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# Kitchen-Klatter

## Magazine

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**David Driftmier and his mother, Betty.**

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**MAGAZINE**

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

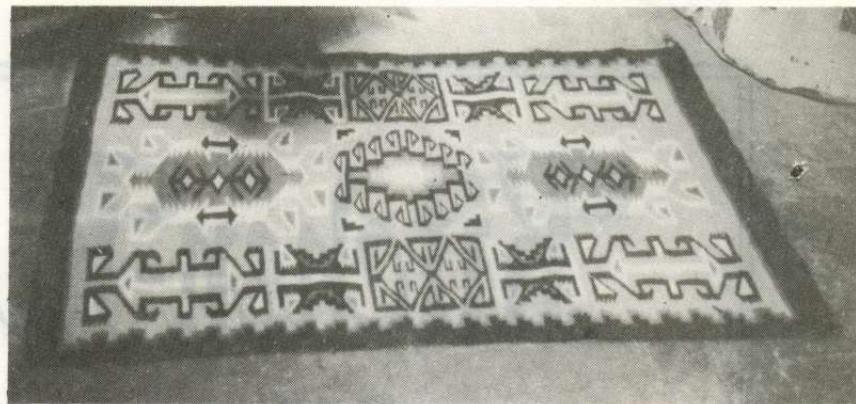
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Juliana Lowey's Navajo rug.

**LETTER FROM JULIANA**

Dear Friends:

Rough Rock! Round Rock! Standing Rock! Window Rock! Church Rock! Red Rock! Rock Point! All of these names are related. They are the names of just a few of the places where members of the Crownpoint Weaver's Guild live and work. The work is the weaving of the world-famous Navajo rugs. It is just about impossible to travel in the Southwest and not become a little familiar with this art form. Every curio store or souvenir shop has at least a few rugs for sale. The big, fancy "Indian Trading Centers" usually have many beautiful Navajo rugs on display. Most of these rugs command astronomical prices. However, there are still bargains to be found.

To backtrack a bit . . . in the early 1960's before the Indian jewelry and artifact craze had started, a group of Navajo women got together to form an association to maintain and promote the traditional rug-weaving art. The traditional methods called for growing the sheep; shearing the wool; cleaning, carding and spinning the wool by hand; dying the wool with natural vegetable dyes and then weaving the threads on huge wooden looms. If this sounds like a lot of work, it is! Before long, the association members decided that the best way to market their wares was to hold an auction every few months. This would eliminate the rug dealer's markup and make the rugs affordable for more people.

The auction plan worked so well that it is still going on. Some of my Albuquerque friends went to the original auctions and said that a big night would feature seventy or eighty rugs for sale. The most recent auction that I attended had over 500 rugs change hands on the auction block. As you can see, the auction is getting bigger and better all the time. When I say "better," I mean that more and more young women are getting involved in weaving. This keeps the auction an ongoing project.

To me, going to the rug auction isn't

just "going to an auction." It is an event. In the first place, the rug auction is held in Crownpoint, New Mexico. To get to Crownpoint, take Interstate 40 west of Albuquerque to the Thoreau exit which is further west of the town of Grants. Turn north at Thoreau (natives pronounce it "Threw") and go about thirty miles to the town of Crownpoint. Find the elementary school—anyone can direct you.

If you are a real auction fan, make plans to arrive at the school in the afternoon allowing yourself lots of time to paw through the piles of rugs. While doing this you will notice a line of women carrying brown bags and garbage sacks to a desk. At the desk the bags and sacks are opened to produce the rugs which are numbered and marked with the weaver's name and location. A note is made on the auctioneer's copy of the information giving him the rock bottom price that the weaver is asking for her rug. This price is where the bidding for the rug will start.

About five-thirty the crowd will start drifting toward the school cafeteria. Volunteers have put together a Navajo taco dinner which can be purchased for a very reasonable price. Coffee and Kool-aid are also available. After dinner and through the evening several school groups raise money by selling homemade cupcakes and other treats. When the auction gets to be a bit much and I need a breath of fresh air, I sneak out and recharge my batteries with a cupcake.

Around seven o'clock in the evening the auction begins. Mr. Herman Coffey is the auctioneer just as he has been from the very first rug auction. After all of these years, Mr. Coffey knows his rugs! Tourists do not need to be worried about getting an imitation Navajo rug with Mr. Coffey supervising. People attend the auctions from all over the world—literally. Just before the auction starts, Mr. Coffey will ask the crowd if anyone is from outside the United States. Sweden, Germany and Japan seem to be the countries most often represented.

Depending upon the number of rugs to be auctioned, the sale will last until ten in

the evening all the way to two-thirty in the morning. This is why I highly recommend having at least two people in the car for the drive home. There is only one motel in Crownpoint, and I think it is booked up on rug auction nights for the next ten years. The closest places to get motel rooms are either Gallup or Grants. In any event, a thermos of coffee and a chatty companion guarantee that no one will fall asleep at the wheel. The rule in our homebound car is that NO ONE sleeps—passengers and drivers included!

For anyone interested in attending a Crownpoint Rug Auction, the summer dates for this year are May 18, July 6, and August 24. If you need any more specific information, write to the Crownpoint Weaver's Association, P.O. Box 1630, Crownpoint, New Mexico 87313.

Speaking of vacations, our Driftmier clan has been on the go. My Uncle Oliver Strom has just returned from a trip to the Holy Land which was lead by his son, Martin. Martin has recently moved to a new congregation and his last official duty with his church in Maple Lake, Minnesota, was to take this trip to the Holy Land. Martin and his wife Eugenie always have wanted Aunt Marge and Uncle Oliver to take this religious and historical trip with them. Aunt Marge's health did not permit her to go, but Uncle Oliver got his passport and accompanied the tour. I'll be anxious to hear a report on their adventures.

Recently my Uncle Howard Driftmier had his 75th birthday. To make his celebration complete, Uncle Wayne and Aunt Abigail Driftmier came in from Denver to join the festivities. I was not able to attend the actual event, but I did get to Shenandoah for a VERY brief visit.

It had been TOO long since I had seen my mother, Lucile. It seems that the weather has been conspiring to keep her from getting to New Mexico. After several phone conversations in which Mother and I confessed that we were lonesome for each other, my husband Jed said, "Why don't you just take a

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank and I were very fortunate to have the month of March go out like a lamb in southern Iowa. The eastern part of the country was really hit hard the last week in March, and our area had a seven-inch snow from the same storm but no strong winds, and the temperature wasn't bad. The snow was gone in three days.

While we were having our snow, Kansas City was having an ice storm. Frank's sister, Ruth, who lives in Kansas City, planned to come and spend that week with us; but with the freezing rain causing so much damage couldn't leave her home. When we talked to her, Ruth said she wished they had a gas stove so the oven could be lit to provide heat. Their part of town was without electricity for about ten days. Ruth and her husband, Frank, had a stove inserted in their fireplace to give more heat, but Ruth said they had just run out of wood. Ruth's husband said he was going out the next day with his chain saw to cut some firewood because trees were down all over town.

While the snow was on the ground, we had two big turkeys come clear into the barn lot hunting for food. Usually the birds are real spooky and if we make any noise, they leave in a hurry, but this time these turkeys didn't pay any attention to us. Our two possums have been getting very brave too. They used to come only at night to cleanup the food the cats leave in the pan, but lately they have been coming in broad daylight. The cats don't pay any attention to the possums. Frank thinks it's funny, and what a surprise for any of our guests who might walk around the house and come upon two possums by the back door.

The beavers have been working hard this winter cutting down trees around the bayou, and a lot of the trees haven't fallen the way they were expected to. The other day I took some pictures of one of the trees that hasn't gone down yet and I hope the pictures turn out well.

I was walking around the house the other day and noticed a great big owl sitting on the front porch roof. A couple of days later our last big white duck was missing and Frank found her wings near the chicken house. I'm guessing the owl had something to do with this. Of course it could have been a coyote because we certainly have plenty of them around.

When I was talking to my brother, Frederick, to see how they fared during the big storm, he said that morning there was a large coyote in his back yard; the first they had seen. He was also worried about dogs getting his favorite swan,



Here are Julian and Elizabeth Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's two younger grandchildren, who celebrated their birthdays recently. Julian 9, helps his little sister open some of her presents at her first birthday party. Art and Kristin Brase are the parents of the children.

Bonnie. Her first nest was washed away with the high tide during the storm and she had just rebuilt it close to the road. Frank said the coyote was more likely to get the swan.

Frank got up one morning and found two strange horses and a strange cow in our barn lot. We contacted the owner. The owner and a helper came the next morning. Frank wasn't able to help, but I did get a bucket of corn to use as bait. The horses weren't broken to a halter or to lead and I didn't know how the men would ever get the horses into the trailer, especially since one horse was a stallion. I didn't go out while they loaded the animals, being sure I would do more harm than good. I was surprised at how little time it took them to get the animals loaded.

Some time the last week in February, Frank bruised the calf of his left leg while chores. Although the leg got black and blue, I didn't think much about it, because he usually had a bruise or two. This time the leg and foot began to swell and hurt, so he went to the doctor. It turned out that Frank had a blood clot. He didn't want to go to the hospital, so he did exactly what the doctor ordered, which was to keep the leg elevated and in hot packs 24 hours a day, and to stay off it. He did this for three weeks. For one more week, Frank was able to go outside and do a few things, but still had to keep hot packs on his injury at least four hours a day. Frank has now been pronounced well, and is able to do his chores once again.

During the month that he was down, I did what chores I could. Our good neighbor, Roy Querrey, came to my rescue and filled the hay rings twice; then he got

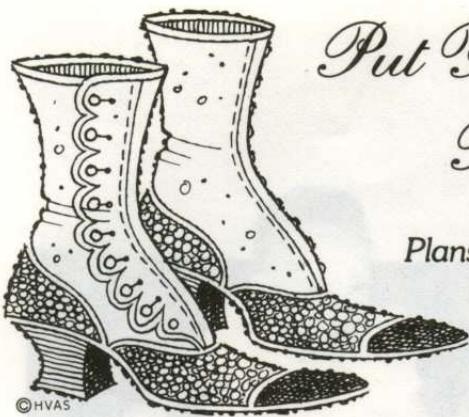
sick and couldn't do it. At this time I called another one of our neighbors, a young man named Dick Freeman, and he was very willing to come and help me with the hay. Frank and I are very grateful we have such good friends.

My biggest worry while Frank was down was that the cows would have their calves during the bad weather. I don't know why it is, but there can be a couple of weeks of lovely warm weather, just perfect for baby calves to be born, and nothing happens. Let it turn cold, snow, or pour down rain, and this is when the calves come. So it was. Fortunately, without any help from Frank or me, the cows had six babies that are strong and frisky.

Oliver Strom and his son, Martin, have just been on a trip to the Holy Land. Margery and Eugenie didn't go with them. Margery was afraid her back wouldn't take all the walking on these tours. Eugenie decided since she went with Martin last year it would be nice if Martin and his dad would go together this time. Margery had planned to spend the time with Oliver's sister, Nina Lester, in Rockford, Ill., but the weather was bad. Margery thought she had better stay right at home. However, she did fly to Minneapolis so she could be at the airport to meet Oliver and Martin on their return.

My brother, Wayne, and his wife, Abigail, from Denver spent a couple of days in Shenandoah. They came at this time to surprise our brother, Howard, and help celebrate his birthday. I didn't get to Shenandoah to see Wayne and Abigail this time since they came when I had responsibilities at home.

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# Put Your Little Foot Right Out

Plans for Mother's Day or Guest Day

by Mabel Nair Brown

From the sweet little bootees she wore as a baby to the soft felt slippers she might favor as a great-grandmother, footwear is a very important part of milady's wardrobe. Why not use it as the theme for a special party you might be planning for the fair sex?

## DECORATIONS

Try to locate one of the old-fashioned shoe benches once so popular for trying on shoes. Place it just inside the entrance with an opened shoe box (complete with shoes) upon it.

The old iron shoe last, cobbler's tools, shoe stretchers, shoe horns and buttonhooks would make attractive decorations also.

A display of old shoes would be of interest. These might include baby shoes, wedding shoes and others which people have kept stored away. Be sure to attach a card to each pair, giving a bit of the shoes' history.

For Centerpiece: (1) a nosegay of flowers in pretty high-heeled pumps, or in some pumps tuck a colorful chiffon neck scarf to drape over one side, perhaps accented with a pair of matching gloves or a pretty necklace; (2) a pair of baby bootees placed upon a sweater and cap set; (3) bright sandals with a beach hat; (4) a pair of feather-trimmed mules beside a popular novel; (5) white satin pumps set upon a fluff of bridal veiling with sprays of lily of the valley.

Favors: Make a small heart-shaped sachet for each guest. For each sachet, cut two hearts from pink satin or other fabric. Seam hearts together, leaving a small opening on one side (for inserting some potpourri and a bit of polyester filling). Turn seam to inside, stuff, and whip open edge together. Trim with tiny lace edging or small ribbon bow. Next make up shoe "pockets" to hold each sachet. For a baby bootee, cut two bootee shapes from felt or construction paper in pretty pastel colors. Glue the two together around the back and bottom edge and toe. Make "eyelets" on the front with a paper punch and lace front of bootee with narrow ribbon, tying a bow at the top. Place a heart sachet inside each bootee.

If preferred, the shoe pockets might be made like a lady's dress pump or like the fashionable high boots women wear today instead of a bootee. In case the boot idea is used, then make the sachets in long tube shape to fit into top of the boot.

Program Booklets might have construction paper covers with pictures of shoes, cut from catalogs or magazines, decorating the cover. Or, covers for the booklets might be cut in the shape of a lady's boot from black or brown construction paper. Another idea would be to decorate the front cover with a buttonhook, with a shoe button glued into place on the "hook" part. These buttonhooks can easily be made by bending into the proper shape lengths of flexible wire—just look for suitable wire at your local hardware store, or some craft stores might carry a gold or silver decorative wire which would work nicely.

## PROGRAM HELPS

Any number of skits on shoes we wear at different ages in our lives have been written, but if you are unable to locate one, just make up your own version of "If the Shoe Fits." You will need to gather up a collection of shoes such as baby shoes, little girl's first slipper, tennis shoes, saddle shoes, penny loafers, stacked heels, "chunky" shoes, basketball shoes, sandals, dress shoes, white satin wedding slipper, a working girl's shoe, sturdy black oxford, low-heeled walking shoes, bedroom slipper, and finally another baby shoe or bootee. Taking these shoes in order, a narrator would hold up each and give a brief narration dealing with the life of a girl or woman, or an event, associated with that particular shoe. Appropriate short poems might be used for certain shoes, or even a song or a high school cheer, closing with a lullaby for the tiny grandbaby's bootee or shoe.

A Brief History of Shoes: Did you know that 80% of all the leather used in the world is used in shoes? For thousands of years all shoes were made by hand.

Drawings of such tools as hammer,

needle, knife and awl used in making shoes by hand by the Egyptians appear in drawings in the temple at Thebes built about 1400 B.C. Strangely enough, if you visit a shoemaker's shop today, you may see these same type of tools!

Earliest shoes were sandals, particularly for the Greeks and Romans. Ancient British shoes were heelless and laced up the center front and also laced along the side to tie around the ankle, shaped much like a ballerina slipper.

It is interesting to see the shape of the shoe change through the centuries. During the 10th century the foot was pretty well enveloped and the shoe extended up the ankle in a scalloped cuff around the top. The 14th century saw people wearing a shoe with a long extended sole which came to a curled-up toe at the front, often with a bell attached to the shoe—such a shoe as we often picture as worn by a pixie or elf!

The 15th century saw the development of the high, loose boot for men, often reaching the knee or mid-thigh. By the 17th century men were wearing shoes with heels and with a large mid-calf top which featured a very wide, flaring, trimmed cuff—very fetching with satin knee britches, I'm sure!

By the 18th century milady of fashion was wearing dainty, pointed-toe slippers with the elegant French heels. These slippers might be of satin or brocades to match milady's gown.

The mid-19th century saw women wearing shoes which had tops that were buttoned and which came a little above the ankle. By the 20th century the button top extended up the calf to become the "high-buttoned" style our great-grandmothers might have worn.

The oldest method of tanning leather with tannic acid was very time-consuming. Tannic acid, made from the bark of trees, became scarce as the supply of natural forests declined. Finally in 1884 a newer method, using chromium compounds for tanning revolutionized leather-making.

Because leather is an animal by-product, the supply of leather has not kept up with the demand. Thus substitutes had to be found. The first attempt to make a leather substitute resulted in old-fashioned oilcloth. Eventually came the formulas for plastic and substitutes we find in the various kinds of shoes we wear today.

The first shoemaking recorded in America was done by Thomas Baird (or Beard) who arrived in Salem, Mass., in 1629 and was engaged by the Massachusetts Bay Co. to make shoes for the colonists. Later when the big plantations were thriving, the landowners would hire shoemakers to make shoes for their slaves. Some records show as many as five or six shoemakers worked on one

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## MOTHER'S DAY TRADITIONS

While millions of modern mothers will again be honored on Mother's Day this year, few dutiful sons and daughters realize that Mom had her own special day several thousands of years ago! According to historians, the early inhabitants of the Near East and Mediterranean regions worshiped an "Earth Mother" at annual woodland festivals.

In Asia Minor, a day was set aside for honoring Cybele, "Mother of the Gods." When the Romans adopted the festival and called it the "Feast of Hilaria," the whole family danced through the streets wearing garlands of leaves in their hair. Researchers tell us that in ancient Roman times, Mother's Day wasn't celebrated on the second Sunday in May, as it is today, but usually fell on the Ides (middle) of March.

Every day was Mother's Day for moms of ancient German tribesmen, who considered all women divine, and sometimes regarded mothers as living goddesses. The English have been observing "Mothering Sunday," the fourth Sunday in Lent, for more than 500 years, when they pay a special visit to their mothers bearing candy, flowers and little spiced cakes especially baked for the occasion. In colonial America, Mom didn't rate a special day, because the strict Puritans frowned on holidays, especially those with a pagan origin.

Mother's Day wasn't celebrated anywhere in the United States until 1907. That year, Anna M. Jarvis arranged a special church service in Grafton, W.V., to commemorate her own late mother and other mothers, living and deceased, in the community. Because the carnation had been her mother's favorite flower, Anna Jarvis asked that each person attending the service wear a white carnation. After Mother's Day was proclaimed a national holiday by President Woodrow Wilson in 1914, most celebrants ceased wearing flowers themselves and began giving them in the form of corsages and flower arrangements. Carnations are still traditional for Mother's Day—pink if the mother is living, but any seasonal flower is appropriate.

It is the custom at many Sunday Schools to pass out carnations with a bit of greenery tied to them and let people choose white or colored. Most Sunday Schools and churches have special Mother's Day programs, and usually the oldest and the youngest mother in attendance is honored.

Some mistakenly think the United States is the only country that has a day for honoring its mothers. Mother's Day is also observed in such far-flung places as Mexico, Canada, South America, Japan and Africa.

—Vivian M. Preston



## WE REMEMBER . . .

### (Memorial Service for Deceased Members)

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Place large styrofoam circle or heart upon an easel. Fasten a wide ruffle of white lace ribbon or net around the outside edge of the styrofoam. If preferred, sprigs of greenery might be stuck around the edge of the circle or heart as a frame. Make up a single carnation corsage for each deceased member to be recognized. Fasten the corsages to the styrofoam in a pleasing arrangement. As the deceased's name is called during the service, have someone designated to remove the corsage and pin it on a close relative of the deceased. If no relative is present, pin the corsage on a special friend.

**Leader:**

Let me lose an earring,  
My money or a ball-point pen,  
I don't fret, I always know  
I can get along without them.

Let me lose out on today's goals,  
I don't give way to sorrow;  
I know I can try a little harder,  
Try to do better tomorrow.

But let me lose a friend I love,  
My heart indeed is sore;  
But memories of the days we shared  
I'll cherish evermore. —M.N.B.

**Leader:** (continues) Today we are pausing a few minutes to honor those of our members who were called to their Eternal rest. Of course our hearts have been saddened with our loss. We will miss them sorely. But today let us not think of our departed ones in sorrow, but rather let us think of the days when they were among us—good times shared, tasks that were made lighter because they worked with us, joys we knew as we traveled a short way of Life's journey side by side.

As we are remembering these beloved members who have gone before us, let us recall that their hands were ever ready to be busy to help with our club projects and to support each other in love and understanding when needed. As the poet put it so aptly, let us resolve that: I'd like to be the sort of friend That you have been to me, I'd like to be the help that you Were always glad to be.

I'd like to mean as much to you  
Each minute of the day  
As you have meant, good friend of mine,  
To me along the way.

And this is just to wish somehow  
That I could but repay  
A portion of the gladness, friend,  
That you have strewn along Life's way.  
Could I have one wish this year,  
This only would it be,  
I'd like to be the sort of friend to others  
That you have been to me.

—Paraphrased from poem by an unknown author

**Leader:** (continuing) In loving remembrance now we pay tribute to those members who have left us. (Names are read, pausing after each, for a corsage to be presented.) Their memory will ever remain in our hearts to inspire us. Yes, we'll always remember these friends of ours

Who once walked by our side.  
Their helpfulness, caring and friendship  
In memory will ever abide.

**Prayer:** Our loving Father and Comforter, into Thy keeping our friends are now committed. May we now move forward in our daily life and in the life of the community so that our lives, like those of our departed members, might be one of service and an inspiration to others. Amen.

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear God, the Father of us all, please hear me as I pray . . .  
Help me to know my darling son still walks along Your way,  
Help me to know he feels You near, wherever he may be  
And know his steps will never stray so very far from Thee.  
Stay close beside him, Father dear; he'll need the strength You give,  
Because my boy is eager now, his way of life, to live.  
He knows about Your goodness, God; has always prayed, and yet,  
This, Father God, I ask of You—please, let him not forget.  
Help him to know You see us all in everything we do,  
And that good deeds he does on earth will build his home with You. Amen

—Jo Burford

## MANUSCRIPTS:

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

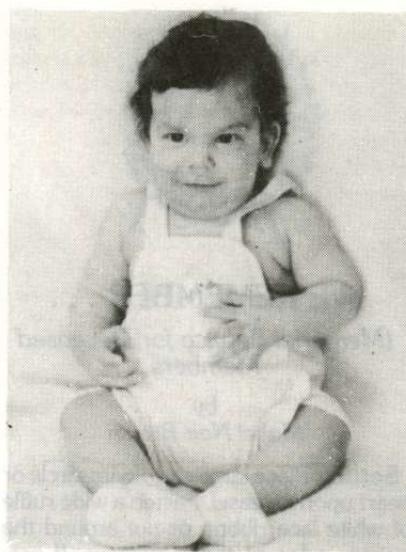
**MARY BETH**  
**REPORTS**


Dear Friends:

What to write about this month lunged monumentally over my horizon this morning when the first glimpses of daylight brought me to consciousness. As spring remains wintery, I have less and less to report to you, save for the fact that each writing brings me a twelfth of the way closer to the end of my chemotherapy treatments. There is nothing new to report about things. My doctor repeats to me that I am doing magnificently, just what he wants! My body endures the chemical cycles every four weeks and I approach the treatment days with less and less enthusiasm as the anniversary grows closer and closer to the conclusions of the treatments. I suppose that there is a psychological explanation for this feeling but having no training in psychology leaves me in a never-never land of wondering why I feel like I do.

It has been wonderful to have to keep a schedule and write you each month. Having things I was obligated to do has been a salvation this year even when it was nothing more than preparing supper for Don.

The one new thing I have to report fits into the category of obligations! Don and I enrolled in an eight-week course—once a week—where we are being addressed by a series of speakers offered at our county technical institute on the subject of "Retirement Planning." Now that brings me up short, to tell you the truth. For all intents and purposes, when I stopped teaching and returned to household engineering three years ago, I felt the "Week Full of Saturdays" syndrome pretty acutely. But Don is now two years, maybe three, away from being able to turn off the alarm and "not answer the bell" as he describes daily work. He's such an active man with such varied interests, most of them connected with engineering, that I really imagined that he might settle for a half retirement just in an effort to keep his mind busy. I did not look with really great enthusiasm to having him at home "A Week Full of Saturdays!" I can remember Don relating the story of Sunday mornings at home when Mart Driftmier laid down the law, "No one reads the paper before church time!" There is a little picture of complete understanding, which I have carried in my imagination ever since the picturesque story was shared with me, that Mart knew his children. They are all READERS. The Driftmier I have shared my life with for thirty years now can pick up a book and read right through any conversation, mealtime, intended schedules, really anything. I have this fuzzy pic-



Paul Driftmier was 3 months old back in 1958 when the picture on the left was taken. At the right is Paul as he looks today at 26.



ture of retirement with him as me running the house while he enjoys himself engrossed in yet another compelling piece of writing.

Therefore, I expected less than an enthusiastic response from him when I suggested we join our backdoor neighbors in this course. Well, we've attended two very interesting sessions of this course. There must be almost thirty couples in the class taught by a very dapper gentleman with an enviable shock of beautiful white hair. He is a retired executive of a manufacturing plant in his early 70's, I would guess, doing what he most urgently advises and that is (1) Develop outside interests, (2) Seek new adventures, (3) Keep curious about things about yourself, (4) Learn to relax and laugh at yourself frequently, (5) Take pride in your appearance, (6) Guard your health, eyes, ears, mouth—watch the advice-giving impulses, (7) Maintain and improve your present relations and keep in contact with youthful persons, (8) Face the reality of "A Week Full of Saturdays," and (9) Look toward the future.

The next six sessions cover topics such as: Meaningful Use of Leisure Time; Housing Alternatives; Legal Affairs; Social Security Benefits; Financial Planning. One of the major topics under discussion last week was the attitudes one keeps, especially positive ones, in order to maintain mental health. Mel, the instructor, described the four ages that one has to deal with: a calendar age, a biological age, a psychological age and a sociological age. Now, there I can almost tie up this entire letter. Age!

My calendar tells me that in two days I must bustle about in the kitchen and ice a birthday cake for both Small-Tall Paul and myself. My biological age is, aside from the chemotherapy I am thankful to be receiving, truthfully exceptionally

good. I don't feel like I'm going to be fifty-four. Psychologically I don't act or feel like fifty-four, and sociologically I think I am more of an explorer than my mother was at the same age. I believe most women in their early fifties are noticeably younger than their mothers, or else there is a biological change coming over my vision, which is one of the health factors to watch for! Do you suppose one's view of people changes as they move up in years? Am I being realistic? How can the years have torn by in such a hasty manner that the picture of Paul at three months of age which I have sent you for my page is so outdated? Twenty-six years ago I delivered that enormous boy just a few hours short of my own birthday. I spent several hours this morning nostalgically thumbing through old 1958 copies of *Kitchen-Klatter* seeing what life was like when I brought Paul home from the hospital to a very anticipating sister, Katharine. Until my children marry, I have a hunch I'll still feel like a mother hen. It's a wonderful bonus having two children within thirty minutes' drive to see them in their own apartments very happily independent and evidently uninhibited about dropping in for food and fellowship when their time allows.

What would I do without my writings in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* which have given me this irreplaceable record of what my life was like in those busy, busy days? I began writing in 1954 once in a while but the children joined the picture parade promptly in 1955.

Until next month, I remain busy with birthday cakes, memories, and plans for "A Week Full of Saturdays!"

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*



Casey, our loveable Airedale dog, is my alarm clock in the spring. In the early darkness of 5:45 on spring mornings, I wait for her ruffled furry face to peer into my sleepy one. Casey's face is large; she is a big Airedale. She stands taller than the bed, but her cold, black nose never touches me. She watches me silently until I open my eyes, "OK, Casey, it must be time to get up; thank you," I whisper. (We don't like to wake Manny, my husband, or Liza Jane, the cat, at that hour of the morning.)

I slip quietly out of bed, stumble to the sink to brush my teeth. I run a brush quickly through my hair and pull on my grey jogging suit. The suit is warm and comfortable for the morning coolness; there is a hood to pull over my head in case there is wind. A stamp of navy blue ink proudly proclaims that last fall I attended Georgetown University. Absent mindedly, I tie my jogging shoes. Casey and I are off for our special time together.

We have only thirty minutes because I must be back to prepare breakfast, dress, and arrive at the State Department Annex for the Foreign Language Institute before 7:30 with my lesson prepared. Yes, I'm taking Spanish again, studying at Georgetown last fall, at the State Department this spring. (I am told that I have no natural ability in language, but I am determined.)

I grab Casey's leash and we hurry out of our condominium onto the rooftop garden and down in the elevator to the street.

We never know what the weather will bring. We are too sleepy to check before leaving and are always eager to see the new flower changes that each morning's sun will bring. However, when Casey and I complain of weather we are always on firm ground. It is not imagination or idle dreaming; there is excellent reason for complaint. This time of year, a day may bring temperatures of 90 degrees or 25 degrees. We never know.

Any Washington jogger knows and wishes for those early May days when the air is soft, the sun not too bright, and the thermometer is at 63 degrees. There have been soft rains and little wind.

Casey and I think such weather is just right this time of year. If a wind of 72 miles an hour follows a cold snap and the temperature shoots to 83 degrees, followed by hail, we are really upset. And yet such weather is not only normal but inevitable—if not this year, then next.

I think, "Well, at least the lilacs are always on time and always good." But last year the lilacs in Georgetown froze. There are years the irises do not bloom at all. There are years that the roses are blown right off their stems, and years the chrysanthemums are frozen dead just as they come into bloom.

Both of us enjoy the Washington color, and we expect the weather to cooperate. Casey even stops to smell a particularly lovely flower along the way. When Manny and Liza Jane walk with us later in the day on the weekend, Manny tells me that Casey is not smelling the flowers, but just pretending to so that she can rest her three legs a little. Perhaps Manny is right.

The most beautiful display of flowers in Washington is the daffodils. Since the daffodil season lasts six weeks if both early and late varieties are included in the city plots, it is not surprising that every year there is concern about whether Washington will be full of color when the family arrives for a visit. Everyone I know feels personally responsible for the weather. From mid-March to May, Washington is bound to have some of the most unsettled weather of the year. There are certain to be days of cold wind and a touch of frost on still-bleak nights. We can count on several hot days as well, and any daffodils opening then will promptly wilt and flag.

Last year I saw the most beautiful daffodil I had ever seen and asked about it. It was called "Daydream," a lemon daffodil

with a white cup, almost a trumpet. Casey sat on two of these flowers in our condominium complex. This gave me an excuse to cut and bring them into the kitchen for some extra sun and happiness over breakfast.

By the time spring mornings have come, Casey's three legs have waited for their chance to stretch, but she stays right beside me as we make our way down the empty early-morning city streets. Sometimes we stay right in the city; sometimes we go to the C. and O. Canal. We run or walk briskly along the towpath. This is, of course, the little path that runs along the side of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Boys led mules with hawsers attached to the canal boats, and as they moved along so did the boats. Here, Casey and I walk where mules have trod, and there is a poetic feeling in the spring especially.

George Washington was much interested in this canal to link the capital with the interior, and was an investor in the "Patowmack" Canal Company. Indeed he left his canal stock to found the George Washington University. The old company went bankrupt, but a successor company extended the canal all the way to Cumberland, Maryland, which is 184 miles northwest. The waterway, as we know it, dates largely from the period 1818-1850, and the chief cargo on it was coal, though in earlier days whiskey was imported too. When the mules were not towing the canal boats along, the mules rode in them. So, presumably, did the canal boys.

What is chiefly fine now is the wild nature along the banks. Someone has planted Shasta daisies and day lilies among the natural vegetation. Casey and I enjoy the path; however, the weather

(Continued on page 18)



Casey, the Airedale on the left, and Robin Justiz take long walks together in Washington, D.C. Both benefit from the outings as Robin learns more about her city and Casey gets some fresh air and exercise.

## WILDERNESS COOKING

by  
Bob Birkby

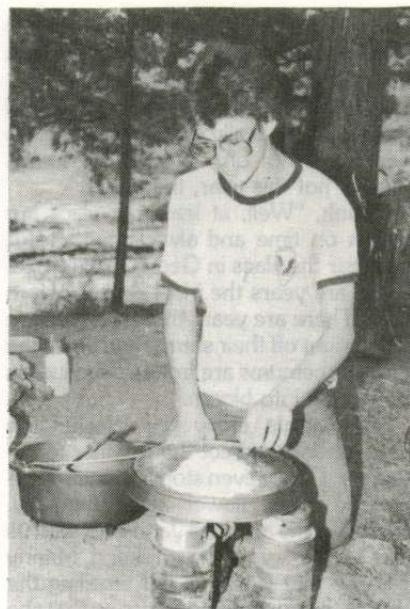
Curried chicken on a bed of wild rice. Snow peas. A freshly baked pineapple upside-down cake, and the most astonishing view a diner can imagine. When I think about cooking outdoors, I always remember a feast two friends and I prepared on the high glaciers of Mt. Rainier. Camped two miles above sea level, we sat on benches we'd carved in the snow and spent an afternoon cooking up a gastronomical frenzy so delightful that the next morning's climb to the summit was almost an anticlimax.

Leading mountain treks, directing trail construction crews, and writing about the wilderness, I spend months every year living out of a knapsack. Away from the easy comforts of home, cooking has become a highlight of every backcountry adventure. After a hard mountain day, a good meal is more than a necessity—it's a pleasure, a diversion, a challenge, and almost always a success. Of course, it's not always been that way.

As a tenderfoot, I remember going with my Scout troop to a timber not far from town. We would build a fire, then wrap hamburger and sliced carrots, onions, and potatoes in aluminum foil and bury the packets in hot coals. Thirty hungry minutes later, we'd dig our suppers from the embers and chow down on vegetables still raw in the middle but charred on the edges, and meat that encompassed the full range of doneness from medium-rare to well-burnt. True, it wasn't curried chicken on wild rice, but it was a start.

During my college years, I worked summers in New Mexico with backcountry trail construction crews at Philmont, a national camp of the Boy Scouts. Toting all our provisions into the mountains, we relied on lightweight freeze-dried foods packaged according to meals. Supper #2, for instance, was ham and potatoes, peas, applesauce, and fruit drink. Our crew had enough food to last us for the summer, and I thought it was a terrific plan.

The first time supper #2 was prepared, I knew we were in big trouble. The instructions told us to open a little foil pouch of dried ham bits and rehydrate by soaking them overnight. In fact those things could have soaked all summer and they still would have been mummified. It was the same story with the peas, and even the powdered applesauce put up a respectable fight to stay dry despite the cup of water stirred into it. Unfortunately our crew had nothing else to eat, and so for two months it was suppers #1 through #10. Actually it wasn't all bad; supper #8 included freeze-dried ice cream, which was tasty but a little like eating strawberry styrofoam. We lived



A member of Bob Birkby's Student Conservation Association high school crew on Arkansas' Buffalo National River, John Bishop of Baton Rouge, LA, fries tortillas on the lid of a Dutch oven.

for supper #8.

There was no dried ice cream on my five-month hike of the Appalachian Trail from Maine to Georgia. Once again I carried all my food in my pack, enough for 7-10 days at a time, and a little white gas stove about the size of a soup can. The theme of that adventure was mobility, not culinary excellence, and I settled on a simple, nutritious menu that seldom changed.

Breakfasts consisted of oatmeal, cocoa and tea; lunches were cheese, crackers, jelly, summer sausage or sardines, and dried fruit; for supper I'd make a quick stew of rice and tuna fish, with instant pudding for dessert. While hiking I'd nibble on nuts, chocolate bits, and raisins, and for 2,000 miles that's all I ate (except, of course, for an occasional sidetrip into town to devour everything in sight that wasn't tied down and couldn't run away).

In recent years my wilderness cooking has gone through another transformation, this time more pleasant. I spend a good share of each summer as a Student Conservation Association supervisor, living in the backcountry of a national park or forest with a coed crew of six high school students. For three weeks we camp together and build a hiking trail, then enjoy a week-long wilderness canoeing or backpacking adventure.

Teen-agers are, by nature, ravenously hungry people. Put them out in the wild for a month and ask them to swing picks and shovels all day, and their appetites begin to rival those of the larger and more vicious carnivores. If they have good food that's tasty and filling, the chances of mutiny in the ranks are great-

ly reduced.

Before a summer program begins, I buy food for the entire month's program, load it onto a string of pack horses, and haul it to a campsite near the route of the trail we'll be constructing. Having learned my lesson that supper #2 is a dead-end cause, I rely primarily on staples—plenty of flour, grains, beans, nuts, cocoa, oatmeal, dried fruits and vegetables, beef jerky, and cheese.

Once the crew has settled into the routine of working and camping together, they divide up the tasks so that each day two of them cook, two tend the camp stoves, and two clean up. Thumbing through a couple of cookbooks, cooks decide what they'd like to make and how it should be prepared. And what feasts we've had!

Using a pressure cooker, my crews make quick work of beans, lentils, and rice, and even revitalize those reluctant bits of dehydrated ham. Pots simmer with everything from spaghetti sauce to vegetarian stew. With a heavy fry pan, they've turned out hash browns, exotic omelets and mouthwatering trout when they catch a big one fresh from a stream. And with a Dutch oven and a good bed of coals, these outdoor cooks baked pies and cakes, cobblers and biscuits, and even deep-fat fried donuts they'd rolled out on the floured bottom of an overturned canoe.

From the rather dubious beginnings of hamburgers and vegetables incinerated in foil, my outdoor meals have become as varied and satisfying as any I prepare at home. Curried chicken served on a glacier is becoming the norm rather than the exception. Of course there's still room for improvement. Next time I'm going to carry a nice linen tablecloth, a few place settings of good bone china, and perhaps engage a strolling violin trio to create the proper atmosphere.

## EXPRESSIONS

Fill in the following blanks with an edible food or cooking ingredient:

1. "Just going \_\_\_\_\_."
2. "Take it with a grain of \_\_\_\_\_."
3. "\_\_\_\_\_ of one's eye."
4. "If you know your \_\_\_\_\_."
5. "Too old to cut the \_\_\_\_\_."
6. "As thick as \_\_\_\_\_ in January."
7. "Don't cry over spilled \_\_\_\_\_."
8. "Not my cup of \_\_\_\_\_."
9. "Write a \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ letter or note."
10. "To take the \_\_\_\_\_."
11. "Cool as a \_\_\_\_\_."
12. "Face was as red as a \_\_\_\_\_."

ANSWERS: 1. Bananas, 2. Salt, 3. Apple, 4. Onions, 5. Mustard, 6. Molasses, 7. Milk, 8. Tea, 9. Bread, Butter, 10. Cake, 11. Cucumber, 12. Beet.

—Norma Tisher

## FREDERICK'S

## LETTER



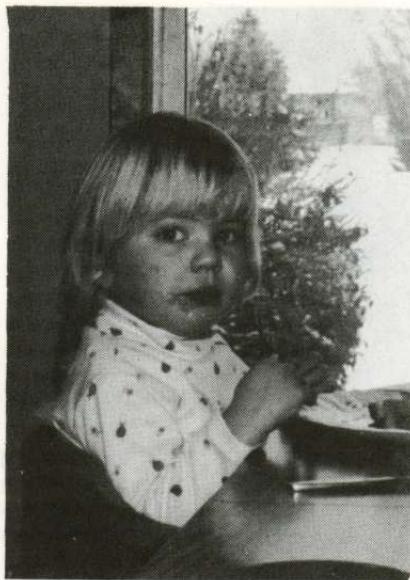
Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter on a new typewriter. What an amazing machine it is. It is a typewriter with a brain! I have told it to remember this letter so that after a copy is mailed to the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, it will type another copy without my having to do a thing except to touch one key. Sometimes the typewriter acts more intelligent than I. For example, if I write too closely to the edge of the paper, the typewriter corrects the matter without my doing anything about it. The typewriter has just one major fault; it costs too much. In addition to the purchasing price, each service call (once the ninety-day guarantee is up) will cost a minimum of \$100. I can't afford it, but because of my arthritis, I can't type without this machine. Another feature is automatic correction, and in my typing these days, there are about five errors per line—the correction feature is a *must*.

Yesterday was one of those rainy days which give me the "itch to cook," and so I spent the morning baking fifteen dozen vanilla-nutmeg wafers. People ask me how I get the wafers so thin. The answer is so simple: I use a cookie press with a recipe that calls for the use of a rolling pin, and I do that because where a rolling pin is concerned, I simply cannot keep it from sticking to the dough! Of course, I did not intend to keep all of those fifteen dozen cookies. We sent a big box of them to Betty's father in Florida, and are using another box for a hostess gift when we go to a friend's house for dinner this evening. It is still raining today, and something in my bones tells me this would be a good day to bake bread, an activity that hasn't captured my interest for a few weeks. As a matter of fact, I haven't baked any bread since my last letter to you. I think it will be raisin bread today.

If you could peek into my basement today, you would see what looks like a miniature greenhouse. To help get the flower seeds germinated and off to a good start, I have installed two eight-foot-long "grow lights." This morning, I have nine flats of seeds started under the lights, and this afternoon shall add twenty potted canna plants. Presently, my project is in the experimental stage, starting out with the plants two feet below the lights, and now having them only eight inches below the lights. I shall keep you informed of my successes or failures.

Would you believe that we still have



Cassie Palo, Frederick and Betty Driftmier's 2½-year-old granddaughter, is shown at lunch time. Cassie is the youngest child of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo of Bellevue, Nebr.

crocuses blooming in our front yard? At first, I thought they would never bloom, and now I am beginning to think they will never stop! I wish the blooming would stop because the lawn simply *must* be mowed, and it is not good to mow crocuses before the plants have gone by.

One of my most useful gardening books is the Time-Life publication entitled *Bulbs*. It was written by James Underwood Crockett of TV fame, and I recommend this book to you with much enthusiasm. While reading it last night, I learned a most amazing bit of information about the crocus plant. We get the flavoring and the dye of saffron from the yellow stigmas of the crocus plant—not all crocus plants, but certain ones of them. You will remember from some of your high school classes that the stigmas are the female sex organs of plants, and you probably learned more about that than you really wanted to know.

Saffron is a spice that Betty and I like very much. Back in the days when I lived in Egypt, I learned to like saffron and never have lost the taste for it. We particularly like saffron rice. And of course, you know the orange-yellow color that is called saffron. That color comes from a dye made from the same powder of the stigma that gives us the spice. Hundreds of years ago, saffron was not only a spice and a dye, but also a miracle drug. Early civilizations in the Mediterranean area of the world actually believed that saffron could cure headaches and paralysis, provided the paralysis was only on the right side of the body. We smile at that but some of our medical ideas today may be just as silly.

Just in case you have any thought of using your crocuses for the production of saffron, my best advice is to forget it!

First of all, it takes 4,000 crocus blossoms to produce just one ounce of saffron, and secondly, there is one form of crocus that is deadly poison. It really is not a crocus at all, but a lily that is commonly called the "autumn crocus." I shall just look at my crocuses and buy my saffron at the store.

Had I wanted to take some spring flowers to a wedding last week, I could have done so. Adam took a second wife. Did I remember to tell you about Adam and Eve, the swans which live just up the river and who claim the territory right above Bonnie's and Clyde's? Last summer, Adam and Eve were on their honeymoon. Swans do not nest and have young during the first year of their mating, and Adam and Eve just spent last season getting used to each other. But tragedy struck! Somehow, during the winter while they were somewhere other than our river, Eve lost her life. Adam came back to his territory a lonely widower. A pretty pen (that is what a female swan is called) took a liking to Adam and decided to cure his loneliness. Since eighty-five percent of all swans usually mate for life, Adam was slow to react. Most swans will remate if they lose their mate during the honeymoon year. Adam eventually gave in and now has Mary Margaret as his bride.

You would have laughed if you could have seen them during the first few days they were together. Adam had to show Mary Margaret who was going to be the boss of that family and refused to let her share his food. She had to get her own food! But how matters changed once they decided to have some marriage intimacies!! My goodness! Adam is so sweet to her. He tries to get Mary Margaret to eat his food, and now she is bossing him around.

While I have been the one to name most of the mated pairs of swans on our river, there are other persons who do so, and Mary Margaret got her name the same way Adam and Eve got their names. We have a very dear friend, Evelyn Carlson, who recently purchased a house within twenty feet of the river bank, and she named these swans. Someday I am going to get Evelyn to visit with me on the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio program. She has some fascinating stories to tell about fixing up the house they bought. The house was a wreck when she and her husband, Everett, bought the property, but you ought to see it now. It is lovely and sits so close to the water that the swans are almost decorations.

Remember the story I told about Rudy the goose who fell in love with a young honeymooning swan called Rosetta? All last summer, Rudy followed Rosetta and her mate (a handsome cob named Ross) everywhere. Ross tried to drive Rudy

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**DAVID  
WRITES FROM  
CANADA**



Dear Friends:

Every month my letter to you is entitled "David Writes from Canada." To the right of the title is a drawing of a mountain and some pine trees. When Sophie and I received our last *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* (an event that we always look forward to), I paused to look at the heading above my letter. *Kitchen-Klatter* is an American magazine, and most of our reading friends are American. Many of you reading this letter have been to Canada, and many of you have not, so this month let me share with you two very different impressions of the country that I have chosen to call my own.

Some of you will remember the way that I first came to live in Canada. While attending the University of Massachusetts, I learned about a student exchange program between my school and the University of Victoria, in Victoria, British Columbia. There was a good English literature program in Victoria, and being the kind of youth who always enjoyed travel and adventure, I signed up for one year of schooling in Canada. That was all of the time that I was planning to spend here, but soon I fell in love with one very special Canadian named Sophie. We were married, and later I became a Canadian citizen.

**THE FIRST IMPRESSION**

Many people outside of Canada do not know much about the country. As a child, I used to travel to Nova Scotia with my parents. When I thought of Canada then, it was hard to imagine anything but the small towns and beautiful countryside and seascape near my grandfather's house there.

Many people, when they hear the name Canada, probably think of one particular area. Like I used to do, they think about the part that they have been to or heard about. For some, a picture of the incredibly wild beauty of the North, with its polar bears, seals and Eskimos, comes to mind. For others, it is the snow-capped majesty of the Rocky Mountains, or the vast rain forest of the west coast of British Columbia where you can hike along the beaches for days on end with no sign of settlement—only nature's wonders. Many people see the farmers and the vast wheat fields of the prairies, or their minds turn towards the great forests further north, with their lumber industries and scant population surrounded by a rich flora and fauna. Still others might recall the rugged Laurentian Shield of central Canada, with its hills, trees, boulders, lakes and streams, which brings to mind fabulous canoe



John Frederick Driftmier, young son of David and Sophie.

trips far away from the works of men.

Of course, Canada is not any one of these places but, in fact, all of these places. I first realized the full scale and scope of the Canadian landscape when I took the Canadian National Railway from Vancouver on the west coast to Montreal, Quebec. Taking the train was a great way to see Canada. I went to sleep on the first night watching the sunset behind the coastal mountain range. The next morning I woke up to almost a full day in the Canadian Rockies. The next day the train sped across fields golden with wheat. The third day was spent crossing over the lake-strewn forests of Ontario and into Quebec. Riding that train I realized that Canada is a big place. In fact, it is the second largest country in the world!

They say that when Canadians think about their country, the first thing that comes to their minds is the landscape. Well, I'm a Canadian, and you can see that I get excited about the land! So, the picture of pine trees on a mountain is a good symbol to have above my letter each month. In fact, it is just the kind of scene that we here in Calgary see when we gaze westward towards the mountains every day.

**THE SECOND IMPRESSION**

There is another Canada, though. Maybe we should never use the land as a symbol of Canada at all! Maybe we should use the silhouette of a city skyline, like, or at least not very different from, the skyline of Manhattan, New York! Fully 76% of Canadians live in cities! Calgary has a population of over 600,000. When I say that we look at the mountains each day, what I mean is that we have to get out of the areas where skyscrapers obstruct our view.

Like many Canadian cities, much of Calgary was built in the last twenty years,

a time period over which Canada's population has grown almost by one-third to the current level of 25 million. And, most of those new people, like me, have chosen to live in the city.

Are Canadian cities different from American cities? They are in some ways, and perhaps the biggest way is that all Canadian cities east of the warm Pacific Ocean are built for the cold! I think that it's safe to say that most Canadians, who love to think of the landscape around their cities, love even more to spend their winters inside. The largest indoor shopping mall in the world is in Edmonton, Alberta! Every Canadian car is equipped with a block heater, and many parking lots have electric outlets. Drivers going to the shopping mall can plug in their block heaters. Downtown all of the new and old buildings in the city core are connected by something called "Plus Fifteen," a series of covered, heated walkways connecting building to building. Shoppers walk around the center of Calgary staying totally inside.

What do residents of Calgary do with their leisure time? Well, some like to take off to the nearby mountains and ski, but even more of us stay right here in town. We go running in great, totally enclosed running tracks. And now there is something quite new in Calgary, and that is the new concept of a totally indoor "leisure center." Where else can people play hockey in one part of the building, and then cross over to a huge "wave pool?" The wave pool features heated water, with three-foot waves made to go crashing in the slanted, shallow end. With the outdoor tables, umbrellas, potted palm trees around the pool, and the great picture window that lets the sun come in, one can easily imagine being in Hawaii! Are these places popular? Calgary has three of them! (If you would like to find out more about Calgary, pick up the March issue of *National Geographic*. It's full of great photographs!)

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What is the real Canada, then? Is it the countryside or the city? Of course, it is a place that immediately makes two impressions on anyone who comes here. It is a combination of these that begin to give one an accurate picture of this country.

When Sophie and I were visiting Toronto once, we had the opportunity to visit the McMichael Collection of Canadian landscape paintings. These are famous paintings done by the "Group of Seven," a band of artists that criss-crossed the width and breadth of Canada capturing different impressions of the land. The paintings are housed in a park-like setting just on the outskirts of the city. Sophie and I took a city bus to the end of its route, and walked up to the

(Continued on page 20)

**DONNA  
WRITES**


Dear Friends:

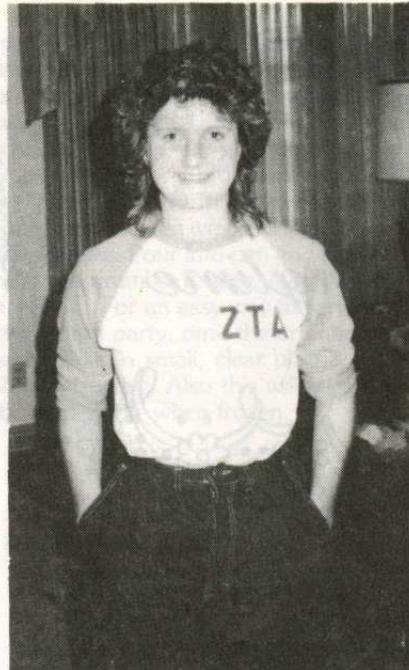
Since I last took pen in hand to bring you up-to-date on the happenings around the Nenneman household, things have changed considerably. For the first time in a good many years, I am back among the millions of working wives. I am working in a lovely gift shop not far from home. I have enjoyed shopping there for a number of years and had always said that when I go back to work, I would like to work in just such a shop. So needless to say, when the opportunity came my way, I certainly didn't have any second thought as to what my answer might be.

Now, my biggest problem is organizing my time so that everything gets done. At this point I'm not sure that will ever happen.

Early this fall, one of the local radio stations was sponsoring a sweepstakes with the grand prize being a new home. The contest revolved around show homes which were built by a group of local builders. Each week three names were drawn from the thousands of people who had visited the new housing addition and had gone through these show homes and registered.

When Tom and I went through these homes and registered, it certainly wasn't with the thought that we might be among the finalists since I have never won anything in my life. But, lo and behold, one morning my name was read as one of the finalists. Thus, one Sunday afternoon in November twenty finalists gathered in front of the "Grand Prize" home. One by one, we were to select a key and attempt to unlock the front door of what soon would be someone's new home. The anxiety and apprehension of those involved was something that would be hard to describe. However, the anxiety I felt was soon put to rest, as the right key was chosen and the front door was unlocked long before I had my turn. We were delighted as one of the kindergarten teachers in our school district was fortunate enough to chose the right key and she ended up winning the new home.

Meanwhile, back to the rest of the family. This has been a very busy school year for Natalie. Like so many seniors, she tends to have far too many things to do and not near enough time to do them. There are a good many days she has left the house by seven-thirty in the morning and hasn't gotten home again until around ten-thirty at night after she gets off work.



**Lisa, older daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman of Omaha, Nebr., is a college student. Lisa and her friends plan a tour of Europe this summer.**

However, Natalie did take a week off this winter and go to Colorado to ski. She stayed with Kim Dean and her parents who lived across the street from us for a number of years. The girls are three years apart in age, but have always enjoyed being with each other. Natalie has always felt like she was part of their family as she spent a good many hours water skiing and camping with them during the summers when the Deans lived here. From Denver, Natalie flew to Dallas for a few days to see a former classmate. She then flew home and did experience some bad weather and some delayed flights. But, all in all, our daughter had a fantastic time.

Lisa and her two best friends are planning on touring Europe this summer. All three have been saving their money for a long time and, if everything goes well, Lisa and her friends are to leave New York City and fly to London. After five days in London, they are off to Paris for three days. Heidelberg is the next stop and then it is on to Munich. From Munich, they will venture on to Salzburg, Venice, Florence, Rome and finally, Athens. There they will board a cruise ship for a three-day cruise to the Greek Islands of Mykonos, Rhodes, Crete and Santorini. Lisa and her friends will be gone a total of twenty-eight days and I'm sure they will have a marvelous time. Perhaps I will turn the space for my next letter over to Lisa and she can tell you all about her big summer adventure.

It seems that when things start to fall apart around this house, everything goes at once. For awhile, everytime we turned around something was wrong with one of

the cars. Now it seems to be our appliances that are falling apart. It started when my vacuum sweeper gave out. Not far behind was the refrigerator. We had no sooner replaced the refrigerator than the washer quit and had to be replaced. Each day, when Tom and I get up, we wonder which appliance will be the next to go. I guess when the appliances were originally purchased around the same time, you can figure all will give out at the same time. But my, it is certainly hard on the bank account. However, we do need clean clothes occasionally.

I hope this finds all of you enjoying a long-awaited spring.

Sincerely,  
Donna Nenneman

## CONSIDER THE PANSY

by  
Betty Vriesen

Pansies have always been one of my favorite flowers. When I was a very small girl, Mom always made sure there were pansy plants in the garden for me to tend. She'd help me dig the holes which we'd fill with water. Mom and I would place each tender plant in its own tiny hole. Then I'd be allowed to gently pat the dirt around the roots. I was proud to have my own flower patch and each day watched expectantly for the blooms to appear. How excited I was when the first flower finally showed its pretty little face!

But there was one thing that puzzled me. "Be sure to pick the new flowers each day," was Mom's advice.

"But why, Mom?" I'd protest. "When I pick them, the plants seem so bare!"

"If you don't keep the flowers picked, the plants will bloom themselves out and they won't amount to much. Keep picking, and see if they won't keep blooming," she said wisely.

Sure enough, each morning I'd rush out to pick the dew-covered flowers, and each day there would be fresh new ones to replace what I'd picked the day before. Mom knew what she was talking about!

Now I'm grown and have adult children and grandchildren, but I still enjoy my pansy patch. Just the other day while picking my velvety purple and bright yellow pansies, I recalled Mom's words, and something dawned on me. Our lives are so much like those pansy plants. They are so filled with lovely blooms (blessings), but are we willing to share them? How often many of us become self-centered and keep those blessings to ourselves. We seem to "bloom ourselves out," and just fade away. When something is shared, the giver benefits, keeps on growing, and blooming more and more.

Yes, Mom really knew what she was talking about when she gave me that advice so long ago.

**RHUBARB-ORANGE CRUNCH**

4 cups fresh cubed rhubarb  
 1 cup white sugar  
 2 Tbs. flour  
 2 Tbs. butter  
 1/2 cup uncooked rolled oats  
 1 cup flour  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 egg, beaten  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

Combine the rhubarb, white sugar, 2 Tbs. flour and butter. Put into a greased 8-inch square pan and let stand while preparing the rest of the recipe.

Combine the remaining ingredients and spread over the rhubarb. Shake pan, or with the back of a spoon, press down the second layer. Bake at 375 degrees for about 40 minutes. Delicious served warm with ice cream. Can be reheated.

—Dorothy

**PINEAPPLE-CHEESE MOLD**

1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained (reserve juice)  
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin  
 1 1/2 cups boiling water  
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
 1 cup whipped topping

Add enough water to reserved juice to make 2 cups. Bring the liquid to a boil; remove from heat and add lime gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Refrigerate until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in pineapple and pineapple flavoring and pour into an oiled 7-cup mold. Refrigerate until firm. Dissolve lemon gelatin in the 1 1/2 cups boiling water. Refrigerate until mixture begins to thicken. Blend in cream cheese and beat until light and fluffy. Fold in whipped topping; pour over lime layer. Refrigerate until firm. Unmold and serve. Serves 6 to 8.

—Verlene

**BAKED ASPARAGUS**

2 cups cut fresh asparagus  
 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives  
 1 hard-cooked egg, sliced  
 1 cup cheese sauce (prepare your own)  
 Cracker crumbs  
 Place asparagus in a greased baking pan. Then make a layer of olives, followed by a layer of sliced cooked egg. Pour the cheese sauce over all. Sprinkle crumbs over top. Bake at 325 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

—Robin

**GREEK MEATBALLS**

2 slices bread  
 1/2 cup water or milk  
 1 lb. lean ground beef  
 1 small onion, grated  
 2 eggs, beaten slightly  
 2 tsp. chopped fresh mint leaves  
 1 tsp. oregano  
 1/4 tsp. garlic powder  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 Flour for coating  
 Oil for browning

Soak the bread in the water or milk, and then combine with the beef, onion, eggs, mint and seasonings. Shape into 1-inch balls. Roll the balls in flour and brown lightly in a small amount of oil. Place the balls on a greased cooky sheet and bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes. (Turn while baking.) When balls are done, transfer to a chafing dish. Meanwhile, prepare the following sauce:

**Tomato Sauce**

1 small can tomato paste  
 1 small can tomato sauce  
 2 tomato sauce cans of water  
 1 tsp. oregano  
 2 tsp. sugar  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. black pepper

Combine the sauce ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to boiling, then simmer for about 20 minutes. Pour over the meatballs in chafing dish.

—Juliana

**LEMONY BAKED FISH**

4 fillets of halibut or pollack  
 1 small onion (1/4 cup), chopped fine  
 1/4 cup chopped parsley  
 1 tsp. dill weed  
 1 tsp. paprika  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/8 tsp. pepper  
 2 tsp. lemon juice

Center each fillet on a 12-inch square of aluminum foil. Mix remaining ingredients together. Sprinkle the mixture on the fillets. Fold foil over each fillet to make a pocket. Pleat seams to securely enclose and place on cooky sheet. Bake at 365 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Betty Driftmier

**GRANNY CAKE**

1 1/2 cups sugar  
 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple, un-drained  
 2 eggs  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1 tsp. salt  
 2 cups flour  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 1 cup nuts  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 Mix the above ingredients together. Blend well. Bake in a greased 9- by 12-inch pan in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes. Test for doneness. Top with the following:

3/4 cup evaporated milk  
 1 cup sugar  
 3/4 cup butter  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 Combine topping ingredients and bring to a boil. Pour over hot cake. Allow to cool.

—Hallie

**GLASS BOWL SALAD**

(For a crowd)

8 large apples, cored but not peeled  
 1/4 cup lemon juice  
 3 cups thinly sliced celery  
 1 to 2 cups pecan halves (halves look much prettier than chopped)  
 1 cup raisins (optional)

Thinly slice the apples and toss with lemon juice (to prevent discoloration). In a glass serving bowl, layer the apple slices alternately with the other ingredients. Have enough in each layer so that it makes an attractive pattern when seen through the glass. Serve the following dressing separately:

2 cups mayonnaise  
 2 Tbs. milk  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 Mix these ingredients together and serve separately.

This amount of salad and dressing could serve up to 20 people. Recipe can be divided.

—Mary Lea

# ENTERTAINING FOR THE GRADUATE



May is a time for graduations. It's a time for fun and time to share your creative ideas in making the event "special." To be a fun and enjoyable time for the hostess, make-ahead preparations are needed.

Start early planning table decorations, favors and menu. Try to choose food that can be made several days in advance leaving little for the last-minute preparation. Finger foods such as open-face sandwiches, cheese balls, dips, relishes, crackers and chips are excellent. Decorate a sheet cake with school colors or a cap and diploma.

Flowers are always attractive table decorations. Oftentimes graduates will have a class flower and color to help plan your color scheme. Pieces of paper rolled to represent a diploma are great table favors. Write something about the graduate on the inside as a keepsake for the guests.

Remember graduations are special moments, relax and enjoy. Below are some make-ahead recipes for that special occasion.

—Verlene

## YUMMY PUNCH

2 pkgs. dry drink mix (tropical punch is preferred)  
2 quarts water  
2 cups sugar  
1 46-oz. can pineapple juice  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
1 quart carbonated beverage  
Mix everything except the carbonated beverage. Chill. When ready to serve, add the carbonated beverage. Makes 25 half-cup servings.

—

## EASY FRUIT DESSERT

2 cups crushed vanilla wafers  
1/2 cup margarine, melted  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
2 egg whites  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries or raspberries  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry or raspberry flavoring  
1 envelope (2 cups) whipped topping mix, prepared

Mix the vanilla wafer crumbs, margarine and butter flavoring. Press into a 9- by 13-inch pan, reserving some of the mixture for topping. Put all the other ingredients, except for the whipped topping, into a large bowl; beat at high speed for 10 to 15 minutes until fluffy and peaks form. Then gently fold the already beaten whipped topping into the mixture. Pour into pan and top with reserved crumbs. Freeze. It serves 15.

NOTE: For an easy way to serve at a graduation party, omit the crumb crust and freeze in small, clear plastic cups. Very attractive. Also this will keep well for a long time when frozen.

—

## CHEESE-HAMBURGER DIP

2 lbs. ground beef  
2 lbs. Velveeta cheese spread, cubed  
1 can (10-oz.) Ro-tel tomatoes (tomatoes with green chilies)

Brown and drain ground beef. Melt cheese. Blend tomatoes with chilies in blender. Combine all ingredients and heat. Serve warm with chips, crackers, etc.

—Donna Nenneman

## SPINACH BALLS

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped spinach  
2 cups herb stuffing mix (dry)  
1 cup Parmesan cheese  
6 eggs, beaten  
3/4 cup margarine  
1/4 tsp. pepper  
1/2 tsp. salt

Cook spinach according to package directions. Drain and squeeze out all water. Combine with all ingredients and form into 1-inch balls. Place balls on flat pans and freeze. When frozen, put into plastic freezer bag. Recipe must be frozen and baked without thawing. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes.

—Donna Nenneman

## MEXICAN LAYER DIP

1 1-lb. can refried beans  
3 ripe avocados, mashed  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
Salt, pepper and minced green onion, to taste  
1 cup sour cream  
3/4 cup mayonnaise  
1 pkg. taco seasoning mix  
Grated Cheddar cheese, sliced black olives, chopped jalapeno pepper and chopped fresh tomato

Layer the refried beans on a large platter. Combine the mashed avocados, lemon juice, salt, pepper and green onion to taste. Spread over the bean layer. Combine the sour cream, mayonnaise and taco mix. Spread over avocado layer. Top with the grated Cheddar cheese, olives, jalapeno pepper and tomato. Serve with an assortment of chips.

—Donna Nenneman

## STUFFED SNOW PEAS

Tender young snow peas  
Blue cheese or other soft cheese of your choice

Remove the stem ends and strings from pea pods. Blanch pods in rapidly boiling water for about 30 seconds. Immediately plunge into cold water. Open pods and fill with the cheese. Chill. Very attractive on a relish plate.

—Robin

## BLACK OLIVE CHEESE BALL

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
8 ozs. (2 cups) finely shredded sharp Cheddar cheese

1/2 cup chopped black olives  
1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts  
1 Tbls. minced fresh parsley  
1/2 tsp. lemon pepper seasoning  
1/4 tsp. hot pepper sauce

Combine cheeses. Mix with electric mixer at low speed. Add the remaining ingredients. (A little Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing may be added if it seems dry.) Shape into 2 or 3 small balls. Wrap and let set in refrigerator at least 2 hours to blend flavors. If allowed to set at room temperature for a while before serving, it will spread easier.

—Mary Lea

## SUPER NACHO CASSEROLE

3/4 lb. ground beef  
1/2 lb. Chorizo sausage  
1 large onion, chopped  
Dash garlic salt  
2 cans refried beans  
1 can chopped green chilies  
1 1/2 cups shredded Monterey Jack cheese  
1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese  
1 can (3/4 cup) green chili salsa  
Chopped green onion

Brown the ground beef and sausage. Place in colander to drain. Sauté the onion until limp and add the garlic salt. Add to the colander with meat and mix together.

Place the beans in the bottom of a large round greased baking dish. Spoon the meat mixture on top of the beans. Sprinkle on the green chilies. Next layer on the two cheeses. Pour the green chili salsa on top and sprinkle with the chopped green onion. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes. Garnish with the following:

Corn chips  
1 small can ripe olives, chopped  
1 container frozen guacamole dip, thawed

1/2 cup sour cream

Fresh parsley sprigs

On the top around the outer edge of baked casserole, make a ring of the corn chips, followed by a ring of ripe olives, then guacamole dip. Spoon sour cream in center. Decorate with fresh parsley sprigs.

—Juliana

**RHUBARB CAKE**

1 1/2 cups flour  
 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar  
 1 tsp. soda  
 Pinch of salt  
 1 egg  
 1 8-oz. carton sour cream  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

3 cups finely cut rhubarb  
 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
 1/2 to 3/4 cup chopped walnuts

Combine the flour, granulated sugar, soda and salt in a mixing bowl. In another container, combine the egg, sour cream and flavoring. Add to the flour mixture and beat well. Fold in the rhubarb. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Combine the brown sugar and walnuts and sprinkle over top. Bake at 325 degrees for 40 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream or topping. —Robin

**CHICKEN AND SAUCE FOR NOODLES**

4 lbs. skinned chicken pieces  
 1 large onion, chopped  
 Oil for browning  
 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
 2 Tbls. catsup  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed cream of mushroom soup  
 1/2 tsp. dill  
 Cooked noodles

In large skillet or Dutch oven, brown chicken and onions in a small amount of oil. Drain off any fat. Stir the Worcestershire sauce, catsup, flavoring, soup and dill together and spoon over chicken. Cover and bake about 2 hours at 350 degrees. Serve over noodles. —Juliana

**4-LAYER DELIGHT**

1 1/2 cups flour  
 3/4 cup margarine, melted  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
 1 cup powdered sugar  
 1 cup frozen whipped topping, thawed  
 2 pkgs. (3/4 ozs. each) instant chocolate pudding mix  
 3 cups milk

More whipped topping, thawed

More chopped pecans

Mix the flour, melted margarine, flavoring and the 1/2 cup pecans. Press into 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 370 degrees for 15 minutes. Cool.

Mix together the cream cheese, powdered sugar and 1 cup topping. Spread on cooled pastry.

Combine the pudding mix and milk and beat for 2 minutes. Pour over all and chill. Spread additional topping over the chilled layers and sprinkle with more chopped pecans. —Robin

**SOUR CREAM BANANA PIE**

1 baked deep-dish pie shell  
 3 bananas  
 2 cups milk  
 2 pkgs. (3/4 ozs.) instant vanilla pudding mix  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
 2 cups sour cream  
 Whipped topping

Line baked pie shell with 1 1/2 sliced bananas. Beat the milk, pudding mix, flavoring and sour cream together. Pour half the pudding mixture over bananas. Repeat layers. Spread whipped topping over top. Refrigerate. Very rich and delicious. —Dorothy

**SPINACH QUICHE**

1 pkg. frozen spinach  
 1/8 tsp. grated nutmeg  
 1 Tbls. lemon juice  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 2 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley  
 1 9-inch pastry shell (partially baked for about 5 minutes)  
 1/2 cup grated Swiss cheese  
 4 eggs  
 3/4 cup cream  
 1/2 cup plain yogurt

Cook spinach according to package instructions. Drain well, squeezing out as much liquid as possible. Combine the spinach with the nutmeg, lemon juice, salt and pepper and parsley. Spread the mixture in the partially baked pastry shell. Sprinkle the Swiss cheese over top. Beat the eggs well, then beat in the cream and yogurt. Pour the mixture over cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until custard is set.

—Katharine Driftmier

**HAMBURG ONION PIE**

1 cup packaged biscuit mix  
 1/3 cup light cream  
 1 lb. ground beef  
 2 medium onions, chopped  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. pepper  
 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt  
 2 Tbls. packaged biscuit mix  
 2 eggs  
 1 cup small-curd cottage cheese  
 Paprika

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Combine the 1 cup biscuit mix and the cream with a fork. Knead gently 10 times on a lightly floured surface. Pat into a 9-inch pie pan. Fork edges.

Saute the ground beef and onions until meat loses red color. Add the salt, pepper, seasoned salt and 2 Tbls. biscuit mix. Spread the meat mixture in the dough-lined pie pan. Beat the eggs slightly and blend with the cottage cheese. Spread over the meat mixture. Sprinkle a little paprika over top. Bake for 30 minutes in the preheated oven. Cut in wedges to serve. Good either warm or cold. —Mary Lea

**MUSTARD CHICKEN**

1/4 cup margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 cup honey  
 1/4 cup prepared mustard  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. curry powder  
 1/2 medium onion, chopped  
 3 lbs. chicken thighs and legs

Melt margarine. Add flavoring, honey, mustard, salt, curry, and onion. Mix together. Roll chicken in the mixture to coat. Place chicken in single layer in pan. Pour the remaining sauce over chicken and bake 1 1/2 hours at 375 degrees.

—Juliana

**VERLENE'S OATMEAL BARS**

2 cups flour  
 1 tsp. baking soda  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 cup butter, softened  
 1 1/4 cups firmly packed brown sugar  
 2 eggs  
 1 Tbls. water  
 1 1/2 cups old-fashioned rolled oats, uncooked  
 1 cup chocolate chips  
 1 cup butterscotch chips  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1 can ready-to-spread coconut-pecan frosting

Mix all the ingredients together except for the frosting. Spread dough in a jelly roll pan that has been greased and floured. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 minutes. Remove from oven, and while still hot, spread the frosting on top.

**JUNE'S ASPARAGUS SALAD**

1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of asparagus soup  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1 1-lb. can asparagus, drained (or 1 cup cooked and drained fresh asparagus)  
 1/2 cup diced celery  
 1/2 cup diced green pepper  
 2 tsp. minced onion  
 2 tsp. minced pimiento (optional for color)  
 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans  
 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Heat and stir the asparagus soup and cream cheese until well blended.

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water and add flavoring. Cool. When cool, add the asparagus, celery, green pepper, onion, pimiento, pecans and mayonnaise. Stir in the soup-cheese mixture. Pour into a mold or an 8- by 10-inch glass dish. Chill until firm.

—Hallie

**BANANA BARS**

1/2 cup margarine or butter  
 1 1/2 cups sugar  
 2 eggs  
 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk  
 3 bananas, mashed  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
 2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream margarine or butter and sugar until well blended. Beat in eggs, buttermilk or sour milk, mashed bananas and flavorings. Combine the flour, soda and salt and mix in, blending well. Stir in the nuts. Spread in a greased and floured 12- by 18-inch jelly roll pan. Bake for 20 minutes at 375 degrees. Cool. May be dusted with powdered sugar or frosted with icing of your choice. Cut into bars.

—Dorothy

**FLAN**  
(Caramel Custard)

4 cups milk  
 1 cup sugar for custard  
 1/2 to 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

2/3 cup sugar for caramel

4 eggs

Preheat oven to 450 degrees.

Simmer milk slowly for 5 or 6 minutes with the 1 cup of sugar and the vanilla flavoring.

Meanwhile, prepare caramel by melting the 2/3 cup sugar in a small pan. Watch constantly and move pan so that sugar will take on an even medium-brown color without burning. When sugar is brown, pour a little into each mold. (This recipe should make 6 to 12 custard cups, depending on size, or you may use one large mold—I used a bundt cake pan.) The caramel does not have to cover the bottom of the mold; it will spread during baking.

Let the milk cool for a few minutes before gradually adding to the eggs which have been stirred just enough to mix the yolks and whites thoroughly. Blend eggs and milk—I used the blender for these last two steps. Remove any foam that accumulates. Pour into molds and place filled molds in a pan of cold water. The water should cover the bottom two-thirds of the molds. Bake at 450 degrees for 30 to 45 minutes, or until done (when custard is firm to the touch and slightly browned on top). Do not allow the water to boil. If it seems ready to boil, add more cold water. Serve flan chilled and unmold just before serving.

Try other Kitchen-Klatter flavorings in place of the vanilla, but keep the taste subtle. This really tasted like the dessert I ate so many times in Spain.

—Mary Lea

**CHICKEN SARANNO**

6 boneless and skinned uncooked chicken breasts  
 Flour, salt, pepper, garlic powder and curry powder, for coating  
 1/4 cup butter or margarine  
 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced thick  
 1/4 cup apple cider  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon  
 1 1/2 cups chicken broth  
 1 Tbs. cornstarch  
 6 baked individual pastry shells (Make your own or purchase frozen.)

Cut the chicken meat in bite-size pieces. Combine the flour, salt, pepper, garlic powder and curry powder in a bag. Add the chicken and shake to coat. Heat the butter or margarine in a skillet. Add the coated meat and brown on all sides. Add the mushrooms to the skillet. Mix the cider, lemon flavoring, lemon juice and rind together and add. Simmer until chicken is tender. Combine the broth and cornstarch and stir into mixture. Place over low heat and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and bubbly. Spoon into prepared shells. Garnish with chopped fresh parsley and red tomato wedges, if desired.

—Robin

**FUDGE PILLOWS****Cooky Dough**

1/2 cup margarine or butter  
 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 3 Tbs. water  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

**Filling**

1 1/2 cups powdered sugar  
 1/4 cup cocoa  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 3 ozs. cream cheese, softened  
 2 tsp. milk

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Cut margarine into flour and salt until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle in water, one tablespoon at a time, and 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring, tossing with fork until all flour is moistened. Divide dough into two halves. Roll each half into an 8- by 12-inch rectangle on cloth-covered board generously sprinkled with sugar. Cut each rectangle lengthwise into four 2-inch strips.

Prepare filling by combining all ingredients in a small bowl until smooth. Drop filling by rounded teaspoonfuls into six mounds, 1 inch apart, onto 1 strip; top with another strip. Cut into six 2-inch squares; seal edges securely.

Place squares about an inch apart on ungreased cooky sheet. Repeat with remaining strips and filling. Bake until light golden brown, about 15 minutes. Immediately remove from cooky sheet and cool.

This recipe will make 24 cookies. My family loved these.

—Mary Lea

**CHEESY CLAM DIP**

1 7-oz. can minced clams  
 2 5-oz. jars cheese spread (or 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese)  
 1/4 cup finely chopped green onion  
 Dash of garlic powder  
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1 tsp. dry parsley flakes  
 1 Tbs. chopped ripe olives

Drain off half the clam juice. Combine the clams and juice with the rest of the ingredients in a small microwave-proof casserole. Microwave for 2 1/2 minutes on medium power. Stir often. Serve with crisp corn chips. To reheat, return to oven for one minute.

—Robin



*Perfect!*

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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

In the book, *The Needlework Doctor* by Mary Kay Davis, there are step-by-step diagrams that illustrate the correct way of doing every imaginable kind of needlework. Her humorous beginning paragraphs in each chapter set the tone for what assistance can be found there. To illustrate, "The preservation of Great-Aunt Bertha's sampler, of Mother's ottoman cover, can be a delightful experience and a labor of love—or it can be the worst mess you ever got yourself into." Chapter 20 tells what to do to antique textiles and, perhaps more important, what can't be done to them. You'll learn how to clean, repair, support, and display treasures from the past.

*The Needlework Doctor* (Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632, \$15.60) by Mary Kay Davis is based on information gathered from needlework guilds throughout the United States and from the fields of science and industry. A fact-filled guidebook, it provides you with the skill and know-how needed to solve needlework problems. Contents include chapters on design and color, needlepoint and embroidery introduction, cleaning, blocking and framing.

A most practical and comprehensive book, *The Needlework Doctor* is for the beginning and advanced needleworker. It will help save time, money and effort in various needlework projects. Author Mary Kay Davis teaches design theory and needlepoint and lectures on historic textiles at Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Mich.

*You and Your Small Wonder* (American Guidance Center, Circle Pines, MN. 55014, \$6.95) by Merle B. Karnes is filled with activities for busy parents and babies. This is Book 1, which covers the time from birth to 18 months. It deals with the special ways you play with and teach your baby. The activities will encourage physical, intellectual, and emotional growth, and language development. The *Small Wonder* activities are grouped into nine themes, including health and safety, changing time, bath time business, and teaching—family-style.

As a baby learns to talk by hearing others, he will learn many of his first words from you. Give him a boost by showing the things about which you are talking. Teach him words that contain some of the sounds he is already making; for instance, Dr. Karnes suggests if baby is saying "m-m-m" he might be ready to learn to say "milk."

*You and Your Small Wonder* contains

more than 150 parent-tested activities to enrich baby's development. It shows how to make the most of the time spent with the child. Any new parent would be pleased with the book. It encourages a closer relationship between child and parent.

Dr. Merle B. Karnes is recognized as one of the country's leaders in early childhood education and research. She is currently Professor of Education in the Institute for Child Behavior and Development at the University of Illinois.

What a joy it is to watch daughter Ann and her husband, David, carry out some of these very ideas with their little one, Sarah Elizabeth. Each month we watch in wonder and delight as she learns activities and skills with the help of loving parents. *You and Your Small Wonder* at work!

Sometimes a funny book will get a child more interested in reading. *Sam's No Dummy, Farmer Goff* (Lippincott Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$9.95) by Brian Schatell is such. When Farmer Goff heard sounds in the middle of the night, he went to his barn and found his ornery prize-winning Turkey Sam mooing, bleating, and meowing in turn. "I'll eat you for Thanksgiving dinner!" threatened Goff. But Sam held up a poster: WANTED: ANIMAL ACTS FOR BIG-TIME TV SHOW. Farmer Goff thought he'd be famous, so they went to the amateur hour. Minutes before show time, Farmer Goff whispered, "We'll pretend I'm a ventriloquist and you're my dummy." Of course Sam proved he was not a dummy and got the stage all to himself. It makes a hilarious second round in the barnyard battle of the wills begun in *Farmer Goff and Turkey Sam*. Not too much text and lots of illustrations make *Sam's No Dummy, Farmer Goff* good for pre-schoolers, the story hour, and for grades up to third.

If you use honey in your cooking, or you wish to try some delicious recipes using honey, a 32-page softbound book called *Honey Recipes from Amana* will please. A very popular book, produced for the Amana Society and now available to all, *Honey Recipes* contains cooking ideas using one of the oldest foods known to man. You'll find honey whole-wheat bread, honey gingerbread, honey carrot cake, and sour cream raisin pie, just to mention a few. A homemade cereal using oatmeal, prunes, dried apples, apricots, and honey, plus wheat germ, almonds and sesame seeds makes me want to taste a bowl of it right now. Available from Penfield Press, 215 Brown St., Iowa City, IA. 52240, price \$2.75.

Lord, give me not just words to say,  
Tho' I need right words, too;  
But strength to live in such a way  
My life will make my words come true.

### US

In ourselves the sunshine dwells;  
From ourselves the music swells;  
By ourselves our life is fed  
With sweet or bitter daily bread.

—Anonymous

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded** away, but without Rosetta's cooperation, Ross had no luck. He would sleep on one side of Rosetta, and Rudy the goose would sleep on the other side. Every now and then, Ross would wake up and reach across sleeping Rosetta's back and strike Rudy, but except for making some plaintive cries, Rudy did nothing. What abuse Rudy took! That is, he took it until another pair of swans named Sam and Sarah moved in with their four cygnets (young swans) and attacked Ross and Rosetta.

There was a bloody battle! Oh such a fight that was, and finally, Ross and Rosetta had to flee for their lives. They flew away to unknown parts, leaving Rudy to fend for himself. At least Rudy was smart enough to stay away from Sam and Sarah. He kept to the other side of the river until this month. Guess what? Ross and Rosetta have returned and claimed their old territory. Sam and Sarah are so busy trying to defend the lower part of the river that they have not yet tried to expand up Ross's and Rosetta's way. It is obvious that Ross and Rosetta have both grown stronger and wiser during the winter months, and they don't intend giving up anything to Sam and Sarah.

Ah! But Rudy has also grown up! He now is a passionate young adolescent, and once again is after Rosetta. Now he fights back when Ross tries to drive him off. For the past three or four days, Rudy has been doing his mating dance around Rosetta. If ever there is an embarrassed swan, it is Rosetta! She is shocked at Rudy's advances; and, while last year Rosetta took pity on the goose and let him stick around, this year she wants no part of him. Yesterday, both Ross and Rosetta attacked Rudy who took a terrible beating. How this will all end, I do not know, but hope some female goose shows up very soon for Rudy's sake. If that doesn't happen, I may have to tell you in my next letter that we had to have a funeral for poor Rudy.

All the nature books say that swans and geese never mix, but Rudy has never learned to read. He is not a wild goose, just a stupid domestic one who can't find his way home, even though home is a farm only a quarter mile from the river. I can assure you there is nothing in the world of nature much sadder than a lost domestic goose who thinks he is a swoose.

Sincerely,

## Supper in the Cellar

by  
Janet Branham



The day started out as most any spring day, with thin, high clouds, a light breeze and a bright sun. The change was so gradual that only a person trained to watch weather would note the signs. Mamma noticed. She stopped her work often to look at the clouds.

"Mamma's got herrrrr weatherrrr eye out," Papa said, rolling his r's as was common with those of his native Scotland. He always laughed when he saw her look with concern at the sky.

"It's no laughing matter," Mamma said, giving her usual answer. "When the elements are on a rampage, the only sensible thing to do is to get out of their way," she said.

By late afternoon, dark clouds were rolling around and the breeze had stopped. The day grew oppressively hot. A flicker of lightning shot across the sky and a far-off roll of thunder echoed in the west.

There was more than a hint of a change, but Mamma never sat down to wait for a storm. She began to prepare supper. Her eyes grew red and tears poured out as she peeled and sliced onions into the big, black iron skillet.

I stood as far as I could from the odor of those onions. The smell filled the room and grew stronger as the slices hit the hot grease. When the skillet was full, Mamma put the lid on top and turned to me.

"I'll warm the potatoes left from dinner for you," she said, knowing my dislike of onions. I watched Mamma put the potatoes into a small kettle and then walked with her to the door as she took another look at the weather. The wind had started blowing the tops of the trees and the lightning which had walked across the sky earlier was now running as wild horses without a leader.

Mamma turned the onions at intervals. In between, she made a big pan of biscuits and she put them in the oven, then looked at the weather.

Suddenly the sun disappeared behind a rising wall of dark clouds. Lightning flashed almost continuously, thunder crashed, and a driving wind whipped the treetops. Air roared around the corners of the house. The clouds had piled up deep in the west and hanging from the main cloud was a narrow tail resembling a funnel.

"That's a cyclone cloud," Mamma

said. "We must go to the cellar."

"Can't we wait until after supper?" my youngest brother asked. "I'm hungry," he said.

"The storm is coming too fast," Mamma said. "We'll eat supper in the cellar."

"There isn't any time to lose," she said, turning to Papa and to my brother who was just older than the twins. "Everyone take something. Don't forget the lantern and the axe. Here, girls," she said to my two sisters, who were so scared they appeared to be frozen to the floor, "we'll take the food."

Papa looked about, uncertain of what to do. "If you're going to take the victuals, I'll go along," he said. Papa wasn't afraid of storms and he poofed the idea of going to the cellar "every time a cloud came up."

Things began to happen fast. Someone pushed a bunch of tin pie pans into my hands and dropped a handful of silverware into the top pan.

My older brother lighted the lantern and the younger one ran to the woodpile for the axe. After closing the south and west windows and picking up drinking glasses, my sisters ran giggling to the cellar.

Papa lifted the lid on the skillet and looked quickly inside at the browned onions. A smile of anticipation curved his lips upward. He dropped the lid into place, grabbed the skillet handle and started for the cellar.

"Hurrerrry everyone," he called.

I was still waiting for Mamma.

"Go on, child," she said, as she took the pan of thick, golden browned, butter-milk biscuits from the oven. She wrapped a bleached flour sack around the pan and, pushing me before her, started for the cellar.

When Mamma and I stepped outside, the wind, which had grown in velocity, pulled at our dresses and held us back as we tried to run. The wind released its pressure only as we ran down the steps. Big drops of rain fell on us. When all of us got inside, Papa closed the cellar door, shutting out the light and the sound of the storm. The lantern sent out a feeble glow which grew stronger as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness. All was peaceful inside the damp, dark cellar; but I knew that outside the trees were bending over as the roaring wind

sent the limbs from side to side, rain was pounding down, lightning flashing and thunder was rumbling.

Mamma looked around as though counting to see if we were all there. In addition to her and Papa, there stood Mary, Sam, Hazel and Harry (twins), and me, little Janet. That was all of us. It was hard for Mamma to realize that there were only five children at home. Once there were nine children at home before the older ones went out on their own.

"Let's eat," my brothers cried, forgetting the storm outside.

There was nothing fancy about supper in the cellar. Food was arranged on the low table which held the milk and butter. Mamma took a jar of blackberry jelly from the shelf. Everything was served in its original container—onions from the skillet, biscuits from the pan, butter from the bowl, milk from the crock and jelly from the glass.

I watched my parents, my brothers and sisters as they served themselves from the skillet and felt tears well up in my throat. I didn't like onions, and no one had remembered to bring my potatoes. I spread butter on my biscuit and tears of disappointment came to my eyes. I kept on spreading the butter onto the sides as well as in the middle of my biscuit. I began to eat that butter-soaked biscuit and soon forgot the potatoes.

The older of the two boys finished eating first. He walked up the steps and lifted the cellar door. The sound of the storm came down to us. The wind, traveling along at ground level, rushed by with a terrific roar. Rain rushed inside and came pouring down the steps. Lightning cracked, a clap of thunder followed, wind shook the cellar door. An object crashed against the door, slamming it shut with an ear-shattering KA-RUMP. We were trapped inside! I felt water around my bare feet as it traveled in a narrow stream toward the drain in the center of the cellar.

I looked from the stream of water to the worried faces of my family. I was as scared as any six-year-old could be and began to whisper a prayer—the only prayer I knew: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

My youngest brother began to laugh. "Little sister thinks it's bed time," he said. "She's saying her prayers."

Mamma put her arms around me and pulled me to her. "She's not getting ready for bed," Mamma said. "She's saying a prayer for our safety. It would be a good idea if we all prayed."

Everyone quit talking and only the muffled sound of the storm could be heard inside the cellar. As we prayed silently, the wind died to a low moan and then ceased.

"I believe the storm is over," Papa said, breaking the silence. "Let's see what we

(Continued on next page)

**ROBIN WRITES — Concluded**

played a little trick on us not too long ago. You may remember reading about spring flooding in the Washington area. The Potomac was over its banks; the canal was a muddy brown rushing streak of water, filled and almost overflowing.

Casey and I thought it would be fun to follow the Canal east and see this spring-time flood. Just before the water falls we moved close to the edge. I, in fact, sat down a moment to rest and let Casey enjoy the movement of the water. After a few moments, I noticed the time and mumbled something to her about needing to go; I turned to leave, and, just then, I heard a loud splash. **CASEY HAD FALLEN INTO THE CANAL.**

I was terrified. Perhaps the movement of the water had made Casey dizzy; perhaps she had tried to put weight on the missing leg. Whatever, Casey was in the muddy, dirty, flooding water and the current was carrying her away from me. I was afraid to pull the leash. It might slip right over her head, and she'd be gone. Without a moment's hesitation and with adrenal working overtime, I jumped into the canal myself. I held onto the stone side with my left arm and, with unknown strength with my right arm, pushed Casey up and out of the water to the safety of the side. When I, also, was safely on the side, Casey and I leaned against each other wet and trembling.

It was a long, cold walk home. We moved away from the water; both of us had enough of that. Our legs were like

rubber. We'd been frightened. When we came to the muddy, grey-brown streak of pavement, Casey would sit down or pull back begging me not to take her into what she thought looked menacingly like the flooding canal.

When Casey and I arrived at the condominium complex, people were horrified by our appearance. Workmen offered to hose Casey down to cleanliness; everyone agreed that I should shower immediately, but we were both safe.

That afternoon I found a nasty gash on Casey's front shoulder; later in the week I discovered a large bruised patch on my side. My arms and shoulder were stiff and sore for about a week and a half, but Casey and I had shared an exciting experience.

Surprisingly, a local television station found the flooding canal interesting too. All of Casey's and my trauma was captured on the 6:00 and 11:00 news so that Manny could share our excitement as well. The next morning the newspapers warned people about walking along the towpath. It seems that some of the path collapsed into the canal and portions of the side were washed away. There, of course, was no mention of Casey or me or of our excitement; but the canal has now been drained for repair. Casey and I find different directions to take our early-morning time together.



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**SUPPER IN CELLAR — Concluded**  
can do with that door."

The boys jumped up quickly, anxious for action. They ran up the steps, and with Papa, put their strength to the door. The door, with its weight of debris, moaned. Papa and the boys pushed harder and harder. There were more weak groans but they couldn't get the door to budge. Finally, Papa stepped down one step and then shook his head. There was no need to try further. They couldn't lift that door. He rubbed his hand across his mustache trying to decide what to do.

Papa asked for the axe. I knew he didn't make the decision lightly because he didn't want to ruin a good door but there wasn't any other way. If we waited for someone to come along and find us trapped in the cellar, it might be days or maybe weeks. Maybe no one would ever come.

Papa lifted the axe above his head and began to chop in the center of the door. A small ray of light came through. When the hole was as large around as a milk bucket, he boosted the boys through.

When the boys were outside, we could hear them dragging something from the door. It was a happy sound. All of us would soon be free! The dragging sound ceased and the door swung upward on its hinges, spilling the small tree limbs which the boys had not bothered to remove.

Papa ran up the steps and stood looking all around. We followed. The storm had passed, and the air was sweet and fresh. A blue, yellow and pink rainbow formed an arch over the barn. Leaves and tree limbs covered the yard. Milk buckets which had hung on the side of the smokehouse had blown across the yard and were pressed against the north-south fence. The kitchen door screen was hanging by only the bottom hinge. A tree limb had pushed through a dining room window.

Papa smiled at finding the damage no greater than it was.

"We would have been safe enough in the house," he said, with his usual brogue, "but I guess it doesn't hurt once in a while to eat supper in the cellar."

**SPRING PICTURE**

Paint the world with strokes of green—  
Background for a new spring scene.  
Add some tulips shiny red,  
Yellow jonquils in a bed,  
Pure white clouds and sky of blue,  
Brush in golden sunshine too.  
Hearts can never be dismayed  
When such spring beauty is displayed.

—Ruth Townsend



## THE FOUR SEASONS

by

Martha E. Shivers

Spring, summer, winter, fall . . . which do you like the best of all?

When warmth creeps into the atmosphere, the gentle rays of the sun bring forth a sense of cheerfulness, the buds form on the lilac bushes and fruit trees, the forsythia bursts into a brilliant yellow, the crocus, tulips and jonquils thrust through the damp soil, and the grass loses the crusty brown and adorns the ground with a glistening green, the soul leaps for joy at the new beginning!

Farmers plan their days with meticulous timing. Young animals appear at their mother's side and, in time, the tilling and the planting of crops proceed at paces almost inhuman.

Garden seeds that were ordered in the winter months find their way into the well-cultivated soil. Some of the seeds have to wait until the sign of the moon is right for that is the belief of that planter. Why? Probably because he or she has been brought up to believe in those signs. And, some people just know the signs are right.

As one would never want their little children to remain as such, so it is with the continued growth of spring's planted efforts, and one's progression into the summer months. Houses are thoroughly cleaned and made fresh with light, airy furnishings. Dining tables become colorful with the early garden harvests and fruits. Roses appear in delightful arrays.

Farmers study, and worry, about the prospect of their crops. Sweet-scented air floating across the lands becomes heavy with heat. That heat is a necessity for the growth and maturation. There is some time to relax when the rush work is completed, time to take a vacation, rest, see sights, visit loved ones, and revel in the goodness that abounds. Then, there are the reunions, the last rush of visiting before the harvest becomes the priority of the days.

All too soon, it seems, the flowers, gardens and field crops begin to change colors, announcing that the time is close at hand for a complete harvest. Schools initiate a more regimented time schedule once again. Homes are cleaned of the summer's dust, and preparations are made for any unexpected drop in the temperatures.

Time is a premium, in many instances, getting the products of the summer's growth safely stored. If one is fortunate, a last-minute fall trip might be arranged to see the kaleidoscope of Nature's paintings. And, clubs, socials and parties are planned with a fervor that dispels the somewhat ease that summer brought.

As though no barrier could quell, winter slips onto the scene. Sometimes it comes in a rage, sometimes with a

quieting, soothing respite. While activities multiply, so are the opportunities for reading, hobbies and arts. Special holidays bring special celebrations. Families become closer, or more distant, as the rush of the activities proceed. It is a time for reflection. Also one keeps in mind when winter comes, spring with all of her glory isn't too far behind.

So, breathe deeply of the wonders of Nature, and stop to pluck a hyacinth for your soul!

\* \* \*

### DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Our church women are trying to raise some money for the building fund. The interior of the church has been painted and this summer we are hoping to get the outside painted. Recently a beefburger lunch was served at the Lucas Community Hall. When our church serves a meal at noon, we have it downtown instead of at the church so all the employees of the Lucas Products Company can eat with us. The employees have only a half-hour for lunch and there isn't time for the workers to go several blocks to eat. We served a beefburger and potato salad, and guests had their choice of gelatin salads, pie, coffee or iced tea. We had a good crowd; several carloads came from Chariton. Now the church women are planning a food sale.

Kristin's family members are all busy. Julian and Elizabeth had colds but are feeling better now. They had a wonderful time while Andy was home from school for spring break. The whole family had gone to Chadron to see Julian wrestle in a tournament, where he won a gold medal. Kristin was laughing about the fact it took them three hours to drive there to watch Julian pin his opponent in a few seconds; but they always have a lot



Margery and Oliver Strom of Shenandoah, Iowa. Oliver recently returned from a trip to the Holy Land, which he took with his son, Martin.

of friends to visit. Aaron took a friend and the two of them stayed over with Dick and Cathy Wiggington and came home on the bus.

Elizabeth had her first birthday party in February, and Julian celebrated his ninth birthday in March with a party.

I just heard Frank come in the back door. I must go and see if he needs me to help with anything.

Until next month . . .

*Dorothy*

The sayings of the wise often fall on deaf ears. A kind word, however, is always heard.



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## DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

famous museum, built to look like a large log cabin. The museum has large picture windows through which one can gaze at just the kind of land that is the subject of the paintings. On that day we woke in the very busy and cosmopolitan city, visited one of the most famous spots dedicated to the Canadian landscape, and then returned to eat in a downtown restaurant and go to the theater. I got a very good taste of the strengths of both aspects of my new country. I would recommend the experience to anybody!

In the future, Sophie and I hope that all of you will be able to visit Canada and see what this country is like for yourself!

Sincerely,

David Driftmier

P.S. The picture of my mother, Betty Driftmier, and me that is on this month's cover was taken by my father, Frederick Driftmier.



## PRIORITY

Take time to smell the lilacs  
And feel the bright warm sun.  
Take time to look at rainbows,  
Don't wait till work is done.  
There'll always be a cobweb,  
Some fingermarks or rust,  
Weeds to pull, a lawn to mow,  
And something gathering dust.  
We must remember lilacs  
Bloom just once a year,  
And you can see a rainbow  
Only when it's here. —Unknown

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

As the planting season begins, I find myself looking for extra space to try some of the new introductions that were not included in our garden layout. "Not to worry," my better half admonished, "I left you three rows across one end of the garden." But what he doesn't know is that in my mind's eye those three rows have already been planted with various newcomers.

No gardener with an ounce of curiosity could resist trying a new perennial called "Lisianthus Russellianthus Hybrid." Said to be entirely new to American gardens, the seed is listed on page 8 of Parks catalog (Greenwood, S.C. 29646) at a reasonable cost of 95¢ for a mixture of pink, blue and white types. Planted on the surface of moist Pro-Gro, the seedlings appeared within three weeks after sowing on Feb. 4. In mid-April, the plants were large enough to be pricked out of the starting medium and planted two inches apart in seedling flats. Not many perennial plants will bloom the first year when grown from seed, but Parks promised Lisianthus Russellianthus Hybrid to bloom the first year (in June) if planted in early February. Now if I can maneuver some extra outdoor planting space, I'll tell you more about this new flower with the intriguing name in a fall column.

A hybrid squash called "Kuta" has so many redeeming qualities attributed to it that I had to order a packet of seed. Kuta can be used in three stages: when the fruit is under six inches, prepare just as you would any summer squash; when fruits are intermediate in size, use this eggplant; when fully mature and a dark green in color, cook like winter squash. Along with the packet of twenty seeds for \$1.25 came a recipe folder especially for using Kuta squash. I will also report on Kuta squash this fall.

Three years ago I ordered a large pear tree. The nursery wrote that they were sold out of their larger trees, but rather than disappoint me were sending a smaller pear tree and a cherry bush to compensate for the small tree. The pear leafed out a little and then died, but the cherry bush grew vigorously. When you lose a fruit tree or any costly plant, you should report it at once to the nursery firm. I neglected to do this and thus could not expect a replacement. Nor did I re-order another large pear tree and now I'm plagued with such disturbing thoughts as would it have thrived in central Minnesota? And would it be bearing fruit this season? It is with much regret that I did not re-order this fascinating pear.

## Use

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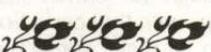
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## YOU CAN BUY SIX WEEKS OF SUMMER!

by  
Monica Brandies

There is nothing you can do to change a cold, blustery spell of winter into a green and peaceful summer evening with lightning bugs in the grass, the creaking of the porch swing, and the fragrance of honeysuckle. But when you buy a pack of bedding plants you get the bargain of a lifetime: six weeks of extra summer bloom or early ripe tomatoes for salads. Whatever the cost, it is cheap. That geranium that blooms on Mother's Day was probably planted soon after New Year's Eve.

Not that it isn't fun to start seeds ourselves. I've tried almost everything from seed at one time or another, but room, time, and success are limited for me. So plant sellers grin when they see me coming.

If you can, buy your plants where they are grown. You can bet that those plants had the best care, the labels are more likely to be correct, and the salespeople can be most helpful. You can buy at the grocery, of course. Besides saving a stop you can perhaps budget more easily. "Why yes, I bought pepper and broccoli plants with the food money. How better could I stretch it, dear?"

Plants that have been outdoors are more likely to be already hardened-off. Just be sure to look for signs of active growth, not just survival. Keep in mind that smaller plants will take off faster. A plant that has been in a tiny pot too long is forced to slow down its growth. The stunted plant will take longer to reverse the process. A thick stem at the base of a tomato plant is worth four inches on top.

While it is nice to get a petunia in bloom or to see what color verbena is in the mix, a single bloom on a tall stalk is a terrible problem. You won't want to pinch it off, as you should, to encourage side branching. Even if you do, and use the bloom for a cut flower or a cutting, the plant will be at least two or three weeks behind the short, stocky, branched plant that has only tight buds when purchased. Balsam, cockscomb, poppies, stock, and the various everlasting flowers are the only annuals which should not be pinched. A grower who pinches the others has sacrificed some "bloomin'" sales appeal to give customers better plants. Don't wound his weary ear with "When is this going to bloom?"

With most plants today sold in individual sectioned packs, the roots are hardly disturbed in transplanting. Be sure to firm the soil around the ball of roots, leave a slight dish-like depression to direct all water to the plant, and water—even if planted in the rain. A dark or drizzly day is, in fact, the best time to

transplant.

Either give plants a few days to harden-off in a cold frame or cover each one with a jar or jug for the first few days or provide some similar protection to prevent the wind from drying out the tops faster than the unsettled roots can take up moisture.

We are lucky to be close to greenhouses which offer a wondrous selection of species and varieties of vegetables, roses, shrubs, trees, annuals, and perennials. Choosing something unusual from a catalog is fun, but it can wind up in a seed packet forever or in a patch of weeds where "I'm sure something is supposed to be coming up." A pack of lobelias about to or in bloom is sure to give six extra weeks of instant summer.

So I give those plant people my money and buy twice what I need. We had our day of dragging a leaky hose up and down a cold greenhouse in February, paying huge fuel bills, shoveling coal, worrying in every windstorm, and missing the beauty of spring because it came in May when we were too busy selling plants to see it. So you can imagine why it makes me grin to choose, pay, and plant after someone else did all the work. Best bargain in the world!



PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT — Concl.  
plantation.

New England gradually became the shoe-manufacturing center of America. Lynn, Mass., became famous for its shoes. The first shoes, of course, were made by hand. In Lynn over 200 masters employed more than 600 journeymen (shoemakers). The production rate was one pair of shoes each day per man. The work was often done in small shops, maybe in a backyard where a half-dozen or so men would work together to make shoes. Some of the work, particularly the upper part of the shoe was parceled out for women to sew in their homes.

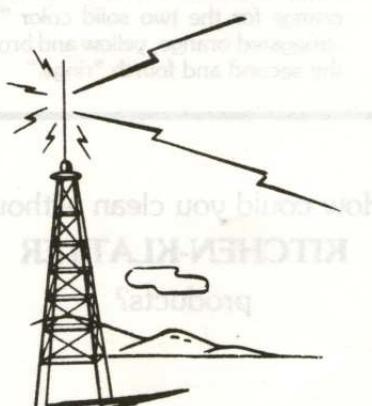
About the middle of the 19th century machines were invented for the manufacture of shoes and what a revolution in the shoe world that brought about! These machines were soon installed in the large factory buildings, progressing to the mass production we have today.

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## KNITTED PINCUSHION

by  
Inez Baker

**Materials needed:** Size 1 knitting needles, 4-ply yarn (I use orlon acrylic Sayelle.), and a thimble.

Cast on 14 stitches.

Knitting every row (garter stitch), make a small piece about 2½ inches long. It will be almost square.

While still on needle, test for proper length by holding the piece around large end of thimble "loosely" (NOT STRETCHING IT). When ends just barely meet, bind off.

Fold piece lengthwise and sew open sides together. Sew together each end of this little "tube," then sew both ends of it together, making a small "ring."

Place thimble in this ring with open end up. Leave thimble in to keep piece in

shape. (The bottom of the pincushion is where the sides were sewed together.)

**Next ring:** Knit a strip as before four inches long or more. Measure (NOT STRETCHING) by holding your knitted strip (still on the needle) around the first ring with the thimble in, and when the two ends come together, bind off. Fold the strip lengthwise and stitch the side edges together. Sew together the ends of this (longer) tube, making a larger ring. Fit this ring around the first, making the tops level. At bottom, sew the two rings together.

**Third ring:** Cast on and knit as before making this strip long enough to fit around the second ring, again NOT stretching. Stitch as before after you bind off, then sew this ring around the others.

**Last ring:** Cast on and knit as before making this strip eight inches long or longer. Measure (again not stretching) and when the two ends come together around the third ring, bind off, fold the strip lengthwise and sew. Fit this finished ring around the others and sew in place. Your pincushion is now complete.

**Hint:** If you knit too loosely, pins and needles may fall out or slip down inside.

When I began knitting these pincushions, I used a variety of colors. Soon I noticed that most people liked the orange, yellow and brown colors. Now I make them all the same colors: pale orange for the two solid color "rings"; variegated orange, yellow and brown for the second and fourth "rings."

## PRETTY FLOWER VASES

Pretty flower vases  
Are such a joy to see.  
In a favorite nook are many  
That were gifts to me.

Some came filled with roses  
In shades of pink and gold.  
Some were filled with tulips—  
All the vase would hold.

Some came on a birthday,  
And some at Christmas time,  
With a pretty little card  
Or perhaps a clever rhyme.

And some came as surprises  
For no reason I'd have guessed,  
Except to let me know that  
Someone still loves me best.

Each one a special treasure—  
Each a very special vase.  
Each brings to mind a memory  
Of a dear, familiar face.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

## JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

couple of days and fly back to see her?"

Thank goodness one of the airlines co-operated with a special fare to Omaha. Betty Jane Tilson, Mother's companion, drove up to meet me. Mother had thought that she would ride along, but decided at the last minute to stay home. I'm glad that she did as the plane was over an hour late. Every hour counts on a short trip so Mother and I found ourselves staying up late at night visiting, and also getting up early and visiting. In fact we talked pretty much non-stop! I think we almost wore out the old coffee pot with our constant brews! Now that the weather SEEMS to have stabilized, perhaps Mother and Betty Jane can get in the "rolling antique" (Mother's ancient car) and amble on down to Albuquerque.

If they come in the next couple of weeks, my flower beds should be going full tilt. We had some unseasonably late snow and cold weather that slowed everything down. One day in early April I looked out to see snow coming down and piling up on my blooming tulips. Worse yet, a poor little hummingbird was zooming through the snowflakes trying to find flowers that were not covered with snow. I had my hummingbird feeder filled and hanging by the front windows in nothing flat! The hummingbird was very grateful to find this food source. He spent the next half hour hovering around the feeder. I do hope that the tiny bird survived!

Our daughter Katharine did go on her school trip to Washington, D.C. She is very busy with eighth-grade projects at the moment, but when Katharine gets a minute, she will jot down some of her experiences to share with you next month.

Until then,  
Juliana

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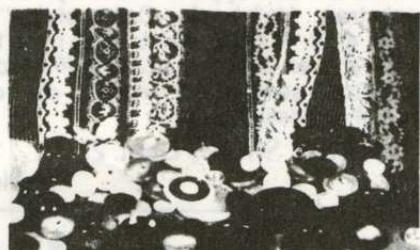
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## COMMON THINGS

Thank You, Lord, for common things:  
The song a happy robin sings;  
Clever things the children say  
And frisky kittens at their play;  
Friendly neighbors in to chat—  
Congenial talk of this and that;  
Fresh baked bread and apple pie;  
Pure delight of a bright blue sky;  
Bumper crop of juicy plums;  
Pots of cheery geraniums;  
Sweet corn standing straight and tall;  
Pink hollyhocks beside the wall;  
Gorgeous sunrise, sparkling dew;  
Strength for the tasks I need to do.  
Joyfully, my spirit sings,  
"Thank You, dear Lord, for common  
things!" —Roy J. Wilkins

**SALE!**CATALOG \$1.00  
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✓ COLORFUL ✓ VERSATILE

- Open-style, no-button front
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Brown, Black.**Combo Colors**Tan Multi  
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