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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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**Frederick Driftmier feeds the swans.**

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## Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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## DOROTHY'S LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Summer finally arrived with a bang. The last couple of weeks have been very hot and humid . . . hard on humans and animals, but wonderful for the corn and beans. We have been very fortunate that the bad storms and heavy rains that have been bouncing around the Midwest this summer have missed our immediate locality, and we have come out with just enough moisture to satisfy us. I always hesitate to say these things about the weather because at this time of year one never knows. Tomorrow we might be under water, but right now things look good. We even got the first cutting of hay up without a rain, something that hasn't happened here for two years.

I did get out to Torrington to visit Kristin and her family for a week, and make the acquaintance of our new little granddaughter, Elizabeth Brase, but not the way I had originally planned to go. My sister, Margery Strom, had planned to go with me and we were going to drive out. We had made big plans about how much fun we were going to have, and by driving I would be able to take some things to Kristin that I couldn't carry on a bus. I was going to drive as far as Shenandoah, stay all night, and we could get an early start in the morning.

While I was in town getting new tires put on the car and doing last-minute errands, Oliver Strom called Frank and told him Marge had to go to the hospital during the night with what possibly was a light heart attack. By the next morning when I was able to talk to her, she said she felt fine and had asked the doctor if she could go on with her plans, but he didn't think it was a good idea because they wanted to take some tests. I offered to wait, but since Kristin had another guest arriving as soon as we left, and more guests coming after that, Marge said for me to go ahead on the bus. We were both terribly disappointed. I might add right here that Marge is doing fine,

and was in the hospital for only three days.

The bus trip wasn't too bad. I had nice seatmates who were interesting to talk with. We ate breakfast in Grand Island, lunch in Big Springs, and Kristin, Art, Julian and Elizabeth were waiting for me in Scottsbluff. Elizabeth had a big smile for me and came right to me. In fact, she goes happily to anyone who wants to hold her.

Andy and Aaron and some of their friends were all excited about going to Casper the next day, when Andy got off work, to attend the big Alabama concert. My grandsons were real chagrined that I didn't know who Alabama was and quickly informed me that they were the best country-western group in the whole world and had won every award there was. Since coming home I have paid more attention to the music award programs on TV.

Kristin and I had a few very quiet days together. Art's mother is with them now and can't be left alone, so when Art was home in the mornings to stay with Elizabeth and his mother, we got all our errands and running around done. We did go to The Donut Shop one morning to have coffee with some of Kristin's friends, the ones I got so well acquainted with last year when I was in Torrington.

Kristin and Art have a capable girl who comes to stay with Mrs. Brase when they all have to be gone. She came one evening so I could take the family out to dinner at a place called Little Moon, where they all like to go for something special. Before we went out to eat, Kristin and I went to watch Julian's Little League team play ball. I had never attended one of these games and it was a lot of fun.

I got one of these lightweight strollers for Elizabeth and she just loves it. There were a few days it didn't rain and wasn't too cold, so we had several nice walks. Kristin didn't put any restrictions on me, and I got to hold and play with Elizabeth all I wanted to.

Kristin had to go to Cheyenne to meet her friend, Dee Dolesh, who was coming from Washington for the weekend, so I decided to take the train home instead of the bus. I had called and gotten a reservation and was really happy about this because it was going to give me a chance to stay overnight in Denver and have a visit with my brother Wayne and his wife, Abigail, and see the home they moved into last fall.

After we met Dee, we drove to the Cheyenne station and I sent them on back to Torrington because the sky looked very threatening and Elizabeth was getting fussy. The train doesn't come all the way into Cheyenne, but stops at a place at least seven miles out of town, and the passengers are all taken to meet it by bus. There were several of us



Dorothy Driftmier Johnson (left) got to meet her former high school classmate, Barbara Aiton of Englewood, Colo., during her recent trip.

going to Denver, so when it was time, we all got on the bus. The driver got on and said he hated to tell us, but the train hadn't even left Ogden, Utah, yet because of a mud slide, and it wouldn't be in for at least seven hours. We were right across the street from the bus depot, so I picked up my bags and dashed across to see if the bus for Denver had left yet. It was just getting ready to pull out but waited for all of the train passengers to buy tickets.

I didn't have time to call Wayne, but he had already called the Union Station and knew the train would be seven hours late, so when I called from the station, he was really surprised to hear me. They came after me, and we had a good dinner after we got to the house. They have a lovely home with a good view of the mountains, something they have wanted ever since they moved to Denver many years ago.

I have a very good friend from my high school days, Barbara Aiton, who lives in Englewood, Colorado. When I called to talk to her that night, Abigail and Wayne told me to ask her to come eat lunch with us the next day, and she did. She wasn't to come until 12:30, so after we had eaten breakfast, we drove over to the nursery where Wayne had to take care of some business. Since I had never seen the other garden center in the south part of Denver, we drove over there. They showed me all around, then we came back to the house and waited for Barbara. We went out for lunch and then went for a long drive up into the mountains along Clear Creek, which was really rushing along with the water from the melting snow. We stopped to take pictures of some fellows panning for gold. We drove as far as Idaho Falls, a quaint mountain village, then back home.

Clark, Wayne's and Abigail's son, has his own apartment, but they had asked him to come over to eat dinner with us so I had a chance to see him. We ate on the

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## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I am totally delighted to be able to announce the safe arrival of Lee Field Walstad. Lee had the wonderful good grace to arrive on June 19th, Father's Day. When Alison called to give me the happy news, she reported that Lee is a wonderful, easy baby who eats and sleeps and smiles. Alison is also the mother of almost-three-year-old Lily. Alison and her husband, Mike, are in for some busy years with two small children to care for and to love.

With the birth of Lee, I think my generation of cousins may rest a while. The last two years have added five new babies to the clan. They are Cassie Palo, John Frederick Driftmier, Martin DiCicco, Elizabeth Brase and Lee Walstad. As this generation keeps expanding, it inspires us to want to get together for a reunion. Wouldn't that be fun? I hope that our lives have not gotten so complicated that getting us all together would be out of the question. Like most families today, we are a far-flung bunch. Also like most families, vacations are planned around the husband's job and the wife's job. Well, it is enough to boggle the mind to start thinking about a family reunion. I'll let you know if it ever gets past the "thinking" stage.

Around home here in Albuquerque, I continue to water my flower beds, potted plants and small vegetable garden. For some reason the flowers I am growing in pots around the patio area are particularly successful this summer. I have made it a point to fertilize them regularly and to keep the faded blossoms picked. These two jobs help to create neater, healthier flower displays. My sunny patio areas are ablaze with red geraniums, shocking pink petunias and yellow gazanias. The geraniums and gazanias have been carried over the winter in my little greenhouse. Some of these plants are four years old and are getting huge.

My patio cover provides a great deal of shade. We are grateful for that! Even during the heat of the day, the shaded area is comfortable. This is directly attributable to the lack of humidity in New Mexico. The shade is wonderful for begonias and fuchsias, but these plants love humidity. I usually go out twice a day and wet down the bricks that make up the patio. This raises the humidity to the point that even fussy plants thrive. For the first time this summer I have moved all of my Boston ferns outside and they are enjoying their "vacation."

Speaking of vacations, last month I mentioned the annual camping trip to northern New Mexico. We have been going to this spot on the Santa Barbara River for years. I have a picture of James



Wayne and Abigail Driftmier live in this new home in Denver, Colo., where they have a spectacular view of the Rocky Mountains. Wayne and Abigail are the latest members of the Driftmier family to become grandparents. Their daughter, Alison Walstad, and her husband, Mike, became the parents of a son, Lee Field Walstad, on June 19th.

as a tiny baby enjoying a picnic in this area. The campground is in a huge grove of aspen trees and blue spruce trees. The south boundary of the campground is the far north edge of the Pecos Wilderness Area. There are many trails into the wilderness that we fishing fanatics routinely follow for five or six miles to the best fishing spots.

In other words, I thought I was familiar with anything the area had to offer. Not this year! Many of the huge, old aspen and spruce trees were uprooted and knocked down by the tremendous spring runoff. The trails were marked impassable beyond one and one-half miles from the campground. The reason we couldn't take the trails—too much snow. Colorado is accustomed to this snow problem. New Mexico is not. Many backpackers were very disappointed that their trails were closed. I'll remember the summer of 1983 as the year my favorite fishing spot was snowed in.

Currently we have a family decision in the works. This concerns vehicles. Last year we had a wonderful week-long camping trip in Utah. The only complaint about this trip was that the back of our pickup truck was extremely hot on sunny days. We have a camper shell on the truck and a pass-through between the cab and the camper shell. Jed and I ride in the cab and James and Katharine share the truck bed with all the camping gear. The pickup does not have air conditioning. When we bought the vehicle, Jed wanted to get several options. Air conditioning was on the list. It was also at the bottom of the list. By the time we ordered heavy-duty this and heavy-duty that, our funds were gone and air conditioning was eliminated. In the years since then we have vowed never again to have a vehicle without air conditioning. Some other option would

be eliminated first.

We are hoping to be able to take another week-long camping trip. This time we are headed for Colorado and possibly Wyoming—a lot of miles and a lot of hot days. The suggestion has been made by the children that we should rent a van with air conditioning. We would still have room for camping gear and everyone would be comfortable. Practical Jed has suggested that we take the money that would have rented the van and get air conditioning installed in the pickup. Another friend who loves old cars has suggested that we could probably buy a large old car with air conditioning for even less money than the other two alternatives. It should be interesting to see what is decided!

We really are a bunch of softies these days. For so many years air conditioned cars didn't even exist. My friend, Chris Crouse, vividly remembers summer trips made between Cleveland, Ohio, and Roswell, New Mexico, and no air conditioning in their station wagon. There were four children in her family—plus her two parents and a dog. One particular trip she will never forget was the summer she had a dose of poison ivy on the backs of her legs. She said that that was the most miserable she can ever remember being.

Of course we can always hark back to the pioneers in the covered wagons. They were the truly brave souls! This summer I have taken time to reread the Laura Ingalls Wilder books. I read them as a child and have read them several times as an adult. I find them to be a fascinating account of the pioneers in the Midwest. They are not strictly children's books, and they are not carbon copies of the television series which was very loosely based on the *Little House* books.

(Continued on page 22)



## Growing With Puppets

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



Puppets and children are perfect go-togethers. A puppet can provide many learning experiences for a child and help develop the child's creativity while making it all fun. In fact, the ways they can be used is limited only by the child's imagination.

Through puppets a child can act out his or her feelings about brothers and sisters, parents, teachers, imaginary playmates and real ones. Parents can slip a puppet on the hand to quickly and easily define the meaning of a word or a phrase. A puppet can join in a discussion when questions arise about some childish squabble, or when a decision is to be made. Let the puppet designate who gets the next turn on the swing or draw straws to decide which child gets to begin a game. Let a favorite puppet remind a child of a household rule forgotten, to wash up before meals or that it is bedtime. "See where the hands of the clock are now, Billy" sounds funny from a puppet, but may draw protests and groans if Mommy says it.

Is your child very shy, to the point of almost refusing to speak, especially if several persons are present? Let a puppet be the spokesman upon whom the attention is focused while the child feels safe, "behind the scene" so to speak.

Let the child use puppets to act out his or her feelings about sadness, frustration, happiness, and guilt as they come into daily life.

In using the puppets, allow the child free use of gestures and expressions to get the message across. For example, Billy might feel like punching Puppet Pat in the nose for some trick Pat has played, or he might push Puppet Jane aside, just as he feels like doing to a sister when she seems to be stealing the limelight in the home.

Puppets need not be elaborate or difficult to make. Somehow the children seem to like the simpler ones the best.

**Stick Puppets:** Cut pictures from catalogues or magazines—men, women, children, animals, birds—and glue them to posterboard backing. Each figure is then glued to a stick (one about 10 to 12 inches long is good). The child will soon learn to manipulate a puppet in each hand.

**Paper Cup Puppets:** Use cups that are large enough to slip easily over the child's fist. There is no end to the variety

of characters that can be made on these cups. Pieces of felt, construction paper or tissue paper may be used for facial features and for ears. Yarn can be glued on for hair. Hats may be fashioned of paper or felt. Holes may be put in the side of the cup to allow the child to stick his fingers through for ears, or a tail—what fun to wiggle Mr. Mouse's tail! Toothpicks or pipe cleaners may become an animal's whiskers. The colored chenille balls work well for eyes, nose and mouth on some animals, clowns, etc.

**Paper Bag Puppets:** Draw faces of people or animals on small paper bags, gluing on features as desired. The child may slip these over the hand, or they may be stuffed with crumpled paper and tied at the open end around a stick. Of course an opening could be cut for eyes and mouth and then the sack may be used as a mask, or "live" puppet.

**Finger Puppets:** (Children can do these easily.) Cut strips of paper (one inch in width) long enough to go around the child's finger, allowing some extra to lap and paste it into a "ring." Before pasting it together, draw a face or animal figure upon it at the center of the strip, using crayons. When completed the child can slip a puppet over a finger and then "let it talk." In fact, a finger puppet may be used on several fingers so that the child can put on a playlet by himself.

**Sock Puppets:** Mother will probably have to make these. For each puppet, you will need a child's sock in white or cream color. Sew on button eyes, felt eyebrows, nose and mouth and yarn hair. Cut small holes for fingers to be put through as wiggly ears or a twitching nose, if desired. I like to dress these in fabric dresses, shirts, hats, etc. If the dress or shirt is left long enough to come down over the arm, it will hide movements of the arm when it is slipped inside the puppet to manipulate it.

**Instant Ball Puppet:** Use a styrofoam ball for the puppet's head. Glue on features and hair, or a hat. Poke a hole in the bottom of the ball so it can be stuck on a finger. Features may also be painted on the ball.

Since the children can do much, if not all, of the work on most of these puppets, it would make a wonderful family project and it is a project where they can let their imagination have free reign.

## HOT OR COLD?

by  
Ruth Townsend

Hot or cold? Big or little? Plain or fancy? These opposites can be of help to you when it comes to feeding children.

Take hot or cold for instance. Researchers have found that youngsters like food cooler than older people do. When a child says, "I don't want that," it may be because the food is too hot, not because the food itself is unacceptable. The finding at Iowa State University was that, in general, the younger the person, the cooler the preferred food temperature. Third-graders who were tested liked a ground beef mixture served around 120 degrees F. while older adults preferred 150 degrees. I know from personal experience that my three-year-old granddaughter, whom I baby-sit full-time, often asks for food right out of the refrigerator, while I myself like food quite hot. A microwave oven is a big help because you can warm things up a little or a lot in a very short time.

Another opposite that might help you is big or small. With children, smaller is usually better. I read once that the hardest thing for a child to do is eat as much as his parents think he should. Often children are given portions that are almost as large as ones for adults. Children feel overwhelmed before they even get started. It is better to give too little than too much. If a child wants more to begin with, as may happen, don't say "no" but promise "more as soon as what you have is gone." It's good to encourage "clean your plate" but only if small helpings have been given to start with.

Plain or fancy is a third opposite worth remembering. A bit of fanciness can often encourage a child to eat something he thinks he doesn't like. A face of raisins on a bowl of hot cereal makes it look inviting, or just calling peas "Pac-man peas" may do the trick. My granddaughter likes "Sesame Street buns" and "Superman sandwiches" because the names are fun to say. A little effort to make foods look or sound like fun can pay off in better eating habits.

There's a saying "opposites attract." In the case of food remember opposites can attract better eating habits in children.

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## THE CEDAR TREE

The cedar tree is a bent old man  
With only rags to wear.  
But birds don't mind his shabby clothes  
With tatters everywhere.  
They come to sing in his seedy arms  
And nest in his shaggy hair.  
"Praise God," they trill, "for this old tree!  
Praise God for His loving care!"

—Ruth A Boellstorff







## An Octogenarian Goes Camping

by Helga Travis

To most travelers camping means staying at grounds with all the modern conveniences at hand. But that is not so in the desert areas of Oregon and Nevada. Especially if you are exploring the hinterlands.

On a recent trip our first camp was at a site we called The Old Homestead, only a few miles from Fields, Oregon. It was all that remained of someone's dream home in years past—a little grove of ancient elm and wild olive trees and a pear orchard. Bordered by a dry lake, known as Borax Lake, crusted white with borax deposits, the area had many hot springs. The springs ranged from a lake of warm water just great for bathing to boiling pots that seethed, bubbled and steamed. Circling around the lake and homestead were the purple-misted ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. One never tires of their beauty and color.

Rattling along the rutted, dusty roads in a four-wheel drive, no place for an octogenarian, we came upon a band of wild horses. They are called feral horses, meaning they are not actual wild horses, but animals that have escaped their owners and now run free. Alert, they were gone in a few minutes beyond a bend.

Caves and overhang shelters dotted the rimrock and each had to be examined because they might be the home of rattlesnakes. Each family had a camera and taking snapshots was one of the pleasures of exploring.

Back at camp for lunch, a family of four half-grown horned owls was discovered. The mother was evidently out hunting. The young owls watched, almost without stirring as we sat in the shade of the big trees. They seemed unafraid, but curious. The children as well as the parents were fascinated by the birds and their wide-eyed steady gaze.

The second camp was in Nevada, a little flat between two steep hills. It had once been a mining camp in the late 1800's, where 10,000 people lived in tents

and stone cabins while they dug for gold and silver. As late as the 1940's some 5,000 people were still there. The ore had been discovered by Ladue Vary. Not able to sell his claim for the \$100,000 he asked, he leased his mineral rights and settled down along Bartlett Creek to raise hay. He planted a garden and fruit trees. Some of the fruit trees were still alive, withered crab apples, pears and apples, as small as marbles. A creek ran along the edge of the site, dogs and children were in and out of the water all day keeping cool. Their clothes were hung on the branches of a tree we called the "sock" tree.

A thunderstorm blew up one hot evening. The white dust cloud from faraway borax sites went around the camp and the dirt cloud blew over above our heads. A few drops of rain fell making a fresh and sweet smell after the dust. We wondered what would have happened if the two clouds had met over our camp.

Tailings from the mines dotted the hillside. Only one wooden building remained beside two great piles of tailings. Was this building the assay office? There were three stone houses remaining, and they were in fair shape. Two of them had only one small room, the third was much longer and was probably the home of Mr. Vary. Each cabin had a fireplace and a bunk bed against one wall. They were dark with dirt floors and the roofs of branches and dirt were beginning to fall in. The site is called Varyville and is now used by hunters in season.

Our third camp was at Virgin Valley Ranger Campgrounds. It was our favorite! Someone had preempted our space under the shade trees, where we usually parked the motor home and fifth wheelers, so we parked the vehicles in a row and put up the awning. The children were already in the swimming pool shouting, laughing and making friends with other campers while the adults settled for showers. The bathhouse was not what one might expect as there were no

shower stalls with glistening faucets; only a pipe from which flowed a continual stream of warm water from the springs. This may not sound like a big deal but it was mighty refreshing after a hot day exploring.

A visit was made to our friends, the Wilsons, who operate the Royal Peacock Opal Mines. Their speciality is black opals which are rare and expensive. It is said that there are only two black opal mines in the United States and we were privileged to see one. Another opal mine was a Rainbow Ridge not far from the campgrounds. They mine the more common but beautiful bluish white gems that flash with colors of green, pink, orange, yellow and red.

Another side trip from Virgin Valley was to the top of Rock Springs Table Mountain where the Wilsons pasture their cattle in summer. It took an hour to reach the top over a very rough and rocky road that was sliced out with a bulldozer. There was no place to turn around and there were also several switchbacks. Going back down was no pleasure ride, either! Once in a lifetime will be enough for such a trip. After all, how much can an 84-year-old body take!

The two weeks passed quickly. It was now time to head back to our desert of wheat in Washington. The odometer on the four-wheeler showed we'd traveled some 1,500 miles; straight ahead, sideways, and up-and-down.

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### COVER STORY

Frederick Driftmier has taken a keen interest in watching the nesting swans and their offspring which gather on the Pawcatuck River near the Driftmiers' Connecticut home. Each summer Frederick and a group of fellow bird watchers make an annual "swan count" in the area. This year they counted 202 swans.

The cover picture shows Frederick feeding some of his favorite birds. He has become very attached to some pairs and has given names to his particular favorites—names such as Bonnie and Clyde, Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler, Ross and Rozetta, Carl and Carolyn, Harold and Harriet, etc.

Besides the nesting swans, other waterfowl and wildlife inhabit the river area and provide both Frederick and Betty with many hours of entertainment.

### Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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





## Admission Was Free

by  
Vera M. Brooks

The long, hot days of summer have arrived and children need money for all their favorite amusements. Part-time work or shortened working hours do not leave much allowances for spending after the actual necessities are paid.

My grandchildren ask, "What did you do just for fun when you were a kid?" I am reluctant to answer. Children of today seem to rely on being entertained. This has become their way of life.

Acres and acres of rolling grasslands, streams filled with elusive small trout, towering shade trees, butterflies flitting about and bright-colored flowers growing helter-skelter in our meadows, our lovely playgrounds were boundless.

"Didn't you even have a swing set?" asks the youngest.

"Well, no," I replied, "but we did have an old tire tied to a big tree limb for a swing—and an old board over a round chunk of wood made a great teeter-totter."

Pulling away from pleasant reverie, I proceeded to tell the grandchildren some of the episodes that filled playtime in my youth.

"The show must go on" might well have been our motto, when, as a child living in a farming area, through necessity we provided our own entertainment. And though we did lack today's advantages, our lives were not dull!

One April afternoon, while parents attended the annual school meeting, playmates gathered at our home where a rodeo had been scheduled. A saddle was thrown over the back of our old Holstein cow. Finding that the girth wouldn't reach around Old Bossy's middle didn't discourage me. I bravely climbed atop the saddle. The ridged back of the milk giver seemed to fit the saddle quite well and confidence in my act grew. The spectators screamed with laughter. Suddenly my trusty bovine heard the buzzing of flies about her ears and made a mad rush for low-hanging branches of a nearby tree, depositing the saddle and me on a pile of sharp rocks. My solo act for the day was over!

One afternoon, a cousin and I decided we'd go for a ride in a large laundry tub on the shallow, muddy creek just behind the barn. Our boat sank early in the cruise dumping us into muddy waters near an old tree stump. It was there that I made my first acquaintance with two ugly leeches. When they were pulled loose, a tiny trickle of blood revealed where they had become "attached" to me.

For a comedy show, I recall spreading



Vincent Palo and his son, Christopher, spent a lot of time building sand castles on the beach when they vacationed this summer.

fresh horseradish on bread and feeding it to the cats. We found this very funny when the poor cats howled and streaked behind the barn. This comedy act ended in near disaster when Dad found his favorite relish jar empty the day after he had purchased it.

Vinegar, sugar and soda made our "fizz" drinks when mixed with cold well water. Wild strawberries, gathered in the pastures, were our very favorite snack.

Marching bands were formed by children using cornstalk and cigar box violins, tin can instruments, and whistles made from willow trees. Marching so proudly, our little drum major carried a smooth stick for his baton. A gallon tin syrup bucket served as his tall hat, the bail as his chin strap. During the marching antics, the pail slipped down, covering his small face. Due to the way those pails were made, the sharp edge prevented easy removal as attempts were made to set the small boy free from his hat. A frantic mother arrived to add chaos to an already bad situation. Soon a calm father came, bent the bucket a bit and set the frightened child free.

My grandchildren were sitting wide-eyed as I finished my tales. I could fairly see the wheels turning in their busy little minds! Suddenly I imagined some of the things these modern-day television-educated children would come up with if left on their own to make entertainment.

"Gee, she must have been awful poor," I heard one grandchild whisper. No, children, we were so rich in our simple lives—and today with those wonderful memories.

I reached for my purse: "Here, dears," I told the little visitors, "I'll give you each some money to go swimming."

Yes, those good old days, I fear, are gone forever.

## August

by Marjorie A. Lundell

Not much is written about August, an overly hot and somewhat sleepy month that cannot claim a national holiday, but a better-than-average share of family get-togethers, harvest festivals, rodeos and fairs.

In ancient times, when the year began in March, this month was called *Sextilis*, meaning "sixth". About 2,000 years ago, when the Romans began to use the calendar as it is now, August became the eighth month. Its name was changed because of one of Rome's greatest leaders, Augustus Caesar. Born "Octavian", in 63 B.C., he was adopted by the great general, Julius Caesar. After Octavian became the ruler of Rome, the Roman Senate gave him the title "Augustus", which means "great" or "majestic", and named the eighth month, August, in his honor.

August 1st became known as "Friendship Day", possibly because Augustus was a great friend and aid to artists and writers. It is becoming a popular wedding month, as well, when brides can decorate the marriage altar with gladioli, the flower for August. The birthstone for this month is the sardonyx, a kind of agate with a brown or dark red color that is often carved into cameos. The green peridot is another semiprecious stone associated with this month.

Look around—lovely August does have its share of good points.

A mind rich in the beauties of nature is a growing mind, and leaves a flavor of good in its wake.



## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

There is a very happy sound purring down the hallway to the new room I have moved into. It is the sound of my vacuum being muscled about over the mildly humid rugs by a veritable saint of a girl. The past weeks have not lent themselves very much to physical work on my part and except for the free hours which Don and Adrienne devoted to housework, things were being allowed to slide and they looked like it!

There was a "work wanted" invitation running in the local lake area newspaper from an experienced house-cleaner and I thought this sounded just like the kind of mental and physical therapy I could use right now. The lady came today to give me her best efforts and I was not disappointed. She isn't much older than Adrienne and has a small child whom she isn't willing to leave for full-time work. Being an industrious sort, she concluded that she had a marketable skill in her industrious nature.

Since Paul has moved out and we have a genuine spare room, Don and I have decided that we shall return to those dim days, almost past recall, when our bedroom was just a bedroom. No oversized desk with its assortment of box-looking files, which were, of course, exactly boxes holding manila folders. Well, the spare bedroom is free of twenty-five-year-old-boy traces and the twin beds are even graced with two priceless antique quilts made by my father's sister, Sadie.

Adrienne's bedroom has been invaded by the oversized desk which I had used for years for school homework, but had lately turned into my DAR, Hawks Inn, and First Congregational Church Antique Show business. This bedroom is slowly evolving into an office, kinda, but really it is a place where I can keep my papers laid out neatly and not have to stare at them *all* of the time. I have a sewing machine set up in this same room, in addition to the bed which Adrienne pours herself into when the noises of the big city get to be too much for her. Altogether, we have enough room to sleep four guests comfortably so I'm satisfied with our new arrangements.

I can even, again for the first time, leave the ironing board up for easier ironing jobs. Mind you, I am not spending merciless hours over any long-sleeved white shirts, either man or girl styles, but it certainly is a treat to have it accessible. I think the people who built houses years ago with the board that folded down with the simple switch of an innocuous cupboard-appearing door were short-changed when their idea went out with the newer-designed houses.



Adrienne Driftmier (left) and her mother, Mary Beth, are shown on Adrienne's nineteenth-story apartment porch overlooking downtown Milwaukee. It was a chilly, windy day when the picture was taken and Mary Beth said, "I was not at ease standing nineteen stories high on such a day."

We have had occasion to use the full compliment of beds because Katharine was in from Maryland for a combination business trip and vacation. Her company was teaching a course at the Wisconsin School of Medicine on the newest techniques in the DNA procedures and she was able to secure a seat in the auditorium. Katharine spent four days in classes attended by area researchers who were anxious to learn what she knows most about, but which due to her work schedule, she had never had an opportunity to see demonstrated for the scientific community. She stayed at Adrienne's apartment which was dramatically closer to her lecture hall than our house in the western suburbs.

Paul was on a week's vacation while Katharine was here and the two of them covered the lake front's beautiful bicycle paths from the north shores of Milwaukee far to the south. We had two birthday cakes while Katharine was here—one to celebrate her twenty-eighth and one to celebrate Adrienne's twenty-third. We had many wonderful breakfasts and dinners on our deck just across the threshold from the kitchen door. What can be more grand than eating outside with the early-morning birds singing, the neighbors still quiet in their beds, and no bugs. Our deck has somehow fooled the little insects into thinking that very little of biting interest moves about up there and as a result we are untouched by the little nippers.

During Katharine's stay, a most interesting gentleman was brought in to address any Sunday tourists on the lawn at Hawks Inn. (Hawks Inn is the historic stagecoach stop here in Delafield where I do volunteer work.) He was a ninety-three-year-old gentleman who gave a demonstration of the age-old craft of mill-

stone "dressing." Edwin F. Jaeger of the Jaeger Rye Milling Company at Danville, Wisconsin, in Dodge County, learned the craft from his father, who had come to Milwaukee from Bavaria in 1870 to work as a stone dresser for a Milwaukee company manufacturing grinding stones for the many mills then in operation. The father later bought the Danville mill which was in operation grinding rye flour for Wisconsin bakeries until 1966. Mr. Jaeger for years also sent his exclusive light rye east to the cities of Philadelphia and New York for their Kosher rye bread which was in heavy demand due to the large Jewish communities there. Mr. Jaeger made his remarks to the small group of us lounging on the grass in front of the Inn where the thousand-pound grinding stones had been brought by Ken Zerhwich from his mill. Mr. Zerhwich has converted his mill over the years with the help of his wife, Margaret, into a home.

Stone dressing was important because the quality of flour depended upon a "sharp" pair of stones for the crushing and grinding of grain. Depending upon the miller and the type of grain he was grinding, milling stones had to be "dressed" or sharpened several times a week. Don Driftmier was, naturally, equally eager to share his stories of his brother Howard's and Uncle Bert's milling business in Shenandoah in the '30s. He described their old one-cylinder Fairbanks-Morse diesel engine which Howard started by climbing up onto the spokes of the large flywheel and swinging his full weight downward. Mr. Jaeger confessed as how he, too, had learned this art, but many was the time when he had paid the price by being thrown across the room when the engine would backfire on the first stroke. It was a fas-

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## FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Quite often during the summer months, I wear my white vestments when conducting church services. I am so very tan from working in the garden and from sailing out on the ocean that the white vestments make me look even darker than I really am. From the pulpit last Sunday, I said, "You may think that I am very tan, but actually, I am not. We have had so much rain and fog that it is rust not tan!"

As I write this letter to you, I cannot see more than a few feet beyond the window. My how thick the fog is! Ordinarily, there would be a regular parade of boats going by the house on their way to the ocean, but today, no more than one or two boats have gone by. The boats cannot be seen through the fog, but their motors can be heard. A few days ago, after getting caught in a thick fog while taking my boat up the river, I just dropped my anchor and sat it out, waiting for the fog to lift. While waiting, I stretched out on one of the bunks and read, and when I got tired of doing that, I studied my channel charts. All of us who do boating along the coast must be well acquainted with the charts which give us the water depths at various stages of the tides, and which show us the marked routes for getting from port to port.

Each summer, the United States Coast Guard has specially equipped ships for checking the locations of the channel buoys, and yesterday one of those ships spent most of the morning hauling and painting the buoy nearest our house. Having Pawcatuck River Buoy No. 10 right in front of our house makes it very easy for us to give directions to friends who are coming by boat to visit. All we have to say is: "Sail up the river to Buoy No. 10 and drop your anchor! Blow your horn, and we shall come down to the dock just below our house to greet you."

The dock I use for my boat is about a quarter of a mile below our house. Our neighbors are very good about letting us use their docks when we wish to do so. It is more costly to have a dock than it is to have a boat. Each winter, the ice does much damage to the docks, and only recently, one of my neighbors had to spend nearly \$25,000 to repair his dock.

Sometimes I wonder if I am the only man who talks to his flowers! Do you ever talk to your flowers? I hope it is not a sign of old age. While weeding my flowers this morning, I found myself saying



**Julian Scott James Crandall enjoys sailing on his great-uncle, Frederick Driftmier's, boat. Julian is an extra-special great-grandchild in the Crandall family as he is the first one to bear the name of Crandall. Julian is the son of Steven and Michelle Crandall.**

aloud: "I am so proud of you geraniums! You really have had a tough time of it this summer, and you have not given up. You are good little fighters."

Whenever I accidentally step on a flower, or hurt a flower in any way, I'm apt to say: "Oh I am so sorry! Please excuse me! I hope you are not too badly hurt, and I hope you will forgive me!" Perhaps it is silly of me to talk to flowers like that, but I take comfort in it. Botanists have assured us that plants have feelings and that they do feel pain and pleasure.

Only the other day, I was reading in some magazine or newspaper an article about the way trees seem to communicate with each other. It was noticed that some trees have a way of producing their own defenses against gypsy moths. Other trees in the same neighborhood not affected by the gypsy moths will also produce those same defenses. The question is: How did the other trees know to do that? Did the trees which had the moth problem have some way of warning the other trees?

I'll tell you a secret: I talk to wood ticks, too, but what I say to them should not be put into print!! Oh how angry I do get when wood ticks start climbing up my legs. This has been an unusually good year for the ticks. They like it cold and wet. They are dangerous little critters, and no one wants any of the diseases they carry.

Each summer, we find ourselves invited to some really big party, and this summer was no exception. As you know, Betty's family is in the business of manufacturing fishing lines, tennis strings, surgical sutures, and specialized lines and twines of all sorts. This past week, that family business had a party honor-

ing ten employees on the occasion of their retirement. The business has had family connections for more than 150 years, and how happy everyone was that Betty's father and mother could be there to greet the retirees. When Mr. Crandall got up to speak, everyone present gave him a standing ovation. He is a man of very senior years and his health is not the best, speaking briefly, he said:

"How pleased I am to be with you tonight. I am an old man, and although I do recognize all of of you, I am sure you will forgive me if I cannot call each of you by name. You have been good employees, and I am proud of you and grateful for your many years of loyalty.

"I began working for this company when I was twelve years old. I worked sixty-six hours a week for the pay of five cents an hour! During all of the years that I served as the head of this company, I never once fired a person. If I did not like the work someone was doing, I just made it so rough for him that he quit before I had to fire him! Thank you, and good night."

What applause the employees gave him! I thought that they never would stop clapping! It was a very happy occasion held in a banquet hall located deep in the Rhode Island woods. As we dined, we could look out of the windows at beautiful trees and wildflowers.

Did I remember to tell you that "our" swan, Bonnie, had seven babies this summer? She and Clyde always have the biggest family on the river. I am worried about them today. When I went out to whistle for them, they did not respond and they were nowhere to be seen. Sam and Sara looked longingly at the food I had for Bonnie and Clyde, but they did not dare to venture into this territory. I could see Ross and Rosetta with their adopted goose, Rudy, swimming on the other side of Bonnie's and Clyde's territory, but "our" swans were nowhere in sight. I am going out in a few minutes to look around for them.

This was the week that we made our annual *Swan Count*. Four of us covered every inch of nearly five miles of river, going into each little cove and bay. We counted 157 unmated swans (young singles, or older widows and widowers), 12 couples, and 11 cygnets (children)—a total of 202 swans are on our river as of now. Last year at this same time there was a total of 195 swans. A difference of only seven in the total numbers, isn't that amazing?

You may wonder why there would be twelve couples but only eleven children. There are two reasons, one natural and one very unnatural. The natural reason is that most swans do not have any young in the first year of their mating. The unnatural reason is that the state of Rhode Island has been having some of its offi-

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## NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

Yes, we have a new baby at our house, and yes, we are wondering how we ever got along without her. Having a daughter is a whole new experience for Art and me after three sons. Be assured that we are enjoying every minute of it. I have to admit, however, that even after four months, it still seems strange to me to see pink blankets, pink dresses, pink sleepers, pink booties, and other pink-colored articles around the house. And I had no idea lace was manufactured in such quantities!

Everyone pitches in to help take care of little Elizabeth. Actually, she doesn't seem to require all that much care, because she is such a good baby, but she gets a lot of attention because she is so much fun to be around. Julian, who is at home more than Andy or Aaron, helps with her the most. When Grandma Johnson was here, she purchased a very nice umbrella stroller and this has proved to be a most successful investment as Elizabeth and Julian love to go for walks.

Julian is now eight years old and will be in third grade this fall, so you can see it has been awhile since we've had an infant around the house. I've decided one tends to forget a few things about baby care in that period of time. When did I reach this decision? I think it was the first time I took Elizabeth somewhere with me and neglected to take a diaper bag along.

I wish you could see Elizabeth's wardrobe. Honestly, she has more clothes than I have! Don't they make darling things for little girls? I guess no one thought her brothers' hand-me-downs would be suitable, because she is out-fitted like a little princess, and I haven't bought her anything in the way of clothes. One thing I did purchase was a set of Winnie-the-Pooh crib sheets and window curtains. I think they add to her room in a nice way, and I've always been a secret admirer of Pooh.

While I was busy this spring with Elizabeth, Aaron was busy with his friends, Kris Mickey, Janelle Hunter, and Brenda Hoy, getting a performance ready for National History Day competition. Aaron and Kris wrote a skit about the invention of the airplane by the Wright Brothers. Kris was Orville and Aaron was Wilbur. The set they built had a bicycle shop on one side and the Kitty Hawk on the other side. The girls provided the narration and showed slides on a sheet between the

two scenes. This performance won first place at district and second place in state competition, qualifying the group to perform and compete in the national competition at the University of Maryland in June. And I do mean compete! There were sixty other entries in junior group performances alone. We were waiting with fingers crossed at home when Aaron called to say that they had missed being among the ten finalists by just half a point. This was disappointing, but on award day Aaron called again with better news. "You've Got It Wright" won an award for being the best National History Day entry from the state of Wyoming.

The History Day trip for Wyoming students was organized to allow for time to go sightseeing in Washington, D.C., for a few days prior to the contest itself. Aaron reported that he was able to see several things this year that he'd been unable to see last year. Thanks to my very dear friend, Dee Dolesh, Aaron was able to see Mount Vernon and a few other places not on the regular tours. Another thing he enjoyed was tasting some food he'd never eaten before. Ask him about snails sometime! Before his week in Washington was over, Aaron was able to meet Robin and have a visit and a lunch with her. You may have heard Aaron and Robin and Dee visiting over the radio.

When school was out this spring, Andy decided to attend Casper College this fall at Casper, Wyoming. He is spending the summer working and saving money. He still plays drums with the band he began playing with about Christmas time last winter. For a while

he was undecided about majoring in English or in Music, but I think Music is coming out on top now.

Art's mother had her eightieth birthday in May. For the past year she has been in and out of hospitals and nursing homes. Until April Mary was staying with her sister Sally in Cheyenne, but then Sally fell and broke her hip, so Mary has been with us since April.

Caring for an elderly relative is one way to become acutely aware of the problems of aging. Sometimes there appear to be no easy answers or solutions, and I feel a real empathy for anyone reading this letter who has dealt with these problems in a personal way. For instance, Mary has trouble hearing, seeing, and remembering. It is very frustrating for her not to be able to think of our names, to confuse our names, or to be unable to find the words to tell us something that is on her mind. She is sorry to have to ask us to repeat things or show her where her room is. She worries that we will catch her arthritis, and this is a serious fear on her part, as is the fear of falling, and the fear of dying in her sleep. These are difficult fears with which to deal. Sometimes she expresses a desire not to live, and this is also depressing. One thing Mary really enjoys is talking to baby Elizabeth and watching her learn to do new things. She was quite excited when she saw Elizabeth roll over for the first time.

So I am back to the joy Elizabeth has brought to our lives. She provides pleasure unconsciously to those around her. I'm afraid that as adults we have to work at it a little harder, but I tell my sons and

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Standing from left to right are Aaron Brase, Brenda Hoy, Janelle Hunter and Kris Mickey. The group's presentation, entitled "You've Got It Wright" at this year's National History Day Competition, won several awards.



# My Eating Experiences In Montreal

by  
Carol Ann Speth



Recently my friend Harriet and I traveled from Omaha to Montreal, Canada, to attend the American Education Research Association Convention. Since eating out is my roommate's favorite form of entertainment, we visited places that I would never have ventured into otherwise. Montreal is famous for the quality and variety of its restaurants: French, Italian, Chinese, Vietnamese, Lebanese, you name it, you can find it, along with *Cuisine Quebecoise*.

While struggling to get our luggage into our hotel, we missed seeing the entrance to Le Cafe, an economical place to eat when one is pressed for time. Impatient Americans be warned: in Montreal, food is cooked, served and eaten at a far more leisurely pace than many of us are used to here. They seem to use a lot more real cream and butter in their cooking. Perhaps they worry less about cholesterol because they do a great deal of walking.

If you go to Montreal, take your most comfortable walking shoes, because it is a pedestrian city. Even in the modern sections, the streets are fairly narrow, and parking is scarce. And, as the tour bus driver said, "Every time you stopa yo' cah, it costs you anudder treeé bucks,"; that is \$3 for parking. Apparently many tourists suffer "de agony of de-feet" because every drugstore and souvenir shop carries a full line of helpful foot products.

But to get back to my story, the headache I had brought all the way from Nebraska was still with me, and Harriet was anxious to get supper over with and work on a speech she was to present at the convention. We went to Place Ville-Marie, one of Montreal's underground shopping centers, where there were supposed to be several places to eat. It seemed like we wandered around a long time without finding anything open. Finally, we asked a woman who took us to an outside door and pointed to a restaurant across the street which was definitely open. It was called Le Cap Vert (The Green Cap), which seemed to be

more of a lunch-time diner. The food was good but there was not much variety. Harriet had quiche Lorraine and I had minestrone. Apparently, the natives do not put crackers in their soup, which I think are absolutely essential. The waitress did not know "crackers" in English and I did not know it in French, so finally I asked if there was any bread. She brought melba toast which floated nicely and made the soup good. Their French pastries were first-rate: Harriet tried *tarte des fruits jardinières* (a mixed fruit pie) and I had *tarte de pommes alsaciennes* (Alsatian apple pie).

The next morning we were very hungry, and since Harriet was to speak at 8:30, to save time we ordered breakfast by room service. They sent us enough food for four lumberjacks. The hot foods were brought in a metal box with shelves for the croissants, Harriet's bacon and eggs, and my oatmeal. There were tiny jars of Scottish strawberry jam for the croissants, and real maple sugar for the oatmeal.

After Harriet's presentation at the convention, we decided to walk over to the Bonaventure Westin and get something to eat. We found an Italian restaurant where I had ravioli which was good. Harriet was less impressed with her eggplant au gratin.

Wednesday evening, we decided to try out one of the places specializing in Brittany crepes (*Crepes Bretonnes*), expecting a light meal of thin French pancakes rolled up with different kinds of fillings inside. They were not like that at all. The cook must have started with a piece of dough about 6"x16"x3/16", put the filling over half of it and folded it over once. I chose one filled with grated Swiss cheese and sliced apples. (There were at least twenty different kinds of fillings.) I do not know if they were fried or baked, or what kind of dough they were. Mine was so good and so much that I could not eat it all. There was maple syrup on the table, so I thought, "help yourself while it's free."

The menus in this restaurant were printed in three languages: French, Eng-

lish, and Breton. One item in the dessert section was called *menhirs*—which made me very curious. In Brittany, there are ancient inexplicable arrangements of huge stones, some in circles—like Stonehenge in England—and some in rows. If I remember correctly from my French classes, each individual stone is called a *menhir*. Unfortunately, I was too full of crepes to even consider trying one. This place, located on Peel Street, had heavy wooden picnic-type tables. On the walls hung wooden shoes and the wide-brimmed hats worn by men in Brittany. The waitress wore a simplified Breton costume, most notably a starched lace hat.

Thursday evening, with some reluctance, I went with Harriet to a famous restaurant in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, called the Beaver Club. It was named after the gathering place of the 18th century fur-trading gentlemen adventurers of the old North West Company. The walls are decorated with polar bear, beaver and other fur skins. When we first sat down, there were copper plates on the table, but apparently these were just decorations, because as I was buttering some bread and getting a few crumbs on them, the waiter came and took the plate right out from under my nose. The surprised expression on my face must have been quite comical for every time the waiter went by he chuckled.

I ordered escaloped salmon, expecting something like Hallie's Salmon Loaf. It turned out to be slabs of very white salmon served on top of long thin slices of vegetables (*bayonets*). This description does not make it sound nearly as good or as filling as it was. It put the overpriced canned salmon we get here to shame. The desserts were brought in on carts. Harriet picked the floating island and I had *gateau foret noire* (Black Forest Cake). The cakes in Montreal are exceedingly light, made with many eggs and little flour, so they melt in your mouth.

This was my most expensive meal—\$21.50—but that did not seem so bad because I had feared it would be much worse. The horror stories I had heard about unexpectedly large bills were told by people who had gotten a bottle of the house wine, which could add another \$20-\$50 to their tab. Anyway, I enjoyed going to the Beaver Club after all.

Friday evening we walked through the rain to Ben's Delicatessen, most famous for its smoked meat sandwiches, and for the celebrities who occasionally drop in—the back wall is covered with their pictures. The decor is surprisingly plain, with tile floors and bentwood chairs. My spaghetti with smoked beef sauce was good, the strawberry cheesecake fabulous, and the specialty-of-the-house soft

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"It isn't fair. I won't go back to school!"

"Here it is August, and summer is almost over! We haven't done a thing that I thought we would; the time just flew," exclaimed a veteran teacher from my high school in Albuquerque, New Mexico. "I wanted to get back to New York to see some shows, but tickets for both the airlines and the shows were too expensive or unavailable at the last minute," she said with resignation as she sat in her west mesa vacation-like home overlooking the expansive green golf course. The Sandia and Manzano Mountain chain backdrop for this window view was turning a rich purple, the light from the windows played with the collection of bowls and glasses on the table. My former teaching colleague, Carolyn, was sorting through black beans in preparation for a special soup for her family, but she was truly frustrated that in just a few weeks her idyllic time for vacation and fun would come to an end.

Summer is a time when the livin' is easy, but for most there is little time and less planning for a vacation as special as supper's black bean soup would be for my friend's family. Carolyn loves to plan and prepare. Often she spends days deciding on menus or a special party. Why should a vacation be different?

Everything takes planning. Livin' easy in my friend's home could be an idyllic vacation for most, but it felt to me that a decision could have been made ahead by both of us. I would have liked a visit from Carolyn in Washington, D.C.

A vacation is far too precious a time to be wasted. Why not start right now to plan for next year, I thought? Manny and I want to remember our time in the Washington area, and I want to travel with him when he makes some of his speeches. With this Albuquerque trip in mind and my friend's words ringing in my ears, I determined that August was the best month of the year to plan the next vacation or two or three. I called a travel agent friend right then.

"Super idea," she agreed, "your vacation will cost less, and you can avoid most of the stressful situations that can plague a holiday. I'll send you information on some of the places you might go."

The travel industry predicts that Americans who have postponed holidays be-

cause of the economic situation are finally going to get away from home. Chances are that most people will take their vacations in August. Returning home from a trip may be just about the best time to plan for the next trip and make reservations. Anticipating the next trip goes a long way in easing those end-of-vacations blues.

I jotted down a few planning ideas of my own that I have learned from some seasoned and successful travelers like Juliana Lowey and some friends of my parents in the Midwest:

*\*Now is the time to plan for the next vacation.* I remember a trip several years ago when Manny and I had just completed a fun and exhausting ride down the Colorado River on a raft. We began our trip in Moab, Utah, and spent five days fighting white water, sun, and mosquitoes before we splashed into Lake Powell. Perhaps because we were tired warriors, several of us decided that it would be fun to rent a comfortable houseboat on Lake Powell the next year and take a more leisurely approach to our summer fun. Had we waited until "next year" we might have repeated the excitement of the rapids.

We actually made the houseboat trip on schedule and arranged to have a ski boat along too, which suggests a truth about planning. Once you get started on a vacation plan, there is a good chance you will see it through.

*\*Learn as much as you can about the place you are going.* Trying to get away from it all, I met Manny in Honduras last summer and flew to the island of Roatan where we thought we could be alone, but we discovered instead that we had arrived in the season of sand flies. Alone we were not. Our only escape was to scuba dive among the fish, but when we came up for air the insects were waiting, and I dreamed of the dry, insect-free air of New Mexico. I should have checked to see when the best time was to be there—also the worst.

Get recommendations from family and friends. Contact the tourist office by phone or mail for information. Buy or borrow several guidebooks. The airlines often offer free guides. Contact an auto club. Check the library for magazine and newspaper articles. Often articles give wonderful ideas on what to see, and it's fun to keep a file throughout the year.

One of the best suggestions that I received was to read a novel or two that is set in the area you are going to visit. I know that having read *Parsifal Mosaic* by Robert Ludlum has made Washington more alive. I am going to try reading about other areas. Why not read *Death Comes for the Archbishop* by Willa Cather before visiting New Mexico?

That, of course, makes me think that learning the history of a place is also important. A city like London or even



Robin Justiz (right) and her friend, Carolyn, designed and made this cake for parents of friends. The cake used Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring and was three tiered in the shape of hearts. The cake celebrated the parents' 50th wedding anniversary and a birthday.

Washington or Philadelphia with a rich historical past will have far more meaning if you know their place in the march of civilization.

*\*Plan a trip that reinforces your interests.* Don't go places because everyone "goes to Europe." Center a trip around events that you might do at home.

*\*Outline a day-by-day itinerary.* It doesn't have to be detailed. Be sure that grand expectations don't rule over realities of time. I am told that a good rule of thumb is to spend at least two nights in any destinations that way you have a full day to explore. Also it is best to plan to stop overnight where there is something worth seeing, not because it's a highway motel halfway between something and something else.

*\*Decide on a budget and stay with it.* The travel agent suggested that for most places in the U.S. you can plan on \$5 for breakfast, \$5 for lunch and \$20 for dinner per person. Of course, this depends on local cost of living. But I know I will be more relaxed when I have allotted enough money and I saved for it well in advance.

*\*Don't let the last-minute frenzy wear you out.* Sometimes I try to cram three days' workload into one and I collapse on the plane or sleep most of the way in the car. Also, the last minute to renew a passport, get inoculations, buy new clothes, iron, pack the suitcase, arrange to have plants watered and the dog fed has worn me out. Sometimes, I leave so little time for packing that I put everything in the suitcase because I don't have time to think of what I might need. More than once I have paid the penalty of lugging too many heavy suitcases from city to city.

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### ICE CREAM MOLD

2 cups finely crushed vanilla wafer crumbs (about 42)  
 6 Tbls. margarine, melted  
 1 1/2 qts. peppermint ice cream, softened  
 3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate  
 3/4 cup butter  
 5 egg yolks, well beaten  
 2 1/4 cups powdered sugar, sifted  
 3/4 cup chopped pecans  
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 5 egg whites  
 Measure out 1/2 cup of the wafer crumbs and set aside.

Toss the remaining crumbs with the melted margarine. Press into a 9- by 12-inch pan. Spread the softened ice cream over crumbs and freeze.

Melt the unsweetened chocolate and butter over low heat. Gradually stir in egg yolks, powdered sugar, nuts and flavoring. Stir constantly. Remove from heat and cool completely. Beat egg whites until stiff. Beat the chocolate mixture until smooth and fold into egg whites. Spread this mixture over firm ice cream layer. Sprinkle the reserved crumbs over top. Refreeze. To serve, allow to thaw only slightly and then cut into bars.  
 —Donna Nenneman

### BREAD & BUTTER PICKLES

1 gallon thinly sliced cucumbers  
 8 onions, thinly sliced  
 2 green peppers, thinly sliced  
 1/2 cup pickling salt  
 5 cups sugar  
 1 1/2 tsp. turmeric  
 1/2 tsp. ground cloves  
 2 Tbls. mustard seed  
 1 tsp. celery seed  
 5 cups cider vinegar  
 Combine the cucumbers, onions, green peppers and salt. Cover and let stand for 3 hours. Combine the remaining ingredients. Stir and heat to scalding. Drain and rinse the vegetables. Add to the scalded mixture and heat just to boiling. Immediately ladle into hot, sterilized jars and seal according to manufacturer's instructions.  
 —Juliana

### ELEGANT SCALLOPED CORN

1 16-oz. can cream-style corn  
 1 cup cracker crumbs (I like to use Ritz-type crackers.)  
 1/3 cup diced celery  
 1/4 cup diced onion  
 3/4 cup American cheese, cut in small pieces  
 1 tsp. salt  
 2 eggs, well beaten  
 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. paprika  
 1 cup milk  
 Combine all ingredients. Spoon into a greased casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 50 minutes.  
 —Dorothy

### STUFFED PEPPERS WITH SOUR CREAM SAUCE (Microwave)

3 large green peppers  
 1 lb. ground beef  
 1/3 cup rolled oats  
 1 egg  
 2 Tbls. minced onion  
 1/2 cup tomato sauce  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. black pepper  
 1/4 tsp. oregano  
 Cut green peppers lengthwise. Remove seeds and membrane. Arrange the peppers in a microwave-proof glass 8- by 12-inch baking dish. Pour 1/4 cup water in the dish. Cover tightly with plastic wrap and microwave for a total of 4 minutes. (Turn pan after 2 minutes of baking time.)

Combine the rest of the ingredients in a 1-qt. casserole. Microwave for 7 to 8 minutes, or until meat is cooked. Fill green peppers with the meat mixture and add 1/4 cup more water to pan. Recover and microwave for 10 minutes. Serve with the following sauce:

1 cup sour cream  
 1/4 cup tomato sauce  
 1/2 tsp. garlic salt  
 Combine sauce ingredients in a 2-cup glass microwave-proof measuring cup or pitcher. Microwave for 2 minutes at medium heat. Sauce may be poured over peppers when ready to serve, or may be passed at the table.  
 —Robin

### HEAVENLY DESSERT

1 2-layer size white cake mix  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 1 3 3/4-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix (dry)  
 1 envelope topping mix (dry)  
 1 3/4 cups milk  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 3 bananas, sliced  
 Prepared topping  
 Shredded coconut and chopped pecans for garnish  
 Prepare cake mix according to package directions, adding the coconut flavoring. Bake in a 9- by 13-inch pan according to package instructions. Let set 15 to 20 minutes after removing from oven.

Meanwhile, combine the pineapple, sugar and pineapple flavoring in a saucepan. Place over heat and stir until sugar is completely dissolved. Cool.

Using the handle of a wooden spoon, make holes in top of cooled cake. Pour the cooled pineapple mixture over top of cake. Cool completely.

Combine the dry pudding mix, dry topping mix, milk and remaining flavorings. Beat together until stiff. Spread over top of cake.

Slice the bananas over top of pudding layer. Spread a layer of topping over bananas. Sprinkle coconut and pecans over top. Refrigerate.

I sliced the bananas into lemon juice to prevent them from discoloring.  
 —Dorothy

### OVERNIGHT POTATOES

6 medium potatoes  
 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese  
 1/4 cup butter  
 1 1/2 cups sour cream  
 1/2 cup chopped onion  
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper  
 1/2 cup pimiento  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. pepper  
 1/4 tsp. paprika

Cook potatoes with skins, cool and peel. Cube or slice potatoes into a buttered 8- by 10-inch casserole dish. In a pan over low heat, combine cheese and butter. Stir until almost melted. Remove from heat and blend in sour cream, onion, green pepper, pimiento, salt, pepper and paprika. Pour over potatoes. Cover with foil and refrigerate overnight. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 45 minutes.

May be removed from refrigerator an hour or so before baking.  
 —Hallie



**KALONA TAPIOCA SALAD**

- 5 cups boiling water
- 1 cup baby (small pearl) tapioca
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 10-oz. carton frozen strawberries, partially drained
- 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping

Combine the boiling water and the tapioca and simmer for 25 to 30 minutes. Add the gelatin, flavoring and sugar. Stir well. Refrigerate overnight. Stir in the strawberries and whipped topping, mixing well. Refrigerate until serving time.

**NOTE:** Be sure to use the small pearl tapioca. Also when you remove gelatin mixture from refrigerator and add the strawberries, it will be thick so be sure to stir well. —Verlene

**SPICED PEACHES**

- 1 29-oz. can peach halves
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 6 cardamon seeds
- 6 whole cloves
- 3 drops oil of cinnamon

Combine peach halves with remaining ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Simmer 5 minutes. Place in storage container, cover and refrigerate. —Hallie

**EGGPLANT ENCHILADAS**

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1 1/2-lb. eggplant, cut in 1/2-inch cubes
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 medium onion, coarsely chopped
- 1 large green pepper, coarsely chopped
- 1 4-oz. can diced green chilies
- 2 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 10-oz. cans enchilada sauce
- 12 corn tortillas
- 1 8-oz. carton sour cream or plain yogurt

Melt butter or margarine in a 5-qt. kettle over medium heat. Add eggplant and garlic and cook for about 15 minutes while stirring. Add onion and green pepper and cook 10 minutes longer. Remove from heat. Add the green chilies, 1 1/2 cups of the cheese, salt and pepper. Stir and set aside.

Pour enchilada sauce into a skillet and heat until just warm. Put in tortillas and heat until tortillas are soft. Spoon about 1 heaping tablespoon of the vegetable mixture on each tortilla. Roll to close. Place tortilla rolls, seam side down, in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Cover with remaining enchilada sauce and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. Spoon on cream or yogurt while still hot. Serve immediately.

**HOPSCOTCH COOKIES**

- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 2/3 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1 5-oz. can (about 3 cups) chow mein noodles

Melt the butterscotch chips over hot water. Stir in the peanut butter and the flavoring. Meanwhile, in a large bowl mix the miniature marshmallows and the chow mein noodles. Add the butterscotch-peanut butter mixture and mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls onto a waxed paper-lined cookie sheet and chill to harden. Store in refrigerator or freezer. —Mary Lea Palo

**HAM & EGG CASSEROLE**

- 8 slices bread
- 1 1/2 cups cubed ham
- 6 eggs
- 4 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 to 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 lb. (approximately) grated Cheddar cheese

Remove crusts from bread slices, butter and cut in cubes. Place half the bread cubes in a 9- by 13-inch buttered glass pan. Put on half the ham cubes. Beat the eggs, milk, salt and onion together. Pour over the bread-ham. Layer on the remaining bread and ham. Sprinkle with the cheese. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Bake for about 1 hour at 325 degrees. (Pan may be set in a pan of water.) Test for doneness by inserting a knife in the center. Let set a few minutes before cutting in squares and serving. Serves 10 to 12. —Dorothy

**HERBED CARROTS**

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. olive oil
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 2 lbs. carrots, peeled and sliced into thin rounds
- 1 cup apple cider
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 3 Tbls. chopped fresh basil (or 1 Tbls. dried, crumbled)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ground black pepper
- Pinch of grated nutmeg

Heat butter and oil in a large skillet over low heat. Add onion and garlic, cover and cook slowly until transparent. Stir frequently. Increase heat to medium low and add carrots. Cook uncovered for 5 minutes. Add cider and bay leaf, cover and cook for 10 minutes. Increase heat to medium high and add the remaining ingredients. Cover and cook until carrots are tender-crisp and most of the liquid has evaporated. Remove bay leaf before serving. —Juliana

**VEGETABLE CASSEROLE**

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli, cooked and drained
  - 2 cups carrots, cooked and drained
  - 2 cups frozen baby lima beans, cooked and drained
  - 1 can water chestnuts, drained
  - 2 cans cream of mushroom or celery soup
  - 1 Tbls. grated onion
  - 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- Combine all ingredients and place in a greased casserole (or two smaller ones). Place in moderate oven until heated through. —Dorothy

**CAULIFLOWER & WALNUTS**

- 1 medium head cauliflower, broken into florets
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 tsp. beef or chicken bouillon granules
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/3 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/4 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 tsp. dried marjoram, crumbled
- 1/2 tsp. onion salt

Cook the cauliflower in one inch of water until tender-crisp. Do not drain. In the same pan with cauliflower and water, mix in the sour cream, Cheddar cheese, flour, bouillon granules and dry mustard. Spoon into a greased baking pan. Combine the remaining ingredients and sprinkle over top. Bake for about 20 minutes at 350 degrees. —Robin

**SPECIAL COFFEECAKE**

- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped English walnuts
- 1 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour (sift before measuring)
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups sour cream

Combine the first four ingredients for filling. Set aside. Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Grease a tube or bundt pan.

Onto waxed paper, resift flour with the baking powder and soda. In a large bowl, cream the butter or margarine until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in the 1 cup of sugar. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the flavoring. Stir in the flour mixture alternately with the sour cream. Pour half of the batter into prepared pan. Spread the filling mixture on evenly. Carefully pour on the rest of the batter. Bake for 45 to 60 minutes, or until cake tests done. Cool completely in pan and turn out. —Dorothy



**RUBY'S CUCUMBER SLICES**

- 4 cucumbers, peeled and sliced
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 4 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Prepare cucumbers and onion. Place in container. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into cucumbers and onions. Store in refrigerator several hours before serving.

**ITALIAN EGGPLANT**

- 1 medium-size eggplant, peeled and cut in 1/2-inch slices
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup crushed cornflakes
- 2/3 cup oil

Salt and pepper to taste

1 8-oz. can tomato sauce

6 ozs. mozzarella cheese, sliced

1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Pizza seasoning (look for this in the spice section of your store)

Dip the eggplant slices in the beaten egg, then roll in the crushed cornflakes. Heat oil in skillet and brown eggplant on both sides. Place browned eggplant in greased 2-quart casserole. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour tomato sauce over all. Layer with the mozzarella cheese slices. Top with the Parmesan cheese and sprinkle with the pizza seasoning. Bake uncovered at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

—Verlene

**BLUEBERRY BREAD**

- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 Tbls. instant coffee powder (dry)
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 cups fresh blueberries, rinsed and drained

Resift flour with the baking powder, soda, salt and sugar. Cut in the shortening. Combine the eggs, honey, water, flavorings and coffee powder. Beat well. Add to the combined dry ingredients, stirring until just blended. Fold in the nuts and blueberries. Spoon into one large or two small greased loaf pans. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees. For the larger pan bake about 1 hour and 15 minutes, less time for the smaller, or until bread tests done. Cool in pan (or pans) before removing. Delicious served with cream cheese. May be wrapped in foil and frozen for later use. —Dorothy

**SCALLOPED TOMATOES**

- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 slices bread, toasted
- 1 28-oz. can tomatoes
- 1/2 Tbls. sugar (more or less to taste)
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard

Saute the celery and onion in a little butter until just tender. Blend in flour. Butter the toasted bread and cut into half-inch squares. Break up tomatoes, add celery mixture with half of the toasted bread cubes and add the remaining ingredients. Pour into a 1½-qt. casserole. Top with remaining toasted bread cubes. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes.

—Verlene

**CHICKEN FRUIT SALAD**

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. shell macaroni
- 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1 to 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 4 cups cubed cooked chicken
- 4 cups melon balls
- 2 20-oz. cans pineapple chunks, well drained
- 1/2 cup sliced almonds

Cook the macaroni according to package directions; rinse in cold water and drain well. In large bowl, combine mayonnaise, salad dressing, salt, dry mustard and paprika; stir well. Fold in remaining ingredients. Refrigerate 2 to 3 hours to blend flavors. Serves 12.

—Verlene

**PEACH DELIGHT**

- 3 cups peeled sliced fresh peaches
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup hot water

Sprinkle peaches with lemon juice and peach flavoring. Cream together 3/4 cup of the sugar and the butter. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt. Add to sugar mixture, then add milk. This will form a stiff batter. Spread peaches in buttered 8- by 10-inch baking dish. Spread batter over peaches. Combine cornstarch and remaining sugar. Sprinkle over top of batter. Pour boiling water over all. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour. Serve warm with cream or ice cream. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

—Verlene

**MICROWAVE IRISH SODA BREAD**

- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 cups raisins
- 1 Tbls. caraway seeds
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 3/4 tsp. soda

Sift together or process in food processor the flour, sugar and baking powder. Cut in the butter. Stir in raisins and caraway seeds. In a separate container, combine the buttermilk, flavoring, egg and soda in order. (This will foam up when the soda is added.) Add buttermilk mixture to flour mixture, stirring until combined. Turn out on a floured surface and knead for 3 to 4 minutes, or until smooth. Shape into a ball and place in 1½-qt. microwave proof bowl which has been lined with waxed paper. Cut an X on top of dough. Microwave at 50% power for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and let set for 10 minutes, then turn out of bowl. Let set another 10 minutes. Slice thinly and toast.

—Juliana

**GARDEN SALAD CREPES WITH SAUCE**

Crepes (make your own or purchase frozen)

2 cups sliced fresh cauliflower flower-ets

2 Tbls. chopped onion

2 Tbls. oil

2 Tbls. cornstarch

1 Tbls. sugar

1 tsp. prepared mustard

1/2 tsp. garlic salt

Dash of pepper

1/3 cup vinegar

3/4 cup water

2 cups diced cooked ham

3 cups shredded lettuce or spinach

Grated Parmesan cheese

Cherry tomatoes, halved

Cook cauliflower until crisp in boiling salted water. Drain. In a saucepan, saute the onion in the oil. Blend in the cornstarch, sugar, mustard, garlic salt and pepper. Add the vinegar and water. Cook, stirring constantly, until bubbly and slightly thickened. Remove from heat and stir in the ham and cauliflower.

Place some of the lettuce or spinach on each crepe. Roll up. Pour sauce over the crepes. Sprinkle with the cheese and garnish with the tomato halves.—Robin

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## CINNAMON IS SIMPLY GREAT

by  
Ruth Townsend

My granddaughter and I have been enjoying a scratch-and-sniff book that ends with a cinnamon cake. The fragrance of that cinnamon is so good even after many scratchings that we both put our noses near the book and take deep breaths.

In recent years cinnamon has been rated as the second most common spice used in the United States, taking a back seat only to pepper. That may not be true forever but cinnamon is a spice that many people enjoy. Ground cinnamon is the most popular form but cinnamon sticks can be purchased for pickling or for stirring a cup of cocoa or some other drink.

Clear back in the time of King Solomon cinnamon was an important spice. At that time it was used as incense, as well as for flavoring foods. Both the Greeks and Romans in later years used cinnamon to perfume the air of their temples.

For many centuries the Arabs controlled the spice trade. They guarded their cinnamon trees jealously. They even made up stories of fierce cinnamon monsters in an attempt to scare people away. They wanted no interference with their lucrative trade and they managed to hold onto it for a long time.

Cinnamon begins with tree bark. In the rainy season when the bark peels well, strips of it are cut from the lower branches of the cinnamon trees. These strips are left for 24 hours or so and then the outside bark is scraped away, leaving the fragrant inner bark. As the inner bark dries out, it darkens and curls up. These long slender quills are sorted and graded. Then they are packed and shipped to factories where most of them are ground into powder and put into the boxes and shakers we buy at the supermarket.

Stick cinnamon can also be bought, of course. The quills are short, just a few inches in length. They can add a little fragrance to your kitchen, as well as help in some types of cooking. As I sit here, I am looking at a little bundle of cinnamon sticks tied up with a ribbon. It was a Christmas gift and I have been enjoying it ever since. I lift up the little packet now and then and sniff it, especially if I have been cooking something I am not too fond of.

Without cinnamon many of our foods would taste much different. I hope we never have a shortage of this most popular spice.



Both Mary Lea Palo and her mother, Betty Driftmier, spend a lot of time in the kitchen.

## VANILLA FROM AN ORCHID?

by  
Virginia Thomas

One whiff of that tantalizing aroma as I remove the cap from a bottle of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and I'm ready to embark on a grand baking spree—ummm, I love it! Of course I've heard of vanilla beans for years—but vanilla coming from an orchid? That intrigued me so I just had to learn more about it, so here is what I found out.

The vanilla plant is a native of tropical America and Asia. Spaniards found the Aztecs of Mexico using the fruit of the plant. In fact, legend has it that when Cortez found Montezuma, the king was drinking chocolate flavored with vanilla.

The vanilla is a climbing plant with lance-shaped leaves about eighteen inches long and three inches broad. In the Americas the orchid flower is white with stripes of red and yellow. In the islands of Madagascar, Reunion and Comores off the coast of Africa, the orchids are a pale yellow. In Mexico, hummingbirds and native bees pollinate the blossoms, but where there aren't insects to do this (as is true in the islands mentioned) a small pointed bamboo stick is used to hand pollinate the vanilla orchid.

Before the bamboo stick method was discovered, many explorers had carried the vanilla plant back to Europe and Africa where the plants grew and thrived and bloomed, yet failed to bear fruit. This proved a mystery until in 1841, Edmond Albius, a former slave on Reunion Island, developed the bamboo stick method. This method is still used where vanilla plants are grown commercially. For this commercial trade, groves of trees are planted, the trees placed nine feet apart to act as supports for the vanilla plant

(vine). When the plant blooms, women and children working on small plots of land (hacked from jungle land, in many instances) hand pollinate about fifty of the hundreds of blossoms that may open on a single vine. Then comes a long wait.

The green vanilla bean appears seven months following the pollination of the orchid blossom. The long slender pod is green, turning yellow as it ripens. The green pod is tasteless but must go through drying and processing for a period of about six months. They are gathered, dried in the shade, then steeped in or smeared with oil and wrapped in oiled cotton to prevent pods from opening and losing the seeds. After fermenting and curing, they are graded as to length, aroma, color, flexibility and luster, then packed and shipped. The commercial vanilla is prepared from the dried pods and this preparation varies in different parts of the world. Most of the vanilla beans which this country imports are used to produce vanilla extract.

As you can see all of the hand labor, etc., makes vanilla an expensive product and thus substitutes or imitation vanilla have been created.

I must be off to the kitchen to see what I can stir up that calls for vanilla—ummm! I can't wait.



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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

Readers of *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* have, over the years, enjoyed articles written by Mildred Grenier. Since she sold her first poem in 1950, Mrs. Grenier has written ten books and had scores of her poems and short stories published in regional and national magazines. Besides writing, she has taught elementary and nursery school and served as a creative writing teacher at Missouri Western State College. She lives in St. Joseph, Missouri.

Her latest is *Special Day Prayers for the Very Young Child* (Concordia Publishing House, 3558 So. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63118, \$7.95). This attractive book, with illustrations by Kathy Mitter, will help your child express thanks for special days such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, Father's Day and the like. There are also prayers for happy times such as a June picnic, a summer evening, and the first day of fall.

Since each prayer has only four lines, they are easy to memorize. *Special Day Prayers* will help your child share the happiness and strength found in daily prayer.

Following are some of the prayers:

### BIRTHDAY

I thank you, God, for this glad day—  
I feel so close to You.  
Now each day in the year to come  
Guide me in all I do.

### MOTHER'S DAY

I thank You, God, for Mother dear;  
My heartfelt thanks for her please hear,  
She feeds me, keeps me neat each day,  
And helps me, loves me, guides my way.

As a devotional book for a very young child, Mildred Grenier's *Special Day Prayers* will help make prayer familiar and easy.

*The Best of These Days* (at your Christian bookstore, or The Westminster Press, 925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107, \$8.95) is edited by Larry M. Correu, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Ballinger, Texas. Originally appearing in *These Days*, an interdenominational devotional guide first published in 1971, this collection represents the "best" of a decade of meditations. There are 121 devotions that can be read again and again, reminding us of God's abiding presence in our lives. They draw upon the richness of the Scriptures, bringing hope to Christians. They cast the light of faith on the basic experiences of life. In the selection process of nearly 4,000 meditations, the publishers have given priority to helpfulness in everyday Christian living, while seeking a maximum variety in subject matter and approaches.

Psalms 19 and meditation on The Universe has some beautiful thoughts:

The evening filled up quickly with summer sounds; freshened by a night breeze, it invited participation in the world outside my home. I stepped into a path that could lead, I reminded myself, to any place on planet earth. But more immediately, it led through a wooded area and sloped upward to



This picture of Isabel Palo was taken when she was dressed in her First Communion dress. Isabel is sitting on a pink bedspread which was given to her by her grandparents (Frederick and Betty Driftmier). Now, little sister, Cassie, has another one like it for her bed as the girls share a room.

yield a view of the Ohio River. Then suddenly the evening filled up with stars. An up-curving world fused into a field of bright stars. I stood corrected by the Voice of the Universe: my path could lead beyond planet earth to anywhere in the starry space above me! Even if my feet would never explore that space, my eyes now relayed its beauty. In that moment my mind broke out of its earthly boundaries and responded to the infinite message of creation. As if with the shepherds of old, I listened to the "song of stars" and heard in their symphony servants giving God glory.

You will be glad to save the meditations so they can be used often. *The Best of These Days* can be read alone or shared with others for comfort and enjoyment.

The *Amelia Bedelia* stories by Peggy Parish always bring enjoyment for young readers. The literal-minded maid is at it again in *Amelia Bedelia* (Harper Trophy Book, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, paperback \$2.95). She is to be the maid for Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers had a list of things for Amelia Bedelia to do, such as dust the furniture. So she got the dusting powder and dusted the furniture! Another job was to draw the drapes when the sun came in, so Amelia Bedelia sat down and drew a picture of the drapes! The book continues in the same way, but Amelia Bedelia is saved because she makes the most delicious lemon meringue pie. Lots of laughs for the young reader.

## It's Vacation Time!

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## THE HAPPIEST SOUND IS LAUGHTER

by  
Charlotte Jones

When my son John was three years old, he told me that one grandma was better than the other. At the time I tactfully emphasized the fine but different qualities of each lady, but later I wondered why one lady would prevail as a favorite.

I ruled out material goods, permissiveness, quantity and quality of time, as all these areas seemed equal.

What then? What made one lady more special?

I pursued the answer listening to the conversations and watching the play activities. From both grandmas I saw an abundance of love flowing, but soon the difference was obvious: laughter. The "better" grandma laughed . . . and laughed . . . and laughed. And she made John laugh . . . and laugh . . . and laugh.

In fact, as soon as I realized this vital difference, I remembered when John was two years old and had spent an hour with this grandma. I picked him up and on the way home John began to laugh. I glanced sideways and asked why he was laughing. John stopped the chuckles only long enough to tell me, "Bear. Hear Bear."

I later learned Grandma had told him that if he listened, he would hear his teddy bear laughing and he could laugh, too. Since then John has joined Bear's imaginary laughter in church, in restaurants, in the library, even in bed in the middle of the night.

And what is more beautiful than the sound of a child laughing?

Laughter is not always as much the result of humor as it is of happiness. Often it is feeling good all over but it only comes out in one place.

If God had not wanted us to smell, He would not have given us a nose; if He had not wanted us to think, He would not have given us a brain; and He would not have given us the joyous gift of laughter if He had not wanted us to laugh.

Even the Bible endorses laughter, saying that to everything there is a season, "... a time to weep and a time to laugh." (Ecclesiastes 3:4)

Of course, the Bible includes weeping as a very necessary outlet. But certainly our tears should be saved for special occasions in order that they will serve their intended purpose. For tears are a lot like garlic. If they are used to excess, they soon become an offending habit and become less and less fulfilling.

On the other hand, in the words of Ed Howe, "If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you grow old."

Indeed laughter is the best medicine. It is an effective antidote—habit forming,



Cassie Palo and her "Nana" (Betty Driftmier) share an affectionate moment. Cassie is the daughter of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo.

but possessing no dangerous side effects. Laughter is a cross between a stimulant and a tranquilizer, yet it is not illegal, taxed, nor sinful.

The first week of August is National Smile Week (but, honestly, no one will care if you laugh while you're smiling!). However, it is imperative that you laugh the first week of April, as that has been declared National Laugh Week.

Whether you chuckle, chortle, cheer, chirp, giggle, snigger, snicker, titter, cackle, crow, guffaw, or just laugh, do it.

Laugh alone or in a crowd. Do it in bed or in the kitchen or in the bathtub. Do it loudly, softly, or just rightly. Do it anywhere, but do it. Do it a lot.

Remember what the old song said: "Laugh and the world laughs with you!"

### ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

*\*Don't fill the schedule too full.* Manny and I have decided that our next big vacation will be to just one city for a week. We want to leave time for the unexpected. Be selective, pick a few high lights, and take time to "smell the flowers."

*\*Start making reservations immediately.* Buying airline tickets in advance can save hundreds of dollars. Airlines limit their super-saver fares to a specified number of seats. Many people buy their airline tickets on credit in advance and can spread the payments over several months.

If you reserve a room now, you can ask for the best in the hotel; if you reserve a seat for a play, you can ask for the best in the house. In truth, the biggest benefit of making reservations is that you are reasonably assured of getting to do what you have your heart set on doing.

Some people, myself included, devote hours to a painstaking search for something like the cheapest brand of coffee or a good buy on carpet, and then we turn around and squander our two-week vacation on an ill-chosen trip for which we weren't prepared.

In truth, I am a spontaneous person, and something must be said for spontaneity. It is quite true that unplanned moments—a picnic lunch or a visit to a friend on a whim—can be among life's sweetest, but whims are getting more difficult to indulge in during this age of mass travel.

Buy the wrong carpet or coffee and I have wasted a few dollars. Waste two weeks or a long weekend for lack of planning and the time vanishes forever. I know my carpet will wear out and I will buy more coffee, but the memory of a special time is something to hold on to forever.

Maybe next summer, Carolyn and I can get together in Washington. She might even make some black bean soup for me. We will start planning now.



### THE BEST PART OF VACATION

The best part of vacation,  
Though far and wide we roam,  
Is when it's time to travel back  
Along the road towards home.

Strange places, new roads are thrilling  
And mighty fine to see,  
But when vacation's over  
It is home we long to be.

It's fine to see far countries,  
The mountains, the lakes and all the rest,  
But it's rolling prairies and cornfields  
That, somehow, I love the best.

So always I am happiest,  
However far I roam  
When I'm headed toward trail's end  
And the place that we call HOME!

—Mabel Nair Brown



### KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

Has tested family recipes for any occasion.

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Shenandoah, IA. 51601**

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## RESTAURANT EXPERIENCES

by  
Louise Simms

My husband and I had many interesting experiences when we operated a restaurant and ice cream shop for many years. Ours was a small operation run mainly by my husband and me with the aid of one full-time and two part-time employees. Our cafe seated forty and was built as an addition onto our home.

My husband made the ice cream we sold and I did the cooking and baking of pastries, rolls, doughnuts, etc. We sold no ice cream wholesale, and I sold no whole pies or doughnuts by the dozen for a very obvious reason—we simply were not equipped to produce these things in quantities sufficient to take care of the demand.

I did all my baking as well as preparing many of the salads, dressings, main dishes, etc., in the kitchen of my home. Still, not selling in quantity was VERY difficult for many people to understand.

I tried to make rules that were fair to everyone and ones we could live with. But did you ever try to explain to a customer why six people could each buy one piece of pie to carry out but one person could not buy six pieces of pie (which constituted a whole pie) to carry out? Homemade pie was one of our specialties. If someone came in and pur-

chased all I baked, to take home and eat with their noon meal, I would have disgruntled customers the remainder of the day!

One particularly "pie hungry" lady was determined to feed her family home-made banana cream pie for dinner one day. When I explained to her why I couldn't sell her the six pieces which were already cut and in the display case, she made six trips from her parked car into my cafe, buying ONE PIECE of banana cream pie each trip!

To avoid a repetition of the above, I made a rule that no pie was to be sold for carryout orders unless it was part of a dinner or lunch.

I had an equal amount of difficulty enforcing the "no doughnuts or rolls by the dozen" rule.

Then there was the school principal who ate lunch with us every noon. Cherry pie was his favorite, and was invariably part of his lunch. I bought my cherries frozen in thirty-pound cans. Almost daily the school principal found a cherry pit in his piece of pie—the only one which would appear in the whole day's supply of cherry pie. He laughingly accused me of saving that piece of pie for him.

One male customer insisted on having only the whites of eggs served with his breakfast. I never could figure out why he couldn't order a regular breakfast and eat only the whites of the eggs.

Training help was something else which often caused problems. On one occasion a teenage boy, who was new on the job, made his first banana split without assistance. He dipped the ice cream, used the right toppings, whipped cream, and nuts—even topped it with a cherry—and then laid the UNPEELED BANANA on the table beside the dish of ice cream when he served it to the customer!

But the thing that really amazed me was the number of customers who would come in, sit down at a table, pick up a menu and say, "Those minute steaks in mushroom gravy—are they good?"

One day I had heard this one time too often. Putting on my brightest smile, I said as sweetly as I possibly could, "Sir, I OWN this place and I also do the COOKING. Do you HONESTLY expect me to tell you something on my menu is NOT good?"

Fortunately I knew this man pretty well, and as I anticipated, he wasn't offended. But his face was a bit red when he smiled as he ordered the Swiss Steak Special.

Smiling is contagious! The sourest individual on earth, exposed to a spontaneous and genuine smile, will be happier and better equipped to meet and to solve his own problems, socially and professionally. A smile is the basis of all successful human relations.

## HINTS FROM THE MAIL

For a kid's summer drink, place half a package of presweetened Kool-Aid and about 2 trays of ice cubes in a blender. Add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter flavoring to enhance whichever flavor of Kool-Aid being used. Whirl in blender and you will have a refreshing slush.

—A Listener from Iowa

\*\*\*\*\*

**SALTY SNACK:** Combine 4 quarts of seasoned popped corn, 1 10-oz. box of slim pretzel sticks and 1 8-oz. pkg. of cheese curls. Store in large covered plastic container.

\*\*\*\*\*

Add 1 1/2 tsp. vinegar per 3-oz. pkg. gelatin when making salads. It is firmer when served and especially good when putting salad in mold.

—Mrs. E.P., Merrill, Iowa

**MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded**  
cinating afternoon to hear such things so vividly described by such a sharp, articulate sage and my jaw dropped to hear Don dredge up stories of his Shenandoah past which were absolutely brand-new to me.

My life continues to be a daily discovery of some new reaction within my body. I have completed three full weeks of my chemotherapy treatments with my oncologist. Each person's program is individually planned for them so it is of no avail to try to describe in much detail what goes on when I make my weekly trips across the city to St. Luke's Hospital. My blood is checked and within forty minutes the doctor has a multi-page computer print-out of everything he wants to know about my blood as compared to the week previous, for instance. He updates my dosage of pills for the next seven days if necessary. He checks me thoroughly. We discuss how I am feeling, and although I feel "weird," I cannot complain too loudly.

I am not nauseous and considering the strength of the intravenous injection I receive each week and the six pills I feed into my system each day, it is a genuine miracle that my stomach is keeping such a jolly attitude. By seven or eight o'clock each evening I have ingested the medication for the day and I can feel myself beginning to return to feeling like my own self. I haven't been running around much on these evenings when I am returning to normal, but I have read several great books and I'll share the titles of these some month when I have not run out of space.

Until next month,

*Mary Beth*



### Hey, you bet!

Our moms use  
**Kitchen-Klatter  
Cleaning Products.**

#### **KLEANER —**

for grass stains, dust and dirt from the ball games.

#### **BLEACH —**

for white shirts and shorts.

#### **BLUE DROPS —**

low suds detergent for all the laundry.





## LET'S BORROW FROM BABY

by  
Erma Reynolds

If there's a baby in your house, you're sure to have a battery of material on hand for his exclusive use. But why limit this specialized paraphernalia to baby alone? Why not borrow some of it for your own needs?

Take cotton swabs, for instance. These little sticks were originally designed for baby care, but a consumer's survey has disclosed that hundreds of additional uses have been found for them, all about the household. For example, you can use them to clean the grids of your waffle iron, swabbing up the fat while the iron is still warm. They are ideal to clean the small, hard-to-reach places on your stove. Poke them up the soiled spout of the coffee percolator. Use them to apply glue, or liquid cement, in small places. Dipped in detergent, they can be used to whiten the cement in the spaces between tiles in the bathroom and kitchen. House plant leaves can be cleaned with the swabs.

At baby's bath time, apply some of his lotion, or cream, to the backs of your hands and rough elbows. These problem spots will benefit by this daily application of the gentle lotion. The same lotion also makes a fine skin cleanser, or moisturizer. At your own bath time, some baby oil poured under the running water will help soften your body during the bath.

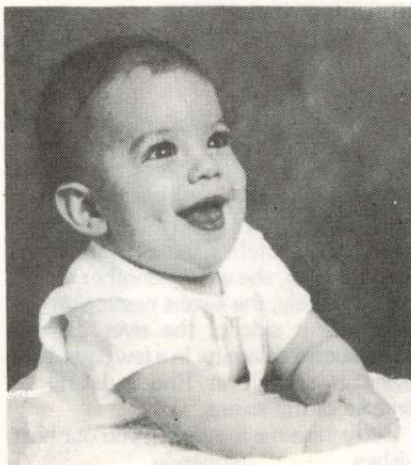
Perhaps you'd like a tanning session in the backyard but have no sun-tan lotion on hand. Baby to the rescue again—his baby oil makes a safe tanning lotion.

When a real soap and water shampoo is not advisable, hair can be revived with a dry cleaning with baby powder. Just dust in the absorbent baby powder and brush it out. Oil and grime is removed, leaving the hair clean and sweet-smelling.

This same baby powder can renovate a white silk lamp shade that's marred with a dirty spot. Cover the soiled area with baby powder, rub it in thoroughly, then brush out the residue. In most cases the spot will do the vanishing act.

How about baby food jars? You're sure to have a supply of empties on hand. Some of them can be transformed into spice jars. Remove the labels. Use a scouring pad or steel wool to take off any remaining glue on the surface. Paint the covers with enamel and print on spice names with paint, or purchase stick-on spice labels.

Baby food jars also make attractive containers for small portions of your homemade jellies or jams to be presented as gifts. Follow the same procedure used in preparing the spice jars. In place of the spice labels, cut appropriate



Martin Joseph DiCicco was 5 months old when he posed for his first portrait. Martin is the son of Emily and Rich DiCicco of Arlington, Virginia.

designs from magazines, or greeting cards, and glue these to the outside of jars. Fill the miniature containers with your homemade sweet stuffs, and you have gifts sure to be appreciated.

Next time you're trussing up a turkey, borrow a few of baby's big sharp diaper pins for the job. They can stab "turk" in the exact spot where needed, and are easy to use.

Borrow one of baby's bright-colored toys and hang it on the refrigerator door when you need a reminder to change temperature controls, or put away hot food when it has cooled sufficiently.

If baby has a beat-up stuffed toy, steal it for the family dog. He'll love this safe plaything.

No doubt you'll think of other uses for baby's things. Go ahead and borrow 'em.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

## HAVE YOU DUSTED YOUR LIGHT BULBS LATELY?

by  
Ruth Townsend

Dusting your light bulbs may not sound like the most exciting activity around but it could be worth your time. A dirty bulb can cut light output by half and yet it doesn't cut the amount of energy you're paying for. While you're at it, dust the lamp shade. That helps too.

Another way you can get more light for your money is to use a reflector bulb whenever you can, instead of the regular incandescent bulb. Reflector bulbs work well when you need light in only one direction. You can use them very satisfactorily in pole lamps and recessed light fixtures. The reflector bulbs can be of lower wattage than regular ones because they concentrate the light. Research has shown that often you can use a reflector bulb of only one-half the wattage of a regular bulb and still get the same amount of light.

Another energy saver is the use of fluorescent bulbs. A fluorescent bulb uses 75% less energy than a regular incandescent bulb and yet produces just as much light. And don't say "no" to fluorescent bulbs because you think they always make you look green around the gills. "Warm white" ones make you look good and also keep your rooms warm and homey-looking.

Three-way bulbs can also save you money. The high-wattage setting can be used when you need a lot of light. If your need is not great, a twist of the wrist reduces the light and cuts down on the energy used.

Getting the most out of your light bulbs won't save you hundreds of dollars but it will save you dimes, and a lot of dimes over a period of years can add up to considerable savings.

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

**ON THE AIR FOR OVER 50 YEARS.**

The **Kitchen-Klatter** family (Lucile, Dorothy, Frederick and Betty, Juliana and Robin, Mary Lea) radio program can be heard daily in your area over:

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

All men are created equal. Agree? But men are judged by what they do after having been created.

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
cials destroy the swans' eggs so that there will not be so many. They don't take the eggs away from the nest, they just drive off the mother, and then they shake the eggs very hard so that the embryo is killed. Sometimes the mother swan will sit and brood on her "dead" eggs for several weeks after the eggs were due to hatch. If the eggs are taken from the nest, she will lay another batch!

Fortunately, the swans nesting on our Connecticut side of the river did not suffer such a calamity. In a few days, I am giving a speech in Rhode Island in defense of the swans.

Betty joins me in sending you our best wishes.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

**EATING EXPERIENCES—Concluded**  
drinks (something like old-fashioned strawberry phosphates) very unusual.

The rain continued through Saturday, when we headed for Old Montreal. After seeing the Church of Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours, we crossed the street to look at Calvet House. Just ahead, some people went through double doors, so on the way by I glanced in and saw a bright glass-covered courtyard which looked like part of a dining area. We looked up and saw the sign "Les Filles du Roy", a name I recognized from the guidebooks. It looked so inviting and since we were getting drenched, we stepped inside, and were met by a young man in costume who told us it would be just a few minutes if we would wait in the solarium. It was nice to sit in the white wicker chairs and watch the rain hitting the glass but not our heads. Soon we were ushered into the eating area, which was full of antiques. I had smoked salmon with potatoes and vegetables, which was very good. But the high light of that meal was a dessert made of bread boiled in maple syrup and served with real cream.

The name Les Filles du Roy (literal translation—the girls or daughters of the king; in modern French, king is spelled *roi*) refers to the shiploads of single girls and women who were given dowries by Louis XIV, King of France, to brave the eight-week voyage to Quebec to provide the male settlers with companionship and families. Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys (1620-1700), who founded Bonsecours Church and the Congregation of Notre-Dame—a nuns order, recruited many of these girls on a trip to France, making sure each was a devout Catholic, and that they learned housekeeping skills appropriate for life in the wilderness. According to an old engraving in the establishment, when the girls arrived in Montreal, Sister Marguerite settled them in a big house and put up a sign that said "Femmes a marier" (Women to marry). Most French Canadians are descendants of Les Filles du Roy.



Dorothy Driftmier Johnson got to meet her new little granddaughter, Elizabeth Brase, when she traveled to Torrington, Wyoming.

**KRISTIN'S LETTER — Concluded**

my students that we should make an effort to create pleasant experiences for those with whom we come in contact each day. I don't know why we are on this planet if not for that reason.

My own mother is a shining example of a person who strives to create positive times for other people. She and I had a good visit when school was out, but I imagine she is going to write about her trip to Torrington, so I'll just say I'm glad she was able to come.

Wherever you happen to live, I hope the weather is cooperating in such a way as to make the summer days extra beautiful and enjoyable for you.

Sincerely,  
Kristin Brase

**PRAYER FOR EVERYDAY**

God, give me eyes that I might see  
The work that can be done by me;  
God, give me ears that I may hear  
The cry of those who need me near.

God, give me lips that I might speak  
Comfort and peace to all who seek;  
God, give me a mind that I might know  
How to help those who need me so.

God, give me hands that I might do  
Some large or simple task for You;  
God, give me a prayer, that I may pray  
Thy help and guidance every day.  
And this one thing, all else above;  
God, give me a heart, that I may love.

**CORRECTION**

The Blueberry Crunch Coffeecake recipe in the July, 1983, issue should have called for 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring in the list of ingredients for the batter. We regret the error.





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Have you applied a mulch of some kind around plants that are not very drought-resistant? A mulch is usually a layer of some organic material that acts as an insulating blanket. It keeps the soil from drying out in the hot August sun and wind. It keeps the soil underneath softer and more receptive to water. Finally, the mulch breaks down gradually and is continuously adding some nutrients to the soil.

A good mulch should not pack down so tightly that water cannot penetrate it, neither should it be so light and loose that wind will blow it away. Agricultural residues such as grain hulls, ground corn-cobs and wood byproducts all make fine mulch materials. We find grass clippings to be our most readily available mulch and at no cost. The clippings should be spread thinly while fresh from the mower and allowed to dry before adding the next layer. If too thick at first, the clippings become compacted. If weeds come up through the grass clippings, pull them out and add to the mulch.

If you want your annual and perennial flowers to bloom continuously, do keep all the faded flowers picked off. Two to three times a week, we go over our beds and borders carrying a pail for the spent flowers and using a hand pruner to nip them off. The process is called "dead-heading" and it not only keeps the plants neat but inspires them to bloom again.

Early August is a good time to renew container-grown plants that seemingly have bloomed themselves out. Prune the plants back severely and using a trowel, loosen all exposed soil around the plants. Water the containers thoroughly. This means to let the water flow until it seeps out of the drainage holes in the bottom. Next, give the plants a little food by watering again with a soluble plant food. In a short time the plants will make fresh growth and reward you with flowers until killed by frost.

If you spot rust spores on the underside of leaves apply ferbam, zineb or sulphur. Powdery mildew can be controlled somewhat by trimming off diseased parts of perennials, removing badly mildewing annual plants, and applying chemical controls such as benomyl or sulphur.

Can gardening be a joy? Yes! Your efforts will produce a healthier and more beautiful garden. Enjoy it!

Strive for a righteous life and work to attain what ought to be. And though the labor be forgotten, the results will remain.

# When your knees go bad...you're in trouble!

## Now thanks to Coach "Cotton" Barlow, there's an answer!

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Absorbs shock that is continually applied to the front, sides and back of the joint.

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Significantly reduces impact from a blow to the side of the knee.

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Nobody knows more about crippling knee pain, stiffness and strain than "Cotton" Barlow.

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### FOR CORRECT SIZE

Measure around the knee, one inch above the knee cap.

### CIRCLE ONE

SM (under 15")—MED (15" to under 17")—LG (17" to under 19")—XL (19" to under 21")—  
XXL (21" and over). If in doubt, send exact measurement \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



**JULIANA'S LETTER — Concl.**

I can recommend these books to anyone of any age.

Katharine would like to share some of her experiences at music camp this summer so I'll turn the rest of my space over to her.

Until next time,

*Juliana*



## A NOTE FROM KATHARINE LOWEY

Dear Friends:

This summer for one week I went to Hummingbird Music Camp. I had a great time. Here is a schedule for one day while I was there . . . rise and shine, dorm inspection, flag raising, breakfast, chorus, rehearsals, private lessons, organized recreation and transfer band, lunch, sack out, rehearsals, Cavity Cave, guitar practice, free time, supper, concert, Cavity Cave, moonlight hike, return to camp and lights out. Unfortunately the moonlight hike was canceled because of rain. The campers got together and watched some old cartoons instead.

The meals at camp were O.K. We had whole wheat everything including pizza and pancakes. Cavity Cave is the snack bar and it was good. We could only get a certain amount of stuff a day.

The music itself was great. The teachers were wonderful. I played clarinet in the advanced band. I also played trombone in transfer band. Transfer band is a group of kids who want to try some other instrument other than their own. It was really fun. I also met a lot of new friends. I can't wait to go next year.

Sincerely,  
Katharine

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**

deck. They took me to the train which left at 9:20 P.M., and I felt we had had a real good visit. We pulled into Osceola right on time the next morning where Frank and Bernie were waiting for me.

I was home in time to attend a picnic at the home of my friend, Angie Conrad, for Birthday Club and Angie's two house guests, Margaret McGee from Arizona, and Gretchen Haldeman from Florida. Gretchen told me an interesting story I want to pass along. When she was a student at Simpson College in the late 1920's, she packed her bags and drove alone in an old car to spend a few days with her boyfriend and his parents in a town in Iowa. On the way she lost a suitcase with all her good clothes somewhere along the road. She had no identification on it, so figured she'd never see it again. The people that found it opened it, and discovered a harmonica down in the bottom which had Gretchen's mother's name and address on it. Years before, her mother had entered a contest at the Henry Field Seed Company, and her prize had been the harmonica. Gretchen got her clothes back because of the harmonica, and she didn't even know it was in there.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

**THE RED SEA PLACE**

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life

Where, in spite of all you can do,  
There is no way out, there is no way back,

There is no other way but through?  
Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene

Till the night of your fear is gone.  
He will send the wind, He will heap the floods,

He will say to your soul, "Go on."

## Westfair's 8th Annual OLD-TIME COUNTRY MUSIC CONTEST AND PIONEER EXPOSITION™

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Plenty of camping available on the spacious 80-acre grounds. Large arts & crafts fair & flea market, lots of workshops including the famous Patsy Montana/Gary Kirkland Yodeling workshop and Story Tellin' champion & Novelist Joe Shaffer of New Mexico. Square dancing, clog dancing exhibitions and all entertainment is from 4 covered stages or the large natural amphitheatre. Everything included, except camping, for a very reasonable admission price (children & senior citizens half-price). FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT: NADINE & DARRELL DREAGER, 8 GAYLAND DRIVE, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA 51501, or phone 712-366-1983.

**DEEP SUMMER**

by

Don B. Goddard

Deep summer is the part of the year when thoughts of cold weather and early-morning frost again delight the mind . . . when escape from the hot hayfields and wood lots lure the weaker spirits. Deep summer is that magical moment when we walk the tinder dry path to the wild plum thicket and find the dragonflies upon the quiet pond. It comes with a red-tail hawk as he climbs the invisible thermals, and our thoughts elude the problems of the day in an instant as we soar upon his wings.

It is the time of year when canning lids rattle and caldrons spit and sputter upon the stove tops, when the fragrance of pickling spices permeates the house.

Although it is autumn when the root cellar comes finally into its own, it is in this deep part of summer that the first new jars of fruits and vegetables dot the empty darkness with their jewel-bright colors. In this cool retreat we smugly count the growing numbers of pints and quarts of our efforts. It is from this dark vantage point that we gaze outward upon the day and discover where in the year we are.

Spring and first summer are whimsical. Like children, they delight and they disappoint—chasing only their own desires from day to day. But, not deep summer. She, like a mature and gracious woman, always gives full measure.

When we recognize early this special time of the year and embrace it lustily, it will return to us far more in goodness than we deserve. It is never just the short reprieve from autumn that Indian summer is. This deepness is genuine. It is the producing portion of the year.

When this deepest part of summer is over, some caution might be necessary. You might discover, as I did, it is only a portion of another event. Though rich and welcome in its time, it is never an end in itself.

Go ahead, capture and enjoy this frantic and fascinating moment. Deep summer—don't miss it!

**TIME**

All the days there have been  
Or ever will be . . .  
Past . . . Present . . . Future . . .  
Make up my life.  
The clock ticks  
In rhythm with my heart  
And time is multiplied  
Or divided,  
Subtracted or added,  
I know not which.  
In measured cadence  
Reckoned and recorded  
I move  
With the music of time . . .

—Carlita McKean Pedersen



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