family whose ancestors prized them.

The last remnant of this lost article of everyday wear will probably be the red bandana! How often it has been used for a grease rag, or tied to the back of some long board sticking out of the pickup. But I am still afraid someday a youngster will ask what those old things were, and there won't be anyone like me around to tell him it was that most useful item, a cloth handkerchief.



## POLE LAMP PLANTER

If you have a pole lamp you are no longer using, pull out the wires, remove the electric light bulbs, turn the light fixtures upside down and tighten all the screws so that the fixture will stay in an upturned position.

Now place some potted plants on the upturned fixtures and you have an attractive planter for displaying some of your most admired plants!

—Evelyn Witter





Casey, Liza Jane and I hurry through the late afternoon crowds. Someone notices Liza and exclaims, "Hey, that's not a baby!" Someone else scratches Casey's ear, and calling her by name tells her that she is walking better today.

The threatening sky suddenly begins to pour rain. Awkwardly I move the grocery bag from one arm to the other, open the umbrella, pull on Casey's leash, and dash down the alley for the shortest way home to the tiny kitchen where something good must be made from that slightly wet bag of groceries.

Living in the city with animals is a challenge. Casey's a large Airedale dog, with only three legs, full of love, and a serious need for exercise. Liza Jane is a small fluffy gray and white cat who is deaf and is Casey's best friend. If not walking, she rides in a child's canvas carrier on my front allowing her to see and allowing me movement of my arms and hands.

Casey has made friends with all of the daytime people of Georgetown. Our daily visits to the market for groceries provide some exercise for her, and her engaging manner has allowed her to stay just inside the market door to sit while I shop and the grocery clerks praise and pat her.

Casey and Liza Jane are pleased about our new living arrangement. But an apartment in the village of Georgetown is a far cry from the freedom of a farm in Iowa or our home and yard in New Mexico. When my husband took the temporary position of Director of the National Institute of Education, the animals were as traumatized as I was.

When we found a condominium in Georgetown that would accept animals, we had no idea the different faces this little village would offer. First, I am surprised to feel the small-town atmosphere where everyone knows my animals' names, where I walk to the market one block away, and where older people have always looked preppie. (The younger generation has only recently caught up with the preppie look.) Second, I am surprised to realize that the quiet daytime existence is interrupted by something in the evening that could make me feel that I am living in a scene from Nathanael West.

Though an Airedale fits into the first description well, Casey is quite excited

by Saturday night along Wisconsin and M, Georgetown at its worst or best. She often insists upon leaving our quiet condo retreat to join the shoving, elbowing streams on those streets. There the performers of strings, and magic, and bagpipes stake out sidewalk territory; a flower vendor hawks daisies in front of the Little Tavern hamburger house; book and antique stores stay open all night or at least until 2:00 A.M.; tourists and suburban migrants, casual Georgetowners-for-a-day, move as a pack on the scent of quiche, desserts, and gourmet carry-out; and an endless wave of overheating automobiles twists slowly, slowly down Wisconsin Avenue. Casey walks on a short leash, but she likes the live bands, the youth, the excitement, the beat of life.

We, more often, find ourselves enjoying the milder pace of a weekday mid-morning. Casey, Liza Jane and I have covered a lot of sleepy shaded territory by taking our walks up streets like N and R, Dumbarton, and 31st, by looking at the Victorian mansions and imagining who lived and lives behind the high-walled gardens, in the neat narrow houses of Washingtonians on the move up. Eleanor Roosevelt, I am told, made this neighborhood fashionable by encouraging New Dealers to move in and begin renovating the larger places that years before had housed the port's river princes and land barons.

Georgetown was a rather small port with woods and tobacco fields nearby. Casey and Liza and I have wandered down by the Potomac and I've imagined burly men hauling great hogsheads of tobacco aboard ship—probably shouting in two languages: English and African.

In the neighborhood where we now live, were streets that attested to the water ties: Bridge and Falls (now M Street), Water and High (Wisconsin Avenue). Those streets were laid out in 1751 for a Maryland town. Georgetown wasn't part of the District of Columbia because there was no district—not to mention a U.S.A. That was created, however, right here in March of 1791. George Washington met at Suter's Tavern with a group of commissioners who hammered out a historic agreement that would acquire tobacco fields and foggy bottoms that would make up the federal city.

I've been told that we can walk to the site of Suter's under the Whitehurst Freeway at K and 31st Streets, but I haven't felt it was worth the time or the footwear. I prefer, rather, to begin my day with Casey and Liza about a block north of that site, near the start of the C. & O. Canal, which flows gently, even sweetly, past our Washington home and through Georgetown.

The Canal, one of George Washington's ideas and investments, was built to



Robin Justiz and her cat, Lisa Jane, take daily walks around the city of Washington, D.C., along with Casey, the Airedale dog. All are becoming better acquainted with our nation's capital because of their strolls about the city.

open up the region to commerce from the North and the West. Later, that early Potomac Canal, company and waterway, were taken over and extended by the Chesapeake and Ohio. Until Hurricane Agnes whipped through and emptied the C. & O., as it came to be called, this was a navigable waterway with barges, boatmen, and mules.

Each morning when the varmints (as I call them), Casey and Liza, and I are taking our morning walk we receive a cheery greeting from tourists and regulars on a barge being pulled by mules just as it was years ago. There are regular joggers, and bicyclers, and boats on the canal also.

People lived along the canal years ago and still do. When Casey and Liza Jane and I pick our way east on the cobbled towpath, we see the cozy pastel houses, about the size of large matchboxes and built around 1870. They're known as the Towpath Houses.

When we get to Thomas Jefferson Street and walk to number 1047 (a spot now occupied by a sprawling brick-and-glass office complex), we see where Thomas Jefferson lived while serving as Secretary of State under George Washington.

Some days my furry crew and I walk to N Street to 2812 to see the discreet federal home that Susan Wheeler Decatur moved into after her husband was slain in a duel. As the story goes, she thought she would never encounter her husband's opponent. (As far as anyone knows, she never did.) Or we might go to 3014 N Street which was a haven of Robert Todd Lincoln after the Civil War and his father's murder. Just across the street at 3017, high on an ivy-covered hillside, is the elegant 18th century dwelling where Jacqueline Kennedy lived after

(Continued on page 23)





## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This has been one of those picture perfect days—clear blue sky, light breeze, and seventy-degree temperature. We just haven't had enough days like this to brag about this spring. If we get two in a row before the next rain, we feel lucky.

Frank has been working in the yard all day. I should have been out there with him, but instead I have been working in the house all day trying to get things ready to go to Torrington, Wyoming, to see our family out there. If nothing happens to change my plans again I will be going in a couple of days. Besides getting my clothes ready, I have been making peanut clusters and cookies to take to the boys.

I finally got the little blue smocked dress finished and will take it with me for Elizabeth. She won't be able to wear it for a long time, but Kristin says she won't need any more clothes until she is at least a year old. When I was talking to Kristin just after I started working on the dress, she asked me if I was having fun. I said, "Not really." I think Kristin was a little shocked at that answer, but I quickly explained that it was just because it had been so many years since I had made anything this small I was having trouble putting it all together. Now I am ready to start another one with more enthusiasm.

Another gift I have to take to the baby is one that was sent to me by Pauline Beard, a long-time Kitchen-Klatter friend. She knitted Elizabeth a beautiful white cape with attached hood. In her letter she said she usually just knitted afghans, and had never made clothing. Looking at this cape you would never know it was a first.

Although I had expected to spend my birthday in Torrington this year, I didn't feel letdown because I was royally entertained here at home. The day before my birthday my friend, Dorothea Polser, had asked several of my friends to come to her house for coffee and dessert in the afternoon. Bernie had us in for a birthday dinner on the actual day, and a couple of days later our friends, Louise and Roy Querrey, had us come for dinner to celebrate. I also had seven long-distance calls from friends and family members, so all in all I felt that reaching sixty-nine was really worthwhile.

Margery and Oliver Strom recently spent a week visiting their son and wife, Martin and Eugenie, in Maple Lake, Minnesota. They then went on to Spirit Lake, Iowa. Good friends of theirs who live right on the lake in the summer wanted them to arrive in time for lunch at the beautiful new senior citizen center in



**This picture of Julian Brase holding his baby sister, Elizabeth, was taken just after the one which appears on this month's cover. Kristin wrote, "Elizabeth was beginning to cry just as the camera was snapped and Julian wasn't sure what he should do with her."**

Spirit Lake. Marge and Oliver made it in plenty of time and were very impressed with the lovely new building. I told her the next time they come to see us we will have to have a noon meal at the Lucas County Center. We think it is rather special too.

I told you in my last letter that none of the men who hunted for wild turkeys here on our place had been able to get a bird. The jinx was broken almost on the last day of the final season. A good friend of ours, Dr. Leo Boyce and his son, Richard, came in with a big 24-pound one. I guess Richard got the lucky shot, but they were both real pleased, and we were happy for them.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls of Roswell, New Mexico, is here once again. Instead of starting early in the morning to drive here he thought he would wait until the sun was high enough in the sky that it wouldn't be in his eyes as he headed east. He laughed because as soon as he turned east it clouded up and he never saw the sun again all the way here.

The man who owns the mobile home court where he lives has several pecan trees and last fall when Raymond was here he told me how reasonable the price was on the pecan nuts. I told him to bring me several pounds the next time he came, and to have them cracked professionally. He kept his word, but he had a surprise for me. He had taken the time to pick out the nutmeats for me, and had a big box full, all ready to use. They were in plastic bags, so I put them right into the freezer and I feel so rich having all those

nuts to use. I think there are enough to last me until he comes again next summer.

Everyone who knows me knows that I have what Juliana calls my "black thumb" when it comes to raising house plants. I can kill a plant faster than anyone I have ever known. Bernie has been taking care of a lovely plant she started for me at her house, and she says it is ready to come home now, but it is so healthy and beautiful there I'm scared to touch it. Dear Ruby Treese gave me a lovely big plant for my birthday, all ready to hang on my front porch. So far it still looks well, and I attribute this to the fact that she told me exactly on which days to water it and how much. I haven't put it out on the porch yet because it has been so cold. Anyway, it has been too chilly to sit on the porch and I am enjoying it in the house. When it gets warm I will probably bring Bernie's plant home too, and leave it on the porch this summer.

The last time I was in Shenandoah Lucile and I were reminiscing about how Mother loved to fish in the bayou when she came to spend a few days with us in the summer. I told Lucile I remembered when she was still at home and she and her friend, Irene Ross, used to get up real early and go out to Porter's Lake, a small lake northeast of Shenandoah, where they would cook their breakfast and fish, and I wondered if they ever caught any. She said she didn't remember if they ever caught any fish, but she would never forget something that happened on one of those expeditions.

Aunt Sue Conrad was visiting Mother and she went to the lake with Lucile and Irene. They had gone out very early in the morning and had the fire all ready and were frying pancakes when a strong wind came up suddenly. They had a pancake on a plate all buttered and syruped, and just as they passed it to Aunt Sue a gust of wind picked up the pancake and blew it right into her face. I had never heard that story and I could see why she hadn't forgotten it.

Frank's sister, Ruth, had a bit of bad luck the other day. Some of their family had come for Sunday dinner and Ruth's husband, Frank, was cooking it in the back yard. As Ruth was carrying some things out to him she fell on the back porch steps and broke her knee. She now has her leg in a cast and is having quite a struggle getting around. The last time we talked to her she was in good spirits, so she'll make out alright.

I'm still keeping my fingers crossed, but I hope the next time I write to you I will have some firsthand information to tell you about our new granddaughter. Until then . . .

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*



## DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Although it will be summer when you read this, I am writing to you on a late spring day, and I am full of all of the positive feelings that springtime should bring—feelings of positive re-awakening. I'd like to share some of my experiences of the last few months, some of what I have learned and some of the fun I have had.

Our spring season got off to a great start with a visit from my mother and father. The weather was not very good yet, but of course that did not matter, for the main thing that we all wanted to do was visit and let John Frederick, our baby boy, have a chance to get to know his Grandmother and Grandfather Driftmier.

Their visit was full of happy occasions, but one of the most meaningful for me was having my father visit my classroom as "a very important guest." He came with some of the interesting photographs which he took when he and my mother made their adventuresome trip to the village of Pond Inlet, high above the Arctic Circle on Baffin Island in the Northwest Territories, Canada.

My students had studied Canadian geography this year, and they had also learned about the Eskimos, but they had seldom had such an interesting lesson. My father is a gifted teacher who knows how to keep students at the edge of their seats and interested in everything being said and shown. Of course, my mother was also an excellent high school teacher at one time. It is no wonder that I am a teacher. I have come into the profession naturally!

It is often said that a good reason for keeping acquainted with young people is that their natural curiosity about the world around them and their enthusiasm for almost everything will keep you interested in learning. Last month I had an experience with my class that brought this fact home in a very exciting way.

As many of you know, I am an English, as a second language, teacher, but I am also responsible for most other aspects of my students' education, including science. I have enjoyed teaching science over the last few years, but I have never taught astronomy. There was a very good reason for this; I have never been interested much in the subject myself, and whatever I learned in school I soon forgot. Why I should have remained uninterested in such a wonderful field of study I don't know! All I can say is that I shall forever be indebted to my students for sparking my interest.

Several boys had been coming to me



John Frederick Driftmier gets acquainted with his grandmother, Betty Driftmier.

all year with questions about the stars and planets. I would usually have to tell them that I simply didn't know the answers. Then one day, when I was in the school library at lunchtime, a student brought a book about our solar system to me and said, "Mr. Driftmier, you have to read this wonderful book." I took the book home for the weekend and started to read about the amazing mysteries of space. I announced to the class the next Monday morning that I wished to join them for the next few weeks and become a student, so that together we could find and really understand the answers to questions about the moon and its phases, the structure of planets and stars, and the almost incomprehensible vastness of space.

We researched and studied the universe scientifically, and yet the more we learned, the more I returned to a broadened sense of mystery and awe when considering the whole subject. I was brought back to the words of one of my favorite poets, Dylan Thomas:

And I am dumb to tell a weather's  
wind

How time has ticked a heaven  
around the stars.

I recalled also the words of the American astronauts as they spoke to us about our beautiful white and blue planet as they looked at Earth from the Moon and admonished all of us to take good care of the environment of our uniquely hospitable planet. The study of space reminds us that we are all custodians of each other and of our world.

Since moving to Calgary, Sophie and I have been members of a committee that organizes a book discussion weekend that is part of the University of Calgary's Continuing Education Program. It is held every year in the beautiful town of Banff, high in the Rocky Mountains but only one-and-a-half hours from Calgary. This year, a radio play by Dylan Thomas was

selected for one of the books to be discussed. We on the committee first thought that it would be a good idea to show a film that had been produced from the script, and then we thought that we would play a recording of the author reading the script. Then we had a better idea! We decided to surprise the conference. We had secret rehearsals for one month.

On the opening night of the conference, we announced to the people in attendance that the recording of the play would be presented. The audience sat with their books and listened to the recording of Dylan Thomas reading the prologue. Then the tape recorder was turned off, and we members of the committee, who had placed ourselves in different parts of the audience, read the dialogues of the play from our seats. The conference-goers were both surprised and delighted! Why? It was not because any of us in the committee are professional actors. The play on the tape would have sounded far more polished! Rather, it was because there were suddenly people in the room who cared, who were excited, and who were thoroughly involved with what they were doing.

It has often been said that the media (television, records and film) is one of our best friends in the 1980s. But we all know that we, individually and as a society, have often become viewers rather than doers. We have become sophisticated and are used to having the best entertainment in our homes at a flick of a switch, but at the same time we have often forgotten how to entertain ourselves and how to really enjoy ourselves.

Last night we had a family over for dinner who have the wonderful practice of singing together every evening. They have collected many children's music books. Their two-and-a-half-year-old boy named Raphael picks out the songs. They sing in three-part harmony, while their younger baby boy listens. Every time I see a family doing things like this together, far away from their television, it makes me happy.

I hope that you and the people close to you will have many good experiences together over this summer.

Sincerely,  
David Driftmier

\* \* \*

### MANUSCRIPTS:

Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* (Shenandoah, Iowa 51601) are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.



## FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

We are anxiously awaiting the birth of our 1983 family of cygnets (baby swans). Poor Bonnie and Clyde! They have had such a tough time this year. First of all, they have had to give up nearly two-thirds of their territory! Harold and Harriet attacked them from the north, Ross and Rozetta attacked them from the south, and Carl and Carolyn pushed them out of the eastern part of their hold on the river. We knew that they could not hold all of this part of the river forever, and this was the year they had to buckle under to the younger couples. Scarlet O'Hara and Rhett Butler were no antagonists this year because Scarlet died during the winter, and Rhett has given up their territory to Ross and Rozetta, a young couple from Fishers Island.

As if losing territory were not enough, Bonnie and Clyde lost their first nest of the season. Forced to nest back on this side of the river, they built one right in front of our house, but they lost it in one of the high tides following the heavy April rains. Clyde then picked out another spot for a nest, one a little higher up on the bank and just south of our house. There Bonnie laid six eggs, and there she has been incubating for the past thirty days. In another five or six days, we should see the hatched results.

Ross and Rozetta make their headquarters at the marina where I keep my boat, a quiet spot only a short distance down the river from our house. That pair of swans has done a most unusual thing; Ross and Rozetta have adopted a white goose by the name of Rudy. To see the three of them patrolling their territory together is a sight that attracts bird watchers from far and near. As a rule, swans have a great dislike for geese, particularly white geese, and for them actually to adopt a goose is almost unbelievable. Rozetta is not nesting this year, and that would seem to indicate that she and Ross are in the first year of their mating, their honeymoon year, so to speak. It will be interesting to observe what they do about Rudy next season when Rozetta and Ross have children of their own.

Our gardens are finally all planted after having to sit out weeks of cold, rainy weather. Now I have more time for sailing and for taking drives into the surrounding countryside. That is, I have time to do that when I am not here at this typewriter creating sermons for my summer preaching. Many New England



**Betty Driftmier bids goodbye to her niece, Laurel Deery, before she and her family move to Australia.**

churches have asked me to do summer supply preaching. The history of some of these old Yankee churches is fascinating, and I never cease to be inspired by the memory of what some of the early Christians in this country had to endure.

I am pleased to report that the old South Church in Springfield, the church where I was the minister for twenty-four years, is doing very well under the leadership of the man who was the associate minister for the last twelve of my years there. You can well imagine what a great satisfaction that is for Betty and me. How dreadful we would feel if, after taking an early retirement, we were to observe any weakening of the ministry to which we gave so much of ourselves for the major part of our lives.

Yes, Betty's parents have made their annual pilgrimage north and are comfortably settled with us for the summer. We always worry about their flight up from Florida because of their senior years. Emma King, their housekeeper, came up with them just as she has done for many, many years. Emma is like part of the family, and Betty and I look forward each summer to her being with us. She has her own apartment in town and is active in the life of her church. Each Monday morning, Emma and I compare our worship experience of the Sunday just past.

Betty and I sometimes attend Emma's own church where they have beautiful music and inspired preaching. One very nice custom of the church is its Palm Sunday breakfasts. It isn't just an ordinary breakfast, but one with a beautiful service conducted while people are at the tables in the church dining room.

While writing this to you, I stopped a few minutes ago to answer the telephone. It was a call from one of our Kitchen-Klatter friends who lives out in Wichita, Kansas. Ann Peterson is visiting her sister's family in Providence, Rhode Island, and she did not want to go back to Wichita without at least calling us. She and her mother paid us a visit two years

ago, and we were so pleased to make their acquaintance. Ann had flown out to be present for the baptism of her nephew, a short trip which did not permit her visiting us this time.

Each summer when Betty's parents get here, we have a big family dinner at one of the lovely seafood restaurants down on the shore. Usually, there are twenty-five or thirty of the Crandall clan present—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. This summer, the family party has a special reason for being. Our niece, Laurel Deery, and her husband and two sons are soon to move to Australia. Mr. Deery is being sent there to manage a branch bank for his banking firm in Boston. Unless we make a trip to Australia, we are not going to see Laurel and her family for at least four years. They are a beautiful family, and we are going to miss them.

Betty joins me in sending you our very best wishes for a healthy, happy summer. If you feel the way we do about the weather of the past few months, you probably feel that you deserve a good summer. And that is exactly why I am sure we all are going to have a good summer. God in His wisdom has given us a world that exists in balance. Things always have a way of balancing out. If we have too much rain one year, we probably will not have quite enough the next year. For every sorrow, there always comes some great happiness. Each night is followed by another day. Laughter always follows the tears. Believe that! Have faith in that! God bless you.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

## COUNTRY ROADS

Country roads lead to pleasant places; White-faced cows with cheerful faces, Groves of tall trees and ferny nooks, Roadside rabbits and singing brooks, Hilltop houses, a big red barn, Flowered hay and lush green corn, Picnics, rides and sunny pleasures, Country roads find untold treasures.

—Elaine Derendinger

## LOVE POEM

by  
Alice Butler

Dearest Sweet Pea:

Do you carrot all for me?

With your radish hair and your turnip nose,

You are the apple of my eye.

If we cantaloupe, let us marry anyway.

For I know we would make a happy pear.

Yours truly,  
Pinto Bean





The VisionQuest caravan as it passed through a Midwestern town.

## Brief Encounter With a Wagon Train

by Evelyn Tuller

Have you seen a wagon train lately? When we did, for a moment it was like living on the edge of a Western movie. Standing by the side of the old highway, just a block from our home, we clearly observed the expressions gazing back at us. The story behind the VisionQuest caravan gives added emphasis. Because it is a continuing story, keep watch, a wagon train might be coming your way. Wave a friendly greeting to the passengers, as we did, and enjoy the grins and waves you'll receive in return.

Can a taste of pioneer life help troubled teenagers conform to modern society? VisionQuest thinks so. The juvenile rehabilitation organization, based in Tucson, Arizona, uses the wagon train travel as one method to open new horizons for such delinquents. The youths, referred to by one staff member as manipulative and incorrigible, have been referred to VisionQuest by courts, counselors and parents.

As our small group gathered at the roadside, offering encouraging comments and seeing "typical teenage" expressions reflected back to us, I could believe that VisionQuest is on the right track. There is the therapy of pioneer life for those modern-day youth. Wagon trains are their second step in rehabilitation. After warm-up exercises to get them ready, the youngsters are psychologically evaluated in a wilderness program, taken on camping trips into the Arizona wilderness and left to their own resources. It is not an easy assignment, being left alone for three days or so with a 60-lb. backpack. Such has been their preparation for the wagon train, where the teenage passengers are taught discipline and responsibility in caring for the animals and performing daily chores.

Again, it is not an easy task—dealing with a cast of "stubborn-as-a-mule" characters. Yes, that applies to the animals pulling the caravan, for mules furnish the "horsepower". Yes, that applies to the teenage passengers. The shoe fits, and they wear it; sometimes, to walk off their own stubborn streak.

The wagon train passed through our town as it traveled toward the Missouri River. On the other side of the river, four wagon trains merged, then continued on to a week-long Congress campsite near Lathrop, in northwest Missouri. Why Lathrop, I wondered? Since this town furnished mules for the Boer War, then later to the U.S. Government in World War I, Lathrop has been known as the Mule Capital of the World. The pieces fit, at least in my mind.

For the four months before its scheduled arrival there, the train had traveled from Arizona to California, then headed to the Midwest; the Lathrop Congress marked the first time since its 1973 founding that everyone involved in the organization met in one place. An average day is five to seven hours of travel, making fifteen to twenty miles on its new horizons way. A top record had been forty-one miles in one day, when the wagon train covered ground in Kansas, Texas and Oklahoma.

One man who travels even farther as he rides constantly from one end of the train to the other is wagon master Timothy O'Sullivan. He calls the pace and sets the tempo, overseeing all areas of the train. His responsibilities, enormous as they are, set lightly on the square shoulders of the burly man.

In the VisionQuest program, the street wise teenagers learn they have a choice; reform their life style or walk long hours

until they can accept camp discipline. According to O'Sullivan, there's no way they can con the mules. "Their responsibility rests squarely on the kids' shoulders. Something happens to the mule, the kid walks." One stubborn youngster admitted he'd spent nine hundred miles walking from Pennsylvania to Maine, before accepting discipline and responsibility.

It takes a firm hand from the wagon master to keep his charges in line; that includes both the teenagers and the animals pulling the train. Each youthful passenger is given responsibility for an animal during the trip, making a commitment to feed, water, and keep his charge in tiptop shape. O'Sullivan goes the extra mile with his teenage charges, gaining the respect of the train members by sharing their difficult moments. Youngsters comment, "He's like a dad to me." To some, he's the dad they never had.

"Teepee families," consisting of eight to twelve youngsters and four to six staff members, make up the wagon train. A "family" is responsible for a wagon, mule team, and riding stock complement. At 4:30 a.m., a wake-up call from the night watch crew starts the daily routine. "Families" compete as they take down overnight lodging, care for animals, have breakfast, harness teams and saddle horses. Departure is at 8:00 a.m., except for camp jacks who clean the old campsite and travel by truck to the new lodging site.

What do the youngsters think of their experience? Some have blossomed into leaders, earning charge of their own wagon, expressing their pride with care for the gear. They talk of getting their GED, and their attempts to find a job.

With the help of their VisionQuest family, the teenage passengers have learned patience, responsibility and how to get along with others by the end of their one-year commitment and their miles on a wagon train. Does VisionQuest make a difference? Looking into teenage faces, I imagined they had probably learned more about mules than they cared to know, more about themselves, and most of all, about Tim O'Sullivan, the father-figure many never had.

VisionQuest, as I watched it pass, made a difference for me. It was a brief encounter; now as I glance toward the old highway I hear echoes of the wagon train rumble and the rhythmic beat of mule hooves. I see the expressions of young-old eyes looking from the brim of the wagon, breaking into grins as they sense acceptance from those standing beside the road. Those expressions still linger in my memory; knowing the VisionQuest story, we count our blessings, and say a silent prayer.

If you see a wagon train, wave your own friendly greeting. And add a good-luck salute for me.





# Recipes

## WATERMELON CHIFFON PIE

- 3 1/2 lbs. ripe watermelon
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 egg whites
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 1 9-inch graham cracker crust

Remove rind and seeds from watermelon and cut into cubes. Place cubes in blender or food processor. Whirl until smooth. Pour through a fine strainer and discard pulp, saving juice.

Place the melon juice in a saucepan and stir in the sugar and salt. Sprinkle the gelatin over top and let stand about 5 minutes. Place over medium heat and stir constantly until gelatin and sugar dissolve. Add the lemon juice, cover and refrigerate about 1 hour. (Mixture should mound slightly when dropped.) Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into chilled melon mixture. Beat the cream and fold in. Spoon into prepared crust. Cover and chill until firm. May be garnished with watermelon balls if desired.

—Betty Jane

## BROCCOLI AND CARROTS AU GRATIN

(A Microwave Recipe)

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1 10-oz. pkg. sliced carrots in butter sauce
- 1/2 cup non-dairy creamer (dry)
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup boiling water (or chicken broth)

Thaw vegetables enough to separate. Layer vegetables in a 1 1/2-qt. casserole. Combine the creamer, flour, cheese, salt and pepper. Sprinkle over top of vegetables. Pour the water or broth over all. Cover and microwave for 4 minutes. Stir and return to oven for 4 more minutes. Remove from oven, stir, cover and let stand for 5 minutes before serving. Makes 6 generous servings.

Could be baked in conventional oven for 20 to 25 minutes at moderate heat.

—Robin

## TOMATO SALAD

- 2 cups stewed tomatoes and juice
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup diced cucumber
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- 2 tsp. finely diced onion
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- 1/4 cup diced stuffed green olives (for color)

Heat tomatoes to boiling. Add gelatin and flavoring and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool until syrupy. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into an 8- by 12-inch dish or a mold. Chill until firm.

—Hallie

## EGGPLANT-ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

- 4 Tbls. olive oil
- 1 large eggplant, unpeeled and cut in cubes
- 3 medium zucchini, quartered and cut into 1-inch lengths
- 1 tsp. salt
- Black pepper to taste
- 2 bell peppers, coarsely chopped (1 used 1 red and 1 green.)
- 4 cloves garlic
- 1 bay leaf
- 8 fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut in small cubes
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley
- 1 tsp. dried basil
- 1/2 tsp. dried thyme

Heat 2 Tbls. of the oil in a large skillet. Sauté the eggplant and zucchini for about 5 minutes. Stir in the salt and pepper. Spoon into a baking dish and set aside.

Heat the remaining oil and add the bell peppers. Mash the garlic with the bay leaf, making a paste. Add to peppers along with the tomatoes. Cook for about 10 minutes. Add the parsley, basil and thyme. Spoon into casserole and combine with first mixture. Cover and bake for 30 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Vegetables should be tender, but not mushy.

—Juliana

## TOPSY-TURVY PEACH PUDDING

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour, unsifted
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring

2 cups peeled fresh peaches, diced  
Sift the sugar, flour, baking powder, and salt together. Add milk and flavoring. Stir lightly. Fold in peaches. Spread in greased 8-inch square pan. Top with the following:

- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Combine topping ingredients and sprinkle over peach batter. Bake in 375-degree oven for about 40 minutes, or until brown. Serve with cream, whipped topping or ice cream.

—Dorothy

## BEEF-STUFFED BELL PEPPERS

- 8 to 10 green bell peppers
- Boiling, salted water
- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups cooked seasoned rice
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground black pepper
- 1 15-oz. can tomato sauce

Cut off ends of peppers and remove seeds and membrane. Cook for 5 minutes in boiling, salted water. Drain.

Brown beef in a skillet and drain excess fat. Add onion and cook until onion is transparent. Add the rice, cheese, egg and seasonings. Fill the green peppers with the mixture. Arrange in a baking dish. Pour the tomato sauce over all. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

—Juliana

## LAZY LADY ROLLS

- 1 loaf frozen bread
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1 6-oz. pkg. regular vanilla, lemon or butterscotch pudding mix (not instant)
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Slice frozen bread the long way in four strips. Slice strips into 1/2-inch to 3/4-inch chunks. Arrange in a well-greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan.

Melt the margarine and stir in the remaining ingredients. Pour over the dough, cover, and let rise. Bake at 375 degrees for approximately 20 minutes. Remove from pan immediately.

—Hallie



**CORN-STUFFED TOMATOES***(Microwave Recipe)*

- 6 medium-size ripe tomatoes
- Salt
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen cut corn, defrosted enough to separate
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup chopped green onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese

Cut tops off tomatoes and scoop out pulp. Salt insides of tomatoes and turn over to drain. Combine the corn, butter, green onion, seasonings, bread crumbs and cheese. Microwave for 1 minute, stir, and cook 1 more minute. Fill tomatoes with this corn mixture. Place tomatoes on plate and microwave for 4 to 5 minutes.

—Robin

**CHICKEN ROLLS**

- 6 chicken breasts, boned
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- Chives
- 6 bacon strips

Spread the chicken breasts out flat. Whip the cream cheese; add chives. Spread the cheese mixture on top of chicken breasts. Roll up. Wind a bacon strip around each chicken breast. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 1 hour or until the cheese mixture is a bubbly, creamy sauce. Good served with wild rice.

—Verlene

**JUNE'S RED TOP SALAD**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 10 large marshmallows
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup finely cut celery
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped (or commercial dessert topping)
- 1/4 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the 1/2 cup boiling water. While still hot, add marshmallows and stir until they are dissolved. Cool. Add the pineapple, pineapple flavoring, celery, cheese and nuts. Whip cream or thaw dessert topping. Fold the salad dressing or mayonnaise into the whipped cream or topping, then fold into the gelatin mixture. Spoon into 8-inch square pan. Refrigerate until set. Dissolve the strawberry gelatin in the 2 cups boiling water. Add the strawberry flavoring and let cool. Pour over top of firm first layer. Chill until set.

—Dorothy

**SCALLOPED EGGPLANT**

- 1 medium eggplant
  - 1 egg, beaten
  - 1/3 cup milk
  - 1 10-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
  - 1/2 cup diced onion
  - 1 cup cracker crumbs
  - Margarine or butter
  - Parmesan cheese
- Peel eggplant and cut in cubes. Cook in boiling, salted water until just tender. Do not overcook. Drain well and combine with the egg, milk, soup and onion. Spoon into baking dish. Scatter the cracker crumbs over top. Dot with the margarine or butter and sprinkle Parmesan cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

**ZIPPY ZUCCHINI***(A microwave recipe)*

- 4 cups cubed zucchini (about 2 medium)
  - 1 medium onion, thinly sliced
  - 4 eggs, beaten
  - 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
  - 1 2-oz. jar pimiento, drained
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/8 tsp. seasoned pepper
- Place zucchini and onion in a 6- by 10-inch pan. Cover with plastic wrap. Turn back plastic wrap a little on one corner. Microwave on high for 7 minutes. Remove from oven and drain excess liquid.

Combine the remaining ingredients and then combine with the zucchini-onion. Spread in the same baking pan. Cover with paper towel. Microwave on medium-high for 8 to 10 minutes. Stir halfway through baking time. When done, center should set like custard.

—Robin

**MICROWAVE BRAN MUFFINS**

- 4 cups Kellogg's All-Bran
- 2 cups Nabisco 100% Bran
- 1 3/4 cups boiling water
- 1 quart buttermilk
- 3 cups sugar
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup oil
- 5 cups all-purpose flour
- 5 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup raisins

In a large bowl, combine the cereals and pour the boiling water over it. Stir until cereal and water are well blended. Add the buttermilk, sugar, beaten eggs and oil. Add the remaining ingredients and stir until just moistened. Place batter in tightly covered container and refrigerate. Will keep for three weeks.

When ready to bake, fill microwave-proof muffin cups half full of batter. Arrange cups in circle in oven. Microwave on high for 2 to 3 minutes. Turn cups one-quarter turn every 30 seconds.

—Robin

**LEMON-CHEESECAKE ICE CREAM**

- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 3 egg yolks
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. grated lemon peel
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups half-and-half
- 3 egg whites

In a blender or food processor, puree the cottage cheese and lemon juice. In another container, beat the egg yolks and sugar until smooth. Combine with the cottage cheese mixture, lemon peel, flavorings and half-and-half. Set aside. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into first mixture. Pour into ice cream freezer can and freeze according to manufacturer's instructions.

—Juliana

**DILLY GREEN BEANS**

- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh or frozen green beans
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 2 Tbls. chopped chives
- 3/4 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. dried dill weed
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Cook beans in boiling, salted water until tender-crisp. Drain. Melt the margarine and saute chives lightly. Add the remaining ingredients and heat. Do not boil. Pour over the green beans and toss. For company, spoon into pretty serving dish and place carrot sticks around outer edge.

—Juliana

**MOLDED PINEAPPLE SALAD**

- 1 20-oz. can sliced pineapple
- 2 cups liquid
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup cold water

Drain the pineapple, measure, and add enough water to make the 2 cups liquid. Pour into a small saucepan and bring to a boil. Add the lemon gelatin and stir until dissolved. Stir in the 1/2 cup cold water and chill until slightly thickened. In small bowl, combine cream cheese and mayonnaise mixing until well blended. Add this to thickened gelatin stirring until blended. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan; chill until almost firm. In a small bowl, combine orange gelatin and the 3/4 cup boiling water; stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add the 3/4 cup cold water and cool to room temperature. Cut pineapple slices in half and arrange over top of lemon gelatin. Pour orange gelatin on top and chill until set.

—Verlene



**ICE CREAM SUNDAE CAKE**

- 1 1/2 cups chocolate cooky crumbs
- 1/3 cup margarine
- 1/2 gallon ice cream (any flavor)
- 1 small container chocolate sauce
- 2 cups whipped topping

Mix the cooky crumbs with the margarine and press into the bottom of a 9-by 13-inch pan. Chill. Slice and spread the ice cream evenly over the crumb layer. Refreeze. Spread a thin layer of chocolate sauce over the ice cream and return pan to freezer. Finally, spread the whipped topping over the frozen chocolate sauce layer and refreeze. Cut in squares to serve.

This makes a nice company dessert. We tried it with peppermint stick ice cream, but my family requested that I make it with butter brickle ice cream the next time. —Mary Lea Palo

**SPICY CANTALOUPE**

- 2 medium cantaloupes, cut in 1-inch cubes
- 1 1/2 cups white wine vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 2 1/2 cups light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 4 whole cloves
- 4 sticks cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt

Prepare cantaloupes (should have about 8 cups). Place in a deep bowl. In a pan, combine the rest of the ingredients. Bring to a boil and pour over the cantaloupe. Cool, then refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Pour off liquid before serving. —Robin

**APRICOT-ZUCCHINI BREAD**

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup oil
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups coarsely shredded zucchini
- 1 cup apricot pulp (sweetened fresh, cooked or pureed canned)
- 3 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 3/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1 cup currants
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Beat eggs until frothy. Add oil, sugars and flavorings. Beat well. Stir in the zucchini and apricot pulp. Combine the remaining ingredients. Add the creamed mixture to combined ingredients, stirring gently. Spoon into greased and floured loaf pans. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour, or until bread tests done. Cool in pans for 10 minutes after removing from oven. Turn out. Freezes well. —Juliana

**NUT-CARROT CAKE**

- 1 1/2 cups nuts
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 4 large eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup oil
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 3 cups grated raw carrots

Chop 1/2 cup of the nuts very fine. Grease three 9-inch layer pans. Sprinkle each pan with about 2 1/2 Tbls. of the nuts. Set aside a few whole nuts for decoration, if desired. Coarsely chop the remaining nuts and set aside.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Set aside. Combine the brown sugar, eggs, flavorings and spices. Beat at high speed until well blended. Beat in the oil. Add half the flour mixture and beat well. Add the milk and blend. Beat in the rest of the flour mixture. Fold in the nuts and carrots. Divide batter among the three prepared pans. Bake for 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Cool on racks, turn out and cool completely. Ice with a butter cream frosting. Decorate with the reserved whole nuts, if desired. —Dorothy

**TOSSED TOSTADA SALAD**

(For two)

**Tostada Beef**

- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/4 cup minced green pepper (or green chili peppers)
- Dash of garlic powder
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. flour
- 1/4 cup water
- Brown the beef and discard excess fat.
- Add the remaining ingredients and cook slowly for 30 to 45 minutes. Meanwhile, prepare the following:
  - 1/2 of small head lettuce, shredded (or other mixed greens)
  - 1 small can pinto or kidney beans, rinsed and well drained
  - 1 medium fresh tomato, cut in chunks
  - 1 2 1/4-oz. can sliced ripe olives, well drained
  - 1/2 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
  - 1/4 cup oil
  - 2 to 3 Tbls. fresh lemon juice
  - Salt to taste
  - 1 cup crushed corn chips
  - Sour cream and avocado slices
- Toss together the lettuce, beans, tomato, olives and cheese. Cover and refrigerate. Combine the oil, lemon juice

and salt; set aside. When ready to serve, toss the corn chips with the salad ingredients. Add the oil-vinegar and toss. Spoon tossed salad into two bowls, add tostado beef. Top with a spoonful of sour cream and garnish with avocado slices.

—Robin

**CALIFORNIA CHICKEN**

(Microwave recipe)

- 2 1/2 to 3 lbs. frying chicken pieces
- Salt
- 1 tsp. thyme
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 8 Tbls. butter, softened
- 1 medium zucchini, sliced thin
- 4 to 6 artichoke hearts
- 6 to 8 small onions or leeks
- 2 to 3 carrots, cut in chunks
- 1 Tbls. oil

Wash the chicken pieces and pat dry. Salt. Loosen skin with fingers. Blend the thyme, garlic and 6 Tbls. of the butter. Chill in refrigerator or freezer. Meanwhile, prepare the vegetables. Work the chilled butter mixture under skin of chicken. Heat the remaining 2 Tbls. of butter and the oil. Brown the chicken pieces on all sides. Remove meat to a 3-qt., covered casserole. Microwave for 10 minutes.

In the same pan in which the chicken was browned, saute the vegetables. Salt if desired. Add to the casserole, cover and microwave 12 more minutes, or until meat is done. —Robin

**EASY SCALLOPED POTATOES AND HAM**

(Microwave Recipe)

- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen creamed peas & potatoes
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 2 cups finely cubed ham

Place the 1 Tbls. butter in microwave-proof container. Melt butter for 30 seconds on high. Stir in the cracker crumbs and set aside.

Combine the 2 Tbls. butter, celery and onion in a 2-qt. glass casserole. Cover pan and microwave on high for 3 minutes. Stir once. Add the frozen peas and potatoes, milk, pimiento and mustard. Cover and cook on high for 6 minutes. Stir gently until smooth, then add the ham. Cover and return to oven for 6 more minutes. Stir gently until smooth, then add the ham. Cover and return to oven for 6 more minutes. Stir once. Sprinkle on the cracker crumbs. Garnish with fresh chopped parsley, if desired.

A delicious dish to serve your family or when company comes. —Juliana



**PARTY DIP**

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. dry onion flakes
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped pecans
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Put cheese in a large soup bowl or small casserole. Microwave on low for about 45 seconds, or until cheese is soft. Stir in the milk, green pepper, garlic salt, pepper, onion flakes and sour cream. Set aside. Place butter in oven and microwave for 30 seconds on medium. Stir the nuts and salt into melted butter. Spoon over the cheese mixture. Serve warm or at room temperature with crackers or chips.

—Robin

**SEAWORTHY SALAD**

- 5 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 1 14-oz. pkg. frozen shrimp, cooked (or 2 cans, drained and rinsed)
- 3/4 cup finely minced celery
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. crushed tarragon
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder

Place salad dressing in a bowl. Add the shrimp. Toss to coat shrimp, cover and let marinate for about 3 hours. Drain. Combine the marinated shrimp with the remaining ingredients and refrigerate until time to serve.

An attractive way to serve this salad is to slice an avocado in half, remove seed, sprinkle with lemon juice and spoon salad in cavity. Another suggestion is to spoon salad into a fresh tomato shell.

—Mary Lea Palo

**HAMBURGER-ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 lb. thinly sliced zucchini
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 2 cups cottage cheese
- 1 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1 can green chilies, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup (4 ozs.) grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Combine beef, garlic powder and onion. Place in a 2-quart microwave proof casserole. Microwave on high for a total of 5 minutes. Stir after 3 minutes of baking time. Drain excess fat. Stir in the zucchini, rice, cottage cheese, mushroom soup, green chilies and salt. Sprinkle the cheeses on top. Cover and microwave for 8 minutes, or until bubbly. Reheats beautifully.

—Robin

**CHOCOLATE CHEESECAKE**

- 2 cups chocolate wafer cookie crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 lbs. cream cheese, softened
- 1 lb. semisweet chocolate chips
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 3 cups sour cream
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Combine the cookie crumbs, cinnamon and the 1/2 cup melted butter. Press into a 10-inch spring-form pan. Chill.

Beat the eggs and sugar together. Add the cream cheese and beat again. Melt the chips and add along with the flavorings, cocoa and sour cream. Mix well. Stir in the 1/4 cup melted butter, mixing lightly. Pour into pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes. Turn oven off, open oven door and allow cake to cool in the oven. Cake freezes well.

**BLUEBERRY CRUNCH COFFEECAKE****Filling**

- 1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

Combine filling ingredients. Evenly spread about half of the filling mixture in bottom of well-greased and floured 9-inch tube pan. Set the remaining filling aside. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prepare the following batter:

- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/2 cup firm margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup fresh blueberries
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
Combine the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. With a pastry blender, cut in the margarine and butter flavoring until like coarse crumbs. Gently stir in the blueberries and blueberry flavoring. Lightly beat the egg with the milk and vanilla flavoring. Stir into batter until just combined.

Spread half the batter in prepared pan. Sprinkle on the rest of the topping and top with remaining batter. Bake for 45 to 60 minutes, or until it tests done. Cool, then remove cake from pan. Top may be sprinkled with powdered sugar.

**AU GRATIN MAIN DISH**

- 8 to 10 cups cooked cubed potatoes (or 1 large pkg. frozen hash browns, thawed enough to separate)
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 2 4-oz. cans mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 cups cubed Cheddar cheese
- 2 cups cubed ham

Combine all ingredients. Place in greased casserole or a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake in 325-degree oven for about 1 hour. (May take a little longer baking time if using frozen hash browns.)

—Dorothy



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## TURNIPS — TRIPLE-TREAT VEGETABLE

by  
Louise Simms

Everyone who enjoys turnips should plan a spot in their garden for this versatile vegetable. Not only will you have an abundance of the root vegetables to serve mashed, creamed, au gratin, or escalloped (treat #1), but you can also harvest a tasty dish of turnip greens (treat #2) every time you harvest the turnips.

Treat #3 is the fact that, since turnips should be planted in mid or late July, they can be grown in space which has provided earlier vegetables such as lettuce, radishes, or peas.

It isn't necessary to serve both turnips and turnip greens for the same meal. But, of course, both will necessarily be harvested at the same time. Turnips keep well in the crisper of a refrigerator after washing and cutting off the leaves.

Wash and inspect the leaves, keeping only those showing a healthy green color. Drain and store them in a closed plastic bag in the crisper of a refrigerator. Cook the leaves when desired, stripping away any leaves from extra large stems which may prove to be tough or stringy. After boiling in just enough water to cover, season them with salt and bacon or ham drippings. Delicious!



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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Calliopsis is the annual name of a pretty flower with daisy-like blooms and coreopsis is its perennial counterpart. Both are easy to grow from seed and coreopsis will even bloom the first season if you get the seeds planted early enough indoors. After you have these two in your garden, they will self-sow. Learn to recognize the seedlings when they come up and you will have a wealth of free plants to use where a bright spot of color is needed.

The daisy-like blooms of calliopsis can provide a riot of color in yellow, maroon and crimson with many zoned and tigered. We like to sow patches of calliopsis here and there in beds and borders to add color and interest. Use the tall variety in the background and the dwarf kind near the forefront.

The perennial coreopsis will tolerate drought and poor soil. From a packet of one hundred seeds at a cash outlay of less than \$1.00, we grew over ninety seedlings. Last July we set out many of these plants in our perennial borders where they now are in full bloom. The variety was 'Sunray', which was the first perennial ever to win Europe's coveted Fleuroselect Award. You will find seed of this easy-to-grow perennial in nearly all catalogs and there is still plenty of time to buy and sow the seed to produce plants for your border. Be sure to keep the planting site moist at all times until seedlings appear. An old burlap bag laid over the surface does a good job of retaining moisture but remove it as soon as seedlings start to break through the surface of the soil.

"Several times I have attempted to grow the beautiful *Gerbera jamesonii*," writes J.H. "The plants always die out over winter though I mulch them heavily. Is it possible to grow gerberas from seed? Where can I buy some?"

Gerberas or Transvaal daisy make the superb, graceful cut flowers that florists often feature in arrangements. They are not winter-hardy in the Midwest. You can dig up the clumps and grow them in a window garden indoors but the blooms will be disappointing. Seeds are available in the catalog of Geo. W. Park Seed Co., Greenwood, SC 29647. Seed is costly: five seeds for \$4.35 of the new, very dwarf 'Happipot' gerbera; five seeds of 'Fantasia Double Crested' for \$3.75, and a little less for seeds of two other varieties. It would be better to buy blooms from your florist if you live in a cooler area and leave the growing of this tender perennial to gardeners who live in a warmer climate.



Enjoying the summer treat of fresh corn on the cob is Isabel Palo, the 9-year-old daughter of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo of Omaha, Nebraska.

## BE IN THE CHEERING SECTION

by  
Dorothy Enke

The entire game had been a disaster for the Pee Wees. Hopelessly mismatched against a stronger and more experienced team, their game seemed to go from bad to worse.

A bat cracked against the ball. The ball soared out of sight. As groans rose from the unhappy spectators, the Pee Wees seemed to shrink almost visibly.

A teenager rose to his feet. "I've seen all I want to see of this lousy game," he muttered. "One thing is sure, they can't get any worse. I'm leaving."

His father put out a hand to block his exit. "Don't knock it, kid," he said. "They're trying. They haven't a chance in the world, but they are still doing the best they can. Let's give them a hand."

Then he leaned forward to shout, "Come on, Pee Wees! You can do it! We're for you!"

Strangely enough, the very force of his rooting seemed contagious. A new energy swept over the spectators, and they, too, joined in cheering the plucky losers.

No, there wasn't a sudden reversal of scoring. The visitors won a landslide victory, but the Pee Wees walked off the field with their heads up and smiles on their faces as they waved to their friends in the bleachers.

"Don't knock it! They're trying. They're doing the best they can."

The words ring in my memory whenever I see someone struggling desperately against tremendous odds. Then I remember the rest of the words, "Let's give them a hand!"

The first record of ice cream was in 62 A.D., when special runners in Rome, whisked snow from nearby mountains and raced with it to the cooks before it melted to be flavored with honey, juice and fruit pulp.



## BRASSICA RAPA — IT FOOLED US ALL

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Most families have one practical joker among them and ours was no exception. Sister Ina was the buffoon in the family, and though we were aware of her prankish habits, none of us were exempted. We thought we were finally free when back in the thirties she married a young man from Missouri and willingly followed him back to his home state to live.

When my fiance and I announced plans for our wedding, Sis, rather than come home to Minnesota for the event, pleaded for us to come down to Missouri for our honeymoon. Pa conceded Sis was probably right so soon after the ceremony my new husband and I took off for Missouri in an aging car, a small purse of money, and lots of homemade gifts and messages of love for Ina and her family.

The trip was relatively uneventful, at least it was to us. If you are in love who cares about an occasional flat tire, bumpy country roads with few directional signs, or skimpy meals? Finally we reached our destination, tired, disheveled, but excited to see our beloved Ina, her husband, Jim, and our new little niece, Amy.

We had a lovely, memorable week in Missouri but all good things must come to an end and soon it was time to start the long trek back to Minnesota.

Sis and her husband had gone into gardening in a big way. In the few short years they had lived there, they had started a small orchard, planted a big garden each spring and much more. The whole yard was bordered with bright flower beds in bloom or with the promise of bloom as the season progressed. Truly their place was a veritable paradise. Suddenly in my mind's eye I compared it to our bleak northern Minnesota farm yard. It came to me that this was what I could do in my new role as a wife—I would grow flowers and plants of all kinds.

Later when I announced this to my still-enamored groom, he seemed a bit apprehensive. "Are you sure you know how to grow flowers?" he asked.

"What is there to know?" I replied. "You just put roots or seeds in the ground and they come up blooming!" Those famous words still taste bitter everytime I am compelled to eat them.

"Sis," I said the evening before we left, "would you like to give us an extra nice wedding present to take back? It won't cost you anything."

"Of course," she grinned, "name it." When I told her I'd like a start of everything she had growing in her flower beds, her grin disappeared.

Even Jim looked dubious and shook his head negatively. "Maybe some will



Here is our most recent photo of Wayne Driftmier. Wayne and his wife, Abigail, live in a new home in Denver, Colo., where they have operated a nursery for a number of years.

grow that far north, but not too many. I don't think they'll be hardy." Hardy-smarty—who cares what hardy is anyway? I had no idea what the word implied but I did know my sister wasn't acting like the caring-sharing person I remembered. How could she be reluctant to dig up some of her flowers for me to take home?

Overnight Sis and Jim must have had a change of heart because the next morning they were all smiles as they went out to the yard armed with a spade and some cardboard boxes. They proceeded to dig up every kind of plant that could spare a sprout or side shoot. Watching, I did have a few qualms about the way they were desecrating their lovely flower beds. I assured them they would be amazed when they came back to Minnesota and saw all of them growing. Jim muttered something to the effect that he certainly would be amazed.

As Jim carried the boxes to our car, Sis called out, "Let's be generous, Jim, and share some of those rare new flower seeds you brought home last week."

For a moment Jim hesitated as though he had no idea of what she was talking about and then his face lit up. "Are you sure? Do you really want to part with that seed? Then let's give it all to them as I can get more." He then loped off toward the house.

I begged Ina to tell me what kind of flowers they were and how to plant them. She said, "You'll know when they bloom and do plant them generously all over. I'll expect you to write and tell me how they did in Minnesota. Really, they are very easy to grow."

Jim's face lit up again as he handed me a small jar half-filled with dark little round seeds.

My husband examined them carefully,

"I bet they're poppies. My mother uses seeds like this in her coffeecakes."

"Oh, no!" Sis declared. "I wouldn't give you anything as common as poppy seed. Just plant them all around the yard and you'll thank me for sharing." Now she was being my good sister. We said our tearful goodbyes and headed north toward home.

Two days later we arrived there with muddy boxes filled with wilted, half dead plants. During the next few days we spent hours digging up sod to make beds and in resetting the roots we'd lugged home. Then we dug up extra areas to plant the rare new flowers in. In between times I extolled the virtues of Sis's Missouri garden to all who would listen.

I generously divided up the rare flower seeds in old envelopes to share with relatives and friends. I even made it a point to take the fattest envelope of seeds to our school superintendent's wife who could boast of the prettiest garden in town. She peaked in the envelope. "Poppy seed, how delightful!" I assured her they were seeds of a rare and beautiful flower but my sister wanted them to be a surprise. She seemed so pleased that I took an envelope to our pastor's wife.

"How sweet," the pastor's wife exclaimed, "I've already planted every nook and cranny but I'll hoe out the last row of marigolds and plant this seed."

I decided testy old Aunt Frieda might like some too—they might even make her smile. Old Jake down the road always liked flowers so I gave him the last envelope.

We saved the lion's share and planted the seeds all over between the seemingly dead roots we had brought home from Missouri.

Not too long afterward Aunt Frieda accosted me on the street. "Are your rare flowers up?" she asked and she wasn't smiling.

"Yes," I answered happily. "Little green plants are up all over—I can scarcely wait until they bloom."

"Don't wait," she snapped. "They are nothing but turnips." She turned and walked away, her back ramrod stiff.

If only I hadn't given away so many seeds and of all people, to our superintendent's wife and our pastor's wife. Of course I caught it . . . at home, on the street, in the store, over the phone, after church. Sis had pulled a fast one again but in retrospect, I guess I deserved it. Only one "Missouri primrose" survived our Minnesota winter.

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## TRIP TIPS

by  
Erma Reynolds

Vacation time is here and throngs of tourists are on the move. Folks doing the "tourist thing" will find these trip tips helpful.

When making a trip to an unfamiliar city, make inquiries beforehand from the chamber of commerce of that city. They will send information about climate, accommodations and recreational possibilities, enabling you to take proper clothing and equipment.

Label your luggage inside as well as outside with name and address.

If luggage is going to be checked, put bright-colored plastic tape on both ends of the bags. It helps to identify them and avoid the delay of scrutinizing check numbers.

To estimate the weight of your luggage before starting an airplane trip, step on the bathroom scale while holding the bag and note the overall weight. Put the bag aside and weigh yourself. Difference in the readings is the luggage weight.

When going on an extensive sight-seeing trip, take along two pairs of walking shoes. Then, during the day change shoes, which will rest your tired feet almost as much as getting off them altogether.

Instant soap pads come in handy for washing hands and face while on a trip. You can save pennies by making your own. Soak paper towels in a thick soap solution. Dry the towels thoroughly. They will then pack compactly and need only to be dipped in water to serve as a pre-soaped washcloth.

Be sure to tuck a roll of magic mending tape in your handbag, to be used to mend a cracked sunglass frame, hold an



Stephen, son of Emily (Driftmier) and Rich DiCicco, has taken many plane trips in his young life. During one of Stephen's most recent flights, the pilot invited him to come into the cockpit. Stephen, as you can see, was a mighty delighted little boy.

undone hem, or check a run in panty hose, to mention a few such-like emergencies.

On an auto trip, hang a shoe bag over the back of the front seat. Its compartments will take the overflow of clutter from the glove compartment.

Stack your luggage on the floor of the back seat to make a platform level with the seat for a play area for little travelers. To make the platform more comfortable, a crib mattress can be laid on top of it.

Small fry are sure to become bored and restless during a trip. Be prepared for this problem by having on tap a shopping bag filled with lots of little inexpensive surprises, individually wrapped. Dole these out at well-spaced intervals as the trip progresses.

If you plan to save pennies on a long-distance motor trip by getting your own

breakfast and an occasional supper, take along an electric corn popper. It can heat water for instant coffee or tea, and soup for supper. If a small wire rack is placed over the coils, it can even toast bread.

Assign the job of keeping a trip log, or diary, to one person, having him record each day's sights and happenings.

As a precaution against forgetting articles, or performing necessary chores before leaving home, post, several weeks before the trip, a "peace of mind" check list of things to take and do, and check off the items as they are completed.

## NAME THE STATE

1. What state has the motto, "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence"?
2. What state was the first to enter the union and to ratify the U.S. Constitution?
3. What state is the only state surrounded entirely by water?
4. What state name was a musical comedy which ran longer than any other musical in Broadway history?
5. Which state has this popular name, "The Empire State of the South"?
6. What state name originated from the Indian word meaning "Father of the waters"?
7. Which state was ridiculed as "Seward's Folly" when its territory was purchased?
8. Which state has the Statue of Liberty in its harbor?
9. Which state name was a famous trail which was a main route in U.S. history and traveled by the pioneers?
10. Which state was the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln?
11. In which state are the Badlands located?
12. What state has the U.S. Air Force Academy?

ANSWERS: 1. Pennsylvania, 2. Delaware, 3. Hawaii, 4. Oklahoma, 5. Georgia, 6. Mississippi, 7. Alaska, 8. New York, 9. Oregon, 10. Kentucky, 11. South Dakota, 12. Colorado. —Norma Tisher

## OUR COUNTRY

May the stars and stripes wave proudly  
O'er the land of the free,  
Made so by our forefathers  
Who fought for their liberty.

May we always guard our nation  
That those brave hands toiled for,  
And the seeds of hope and freedom  
Which they planted in the soil.

May the red, white and blue banner  
Wave proudly night and day,  
Forever over a nation  
Whose freedom shall not pass away.

As the days come and go,  
Let us take time to kneel and pray  
For America, the nation that we love,  
To thank God for our U.S.A.

—Leola Swaney

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CORNER

by Pauline Schofield

A well-planned song service is the cement that binds a Sunday school together. Even the tiniest tot will beam with joy and hold up one finger for the actions to the song, "This Little Light of Mine". Most music should be geared to the preschool level with easy words and accompanying actions. Small children are very easily discouraged if the songs are too hard. Some of the old favorites are: "Jesus Loves Me", "Deep and Wide", "This Little Light of Mine", "The B-I-B-L-E", and "The Wise Man and the Foolish Man".

At least one song should be for the older children who can read the words if necessary. "Heavenly Sunshine" is very popular as well as "How Great Thou Art" and "Stop! and Let Me Tell You!".

The possibilities are endless, but do put your song service into the hands of someone who is peppy, pleasant and fun to be around. Someone you can depend on to get your Sunday school off to a good start. Your whole day will go better! The children will go off to their classes in a happy frame of mind ready to do their best.

It is also a very good idea to have an emergency song service outlined on a recipe card tucked into your purse or pocket for those trying days when the regular leader can't be there, and you realize with a sinking feeling that there are thirty expectant little faces turned toward you and YOU are going to have to take over! I have found that the children will respond and sing even without piano or organ when our accompanist was not able to come.

The important thing is not to be caught unprepared. Don't panic! Just give them a big smile and lead them in some songs that you feel comfortable singing. Invite some little ones up front to "help" you with the actions. This will make them happy and is moral support for the substitute song leader who is not used to being in front of a group of people.

Have a good day!

### THE DIETER'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, as I start this day,  
Please give me the power to melt the  
inches away.  
Help me resist the cake I bake,  
And to leave the whipped cream off the  
piece I take.  
The salad and vegetables I can do with-  
out,  
But the stuffing and gravy are musts,  
without a doubt.  
Help me to be thin and not eat in my sor-  
row—

If I don't start today, I'll start tomorrow.  
—Author unknown



Christopher Palo collects "men". He has a great imagination and creates complicated environments for figures like the ones he has here.

## THE STORY OF ELEVEN POOR BOYS

John Adams was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods of that state.

James K. Polk spent his boyhood helping to make a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. Later he became a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer and later learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small village in the Allegheny Mountains. His father cut the logs and built a home there in the wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school and "picked up" all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio River until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenters' tools, then he learned the trade. Afterwards he worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a big family. The boys had to earn their own living.

William McKinley's early home was plain, but comfortable, and his father was able to keep him in school.

All became President of the United States.  
—Virginia Thomas

## PRESIDENTIAL QUIZ

by  
Norma Tisher

1. Which president was the first to have an automobile and the last to have a White House cow?
2. Which president was the first to have a radio set in the White House?
3. Which president was the first to have a television set in the White House?
4. Which president made a proclamation that designated the last Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day, a national holiday?
5. Which president served in both World War I and II?
6. Which president was impeached but finished his term of office?
7. Who was the president who held office the shortest time of 31 days?
8. Who was the youngest man elected to the presidency?
9. Which president was an ordained minister?
10. Who was the president that took the oath of office aboard the presidential jet, Air Force One?
11. Who was the first president to ride to his inauguration in an automobile?
12. Who was the only president who took the oath of office from his father?

ANSWERS: 1. William H. Taft, 2. Calvin Coolidge, 3. Harry Truman, 4. Abraham Lincoln, 5. Dwight D. Eisenhower, 6. Andrew Johnson, 7. William H. Harrison, 8. John F. Kennedy—age 43 years and 163 days, 9. James A. Garfield, 10. Lyndon B. Johnson, 11. Warren G. Harding, 12. Calvin Coolidge—oath was administered by his father, John C. Coolidge, a justice of peace at Plymouth Notch, Vermont, on August 3, 1923.



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## CLOTHESLINE INSTRUCTIONS

by  
Norma Larson

In this day of automation, the art of hanging clothes on a wire clothesline in the back yard has become a lost art. Like many things that have gone by the wayside as a result of our civilized living, this act is becoming lost to progress. Because of this reasoning, I intend to place on paper and for prosperity the directions of this historic adventure.

Upon carrying the basket loaded with clothes from the laundry to the designated area of the clothesline, the person of the household responsible for this chore must wipe off the clothesline with a damp cloth to eradicate the remains of any residue that may have accumulated there since the previous washday.

I personally have four long lines and prefer this, though the following directions may be adjusted to the equipment available. The basket with clean wet clothes is placed in a convenient spot on the ground. Some preplanning is necessary for hanging the various pieces of laundry correctly. First, one must take a brief look in the loaded basket to make a quick inventory of the type of article that has the largest number. After placing several clothespins in the right hand, the person must check the direction of the wind. This is advisable at this point of the

operation to avoid being swatted in the face with wet garments.

The person hanging the clothes must make a mental note of what part of the laundry she is most proud to display. In my case, I prefer the large colorful bath towels and pastel bedding. Others may choose dainty underclothes, bright slacks, or snow-white dishtowels. These will have a prestigious location on the clothesline which is most visible to visitors to the home or to the people passing by on the road. The less appealing part of the laundry is to be hung on the line that is furthest from prying eyes. This will include rags, socks, and other miscellaneous items which are usually hung by a single clothespin. Other articles adorning this line will be "one of a kind" and "forgotten" pieces from the wash basket.

A quick look into the basket will reveal the type of laundry that appears to have the most number. Perhaps this is underclothes or washclothes. These are hung, after a quick shake to straighten, one after another on one of the two middle lines. Again the choice depends on the direction and force of the wind. When as many of that item, as can be seen in the basket are now dangling from the appropriate place, another item is chosen. This item is then hung continuing on the present usable line or beginning at the left end of the remaining empty line. Each piece of laundry must have the quick shake before it can be securely fastened to the clothesline. Proceed in like manner reserving the two outside lines for the appropriate laundry mentioned earlier. The clothespins in the hand will be replenished as needed. If some mistake on the worker's part leaves an orphan in the basket after the like items have been hung, it is acceptable to place the loner on the line furthest from the public view, as mentioned earlier. The

person hanging the laundry should not feel inferior in not observing the culprit. However, a lesson should be learned for future back yard expeditions.

Naturally when the prestigious items become visible in the basket, it is hung on the ringside line in full view of interested observers. This should be the pride of the laundress.

The described procedure continues through the entire laundry with as many basketfuls as is necessary to complete the task. If the laundress miscalculates the space needed to hang the entire washing or the number of clothespins needed for the operation, she may find it necessary to wait to hang the remainder of the project. Alternatives to the dilemma are to hang garments double on the available space. Another solution for this oversight is the use of the mechanical, energy-consuming dryer that is installed within the residence. Though these alternatives are possible solutions, they are not recommended for personal satisfaction of a task well done.

An added benefit of this task is the opportunity to view the clear blue sky with billowy white clouds and long jet streams scratching the sky. It is also imperative to train the ear to hear the distant train whistle, the meadowlark singing on the fence post, and other delicate delightful sounds native to a summer morning. Do take a few seconds often to stretch and inhale the fresh unpolluted air.

There are other ways to perform the above task but none as self-satisfying as the sweet-smelling laundry later in the day.



### THE BEST ARE FREE

A pleasant smile, a word of cheer,  
A helping hand from someone near,  
A warm handclasp from a friend sincere—  
All these are free.

The rainbow colors in the sky,  
The sun, the moon, the stars on high,  
The flowers that bloom, the birds that fly—  
All these are free.

The earth that yields the golden grain,  
The clouds that drop the welcome rain,  
All that there is in life to gain—  
All these are free.

The love of friends, the love of a mother,  
Love of a father, sister, brother,  
The greatest love of all the others—  
God's love, it's free.

The best of life will always be  
The simple things—and they are free!  
—Sunshine Magazine

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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

Dr. Leo Buscaglia, author of *Living, Loving and Learning*, is an acclaimed Professor of Education at the University of Southern California. He is a much sought-after lecturer who attracts standing-room-only audiences throughout the country. Perhaps you have seen his presentations on public and network television. These have met with great success.

*Living, Loving and Learning* (distributed by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017, \$13.50) is a collection of Dr. Buscaglia's informative lectures which were delivered world-wide between 1970 and 1981. Under one cover, these lectures will provide joy and growth for the reader. Those eager to accept the challenge of life and the wonder of love will profit by reading his works. He is a man of many facets. He is a teacher, student, writer, speaker, and listener. He teaches with enthusiasm and he educates by example.

Growing up in a warm Italian family, the author had much love rub off on his life. He believes that a loving individual is spontaneous. He advises us to return to touching each other, and smiling, and thinking of one another, and really caring. He feels that the opposite of love is not hate; it's apathy.

If you ever wonder if you have time to do that special something for someone, consider what this educator has written. He says, "Man needs someone who cares about him. Again, just one person, but someone who really cares, and I'm not talking about a great big scene. I'm talking about little things, little ways of showing that you care. I've told you how easily satisfied we are—one finger mends the dike."

He wrote a list of words that he feels are a guide to what is essential:

\*1. *Right Knowledge*, to supply you with the tools necessary for your voyage.

2. *Wisdom*, to assure you that you are using the accumulated knowledge of the past in a manner that will best serve the discovery of your presence, your "now."

3. *Compassion*, to help you accept others whose ways may be different from yours, with gentleness and understanding, as you move with them or through them or around them on your own way.

4. *Harmony*, to be able to accept the natural flow of life.

5. *Creativity*, to help you to realize and recognize new alternatives and uncharted paths along the way.

6. *Strength*, to stand up against fear and move forward in spite of uncertainty, without guarantee or payment.

7. *Peace*, to keep you centered.

8. *Joy*, to keep you songful, and laughing and dancing all along the way.

9. *Love*, to be your continual guide towards the highest level of consciousness of which man is capable.

10. *Unity*, which brings us back to where we started—the place where we are at one with ourselves and with all things.

He concludes with, "To me, life is God's gift to you. The way you live your life is your gift to God. Make it a fantastic one."

The author is one for building bridges; that is, filling a gap, building paths over depressions. When he asked his five-year-old niece the question of what is a bridge, she answered, "A bridge is when the ground falls out under you, and you build something to connect the cracks." He says the first bridge a person has to build is the bridge to yourself; that is, self-respect and belief in yourself. He reminds us that each of us is unique in all the world and we are each a special combination for a specific purpose. He writes, "The world is an incredible unfulfilled tapestry, and only you can fulfill that tiny space that is yours."

*Living, Loving and Learning* is a book that has gained wide recognition. It has been on the best seller list for months. If you read the book, you'll be finding yourself quoting Dr. Buscaglia's words of wisdom often. The book is available in paperback (Fawcett Publishers, 1515 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10036, \$5.95). Check your bookstore.

Other books by Dr. Buscaglia are *Love* (Paperback, Fawcett, \$2.95), *Personhood, Because I Am Human*, *The Disabled and Their Parents; A Counseling Challenge*.

*The Way of the Bull* (Fawcett, paperback, \$2.95) is the story of Dr. Buscaglia's travels from Japan and Hong Kong to Cambodia and Calcutta on his personal quest for discovery. As he learned, according to centuries-old Oriental tradition, the bull represents life, energy, truth and action. But once found, the bull cannot be tethered; he must be free. One must seek him—and his meaning—over and over again. The book will surely inspire you to nurture yourself like a flower, to be patient, and to grow every day of your life.

In reply to my request to quote from his books, Dr. Buscaglia wrote he's pleased to know I am touching people in my own special way through *Kitchen-Klatter*. I thank him. May you all continue to live life to the fullest!

\**Living, Loving and Learning*, copyright 1982© by Leo F. Buscaglia. Published at \$13.50 by Charles B. Slack, Inc. Distributed by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Used by permission.

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## TREES AS ORACLES

by  
Marilyn Brown

Grant Wood painted an Iowa landscape crocheted with trees. Mondrian struggled to paint the underlying forms of trees—geometrical, abstract. Cezanne saw a tree as if he were grasped by it, and painted it as no one had ever painted a tree. Van Gogh, riding in a carriage, saw trees whirling as he went by, as if they were dancing.

We spend our lives seeing trees.

To lie at the foot of a tree and look up is like looking through a kaleidoscope, with the leaves moving and changing color. We see them in wind, raining down blossoms or leaves as if they were clouds, emptying. Laden with fruit, or heavy with an ice storm's crystal tallow, a tree is always a symbol of endurance and steadfastness.

To climb a tree, you must grasp a limb with both hands, and swing your torso upwards by hooking a leg over and pulling yourself up. To sit in a tree can be like sitting in a boat with many sails, a blue sea overhead. Or, the limb of the tree can be the back of a great scaly reptile to ride through a prehistoric land.

Trees rock our infant spirits in their boughs. All of our lives they lift our eyes

up with their symmetry, because we are, even in maturity, tiny and close to the ground. What part of our lives we spend wrapped in the shadow of a tree is a time of subtle thriving.

Trees provide many treasures: a hopefulness tucked in its buds that appears when winter has begun to seem endless, precious archives of earth encased in its logs, a harmonious setting for growth—often trees are the great mentors of wildflowers, a space for a community made up of insects, animals and birds.

The same tree can provide boards for a man's cradle, table, his bed, and his coffin. It is often a landmark and a surveyor's reference; a terrestrial pole which holds down topsoil and negotiates with climate.

There was a time I felt I heard a soft murmuring from the spirit of a tree. It was one in which I could confide; it seemed to pray and sing with me. It taught me the conversation of silence. Later, the tree was cut down to make room for a new church. I was sad, and realized that I had felt closest to God during my times near the tree.

From a small seed comes a giant sample of Paradise: life materials arranged in a form that expresses the spiritual presence in nature, flowing with laws of growth and the passage of time, bringing forth benefits for all of the environment.

Each tree is an oracle expressing divine magnificence.

**MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.**  
was malignant.

Before I could go in for surgery there had to be a complete body bone scan, a liver and spleen image, and a CAT scan of my abdomen. You can well imagine that the day of surgery was a busy one. How lucky I was to have landed in a hospital with a magnificent CAT scan x-ray machine and all because they had a mammograph machine. Well, the first part of my tale is completed. I had a modified radical mastectomy. It is one of the most painless kinds of surgery that there is, I have been told. Due to a cutting of the nerves there is no feeling along the chest wall, down my rib cage and down the back of my arm. I was out of the hospital on the sixth day—terribly, terribly glad to be back into my own bed.

I have had the staples removed now—and they really are stainless steel staples instead of tied stitches. I have had half of the tubes removed which the surgeon is using to drain off the lymphatic fluids which are still seeking a new route back to the main body since the little nodes are gone. My prognosis is clean but, as an insurance policy, the next step is the beginning of chemotherapy. I feel great. In fact, I feel so good that I have to remind myself once in a while that I am fighting a silent, painless foreigner within my body.

I know very little yet about the therapy with the oncologist and I cannot begin work with him until all of my drain tube holes are well healed. I am struck by the oddness of this entire affair. I am the health food freak in the family. I don't use salt. I have watched my weight successfully for twenty-eight years. I don't smoke. I do not qualify as a drinker. What could have happened along my life's route to turn these innocent cysts into little malignant lumps? I am thankful to have happened upon a dedicated, thorough, German doctor who took excellent care of me and quickly! I am lucky that medical science has developed chemotherapy to the point that my program is ready as soon as I am well enough to pursue it as an insurance policy against future cells reappearing.

I shall keep you posted with my next month's activities. I won't be taking any trips to foreign lands in the next year because my chemotherapy will last for twelve months. That much I do know. The toughest thing I am doing now is exercising my arm to keep the muscles from freezing. The one thing I insist upon being able to do is to drive my car, and that requires almost complete arm motion so that is what I am presently concentrating upon.

Until next month,  
Mary Beth

One thing for which we should never forget to be thankful is that we have a mind to think and learn.

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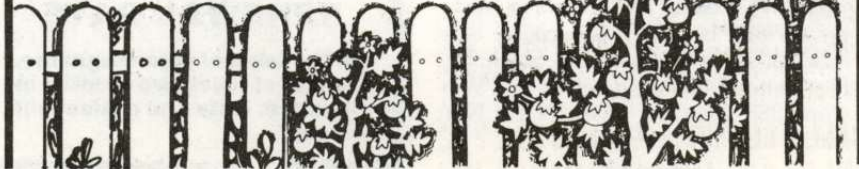
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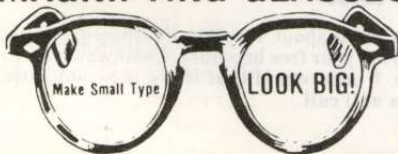
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## YOUR WORLD

When you wake up in the morning, You must alert yourself to the day ahead, To the possibilities for joyful living That the coming hours will bring— If you use them fully. The things you do during the day May not shake the world, But they may make your world!

—Anonymous

## ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

President Kennedy's assassination. If Casey could cut through that back yard, he would meet Liza Jane and me around the corner at Henry Kissinger's house.

It is wonderful to have a reason to exercise these two critters of mine. I'm really seeing this little village from the ground up. We haven't missed Elizabeth Taylor's residence while she was here with Senator John Warner, or the house that the then Senator John F. Kennedy bought as a gift for his wife after their daughter Caroline's birth, or Georgetown University which spills over grounds beyond the gate at 37th and O Streets.

Sometimes at night we choose to join the informal parade of people down the cramped Wisconsin Avenue and listen to the din of excited voices as people pass boutiques, musicians and flower carts, but we most often opt for our leisurely view of the village of Georgetown by day where everyone knows the big three-legged Airedale and her friend, the cat, carried by the lady that always needs groceries and asks questions about the quiet part of Georgetown and about the history that has made this village last.

★ ★ ★



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

I was retired from business and traveling in Europe, but not enjoying it at all because my feet were killing me. I hurt all over. I guess God must have had his arms around me because almost by accident I found a device in Germany that gave me instant relief when I put them in my shoes. They were called Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports, and 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 was flabbergasted to find that they were only sold in Europe, so almost right then and there made arrangements to bring them to America.

In the last nine years over a quarter million Americans have found this blessed relief from foot problems just like V.W., of Cambridge, Maryland, who says: *I am delighted with the supports. The second day I had them I wore them in three different pairs of shoes, from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., which included two hours at a cocktail party. It's the first cocktail party I have left in years without wishing I could crawl out on my knees."*

Here's why Feathersprings work for all of us and why they can work for you. These supports are different from any you may have seen before. They are custom formed and made for your own feet. They actually imitate the youthful elastic support that nature originally intended your feet to have.

## DOCTOR RECOMMENDED

Even doctors are amazed. As Dr. C.O.C., of Tucson, Arizona, wrote us: *"Received my wife's Feathersprings two days ago. They are super—neither of us can believe the results, She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is better... as a retired physician, this result is amazing."*

Maybe all this sounds too good to be true, but H.S.H. writes: *"I have checked your corporation with A Consumer Protection Agency and received an excellent report."*



And Mrs. E.G.C. wrote us and said: *"I didn't know such immediate relief could be obtained for the painful calluses on my foot. I've lived with that pain for years and was told by a podiatrist that foot surgery was the only proper course of treatment. I've been wearing your supports for about two months, and I've not had even a twinge of pain from those calluses. Furthermore, they are shrinking in size and feel softer. I find I am able to stay on my feet for considerably longer periods of time, and I no longer have that 'tired' backache every evening. Thank you again for the vast improvement your product has made in my life."*

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