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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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**THE PALO FAMILY —  
Mary Leanna, Cassie, Isabel, Christopher & Vincent.**



## 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:

Thank you! Thank you to all of my friends who sent recipes to me for candied violets. I received eighteen different recipes for ways to make candied violets. Now, if I just had some violets to candy, I would be in business. Since I wrote to you last, we had a spell of extremely cold, windy weather. Any plant that was up and in bloom or ready to bloom fell victim to this mass of arctic air that came much farther south than is normal. Alas! My bleeding hearts and my violets were nipped all the way to the ground. My dwarf redbud tree which I have nurtured for five years has yet to put out a leaf. The upshot of all of this is that candied violets will have to wait until next year.

While all of the cold weather was happening, I was far enough south to miss the worst of it. My children, James and Katharine, had a week's spring vacation. Not being one to waste a minute of vacation time, I loaded up the pickup and headed first to Ruidoso Downs, N.Mex. This is where Cousin Alison Walstad lives with her husband, Mike, and 2½-year-old daughter, Lily. Alison had called me just as I was making plans to go to El Paso, Texas, to visit my friends, the Crouses. Alison stated on the phone that she was in dire need of some help with her boarding kennel business. She knew that Albuquerque public schools had vacation time and she was hoping that Katharine would be willing to come to visit and lend a hand. Katharine was not only willing, she was totally delighted. I'll leave space at the end of my letter so that Katharine can share some of her experiences with you.

We all spent the night with the Walstads and the next morning James and I drove on down to El Paso. It was an interesting drive. Ruidoso Downs is located high in the mountains of central New Mexico. The dominant peak is Sierra Blanca which was still covered with snow when we drove by. The next large mass of white which came into view was the

White Sands National Monument. We debated about stopping for a quick run in the sand, but decided to keep moving.

Our route took us through the missile-testing area and we didn't want to be delayed waiting for missiles to roar overhead. Many years ago I was in the missile range area and had to wait for two hours before the military police would permit traffic to continue. James and I breathed a sigh of relief when we passed through the area without incident.

We reached El Paso about noon which gave Chris Crouse and me time to get to several nurseries to check out the current bargains in plants. We share the same interest in plants and have been doing comparative plant shopping for over twenty years. All of this started back in 1961 when we were roommates as freshmen in college. In fact I still have a vine which dates back to that original room in Hokona Hall at the University of New Mexico.

Chris's two sons, Keith and Kenneth, had several days of spring vacation from their school in El Paso so the five of us piled into the pickup and ambled over to Tucson. I say ambled because we had the unexpected pleasure of driving along Interstate 10 at the peak of the wild-flower bloom.

This past winter had been very wet in the Interstate 10 area so the wild poppies were especially beautiful. There were huge masses of these brilliant orange flowers covering enormous areas along the road. It seemed as if every canyon on the distant mountains had a river of orange pouring down from the top. Even the little roadside rest areas where we stopped to eat lunch and to stretch our legs had poppies growing everywhere. Everyone with a camera was taking flower pictures. I asked Chris to take some pictures for me as MY camera was loaded with black-and-white film. I have now resolved to take two cameras everywhere—one with black-and-white film and one with color film.

Originally, we had planned to camp in the Gilbert Ray Campground near the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. However, we decided to be lazy and stay in a motel. The boys were all in favor of this idea. They were anxious to go swimming for the first time this year. We did get to the Desert Museum and enjoyed it thoroughly.

I was amazed that several changes had been made in the Desert Museum since I was there last fall. Things are constantly going on at this museum. The boys especially liked the area which was entitled "Earth Sciences". One enters the exhibit by going underground in a man-made cave. After winding through several corridors which contain stalagmites and stalagmites, the passageway opens into a large room. There are many displays in this room. One wall has a



James Lowey and Keith and Kenneth Crouse are standing in front of a boojum tree in the Sonora Desert Museum. Near their feet is an agave plant.

screen which shows an on-going film of volcanic eruptions. The gem and mineral section is fascinating. On the way out of Earth Sciences the corridor is lined with niches containing minerals growing in their natural state . . . These minerals must have been transplanted, but they looked absolutely natural.

The other tourist area which we visited in the Tucson area was the Kitt Peak Observatory. I would like to go back when two conditions can be met. First, someone else will have to do the driving. The road is a mountain road with truly magnificent views and very low guard rails. The second condition is to have a whole day to wander around to see all of the telescopes. We arrived late in the afternoon and didn't have enough time.

Quite a few people live right there at the observatory and one of the dormitories had a sign to the visitors—"Quiet please. Day sleepers." I never would have thought about it, but of course, most of the star studies are done at night so those studying must sleep during the day. Another interesting note is that Tucson has grown so rapidly that the night glare from the city lights is beginning to interfere with the night work at the observatory. I don't know that there is any easy solution to that problem.

The extra plus which was added to the Tucson trip was that I had a chance to visit very dear, old friends, Barbara and Bob Powell. While I was growing up in Shenandoah, my parents and Bob's parents were close friends. As the result, I have known Bob as long as I can remember. Our lives have completely diverged until now. He and his family have lived in the Pacific Northwest and Alaska while I have been in New Mexico. Now they are

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## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

This has been one of those Believe-It-Or-Not-by-Ripley days! As I was pulling off my bulky sweater over my head last night, I noticed that I was one earring shy. (Yes, the chill is yet upon us and we remain bound to our warm woolies, particularly in the evening.) My nature is such that I leave no shoe unturned until I have found a missing article. A missing gold earring is an especially urgent motivator to turn one into a detective. I was nearly certain that the earring was inside of the house, but several hours of thorough searching provided no rewards. This was the second time this particular pair of earrings had come loose from my pierced ear lobes and I was convinced that, unlike the first time, I would not be so fortunate as to find this earring again.

The following morning in a move of pure desperation, I began to retrace the route and stops I had made on the day of the mysterious disappearance. My first stop was at one of the local Delafield antique shops where I had met the owner and walked from there across the street to the bank. I drove into their parking lot which was still empty. The owner's wife was out sweeping her back steps and she greeted me with astonishment to see me so early. With considerable embarrassment I explained why I was strolling around her parking lot with eyes down-cast and she, in an overtone of sympathy, began a cursory walk along my path.

One is not supposed to be attached to material things in this life, but more than attachment is the nagging burden of guilt I carry about losing *anything*. I pretty quickly dismissed this location as a probable place and as I walked around my open car door to continue my milkman act and there it lay, within six feet of the driver's side of the car. This delicate little gold hoop with beautiful engraving on it did not even appear to have been run over.

To give you an idea of how offbeat this story is, I must tell you that I had lost the same earring under almost identical circumstances last autumn. I was struggling to put a bushel basket of Cortland apples into the trunk of the car one very cold blustery day. In my attempts to wrestle with this container of rollable balls, I had snagged the clip of the earring on the thick pile of my sweater. The wind had whisked it off and blown it onto the parking area right beside my car. Of course I did not miss it until much later in the day when the stores were all closed.

This time it was a clerk at the apple orchard who searched and succeeded in

finding the earring in the parking area before any traffic began for the day. I am nearly convinced that the closure on this particular pair of earrings lends them to being easily pulled open and I am now very hesitant about wearing them.

Incidentally, when I was meeting the antique shop owner and going to the bank, I was not on my way to secure a loan in order that I might make a huge investment. I think that statement bears a little further explanation. Our Hawks Inn Historical Society, which carries on the preservation and guided tours of the 1846 stagecoach stop here in Delafield, is, like all historical societies, always on the look for a "freebie." This time the favor being sought from the bank was the inclusion in their monthly statement to some 6200 people in the area of our letter of explanation about the Inn. It is hoped that the message will be so convincing that the readers would be moved to fill out the application for membership at the bottom of the letter. The Inn offers a wide variety of old-fashioned activities on the grounds which appeal to *anyone* with a weakness for things historical and to families who want family-oriented activities for the summer season.

The president of the bank was very agreeable to having this letter included in his mailings—the only hitch was the time element. There were exactly two working days remaining before he had to have the folded letters in his possession. Since yours truly, with her wonderful electric computer typewriter is the public relations person for the Society, it fell to me to make tracks. I had the sample letter in my hand for the bank's approval but I had to find the Society's president for his approval. Then I had to get the letter to the printer's and hope for a big, quick order being processed, and then I had to consider how to get it back to the bank by noon of the following day.

Everything worked out well for me, I am happy to report. It took the biggest part of the day to get things lined up and arrange to have the letters delivered because I had a meeting scheduled for the

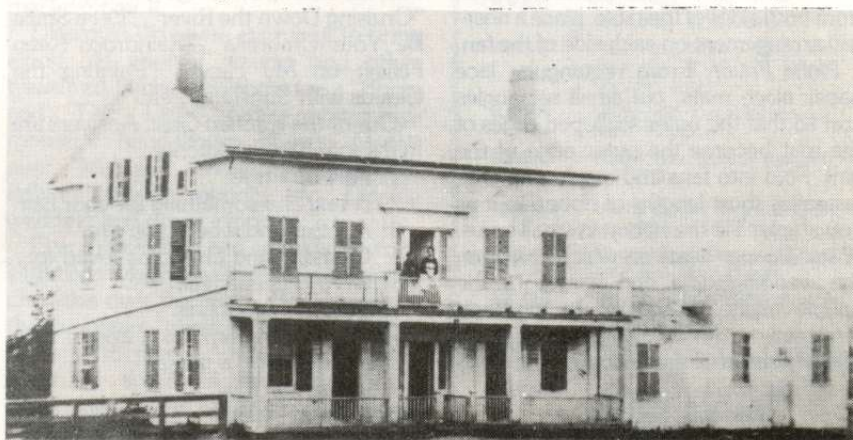
time when the folded letters were to be delivered. Within the next few days my bank statement will come in the mail and I'll see then if the computer which puts all of these things into the envelopes managed to do its job correctly.

The second snafu which almost befell me took the form of my smarter-than-Mary Beth's electronic typewriter. Suddenly, when I sat down to type this letter to you good readers, I discovered that I had no power. I might just as well have tried to type a letter with a rock as to operate one of these magnificent 21st century wonders without electricity. I wiggled the cord, changed the outlet, blew my hot breath across it to dislodge any cat hairs which might have crept into its hidden chips in an effort to fix it. I was destined to get power eventually but only enough to move the Daisy Wheel, which does the printing, skippingly across the blank white width of my paper.

I made an urgent call to the company where I had bought my machine and a service man was going to be available in about two hours. I could then bring the sick machine in for him to see. How, I wondered, was I going to get this 40-pound wonder into my car for the drive across several cities to see this miracle worker? Don had long since left the house for his office and, although I *could* conceivably drag it out to the car, the prospect of failure and the sound I imagined it making as it fell to the concrete left me weak-kneed.

Chivalry is not dead, however, and there in the front yard I found a clutch of gallant telephone men busy burying new telephone lines. Do you think I was too shy to throw myself upon their mercies? I was not! After locating the supervisor and explaining my problem, he quickly brought forth a young, muscular man who, with a look of considerable relief, agreed to follow me into the house and pick up my wonderful machine and do the required toting. The poor man was relieved because he thought he was being summoned to change a tire.

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This 1850 photo of the Hawks Inn at Delafield, Wis., is where Mary Beth Driftmier does much volunteer work.



# Fanfare for the Bride

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



The use of fans as a decorative theme allows us to come up with just the lovely, romantic touch we want in a bridal shower.

## INVITATIONS:

For each invitation use one-half (lengthwise) sheet of typing paper. Type or write the invitation on this paper so that a line of the invitation comes on each fold of the fan. (Make a sample to try it first, making accordion folds in the length of paper, each fold about 3/4 inch wide, trimming off the excess at the end.) Use a paper punch to make a hole through the folded fan at one end and tie with narrow ribbons in bride's colors, tucking a tiny spray of artificial lily of the valley into the ribbon.

## DECORATIONS:

**Centerpiece:** For the fan, purchase one of the white or off-white plastic lacy ones at a variety store. (If you cannot locate one at a store, ask a florist.) Glue the outer folds at each side open so the fan will stay opened when placed in the arrangement. Anchor the base of the fan firmly on a needlepoint flower holder, or fasten to a block of foam or wood. With needle and thread, gather a length of the wide lace (in one of the bride's colors) into a ruffle which you can tie around the base of the fan, concealing the holder. Fasten a small nosegay of flowers with narrow ribbon streamers at the front of the base of the fan, letting the fan frame the flowers. If the centerpiece is seen from both sides of the table, place a nosegay arrangement on each side of the fan.

**Place Favor:** From rectangular lace paper place mats, cut small rectangles (cut so that the outer scalloped edges of the mat become the outer edge of the fan). Fold into fans and staple one end, fastening short lengths of ribbon to it as you staple. Tie the ribbon in small bows. A small paper heart on which is written the wedding date and names of the couple might be stapled to a ribbon streamer on the fan. This fan could be placed in front of the nut cup, even glued to it if desired.

## ENTERTAINMENT:

**As You Say It:** In a given time, see how many terms each guest can write down

for getting married. Such terms as "get hooked", "get spliced", "jumping the broomstick", "joined in matrimony", "holy wedlock", "get hitched" are some examples.

**Wedding I.Q.:** Answer true or false.

1. The maid or matron of honor is the bride's chief attendant. (True)

2. A dowry is gifts from the bride's family to that of the groom. (True)

3. A morganatic marriage is one between royal persons who are related. (False)

4. A marriage may be legal in one state in the United States yet not legal in another state. (True)

5. The custom of tying old shoes to the honeymoon vehicle originated in America. (False)

6. A hope chest originated as a chest in which the groom brought gifts to the bride. (False)

7. The word "troth" in "I plight thee my troth" comes from an old English word meaning "truth". (True)

8. The throwing of rice is an ancient wedding custom. (True)

9. A traditional Jewish wedding takes place under a canopy. (True)

10. The tradition of wearing a white bridal gown originated in colonial America. (False)

**Songs in Shower-Time:** Give each guest paper and pencil. In a given time the guests write down songs the groom might sing in the shower. Each song must have something to do with water in its title; for example, "Singing in the Rain", "Cruising Down the River", "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella", "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head", "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine", etc.

**Out-of-the-Kitchen Quiz:** Answers are items found in the kitchen.

1. Part of a tree.
2. A taxi and something for your hair.
3. A letter and where you are.
4. Grandpa and Grandma loved to.
5. On a baseball team.
6. Several mountains.
7. A fine workman has it and to rent.
8. Popular with a gang.
9. In the Far East.
10. A golfer has it.

**ANSWERS:** 1. fork, 2. cabinet, 3. broom, 4. spoon, 5. pitcher, 6. range, 7. skillet, 8. knife, 9. China, 10. iron.

## TABLE SETTINGS

by  
Annette Lingelbach

**The Bride's Beau:** For a bridal shower, cover your tablecloth with long columns of colored paper. At intervals pin to the tablecloth huge bows in different colors. The paper and bows can be in the bride's colors.

Place small bows of ribbon beside each place, with a few artificial flowers inside them, for the guests to take home. You could also decorate the table with artificial flowers in vases, tied with big bright bows of ribbon.

Other words for bow—or beau—can also decorate the table. These can be miniature ships which all have bows; a bow and arrow; and tiny violins which are always played with a bow.

**Flowers of the Rainbow:** A colorful table arrangement for a banquet or party is real or artificial flowers in the colors of the rainbow. According to the spectrum or prism, these colors are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

Make miniature rainbows in these colors out of cardboard to use as favors, place cards, name tags, etc. Fill vases or baskets with real or artificial flowers in rainbow colors. Use tablecloths and napkins in the different colors of the rainbow. Hostesses can accent these same colors in their clothes.

Musical numbers could include: "Over the Rainbow", "Blue Skies", "Red Roses for a Blue Lady", etc.

After the party give each guest a miniature rainbow or single flower to take home.

**Pulpit Flowers:** (For a minister.) Draw and cut out from heavy paper or cardboard a pulpit with a hood or canopy for its top. It would be especially handsome if made of wood.

Place in this pulpit that herb, jack-in-the-pulpit, which also has a hood over its flowers and berries. If its brilliant red berries have appeared, then hang them all over the pulpit. Place other jack-in-the-pulpits in pots, vases, or miniature window boxes around this pulpit.

Next to the arrangement place a sign on which you have printed: "Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Minister of the Woods."



## MARRIAGE DAYS:

Wed on Monday, always poor;  
Wed on Tuesday, wed once more;  
Wed on Wednesday, happy match;  
Wed on Thursday, splendid catch;  
Wed on Friday, poorly mated;  
Wed on Saturday, better waited;  
Wed on Sunday, Cupid's wooing;  
Wed in the morning, quick undoing.

—Sent in by Mabel Nair Brown



## PLANNING A FAMILY REUNION?

by  
Virginia Thomas

With so many people becoming interested in their genealogical roots, it seems more families are planning reunions to renew and strengthen family ties. Now that families are often scattered over long distances it is more important than ever to plan a special time to get together so that the younger generations, especially, may become acquainted.

The following suggestions are offered in the hope that they will help you plan a reunion if one is scheduled on your calendar—or inspire you to set the plans in motion, if not already started, for a gathering of your family.

Many get-togethers in recent years have taken into consideration the fact that many people own travel trailers or mobile homes. Such persons coming long distances to a reunion would welcome the opportunity to make it a three- or four-day or even a week event at some campground or state park. If such a park is located near the old hometown of the family involved so much the better. Plans can call for a tour of the town and such familiar sites as the school, the family church, etc. If the event includes a Sunday, the family could attend a church service together, with someone alerting the pastor in advance so that arrangements could be made to seat the family as a group. This is especially nice if your family is holding, say a 50th or 60th reunion. One such family gathering made arrangements to present musical numbers in the morning church service performed by a family quartet.

**Reunion Souvenir:** This is a good idea for an important anniversary reunion. Have a photograph of the original grandparents imprinted on a folder card. Below the photo have the family name inscribed and the anniversary date—50th or whichever. Inside list the ancestors' names, birth, marriage and death dates. If you can locate a clipping which tells of these grandparents' wedding, why not have copies made to include in this folder?

If someone in the family has collected such family mementos as the homestead claim certificate, marriage certificate, newspaper clipping of family gatherings of the past and other interesting data, you might consider having copies of these made in booklet form to hand out as keepsakes at the reunion.

One family I know wrote letters to the women of the family well in advance of the occasion, asking them to send a favorite family recipe. These were mimeographed and put in a little booklet. These booklets are greatly cherished by the family members and will be passed along to future generations.



A recent happy reunion was held when Juliana Lowey and her daughter, Katharine, traveled to Washington, D.C. Juliana took this snapshot as the group toured some of Washington's many interesting attractions. Pictured from left to right are: Robin Justiz, Katharine Lowey, and Emily DiCicco, who is carrying her sons, Stephen and baby Martin. Martin is barely visible in his snug front pack baby carrier.

Another idea is to have copies made of the family tree to hand out on reunion day. I once drew a large tree shape and then added the family members (with birthdates) to the trunk and branches in proper order. Copies of this were made on heavy paper so they could be framed if anyone wished to do so.

**Name Tags:** Make these to look like the prize award badges and ribbons handed out at a fair. Cut a large circle from blue construction paper with pinking shears. Fasten it to a larger circle cut from gold paper. Glue two short ribbon streamers at the bottom (these may be of paper—one having the family name printed on it and the other the reunion date). The person's name is written on the blue circle of the badge with a marking pen.

**Displays:** Do invite everyone to bring along old photos, albums and other treasured family heirlooms for a "Show and Tell Time"—Great-great-grandmother's hand-woven sheets, Great-aunt Melissa's shawl, Great-grandfather's pigskin pouch, etc. Display wedding and other clippings.

Every family has had some humorous situations which have been the cause for chuckles over the years. Could some of the younger generation be enlisted secretly to plan a charade-like enactment of some of these humorous situations for the entertainment of all?

If this is a special anniversary, assign to one family member a definite five-year period to research and then to tell of im-

portant family events which took place in that time. Someone might sing a popular song of that particular period. What fun if Auntie Maude would sing a song popular in her courting days!

**Other Ideas:** Do a "This Is Your Life" skit for one of the older members of the family as a surprise.

Still another idea for a reunion theme is "That Wonderful Year . . .". Choose a certain year and key a program or "share it time" around it. Was it the year Grandpa bought the first phonograph, or radio, or the first telephone when everyone listened in on the party line? Maybe it was the year Mother got her first mechanized washing machine—wasn't that a relief after hand washing and the washboard? Perhaps it was the year Grandpa got his first car and became so excited because it didn't stop when he cried, "Whoa!" Use games that might have entertained folks in that long-ago year—"Flinch", croquet, dominoes, etc.

One of the highlights at our family reunion was that time when prizes were handed out. Some years it was the traditional ones for oldest man and woman, longest married, most family members in attendance from a certain branch, youngest child present, etc. But I liked the humorous awards best—to the one with the shortest temper, to the aunt who kept her looks the best, to the "best preserved" man, to the poorest letter writer, etc.

The hat was passed at each reunion and this money was used to pay for invitations, postage and for the prizes.

We always concluded our get-together by joining hands to sing Great-grandmother's favorite hymn.

## RADIO STATIONS

Listen to the **Kitchen-Klatter** program daily:

<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
<b>KVSH</b>	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.
<b>KHAS</b>	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only.)
<b>KGGF</b>	Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:00 a.m.
<b>KFAL</b>	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.
<b>KMA</b>	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
<b>KCOB</b>	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
<b>KSMN</b>	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
<b>KWPC</b>	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
<b>KWBG</b>	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.



## FREDERICK'S

## LETTER



Dear Friends:

Every now and then, one learns of some beautiful, loving home environment so unbelievably good and gracious that it brings tears to the eyes. We all have known homes where the tender and generous care given an invalid or a handicapped child is enough to make us cry out a prayer of thanksgiving to God, but what would you think of a home where, because the parents had a handicapped child of their own, they decided to take in six other handicapped children? That is the situation in a uniquely happy home only a few miles down the road from us. Claire and Romeo Bennett are the parents of a vibrant nineteen-year-old paraplegic daughter, and they are the foster parents of six other handicapped children ranging in age from two to fourteen. Claire is a licensed nurse who just loves children, and because her own child is severely handicapped, she has dedicated her life to caring for as many handicapped children as she can. Her husband and daughter are 100% with her in those feelings, and together they are working miracles.

Betty and I have never met the Bennetts, but someday we are going over there with a camera and tape recorder. We know, from what others have told us, that a visit to their home can be the inspiration of a lifetime. In other letters I have told you about a beautiful family in our church in which there are five foster children. I am convinced that a happy foster home is a place where angels live in disguise.

As I write to you now, I shamefully realize that I haven't yet told you about our spring trip to visit the children. Knowing the kind of foul weather we all had this past spring, it will be no surprise to you that we had very bad weather for our trip to Omaha, Denver, and Calgary. As a matter of fact, we had just two nice days on the entire trip. It was cold! It was wet and snowy! It was windy! I don't know why Chicago is called the "Windy City" when Omaha has winds that take second place to no city on this continent!

The love and good will, the fun and laughter we found in all the homes we visited more than made up for the outside climate. What a joy it was to see Mary Lea's and Vincent's children. We had such a good time being with grandchildren whom we get to see so seldom. I think the high point of our Omaha visit was our going to church together on Sunday. As I sat with my arm around my



**Frederick Driftmier (center) had a pleasant get-together with his brother, Howard (on the left) and his brother-in-law, Oliver Strom (on the right), when he and Betty traveled to Shenandoah for a brief visit.**

grandson, (Betty sat with Isabel), my every thought was a prayer of gratitude. All you grandparents who have the blessed privilege of going to church with your grandchildren know exactly what I mean. It is one of the rare joys of life.

After a four-day visit in Omaha, we went on to spend one day with my brothers and sisters in Shenandoah. We all had dinner together, and what a superb dinner my sister-in-law, Mae, provided. Our family time together was all too short, but there will be other trips in other years.

Our one-day visit with the Denver Driftmiers gave us a wonderful opportunity to see the gracious new home of Wayne and Abigail. Betty and I think that new house is just about the most perfect house we ever have seen. I am sure that someone has already described it for you, but whatever was said, it simply could not do the house justice. A house that has not one, but two long sun decks overlooking a spectacular view of the Rocky Mountains just has to be something special. Then add to that the fact that the house has three living rooms, three large bedrooms, three bathrooms, plus a big kitchen and dining room and two large fireplaces, and you will understand why we think it is the perfect house.

In Calgary, we saw David's and Sophie's new house. While much smaller than the house in Denver, it is a little jewel, just right for a young family with its first child. Are you aware that many Calgary residents do not enter a house without first taking off their shoes? It is an Oriental custom adopted by many persons in that oil-rich metropolis, and that is one of the reasons all of their houses are so immaculately clean.

When it comes to telling you the happi-

ness we experienced with our new little grandson, John Frederick Driftmier, I must practice self-restraint! Of course he is handsome! Of course he is intelligent! Of course he is good! What else can I say? I can say this: David and Sophie are the same kind of loving, caring parents that Mary Lea and Vincent are. They, too, took us to church with them. What a joy!

While in Calgary, Sophie's parents and grandparents did much for us. We had some wonderful meals with the type of Hungarian food for which I have developed a great liking. There was one dinner at the home of John and Susan Lang (Sophie's parents) where the new grandson sat at a table with two great-grandmothers, two grandmothers, two grandfathers, and his two parents. How many babies get to do that? Can you imagine the love with which that young man is surrounded so much of the time? I wish I could wave a magic wand and move Calgary, Alberta, out here to the East Coast.

David and Sophie had promised to drive us up into the Canadian Rocky Mountains at Banff, and even though on the day of the trip it was snowing in Calgary, just fifty miles away in Banff, the sun was out, the sky was blue, and the mountain snow was sparkling. After all the bad weather we had experienced, we could not believe our good fortune. The high point of our day in Banff was our swim in the hot, sulfur springs. We were amused by the signs: "DO NOT THROW SNOW INTO THE POOL." The pool was open to the air with a high, stone wall around it for protection from the wind. I wish that you could have seen our little John Frederick take to that water! Hot though the water was, he

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It seems so good to hear the tractors in the fields and the lawn mowers in the yards. There were times this spring when I didn't think we would get any crops in this year, but our renter was over the other day and got the fields seeded down that needed to be, so this was a happy relief.

We can finally get around in our barn lot without boots, but there are still some very deep, water-filled ruts. Here in our locality the cow and calf loss this spring has been quite severe. Apparently this has been due to several factors. The hay crop last year was very poor quality and lacked the nutrients the cattle needed. Because of much rain and shortage of sunshine, there was very little hay baled that hadn't had a rain on it first at least once, and sometimes two and three times. This was the case with our own hay. Frank fed a little corn to our cattle all winter and spring to keep them going.

With the mud in the lots so deep, the weakened cattle couldn't cope with it. One of our neighbors told me they had to bring in fourteen calves and put them on the bucket. The calves couldn't get through the mud to their mothers to nurse, and in many cases the cows couldn't tell which calves were theirs. It was a sad situation and one I hope won't be repeated again.

The wild turkey season has proven to be very poor this year. The men have seen turkeys but haven't been able to get any. Spring came so late the birds weren't mating yet and the fellows weren't able to call in the toms. Also, because of the late spring, there weren't any leaves on the trees and the turkeys were able to see the men without any trouble.

The fishing seems to be pretty good in our bayou right now. One of our former neighbors who moved to town several years ago comes out to fish and visit once in awhile. The other day he came for the first time this year and Frank went down to the bayou to visit with him. Frank came back and reported that Lester was having a wonderful time and had a bucket full of fish.

Two of our conservation friends, Larry Wilson and Doyle Adams, stopped by the evening before the second turkey season started. Larry told us that he was going to be staying all night with one of the other conservation boys and would be over before daylight the next morning. He wanted us to know so we wouldn't be alarmed if we heard a car outside at that hour.

Frank didn't do any trapping this year,



**This newest photo of the Brases, Art, Kristin, and baby, Elizabeth, was taken on the day of Elizabeth's christening. The Brases, who live in Torrington, Wyo., also have three sons, Andy, Aaron and Julian.**

but last year he got a big beaver and decided he wanted to get the hide tanned. Frank didn't know where he could get this done. Doyle said he had a friend who might do it so he took the hide home with him. The other night when he stopped he brought the beaver skin home. It is so soft and beautiful.

When I saw the beaver fur, it reminded me of something that happened many years ago when Lucile and I lived in San Francisco and our daughters, Juliana and Kristin, were about three years old. Lucile and I were determined to make the girls winter coats trimmed in beaver fur, with beaver fur buttons and earmuffs on the hats. We didn't have the least idea where to find beaver fur, so decided a good place to start would be the yellow pages in the phone book. We began calling all the fur shops. The prices they quoted were far beyond what our pocketbooks could take. We finally tried the last one. We thought with a name like "Oliver the Trapper" we surely would have success.

In a city like San Francisco, we were so intrigued with a name like this we decided to go see him. He was a heavy-set, elderly man with a lot of snow-white hair, and was very congenial. We told him what we wanted and asked if he would make the buttons for us. He said he didn't know why we couldn't make them ourselves. He was so happy to see two women who wanted to sew for their little girls he would see what scraps he could find and just give them to us. We went home thrilled to death, carrying our little sack of beaver fur.

I recently went to Plattsmouth, Nebr., where I was the speaker at the Cass County Extension Spring Tea. They had a very nice crowd of over two hundred, and I thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon. The tea was held in the beautiful Presbyterian Church. It is always a thrill for me to meet so many of our Kitchen-Klatter friends and wish I was able to have a per-

sonal visit with each one. The tea was served in a large room where they had several round tables with lace tablecloths and floral centerpieces. Besides coffee and punch, they had trays with delicious open-faced sandwiches, and several trays heaped with all kinds of dainty cookies.

I had called my niece, Mary Lea Palo, about my plans to be in Plattsmouth. Since her home is just a few miles from there, she said she would bring the children to see me following the meeting. Her timing was perfect and we spent an hour together before I started home. It had been almost two years since I had seen Mary Lea and the two older children, and I had never seen her adorable Cassie, so we had an enjoyable visit and it made a perfect ending to a delightful day.

I also journeyed to Waterloo, Iowa, recently to give a talk at the Black Hawk County Farm Bureau Women's Day Farm-City Festival. My good friends, Dorothea Polser and Angie Conrad, were able to go with me and it was fun to make this short trip together. Angie's daughter, Mrs. Dean Berggren (Betsy) and family, live in Cedar Falls and Betsy had invited us to stay with them. We drove to Cedar Falls on Sunday afternoon. I wanted to be at the Grace Methodist Church in Waterloo by 10:30 a.m. on Monday, and the three of us didn't relish having to get up and leave home as early as it would have necessitated to get us there by that time.

Earlier in the week Frank and I had talked to our friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer of Aplington, so they knew we were going to be there. When we arrived at the Berggrens, they were waiting for us. Dorothea and I didn't want to impose on Betsy, so we left Angie to have a good visit with her family while we went out to have dinner with the Meyers. It was wonderful to spend a few hours with these dear old friends.

After a leisurely breakfast with Angie and Betsy, Dorothea and I went to the church where I was to speak at noon, following an 11:00 o'clock brunch. The theme for their day's activities was "Paint Your Rainbow With the Colors You Have Been Given". The table decorations were outstanding, and a lot of planning and work had gone into them. Each table was centered with a cardboard rainbow with one end in a gold pot filled with kernels of golden corn, and the other end in a cloud of fluffy cotton. From the rainbow down the center to each end of the table were tissue paper pastel-shaded flowers and artists' palettes with brushes.

Each lady who had made a reservation for the meeting and brunch was given a needlepoint-on-plastic rainbow pin with her name on it to wear. These were

(Continued on page 18)



## THE REWARDS OF GARDENING

by  
Mrs. Herbert Hoffer

To many people the word garden brings a mental picture of dirty fingernails, rough hands, sunburned arms and itching mosquito bites. One can hardly be a successful gardener without enduring these and other problems, but, in spite of them, more and more people are discovering that gardening can be rewarding in various ways.

Whether one plants seeds for flowers to provide beauty or vegetables to supply food, the pleasure from the gardening activities is the same. The small brown seeds seem dry and lifeless, yet they can miraculously grow into live plants and as the plants develop, so does hope.

But flowers do not bud and bloom, nor do vegetables grow and mature unless plans are made and labor applied to the garden plot. The ground must be well prepared before the planting and the weeds must be controlled as the plants grow. Because the weeds compete with the desirable plants for moisture and nutrients in the soil, elimination of these green evils allows the good plants to become strong and healthy. The neat appearance of the weedless rows of vegetables is gratifying and there is a fringe benefit: the exercise received from bending, squatting and reaching to pull the weeds.

Then there are the financial rewards that everyone can appreciate. One needs only to walk by the produce counter to realize how much a garden reduces the cash output for food. The cost of a few tomato plants at a garden center will be less than the cost of a dozen tomatoes at the grocery store; yet, with some time and work by the gardener, those plants will provide perhaps two or three bushels of fresh fruit. One 75¢ package of green bean seeds will provide enough fresh beans for many family meals and will also provide several dozen boxes for the freezer. These are just two examples of how one can help to fight inflation by stretching food dollars.

As the fruits (or vegetables) of our labors mature, we realize many other values of a garden. Quality depends very much on the freshness of the products. Experience has taught me that to have the best, the food should be used as soon as possible after being picked. Even with modern methods of transportation and refrigeration, the market produce can't compare with tender young cabbages and freshly snapped green beans from the back yard. And no food prepared for royalty is superior to that which can be picked and eaten as one wanders through the garden: sweet red strawberries, a carrot so crisp it cracks when it is pulled from the ground or a delicious,



**Martin Strom is pictured in front of the parsonage in Maple Lake, Minn., where he lives with his wife, Eugenie. Martin is holding one stem of a rose which grew well over seven feet tall.**

sun-ripened tomato, all of which we may enjoy without concern about chemical additives and sprays to which commercial products have been exposed. Furthermore, the jars of canned food and the many packages of frozen vegetables are a constant reminder of the garden's worth. And what pride we feel as we reach for a jar of pickles or a package of frozen corn to serve the family when winter winds are blowing!

There are other rewards that have nothing to do with economy and body building. Working in the pure fresh air, enjoying physical contact with the soil and then sharing the harvest with friends, needy people or institutions, more than compensates for the hours spent in producing the food and the pain of irritated muscles. In addition, experience and self-confidence come from raising new types or varieties of vegetables and fruits. Patience is developed from watching and waiting for seeds that are slow in sprouting, and for rains that do not always come. Everything planted will not be a success every season in spite of good care. Some may be total failures, but disappointments are soon forgotten and replaced with hope for another season.

Perhaps the greatest reward is unrelated to planting, weeding, waiting and reaping. Our bodies become weary, not only from physical labor but in other ways as well; we exhaust ourselves with concentrated mental effort, social obligations and daily involvement in traffic. With these and other larger problems all about us—the energy crisis, increase in crime and drug abuse, international unrest, fear of incurable disease—everyone needs an outlet. In what better way can one release frustrations and tensions and recharge physical energies than on his knees in the soil with God's beauties all about?

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

"Do you have any lobelia plants?" a customer asked. "I tried growing some from seed which is so fine you simply cannot sow it thinly enough. Then it takes weeks to germinate and how in the world can you set out those tiny little plants and get them to grow?" When shown baskets of lobelia plants, she marveled at their sturdy growth habit. "How in the world did you get them to look like this? It must be that you have a greenhouse to grow them in. I could never do it in my window garden."

Of course she could, if she remembered that lobelia seeds need light to germinate, that they also germinate slowly—20 days or longer, and that it is impractical to try to set each tiny plant separately when transplanting the seedlings. Because they are basically cool weather plants, you can germinate the seeds without bottom heat. Keep the seed pan covered with clear plastic to maintain moisture until seedlings appear. Give them a feeding of dilute soluble plant food every seven days. Prick out clumps of five to six plants each from the starting medium and plant the clumps in soil-filled planter flats. Cover the newly set plants with clear plastic to maintain moisture around them until the roots become established. Remove the cover when the plants appear to be growing and set the flat in a cool, semi-shaded area. Pot the little clumps after four weeks or so and you will soon have a wealth of little growing clumps to set in planters, borders or wherever wanted.

There are two types of lobelia, the upright or bush, and the trailing kind. For beds and borders and edging, the following bush-type varieties are best: 'Crystal Palace', dark foliage with a cloud-like cover of clear, dark blue blooms; 'Mrs. Clibran', a dark blue with white eye; 'Cambridge Blue', light blue flowers; 'Rosamond', carmine-red with contrasting white eye; 'White Lady', a pure white.

The very best of the bush types by far in our garden last season was 'Blue Butterfly'. The bright purple-blue blooms were about three times the size of regular lobelia. Keep it in mind if you like lobelia. The same bush types are one of the prettiest edging plants imaginable when you intersperse them with white, sweet alyssum to form a border.

Then there are the trailing-type lobelias that enhance window boxes, planters and hanging baskets. Two trailers that you will like are 'Blue Cascade', large light blue flowers, and 'Sapphire Pendula', deep blue blooms with white eyes.

Lobelia is an old-time favorite making a modern-day comeback in popularity.



## DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

Wow! What a spring—or was it winter? After coming through the last few months, one is not sure what season it really is. It seemed that the normal winter months were not normal and then, when spring tried to make its appearance, Old Man Winter had to have the last word.

We have experienced one of our roughest winters, healthwise, as most of us contracted that little virus which so effectively puts one on his or her back for a time. I was overpowered by the little "bug" for almost a month and my husband, Tom, even missed three days of work at school; the first time that has happened in almost fifteen years. Natalie missed the whole week of semester finals which, needless to say, didn't make her very happy. I guess folks all over the Midlands were struggling with the same little trouble-making virus, so we were not alone.

We thought for awhile that the seasons were running backwards. Tom said that spring was here and we could put away the snow blower and get out the lawn mower. Wrong! After that little optimistic statement, we had two more snowstorms, of the blizzard variety, and to have the lawn mower parked at the entrance of the garage, ready to take on its seasonal chores of cutting and bagging, made little sense and looked ridiculous.

We also made an error in judgment when we thought there was no need to buy more bird feed as the feeding season was over. Wrong again! We had many of our little feathered friends back to see us as soon as the snow stopped blowing long enough for them to locate our house. I'm just glad we didn't take down the feeder when we first talked about it as there was a need for food for the many juncos, finches, cardinals, red-winged blackbirds and the ever-present starlings and sparrows which graced our yard.

Our family had an extremely busy spring. Tom spent quite a bit of time attending conferences and, as he said, learned just enough new information to totally confuse him. He attended his ASCD Conference this year (first time in four years). It was held in Houston, Texas, and he reported back that the Houston area indeed had seafood somewhat "different" than that which we find in the frozen-food section of our local grocery store. Fresh shrimp, oysters, stuffed crab, whitefish and scallops all found their way onto his plate. I think the



Natalie, the busy teenage daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman.

next time he goes to Houston I'm going along.

Tom also attend a "High Technology" Conference in Chicago. This was the one that really impressed upon him where our country was going in the future. Upon his return home, he could only describe the new information as "mind-boggling."

Oh, yes, we did have one fantastic experience which doesn't happen in (or to) a school district very often. Both Millard North High School and Millard South High School here in Omaha sent their girls' teams to the Girl's State Basketball Tournament this year. In addition, Millard South sent their boy's team to the Boy's State Tournament. We were fortunate in that the South boys did bring home the State Championship in Class A, so all in all it was an excellent year in the sport of basketball.

Both of our girls have been extremely busy over the last few months. Natalie has been closing out a very busy junior year, complete with its many tests and homework assignments. When you add the time that she has spent on her job at one of the local fast-food restaurants and the hours spent in preparing for the prom, you can see that she has been one busy person. I'd hate to add up the time and miles we spent in looking at dresses trying to find the "right one" for the prom. Natalie has very good taste and knows exactly what she is looking for. The only problem is finding it! We were successful and both she and the young man she dates looked "terrific" on prom night.

Lisa has been trying to tie up all the "loose ends" from her first year at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. She has been exceptionally busy with a full school load, a nearly full-time job and many social functions associated with her sorority. She is certainly looking forward to some free time this summer, even though she is working long hours to acquire the money necessary for school

next year. At least it will be a change of pace for her and she will be able to do a little sunbathing (which she dearly loves).

I contented myself with assisting the girls in meeting their many responsibilities, in co-chairing the Lioness Scholarship Committee (which awards scholarships to deserving girls), assisting with the Lioness Saturday basketball games, and in washing dishes. How does the last one fit in? The motor on the old dishwasher, one that we'd had for thirteen years, burned out one night and I had the pleasurable experience of washing dishes by hand for the first time in a long time. After several months, and a severe case of "dishpan hands," we had it replaced. I had forgotten just how fast those dirty dishes can pile up; it seemed like it was a never-ending job. Needless to say, I'm delighted to have things back to normal in my kitchen.

There is so much more to tell, but time and space grow limited. We had experiences ranging from Natalie flying off to Colorado (alone) to spend several days skiing with former neighbors, to the old car sitting in the driveway for a month with its brakes locked. That's a story in itself, but you've heard enough from me to take you through until the next time we visit. Have a very nice summer and our family wishes you the best of health.

Sincerely,

Donna Nenneman



## COVER PICTURE

Mary Lea (Driftmier) Palo and her husband, Vincent, are now stationed at Offutt Air Force Base in Omaha, Nebraska. Mary Lea, Vincent and their three children, Cassie (almost 2), Isabel (9) and Christopher (6), posed for this picture to be used in their church directory. They are also sharing the picture with you *Kitchen-Klatter* readers.

Like many families, all members enjoy bike riding, going to the zoo and visiting the interesting Children's Museum in Omaha. Later this summer, the Palos hope to travel to the East to visit Mary Lea's parents, Frederick and Betty Driftmier, and the senior Vincent Palo family. Doing things together as a family is a part of military living.

Mary Lea has been writing family news for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and when time permits is now into the new adventure of broadcasting on the daily *Kitchen-Klatter* radio homemaker program.

I am pleased to have the Palo family living so close to Shenandoah. Their participation in *Kitchen-Klatter* is another indication of the younger generation helping out.

—Lucile



## EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

Many a Kitchen-Klatter letter has been written on a morning like this one. Stephen is at preschool, and Martin has just gone down for a nap. The view from my window shows beautiful spring flowers, reminding me it's time to get to work outside. There is a casserole bubbling in the oven for a Colorado friend who is joining me for lunch. I have a few moments of peace and quiet, so it's time to dash off a letter to you.

I particularly relish these mornings, because they are a new experience for me. I have taken six months of leave from my job, and it is the first such "free" time I can ever remember.

No one would dream of calling these months a vacation, however. Life with a newborn and a toddler is anything but relaxing. Martin Joseph DiCicco chose to make his appearance in this world on December 12, in the early Sunday morning hours during the first big snowstorm of the year. Our winters here in northern Virginia are not harsh, and therefore Arlington County does not spend much of its budget on the purchase of snowplows or the hiring of maintenance crews. Our area is quite hilly, and as we made our way, I thought each hill was a mountain. He was born at 7:05 a.m., a mere twenty minutes after we entered the hospital parking lot.

Those of you who are long-time readers of *Kitchen-Klatter* will recognize the name Martin, after my Grandfather Driftmier. We took the name Joseph from Rich's mother's name, Josephine. It is also the name of a favorite aunt.

Martin was born in Columbia Hospital for Women, in Washington, D.C., in the new "birthing" room. This type of room substitutes for the labor and delivery rooms for women who do not expect any anesthesia or complications in the delivery. The idea is to establish a home-like environment which will be more relaxing and comfortable.

For this pregnancy I had a woman obstetrician, and I found her care far superior to male obstetricians' care. With two young children of her own, I knew that she was truly aware of my feelings and needs. The fact that she is originally from a town near Shenandoah was coincidental, but somehow reassured me that I was in good hands.

I have also found a woman pediatrician, who gave me the time and assistance I needed to successfully pass some

initial difficulties in breast-feeding. Now I am searching for a woman dentist, but I am told that they are few and far between.

Once Christmas and the New Year festivities were over, I started to tackle a long list of "to-do's". For the month of January, the major task was to select a preschool for Stephen. There are quite a variety of schools that are close and convenient to our house. The county government provides a list of schools, and I spent many afternoons telephoning the ones which appeared to be the best.

The next step was to visit the centers for a morning, to see which one had the program which best fit our needs. Many of the schools had long waiting lists, and I felt like I was trying to get Stephen into college. I finally found a vacancy in a very good program just three blocks from our house. I wish I could say that I'm getting good exercise by walking Stephen to and from school every day, but . . .

A second major project has been to work on our home's interior. The families who lived in this house before us are in the military, and this is reflected in their choice of wallpapers—Civil War pistols in one bedroom, and Revolutionary War soldiers in the family room. New wallpaper and painting were both done, as well as curtains, all in very non-violent motif.

A third major project has been our house exterior. When we first saw the listing on our property, it described the landscaping as "low maintenance." This is true to a certain extent, in that it has little grass, mostly ivy, shrubs and trees. But the years of low maintenance had resulted in an impenetrable forest, rather than an enjoyable back yard. I found a reputable tree service company to spend two days removing dead trees and the lower branches of the taller trees, and pruning back the shrubs. The landscaping around the front of the house was very overgrown and beyond salvage through pruning, so it all was replaced.

We are certainly sorry to be living such a great distance from Wilmore Nurseries in Denver. Our climate is so different from Colorado's that I couldn't even call my parents or brother to ask advice on the choice of plant material.

Rich does quite a bit of business traveling, and he gets tired of living out of a suitcase, alone in a hotel room, far from home and family. When he first suggested that we accompany him for a week in Florida, I was a bit hesitant as to how it would all work out. But when I realized that his conference was to be held close to Walt Disney World, I decided it was an opportunity not to be missed. I was sorry that my cousin, Paul Driftmier, was no longer working there.

I was fortunate to have two extra pairs of hands to help me. The wife of one of Rich's colleagues decided to accompany



Stephen DiCicco greets a character at Walt Disney World.

her husband for a "final fling" before the birth of their first child in June. She got some "on the job training" with Martin. Rich's Aunt Josie drove to Orlando from her home in Daytona Beach to join us for three days. She was eager to push Stephen in the stroller and to give Martin his morning bath.

We spent two days at Walt Disney World and a day at Sea World. One day was spent catching up on naps and laundry, with a little time by the hotel pool.

At two-and-a-half years of age, Stephen was too young for most of the events at Disney's Magic Kingdom. His favorite activity was meeting the Disney characters.

Parents of young children should take note of the Gerber Baby Center, located in the center of the Magic Kingdom. It has several rooms, one with padded changing tables, another with high chairs and small tables, and another with rocking chairs just for nursing mothers. Full kitchen facilities are available, and assorted baby products are on sale. (I wish the airport designers would include such facilities in airports.)

Although Stephen now prefers walking to riding in the stroller for most of our outings, we kept him in the stroller in order to prevent him from wandering, and also to conserve his energy so he could enjoy the day.

We carried Martin in a front pack baby carrier. This ingenious device is a must for expeditions with a newborn. It allowed him to watch his surroundings when he was awake, or to doze off to sleep, all in the security of a womb-like environment under my chin.

Recently I have become interested in the process of making cheese in the home or at the small industry level. It seems that it used to be common for women to make cheese on the farm, but now it is almost forgotten, at least in the United States.

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## PAUL DRIFTMIER WRITES THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

It's been such a long time since I've brought you up to date on my life, that I hardly know where to begin. However, what I can report with greater ease are the changes which are slated for the next few months.

As you know, for the past three years I've been paying for my Corvette, while working at Peck Meats. Well, the end is drawing near. As I write this, I have one more payment—at the end of the month—and then the car will be all mine. I anticipate the feeling of accomplishment almost as heartily as the accomplishment itself. This will be the first car which I've bought and paid for entirely myself. Being, as a Corvette is, made of fiberglass, it is very brittle. Where a normal, metal-bodied car would bend in an accident, this car would shatter like so many eggshells! By some great fortune, I've managed to keep a healthy distance between my car and the myriad of trees, telephone poles and other solid objects which seem to lie in wait for cars like mine.

The insurance company with which I do business seems to have little faith in my ability to stay away from these "Corvette crunchers" and have been charging me exorbitant premiums. Up until last month, I was part of an age group (21 to 24) whom statisticians feel are more likely to bring their cars into physical contact with trees and telephone poles. Even more exorbitant premiums are based upon the fact that I'm a male. Apparently that means that I'm likely to try to move bigger trees than my female counterparts, and you know what that means, \$\$\$\$. All of these elements added up to the fact that I was required to spend nearly as much on insurance in the last three years as I was spending in car payments. But lo and behold, in March I reached a milestone, I turned 25! I am now a part of that age group which doesn't take on trees but only other cars, and my rates have been cut by almost a third. Why does that make me feel so old?

Between my car payments, insurance payments and the gallons of gasoline I bought driving 30 miles to work and 30 miles home every day, my paychecks were quickly divided up with little left for me. However, now that these responsibilities have ended, I'm happy to inform you that I will soon be moving into an apartment in Milwaukee. Since I moved back to Wisconsin from Florida I've been living at home with my folks, and while that has been nice I'm really looking forward to apartment living. I will be relocating in a high-rise with a beautiful view of Lake Michigan and with only a five-minute drive to work. This move will



Paul Driftmier should now be settled in his own apartment in Milwaukee.

take place June first so I should be all moved in by the time you are reading this. The past several weeks I've kept busy finding good buys on furniture and other basics needed for existence in an apartment. Next I'm going to buy a bicycle so that I can put my car away for a while and pedal to work.

This past weekend, I helped my sister, Adrienne, move into her new apartment. She's in the same building that I plan on moving into only her apartment is located several floors higher than mine and her rooms face north and west whereas my windows take in a southern view of the city. She rented a truck which was smaller than a moving van but was larger than the family-size vans which are so visible on the highways these days. We loaded more furniture into that truck than I thought would possibly fit into her new place.

The day Adrienne chose to move could not have dawned with worse weather. Here in Wisconsin we anticipate unusual weather but one would expect just a little spring-like weather by now. Not a chance! The dawn brought the worst driving conditions that we had seen in all of the previous winter. Pouring rain which froze when it hit the ground was mixed with heavy wet snow and a driving, bitter wind which had me chasing my hat, not once or twice, but three times.

The scene from Adrienne's apartment windows was quite striking. Looking north out toward the lake, huge breakers were rolling in, pounding the landfill area which the city has built to house the yacht club with the mooring spaces for the big privately owned boats. Meanwhile across the street looking west, a tall derek, the kind used to build skyscrapers, was swaying back and forth, looking as if the next gust of wind would send it earthward. From her nineteenth floor window, I imagine a summer thunder-

storm will be an awesome spectacle.

Milwaukee is blessed with a really beautiful lake front with a lovely park perfectly suited for picnics or just for taking a walk. The building in which Adrienne and I will be living is right on the edge of this park-like area. This is going to be like our Delafield backyard only we won't be able to just walk out of the door to reach it. A whisper quiet, very swift trip down on the elevator will bring me from my sixteenth floor to this lovely area. Because my windows face south, I do not have the view of this park, but I do get to see the operation of Milwaukee's bustling international harbor. Hopefully, when I have a little extra spending money, I'll be able to buy a telescope and I'll have a clear view to identify the different nationalities of boats coming in from the St. Lawrence Seaway.

The next time I write I'll fill you in on how everything is working out at my pad downtown. There is a private pool located on the east side of the apartment building overlooking the lake where I have high hopes of meeting some of Milwaukee's single young ladies.

Sincerely,  
Paul



## THE BOW

by  
Evelyn Witter

Beginning as a masculine knot, the bow traces its ancestry far back in history. The Greeks held their sandals with knotted cords and leather tongs. The Spaniards knotted their sashes at the hip. The interwoven knot—emblem of true love—symbolized the romance of Louis XV of France and Mme. de Pompadour. The Duke of Ascot set the style known as the ascot tie. The four-in-hand was derived from the coachman and his team. The Windsor bow was named for the Duke of Windsor.

After the knot, came the bow which had loops. King Charles and his gallants wore garters of ribbon knotted at the knee. These knots were tied with loose loops. By leaving these loops uncut the first real bow came into being. Women eagerly adopted the idea.

Bows as feminine decoration reached their height during the reign of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. With the Victorian era came fifty years of lavish use of ribbons and bows.

Now the demand for ribbon is greater than ever. Bows as hair ornaments, dress trimmings, children's wear, lingerie, on packages and in countless other useful and decorative ways are always considered high fashion and in good taste.





# Recipes

## CHICKEN LASAGNA

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- 8 ozs. lasagna noodles
- 2 10½-oz. cans chicken gravy
- 4 cups cooked, diced chicken
- 1 small can mushroom slices
- 1/2 lb. mozzarella cheese, sliced

Cook peas according to package directions and drain. Cook lasagna noodles according to directions and drain. Mix gravy, peas, chicken and mushrooms. Place a thin layer of the chicken mixture in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Cover with half the noodles, half the remaining chicken mixture and half of the cheese. Repeat layers. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes, or until bubbly. Serves 6. —Verlene

## FRUIT FLUFF

- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 4 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 4 cups whipped cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 can apple pie filling  
Ground cinnamon  
1/2 cup powdered sugar  
1/3 cup peanut butter  
Combine graham cracker crumbs, brown sugar, 1/2 cup peanut butter, melted butter and burnt sugar flavoring. Mix well until crumbly. Press two-thirds of the mixture into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Reserve rest for topping.

Beat cream cheese and granulated sugar until well blended. Fold into stiffly beaten whipped cream. Add vanilla flavoring. Spread half of the mixture over crust. Spread apple pie filling over cheese mixture. Sprinkle with cinnamon.

Combine powdered sugar with the 1/3 cup peanut butter until crumbly. Sprinkle over filling. Top with remaining cheese-whipped cream mixture. Then sprinkle with remaining cracker crumbs. Cover and refrigerate at least 24 hours before serving. —Verlene

## QUICK BEEF AND MACARONI

(For microwave oven)

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup dry macaroni
- 1 pkg. dry onion and mushroom soup mix
- 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 2 Tbls. dehydrated onion
- Salt and pepper to taste

Brown beef lightly and drain. Cook macaroni for 10 minutes in 2 cups boiling water. Do not drain. (More liquid may be added if needed.)

Mix all ingredients together and put in greased casserole. Cover and microwave for 12 to 15 minutes on high.

May be baked in a conventional oven at least 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

## MARIE'S RHUBARB TORTE

### Crust

- 1 cup flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 cup margarine, softened
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine flour, sugar, salt, margarine and flavoring. Press in an 8- by 10-inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

### Filling

- 2 1/2 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup half-and-half
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine and cook over low heat until thick. Pour over bottom crust.

### Topping

- 3 egg whites
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar

Beat whites until stiff. Add sugar and cream of tartar and beat until very stiff. Spread over filling. Brown in 325-degree oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

I pour hot or warm filling over hot or warm crust. Add the topping and return to oven. Do not cover tightly when storing before serving. —Hallie

## SPINACH SALAD

- 1 lb. fresh spinach, cleaned and cut into bite-size pieces
- 6 to 8 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
- 1 3½-oz. can French-fried onions
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced (optional)
- 1 8-oz. carton sour cream
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup wine vinegar

Toss the spinach with the bacon, onions and boiled eggs. Combine the sour cream, sugar and vinegar. Pour over spinach and toss. Serve immediately. —Donna Nenneman

## ZUCCHINI WITH MOZZARELLA

- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 1 16-oz. can tomatoes, juice and all
- 4 medium zucchini, sliced 1/4-inch thick
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. oregano (about)
- 1/4 tsp. basil
- 1 8-oz. pkg. shredded mozzarella cheese

Heat oil in a large covered skillet. Add onion, green pepper and garlic. Saute until vegetables are tender. Add the tomatoes and zucchini. Stir. Add the salt, sugar, oregano and basil. Cook, stirring frequently, for about 15 minutes. Sprinkle the cheese over top, cover, and let simmer about 3 minutes, or until cheese is melted. —Dorothy

## REFRESHING SUMMER LIME SALAD

- 1 14-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 small can pears, chopped
- 1 1-lb. can peeled apricot halves, chopped
- 1 can Mandarin oranges
- 4 cups liquid (see below)
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Whipped topping and maraschino cherry halves, for garnish

Place pineapple in a colander over bowl. Press out as much juice as possible. Put remaining fruits in colander, saving juice. To the drained fruit juices, add enough water to make the 4 cups liquid. Bring to boiling and add the gelatin. Stir to dissolve. Cool slightly and add the softened cream cheese. Chill until partially congealed. Add the fruits and flavorings. Spoon into 9- by 13-inch glass dish. Chill until firm. Serve with whipped topping and garnished with maraschino cherry halves. —Lucile



**STRAWBERRY SPONGE CAKE**

2 cups cake flour  
 2 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 5 eggs, separated  
 1 3/4 cups sugar  
 2/3 cup warm water  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 Pinch of cream of tartar  
 Fresh crushed strawberries  
 Sweetened whipped cream or topping  
 Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Beat egg yolks until creamy and lemon colored. Gradually add the sugar to the egg yolks, beating well. Combine the warm water and flavorings and add alternately to the creamed mixture with dry ingredients. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the cream of tartar has been added. Bake in two greased 8-inch cake pans for 20 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool and remove from pans. Combine strawberries and whipped cream or topping. Use as a filling between layers and on top.

—Juliana

**EASY GREEN BEANS**

Saute fresh green beans in a little butter. Salt and pepper to taste. Add some fresh minced parsley and a minced garlic clove. Saute about 7 minutes, or until beans are just tender. Drizzle with Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing and serve. (Any leftover beans may be chilled and added to a tossed salad.)

**HAM BALLS AND PLUM SAUCE**  
(Microwave)

1 lb. ground ham (about 4 cups)  
 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs  
 2 eggs, beaten  
 2 Tbls. milk  
 1 tsp. prepared horseradish  
 1/2 cup plum preserves  
 1/4 cup frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed  
 1 Tbls. vinegar  
 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 Combine the ham, bread crumbs, eggs, milk and horseradish. Shape into small balls. Place balls in circle around outer edge of paper plate.  
 Combine remaining ingredients and put in small microwave-proof dish. Set dish in center of paper plate with ham balls. Cover with waxed paper. Microwave on high for a total of 3 minutes. Each minute, turn plate one-quarter turn and stir sauce. Serve ham balls with sauce.

These can also be baked in a conventional oven. Place ham balls in baking pan. Cover loosely and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Pour the sauce over and return to oven, uncovered, for a few more minutes.

—Dorothy

**SPRING SALAD**

2 cups cooked diced potatoes  
 1 cup shredded raw carrots  
 1 cup shredded raw cabbage  
 1 cup shredded process cheese  
 1 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise  
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing (more if needed)  
 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard  
 2 Tbls. cider vinegar  
 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 Prepare the first four ingredients. Combine and mix lightly. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over the vegetable mixture. Toss. Cover and let set for at least 3 hours or longer.

—Hallie

**BAKED BROCCOLI & CORN**

1 box frozen chopped broccoli (or equivalent of fresh)  
 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn  
 1 egg, beaten  
 Salt, pepper, garlic salt to taste  
 Grated cheese  
 Bread crumbs  
 Place frozen broccoli in a colander. Pour hot water over and allow to thaw just enough to separate. If using fresh, chop. Combine the broccoli, corn, beaten egg, salt, pepper and garlic salt. Stir to blend. Spoon into greased casserole. Cover top with grated cheese and bread crumbs. Bake, uncovered, at 325 degrees for about 30 minutes.

—Robin

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**QUICK CINNAMON ROLLS**

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 6 Tbls. shortening
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup raisins

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Blend in shortening. Add milk and butter flavoring gradually, working them in to form a soft dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board. Knead 30 seconds and roll to 1/4-inch thick. Brush the melted butter over top, then sprinkle with combined cinnamon and sugar. Scatter raisins on top and roll up like jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch pieces and place cut-side down on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 425-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Remove promptly from pan. Makes about 12.

—Mary Lea Palo

**FROZEN SHERBET DESSERT**

- 1 pkg. Pecan Sandies cookies, crushed
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping, thawed
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 gal. orange sherbet, slightly thawed

Combine crushed cookies and melted margarine; mix well. Press three-fourths of the mixture into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Add the whipped topping and flavoring to slightly thawed sherbet. Spread over the crumb crust. Sprinkle remaining crumbs over top. Freeze. Remove from freezer a few minutes before cutting into squares and serving.

—Verlene

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**BUTTERMILK PIE CRUST**

- 6 cups flour
  - 1 Tbls. salt (or less)
  - 2 cups shortening (prefer lard)
  - 1 cup buttermilk
  - 2 Tbls. oil
  - 1/2 cup margarine
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Blend flour, salt and shortening. Add buttermilk, oil, margarine and vanilla flavoring. Blend well.

NOTE: This makes 4 to 6 pie crusts. Refrigerate and take out enough for a pie. Keeps well.

—Verlene

**HERBED SPINACH SOUP**

(A slow-cooking pot recipe)

- 4 green onions, finely chopped
- 3 sprigs parsley
- 1/4 of small head lettuce, sliced
- 1 bunch fresh spinach
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. tarragon
- 4 10½-oz. cans beef consommé
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped

Combine all ingredients, except for the cream and egg, in a slow-cooking pot. Cook on low for 4 to 6 hours. Pour into a blender or food processor to make a puree. Return puree to pot and turn on high. Add the cream and cook for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot garnished with the chopped, cooked egg.

—Robin

**COLONIAL CHICKEN**

- 1 frying chicken, cut up
- Flour, salt and pepper, for coating
- Oil, for browning
- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- Black pepper

Dry chicken pieces with paper towel. Combine the flour, salt and pepper for coating. Roll the chicken pieces in the coating mixture. Heat oil in skillet and brown meat on all sides. Meanwhile, pre-heat oven to 350 degrees.

In a medium bowl, sift the 1 1/2 cups flour, baking powder and 1 tsp. salt together. In another bowl, beat the eggs until light with a rotary beater. Stir in the milk and melted butter or margarine. Slowly blend the egg mixture into the flour mixture with a rotary beater until smooth. Grease a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Pour the batter into the pan and place browned chicken pieces on top of batter. Sprinkle black pepper over all. Bake for 1 hour until batter is golden brown and puffy.

If desired, a gravy can be made from the giblets and bony pieces and spooned over baked chicken.

—Dorothy



Abigail Driftmier is shown in her Denver, Colorado, kitchen preparing one of her delicious dishes.

**DOUBLE FRENCH PORK CHOP CASSEROLE**

- 1 regular-size pkg. frozen French fries
- 1 can French-fried onions
- 4 to 6 pork chops (uncooked)
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup

Spread the frozen French fries in bottom of a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Sprinkle the French-fried onions over the fries. Arrange pork chops on top. Pour the undiluted Cheddar cheese soup over all. Cover with lid or foil and bake in a 325-degree oven for 1 hour.

—Verlene

**BERNIE'S PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE**

- 1/2 cup melted margarine or butter
- 3 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained

Combine the melted margarine or butter with the cracker crumbs. Reserve a little for topping. Press the remainder in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Set aside. Pour the evaporated milk into a large bowl and place in freezer until crystals form.

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the lemon flavoring and cool until slightly thickened.

Put the cream cheese in another bowl and beat with the sugar, remaining flavorings and gelatin until well mixed. Whip the chilled milk until stiff. Fold into the gelatin mixture along with the crushed pineapple. Pour into the crumb-lined pan. Sprinkle the reserved crumbs on top. Chill thoroughly.

—Dorothy



### FROZEN BUTTERSCOTCH DESSERT

4 cups crushed rice cereal  
2/3 cup margarine, softened  
1 cup coconut  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1/2 gal. butter brickle ice cream, softened  
1 jar butterscotch ice cream topping  
Combine the cereal, margarine, coconut, flavoring and brown sugar. Measure out 3/4 cup of the mixture and set aside for top.

Pat the remaining cereal mixture in a 9-by 13-inch pan. Spread the softened ice cream over crust. Drizzle with the butterscotch topping and then sprinkle with the reserved 3/4 cup cereal mixture. Freeze until firm.

—Dorothy

### NO-STICK PAN COATING

3 Tbls. flour  
3 Tbls. cornstarch  
3 Tbls. shortening  
Combine the ingredients well. Apply to baking pans. Store in a covered container in refrigerator. Makes about 1 cup.

### SWEET AND SPICY STIR-FRY

1 1/4 cups water  
2 Tbls. cornstarch  
1/3 cup soy sauce  
1/3 cup light or dark corn syrup  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1/4 tsp. crushed dried red pepper  
4 Tbls. corn oil  
1 lb. boneless meat (pork, beef, shrimp or chicken), cut up  
2 cloves garlic, minced  
2 cups broccoli, cut up  
1 large onion, cut in thin wedges  
1 carrot, cut in julienne strips  
1/2 lb. mushrooms, sliced

In a bowl, mix water and cornstarch until smooth. Stir in soy sauce, corn syrup, flavoring and red pepper. In a large skillet or wok, heat 2 Tbls. of the corn oil over medium-high heat. Add the meat and minced garlic. Stir-fry 2 to 5 minutes or until tender. Remove the mixture from skillet and set aside. Heat the remaining 2 Tbls. of corn oil. Stir-fry the broccoli, onion and carrot for about 2 minutes. Add mushrooms and stir-fry until vegetables are crisp-tender (about 1 minute). Return meat mixture to skillet; stir sauce again and add. Stirring constantly, bring to a boil over medium heat and boil 1 minute, or until sauce is thick. Serve over rice or Chinese noodles.

I make this in an ordinary frying pan. My family eats more vegetables this way than at any other time. Nothing in this recipe has to be measured accurately except the ingredients for the sauce. It is a good opportunity to use up bits of raw food.

—Mary Lea Palo



### CABBAGE LAYERED MEAT LOAF

1 Tbls. butter  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
1/3 cup chopped celery  
2/3 cup catsup  
1/4 cup water  
1 Tbls. brown sugar  
1 Tbls. lemon juice  
1 Tbls. cider vinegar  
1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
8 dark green cabbage leaves, coarsely chopped  
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese  
1 cup soft bread crumbs  
1/2 cup instant non-fat dry milk  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. pepper  
1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef

Melt the butter. Add the chopped onion and celery and saute for about 5 minutes. Add the catsup, 1/4 cup water, brown sugar, lemon juice, vinegar and Worcestershire sauce. Simmer, uncovered, for about 15 minutes.

Cook the cabbage in boiling water for about 5 minutes; drain. Combine with half of the cheese and set aside.

Combine the bread crumbs, dry milk, 1/2 cup water, salt and pepper. Mix in the ground beef. Pat half of the meat mixture in bottom of greased 8-inch square pan. Spread half of the cabbage-cheese mixture on top of meat layer. Top with remaining meat mixture. Pour the sauce over all. Bake for about 1 hour at 325 degrees. A few minutes before baking time is completed, sprinkle on the rest of the cheese.

—Juliana

### CUCUMBER DIP

1 16-oz. carton creamed cottage cheese  
1 large cucumber, unpeeled and cut into chunks  
1 bunch green onions  
1 tsp. lemon juice  
1/2 tsp. garlic powder  
1/2 tsp. seasoned salt  
1 tsp. lemon pepper  
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
Place all ingredients in food processor or blender. Blend until well mixed. Chill overnight. Serve with chips, crackers or raw vegetables.

—Robin

### RHUBARB SWIRL

3 cups diced rhubarb  
3/4 cup sugar  
1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
1 regular-size box instant vanilla pudding  
1 1/2 cups milk  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 8-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed  
1 9-inch graham cracker crust  
Mix the rhubarb and sugar. Let stand for one hour. Then place in a heavy saucepan and simmer until rhubarb is tender. Remove from heat and stir in the gelatin and flavoring. Stir until dissolved. Cool until syrupy. Prepare the instant pudding mix with the milk and vanilla flavoring. When thickened, add the whipped topping, blending well.  
Pour the rhubarb into the pudding mixture and lightly swirl. Spoon into the cool graham cracker crust. Refrigerate several hours or overnight.

—Verlene

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## NOW YOU TAKE BANK BOTTLES . . .

by

Leta Fulmer Harvey

I grinned as I watched a little tyke maneuver a box of cereal off the shelf and tote it toward his head-shaking mother. But when he pointed to the picture of the enclosed toy, she relented—tossing it into the shopping cart. Today's gimmickry in advertising is nothing new, my collection of strange little bank bottles is proof of that. How easy it is to get hooked on a new hobby—at least for me!

The Grapette clown was first. It had originally held a concentrated, non-carbonated soft drink. He had grinned up at me from a rickety barrel at a yard sale; about 7 inches high, the clear glass figural was topped with a slotted tin lid. "Ah," I beamed, "just the thing to poke my pennies into." I plunked down a quarter.

At home, the clown perched in the kitchen window where he smiled at me, while his tummy darkened with an abundance of coppers. He had almost lost his transparency when our first grandson was born and, naturally, Timmie got the clown. Without too much difficulty, I found another for myself, but inflation had set in already. It cost well over two dollars!

Less than a year later, I shopped frantically for another one—our daughter had surprised us with twin grandsons. Now, the two identical clowns (like Jeff and Jon) gobbled up our pennies. By the time those banks were full, Timmie had a little brother. Now I had to haunt garage sales, antique shops and flea markets before I came up with one for Stevie, and another for myself. The scarcity, plus the ever-spiraling cost was beginning to set me back on my heels. Finally I sighed with relief, all of the grandchildren had their banks and I had mine. Besides, I'd become a bit bored with too much of the same thing.

An article with enticing photos

sparked my waning enthusiasm—I discovered that the Grapette clown was only one of many bank bottles. He was the most common to be sure, but there was an exciting variety of bottles that originally held food of some sort, then turned into a bank with a slotted lid. For several years, when my family members haggled over regional souvenirs, I nosed about in unlikely places for the elusive figurals. Slowly, my collection grew.

I spotted a bewhiskered cat with long eyelashes and a ribbon bow, peering at me over a row of oil cans in a Texas gas station. With a little dickering plus six dollars, she made the trip back home to Missouri with me. In Iowa, a curved-trunked elephant had gobbled down nuts and bolts. I outbid every frowning handyman, then sold the nails and screws to a disgruntled bystander! The rare two-faced fox, the log cabin and the seal all arrived via U.P.S.—I had answered an ad in a bottle magazine. Each one cost more than \$10, a far cry from my first bank purchase.

In the sprawling flea market that winds through White Cloud, Kansas, I was irresistibly drawn to the booth where the Abraham Lincoln bottle stood. Newly retired and fighting to be economical, I fought back temptation! However, a year later I returned and searched frantically for hours before I found him. I clutched him to me as I shelled out the money—the price had skyrocketed in a year! And so, bit by bit and adventure by adventure, my collection grew. There are more, I know—I've heard of a dog, a beehive, a penguin. My friends have been alerted to help me in my quest—but it's been a long time since I've added a new face.

The funny little bank bottles that were first stashed here, there and everywhere, now enjoy a place of honor in my hutch. Their scarcity has made them quite valuable, even individually. As a collection, they're worth much more. The clown, the elephant and cat all held Grapette mix, Abraham Lincoln contained vanilla syrup, and the seal and the big and little

bears were filled with Snowcrest liquid. Lucky Joe (Joe Louis), the Liberty Bell and the Kiddie Clock contained mustard, Donald Duck (copyrighted Disney bank!) was filled with peanut butter, and the log cabin, of course, brimmed with Towle's famous syrup. The large pig, with hands clasped behind his back, bears no identification. The slotted lid on the small pig asks the question, "Brother can you spare a dime?", in reference, I'm sure, to the Great Depression. Three roly-poly Humpty Dumpties with rocking bottoms and widely varied facial expressions, contained Sun-Ra hot dog sauce.

A motley collection, to be sure, is this group of eighteen bank bottles. Not quite antiques yet, but I suppose they could be classified as middle-aged. Although once second- or third-class citizens, these figurals now shine in revised monetary worth. But they truly glow with so much more; every curving side, each expressive face, brims with its own individual story of search-and-find. Funny little bottles. All are empty, yet overflowing with a wealth of nostalgic memories!

## POST CARDS WITH A PERSONAL TOUCH

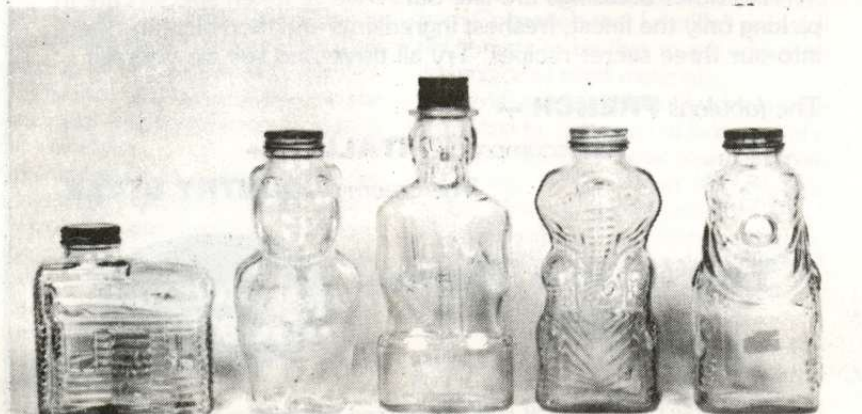
A packet of blank file cards or some 4"x6" pieces of light cardboard can add fun to your vacation and enjoyment to those who hear from you while you're gone. The reason for the fun and enjoyment is that they don't stay blank for long. You use them to make personalized post cards.

Before you leave, take each card and divide one side into two sections, one for the address and one for the message. The other side is left blank. When you get somewhere special or see something interesting along the way, take pen or pencil and some crayons and make your own picture post card. This is an especially good activity for children because it serves a double purpose. It keeps them paying attention to the sights you've come to see and it provides something for them to do when there's not much going on. Also there is no problem about what to write in the message section. Just tell about the picture.

Though post card-making is particularly good for trips, it need not be confined to vacations. Any holiday provides lots of interesting ideas for home-drawn picture cards. I taught third grade for many years and my boys and girls always liked making cards for holidays such as Halloween, Christmas, Valentine's Day and Easter. Post card-making is a good rainy-day activity anytime and it is also a quiet activity for a child who has to stay in bed.

For the price of a 13¢ stamp, you can bring joy to relatives and friends when you add a personal touch to your post cards.

—by Ruth Townsend



Some of Leta Fulmer Harvey's bank bottle collection includes from left to right: Log Cabin, Pig, Abraham Lincoln, Grapette Elephant and Grapette Clown.





Maybe the only way I really learned to appreciate Washington, D.C., was through the eyes of Katharine Lowey, Lucile's granddaughter and the daughter of my dear friend Juliana. Katharine is a good student and she had been given this special week during the school year to come to Washington with her mother. She arrived for her visit with a sense of appreciation, acceptance and exuberance; before she left I had it to. I knew I was going to enjoy every minute of my life in our nation's capital—thanks to Katharine.

My newly decorated condominium was strangely quiet this particular morning. Only Katharine Lowey was stirring in the living room where she had been sleeping on my fold-up bed. The 7:00 o'clock morning sun seemed to have as much difficulty opening its eyes as I did. It kept playing hide-and-seek—first threatening rain, then promising spring sun. We had had a fun, tourist-packed week in Washington, D.C., and today we were scheduled to walk to the nation's Capitol.

Still half asleep, I thought to myself, "I have been to the Capitol before, maybe we should all sleep a little late this morning." Then I noticed Katharine in the next room where she was systematically and quickly putting herself together for the day ahead. There was an enthusiasm about her movement; she seemed really excited about the day's activities.

It had been late the night before when the three of us had driven past the Capitol. I had explained a story that I had heard about the light that burns high in the Capitol dome.

The story says that before the telephone was invented the light was put there by wives of congressmen to know when Congress was or was not in session. We all chuckled at the details of the story, but I saw Katharine taking special interest as she said, "You mean, they are really in there working right now; it's really exciting to think all those men we see in the news are working there now."

Yes, like a signal bonfire, that light shone to tell us in the cab and everyone in Washington that the people's representatives were at work, running the

country. Katharine was intrigued; her questions made me realize that every nation has a symbol of authority, an emblem of government, but few seats of power rise so visibly and majestically as does the Capitol of the United States.

Seeing the world through the eyes of a child is rewarding; it even makes you get up a little earlier in the morning. I put down my coffee cup and hurriedly prepared breakfast for the others. As I dressed, I thought about Katharine's visit and the things I had noticed because I wanted her to see all of Washington. Katharine isn't really a child anymore; she is twelve, but I've known and cared and worried about her since she was born. I worried when she broke her arm, needed glasses and braces or a new dress. I celebrated when she received good grades and made new friends; now, I needed to celebrate her enthusiasm in visiting the Capitol of the United States.

Early in the week, Juliana, Katharine and I had traveled in and out of museums and galleries over most of the District of Columbia and always noticed and commented on the Capitol. In Washington, Capitol Hill is simply called "The Hill". It sounds irreverent, but it is not—the sobriquet merely confirms the Capitol's power.

It is more than accidental that the Capitol, which is between Constitution and Independence Avenues at First Street, is firmly lodged in the public's mind as the symbol of government. "Here, sir, the people govern," said Alexander Hamilton, as he talked of the Congress and the Capitol to symbolize the essence and spirit of our Republic.

Katharine was not too sophisticated to be excited in seeing or meeting each known Midwestern or New Mexico Congressman. Soon I was caught up in Katharine's excitement for this place where the people's representatives gather, this place where the workings of democracy are most real.

The day before our Capitol visit we made arrangements with the wife of a New Mexico Congressman, Manuel Lujan, for tickets to see both the Senate and House. Katharine had been most impressed, with his wife, Jeanne, and his office, and vowed to write Mrs. Lujan a thank-you note. We learned that the most active days in the Capitol are generally on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. (Congress tries to schedule its summer and holiday recesses well in advance. So if you plan to travel to the Capitol, a letter to your congressman will help any travel plans.)

Katharine proudly asked to carry our passes to the public galleries in both chambers. Our passes really were quite impressive; we had been given a leather-like case with seals and emblems which would enable us to visit Congress at our convenience over the next two years. We



**Robin Justiz and Katharine Lowey tour the Capitol in Washington, D.C.**

didn't need to be a part of a tour.

If your legs are strong and your heart is sound, you may arrive at the Capitol, as we did, by walking up Pennsylvania Avenue and then climbing up the long impressive stairs on the West front, up the terrace designed by Frederick Law Olmstead in 1874-1875. Until those stairs were added, it was said that the Capitol looked as though it were teetering on the hill's edge.

We climbed to the top; I glanced at Katharine and then on to the extremely busy, cement and settled city, and I thought of the day in 1793 when President George Washington climbed the hill to lay the cornerstone of this edifice. Daniel Webster has described that day:

"He heads a short procession over naked fields, he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree, he ascends to the top of this eminence where original oaks of the forest stood thick around as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he preformed the appointed duty of the day."

George Washington recommended the design for the Capitol. Washington's eyes were never to see the reality of the grand design. He died in December, 1799. Almost a year passed before it was completed or occupied.

Katharine stood in awe at this great building, and I found myself intrigued by, but not critical of, the fact that George Washington had a vested interest in—some might say a conflict of interest—the original sandstone facade of the West front. He recommended sandstone from his quarries at Aquia Creek. This Virginia sandstone, with its tendency to decompose, has been a constant worry to architects ever since. The East front has

(Continued on page 20)





## Come Read With Me

Since becoming a grandmother to Sarah Elizabeth Grosenheider, I've been reading our daughter's well-stocked supply of baby books. For those who may be interested, here is one that really impressed me:

*Beyond Peek-a-Boo and Pat-a-Cake* (Follett Publishing Co., 1010 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60607, \$8.95, published in 1980) is written by Evelyn Moats Munger and Susan Jane Bowdon and deals with activities for baby's first year. There are creative ideas for day-by-day play and care, and a chapter for each of the first twelve months of life. Certainly it will help the parents enjoy baby, while helping baby grow, experience the world, express personality. The authors remind us that each infant has his own capabilities, so this is not a timetable, but sort of a "personalized journal." *Beyond Peek-a-Boo and Pat-a-Cake* is for parents, grandparents, baby sitters, and care-givers.

While rocking Sarah, I found myself singing a lullaby, long a favorite. Do you remember this one?

Baby's boat's a silver moon, sailing  
in the sky.

Sailing o'er the sea of sleep, while  
the clouds float by.

Sail, baby, sail, out upon that sea.  
Only don't forget to sail, back again  
to me.

It made sense to read in the book, "A very special time in these early weeks of life can involve singing some soon-to-be favorite songs as you cuddle and rock baby."

At three months, babies are little charmers, and at six months, they really notice bright colors. The authors write, "Think bright when you select clothes for your child or someone else's. How about a pair of glorious red socks for tiny feet? Or maybe a pair of warm mittens or a cozy hat?"

Another plus for the book—there are good ideas for new mothers to use for themselves. Also, the book has spiral binding for easy handling. *Beyond Peek-a-Boo and Pat-a-Cake* would make a pleasing gift that would be appreciated. You can't miss. Mothers will thank you.

A warm and wonderful way to love your baby is found in *Infant Massage*, which is a handbook for loving parents, by Vimala Schneider (Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10103, \$4.95). The book is an illustrated guide to massaging your baby, with songs to sing and games to play. Infant massage is the "caring touch." Dr. Walt Schafer writes in the foreword that perhaps a parent's greatest gift is a climate of love, encouragement, and warmth—the fruits of which are self-esteem and freedom from



Could it be that there is a budding young musician in the Walstad family? Here is Lily Walstad, daughter of Alison (Driftmier) and Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, N.Mex. Lily will be three years old in August.

unnecessary buildup of body tension. Vimala Schneider is the mother of two and one of the foremost teachers and exponents of infant massage in the country. We must agree with author Schneider that mothers all over the world know their babies need to be held, carried, rocked and fondled.

A book that has certainly held my attention recently is Lillian Schlissel's *Women's Diaries of the Westward Journey* (Schocken Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, \$16.95). In the preface by Carl Degler, he states that the great value of the book is that it permits the reader to experience through the writings of more than a hundred women what it was like to make the trip across the continent to Oregon or California between 1840 and 1870.

The overland journey was indeed a family matter. The women had a sense of determination and faith that carried them through, in spite of the hardships and discomforts. Heat, humidity, meager diet, fear of Indians, and the constant work of setting up camps and moving on the next day would drain a person's energy. Often women gave birth along the way, and the death rate was high on the wagon trains. There must have been many times when they questioned their husbands' desire to leave the comfort of their homes and loved ones.

As my husband and I traveled some of the same areas on our way to Kennewick, Wash., we used the interstate highways and had all the creature comforts. Traveling through the Blue Mountains in Oregon, I was reminded of how the pioneers got over the forbidding wall of those mountains. The wagons were lifted up with ropes and pulleys, blocking the rear wheels with rocks as they inched their way up, and using those same devices, and sheer muscle, were let down slowly to keep from smashing them to bits. Courage and strength must have been the order of the day.

There are actual diaries in the book with headings such as "A Woman's Trip Across the Plains in 1849" and Jane Gould Tourtellott's "Touring from Mitchell, Iowa, to California, 1862". Each of the women wrote with compassion about the hardships and the simple details of everyday life on the westward journey.

The book makes us realize again the prime importance of women in the lives of their families. I say hats off to those pioneer ladies for the role they played in the great migration to the American frontier. As Carl Degler wrote, "Lillian Schlissel has given us the opportunity to appreciate in our hearts as well as in our heads what it was like to be a woman on the Overland Trail."

(These books are available at your bookstore, or have them order a copy for you.)

**DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded**  
darling, and the committee in charge of making them had spent hours and hours on the project.

We went back to Betsy's to pick up Angie, our things, and to have a last cup of coffee before starting home. In spite of the fact the weather for the two days was cloudy, rainy and chilly, we all had a delightful trip.

Our new granddaughter, Elizabeth Brase, is growing like a weed and I am getting awfully anxious to see her in person. I had thought I would be able to go to Torrington, Wyo., by the first part of May, but now my plans are to go after Kristin gets out of school so we can have more time together. The final weeks of school are always such a busy time for teachers. They have been very good to send pictures of all four of the children, and this makes us happy.

I hope the month of June brings you many happy moments.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

### TRUST

He takes my hand, my little boy,  
As we begin to stroll and see  
The world, and talk of many things,  
And what he will grow up to be.

I take my Father's hand which leads  
Through changing scenes of my-  
stery

And know that faith supplies the need  
To trust Him as my child trusts me.

—William Walter DeBolt

### Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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David Driftmier gives his young son, John Frederick, a bath.

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
loved it as we carried him about in our arms, letting the water come up to his neck. There was one other baby in the pool who screamed the entire time. John Frederick laughed the entire time!

In April a year ago, we had some beautiful sailing weather, and so I was glad then that I had put my boat into the water a month earlier than usual. When we returned from our western sojourn this spring, I expected to go sailing at once, but such was not to be the case. Although the boat went into the water on schedule, the atrocious weather did not permit me to take it from the dock. Oh how it did blow, and oh how it did rain! There was very little sleep for me those nights, as I tossed and turned wondering if the boat were safe, or if it had been blown out of its mooring. At the first sign of dawn, I was in the car on my way to check the boat. I have learned a lesson! After this, the boat will stay out of the water until I am sure all of the seasonal storms have come and gone.

A rich salt water heritage has made this part of New England one of the great sailing capitals of the world. Even though it still is early in the season, there are boats going up and down the river in front of our house through all the daylight hours, and even into the darkness. Hopefully, our summer weather will not give us any trouble the way our spring weather did, and we shall have countless hours of sailing between now and next October. Betty and I find our sailing to be a religious experience because it gets us so close to God. On a beautiful summer day when we are out there on the blue, blue ocean, our every breath is a prayer of gratitude to God.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

Great leaders are not born. They are made because they understand their opportunity to serve.

## L-O-V-E — A SPECIAL WORD

(Children's Day Exercise)

(Each child carries one of the letters to spell the word L-O-V-E, and also a long-stemmed rose.)

**First Child:** (holds up letter "L")

Love to family,  
Love to friend,  
Giving love as Jesus did,  
Giving love without end.

**Second Child:** (holds up letter "O")

Others are the ones we should love,  
Ourselves to others give,  
To help, to share as Jesus did  
As long as we shall live.

**Third Child:** (holds up letter "V")

Very loving we must be  
In all we say or do,  
Loving all, as Jesus did,  
All our whole life through.

**Fourth Child:** (holds up letter "E")

Each day more loving,  
Each day trying to show  
We're trying to live as Jesus did,  
Loving people wherever we go.

**All Together:** (holding up all letters)

First there's "L", then there's "O",  
Then comes "V" and "E".

"LOVE" is what these letters spell,  
Love to you from me.

(Each child then takes the rose and hands it to his or her mother.)

## A GIFT FROM NATURE

The next time you are out for a walk, pick up some nice, smooth stones. The stones should be rather flat on one side, and should fit nicely into the palm of your hand. (You will be making a paperweight.)

With your pockets bulging, head for home and scrub those stones thoroughly, then set them aside to dry. When they are well-dried, paint each stone with a quick-drying flat black paint. First paint one side, then when that is dry, paint the other side. When the basic coat is dry, inspect the stone to be sure there are no bare spots. If needed, paint a second coat, or touch up bare spots.

With white craft paint and a fine brush, paint the words, "Turn Me Over", on the top side. (The flattest side will be the bottom.) Paint little flowers and leaves in a pleasing design around the lettering, using bright-colored paints. When the top has dried, turn the stone over and paint, "Christ, My Rock" on the underside. Let it dry thoroughly. The entire rock may be sprayed with a clear, protective coating to help prevent chipping, if you like. Tiny dough-art ladybugs might even be glued to the paperweight, just for fun!

These paperweights make charming and inexpensive gifts, and would be a perfect project for an older group in Vacation Bible School. —Betty Vriesen



## FOR A FATHER-SON BANQUET

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Invitation:** From gift-wrap paper in a geometric or modernistic design or a plain color, cut each invitation in the shape of a man's tie. Make the tie length (really in the shape of half a tie—the broad end) fit into a legal-size envelope and cut it so the narrow end is on the fold of the paper. The front half of the tie can be reinforced with white construction paper. Write the invitation on the inside, on the back half of the tie.

**Program Booklet:** Cut the cover in the shape (as above) from white construction paper. Cover the front half of the tie with fabric, gluing it in place. This way each booklet cover tie can be different, some in prints, some stripes and some in plain color fabrics. Cut the inside pages from white paper, then staple the booklet together at the top. For a "stick pin" in the tie, use a pearl-headed corsage pin. For a tie clasp effect, use a paper clip, covering the top half with gold or silver paper then slipping this tie clasp over one edge of the tie booklet cover.

**Nut Cups:** Cut miniature men's shirts from fabric scraps, glue two together at the sides and sleeves. After filling the nut cup, slip a shirt over the cup.

**Table Centerpiece & Decorations:** Try to locate a variety of styles of tie racks and in each insert a tie or two and use on the tables as decorations. Along with these perhaps you can find some old-fashioned collar boxes (used to hold men's celluloid collars in bygone days), glove stretchers, shaving mugs, razor straps, etc., to place on the tables. They'll make real conversation pieces.

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**ROBIN WRITES — Concluded**

already been saved because it was extended by 32½ feet in 1961 in time for John F. Kennedy's Inauguration. The new front is built of Georgian marble.

We went first to the office of Senator Pete Dominici of New Mexico and were invited into his private area where Katharine enjoyed the kachina doll on the bookshelves, the two grey-hills rug on the wall, and the seal of New Mexico on his desk. Katharine knew she was home when she learned that Angela, the hostess, had grown up in the Midwest, Iowa in fact.

Angela suggested that we might like to slip quietly into the Senate budget hearing that Dominici chairs and then be his guests in the Senate Dining Room. As we stood tight against the wall in the committee room, Katharine tapped me to say, "He sees us and wants to leave and talk to us, but what he is doing is too important to the country. Isn't it exciting to see them discuss the budget of the United States the way a family would?" We left and went, at our assigned time, to the dining room. We saw many famous people, watched our manners and ate the famous Senate bean soup.

After lunch we took the elevator to the basement where we literally bumped into many of the senators we had seen so often on television and had seen most recently in the dining room. They were headed for the little subway trains that shuttle to and from their office building. We traveled on that subway to the house side where they were debating social security.

The day was almost over. The sun was setting in the west and we chose the west side of the Capitol to leave. We wandered down the lovely interior staircase onto the outdoor balcony and terrace that provide the West front of the Capitol. I looked at Katharine and watched her look out over the city of Washington, past the Justice and Labor and Commerce Departments, the museums that line the Mall, past the White House and the State Department, the monuments to Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, and out along the Potomac River to the land that is America, stretching west in your mind's eye to Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and on to the Pacific.

After that day with Katharine, I ordered an American flag to be flown over that magnificent building on my grandmother's mid-90th birthday. She has now been sent the flag flown in her honor. Yes, the young and the old can make things special for you. I hope I never again become too sophisticated to appreciate what is before me. Thank you, Katharine, Washington is going to be a great experience for me.



Great-aunt Josie LaTorre adjusts a Mickey Mouse hat on Great-nephew Martin Joseph DiCicco's head when they visited Walt Disney World in Florida. Emily describes the trip in her letter.

**EMILY'S LETTER — Concluded**

A colleague and friend has been investigating cheese production as a means to help rural women in Honduras improve family nutrition and bring extra income to the home. On a recent visit to her parents' farm in Iowa, Bonnie and her mother experimented with making cheese, and their results were a big hit in the office. If any of you readers have recipes or suggestions, we would appreciate receiving them. Please send them to me c/o Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

In February I enrolled Stephen for a series of swimming lessons, one-half hour each night for two weeks. Unfortunately the program was a total waste of time. The six children in the class screamed for the entire lesson. Parents were not permitted to be within view of the children and the children were frightened to be in the arms of a stranger in a strange environment. It seems to me that the teaching methodology used in this program was absolutely inappropriate.

I have found a book that seems to have a much more realistic approach: *How to Teach Your Baby to Swim*, by Claire Timmermans, published by Stein and Day, Briarcliff Manor, New York, NY 10510; \$5.95. In this book, the author advocates complete involvement of a parent so that the child learns about the water in a trusting situation, and can thus acquire the skills and self-confidence necessary to swim.

It is nearly time for me to pick up my friend for lunch. She is chaperoning a group of high school students who are touring the nation's capital city this week. Perhaps on this visit she will be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of the President.

Sincerely,  
Emily DiCicco



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### MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

The trip to the computer shop took me almost an hour. I read in the car for almost three hours while the man in charge lifted its components apart and performed his skills. He jokingly told me that he used an air-pressure machine to blow out "about half a cat, lady." Only I knew all too well that it was more like a "whole cat" if the truth were known to him.

I was delighted to learn that the price of computer typewriters is coming down. It's the American way of competition. There are many more manufacturers of computer typewriters flooding the market now as compared to July of 1982 when I purchased mine, and the results are, of course, lower prices. I am not planning on buying another typewriter, you understand, but they do have a few little improvements which can be added onto the present machines which sorely tempted me. If I thought that I would continue to be such a busy typist as I was this past winter, I might seriously consider some of these little accessories. I have typed several resumes for people and when this machine is through with a job it looks as though it had been done by a professional print shop.

It's an exciting world, this new world of computers. When I consider that in 1927 my father made his first radio from a crystal set which he listened to with a headset, I am astounded to think of what has come to pass and what may yet come in my lifetime.

Until next month,  
Mary Beth



### FLEA MARKET EPILOGUE

Setting up my table,  
Putting out displays,  
Sticking dinky price tags  
On almost giveaways.

Glad to clean my attic,  
Dig out dresser drawers,  
Make room in the basement,  
Banish all those horrors.

Just one quick safari,  
A few appraising looks  
At other people's discards—  
Old dishes, toys and books.

Time to pack my boxes,  
Time to load the trunk,  
I sold everything I had—  
But bought my neighbor's junk!!  
—Leta Fulmer Harvey

### JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

living in Tucson and getting a good dose of sunshine—something they have missed in the other places they have lived. Now that they are in this neck of the woods, I hope they'll come to visit me and my family. We have a lot of catching up to do.

Right now in Albuquerque we are winding up the school year and making summer plans. I hope to do a lot of camping this summer. James may be taking a class in summer school. Jed will be

working as usual. Katharine is planning to go to Ruidoso Downs again to help Cousin Alison after her new baby arrives. I'll finish here so that Katharine can tell you about her work in Ruidoso.

Sincerely,  
Juliana

### LETTER FROM KATHARINE LOWEY

Dear Friends:

Going to Ruidoso was fun, but it was a lot of work. My schedule was like this. At about six-thirty I'd wake up. I would eat breakfast and then go to the kennel and that's how the day started. I'd clean out the runs, dog runs that is. But first I'd clean out the cat cages. The rest of the day would be spent cleaning and recleaning the cages and runs.

It wasn't all work though. There was a lot of time spent with the animals. I just happened to fall in love with a St. Bernard puppy. He was just a little thing. He was so adorable. Because he was little, he got very lonely and I just had to keep him company. I also loved a Manx cat which is the cat that doesn't have a tail. Her name was Julie. She belonged to a family who had a daughter who spoiled the cat. I can see why. She was a neat cat and very quiet.

Well, all that work and play went on for a week and by the end I could tell you that kennel work is not as easy as it seems. Now I know how hard the Walstads have to work. It was a great experience.  
—Katharine Lowey, Age 12



Kenneth and Chris Crouse are standing next to a saguaro cactus at the Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson, Arizona. There is a sign that says, "Take Picture Here" and Juliana did just that!



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

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

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

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