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—Studio One Photography

Natalie Nenneman, Class of '84

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

Just before I sat down to write to you, I closed all the windows and doors but really did not want to. I have "battered down the hatches" so to speak. The sun is shining. Our crazy mockingbird is serenading the neighbor's rusty pump. Why would I close everything up and shut out this lovely day? Because the weatherman on the radio just announced that sixty-mile-an-hour winds are blowing just west of town and they should hit here at any minute. Ugh!

Spring winds in New Mexico are not wafting zephyrs. They resemble dust-laden hurricanes! I am not exaggerating one iota. This spring has been exceptionally windy. What flowers and small plants were not damaged by late frost have been battered by winds. My hanging basket fuchsias have made the trip back into their household location several times just to keep from being broken to pieces.

Our wind-driven dust problem has been compounded by the fact that the proposed industrial park near us has not happened. All the earthmoving equipment moved in and cleared the area which is about fifty acres. Gone are the small desert trees, sagebrush and other ground covers. All that is left is a huge, unprotected flat area. You can imagine what happens when the wind blows over this area. I think I have some vague idea of what people experienced during the dust bowl days. As much as I am not looking forward to the increased traffic that an industrial park will bring, I am looking forward to getting ANYTHING to cover this dusty area.

When the winds blow, working out in the yard is impossible. I am forced to do things around the house that have been crying for attention. One BIG job I tackled last week was to do the great shirt change-over. My husband, Jed, has been hinting that it would be nice to have some short-sleeved shirts now that the weather has warmed up enough to be

called hot. Instead of gradually changing over I have done the whole process in one day. All of the long-sleeved shirts are carefully laundered and put away. All of the short-sleeved shirts were laundered and ironed and hung in the closet.

Yes, I did say ironed. Somehow Jed just doesn't believe that permanent press is truly permanent or pressed! I think this quirk has something to do with the fact that Jed is a professional engineer. I have several friends who are married to engineers and their husbands insist upon ironed shirts as well. Other friends tell me the day permanent press came into their houses, their irons went to the junk yard. I fear these ladies will be replacing their irons before long. Many of the new fashions feature 100% cotton and other natural fabrics that require touching up with an iron.

A job I enjoyed MUCH more than ironing shirts was FINALLY making my candied or sugared violets. I had carefully saved all of the recipes you readers were kind enough to send me. The violet crop cooperated by being fairly abundant. The end result is that I have about three dozen candied violets in the freezer. I am planning to save them for special occasions and hope they keep well as I would like to get some out next winter when we could use a breath of spring. By the way, the violets I used in this project originally came from plants which grew by the front walk of Jed's family home in Massachusetts. This is an old-fashioned type of violet and I wouldn't trade it for all the hybrids on the market!

With summer just around the corner, some of you will be hitting the road and traveling west. I would like to share a special, little-known side trip with you. As you are traveling on Interstate 40 just west of Albuquerque, note a scenic overlook marker pointing out Laguna Pueblo. By all means stop and look! This little white-washed adobe town looks transplanted directly from the Mediterranean area. Friends who have been to Spain and Italy have given me this information.

Even better than just "over-looking" is to take a few extra minutes and drive to the pueblo. The village is dominated by a wonderful, old mission church which is usually open to visitors. On my last visit I was able to find out a little of the history of the church which was fascinating.

San Jose de Laguna was the only mission church to be built in the New Mexico area before a priest actually came to the village. The Indians took it upon themselves to be ready to start services if and when a priest came to their area. Because of the lack of large trees in the Laguna area, the main ceiling beams which were 105 feet long had to be hand-carried for thirty miles over rugged terrain. The floor of the church is hard packed earth which is refurbished once a



Interior of the San Jose de Laguna Church in New Mexico which Juliana Lowey describes in her letter.

year. That process still goes on. The walls and the ceiling above the altar are painted with many symbols which are a combination of Christian and Indian beliefs. It makes for an unusual setting for worship.

On July 4, 1699, the church was consecrated by Friar Antonio de Miranda who was a member of the Franciscan Order of the Roman Catholic Church. Imagine how this young Friar must have felt after trekking through the desert to this remote little village and finding a church just waiting for him. The church has changed very little in the intervening years. Visiting it is really visiting a piece of history that is still in use.

The rest of my space will be used by my daughter, Katharine who is 13. She would like to share some of her experiences with a public school tour group which went to Washington, D.C.

Sincerely,
Juliana

KATHARINE LOWEY'S TRIP

It all started at 4:00 AM on a cold Monday morning. It was spring vacation and all the other kids were still asleep at home. I wouldn't have traded places with them for the world.

For an early Monday morning, all the kids in the school parking lot waiting for the bus to take them to the airport were active and excited. Everyone was ready to go! Once the chaperones had checked all of our names on the lists we were off for a wild, fun and rigorous five-day trip to Washington, D.C.

It seemed like we were on the plane for hours. Then we landed in Baltimore, Maryland, and immediately got on a bus for a 45-minute ride to our first destination.
(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The weather here the past few days has seemed more like March than the first part of May. The wind has been so strong that a lot of small limbs have been blown off the trees and our yard will have to be raked again.

As of the first of May there has been no fieldwork whatsoever done on our farm, and I haven't seen any tractors in the neighborhood fields. I did see one farmer spreading lime or fertilizer a few days ago, but that is all. We had so much rain, and although the creek hasn't been out here, a lot of water is still standing in the low places in the fields. More rain is forecast for the next few days, so if this weather continues there may be less corn and a lot more beans planted again this year.

Now that we have water again in our little duck pond in front of the house, the water birds are moving in again. The other morning when I got up and looked out the window there was a great white egret standing in the pond. It was a beautiful bird with long legs and a graceful long neck. A couple of days later there was another egret which was much smaller and with a shorter neck in the meadow. Doyle Adams, one of our conservation friends, saw the smaller one and said it was a cattle egret. He said these egrets are originally from Africa. In recent years they have come into South America; then the cattle egrets were seen in the Southern states, especially Florida, and now have finally migrated into Iowa. He said you see them in fields following livestock and feeding on insects flushed up out of the grass. The egrets nest in marshy areas. After he told us this, I saw nine or ten in one group close to the road, but near water. I thought the birds were young great white egrets, but Doyle said they probably were full-grown cattle egrets. I went home for my camera and returned to get a picture; but a boy on a bicycle had gone by and the birds scattered. I sat quietly and waited hoping they would all get back together but finally took a picture when five or six had returned to the water's edge.

We have also seen little wood ducks on this small pond. Doyle says it is the perfect place to put some wooden box houses for the ducks to nest near the bayou. They are so cute to watch. When the young first hatch, the baby ducks will tumble out of the nest and go to the water. A mother duck has been seen with as many as ten little ones following her in the water. The trouble is the snapping turtles get a lot of the ducks on



Elizabeth Brase is wearing the dress her grandmother, Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, made. Elizabeth is the year-old daughter of Kristin and Art Brase of Torrington, Wyo.

the bayou. Even the big mallards and Muscovies are killed by the very large turtles.

This spring the wild turkey season in Iowa was divided into four consecutive sessions: the first one starting on April 16 and the last one ending on May 13. We had friends hunting here almost every day of the season. Although Frank and I have seen lots of turkeys all winter and spring, the birds seem to be too smart for the hunters because the men aren't having any luck. A couple of the hunters always stop in every morning and have coffee with us before leaving. When they came in empty-handed, I had to kid them a little bit about being in the wrong place. Just that morning while getting breakfast, I looked out the window and saw a big turkey in the pasture. The large bird hung around for about an hour then finally sauntered across the barn lot and headed east. Frank told the hunters a big turkey came out when he opened the shed door to put the tractor away. Usually when turkey season starts and a few shots are fired, turkeys are not seen for weeks until they feel it is safe to come out into the open, but this year there have been so few shots fired that we have seen turkeys every evening.

I finally got two little smocked dresses with lace-trimmed panties to match made for Elizabeth and mailed to her. One is still too large, but she is able to wear the other right now. Kristin said it fit fine with the exception of one panty leg. The elastic wasn't the same in both legs and one side wouldn't stay up. I'm sure, although Kristin doesn't have a sewing machine, she can remedy that by hand. I have material for another dress cut out and stamped, but had some other sewing that had to come first. I made Marge a

navy blue skirt, and am altering a skirt of my own. I have a long skirt that was made for a special occasion a few years ago and haven't worn it but once. I decided to make it over so I can get some good out of it. If I like the results, I'll do the same with another one. Clothing is just too expensive these days to let something hang forever in the closet and not be worn.

I wish I had a sewing room in my house. I would get a lot more sewing done if there was a place to leave my machine out and the ironing board up. Our house is small and every time I want to sew I have to set up the sewing table, get out the machine, put the ironing board up, and when I'm finished take all of it down and put it away.

Our church women have been busy this month. We had our bake sale and did very well, so our "kitty" for painting the church is growing. Our next project was to entertain the women's groups from the Chariton Presbyterian Church and the Allerton Church. A May Day brunch was planned. Dorothea and I were the chairmen, but all of our ladies helped. The tables were decorated with spring flowers and pretty placemats. Dorothea and I had made colorful May baskets for each place at the table. We served an egg and ham casserole, fruit cup, bran muffins and preserves, and hot coffee. The program was a very interesting talk given by Mary Margaret Thiel, Pastor at Deep River, Iowa, who had recently returned from a Mission tour to Central America. We were very happy to have as special guests our pastor's mother, Faye Speer, or Baldwin Park, Calif., and her aunt, Estelle Ganoung, of Hemet, Calif., who are here visiting.

Although Kristin has written a letter for this issue, I will just catch you up on last-minute news from their house. Aaron and his friends entered the History Day contest again this year, hoping they will be selected to go to Washington, D.C., again this year. Aaron must really enjoy his trips because he has been there the past two years. They have already won the district contest which was held in Torrington, and were supposed to compete in the state contest in Cheyenne last night. Because of the blizzard in Wyoming, the contest was postponed until next week. I will have to relate the results to you next month.

Frank had a birthday in April and his sister, Ruth McDermott, came to help him celebrate. Ruth, Bernie and Belvah Baker came for his birthday dinner. The next night our friends Louise and Roy Querrey had us at their home for a birthday dinner. Ruth was here all week and we had a good visit with her.

Wherever you live, I hope you are having a beautiful spring.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

Fishin' Fever

*For a Father-Son or
Father-Daughter Night*

by Mabel Nair Brown



Invitations: Cut light blue or yellow construction paper into $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{2}''$ rectangles. Type an invitation on each piece of paper to resemble a hunting and fishing license:

HUNTING & FISHING LICENSE

Name (father's) is hereby licensed to hunt and fish up a good time at the DAD and SON or DAUGHTER NIGHT. This license is valid only (date). The best time for hunting and fishing at (time). The best spot is at (place).

Approved by (name of son, daughter, or organization)

Decorations: Fish net may be draped on the walls. Fish poles, fish lures and other fishing gear can be used in wall decorations also. Put up a yardstick and tape measure for measuring the catch and have scales for weighing it. Such signs as "Don't stretch it!" beside the yardstick, and "Take your hand off the scales when weighing the catch!" beside scales will bring a chuckle.

Table decorations may include construction paper canoes, pontoon boats made of tongue depressors, fishing lures, even a tackle box and rod and reel.

Nut cups: What is more appropriate than miniature bait boxes or minnow pails?

Program Helps: Key the talks and music to such fish language as Bait, Rod, Reel, Net, Lure, Catch, etc.

WELCOME

It's my privilege to say "Welcome,"
Which I'm so glad to do.
Hope you'll enjoy the good time,
We'll try to give to you.
Hope no one's sorry to be here,
Maybe even wishin'
They were miles away—
Maybe gone a-fishin'.
But we do hope each of you
Has a case of "fishin' fever,"
Ready to catch the past and present,
To be a memory weaver.
So come on now and join the fun,
For, I'm a firm believer,
It does us good occasionally
To catch our brand of FISHIN' FEVER!

FATHER IN ANY LANGUAGE

- 4 years — My daddy can do anything.
- 7 years — My dad knows a lot—a whole lot.
- 8 years — My dad doesn't know anything.
- 12 years — My father? Hopelessly old-fashioned.
- 14 years — Oh well, naturally Father wouldn't know about that either.
- 21 years — That guy is really out-of-date, but what did you expect?
- 25 years — He might know a little bit about it, but not too much.
- 30 years — Think I'll find out what Dad thinks about it.
- 35 years — Just a little patience—let's see what Dad thinks.
- 50 years — I wonder what Dad would have thought about it.
- 60 years — My dad was great—he knew literally everything.
- 65 years — What wouldn't I give to talk it over with Dad once more!

—Author Unknown

WHEN IS FATHER JUST "DAD?"

If he is wealthy and prominent, and you stand in awe of him, call him "Father." If he sits in his shirt sleeves at ball games and picnics, call him "Pop." If he tills the land in overalls and a straw hat, call him "Pa." If he wheels the baby carriage and carries bundles meekly, call him "Papa," with the accent on the first syllable. If he belongs to a literary circle and writes cultured papers, call him "Papa," with the accent on the last syllable. If, however, he makes a pal of you when you're good, and is too wise to let you pull the wool over his loving eyes when you are not; if, moreover, you're sure no one else you know has quite so fine a father, proudly call him "Dad."

I SEE HER STILL

I see her still
Standing beside me in church,
Not so long ago.
Wearing with such unconscious grace
The patent leather pumps with rounded toes,
The dotted Swiss dress, starched stiff
and prestine white,
The perky sailor hat with velvet bows.

I see her still—
The slanted sunlight casting sunbeams
on her head,
Searching the dimples in each round
cheek;
I see her beribboned pigtailed brown,
Singing with full heart and treble voice,
Holding earnestly with her little hands
Her hymnal upside down!
—Adapted from unknown author

Dear Teacher:

Please find attached to this note one six-year-old boy, much cleaner and quieter than usual with a new haircut and jeans. With him go the prayers of his mother and father.

He's good at creating airplanes and chaos; very adept at tying knots and attracting stray dogs. He especially likes peanut butter, horses, TV Westerns, empty boxes and his shirttail out.

He is allergic to baths, bedtime, taking out the trash and coming the first time he is called.

He needs to be taught and spanked, loved and spanked, and reminded to blow his nose and to come straight home from school.

After having him in your class and on your nerves, you may not be the same ever again, but we believe you'll be glad to know him because, while he strews books, toys and clothes, he has a special way of scattering happiness.

Written, I'm afraid with prejudice, by,
His Parents

FATHER'S DAY QUIZ

1. How many children did George Washington, "The Father of Our Country," have?
2. What father is best known for carrying a scythe?
3. Cary Grant starred in a film with "Father" in the title. What was the film?
4. Who is Prince Charles' father?
5. To whom were these Biblical words spoken, "A father of many nations have I made thee."?
6. What well-known actor played the father in "Father Knows Best," the television series?
7. What father wrote "The Children's Hour" for his daughters?
8. What river is called "The Father of Waters"?
9. Who might you guess was Canada's most famous father?
10. Who was the father of Pocahontas?
11. What president had a son who was also president of the U.S.?
12. Who is called the "Father of Medicine"?

ANSWERS: 1. None, 2. Father Time, 3. "Father Goose", 4. Prince Phillip, 5. Abraham, 6. Robert Young, 7. Longfellow, 8. Mississippi, 9. Olivia Dionne (father of famous quintuplets), 10. Powhatan, 11. John Adams, 12. Hippocrates.

FLORAL GIFTS

by
Erma Reynolds

Say it with flowers! Follow the suggestion of this familiar phrase and give flowers when a gift is needed for a special occasion, event, or just a spontaneous friendly gesture.

Hospitalized folks are usually surrounded with flowers from family and friends during their convalescence. If you are planning to be one of these floral donors, time your bouquet so it will be in the hospital room awaiting the arrival of the patient. The beauty of flowers helps to calm quivering nerves.

Before sending flowers to an already-hospitalized person, check to find out if the patient has an overabundance of bouquets and plants. If so, wait a bit before adding your posies to the collection. By so doing, when the first bestowed blossoms are beginning to fade, your fresh bouquet will arrive to take their place. In selecting a floral gift for an ill person, avoid varieties that have heavily scented blooms. And, don't send a too-large bouquet. A small arrangement takes up less room and requires less attention, a fact which will please busy nurses who usually have the care of the flowers.

A nice way to congratulate a mother with a new baby is to send a twosome gift of flowers, one arrangement for the mamma and one for the baby. This might be a pink or blue ceramic bootie filled with tiny flowers, accompanied by a pink or blue flower-filled vase for Mom. Another suggestion is a basket of flowers, with a miniature basket attached.

There is usually a profusion of flowers given at the time of a death. Rather than including your floral expression of sympathy at the time of the funeral, wait a week or so, then send, or bring flowers to the bereaved in their home.

Flowers are always suitable to bring as a hostess gift, but are optional, not a duty. If you arrive at a dinner party carrying a gift of flowers, be sure you have selected blossoms which can be placed in a container with a minimum of effort, so the hostess, busy with last-minute details, will not have to take too much time to arrange them. You can also thank a hostess for hospitality by sending flowers the day after her party with an accompanying note of appreciation.

Put thought into a floral gift. When placing the order with the florist, don't just instruct him to send whatever is in season. Try to think of what flower, or flowers, and colors are a particular favorite with the recipient, and have these sent.

Not everyone has a garden, so if you are fortunate enough to have one, be generous with its flowers, sharing them with friends and neighbors. When pre-

sending bouquets in a vase, use a throw-away container. Save colorful plastic bottles for this purpose. Remove all labels. Cut off the top of bottle and use the bottom section for a vase. Or, cut a few inches from the upper part of a milk carton, and cover the container with foil to make it more attractive.

A slip from a house plant makes an appreciated floral gift. Place the slip, with a generous portion of its soil, in a paper cup. When ready to plant the slip, the recipient has only to tear away the cup, leaving soil and plant roots undisturbed.

Say it with flowers! It's a great way to express friendship, sympathy and encouragement.



THE FLOWERS WELCOME CHILDREN'S DAY

(An Exercise for Children)

by
Virginia Thomas

Each child will bring a cluster of the flowers about which he or she speaks. The children hold their bouquets high so audience may see them. After speaking the verse, the child places the flowers in a vase that is provided on a table which is placed in the center of the stage. Each child might wear a little beanie-type cap made of green crepe paper.

All Children (In unison):

We are bringing heralds of summer,
All in lovely, colorful array.

They each bring a message of truth
To welcome glad Children's Day.

First (Roses):

ROSES, always so beautiful,
Their fragrance so sweet
Remind us of God's love
As this happy day they greet.

Second (Violets):

The shy VIOLETS seem to tell us
Of the loving, tender care
God bestows upon His children,
Here and everywhere.

Third (Daisies):

DAISIES indeed "do tell,"
As the saying goes,
Of the goodness and the mercy
God so freely does bestow.

Fourth (Lilies):

LILIES so pure and white,
Standing straight and tall,
Tell of the compassion
God has for one and all.

Fifth (Buttercups):

BUTTERCUPS so bright and gay,
Like a sunbeam ray,
Remind us God is Light
To guide us every day.

All (Pointing to flowers):

So the lovely flowers
In a beautiful bouquet
Bring us messages from God
To welcome Children's Day.



Julian Brase is shown with a lovely floral arrangement which the Brase family received at the time of Mary Brase's death. Mrs. Brase of Torrington, Wyoming, was Julian's paternal grandmother.

CHOOSE YOUR VASE

by
Marjorie Misch Fuller

Vases come in surprising shapes and sizes. Usually the gaudy or outlandish ones add no complement to the bouquet. With the right selection, a vase will enhance the flowers.

The little Chinese girl stands midst purple splendor. Her skin matches her kimono of lustrous yellow. Three buttons stand at attention on the left of the kimono while Chinese characters march around the hem. This girl clutches in each hand a large wicker basket filled to overflowing with magnificent, velvety purple violets. The flowers' beauty seems reflected in the girl's slanted eyes as they glance toward the bouquets in breathless wonder. A perfect vase for these modest flowers. Unfortunately not all bouquets are so displayed. Arrange your flowers as the focal point of interest so the container adds rather than detracts from the overall picture.

Different colors and stability of flowers require a variety of containers. Black shows yellow and orange flowers to an advantage. Jars or bottles might fit into your decor filled with a variety bouquet. A low Dutch blue bowl with snapdragons is a pretty centerpiece, though my favorite for this bowl is a cluster of lilacs.

The shape of the vase dictates the size of the bouquet. With outspread top, more blossoms can be used. Greenery can fill your favorite vases when cut flowers are out of season. Because they require considerable storage space, collect containers that show your garden style to the best advantage.





ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

May this month of June find each of you in good health and high spirits. I have been especially excited about the summer season this year. It's hard to believe that one year ago this month our son, Lee Field, found his way into our lives. The fact that his arrival was timed for Father's Day makes his birthdate a very special occasion. Jokingly, my friends like to advise that I need never buy Mike a Father's Day present, for what gift could ever top that of a firstborn son!

My husband is a wonderful dad, and he takes great delight in our two children. In the eyes of three-year-old, Lily, her father is a knight in shining armor. For one-year-old Lee, his mere presence in the room sparks an outburst of giggles, goos and other baby delights. Mike is a generous man, and is willing to initiate extra projects that will enhance a child-parent relationship. He is a father who will read a book to his daughter when he'd probably rather be watching baseball. Mike will take Lily and her dogs on mountain hikes after he's had a tiring day at work. Nowadays it would seem these unselfish qualities are not all that common, and I feel our children are very fortunate to have his tender loving care. My father, Stephen Wayne Driftmier, is very special to me, and Mike's dad, Jack Walstad, is a wonderful family man also. A father can and should be a very influential force in a child's life, and I'm quite pleased that Mike's fine qualities will be influencing our children in such a positive way.

And speaking of positive characters—Lily and I recently made the acquaintance of a rare and unique individual whose story I would like to share with you. Not so long ago, on a bright and lovely spring day, I was drawn outside by the furious barking of my kennel dogs. Usually the atmosphere is rather calm around our place, since our house sits a ways outside of the hustle and bustle of town. (Quiet, that is, unless our cat, Rosebud, ambles through our yard at a turtle's pace teasing the kenneled dogs unmercifully!) However, on this particular morning, it was apparent that something unusual had startled my critters. Lily and I went outside to investigate what might be the catalyst to such a riotous uproar among the canines, and lo and behold, I was not quite prepared for the sight which met our eyes. Up on the hillside was a lone woman walking steadily down the highway accompanied by a small burro pulling a miniature covered



Lily Walstad astride "Walter" as Jennifer Roy looks on. Alison describes the remarkable Mrs. Roy and the burro in her letter.

wagon. The words "Calif. to Wash. D.C." were painted on the side of the wagon's canvas, and the American flag waved vigorously in the New Mexico breezes.

Engulfed with curiosity, Lily and I sauntered towards the road to meet this unique pair. After all, it's not every day that one looks up to greet such a scene! The lady turned out to be, Jennifer Roy, a fifty-eight-year-old grandmother from Mt. Whitney, Calif. She greeted us with a cheery smile and a warm hello, and quickly offered Lily a ride on her companion, "Walter." Lily accepted the invitation in an instant, and was soon perched atop the sweet creature. Lily was so pleased to be astride an animal pulling such an impressive little wagon; she began petting his scrawny mane and telling him burro endearments. Walter seized the opportunity and made a bee-line for the new spring grass shoots along the roadside. With Lily and Walter conveniently occupied, I sat down for a chat with Jennifer.

I quickly gathered from Mrs. Roy that she and Walter were on a journey by foot from her home in California to the White House in Washington, D.C. I wondered what had prompted her to undertake such an adventure alone! She told me the expedition had two purposes. Part of her mission is a tribute to Ronald Reagan's Declaration of 1983 as the Year of the Bible. Along with supplies and camping gear are carried several scrolls. They contain thousands of signatures of people she has met on her journey. The scrolls state that freedom of religion is a precious liberty in this country, and the undersigned support the President's efforts to acknowledge religious freedoms. Jennifer hopes to deliver these scrolls in person when reaching the destination. The second purpose of this trip, she explained, was to raise awareness for

the plight of Disabled American Veterans. Having previously run a home for veterans, she was quite frustrated with a general insensitivity to their problems, and hoped that her trans-American pilgrimage would raise support for the veterans' cause nationwide.

Mrs. Roy walks with Walter about twenty miles a day, stopping to talk with all interested onlookers. Nights are spent sleeping in the fold-out wagon, or they accept offers to stay with local churches. I asked Jennifer if she wasn't frightened traveling alone such a distance. I secretly wondered if she might have a small handgun tucked away for an emergency. After all, it seems no one is exempt from the spider's web of crime these days. However, Jennifer told me that God is with them, and they would never have made it this far if He hadn't been watching over their trek. I signed the scroll while Lily gave little Walter his farewell pats. We wished them good luck and happy trails, and with my extra encouragement to be careful, Jennifer merely replied, "Oh well, if something happens, at least I'll feel like I'm doing something worthwhile."

The rest of the day, while Lily and I completed our usual mundane yard chores, I couldn't quite get the twosome out of my mind. I kept thinking back to the places Mrs. Roy had been and wondering about the territory she had yet to traverse. What was it like to walk across the deserts of Arizona and Nevada? The hot dusty plains of Texas lay ahead only a few weeks' distance. I did not envy her seemingly endless stretch. And what about the intense humidity and mosquitos she would encounter in the South? How were Jennifer and Walter going to cope with the traffic and cities in the Eastern states? Would she really complete her trip

(Continued on page 18)



Shopping in a Saturday Night Town of the Thirties

by
Dorothy Rieke

Do you remember the Saturday Night towns of the Thirties? These were the towns in which the business houses stayed open long hours to accommodate the many shoppers on Saturdays. In other words, Saturday night was the "open night."

There are still some which have "open night" on Saturdays, but many others have chosen another week night to remain open for shopping. This practice adds more free weekend hours for the shop owners and workers.

The townspeople and farmers of the early times labored long hours during the week. But Saturday nights were special, and nearly everyone looked forward to a trip to town on "trade night."

The terms "trade" and "trading" were carried over from the pioneer days when there was an actual exchange of goods with no money involved. Frequently in the Thirties one would hear, "We will do our trading at . . ." or "We will finish our trading soon" in conversations on the street.

Everyone wanted a good parking spot for the evening so farm families who traveled farther completed fieldwork and chores earlier than usual. The cream can and case of eggs were loaded into the trunk of the car. If extra money was required, several gunny sacks filled with old hens might be included.

After arriving in town and unloading the produce, our farm family tried to find the best parking spot because much of the evening would be spent in the car watching the people walk up and down the main street.

When Dad had parked the car, Mother usually left with several of the younger children to buy groceries. These consisted mainly of staple items: flour, sugar, and coffee, as she usually had a large garden and canned fruits and vegetables. She also canned meat when Dad butchered.

I especially looked forward to Saturday nights. It was exciting to travel to town once a week to visit stores and see what was displayed. There were always friends and cousins to see. Sometimes in good weather, a game of tag would develop on one of the side streets. Later I might walk down to the roller skating rink to watch the skating. Watching the

"fancy" skaters brought dreams of what I might do on skates sometime in the future.

Occasionally if I had twelve cents, I might use it to buy admittance to the movie theater where the audience yelled encouragement to their favorite hero in Western movie fight scenes.

Dad either sat in the car occasionally visiting with neighbors and friends who walked past, or if he had thirty-five cents and wanted to see the movie advertised, he would join me at the Western movie. There he would see cowboys fighting range wars or Indians. For a short time, in comparison, his problems of drought and cattle diseases seemed minor.

Sis met some of her girlfriends. They usually visited the dime store jewelry counters and the drugstore fountain where they purchased nickel ice cream cones. Later Sis and her friends walked up and down the crowded street talking and giggling while they pretended to ignore any boys of their ages who happened to be walking down the same side of the street.

As the evening progressed and much of the shopping was completed, more people lined the streets chatting about President Roosevelt's last radio speech, the weather, family matters, church or school activities. No one seemed in a hurry as all stores stayed open until 10:00 P.M. and the grocery-produce stations stayed open until all customers were served. It usually took hours to candle all the eggs and test the cream.

Finally between 10 and 10:30 P.M. the family members gathered at the car. Sometimes Dad surprised us with a bag of delicious-tasting popcorn that he had bought from the older lady who operated a small portable popcorn stand on the street.

When Dad started the car and backed out of the parking space, everyone began talking at once about what he had done and had heard during the evening. Talking about the events of the evening made the trip home shorter. Soon it was time to unload the empty cream can, egg case and the groceries.

We lived for those long-ago Saturday nights which not only represented a respite from the labor and hardships of the Thirties, but a time when dreams of

another world could come true. The other world was infinitely more exciting and glamorous than the workaday world. Usually the glimpses of the other world were fleeting but long enough to sustain the dreamer for another week—until the excitement of the next Saturday night in town.

AMERICAN I.Q.

by
Norma Tisher

1. What large city was founded solely as a seat of government?
2. What barrier in the Colorado River is between Nevada and Arizona?
3. What state has the motto "Liberty and Prosperity?"
4. What do the 13 stripes of red and white represent in our U.S. Flag?
5. How many first amendments, known as the "Bill of Rights," were in the U.S. Constitution?
6. Which three presidents died on July fourth?
7. What patriotic song did Katharine Lee Bates write?
8. Which coin has a portrait of a president on the side and his home on the other side?
9. Where would you find the Liberty Bell?
10. Who wrote "The Pledge of Allegiance" in honor of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America in 1892?
11. What important building can be found in Abilene, Kans.?
12. Who was an American scout, showman, and an Indian fighter?
13. During which war was the "Star-Spangled Banner" written?
14. What monument is located west of Beatrice, Nebr.?
15. What state has the "Constitution State" as its official nickname?
16. What chief executive was born on July fourth?
17. Which president had the nickname "Old Hickory?"
18. What state is nicknamed "Mother of the Presidents" because it was the birthplace of eight U.S. Presidents?

ANSWERS: 1. Washington, D.C., 2. Hoover Dam, 3. New Jersey, 4. the original 13 colonies, 5. ten, 6. 2nd president, John Adams, July 4, 1826; 3rd president, Thomas Jefferson, July 4, 1826; 5th president, James Monroe, July 4, 1831, 7. "America the Beautiful", 8. Nickel; Thomas Jefferson, Monticello, 9. Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 10. Frances M. Bellamy, 11. Eisenhower Library Center, 12. William "Buffalo Bill" Cody, 13. War of 1812, 14. Homestead National Monument, site of the first homestead entered under General Homestead Act of 1862, 15. Connecticut, 16. Calvin Coolidge in 1872, 17. Andrew Jackson, 18. Virginia.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

I write this letter to you while listening to the winds and rains of our third "northeaster" in three weeks! How incredible this spring weather has been! The *Old Farmers' Almanac* says that the spring of 1984 in the East is to be a very warm and dry one, but it is just the opposite. Three weeks ago the first big spring storm to hit us had winds up to ninety miles an hour. Never have I seen the waves so high on our river, and there were times when the salt water came right up into our lower garden. There was one night when I thought all of the windows on the east side of the house would be blown in.

When the storm was all over, the only real damage was to the 1984 nest of Bonnie and Clyde. Those poor swans had worked so hard to build their nest, and Bonnie had just laid her eggs, then they lost everything. I felt so sorry for them. However, when swans lose their nest and eggs, they can have another nest and the pen (female) can lay another batch of eggs in three weeks time. That is what Bonnie and Clyde did, and I haven't had a moment of peace since. The second nest is so close to the road that I am afraid somebody will steal the eggs!

Our second big spring storm brought the water up to within two inches of the edge of the nest. Had the tide not started down when it did, Bonnie would have lost the second batch of eggs, and that would have meant that we would have no little cygnets (baby swans) in front of our house this summer. It was heart-breaking to see how worried the swans were, but since the third storm has come and gone without their losing the second nest, we have high hopes for a new little family in a few weeks.

You may have heard me telling on the radio about the harvest of ballpoint pens that one of the heaviest of the storms brought me. Last November while working in the lower garden, I lost a pen out of my pocket. The heavy rains washed that pen out from under a big pile of cow manure. I found it, washed it, and now the pen is writing like a new one. In January, while trying to break some ice at the edge of the river so the swans would get water to use for swallowing their food, I lost another pen out of my pocket. Would you believe it? That pen was tossed up onto a pier by the waves at least two hundred yards down the river from where I had lost it. Along with the pen, the waves had tossed big boulders and piles of driftwood onto that same



One-hundred-and-two-year-old Mrs. Bessie Freeman of Springfield, Mass., is a great Kitchen-Klatter fan and a friend of Frederick and Betty Driftmier. Mrs. Freeman is still a fine cook and an enthusiastic collector of fine china and picture plates.

pier. The pen still writes, and I shall use it to sign this letter.

Before retiring five years ago, I got up every morning at five o'clock. Since retirement, I am taking it easy and getting up at 5:30 A.M. I put on my robe and go down to the kitchen to make the coffee for breakfast. We have a great automatic coffee-maker; oh, how good that first cup of coffee tastes. Yesterday while standing by the kitchen window drinking my coffee, what I saw out in the back yard almost made me drop the cup. There, just fifty feet from the house, was a big gray coyote! I kid you not! He stayed in the yard for about five minutes, long enough for me to call upstairs to Betty so she could see it too. Now there are not many coyotes in New England, and it is a very, very rare thing for one to be in the peninsula section where we live. It must have wandered through the woods from the game conservation area about a mile from the house. I just hope that coyote never learns where Bonnie is brooding on her nest. Swans can fight off dogs, but I don't know if they could fight off a hungry coyote.

When some of my neighbors questioned whether it was a real coyote or just a gray fox, I replied: "Look here! I was born and reared in the West! I can recognize a coyote as easily as you Easterners can recognize a seagull." It's the truth.

You would think, after having worked with young people for most of our lives, Betty and I would stop worrying about them, but we never do. About one city block up the river from our house there is a Sea Scout Camp run by the Scouting program of a town in Connecticut some distance from here. The Sea Scouts come to the camp for weekend encampments about two days each month until summer is here, then they are there much oftener and for longer stays. When

those boys are sailing their boats in front of our house on stormy days, Betty and I fret and pace back and forth in front of the windows. We are afraid to take our eyes off them, thinking that any moment we might have to help rescue them.

Those poor Sea Scouts have had the worst weather for their sailing lessons. The last five times they have been down here for a weekend there has been rain, but the Scouts sail just the same. I must admit that they do take some precautions. A small motorboat circles around and around the sailboats when the young and inexperienced boys are taking their lessons, but still we worry! In five years of this, we never have witnessed a serious incident, so why do Betty and I still worry so? You tell me! I don't know. I guess it is just our nature.

In all "humility" (note that I put that in quotes) I must confess that my neighbors are begging me to tell them the secret of my good whole-wheat bread. Betty always tells the recipients of my gifts of bread: "You had better tell Frederick that it is the best bread you ever ate in your life, or he will never give you any more!" Well, in utter and complete honesty I have to admit that my bread is the "best bread in all the world, and that includes outer space."

Let me tell you the secret. To the basic whole-wheat bread recipe found on the back of the flour bag, I add 1/4 cup of dehydrated mashed potatoes, and 2 cups of regular oatmeal soaked in 1 cup of hot water. The results are excellent. The bread is so moist and stays that way for a much longer time than the bread I used to bake without these extra ingredients.

Here is another variation on the whole-wheat bread that I just happened to think up one day. To the recipe described above, I add 1 cup of hulled sunflower seeds that have had the salt washed off. The sunflower seeds give the bread a very nutty taste, and we just love to use it for toast in the morning. Betty and I almost never eat bread that is not toasted, and I suppose that is because breakfast is the only meal when we eat any bread at all. The only exception is when we have company for dinner and I want to hear Betty say: "Frederick made this bread! You had better tell him you like it!" Vanity, vanity always vanity! But isn't it fun?

Did I remember to tell you last month about the writing I am doing for the local newspaper? The daily paper carries a section called "The People's Forum," and it is meant for any letters the general public wants to have printed. A couple of months ago, I wrote a long letter about the swans on our river. The newspaper got such a big response from its readers about that swan letter that I have written several more. It really is amazing how little the public knows about the swans,

(Continued on page 22)

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

I write this to you during a space of time between two very happy events! Last month, an old friend of ours, Tom Slayer, came to visit us from British Columbia, where he is a teacher. He was a roommate of mine while I was attending the university, best man at our wedding, and most recently he became Johnny's Godfather.

Tom is a counselor at the senior high school where he teaches. I am sure he is a good counselor for he is a very good listener. It is this quality that makes him such a prized friend of ours. We all need someone to listen to us, during our ups and downs, sound thinking, and confusion. At the same time it is incumbent on all of us to become good listeners so we can really hear, and thus understand and help others around us.

My dear mother recently wrote to me about a good friend of hers who passed away this winter. Mother described the strengths of her friend in these words: "I could say anything to her and trust her discretion to never divulge my confidence and to separate the true from the jumble of what I said. Such a friendship is rare and precious." Sophie and I have often spoken of the great friendship we have with Tom, but have never found better words to tell about our friend than the ones my mother used to describe her friend Vera—a woman whom I had known and loved for years also.

The great event I'm looking forward to is a trip soon to visit my sister and her family in Omaha. I plan to keep a journal of the trip, for I will want to share this experience with you in my next letter.

I'm certainly sorry that my family won't be able to travel with me. Sophie is scheduled to teach several childbirth courses while I'm away. I will especially miss my little boy. It would be a real joy to be able to introduce him to his cousins, uncle, and all of his family in Shenandoah.

Do I sound like a proud father? It's hard not to be with a real walking, talking 16-month-old boy at home. After getting home from work, I find nothing more relaxing than to have a conversation with my little boy about "goggies" (dogs) and "cas" (cats)!

In April, I wrote to you about some of my favorite reading selections for spring. Well, while teaching a poetry unit at school, I came across two more truly great poems. It made me happy to read them again, and I would like to share the poetry with you. (I'm sure many of you know these, and I'm just re-introducing you to two old friends.)

This year my great project around the



This happy photograph was taken at John Frederick Driftmier's baptism. Thomas Slayer, on the right, is a very good friend of both David and Sophie. David writes about Tom in his letter.

house is to get some grass growing in spots where it hasn't the last few years. My goal is to have a perfect lawn, but I'll settle just to get rid of the crabgrass. At any rate, I am often outside early, pulling weeds and moving the garden hose. I stop, pause, and look at the sunrise. The following poem really does capture the freshness and delight of an early spring morning. It's just called "Song," by Robert Browning.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

In April, I sent you my own translation of Chaucer's opening lines of *Canterbury Tales*. Just today I stumbled on another famous poem from the Middle English period that was translated by the very good contemporary American poet Kenneth Koch. This is the whole translation. How this poet loves the cuckoo bird and the bird's favorite season!

CUCKOO SONG

Summer is a-coming in,
Sing loud cuckoo!
The seed grows, the meadow blooms
And the woods spring up new—
Sing cuckoo!

Ewe bleats after lamb,
Cow lows after calf,
Bullock jumps, deer darts about,
Merrily sing cuckoo!

Now the poet addresses only the cuckoo bird. For the poet, the bird's song represents all that is best in the season. "Please don't stop singing," he says:

Cuckoo, cuckoo, you sing well, cuckoo:
Don't ever stop now;
Sing cuckoo, now, sing cuckoo,
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo, now!

I hope the kind of happiness expressed in these two poems will be with us all through the summer months!

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

HEARD AT OUR CHURCH

A few years ago at our Sunday School, the teachers took turns addressing the pupils. Usually they rounded off their story with, "Now children, the moral of my story is . . ."

Came the day when one teacher did an extra fine job. The youngsters were delighted.

"We like Mrs. . . . very much," one girl explained, "because she doesn't have any morals."

A minister, trying to get his board to approve spending \$200 for a fancy chandelier, was making slow progress.

Finally, exasperated, he asked one particularly stubborn member, "Just why are you so set against this chandelier?"

"Because," responded the stubborn one, "\$200 is too blame much for a chandelier and I doubt if anyone in the whole church knows how to play one!"

—Evelyn Witter

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

It is from very slow, clumsy fingers that my letter rolls out from under the Daisy printwheel this morning. With allusions and plans on paper of what was going into my little garden plot just outside the bedroom windows, it has become necessary to put the entire project on "hold!" The fingers operating this fine word processor are suffering the outrages of cold temperatures.

Yesterday, via television reports, Don and I watched as the entire nation suffered the outrages of nature on the rampage. Our kitchen was warm as we watched the deck become layered with fresh sparkly snow. It was not like the snow falling in Denver nor similar to the snow that caused the stockmen such worries about newborn stock on their ranches but enough to make me grateful that I had delayed just long enough before planting the well-planned program which appeared on my paper outline. I placed Gretchen Fisher Harshbarger's garden book back on the bookshelf beside my bed and determined to visit the local garden center when it is once again dry underfoot. Katharine reported by phone that the weather in Washington, D.C., was unusually cold but she had not yet been treated to the earthquake which was due to come her way in a few hours.

Things are beginning to wind down, finally. The dissertation I am typing for my good friend, Maxine, has been completed with a final count of 400 pages and now we must wait for her committee to accept all of these, almost two years of work. This was completed just in time for my plans for a garden which are now laid out on graph paper.

I have a very inexperienced thumb at this gardening business and in a family where gardeners abound on both sides of the fence, I feel very unequal to the task. I really am anxious to have some flowers to edge our deck for beauty's sake and in an effort to discourage the night creatures who have been lurking under the deck all winter. Spurring me on in my pursuits to have some semblance of flowers is a large, unwieldy stone bench which my father won in an all-city garden competition in Anderson, Ind., many, many years ago. My sister, Marjorie, has upheld the family tradition by producing pretty things in her backyard every summer. So I feel compelled to take this opportunity to be as smart as the rest of the Driftmiers and Schneiders. This summer should be a good quiet time to begin to exercise some of the muscles which have been forced to stay in such a state of atrophy



Adrienne Driftmier, younger daughter of Mary Beth and Donald, will be moving back home for the summer.

for the past twelve months. And, in addition, I shall once again be allowed to expose my head and arms to the rays of the sun which was another thing I was forbidden to do last June when my chemical program commenced. I don't intend to lie out in the sun and develop a deep tan, but it will be a relief not to burn unmercifully because of the slightest exposure to sunlight.

Another pipe dream shelved temporarily with the graph paper plans for a garden, is the idea I have toyed with of learning to golf. Everyone recommends walking as the most perfect form of exercise; but since I don't have a dog to walk with and the cats flat out refuse to accept a leash, I can't get very excited by lonely walks on roads with no accommodations for foot travelers. The idea of buying the services of a neighbor who is one of the area's finest golfers has occurred to me. I want to be welcome company with Don when he finally gets to golf. This is not an entirely selfless exercise. It is partly self-defense because I don't want to spend the summer alone. Don loves to golf and due to our basketful of unexpected doctor bills, he will not be free to retire quite as soon as he had hoped. I am happy that he will be able to walk quickly after work to the golf course which is so close to our house. However, if I can learn enough about golf to hit the side of the ball with a club, I may be able to join Don rather than wait for him on the deck which doesn't do a thing to build muscles.

I just wish I had the fine physical condition that our Adrienne has! Unlike Paul, who uses every muscle in his body each day working at Peck Meats in downtown Milwaukee, Adrienne's job at the bank is pretty much desk-oriented. As a result, she has a membership in a health club where she did exercise during our long

winter months. Now that the ice is off the roads Adrienne is back to running along the lake front and is trim and fit and looks simply wonderful. Both of our girls keep themselves in excellent condition which is a far cry from the normal way girls lived when I was in my mid-twenties. A few of my friends golfed but more swam and when they were through, I played bridge with them. Adrienne is scheduled to participate in another big city "run" next weekend and has been training four times a week increasing the number of miles each time she takes off. And the runners do all of this for a printed T-shirt!

The wonderful benefit about Adrienne's being in such GREAT physical shape is that she is going to be moving out of her dear apartment by June 1. She plans to bunk in her old bed at home for the few months it takes her and a new roommate to line up a new apartment. We've made some very major changes in our room arrangements since Adrienne and Paul moved out; and, truthfully, Don does have cause to wonder where all of the "things" in addition to clothes and cosmetics will go when our daughter returns. However, I think we can put up with a little inconvenience for a short time. Adrienne's lovely apartment, like all other things in life, has suddenly hopped up into a much higher monthly bracket and living alone was one of the things she could no longer afford. I'm very happy that she will not be living alone; that seems like such a lonesome way to live. Fortunately she will only have to be driving the long haul into and out of Milwaukee during the pleasant months when the roads aren't likely to be exposed to ice and snow. Anyway, it's surely a blessing that Adrienne is in such good physical condition to face moving twice in the next four months. This is an exercise reserved for the young and fit!

My quiet life will be little disturbed by having our daughter back again. It's always wonderful fun to hear daily reports on these kids' lives instead of the reports by phone which leave much forgotten. There is also the benefit, despite the fact that the kids don't always realize it, of having someone to bounce ideas off of. For the multitudes of young people who are opting for the single life temporarily, it has to be a relief to have someone trustworthy to give them honest advice.

The primary reason my daily schedule won't be disturbed by having another person in the house is that my biggest time-consuming project will really be at a low ebb after June 1. My treasurer's job for the D.A.R. will have passed its first year mark and now I finally believe I have a handle on it. There were more reports and schedules which have had to be adhered to this past year than the IRS, I swear. The only reason I took the job in the first place was that no one else

(Continued on page 20)

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

By the time you read this letter, school will be out for another year. Right now we are in the middle of seemingly endless activities associated with this time of year, as well as preparing for an on-site evaluation by the Wyoming State Department of Education.

I am often asked what baby-sitting arrangements Art and I have for Elizabeth, and certainly this is a problem all working couples with children and working mothers must solve. Since Art does not work mornings and has each Thursday and Friday off, we actually need a sitter on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday afternoons only. We consider ourselves most fortunate to have the help of a woman who comes to our home on these afternoons. Erma Ray not only takes excellent care of Elizabeth, but her friendship, loyalty, and "extras" she does for me have made the entire school year much easier than it would have been otherwise. I can remember a particularly difficult time when Aaron was about three years old. We had seven baby sitters in nine months. Believe me, this was not fun! My heart goes out to all parents who struggle with less than satisfactory child-care arrangements.

Last fall we moved to a larger house, an older home which has required a great deal of remodeling. This is something Art and I thoroughly enjoy doing and have spent almost every spare moment painting, paneling, or doing some other kind of decorating. We even tackled wallpapering for the first time and were quite pleased with the results. Art and I papered one wall of the dining room with an outdoor scene which went on in eight sections. While doing this, we thought all the bubbles would never disappear—little air pockets kept appearing under the paper, but it dried quite nicely. The dining room is finished except for the woodwork. The living room is entirely painted, and so are the three bedrooms upstairs.

I wish you could see Elizabeth's room, because it is a room I enjoy each time I walk into it. Her room is on the southwest corner of the house with spacious corner windows. The south wall is almost all window, so I tried to choose the prettiest drapes to make the most of this feature. The carpet and walls are light beige in color; thus, as Elizabeth grows older, she can change the color of her



This picture of Kristin Brase was taken with the new camera the family recently won as a door prize.

room to practically any color at all by merely changing her bedspread and accessories. The drapes fuse from blue to pink, to purple, to yellow, to green, all in very soft shades. They look absolutely lovely with the sun shining through them. Right now, there is a blue cloth on the round table in the corner and a toy box the same shade of light blue sitting beside the table. The crib and dresser are dark wood. The single bed against the west wall is covered with a white spread with blue and pink throw pillows. Blue is the dominate color in four small pictures above the bed, as well as in the quilt on the closet door. Working on this room was a real pleasure, but the neat thing is that it can be so easily changed as our daughter grows and changes.

On the other hand, the guest bedroom is established for eternity (I think). The walls are off-white and the carpet and drapes are soft shades of grey and blue. Never before have I decorated with so much blue, but so far am satisfied with the way it looks. This room is a very comfortable size, approximately 13'x14' and located in the southeast corner of the house.

The kitchen, which is not finished, is being done in almond with touches of dark brown and light blue. A new sink and new butcher-block counter tops have been installed. The cupboard doors and woodwork remain to be done. All in good time, all in good time, I keep telling myself.

The basement of our house has a furnace room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a large family room—a very large family room. It is 37 feet long. Well, we've done nothing in the basement except to carpet and panel Aaron's room. Julian's room is still icky-looking. Julian won't sleep in it because a spider bit him on the toe, so he is a temporary resident

of the guest room upstairs. When we re-decorate Julian's room, you can be sure it will be spider-proofed at the same time.

I think you will agree that, with a kitchen, dining room, hallway and bathroom to finish on the main floor, plus a bathroom, bedroom, and family room to finish in the basement, Art and I will be busy remodeling this house for a long, long time. When school is out, Art, Andy, and Aaron will begin painting the outside of the house, and the inside work will wait for awhile. Andy will be around to help for only a couple of weeks, then for the summer he will begin touring with the Casper Troopers, a well-known drum and bugle corp. Aaron has several lawn jobs already lined up for summer so he can help only between mowing. We are hoping that Aaron will be able to go to the National History Day Contest again this year, but the outcome of the state contest is unknown as I write this letter.

Have you ever won a door prize? I hadn't, and neither had Art, until this spring when we won a door prize at the opening of a local store. How exciting! And it was a very nice door prize—a camera—the kind that focuses automatically and is very easy to use. Now I'm just hoping to win one of the umpteen sweepstakes I've entered. What I'd like to win next is a computer since I've acquired a few computer skills at school this year. Julian has also been exposed to a computer at school this year and is quite enthused about using one. It's not hard to predict that our children will become as familiar with these new machines as we are with typewriters.

Now that the weather is warmer, Art and the boys have spent several hours getting our bicycles in riding condition. We have attached a seat to the back of my bicycle so that Elizabeth will not be left out of the fun of family outings. Let me tell you that I, for one, need much more exercise than I have been getting. I looked at the scales this morning and knew immediate action must be taken!

Art and I have set out some rose-bushes and I have plans for planting sweet peas all along the chain-link fence in the back yard. We will be enjoying our large back yard this summer, especially Elizabeth. She has known for months what "outside" means and wastes no time whatsoever in getting to the door. She has always enjoyed going for rides in her stroller. Elizabeth's stroller is lightweight, easy to fold and take along in the car anywhere.

And speaking of taking things in the car, shortly after school is out you can picture me loading up one of our vehicles for a couple of weeks back on the Johnson farm in Iowa. If everything goes according to plans, toward the end of May Julian, Elizabeth, Erma and I will drive to Shenandoah. Erma intends to visit her

(Continued on page 20)

Recipes

LEANNA'S STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- Fresh strawberries, sweetened and crushed
- Butter
- Whipped cream
- Powdered sugar

Sift dry ingredients together, then cut in shortening. Add beaten egg to milk and add to dry ingredients to make a soft dough. Smooth out lightly and bake in greased cake pan in hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

Cool, cut in squares and split horizontally. Place cut sides up and butter. Spread berries between layers. Cover top with whipped cream and whole berries. Dust with powdered sugar.

VEGETABLE-MACARONI SALAD

- 1 14-oz. pkg. spiral macaroni
- 1 18-oz. pkg. frozen green peas (or fresh)
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- 3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1/3 cup dill pickle juice
- 1 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 1/2 cups diced dill pickle
- 1 1/2 cups coarsely grated carrot
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced green onion
- 2 medium fresh tomatoes, cut in wedges

Cook macaroni according to package directions. Put peas in small bowl and enough boiling water to cover; let stand 5 minutes and drain. In large bowl, blend mayonnaise, Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing, pickle juice, sugar, salt, pepper and mustard. Add cooked macaroni, peas, dill pickle, carrot and onion; mix well. Garnish with tomato wedges. Refrigerate 2 to 3 hours to blend flavors. Makes 28 half-cup servings.

—Verlene

BROCCOLI BAKE

- 1/4 cup chopped onion
 - 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 - 1 20-oz. pkg. frozen cut broccoli
 - 2 cups cooked rice
 - 1 10 1/2-oz. can mushroom soup
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 1 can mushrooms, drained
 - 1 cup diced cooked chicken
 - 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- Saute the onion and green pepper. Mix together all ingredients except for the cheese. Place in large greased casserole. Top with the cheese and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. —Donna Nenneman

VEGETABLE DIP

- 1 cup sour cream
 - 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 - 1 Tbls. sugar
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - Dash of pepper
 - 1/4 cup minced green onion
 - 1/4 cup minced cucumber, drained
 - 1/4 cup minced green pepper
 - 1/4 cup minced radishes
 - 1 clove garlic, minced
- Blend sour cream, mayonnaise, sugar, salt and pepper. Stir in minced vegetables. —Hallie

RHUBARB SALAD

- 2 cups finely cut frozen or fresh rhubarb
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 of 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 2 medium apples, chopped

Combine the rhubarb, sugar and 1/2 cup water. Place over low heat and cook until sauce is formed. Set aside to cool. Dissolve the gelatin in the 1 cup boiling water. Add the flavorings and cooled rhubarb. Stir and chill until slightly thickened. Add the remaining ingredients and chill until firm. —Dorothy

MEXICAN-FLAVORED CHICKEN

- 2 skinned chickens, cut in half
- 3 Tbls. oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 of large onion, chopped
- 1 14-oz. can enchilada sauce
- 1 14-oz. can pinto beans in Mexican sauce
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp. ground cumin
- 2 cups sour cream
- 6-oz. box dry precooked packaged chicken-flavored rice

Mix together all but the rice. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Add rice, cover and simmer 1 more hour.

—Juliana

FRUIT SALAD

- 1 can chunk pineapple, drained
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 can fruit cocktail, drained
- 4 bananas, sliced and coated with lemon juice
- 2 cups fresh strawberries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 regular-size pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix (dry)

Mix the fruits, orange flavoring and pudding mix. Blend well and refrigerate until time to serve.

Peaches or raspberries can be added or substituted. —Verlene

SWISS CHEESE & EGG CASSEROLE

- 2 cups soft bread cubes, crust removed
- 1 3/4 cups half-and-half
- 8 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
- 8 slices of bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled
- 1/2 cup fine dry bread crumbs (use the crust)

2 Tbls. butter, melted

In a small bowl combine the 2 cups soft bread cubes and the half-and-half; let soak 5 minutes.

Drain the liquid from bread cubes and add it to the eggs and beat well. Melt 2 Tbls. butter in a heavy skillet and add the egg mixture. Softly scramble the eggs over medium heat. Do not cook all the way through. When eggs are still soft but almost cooked, add the bread cubes. Stir to combine. Sprinkle salt and pepper over egg mixture. Pour into lightly greased 10-inch diameter oven-proof casserole. Top with the cheese, bacon and dry bread crumbs. Drizzle with 2 Tbls. melted butter. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes, or until heated through and cheese is melted.

—Juliana



The roses, daisies and petunias are in full bloom ready for any June day gathering. June is the month of reunions, weddings and Father's Day. Oh, how we anticipate the family gatherings, a time to reflect on the things past and what lies ahead in the future.

The type of gathering you are planning will depend on how much preparation is needed. If a barbecue is planned for a reunion or Father's Day, whether at home or in a park, go with simple foods such as hot dogs, hamburgers, or steaks. Potato salad and baked beans are a must for our family gatherings and are certainly easy to prepare. This is a time that "Dad" can share in the cooking and leave time for "Mom" to enjoy the company.

If the gathering is for a wedding, you will want something special but easy to prepare. Try a molded fruit salad, a bar or cooky, relishes and shaved ham or roast beef for sandwiches. This can be served buffet-style if a large crowd is to be served.

Flowers are in full bloom and should be no problem in preparing the centerpiece. Fresh cut flowers in a sprinkling can or white milk glass vase make a lovely centerpiece.

Regardless of the occasion, enjoy the special event with family and friends creating memories to recall the next time there is a gathering. Below are some recipes you might like to try for your June gatherings:

Cover bottom of a 3-quart freezer safe bowl with ice cubes.

Set a 1½-quart freezer safe bowl in center of large bowl on top of ice cubes. Place a weight (a can of frozen juice works well) in small bowl to keep it from floating.

Fill space between the large and small bowls halfway with ice cubes. Carefully tuck dill spigs, bay leaf or parsley between ice cubes against larger bowl.

Place in freezer. Pour cold water between bowls to about 2 inches from

bottom to freeze. Freeze. Add another inch of water and freeze. Continue adding water and freezing until ice is 1/2 inch below rim of large bowl].

Remove weight from small bowl. Fill with *warm* water (not hot). Allow approximately 1 minute, then lift small bowl].

Dip large bowl in warm water approximately 1 minute. Unmold ice bowl and use immediately.

Use the ice bowl on a tray or dish with sides. As ice melts, carefully remove water.

Fill ice bowl with relishes for serving.
—Hallie

2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1/4 cup margarine, melted
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 10-oz. pkg. large marshmallows
1 tsp. grated lemon peel
1 8-oz. carton whipped topping
2 pints fresh strawberries, sliced
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry
flavoring

In a large bowl, combine the graham cracker crumbs, melted margarine and sugar. Press into 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill.

In a saucepan, combine the milk and marshmallows. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until marshmallows are melted. Cool. Add the lemon peel, whipped topping, flavoring and strawberries to the cooled marshmallow mixture. Blend well. Pour into crumb crust and refrigerate at least 2 hours before serving.

—Verlene

1 cup catsup
1 cup Kitchen-Klatter French salad
dressing
1/2 cup vinegar
3/4 cup brown sugar
1 Tbls. dry mustard
2 Tbls. dry onion
4 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. paprika
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper

Combine all ingredients. Spoon on meat as it grills.

IF you don't have enough catsup, you can use 1 can tomato soup, or some water or tomato sauce or barbecue sauce.

IF you don't have dry onions, use 1/2 cup diced fresh onion.

IF you don't have Worcestershire sauce, use some steak sauce.

We used this on chicken and country-style ribs in a rotisserie basket.

—Hallie

- 1 9-oz. can good-quality tuna, drained
- 1 cup cooked peas, drained
- 1 cup shredded carrots
- 2 Tbs. grated fresh onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Mayonnaise to moisten (about 1/2 cup)
- 1 can chow mein noodles

Combine all ingredients except for noodles. Refrigerate. Just before serving, stir in the noodles. —Dorothy

- 1 lb. ground round beef
- 3/4 lb. bacon, cut into small pieces
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 15½-oz. can pork and beans
- 2 cups cooked kidney beans
- 2 cups cooked butter lima beans
- 1/2 cup ketchup
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. liquid smoke
- 3 Tbls. white vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt

Brown the beef in a large skillet. Drain excess fat. Place meat in slow-cooking pot. In a skillet, saute the bacon and onion until bacon is crisp. Add the bacon, onion and remaining ingredients to the pot. Mix well and cook 2 to 3 hours on low.

—Verlene

2½- to 3-lb. chuck steak, cut 1½" thick
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 Tbls. oil
½ cup red wine vinegar
⅓ cup catsup
1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. dry crumbled basil

Slash fat areas of steak. Pierce meat with fork several times. Place meat in covered bowl or a plastic marinating bag. Lightly saute garlic in the oil. Add the vinegar, catsup, Worcestershire sauce, sugar and basil to pan and stir well. Pour marinade over meat, cover or seal. Let set overnight.

When ready to cook, drain, reserving the liquid. Pat the meat dry. Grill over medium-hot coals until meat is cooked to desired doneness. Baste with a little of the reserved marinade. Prepare the following sauce.

1 4-oz. can mushrooms, sliced
1/4 cup chopped green onion
1/4 cup sliced ripe olives
2 tsp. chopped pimiento
Reserved marinade

Combine the sauce ingredients and heat to boiling. Slice cooked steak thinly against grain. Spoon sauce over meat and serve. —Juliana



CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/3 cup oil
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar

Melt chocolate and combine with sugar and oil. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in flavoring. Combine flour, salt and baking powder; beat into chocolate mixture. Stir in nuts. Chill dough. Roll teaspoonfuls of the dough in the powdered sugar. Place on greased sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 9 to 12 minutes. Cool.

—Donna Nenneman

KOREAN SHORTRIBS

(Outdoor Cooking)

- 4 lbs. well-trimmed beef shortribs (or other beef)
- 1/2 cup soy sauce
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 Tbls. sesame seeds
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1/4 cup apple cider
- 1/4 cup chopped chives or green onions
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. pepper

Have ribs cut at 2½-inch intervals. Then cube meat at ½-inch intervals to bone in one direction and only ½-inch in the other direction. Mix remaining ingredients together to make marinade. Add meat and marinate in refrigerator 4 to 5 hours. Cook over hot coals until done.

—Juliana

DOROTHEA'S VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad dressing (not mayonnaise)
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped cabbage
- 1 carrot, grated
- 1 green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 red pepper, finely chopped
- 2 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 cucumber, grated

Soften the plain gelatin in the 1/4 cup cold water. Set aside. Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the 1 cup boiling water. Add the softened plain gelatin and sugar. Stir to dissolve. Add the 1/2 cup cold water, vinegar and salad dressing. Cool. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Place in mold or dish and chill until firm. —Dorothy

FRUIT & CREAM FLAN**Crust**

- 3/4 cup margarine, softened
- 1/3 cup powdered sugar
- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour

Heat oven to 350 degrees. In large bowl, cream margarine and powdered sugar until light and fluffy. Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup and level off. Gradually add flour at low speed until well mixed and soft dough forms when mixture is pressed together. Press dough evenly into ungreased 12-inch fluted flan pan or over inverted 9-inch metal pie pan placed on a cookie sheet. (On inverted pan, press dough only to within 3/4 inch of rim.) Prick bottom and sides of crust a number of times close together with fork. Bake 20 to 27 minutes until golden brown. Cool 15 minutes and remove from pan. Cool completely.

Filling

- 12 ozs. cream cheese, softened
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 Tbls. grated orange peel
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 2 to 3 cups sliced fresh strawberries, raspberries, peaches, blueberries, or combinations of other fruits

In a small bowl, combine all filling ingredients except fresh fruit. Beat until smooth and creamy. Spread over bottom of crust. Top with fruit.

Glaze

- 3 tsp. orange juice
- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup apple jelly

In a small saucepan, combine orange juice and cornstarch. Mix well and add jelly. Cook over medium heat until clear and thickened stirring constantly. Cool slightly and spoon evenly over fruit. Chill 3 to 4 hours until set. Serves 10.

—Donna Nenneman

SUPER SUPPER

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 box beef-flavored stuffing mix
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 soup can of water
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained

Brown the beef and onion. Drain excess fat and spoon into a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan or a small roaster. Scatter the bread cubes from stuffing mix over meat. (The packet of seasoning with the stuffing mix is to be used later.)

Combine the soups, water, mushroom stems and pieces and packet of seasoning from stuffing mix in a small pan. Heat and pour over ingredients layered in baking pan. Bake for 30 minutes, uncovered, at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

SPRING RHUBARB PIE

- 3 cups fresh cut rhubarb (or 2 cups cut frozen rhubarb)
- 2 cups strawberries, cut into halves
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 6 to 8 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 9-inch pastry pie crust or graham cracker crust
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- Whipped topping
- Preheat oven to 450 degrees.

Combine rhubarb, strawberries, sugar, flour, flavoring, orange and lemon rind, and salt in a bowl and mix well. Spoon into the pie shell. Pour melted butter over filling. Lower the oven temperature to 350 degrees and bake 40 minutes. Cool and top with whipped topping.

NOTE: Can make a double-crust pie.

—Verlene

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The Browns' 50th Anniversary

by Mabel Nair Brown

Let me tell you about Dale's and my big day—Our Golden Anniversary celebrated last June.

Saturday turned out to be a perfect day in every way. The weather was beautiful, with a nice breeze; our yard and gardens were truly at their peak in beauty. The flower beds were really spectacular with yellow primroses, hybrid delphiniums, late peonies, climbing roses, clematis, lilies, daisies plus all the annuals. It was a beautiful background for our party.

Sharon, our daughter, had taken over the management of the party. Our daughter, Regina, her husband, Ken, and family left Yuma, Colo., after work on Wednesday and drove straight through, 12 hours. Regina's family arrived at 5 A.M. Thursday. Sharon came later that morning. Kristen, our granddaughter from Minnesota, also arrived Thursday morning. Our son, Carroll and his family came Friday morning.

Friday the men set up large canopies in the unshaded part of the lawn. The tables were set in place and chairs were arranged in groupings. This would allow guests to get their food and then sit with friends and relatives to visit. An umbrella lawn table and chairs were set up for visitors to register.

My organ was moved outside on Saturday and Carroll provided organ music throughout the afternoon. Our wedding clothes were on display as well as a table of family memorabilia.

Floral centerpieces on the refreshment tables carried out the yellow and white theme. In one area was a table of finger foods such as snack crackers, chips, dips and cheese balls. Relish trays filled with cauliflower, radish roses and celery were on another table with mixed fresh fruit in a large ceramic watermelon bowl which Sharon made. At another table iced tea and lemonade were served. The lemonade was in our four-gallon glass jar from which pickles used to be ladled at the general store "in the olden days," as our grandchildren say. The anniversary cake and coffee were served at a table which was decorated with a lace cloth over a yellow sheet.

Our guests seemed to enjoy being able to move about picking up food and beverages, finding someone to visit with, viewing the memorabilia table, or just moving around to look at the flowers. Naturally all the pictorial family history and scrapbooks got a thorough going over which brought much reminiscing.

Our special family gift from all our children and their families was a large (about 30"x40") heirloom hand-crafted "picture" in a barnwood frame. Regina had done the stitchery and designing. In the center is an appliqued Dresden plate quilt block with the family initial, "B," in the round center. Then in a quilted wreath-like effect around the block is the inscription "Dale Louis — Mabel Nair, 1933 — June 28 — 1983." A quilted heart is in each upper corner. The background is a soft creamy tan material and a matching embroidered ruffle goes around the inside edge of the frame. Naturally this is a treasure.

All in all it was a memorable family time together. Our granddaughters were in



Mabel Nair Brown and her husband, Dale, were photographed in their rose garden at the time of their Golden Anniversary Party in 1983.

charge of the guestbook. Over 180 guests shared the happy occasion with us. Our day will always be remembered with pictures taken by our grandson who is a professional photographer. Our neighbors had been telling me the party would be the "talk of the town" for years. Everyone liked the informality of an outdoor party and we knew this because people stayed to visit a long time.

YOUR LIFE TOGETHER

Years and years together
Of happiness and love;
Years and years of blessings
Sent from God above.

For this I am praying
As on this day you wed,
With loved ones around you,
As vows are softly said.

May there be joy and laughter,
Gentleness and mirth;
May peace be with you always,
Each day you have on earth.

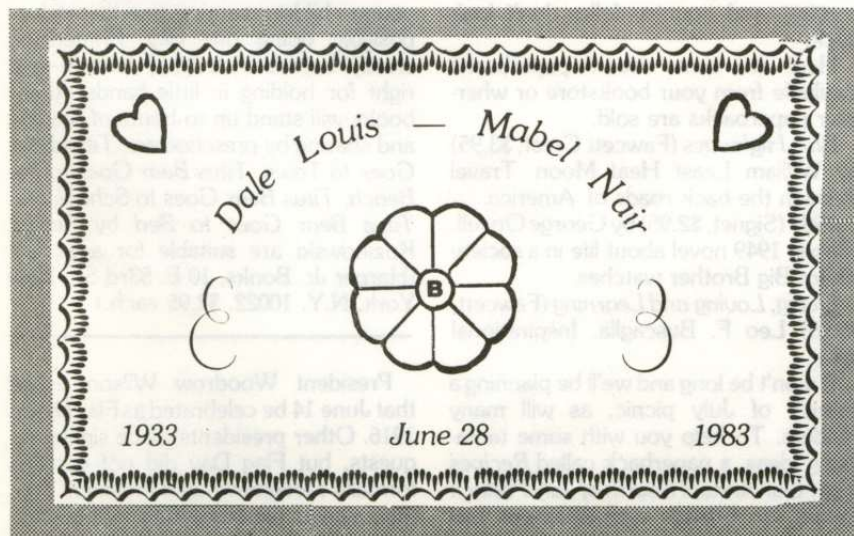
—Erma Fajen MacFarlane



COVER PICTURE

Natalie Nenneman graduated from the Millard North High School on May 27th. Natalie plans to attend college in the fall, but at this time hasn't decided exactly where. Her intentions are to major in business.

During the summer months, Natalie will continue to work at a supermarket. She is the younger daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman of Omaha, Nebr., and the granddaughter of Howard and Mae Driftmier of Shenandoah, Iowa.



Sketch of the special gift Mabel and Dale Brown received from their family.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Some people have a real talent for putting together historical information in a skillful way. Centennial books become important pieces of recognition and insight into earlier years. One such is a 100-page historical book, compiled for the observance of the centennial of Zion Lutheran Church, Humboldt, Iowa. Illustrated with some 200 pictures, the book gives a detailed history of the church, listing the names of those who have been baptized, confirmed, married, as well as burials. Pictured are chartered members, confirmation pictures, and other church-related photos. Today Zion Lutheran Church has 800 baptized members. The book was compiled by Amy, Norman and Annette Kirchhoff, and Marilyn Kuehnast.

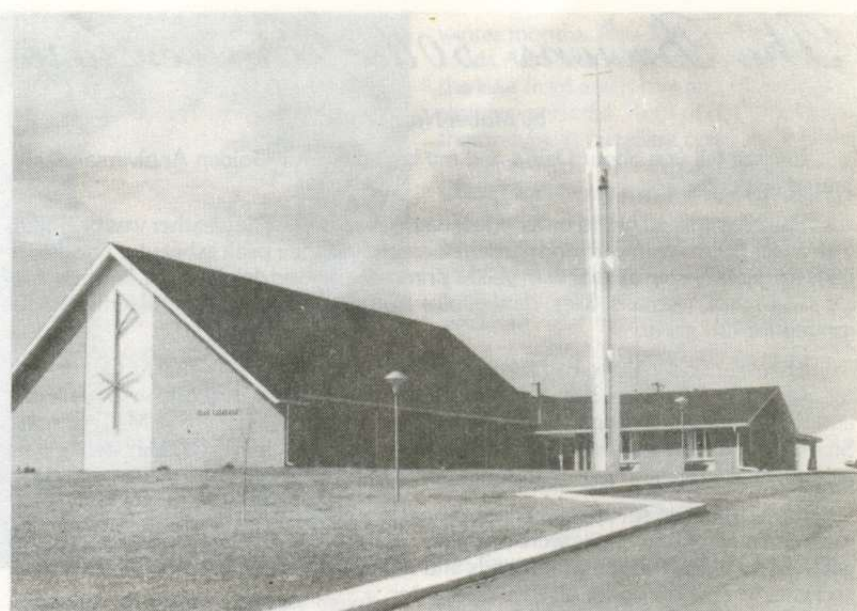
Some items of interest: First settlers were served by a traveling minister in 1871. A Tea-leaf bowl was used for the early baptisms. A "surrey with the fringe on top" was the gift to a pastor and his wife on their tenth anniversary. In 1923, the cost of papering the church and parsonage was \$127.50.

Readers of books by Gladys Taber will be delighted to know that Harper and Row, Publishers, have reissued *The Book of Stillmeadow*, originally published by Macrae Smith Company in 1948. Although Gladys Taber died in 1980, her books live on. Some 600,000 copies have been sold!

The Book of Stillmeadow (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$12.95) tells of Gladys and Jill, who bought the shabby 17th-century Connecticut farmhouse as a weekend home for their families. Eventually they lived there the year around, restoring it to their liking. The book is about them and their Stillmeadow, written as a round-the-calendar record.

Gladys Taber had such a skillful way with words. Note this from the chapter on June: "There is a special softness to these late spring evenings in Connecticut. Light lingers on the water long after the hills and fields are deep in the dusk. The air has a cool deep sweetness, and is not a single scent but a thousand mingled odors. You can smell, too, the evening water. Putting the hamper back in the car, I saw above the young maples the first star, round and clear. And into my mind came the words of the psalm: 'My cup runneth over.'"

Her philosophy is special, too. Note this: "Life is not, after all, made up of grand moments, grand gestures, glorious achievements. Life is made up of many days filled with small things. And to



The congregation of Zion Lutheran Church, (Missouri Synod) Humboldt, Iowa, will celebrate their centennial this year with special observances in June and October.

me, it seems infinitely greater to make all the people one sees feel a little happier than to paint a masterpiece or be in bright lights on Broadway. After we are all gone down the river of time, the simple kindness of those who fulfill their daily tasks graciously will overbalance any special feat. When I watch the June dusk, and see the sky glow with the color of moonstone, and hear a farm wagon creaking down the shadowy road, I know how beautiful the world is. Surely Gibrán was right, and sadness is a wall between two gardens."

The Book of Stillmeadow is a beautiful book to read as one gets into the work that means the warmer seasons, with new crops in fields and roses and peonies blooming 'round the house. And Gladys Taber reminds us we are always pursuing happiness and security, and now and then, rarely, we find them. But the seasons change and new life is always coming, and country folks don't look back.

Here are some recent paperbacks available from your bookstore or wherever paperbacks are sold.

Blue Highways (Fawcett Crest, \$3.95) by William Least Heat Moon. Travel through the back roads of America.

1984 (Signet, \$2.95) by George Orwell. Classic 1949 novel about life in a society where Big Brother watches.

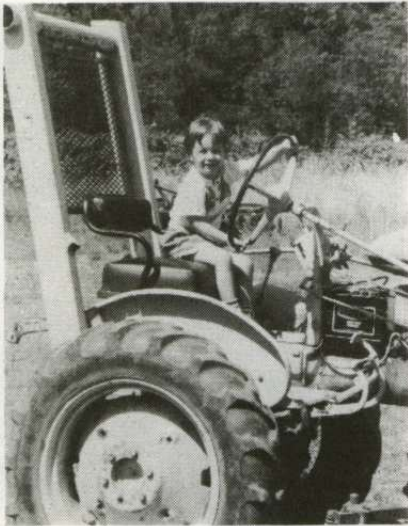
Living, Loving and Learning (Fawcett, \$5.95) Leo F. Buscaglia. Inspirational talks.

It won't be long and we'll be planning a Fourth of July picnic, as will many readers. To help you with some tantalizing ideas, a paperback called *Recipes from Our Annual Fourth of July Potluck Picnic for Friends and Relations* has been compiled by Joan Liffing-Zug. Featuring 88 summer recipes in 36 pages, the

book gives fine directions for each recipe, as well as the name of the person submitting it. Notes accompany some recipes, such as the Yankee Cucumber Salad from Jackie Heins, Cedar Rapids. She writes, "A patriot. Loves country, flag and Sousa." Joan Liffing-Zug has grown up with picnics on the Fourth, and continues with one at their Iowa City home. Since the year too many people brought baked beans, they have achieved some coordination in planning. The cover is a parody of American Gothic by Grant Wood. The painting is the best known of any American painting and has been parodied more than any painting in history. Book available from Penfield Press, 215 Brown St., Iowa City, Iowa 52240. \$2.45; 2 for \$3.90; 3 for \$5.

Board books are popular for the little ones. Four board books tell stories about Titus, a cuddly little bear. Full-color pictures show his activities which very young children can imagine themselves possibly doing one day. Printed on sturdy boards in a small format—just right for holding in little hands—these books will stand up to hours of reading and sharing by preschoolers. *Titus Bear Goes to Town*, *Titus Bear Goes to the Beach*, *Titus Bear Goes to School*, and *Titus Bear Goes to Bed* by Renate Kozikowski are suitable for ages 1-4. (Harper Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022. \$2.95 each.)

President Woodrow Wilson asked that June 14 be celebrated as Flag Day in 1916. Other presidents made similar requests, but Flag Day did not become formally recognized until President Truman signed the resolution in 1949, declaring Flag Day an official national holiday.



Three-year-old Stephen DiCicco was a very thrilled little boy when he got to sit behind the wheel of a big tractor. Stephen is the son of Rich and Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco of Arlington, Virginia.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

June is heralded as the banner month for roses. Perennials and annual flowers are bursting into bloom in beds and borders. This is a good time to hie yourself to places that sell bedding plants if for some reason you were delayed in planting your garden and flower beds. Oftentimes end-of-the season sales are on, and you can pick up many varieties at marked-to-sell prices.

Pinch the tips out of any overgrown annuals to encourage base-branching. It is too late to plant bare root dormant trees and shrubs, even if some were available, but you can plant container-grown ones as there is little or no transplanting shock.

This is a good time to search out potted roses to fill in where some did not come back from previous seasons. Mid-June is the best and safest time to plant such roses and as they usually have flower buds and some advanced blooms, they will make an immediate display.

D.U. writes that the miniature roses she planted in early April are losing all their foliage. "The plants leafed out so well and showed so much promise and then I discovered the leaves were turning grayish, then brown and dropping off leaving the plants looking like naked twigs. I can't find any insects on them. Do they have a disease?"

Various species of mites feed on leaves of roses and are commonly lumped under "spider mites." They are tiny, very active creatures that rasp the leaves and pierce the foliage to suck juices. At first the foliage appears to be mottled. Then it grays, browns and dies if the infestation is not

stopped. On evergreens the foliage turns brown and dies. A generation cycle can be completed in ten days in warm weather, thus in thirty days a plant could nourish three generations of mites, with the mite population multiplying each time. Therefore it is important to start control measures early in the growing season. Use a magnifying glass to inspect the underside of leaves or hold a sheet of white paper under a branch and shake the foliage over it. The mites will fall on the paper and you can see them moving about. A fine webbing on the foliage indicates mites are present.

A practical way is to dislodge the pests with a strong stream of water from the hose but a more dependable way is to use a pesticide intended for mites. There are several good ones on the market under various brand names. Look through the garden aid section of nursery catalogs if your local stores cannot supply you with one. Use it according to directions and keep out of the reach of children and pets. We dust all our roses every seven to ten days using an all-purpose rose dust that controls both mites and diseases. If you use a sprayer, there are several liquid deterrents available.

The Little Chapel of the Flowers and surrounding gardens are open to the public. If you are in the vicinity of Eagle Bend, Minn., do stop in to see them. Inquire in town as we are located three miles off U.S. 71. The welcome mat is always down for *Kitchen-Klatter* readers.

— JUST COMMON SENSE —

- Mind your own business.
- Don't bite off more than you can chew.
- Tackle one thing at a time.
- Don't be afraid of failure.
- Don't undervalue what you have.
- Keep your sense of humor.
- Forget yesterday. It's gone.
- Be proud to be you. You are unique.

BIRTH OF SLACKS

by
Evelyn Witter

If Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer wished to be remembered, it was for her fight for the women's vote or her talks against liquor. But Mrs. Bloomer is not especially remembered for either of these worthwhile causes. She is remembered because she wore pants!

It all started in 1849 when Mrs. Bloomer decided that the "sweeping" women's fashions of the day were unhealthy. She claimed that disease would be cut down by wearing clothes that could not collect dirt, mud, pieces of paper, and even small dead animals as the women's trailing dresses certainly did in those days.

In those days it was in poor taste to even admit that women had legs. For a woman to display her legs on the street was shocking. But Mrs. Bloomer wanted to prove her point. So she went out in the street wearing a costume consisting of a short jacket, a short skirt and underneath the skirt, a pair of Turkish trousers which are gathered at the ankle with elastic. Certainly this costume allowed for more freedom than the whalebone corsets and sweeping skirts of 1849. But the public was shocked. People everywhere talked about Mrs. Bloomer—her immodesty and her nerve.

The "healthy" costume she wore came to be known as the "Bloomer costume." With much repetition, this term was gradually changed to simply "bloomers."

Years after Mrs. Bloomer had made a spectacle of herself, bloomers began to be worn for women's sports. They were the kind that came below the knee and worn with thick stockings. These were the forerunners of our present-day women's sport clothes—slacks, shorts, pedal pushers, etc.

Today the word "bloomer" is an established word in our language, thanks to the woman who wanted comfort and sanitary clothing for all women.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CORNER

by

Pauline Schofield

Bible School is over for another year. It is time for an accounting of how successful or unsuccessful we were in our efforts to reach and teach our young folks. In our Bible School, which is held in June, we were very fortunate because there was better attendance than usual, dedicated teachers and helpers and a super-intendent who seemed to be everywhere at once. She did a super job of organizing the week's activities as well as planning a very good program.

Why do we have a successful Bible School some years and sometimes not? It's hard to say, because so many things are involved. I think our pastor's active participation did a lot to make it interesting and exciting. It isn't any one person, but the group as a whole cooperating, helping and encouraging one another that makes for success.

What a contrast in the novel way our children learned their Bible verse as compared to the method used by a Bible School my granddaughter attended. She came home in tears the very first day because she had been ordered to memorize a long, hard, memory verse, which the small child was too young to understand. This is just one of the things Bible school teachers need to watch for to avoid discouraging the children.

At song service each morning, before we went to the classes, the pastor dressed up like Methuselah in a long black robe, sandals, a long white beard and a little cap. He entertained the children with stories about himself and taught them the Bible verse, John 3:16, by holding up brilliant helium-filled balloons with two or three words of the verse printed on each one. By the end of the week even the pre-school children had the verse memorized and all recited

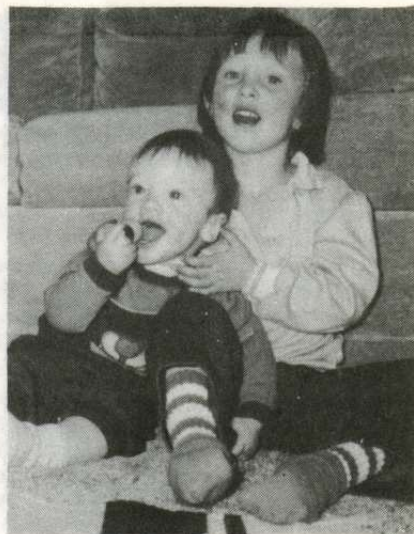
it with great enthusiasm at the closing program.

On the last day of Bible School, the entire group of students, teachers and helpers, led by Methuselah (pastor in costume) marched to a nearby hilltop and released helium balloons with the students' names and addresses attached. It was a beautiful sight to see them drifting away in the brilliant blue sky. Of course, when it was time to let go of their balloons, the children were momentarily saddened, but each received a big beautiful balloon to take home at the end of the program. Extra balloons were also given to visiting children who attended the program so no one was left out.

One of the brightest spots in our day at Bible School was "snack-time." We had some hot, humid weather to contend with, but the cool drinks and tasty snacks which were brought and served by volunteer mothers helped immensely to make everyone more comfortable. I was glad to see that our snacks this year tended to lean away from sweets, and consisted more of crackers and cheese, fruit slices, celery sticks, etc., with an ice cream cone on the final day.

When should you begin to plan for next year's Bible School? Right now! Get teachers and helpers together for a follow-up meeting, and find out what worked well, what needs to be changed, who might like to come back and teach again, and who will not. Keep your ears open for comments from the students and parents.

A successful Bible School is a blend of music, lessons, crafts and projects, fellowship and fun. Once you get hooked on it you will be back year after year, first as a student, then as a helper, then as a teacher, and later on you may even feel brave enough to be superintendent!



These two happy youngsters are Lee and Lily Walstad, children of Alison and Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

without some crackpot spoiling it? All in all, I couldn't help but admire Jennifer's spirit and courage, and the gallant heart of Walter, whose tiny feet had plodded so many hundreds of miles. I sincerely hope some evening this summer on the nightly news to hear some commentator tell the story of their trip across this nation. I would like to watch as Mrs. Roy delivers her scrolls' message to the President, for it is a message which has touched the hearts of many people encountered along the roadsides of the heartlands of America.

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad

BABY'S SHOES

Once they were as white as snow,
Now they're wrinkled at the toe;
Now they are a smudgy hue,
Could it be they once were new?

Once the laces were sedate,
Now they form a wobbly plait,
Once the eyelets opened wide,
Now they're cracked and squinty-eyed.

Once the tops stood straight and bold,
Now they're drooped and slightly rolled,
Now the soles are soft and bent,
And their sturdiness is spent.

Once their cheeks were soft and fair,
Now they are a grimy pair.

These are simple little clues
To a pair of baby shoes.

—Gertrude Perlis Kagan

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BRIDAL SHOWER ENTERTAINMENT

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Bride's Bingo: For each player mark off squares on a sheet of typing paper. You will need as many squares across as letters in the bride's given name plus one more square. Four squares are needed going down. For example; if bride's name is Janet, you will have 6 squares across and 4 down, or 24 squares. Across the top, leave the first square blank, then fill in letters of the bride's name in the other top squares. In the three squares below the blank, put these three categories: romantic songs (title must begin with letter at top), romantic terms (first word in term begins with letter at top), romantic honeymoon spots. To play the game the player must fill in a square opposite each category at left, beginning with the letter at the top of that column of squares. There are different ways of scoring. You may allow 1 point for every square correctly filled in and 5 points extra may be allowed if only one player's card has that particular name or term. If only two have the same answer, allow them 4 points, if three have it, 3 points, etc.

Gift Bow Topiary Tree: Have ready a tiered topiary tree made using three sizes of foam balls fastened on a dowel anchored in a foam base. As the bride-to-be unwraps her gifts, have a helper ready to pin the bows on the foam balls to cover them and make a pretty topiary tree. Use some of the ribbons from the wrappings to wind around the dowel. Loops of ribbon may be pinned among the bows to fill in where needed. The bride might like to use this in the center of her gift display table later.

Long, Long Ago: Give each player pencil and paper. The guests are to make a list of as many things they can think of that were unknown, or not in use, when Great-Grandmother was a bride. Allow ten or fifteen minutes for this game.

Fun at Gift-opening Time: Get some chuckles for the party by adding some joke gifts among the shower gifts. Outmoded gadgets from the attic, a beat-up saucepan, anything for laughs, should be beautifully wrapped and then the enclosure card should also be a part of the fun. The card might be signed by the President of the United States and his wife, or an old pan might be a gift from a famous stainless steel manufacturer, or the card may carry the name of some television celebrity.



THE MIRACLE OF MINK OIL

By Michelle Le Claire

I was shocked when I discovered in my mirror those dreaded signs of dryness—that were certain to deepen, if neglected—dryness that takes away from your beauty and make you look older than you are. It seems that the awful changes in climate, temperature, humidity—even soaps and detergents are the causes of this condition.

I had always pampered my skin. Special creams, lotions, costly astringent rinses—I used them faithfully.

So I tried different brands, even more expensive, but nothing helped. I was ready to give up. I thought I'd have to accept the fact.

Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't owned and managed a mink farm where we lived.

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband about 25 years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were!

I thought about them all that day. I believed there must be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend, and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

After I'd used the mink oil three weeks, I could see a change in my complexion. It was fresher, clearer, smoother looking. Two months later there was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it.

My friends and relatives were astonished at the change in my appearance. When I told them what I'd been using, of course they wanted to try it. Without exception they had wonderful results.

They urged me to make my product available to all women. They said I'd be doing a real service since these problems can be terribly disturbing.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Mink Oil Essential Creme. It contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for.

And, mind you, there's nothing complicated about the application. (Who has time for elaborate beauty rituals? I'll bet you don't.) Just apply Mink Oil Essential Creme at bedtime and leave it on while you sleep. That's when it works its wonders, helping to penetrate below the surface of your skin replacing lost natural oils, restoring moisture balance, leaving a beautifully lovely skin you never dreamed possible.

I'm so confident my Mink Oil cream can do marvelous things for your skin, I offer it to you with an unconditional guarantee. Just try it. See for yourself, in your own mirror, how it helps ease away those unwanted signs that alarm every woman. Many women wrote of gratifying results after only two weeks. Some take longer. But I want you to understand this. If, for any reason, you are not pleased with Mink Oil Essential Creme, just send me your name and I'll mail you a full refund, with no questions asked.

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The spacious backyard of the new home the Brase family recently purchased in Torrington, Wyo.

KRISTIN'S LETTER — Concluded
sister in Maryville, Mo., while we spend some time with my parents and other relatives. I feel much relieved to have another adult traveling with me, as Art cannot get away from his work at this time.

I warned Mother that in her house she

and I are going to have our hands full watching Elizabeth. It is truly amazing how quickly she gets into everything and anything. Elizabeth is so utterly intent on exploring and discovering her environment. Of course, I wouldn't want her not to be interested in things, but it keeps me hopping to keep Elizabeth interested in items safe to play with. Julian, bless his heart, is a tremendous help in amusing Elizabeth and keeping her occupied.

Mother has been telling you about the little dresses she has made for Elizabeth, but I wish you could see them. They are darling! There is no way to describe the dresses to do them justice, so we'll try to get some good pictures.

I wish you a restful and wonderful summer. If you are traveling, please take care and have a safe journey.

Sincerely,

Kristin

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MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded
wanted it under any circumstances. I should have recognized immediately when one person after another out of 180 members declined that I should decline too. Truthfully this treasurer's job has been a learning experience for me and the inclusion in the monthly board meetings has been a real pleasure. The women are so nice and have been so understanding of my limitations this past year, that once again I find myself the winner for the experience.

Until next month, let us all pray for warmer weather and a normal season,

Mary Beth

A BOOK QUIZ

Can you name the book?

1. What book keeps a balance?
2. What book honors graduating seniors?
3. Webster wrote this one.
4. Found in the kitchen.
5. What book shows the legal description of land?
6. What book contains information by subject?
7. What book comes with appliances?
8. This book is usually pink or blue.
9. What book comprises the Old and the New?
10. Snapshots are kept in this book.
11. What book contains newspaper clippings?
12. The contents of this book change a lot.
13. What book is a keepsake?
14. What book likes visitors?
15. What book can be eaten?
16. What book shows the latest styles and sizes?
17. This book contains a collection of maps.
18. What book do we associate with Andrew Carnegie?
19. What book has directions for worship?
20. What book has a section of yellow pages?
21. What book helps to improve your diet control?
22. What book has verses and signatures?
23. What book contains astronomical and meteorological data?
24. School teachers use this book.

ANSWERS: 1. checkbook, 2. year-book, 3. dictionary, 4. cookbook, 5. plat book, 6. encyclopedia, 7. instruction book, 8. baby book, 9. Bible, 10. photo album, 11. scrapbook, 12. address book, 13. wedding book, 14. guest book, 15. date book, 16. pattern book, 17. atlas, 18. library book, 19. prayer book, 20. telephone book, 21. calorie book, 22. autograph book, 23. almanac, 24. grade book.

—Norma Tisher

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
in spite of the fact that here on our Pawcatuck River we have one of the largest flocks of mute swans in all of America.

I have learned never to underestimate the strength of a woman. On the same volunteer shift with me at the local hospital, there is an elderly lady who is badly crippled with arthritis and walks with a cane. In appearance she is very thin and very frail, and every time I see her walking slowly and painfully down the corridor, I feel so sorry for her. Yesterday, my feelings about that lady took a drastic change for the better. We had occasion to visit together for a few minutes, and I said to her: "I have missed you recently. Have you been ill?"

The lady replied: "Oh no! I have just returned from a sailing trip in the Virgin Islands."

This in itself amazed me, and I continued: "Oh you mean you have been taking a cruise?"

My mouth dropped open with surprise when she replied: "No. I rented a fifty-seven foot long sailboat and took five friends as my guests for ten days of sailing around the Virgin Islands. I just love to sail, and my husband and I used to sail all up and down the east coast of this country. Since his death, I have had to carry on alone." What a lady! What a sailor!

Sincerely,

Frederick

A graduation diploma is only a certificate of completion—not a license to work.



Exterior view of San Jose de Laguna Church visited by Juliana Lowey.

KATHARINE LOWEY — Concluded
ation which was the Arlington National Cemetery.

After Arlington we went to a pizza place for a tour of their kitchen and an "all-you-can-eat" dinner. We got back on the buses and took a night tour around the lighted monuments. It was 10:30 when we finally got into our hotel rooms. This was only the first night and we were all tired, but that didn't help us much when we wanted to get to sleep. Almost every night my roommates and I managed to stay up late and then wake up around six in the morning.

The second day we went to Ford's Theater. We also saw a statue called "The Awakening." We went to the place I thought was the most interesting. That was the FBI Building. Another bus ride was to Mount Vernon and then to

Williamsburg, Virginia.

The third day we went to Colonial Williamsburg where it rained. From there we visited Jamestown then back on the bus and back to Washington. The hotel we stayed in that night had an indoor swimming pool which we all enjoyed.

The fourth day we saw the Vietnam Memorial and then were dropped off at the Smithsonian. I really liked the Museum of American History. We saw the Natural History Museum and the Air and Space Museum where we saw a movie about flight called "To Fly." Then we boarded the Metrorail which is a subway and went to Crystal City where we ate dinner. The restaurant had food from all parts of the world.

The last day we went to the National Geographic Building, Embassy Row, the National Cathedral, the National Zoological Park and the Capitol. By then we had to rush to get ANOTHER bus to go to Baltimore to get on the plane back to Albuquerque.

When we got on the bus, you could see the weariness on the faces of both the kids and the chaperones. Even though we were tired, we wished that we could stay longer.

That week was the busiest week I have ever had. Even though we saw everything we could, I would like to go back and see it again. There is nothing as special as our nation's Capitol.

Yours truly,
Katharine Lowey

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DAILY PRAYER

Whatever Thou would have me do,
Dear Father, lead the way.
Help me to be more Christ-like
In my thinking every day.
Guide and direct my footsteps
Toward the pathway I adore—
Instill within my consciousness
Thy Truth forevermore.

—Verna R. Sparks

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and fine
material.

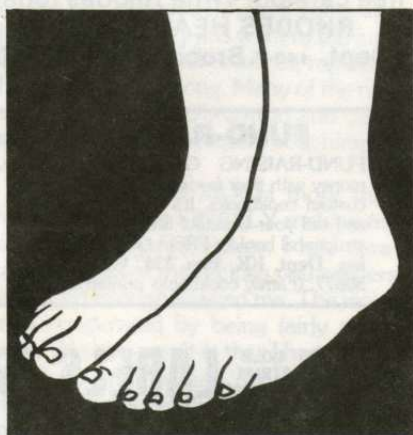
End the Pain and Misery of Tired Aching Feet

No matter how long you've suffered—be it three months, or 30 years. No matter what your problems are—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve endings, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches, or just plain sore aching feet.

Just slip a pair of Feathersprings® into your shoes and your pain will vanish almost instantly. You'll be able to stand, walk, dance, even run in miraculous total comfort!

What are Feathersprings?

Well, they're a revolutionary foot support unlike anything you've ever seen before. Each pair is custom hand-formed and made for your feet alone.



How do Feathersprings work?

Unlike conventional, mass-produced devices, they actually imitate the youthful, elastic support Nature intends your feet to have.

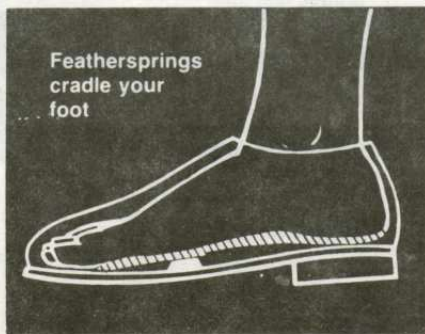
What do Feathersprings look like?

They're all but invisible. Men and women can even wear them with open-backed sandals. And because you can change them from one pair of shoes to another, one pair is all you'll ever need.



How many people have Feathersprings actually helped?

Since 1948, over 3,000,000 people of all ages with all types of foot, leg and back problems, are enjoying blessed relief they never thought possible.



How do I know Feathersprings will help me?

We are so certain that Featherspring Foot Supports will bring you relief with every step you take, that if they don't work for you... **we'll refund your money in full with no questions asked.**

Don't needlessly suffer pain and discomfort for another day. If your feet are killing you, Feathersprings will bring you relief. Write us for more detailed information. There is no obligation. No salesman will call. Just fill out and mail this coupon.

Remember, you have nothing to lose but your pain.

What people have to say in unsolicited testimonials about Feathersprings...

"... I have thoroughly enjoyed the comfort Feathersprings have provided me. You would not believe the difference they have made my feet feel—before I had such pain when walking because I have severe callus' on both of my feet."

M.W.R., Richmond, VA



"Received my wife's Feathersprings two days ago. They are super... neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is better... As a retired physician, this result is amazing."

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

"I want to thank you for refunding to me the full amount of what I ordered. I admire your company for this with no strings or red tape."

G.K.M./Warwick, Rhode Island

*Actual photo of a customer who sent us this letter.

1984 Featherspring International Corp.
712 N. 34th Street Seattle, Washington 98103



FEATHERSPRING INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
712 N. 34th Street, Dept. KK064
Seattle, Washington 98103

YES! I want to learn more about Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports. Please send me your free brochure. I will watch for the **LARGE PINK ENVELOPE**. I understand that there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

When in Seattle visit the Featherspring Foot Support Clinic.