

TX1
K57x
C.2

1243

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 48

JULY, 1984

NUMBER 7

85

JAN
MAR
MAY
JUL
SEP
NOV
DEC
64505



Kitchen-Klatter

(USPS 296-300) (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$6.00

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1984 by The Driftmier Company.



Pictured are Keith Crouse, James Lowey, Kenneth Crouse, and Katharine Lowey, as they enjoyed a fishing trip last summer. It is hard to believe that James is old enough to be going to drivers school this summer.

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

First I want to thank everyone who sent in suggestions about how to cope with teenage drivers. There were a lot of helpful hints. I particularly liked the one from the lady who quoted Shakespeare: "Farewell the tranquil mind!" Her addition to the quotation was "Farewell the tranquil minds of parents of teenage drivers!" I sincerely doubt that parents of teenagers—drivers or not—have tranquil minds. Each generation seems to have a different set of worries and problems for parents. This crop of young people is no exception.

So far our fledgling driver, sixteen-year-old James, has been remarkably dependable. He has always come home at the preset time. I appreciate his willingness to run errands for me. He has even been known to volunteer to take his little sister, Katharine, to her guitar lesson; furthermore, he is a very good driver. The driving school he attended stressed driving defensively. I can see that this non-aggressive type of driving will help to keep our son and our vehicles in one piece!

This lesson was brought home to me in a dramatic way two weeks ago. I was riding with a friend in her car when we were involved in an accident. We were attempting to pull back onto the road from the shoulder. My friend looked—but just plain didn't see the station wagon coming down the road. Wham!! Our car was clobbered broadside. The station wagon suffered a broken turn signal light. My friend's car, a compact, was REALLY mashed. No one was hurt, thank goodness! What amazed me was that the person driving the station wagon never put on her brakes. She kept screaming, "Didn't you hear me toot my horn?"

I thought to myself, "Why in the world did she continue to zoom on down the road when it was obvious that we didn't see her? Why didn't she at least try to stop? She may have had the right-of-way

but could have avoided the accident if she had been driving defensively.

My father Russell was an excellent driver. He had a simple philosophy about driving which he passed on to me when I got my license. I was complaining to him about someone who had gone through a red light or done something unexpected that had almost caused an accident. My father looked me straight in the eye and said, "ALWAYS assume that EVERYONE else on the road is drunk or crazy or both and drive accordingly." I've never forgotten this advice nor been at the wheel of a vehicle that was involved in an accident. I'll knock on my wooden desk top for luck! I do seem to be tempting fate with a statement like that.

As mentioned before, my washer and dryer are located in an alcove directly opposite my desk and typewriter where I am writing this letter to you. I don't think I have ever written a letter when one of those machines wasn't thumping and grumbling in the background. Today is no exception. The load of laundry washing now is a real challenge to my Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach and Blue Drops. Both of our children couldn't resist sampling the mulberries that are covering the little container-grown tree on the patio. They weren't familiar with what mulberries could do to clothing in the line of stains.

As an Iowa-reared child, I knew all about mulberry stains at a very young age. The alley from my parents' home to my grandmother Driftmier's home was lined with gorgeous hollyhocks AND mulberry bushes and trees. How my mother Lucile used to dread mulberry season! I always managed to ruin at least one shirt or pair of shorts before the last berry hit the ground. Oh! how I loved those mulberries! I don't seem to recall if anyone ever actually DID anything with the mulberries other than eat them. Can

they be cooked, turned into pies, canned??? To me a mulberry cobbler sounds wonderful! Has anyone ever made one? I feel fortunate that my little tree has fruit. Mulberry trees are very popular in Albuquerque, but they are sold as the fruitless variety.

Actually this looks like it is going to be a very "fruity" year at the Lowey's home in New Mexico. Our huge, old apricot tree is covered with fruit. This poor old tree is riddled with borers so the fruit this year may be the tree's last effort to reproduce itself. My bing cherry tree put out enough fruit to provide nibbling for several evenings. The big news in the fruit department is that for the first time ever, we are going to have grapes!

As mentioned before, we live in a rural area north of the city of Albuquerque proper. Our area is called the Vineyard Addition and at one time many grape growers lived in the area. When we moved here almost thirteen years ago, I figured that growing grapes would be a snap. I was SO wrong. I planted vine after vine. They all died almost immediately. One vine was planted next to my front wall right in a flower bed. It has survived but nary a grape was ever produced on this vine. I read books, read catalogs, watched garden shows on television, contacted the County Extension Office—all in an effort to make that vine produce.

Depending upon which advice I was following, I fertilized with nitrogen, then with phosphorus. I pruned it all the way back. I pruned it lightly. I watered heavily. I watered sparingly. I was about at my wit's end when a non-gardening friend stopped by for coffee. It had never occurred to me to ask her advice. I must have grumbled about my lack of grapes that morning, because my friend volunteered the information that her uncle had

(Continued on page 18)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The past month has been a very busy and happy one for us. In the first place, our ground finally dried up so that our renter could get the corn planted, and we are hoping it will stay dry enough to get the beans planted.

Early in the month I made a trip to Coffeyville, Kans., with Hallie Blackman and Verlene Looker, to attend the 39th annual Rural Homemakers' Day and Picnic. I drove to Shenandoah in the morning. We packed the car and were ready to leave a little before noon, stopping in Auburn, Nebr., for lunch. The weather was nice and all of us enjoyed the leisurely drive through Kansas. Somehow we got off the highway going through Topeka, but then everyone does, however, we were soon back on the right track. The three of us had one more coffee break in the afternoon, but I can't remember the name of the town.

Hallie, Verlene and I were curious about all the little piles of rocks neatly stacked in the fields as we got farther South and were told these were around the fence posts to protect them. On our way home we noticed that, sure enough, there was a fence post in the middle of each pile, something we missed on the way down.

Rooms had been reserved for us at the Fountain Plaza Inn, and we were happily surprised to find a large basket of fruit, a gift from Elmore's IGA and Norwest Financial, and a lovely plant, a gift from First Federal Savings and Loan Association and Rural Homemakers, in our room.

Rural Homemakers' Day is sponsored by the Coffeyville Chamber of Commerce and includes Labette, Montgomery and Chautauqua in southeast Kansas, and Craig, Nowata and Washington in northeast Oklahoma. The event is held in the City Recreation Activities Center. We went to the Center early to greet our many friends who listen to the daily Kitchen-Klatter visit from Station KGGF.

The program started at 10:00. After a welcoming talk and some announcements, Hallie and Verlene gave two demonstrations and I gave a short talk. Then the daily Kitchen-Klatter program on KGGF was aired from the stage live.

The three of us had been told not to eat much breakfast because we would be tasting a lot of food at the picnic in the park across the street from the Center. The women attending had brought covered dishes, and a contest was held on who was the best cook. There were several different categories, and no one knew who the judges were. Although we

weren't judges, we did sample lots of good food. I'm certainly glad I wasn't a judge because I would never have been able to pick the "best" of anything. It was all delicious, and I don't know when I have eaten so much.

When the program was resumed, there was group singing, and also three contests: the best cat caller, hog caller, and cattle caller. This was a lot of fun. There were also many drawings for door prizes. I told the girls I had never before seen so many lovely gifts given away. Every business in Coffeyville must have donated a door prize, and such nice ones.

After the program was over, we had time to stop at the radio station to meet the personnel and visit with the manager, Bob Pratt. Bob and his wife, Jean, picked us up at 6:30 and we went to the Country Club where a dinner party was arranged for a few friends. Besides the good food, we also had an interesting evening visiting.

We spent the next day in two grocery stores, Nuway Foodliner, in Coffeyville, and Food Tree, in Independence, greeting our many friends in that area. We are very grateful to Nancy DeBruler who drove Verlene and me from the store in Coffeyville to the store in Independence.

We are always sorry there isn't time to see much of the towns during these trips, so were particularly grateful to Jean Pratt, who came and picked us up at the close of our day and took us to visit the Brown Mansion, and also to the wonderful guide who stayed beyond closing hours to show us through the Mansion. The beautiful home of W.P. Brown and his family was built in the early 1900's and remained in family hands until April, 1973, when it was purchased by the Coffeyville Historical Society from Violet Brown Kohler, daughter and only living heir. This home was sold with the stipulation it be used only for public viewing. Mrs. Kohler lived in the home with a companion until that time. The original furniture is in the Mansion, and our guide had such a wonderful way of telling about



Al Cline of Radio Station KGGF in Coffeyville, Kans., was on hand to help with the Kitchen-Klatter radio program.

the family and the home.

In the evening we drove to Independence to attend a concert by the Masters Five Gospel Quartet, and had a short visit with James Blackwood. The Blackwood family formerly lived in Shenandoah in the house where Marge and Oliver Strom now live and were neighbors to my parents.

The next day we spent greeting our friends in the Greaves Nuway store in Independence. We left at 4:00 P.M. for the drive back to Shenandoah, and I drove home the next day.

We had such a wonderful visit with Kristin, Julian and Elizabeth this month. They arrived in Shenandoah about 7:30 one evening, having driven from Torrington, Wyo., in one day. Kristin brought her friend, Erma Ray, and they took turns driving. Erma spent many afternoons at Kristin's during the school year and took care of Elizabeth, so Erma was also able to help care for the baby on the trip. Erma has a sister living in Maryville, Mo., and while Kristin was visiting us, Erma was visiting her sister.

(Continued on page 22)



Just some of our faithful Kitchen-Klatter friends in Coffeyville, Kans., and surrounding areas appear in this picture taken at the Rural Homemakers' Day.



"THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE"

by
Mabel Nair Brown

I wonder how many of you heard Red Skelton's program a few years ago when he told of a teacher of his who had recited this version of "The Pledge of Allegiance," in trying to impress upon the minds of the pupils just what all it meant:

"I — me, an individual, a committee of one.

Pledge — dedicate all of my worldly good to give without pity.

Allegiance — my love and my devotion.

To the flag — our standard, 'Old Glory,' a symbol of freedom. Wherever she waves there is respect because your loyalty has given her a dignity that shouts that freedom is everybody's job.

Of the United — that means we have all come together.

States of America — individual communities that have united into forty-eight great states. Forty-eight individual communities with pride and dignity of purpose, all divided with imaginary boundaries, yet united in a common purpose, and that's love of country.

And to the Republic — republic, a state in which sovereign power is invested in representatives chosen by the people to govern. And government is the people and its from the people to the leaders, not from the leaders to the people.

For which it stands . . .

One nation — meaning, so blessed by God.

Indivisible — incapable of being divided.

With liberty — which is freedom and the right and power to live one's own life without threats, or fear of some sort of retaliation.

And justice — the principle or quality of dealing fairly with others.

For all — which means, boys and girls, it's as much your country as it is mine."

Skelton went on to say that two states had been added since his boyhood and the words "Under God" added to the Pledge.

"The Pledge of Allegiance" has always held greater meaning for me since that time, for me and thousands of others who heard Red Skelton that night.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

(A Responsive Reading)

by
Annette Lingebach

A player, dressed in a red, white, and blue suit and hat, stands alone in the middle of the stage.

Player says: I am the Fourth of July.

Audience: I am the Fourth of July.

Player: Today there are parades in my honor, marching bands, and speeches and dinners.

Audience: I am the Fourth of July.

Player: I am the cemeteries of brave men who fought for freedom from Flanders Field in France to Arlington Cemetery in America.

Audience: I am the Fourth of July.

Player: I am the right to speak your mind, to work in peace, and to have happy homes, families, and dreams.

Audience: I am the Fourth of July.

Player: I am the Spirit of our second president, John Adams, who died on July 4, 1826. I am also the Spirit of our third president, Thomas Jefferson, who also died on July 4, 1826. They were the only presidents, to sign the Declaration of Independence.

Audience: I am the Fourth of July.

Player: I am picnics, hikes in the woods, watching the birds, and taking trips.

Audience: I am the Fourth of July.

Player: I am the day you don't have to work, unless you perform essential services, as a hospital nurse, a doctor, a firefighter, or a policeman. But most of all, I am the birthday of America, your country, your joy, your dreams, your pride, and your hopes.

Audience: I am the Fourth of July.

Player: To you I am the satisfaction and fulfillment of freedom, independence, growing, learning, and being. So light the many candles on my birthday cake, and wish me a Happy Birthday.

Audience: We wish you a Happy Birthday, America, on this Fourth of July, and many more of them, for you are everything to us. O, God bless you, America, for all you stand, for now and always. Amen.

End by singing, "God Bless America," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," or some other patriotic song.

★★★★★★

A WORD IN SEASON

by Karen R. Heffner

I was reading in the Old Testament Book of Proverbs recently when a familiar verse caught my eye and made me pause. I have found the Proverbs have a way of sparking a new thought on an old subject, and that's just what happened!

"A word in season, how good it is," (Proverbs 15:23) made me think of the thousands of words that I speak every day as I interact with family, friends, co-workers, casual acquaintances, and even strangers. Those conversations may be serious or superficial, happy or sad, depending upon my own or another's "season."

We all have our unpleasant seasons—bleak winters of discouragement, perplexity, fear or pain—when a word of comfort or encouragement is oh, so very good! Such words fall on our ears like refreshing rain and send us on our way with new hope. I remember an occasion when I was burdened with bitterness and self-pity and I poured out my dismal story to a dear friend. She listened, and then, with what I know must have taken courage, she confronted me with my wrong attitude, and pointed out that I needed to seek a reconciliation in a relationship. Her words hurt at first, to be sure, but they were true, and I needed to hear them. They, too, were "good words." Isn't it interesting that the writer of Proverbs does not say "a pleasant word" will be good. Even the hard-to-hear word, if we do not chafe against its honesty, can be good!

In seasons when our skies are blue and we are bursting with a piece of good news, how sweet it is to share this with another, for to do so magnifies our joy—and that is very good indeed!

The right word, spoken at the appropriate time ("in season") is a true blessing. How desperately we need to be able to speak good words to one another, for there are burdens to be shared, spirits that need lifting, joys that cannot be contained in a single heart, and characters that need to be cultivated. A word—whether of praise, sympathy, affirmation, or yes, discipline, is waiting to be spoken, and how good it will be!

FIRSTS FOR JULY

- Benjamin Franklin established the first circulating library in Philadelphia, July 1, 1731.
- The Bank for Savings, first savings bank in America, opened in New York and eighty people deposited a total of \$2,807, July 3, 1819.
- The song "America" was sung publicly for the first time at a Fourth of July celebration in Boston, July 4, 1832.
- The Declaration of Independence was read publicly for the first time in Independence Square, Philadelphia, July 8, 1776.
- The first international railroad ran trains from Portland, Maine to Montreal, Canada, July 18, 1853.

KISSING COUSINS

by
Agnes W. Thomas

In spite of today's shrinking distances and fast communications, many modern families are drifting further and further apart. They are losing their sense of solidarity and weakening the bonds of love and friendship when families make no effort to get their relatives together. Having a family reunion is the perfect way to get to know the "kissing cousins" and all the other kinfolk.

How well I remember our family reunions of long ago. Although we had to travel by horse and buggy, and later by a Model-T, all of us looked forward to this important annual meeting. It was a great occasion, and the event was always well-attended.

Most of our reunions were held at Grandfather's farm. Long tables were set up under the trees in the back yard, and piled high with delicious "country-cooked" food. Each family brought a dish or two of food such as: fried chicken, country ham, fresh vegetables or salads. There were freezers of homemade ice cream for dessert, as well as cakes and pies. After eating our fill of the scrumptious food, we children ran off to play while the adults sat around and talked.

Sometimes there were special programs, and children were encouraged to participate. I remember "saying a recitation" before the group when I was only four years old. Another cousin was taking violin lessons, and was proud to demonstrate what she had learned. If any of the families had been on a trip, or had unusual experiences, we listened attentively to their tales of adventure.

But the person all of us listened to with the most respect, was our grandfather. We loved to listen as he told of his parents traveling across the country in a covered wagon. He explained why the family members had so much to be thankful for, and how we could express that gratitude by being good citizens. It was my grandfather who helped me understand the importance of freedom, patriotism, and family relationships.

"Blood is thicker than water," Grandfather reminded us. "No one will ever love you as much as your parents do. So, always show respect for your elders. Stay in touch with your relatives. You all have a heritage to be proud of; remember that. Always be the kind of person your relatives will be proud of."

The family members have tried to remember Grandfather's advice. Many of us live miles apart, but still have family reunions because we care about our relatives and want to see each other often. Our gatherings are in a centrally located place, and a small meeting hall is rented so the reunion can be inside in



Wendy Crandall from the East meets her cousin, Johnny Driftmier, from Canada.

case the weather is bad. At one time the relatives met on the grounds of our old country church, and later at a park in the city. After a sudden summer storm chased us to shelter, it was decided to meet inside a building.

Of course, it isn't always possible to find the perfect meeting time. Because our family reunions are planned in advance, usually the same Sunday each year, members can make their vacation plans accordingly. Some of our older relatives may be too feeble to travel, or an illness may prevent some from attending, but everyone always makes a special effort to attend these meetings.

We miss our grandparents, but some of us are old enough to continue the tradition they began. All of us still enjoy the good food, listen to entertainment now provided by our children, and renew appreciation for our heritage.

After seeing *Roots*, one of our relatives became interested in genealogy. For several years, he worked to find the family roots, and has now traced his father's line over three hundred years. Last summer he had copies made for each family in the group. This information came in quite handy when ten-year-old Tommy was asked to write a paper on his family history for an English assignment in school.

In spite of planned parenthood, our family group is increasing and the attendance at our reunions is greater each year than the year before.

Last year one family attended the gathering for the first time in five years. They had been living abroad for that length of time and were anxious to get reacquainted with the relatives. Billy, their nine-year-old son, was astonished at the number of people gathered around the tables.

"Daddy, are all these people related to

me?" asked the wide-eyed youngster.

"Yes, Son," answered his dad, "all eighty-four of them. And there are a few more who couldn't make it today. All of these boys and girls are either your first, second, third or fourth cousins."

Because it is difficult to talk to each relative individually, we elect a spokesman, usually the oldest in the group, and ask this person to call the meeting to order. Then a representative of each family will introduce spouse and children, and ask if anyone has anything of interest to say to the group. It is always encouraging to see how the youngsters listen attentively to what others have to say. We always mention our Christian values and believe the remarks made at these family gatherings will have a wholesome and lasting effect on our young people. We hope each member will always consider it a privilege to belong to our family.

In this age of speed, greed and anxiety, the American family is drifting apart and losing its sense of identity. When individuals seek their own interests and pleasures, they soon become strangers to their relatives. Although nations are now making greater effort to understand each other, and cultural groups are becoming friendlier, family ties are becoming weaker.

Do your relatives meet together often? Would your child recognize his cousins if he met them on the street? Why not arrange to have a family reunion? It isn't difficult to do. Someone has to take the initiative; could that someone be you? Select a meeting place and time; get the names and addresses of all your aunts, uncles and cousins, send each a card inviting them to attend the reunion and meet their "kissing cousins."



HOME IS BEST

We like to travel far and wide
And see a lot of places.
We enjoy the Ozark scenery —
And the wide, open spaces.

We like to meet new people
And visit with our kin,
And go to distant places
Where we have never been.

We enjoy the ocean cruises
And boat trips on the Rhine.
We like the tropic islands
Where the weather is divine.

Our favorite time for travel
Is in the spring and fall —
But driving up our own driveway,
Brings the most joy of all.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

By the time most of you will be reading this letter, the most radical part of my chemotherapy treatment shall have been completed. I never would have thought a year's worth of discomfort could have gone so quickly. Even spring was delayed a little for me this year due to the fact that I had to refrain from very much exposure to the sun's rays as long as the chemicals were in my blood stream. By now I am ready to go for the first six weeks check with my oncologist at which time I shall presume that he will run my blood through the computer to see how its component parts are recovering. He will also examine me for any telltale signs of lumps. It will be a most welcome feeling to have my blood return to a normal level.

There are maximum and minimum levels within which the red and white count must fall—the platelets or blood-clotting ability; the MCH, mean corpuscular hemoglobin; MCHC, mean corpuscular hemoglobin concentration; and MCV, a mean corpuscular volume. There is also a HBG, hemoglobin, and HCT, hemocrit, count which relates to the blood, but I never learned what these indicate! Regardless, the white blood count, is the one I am anxiously waiting to see return to a high count number—near an eleven count. This little number is the one that gives me the energy to get up out of a chair and walk across the room. By keeping my own records from those reported by the computer each time, I have been able to understand why I have been so devastatingly weary some parts of the month. It requires three weeks following an intravenous treatment and a daily dose of medication by mouth for my white blood count to begin to work its way back to a figure where I can begin to feel a "bounce" in my step.

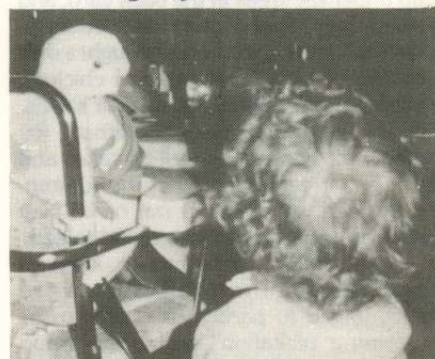
One of the things I shall not have to do when returning to St. Luke's for my six weeks check is to have a bone scan. I had been carrying a lower back ache during the periods when off the oral medication and after enduring this for three months in a row, I grew a little anxious. A symptom of a recovering cancer patient, I am learning, is that every unusual or unexpected ache or pain strikes one's anxiety. I must talk to my good doctor and ask him how to differentiate between an ignorable pain and one which he will want to know about. The result of my reporting this recurring back pain was an immediate trip back to St. Luke's for an early bone scan. This is done normally after all of the chemotherapy treatments are completed, but he said we might as well do it now and not have to concern ourselves any longer.

The bone scan is not a bad morning's work, but tends to bring out the claustrophobic tendencies in a person if any are lying about latently. After an initial needle prick into a vein with some radioactive element, I had to while away two hours drinking liquids waiting for the material to be well distributed through my body. Then I returned to the Nuclear Medicine Department, and after I was stretched out on an unforgivingly flat x-ray table, the technician proceeded to lower a large gamma ray machine over my body, just as close as possible without scraping my nose or toes. After the gamma ray machine was rotated so that it took a full-length picture of me from below the table and *this time* I was able to watch the monitor which looked like a five-inch square television screen as it glittered and sparkled down the length of my bones. Needless to say, there is no twitching or shifting of any bones to get into a more comfortable position which gave the unforgivingly hard table its bad reputation. It took me a while to realize the parts that glittered were the parts to watch because I didn't dream that the blood could carry a radioactive agent into the bones in such a brief period of time. They finished this delightful two hours with a more localized view of the lower lumbar region where I had been complaining, and two beautiful profiles views of my head. Before they let me leave with my glittering bones, the technician developed the picture to be sure they wouldn't have to call me back immediately from some distant port. As a result I was able to get a hasty glance at my "bones!" They had reduced my five-foot, nine-inch frame to about ten inches and it was fascinating. I could see, albeit briefly and fleetingly, the black ends of my joints where I have active little cells of arthritis busy at work, but that was all I was privy to see from that technician. They are apparently under strict orders not to allow the patient to see much without the explanation of the doctor ordering the photos, which I can certainly understand.

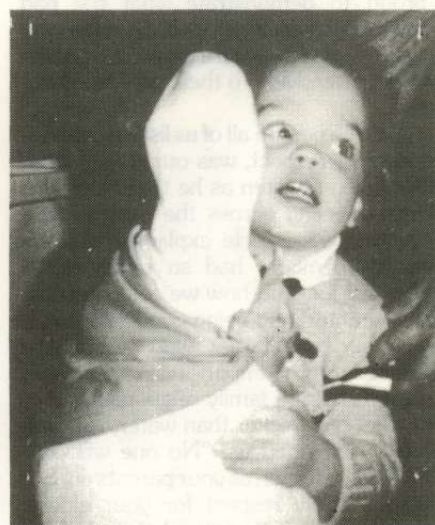
I did not have long to wait, four days to be exact, before my oncologist and I met again to have a regular check and examine my beautiful bones. The lower back problem was a spot of arthritis which was waking up with the absence of the prednisone I was ingesting for two weeks. It is really shocking to see one's bones devoid of flesh! But it is even more peculiar to see them in miniature. If I ever ran into such a creature running around in the garden under the rhubarb leaves or resting against the base of a low spreading blue spruce, I would probably want to step upon it, but it would be big enough to send me running in the opposite direction. I am such a strange-looking critter under this flesh. Makes me acutely aware of my own mortality



"Big" boy with the duck.



Duck and little boy eyeing each other.



Little boy hugging the duck. (Mary Beth describes the above events in her letter.)

when I take on the looks of something out of *National Geographic*.

Now my biggest chore is to return my body to its former shape, or better yet, get it into better condition. I have more atrophied muscles which developed during this year of inescapable fatigue
(Continued on page 18)

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

This is a house of mourning! Our dear Bonnie is dead! This regal, beautiful mute swan swam out into the tide and breathed her last. She died the death of a heroine, for she literally killed herself trying to produce a family. You see, we had a terribly cold, wet spring with many severe storms. Bonnie and Clyde's first nest was swept away by a storm tide, so they built a second nest further up the cove, a little nearer to our house. She laid a second batch of eggs, then those eggs were covered by a cold storm tide. Not being sure the eggs were dead, Bonnie brooded on the nest the full thirty-five days plus two additional weeks. It was too much for her. She caught pneumonia (a common ailment for swans) and breathed her last.

At least three or four times a day, old Clyde swims up the cove and barks for me to come down and talk to him. I sit on the rocks, Clyde sits at my feet, and together we mourn for Bonnie. He will leave me, swim over to the empty nest, and for the hundredth time call for her, and then swim out of the cove on his endless search. Will he take another mate? I don't think so. Eighty-five percent of the mute swans never take a second mate unless they lose a mate during the honeymoon year. (That's right! Swans do have honeymoons that usually last an entire year.)

Down the estuary from our house, there is a large flock of single swans— young ones, widows and widowers. Clyde eventually will swim down and join the flock, but the chances are that he will stick around here all of this summer. Even now, without a mate and without a family of young cygnets, he is out patrolling the borders of his territory, keeping all other swans away.

The fact that Clyde is sticking around means that we are not going to have another swan family to entertain us and our guests this summer. We just hope that Clyde will join the singles flock so that George and Georgina who live up the river will bring their family down to live in our cove. If not this summer, then sooner or later, another swan family will decide to adopt us.

It is particularly hard on me to lose Bonnie because she has had a little love affair with me. She used to come up and sit right beside me and often would walk as far as she could toward the house to meet me. When her children were old enough to take care of themselves, Bonnie loved to bring them up to sit be-



Frederick and Betty Driftmier going for a sail.

side me, and when I talked to them, the young swans always acted as though they understood me. Of course, they did not, but it was amazing to see their reaction whenever I would ask: "How would you like to have a piece of bread?"

After seeing the second batch of eggs that Bonnie laid following the big storm, I told Betty that I was sure the eggs were not good, and tried to tell that to Bonnie. I was the only person that Bonnie and Clyde would permit near the nest. Indeed, they would let me sit right beside the nest and feed Bonnie out of my hand. The mother swans normally lose one-third of their body weight during the thirty-five days that they brood on the eggs, but this year, Bonnie stayed on the two extra weeks and got weaker and weaker. When Bonnie became so weak she would no longer eat out of my hand, she could not resist the pneumonia that finally took her life.

On the day Bonnie died, Betty felt so badly that I decided to cheer her up by taking her on a small boat expedition into some of the wetlands down the coast from our house. With a small skiff and outboard motor, we went into swampy areas where very few people ever go. It was a wonderful trip to observe wild bird life. It seemed that around each bend of the stream or drainage ditch we spotted some interesting bird.

Our first big thrill was seeing an osprey diving for fish. There are so few ospreys along this coast (many were killed years ago by D.D.T.), and Betty and I were so encouraged to see the ospreys are making a comeback. Then we saw several mated pairs of Canada geese. Right after that, we saw a flock of brants feeding in the swamp water where the

fresh water mingled with the salt water. It was a particular thrill for Betty to see a pair of loons diving just off the shore. Loons are some of her favorite birds, and we don't see very many along our shore.

Yesterday afternoon while down in the lower garden right next to the water, I heard a bird cry that I never had heard. I looked up from my weeding just in time to get a wonderful view of a pair of black oyster catchers. Dropping everything, I ran to the house to get my bird book just to be sure of making a proper identification. The book verified my sighting. So far as I can learn, I am the only one around here who has seen the black oyster catchers. Certainly we have the oysters! What a joy it would be for all of us if those oyster catchers would decide they ought to stay here for the summer.

As often as I have seen blue herons feeding along the shore in front of our house, I never had seen a flock of them flying together until this past spring. What a beautiful sight that was! Blue herons fly so gracefully and so effortlessly, moving their wings far more slowly than most other large birds. They had come up the shore from down New York way, and obviously were headed toward their northern breeding grounds, probably Nova Scotia. Herons are great gliders, taking a few strokes with their big wings, and then gliding for several yards. Geese make so much noise when they fly, but the herons do not make a sound. It was their silence which first caught my attention. So many flocks of birds fly along the shore in the spring and in the fall that we do not always notice them unless there is something unusual like the silent gliding flight of the herons.

(Continued on page 19)



You can take the girl out of the farm, but you can't take the farm out of the girl.

Washington, D.C., is a beautiful city when the leaves are lush and green and the flowers are in full bloom. And still, I miss my garden in New Mexico; but then I will certainly always miss the Iowa farm land of my youth this time of year no matter where I am. Summer is for growing food and getting your hands dirty.

Looking out my condo window I can see signs of "Adias," "Yardstick Interiors," and the "Georgetown Parking Lot" burning yellow and red and blue in the summer sun. If I were to leave this window sight and wander out of my condominium, I would see numerous "Keep off the Grass" signs, as well. Grass, I think, should not be just for viewing; it should be for dogs to run through and for people to feel with their bare feet.

Now that I have experienced this time of city life, I conclude that if I had pets, I had them to remind me of the country and a time when I was closer to all living things. If I had gardens, I had them, in part, because I needed to remember when nature was not so separate or out-of-doors. I had gardens so that I could remember a time when I went out to an Iowa field to look at the corn on a summer's day or so that I could remember poking a thumbnail into a kernel to find a white sugary milk and know that mid-summer had arrived.

Backyard bean patches and front porch geraniums and petunias, a purring cat named Liza Jane, a furry dog named Casey, and cooing white doves in a cage all remind me of what is alive in us all. When I put houseplants in our windows or stuffed animals on our bed, I am reminded of an earlier greener, unbroken world.

Sometime ago, I sent my Kitchen-Klatter box tops and a little money for the Kitchen-Klatter premium—a brass bowl. Now I have chives growing bravely in it. Those pungent green reminders of the past are placed on the ledge over the sink so that the humidity from my daily dishes will make them strong and healthy. I use those chives with the "store-bought" lettuce or potatoes to make them taste of home. The lovely brass container looks quite elegant for a

kitchen, but just right when seen from the dining area and living room.

Liza Jane, our cat, sits in the chair by the window; Casey, our Airedale dog, chews on a rawhide bone on the floor. I think about our two white turtle doves and our goldfish in the pond outside our home in New Mexico and wonder how the toads that live in our yard are this summer. Yes, when I fertilize or turn the soil in the small pots of my few Washington houseplants, I am reminded of an earlier, greener, living world in my New Mexico life and before in Iowa.

We must grow things on purpose in New Mexico, but in Iowa people spend a lot of time cutting things back or down. My first garden was in New Mexico and it should have been enough to discourage anyone. Juliana and I decided to share the responsibilities. We had never tried to turn every spadeful of untouched, sun-baked soil ourselves. We were ambitious and wore ourselves out trying to prepare too large an area. When we had turned and prepared the soil, and ached from the effort, our knees gave way from our attempts to waddle along the rows to plant seeds all in one hot New Mexico afternoon.

The next year, I tried a smaller patch of garden on my own. Slugs slithered up and down the rows chewing seedlings. Aphids set on pea vines. Only two of the dozen cabbages headed. I planted spinach too late and tomatoes and okra too soon and watered the tomatoes too shallowly and learned about tomato suckers too late. And still, when thinking about it, I miss my garden. I did become a better gardener with each year. One summer there were so many volunteer tomatoes that I had to give basketfuls away.

Juliana and I have always enjoyed comparing gardening notes (her notes, as well as her gardens, were always better than mine), but I think that my real commitment to New Mexico growing came from my neighbor, Mari Lucy Jaramillo. She is an accomplished woman by any standards of today's liberated women. She was an ambassador for the United States of America and is now a college dean, but inside she is a country girl. Mari Lucy grew up in the rugged dry country of northern New Mexico where she learned to nurture, coax and love plants into a beauty rarely seen in the dry gardening of New Mexico or anywhere for that matter. Mari Lucy's "business self" always surrounded herself with lush greenery or profuse blooms, but I had never realized what a true gardener this professional woman was until she left the post as ambassador and she and her husband moved into the house next door.

Mari Lucy called me at school one day when her husband was away on business, and asked for some of the boys from my English class to help prepare the

soil for her garden and lawn. She insisted that they "dig double," two spade lengths or more down into the soil mixing composted materials and nutrients with each spadeful of dirt. Before the boys began, she had them "sweeten," she said, the soil with lime and other fertilizers to make gardening easier.

Of course, Mari Lucy's garden that year far outdid any efforts I could muster in the yard, but it was her personal approach to gardening that impressed me most. The Jaramillos seemed to use their flowers, lawn, and garden as a sort of messenger of the love they felt for each other. Each of them separately offered garden gifts to the other. He was always planning growing surprises for her . . . new rosebushes, a trellis gazebo for grape vines. He worked late into the night with a flashlight or with the side lights burning long. Mari Lucy was thrilled with his growing gifts, and she awakened early with the sun and wandered silently along their shared turf pausing to give this chili plant or that bush a drink or tuck a beautiful flowering plant that she had grown from last year's seeds into the well-prepared earth. He always beamed proudly at her morning efforts and healthy plants. It's true; our neighbors were absolutely romantic about their garden as they prepared daily surprises for each other.

That first year the Jaramillos moved in, Manny and I tried to get in on their gardening affair. We selected a strong promising fruit tree and had it planted right where Mari Lucy and her husband had said they wanted one. They did their best to nurture our gift and even thought of tying purchased fruit to the tree to please us, but their romance would have no part of outsiders—that fruit tree just would not grow or live.

The Jaramillos' garden was a little world that was theirs—an oasis—even from neighbors.

I've learned to understand that special feeling about gardening, myself. From Mari Lucy I've learned to appreciate each sprout and leaf. In New Mexico, nothing grows without attention, and immersion in "garden time" seemed to attach me to a universal rhythm. There was no substitute for that quiet time. I felt alone with the earth. A wholeness and completeness washed over me when I put my spade into the soil in the spring and hoped that Manny would be proud of my flowering or fruitful efforts too. Of course, anyone can read catalogs, gardening books or magazines, but a gardening neighbor is always the best source when one wants to know just what to plant.

"Would a Big Boy tomato be better than an Early Girl?" My neighbor would know and she would always insist that I take some of the seedlings that she had

(Continued on page 20)

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

I promised you last month to keep a journal of the trip to visit my sister and her family in Omaha during my spring holidays. I did just that and would like to share some of it with you here.

The hardest part of the experience was that I had to leave my wife Sophie and son John behind. Sophie had a very busy schedule with her Lamaze teaching and so just could not come. She was missed by many people in Omaha and Shenandoah!

I made the first entry in my journal while our plane was at the terminal in Great Falls, Montana.



David Driftmier, on the right, describes the trip he made to Omaha to visit his sister, Mary Lea Palo.

Mid-afternoon, Tuesday: I always get the same feelings when flying over the great border that separates Canada and the U.S.A. Gazing down on the mountains, grazing country and rich farmland that covers both nations, I realize that a great heritage is shared by our two countries. That border is *unguarded*, the *largest* unguarded border between any two nations. We are blessed with a legacy of peace. Canadians and Americans both benefit from the fact that the two countries are each other's greatest trading partners. The citizens of both countries are charged with the responsibility of keeping the environment of our great North American continent clean. This can be done in the future because we have proved how well our countries work together in the past. They form a team. The border, with its magnificent display of sheer natural grandeur is like one big continuous handshake between friends.

Salt Lake City Airport: I spent two and one-half hours at the Salt Lake City Airport. Never would I have dreamed that it is such a *large* facility with three great long concourses and so many flights connecting western Canada and the northwestern U.S.A. with destinations as far apart as Honolulu and New York City.

As the other passengers and I wait to board our plane, we look out the great picture windows at a fearsome and awesome windstorm. It is announced that our flight will be delayed due to the wind gusts making it hard for the baggage loaders to get their job done. I find myself worrying about the takeoff in such conditions. "Will they have the sense to delay this flight?" I find myself wondering.

Sunset—Flying over the City and the Great Salt Lake: As usual, my fears about flying are unfounded. Not only was the takeoff fine, but the pilot informs us that the flying time to Omaha will be

shortened by ten minutes due to the tremendous tail winds.

The view out the window is worth the price of the air fare. Salt Lake City can be seen at a glance, nestled between snow-capped mountains. The suburbs extend out and into the trees. The Great Salt Lake glistens with the gold of the sunset. It is no ordinary sunset. The clouds, moving quickly across the horizon, frame and reframe its glory. Beautiful, beautiful Salt Lake City!

My Arrival: Vincent is at the Omaha Airport. He and I have much news to share as we make the drive to the Palo residence. My sister finds it hard to believe that I actually am in her driveway. I feel the same way—the way that anyone feels when lifted out of home and brought somewhere thousands of miles away by a jet in the matter of just a few hours!

Their home is everything that I had heard. The Palo residence has three levels, and is spacious and "homey" at the same time. Of course, it feels really like home for me to be with relatives. We sit down to a piece of Mary Lea's raisin pie! All of the kids are asleep, so it will be "good morning" to the children when I first see them. As for us, Vincent, Mary Lea and I don't get to sleep until much later!

The Next Day: It's always a real pleasure to get caught up with my nieces' and nephew's activities. Uncles have a special role. Although I couldn't really say just what that role entails, I can say that there are many rewards!

Uncles get to watch the nieces and nephews grow up, share their new-found activities, their books and toys, and all is interesting and fun!

It is especially interesting for me to get to know my niece Cassie, who, at two years and seven months, is exactly one year older than our son, John. I keep looking at her and feel amazed that children can develop and change so much in one year! Now I am excited to get back to

Johnny and see everything that he will be up to. I look forward to being able to have a real conversation with him in the future.

The Weather: It is humid in the Midwest, hot (or at least it *feels* hot). The wind has not stopped blowing since I arrived here. There are tornado warnings on television. I'm not happy with that forecast. But as a vacationer, I can say that it feels exhilarating to be in a different climate.

Mary Lea and I have a discussion about the weather in the Midwest. Think of what it must have been like for the pioneers, before the days of air conditioning and automobiles, etc.!

Well, this is the beginning of my journal. My sister and I made several trips to Shenandoah, and had an interesting visit to Offut Air Force Base, where Vincent is on duty. I will want to share with you some of these experiences next month.

I hope this finds you having a most rewarding and relaxing summer season.

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

THE COLORS OF SUMMER

Red tomatoes on the vine,
Beans both green and yellow,
Eggplant with its purple shine,
Such a pretty fellow.

Onions white and sweet corn gold,
Carrots' orange hue,
Brown potatoes new and old
So very good for you.

Summer colors are a feast
For stomach and the eye.
Store them up to nourish you
As winter months go by.

—Ruth Townsend

PRINTERS SPECIAL

(a limited time)

2 for \$5.00

KITCHEN-KLATTER BEST of DESSERTS COOKBOOK

**\$3.00 ea. postpaid
\$5.00 for 2 postpaid**
(to the same address)

Offer expires Aug. 31, 1984.

Send order now to:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, IA 51601**

(Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

KNEE-DEEP IN SUMMER

by
Evelyn Birkby

July is a great month, regardless of the heat, humidity and the ever present need to can, freeze and dehydrate the garden produce. It holds the 4th of July with promise of a picnic under the mulberry tree with all the members of the family who can reasonably gather in our backyard around a well-laden table. As usual, we'll have fried chicken, Grandma Dulcy's famous potato salad, watermelon and if time and energy permit, homemade ice cream.

My birthday comes the last day of July which puts a celebration neatly at each end of the month. Many years it has proved to be pickle-making time as well. But pickles are fun to make, along with jams and jellies. So, we usually sandwich my birthday cake between the lime pickles and pepper jelly and enjoy all three.

July brings a growing time, a time of production in the fields and gardens, a time to prepare for the winter to come and enjoy the wealth of foods which the rich soil of the Midwest supplies. The joy of going out to pick fresh fruits and vegetables to bring into the kitchen and immediately prepare for the table is matched only by the pleasure of eating such treasures.

Robert and I ate one of my birthday dinners at a restaurant which built its reputation on fresh foods, so fresh they did not pick any of the ingredients from their garden until the "guests" had arrived. It made for marvelous eating but did take an inordinate amount of time to serve. Robert opined this four-hour-type meal would last him a long time, but was a memorable meal. We still talk about it.

Our dining room table is now on the porch so all of our meals are eaten in this pleasant, airy area. As we look out to the east, we can see the rose garden with its spectacular new Olympiad rose in center stage. Our birdbath is in the middle of the rose bed and the birds come early in the morning to entertain us as they drink and bathe in the water. Robins, cardinals, blue jays, orioles, wrens, song sparrows and swallows are among our feathered visitors. Their songs are less melodic now than in the spring, their activities more family-oriented, but they are still enchanting.

The bees are happy neighbors, too. The hives here at "Honey Hill" are situated under the apple trees to the south of the front yard, but those bees know where the water is to be found and the birdbath becomes a bee waterer as the day grows warm.

Even if the bees did not give us delicious honey to last all year, they would still be worth keeping for they help us grow a good garden, thanks to their

assiduous pollinating. Robert cares for them, with Craig's help when he can be home, but I prefer to stay far away. My only involvement comes in July when the honey is taken off the hive and extracted, then I pasteurize and bottle it for use. We use very little sugar in this household for almost everything can be sweetened with honey.

Mentioning Craig reminds me of the weekend I enjoyed with him in Iowa City in April. My good friend, Virginia Miller, was going to see her son, Richard, who was just completing his first year at the University of Iowa Law School. When she invited me to go with her, I agreed immediately. It was a fun trip for us mothers to go see our two sons.

Last fall, Craig bought a small house which is within walking distance of his work at the University of Iowa Medical Center. He quickly discovered the "joys" of being a householder: he refinished the oak floors in the living room and bedroom, laid linoleum in the kitchen, put Formica on the counter tops and discovered the oven wouldn't work. The old refrigerator was cast out and a "new" one bought at a household sale. A lidded grill became both an outdoor cooking center and a place to bake everything from potatoes and biscuits to catfish. (I know it bakes well, the last three food items were part of an excellent meal Craig prepared in his grill the first evening of my visit.)

One reason Craig wanted to buy in this particular location was because of the generous backyard. It has garden space, clotheslines, large trees just right for squirrel and bird families, and space to sit and sun whenever time permits.

Since most of the weekends when he is not on call at the Dermatology Department (where he is now in his second year of residency), Craig goes to nearby towns to work in hospital emergency rooms, his sitting time is very limited.

The two days with Craig went fast with several delicious meals eaten in interesting area restaurants and much visiting. Very soon, both Robert and I hope to go back to eastern Iowa, pick up Craig and his camping gear and do a few days hiking, camping and sightseeing in northeastern Iowa and nearby areas. We'll try to go before August, for early in that month Craig and his brothers will be together for a week of rafting on the Green River in Utah. Both Bob and Jeff will already be near that part of the country so Craig will be the only one who needs to travel very far for their adventure together.

Jeff has been doing a great deal of work-related travel throughout Montana to set up workshops and training sessions dealing with renewable energy and super-insulated housing. During the times he is back in Helena in his office at the state Department of Natural Resources, he has been writing brochures, promotional and informational material on the same subjects. Jeff will be more than ready for a river trip with his brothers.

Bob will just be coming out of the Nez Perce wilderness area in Idaho that first week in August. He is in his second summer working with the Student Conservation Association as crew leaders of six high school students.

(Continued on page 17)



Craig Birkby is pictured standing in front of his house in Iowa City.

Three-Generation Travel

by
Phyllis Carlson



Have you ever taken a three-generation trip? Have you thought of taking such a trip? If not, why not?

Our family began taking vacations, with my parents, when the children were quite small. I'm not sure how it came about, other than all of us thought it might be fun. My husband, our children, and I have always lived a great distance from our families. By taking a trip together, we could visit with one another. Thus to combine the two became a good solution.

One of the most obvious pluses for making this type of arrangement is that four adults can manage children better than two. In our case my husband and I had five children to manage. We soon discovered having Grandma and Grandpa in the car deterred the sibling rivalry. In the first years we occasionally took two vehicles and divided the children, but it was more enjoyable being together to visit and share the miles as they rushed by. Fortunately my husband and I had a large nine-passenger station wagon which made it possible for all of us to travel together.

Another traveling tip our family learned early, rather than eating in a restaurant at noon, was to stop at a grocery store to buy sandwich makings and whatever else necessary for a picnic lunch, then find a park or rest area to eat. This gives children and adults a chance to stretch their legs, play a bit, relax and get back into the car feeling refreshed. It improves tempers as well!

When the children were small, my husband and I purchased a tent, and our family along with my parents made a trip to Yellowstone National Park. Mother had never camped in her life and needless to say was apprehensive. Dad had camped when he was a child, and enjoyed it. Every evening in Yellowstone, Grandma would announce she was going to the restroom before dark to avoid encountering a bear. We thought that amusing. One evening, after her usual pronouncement, she set off. The boys had been playing and spied a bear moving into the campgrounds near the restrooms. They could hardly contain themselves while waiting for Grandma's return. Yes, she had seen the bear and given it wide berth. It might be mentioned that Grandma was pleased when upon our return home, we traded the tent for a tent trailer.

Another year our family went to Washington, D.C. Grandpa wasn't a history buff yet. With such a wide variety of things to do and see, we chose places to go that would interest him also. Our tour took us to the White House. When we reached the gate, a guard said they'd have to search the diaper bag belonging to our year-old daughter. Grandpa later speculated as to whether they checked the sack with the soiled diapers. That prospect made us all laugh.

After Grandpa died, we debated and finally did ask Grandma if she'd like to accompany us to Boston. Our church was holding a national convention there and my husband was a delegate. While he spent his days in sessions, the rest of us enjoyed the history-filled area. The children couldn't always recall what had happened at a given site, but Grandma could often fill in the details. It pleased the children to know Grandma was enjoying the trip as much or perhaps more than they were.

It's been perhaps six years since we've had a camping trip with Grandma. Last summer, when Grandma was 79, my husband, oldest son, and myself invited her to accompany us on a Lutherland tour to Germany, Austria and Switzerland. This was a dream for her, yet Grandma wondered if she could physically handle such an extensive trip. After consulting her physician plus the other family members, all agreed she should go. We had a wonderful time! Other members of our tour commented on how well we three generations got along and looked out for one another. Grandma was amazed that anyone should think this was unusual for a family—it wasn't for us, we were exploring one more new vista. Our experience has been gratifying, and we recommend you try it too.

WAYSIDE FLOWER

It grew by the side of the highway,
A flower sweet and fair,
As I trudged along the dusty road,
I saw it blooming there.

I stopped for a moment to pluck it;
Then my face grew hot with shame.
I turned away and left it there
To cheer the next who came.



VACATION SAFETY

Vacation time is upon us and many Americans are making plans for their vacations. Listed below are a few tips on how to make your vacation safer:

- Schedule driving so you will have plenty of rest.
- Do not swim alone or in darkness. Check depth of water carefully.
- When boating, avoid overloading or standing up in the boat. Have enough life preservers in good condition.
- Guard against sunburn and overexertion.
- After eating, rest at least an hour before exercising strenuously.
- Check for hazards in unfamiliar territory.
- Take comfortable shoes. Most vacations call for hours of walking.
- Don't try to crowd all your sightseeing into one day.
- Be careful with campfires.
- To further insure an enjoyable vacation, don't forget to take flashlight, extra car keys, first-aid kit, road maps, sun glasses, flares, tools, rope, and safe driving habits.

BICYCLE SAFETY

- Learn to ride a bicycle in a vacant parking lot or back roads. Be sure you have enough practice to start and stop your bicycle. It takes some time to acquire the balance and mastering the art of bicycling.
- Cyclists should keep all the parts of their bikes clean and properly lubricated. The brakes must be in good condition. The tires should be inflated with the correct air pressure.
- Walk your bicycle across busy intersections.
- Do not stunt ride on streets or hitch rides by holding onto cars, trucks, or trailers.
- Be sure to have a red reflector on the rear of bicycle and a light in front if riding at night.
- Obey all signs and traffic lights as driving an automobile.
- Ride on the right side and in a straight line. Stay close to the side of the road. Ride in single file if in a group.
- Do not ride on sidewalks. Extend common courtesy to pedestrians, giving them the right of way.
- Watch for opening of car doors. Be extremely watchful for parked cars that may pull into the street.
- Do not carry anyone on the handlebars.
- Don't weave in and out of traffic when you are riding among automobiles or in rush-hour traffic.
- Use and follow street and road maps.
- Use hand signals for stopping or turning, the same as those used in driving a car.

—Norma Tisher



Recipes

PEPPERMINT SQUARES

- 2 1-oz. squares semisweet chocolate
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds

Melt chocolate and butter. Cool. In a bowl, beat the eggs and sugar. Add chocolate mixture and flavorings. Stir in flour and salt. Blend well. Fold in almonds. Spread in greased 9-inch square pan and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool and frost with the following:

- 2 Tbs. butter, softened
- 1 Tbs. cream
- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Combine frosting ingredients. Add a little more cream if it seems thick. Spread over cooled baked layer. Cut in small squares. These are very rich. —Juliana

MARDI GRAS SALAD

- 2 cups shredded red cabbage (1/2 of medium-size head)
- 2 cups shredded green cabbage (1/2 of medium-size head)
- 2 cups grated peeled carrots
- 1/2 cup finely minced yellow onions
- 1/3 cup red wine vinegar
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 Tbs. prepared Dijon-style mustard
- Salt and black pepper to taste
- 2/3 cup olive oil (the best quality you can find)
- 1 Tbs. caraway seed

Toss cabbage, carrots and onions together in a large bowl. Reserve. In a small bowl, whisk the vinegar, sugar, and mustard. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Slowly whisk in the oil to form a fairly thick and creamy dressing. Pour half of the dressing over the vegetables in the large bowl. Sprinkle on the caraway seeds and toss well. Taste and add additional dressing if you like. Cover and refrigerate up to 4 hours. Bring to room temperature before serving. —Robin

CARROT BREAD

- 1 cup unsalted butter, room temperature
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3 cups grated raw carrots
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 9x5x3-inch loaf pan.

Cream the butter with the sugars. Beat until fluffy. Add the eggs and flavoring and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into mixture. Fold in the carrots and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Spread in the prepared loaf pan. Bake 1 hour. —Robin

DUTCH-STYLE BEEF AND CABBAGE

(Slow-cooking pot recipe)

- 1 1/2 lbs. beef round steak, cut into cubes
- 2 Tbs. cooking oil, heated
- 3 large onions
- 3/4 cup hot water
- 1 Tbs. vinegar
- 2 tsp. instant beef bouillon granules
- 1 small head cabbage

In a skillet, quickly brown the meat on all sides in hot cooking oil. Drain off fat and transfer meat to the slow-cooking pot. Then add the onions which have been sliced. In the same skillet, combine water, vinegar and bouillon granules. Stir together scraping all brown bits from skillet. Pour into the pot. Cover and cook on low heat setting for about 8 hours. Fifteen minutes before serving, cut the cabbage into 4 or 5 wedges. Cook the cabbage in a 3-quart saucepan in boiling salted water until tender, 10 to 12 minutes. Drain well and serve the beef mixture over the hot cooked cabbage wedges. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

—Emily

DEVILED SEAFOOD

- 1 6 1/2- or 7-oz. can tuna, drained and flaked
- 1 4-oz. can small or medium shrimp, drained and rinsed
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbs. margarine, melted
- 2 Tbs. grated Parmesan cheese

Combine tuna, shrimp, celery and green pepper. Mix together the mayonnaise, Country Style salad dressing, seasonings and Worcestershire sauce, and add to the first mixture. Place in a casserole dish or individual shells or ramekins. Top with crumbs which have been tossed with melted margarine and Parmesan cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with lemon wedges. Fluffy white rice and a green salad complete this meal nicely.

—Mary Lea

PEGGY'S ICE CREAM CAKE

- 1/2 gallon vanilla ice cream
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries, thawed and drained
- 1 large angel food cake
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin (dry)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin (dry)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. peach gelatin (dry)
- 1 can blueberry pie filling
- 1 can sliced peaches, drained

About an hour before preparing, remove ice cream and strawberries from freezer.

Tear the angel food cake into bite-size pieces and divide equally into three separate bowls. Sprinkle the dry strawberry gelatin over cake in one bowl, the lime gelatin over another, and the peach over the last one. Toss mixture in each bowl well so that gelatin coats all cake pieces. There will be loose gelatin, use only coated cake pieces not loose gelatin.

Place strawberry-cake mixture in the bottom of a standard angel food cake pan. Spoon the drained strawberries over the cake mixture in pan. Spoon a third of the softened ice cream over this. Next, spread with the lime-cake mixture. Spoon the blueberry filling over the lime-cake mixture and spoon another third of the ice cream over the pie filling. Layer the peach-cake mixture over the ice cream. Spoon the drained peaches over the cake mixture. Top with the remaining ice cream. Cover and place in freezer. Just before serving, remove cake from pan and slice. This dessert serves a lot of people.

—Donna Nenneman

SCANDINAVIAN POTATO SALAD

8 or 9 small new potatoes (about 1 lb.)
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
to taste

1 cup sour cream
1/3 cup chopped red onion
1/3 cup chopped fresh dill

Scrub potatoes, cut in quarters, and drop into cold salted water. Bring to boiling and cook for 8 to 10 minutes. Do not overcook. Drain potatoes and place in mixing bowl. Season to taste. While potatoes are still hot, toss with the sour cream, onion and dill. Cool to room temperature. Just before serving, mix again and taste for seasoning—add more if desired. Makes about 6 servings.

—Katharine Driftmire

FISH FLORENTINE

(Low-calorie)

4 fillets of sole or flounder
1/2 pkg. frozen spinach, cooked and drained

2 tsp. butter
Paprika

Lemon slices and parsley, for garnish
Wash and dry fillets; flatten out. Divide the spinach in 4 equal parts. Place a portion of the spinach on each end of fillet. Roll up and place seam down in greased baking dish. Dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes until fish is tender. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with lemon slices and parsley.

—Dorothy

REFRIGERATOR CRISP COOKIES

1 cup shortening
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2 Tbls. milk
2 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 tsp. cloves
1/2 cup finely chopped nuts, optional (or 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring)

Cream the shortening and sugars. Add the egg, lemon and butter flavorings, and the milk; beat well. Sift the flour, soda, salt and spices together. Stir into the creamed mixture. Lastly, fold in the nuts or black walnut flavoring. Shape into rolls. Wrap in waxed paper and chill well. When ready to bake, slice 1/4 inch thick and place on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 5 to 7 minutes. Remove from sheet and place on rack to cool. Makes about 6 dozen cookies.

—Dorothy

BETTY'S CORN FRITTERS

2 eggs, lightly beaten
2/3 cup milk
1/2 tsp. salt
1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 cup fresh corn kernels
Oil for frying

Combine eggs, milk, salt, butter or margarine and flavoring. Sift flour and baking powder together and add to egg mixture. Add corn kernels.

Heat oil in wok or frying pan to 380 degrees. Drop mixture by tablespoon-fuls into hot oil. Fry until golden brown. Drain on paper towel. Serves four.

NOTE: Use serrated spoon or knife to cut down the ear of corn. Use only the inside of the kernel which includes the milk or starch.

HAM STEAK & SAUCE

2-lb. ham steak
2 Tbls. margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 Tbls. brown sugar
4 Tbls. Dijon mustard
3/4 cup apple cider

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Melt margarine over low heat in a covered casserole. Add flavoring, sugar, mustard, and cider; stir until smooth. Add ham steak; turn meat over and spoon sauce on top until well coated. Cover and bake for 30 to 40 minutes. Uncover and baste. Continue to bake uncovered until the ham is glazed, 5 to 10 minutes more. Serve immediately.

—Robin

MINTY CUCUMBER SALAD

(Make-ahead recipe)

3 large cucumbers
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup chopped fresh mint leaves
1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley
Grated rind of 1 orange
1/2 cup olive oil
1 cup red wine vinegar
1/4 cup granulated sugar

Peel, halve and seed cucumbers. Slice thinly crosswise, making small crescents. Combine flavorings with the water and pour over cucumbers, mint leaves, parsley and orange rind. Cover and refrigerate overnight.

Using a whisk, beat the oil, vinegar and sugar together. (This can be prepared the night before also.)

Next day, drain cucumbers and pour the dressing over. Toss and refrigerate 4 more hours. Toss before serving. Delicious with lamb.

—Robin

ZUCCHINI RELISH

10 cups ground zucchini squash
4 cups ground onions
4 cups ground green pepper
1 cup ground sweet red pepper
2 Tbls. salt
4 1/2 cups sugar
2 1/2 cups vinegar
1 Tbls. mustard seed
2 Tbls. celery seed
1 Tbls. black pepper
2 Tbls. cornstarch
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. nutmeg

Mix all ingredients and simmer for 30 minutes in a heavy saucepan. Seal in hot sterilized jars.

NOTE: Can be processed in hot water bath for 20 minutes.

—Verlene

SPICY TOMATO SAUCE

18 medium tomatoes
2 green peppers
2 onions
1 cup sugar
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. ground cloves
1 tsp. allspice
2 cups vinegar

Peel, core and chop tomatoes. Chop green peppers and onion. (Can be done in the food processor.) Combine chopped vegetables with the rest of the ingredients. Place in a heavy kettle. Cook slowly for 4 hours until thick. Fill sterilized jars to within 1/2 inch from top. Put on lids and process in hot water bath for 10 minutes. Sauce could be frozen instead of canning.

—Mary Lea Palo

APRICOT-ORANGE DESSERT SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1 21-oz. can apricot fruit filling
1 cup miniature marshmallows
1 egg, slightly beaten
3 Tbls. flour
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup orange or pineapple juice
1 cup whipped topping
1/2 cup salad dressing

1/2 to 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add flavoring, fruit filling and marshmallows. Pour into an 8-by 10-inch glass dish. Let set.

Combine the slightly beaten egg, flour, sugar and juice. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool.

When cool, stir in the whipped topping and salad dressing. Spread over firm gelatin layer. Sprinkle top with grated Cheddar cheese. Refrigerate.

Serve in squares as a salad or dessert. Excellent with small sandwiches for club or church group.

—Hallie

ISLAND CAKE (Microwave Recipe)

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup pineapple yogurt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups pancake mix
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup shredded coconut
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Put butter or margarine in a large glass bowl and microwave 45 seconds until melted. Add the beaten egg, yogurt, and butter flavoring. Stir well. Stir in remaining ingredients. Spread batter evenly in 8- by 12-inch glass container. Microwave on medium for 4 to 5 minutes. Rotate 4 times. This is crucial! Rotate one-fourth turn each time. Microwave 2 to 3 minutes on high after that. Cake will continue to bake after removed from the oven. If you want dark color, put under conventional broiler to brown top.

—Robin



*Cookies no one can resist
are made with*

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| Vanilla* | Butterscotch |
| Raspberry | Pineapple |
| Orange | Butter |
| Blueberry | Lemon |
| Banana | Mint |
| Almond | Black Walnut |
| Coconut | Burnt Sugar |
| Cherry | Maple |
| Peach | Strawberry |
| *Dark or Clear Vanilla | |

If not available at your grocery store, send check or money order for offers listed below:

\$4.00, for three 3-oz. bottles of flavorings of your choice.

\$6.00, for 6 bottles of flavorings of your choice.

\$18.00, for 1 bottle of each flavoring (includes clear vanilla)

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, IA. 51601**

VEGGIE CASSEROLE

- 3 zucchini, sliced thin
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese (divided between layers and top)
- 3 potatoes, sliced thin
- 1 large bell pepper, cut into strips
- 1 large onion, sliced thin
- 1 medium eggplant, sliced thin
- 2 cloves garlic, pressed
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 4 large fresh tomatoes, chopped
- 1/4 cup light oil (peanut or sunflower)

Spread all the zucchini in a large greased shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste and some of the Parmesan cheese. Next, layer all the potatoes, more salt, pepper and Parmesan cheese. Follow with separate layers of the bell pepper, onion and eggplant, with more salt, pepper and Parmesan cheese between layers.

Combine the garlic and oregano with the tomatoes and spread on top of all the other layers. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and more salt and pepper. Drizzle the oil over top. Cover. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours. Remove cover and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Juliana

FROZEN BLUEBERRY DESSERT

- 1 pint fresh or frozen blueberries
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 egg whites
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
- 2 cups vanilla-flavored yogurt
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Reserve about 20 of the most perfect blueberries for garnish. Place the rest of the blueberries in a blender or food processor and make a puree. Place puree in a fine strainer over a bowl. With back of a spoon, press berries to squeeze out juice and pulp. Discard seeds and peelings. Set puree aside.

In a small pan, combine sugar and water; bring to a boil. Boil, without stirring, until syrup reaches the soft-ball stage or 238 degrees on the candy thermometer. This will take 10 to 15 minutes. In a medium bowl, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until soft peaks are formed. Immediately after syrup reaches soft-ball stage, pour in a thin stream over the beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until cool and thick. Set aside.

In a large bowl, stir yogurt until it is smooth. Stir in the flavorings and blueberry puree. Gradually fold in the egg white mixture. Spoon into individual serving dishes or tall glasses. Garnish with the reserved berries. Cover with plastic wrap and place in freezer. Freeze until firm.

—Emily

MARINATED ORIENTAL PORK CHOPS

- 1/3 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup cooking oil
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. grated orange peel
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 tsp. ground turmeric
- 6 pork chops, 1 1/4" to 1 1/2" thick

Combine the marinade ingredients. Pour the marinade over chops. Cover and chill for 3 or 4 hours, or even overnight. Cook on outdoor grill or under broiler until done.

—Juliana

STEWED TOMATOES

- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup water
- 4 quarts peeled, cored and chopped tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 2 tsp. salt

Combine celery, onion and water; cook 10 minutes. Add tomatoes, sugar and salt. Cover and cook on low heat for 30 to 45 minutes.

To Serve: Add 1 Tbls. butter, cubes of bread and 1 Tbls. flour to thicken.

—Hallie

NEW MEXICO TWICE-BAKED POTATOES

- 4 large baking potatoes
- Salt and fresh ground black pepper to taste
- 4 Tbls. chopped canned black olives
- 1/2 cup canned green chili peppers, chopped
- 4 to 6 Tbls. heavy cream
- 1/2 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- Additional grated sharp Cheddar cheese for garnish

1/2 cup sour cream for garnish
Whole black olives for garnish
Scrub potatoes; let dry. Cut small but deep slit in the top of each potato to allow steam to escape. Bake on middle rack in oven at 375 degrees for 1 hour or until tender. Cool. Cut off top in a circular shape, not completely to the edges. Carefully scrape potato pulp out. Salt and pepper shells. Mash pulp until fairly smooth. Stir in the chopped olives, chilies and enough cream to make desired consistency. Stir in the 1/2 cup grated cheese. Divide mixture equally among the shells. Mound the filling in the shells, heaping over the hole. Filling will hold its shape. Sprinkle with additional cheese and place potatoes on a baking sheet.

Just before serving, preheat oven to 400 degrees. Return the potatoes to the oven to heat until potato is hot and cheese is bubbling. Remove from oven and top each with a dollop of sour cream and an olive.

—Katharine & Robin

FROSTED CREAM CHEESE AND CARROT CAKE

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups oil
- 4 eggs
- 1 13-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 cups finely grated raw carrots
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Resift the flour with the baking powder, baking soda, salt, cinnamon and sugar. Add oil and eggs; blend well. Reserve 2 Tbls. of the crushed pineapple for frosting. Stir the flavorings into remaining pineapple and add to batter along with the carrots and nuts. Spread into three greased and floured 9-inch layer pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool and frost between layers, top and sides with the following:

Cream Cheese Frosting

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1-lb. box powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. reserved well-drained crushed pineapple

Cream the margarine and cream cheese. Stir in the flavorings. Gradually add all the powdered sugar and beat until smooth. Stir in the pineapple.

NOTE: This can be baked in paper-lined mini muffin pans for small individual cakes. Then cool and frost. Baking time may have to be adjusted for the smaller cakes. —Robin

OVERNIGHT COFFEECAKE

- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup buttermilk (can use sour milk)
- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Cream sugars and shortening. Add eggs and beat well. Dissolve soda in

buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt together. Add buttermilk alternately with sifted dry ingredients to creamed mixture. Mix well and add flavorings. Place in a 9- by 13-inch greased and floured pan. Top with the following:

- 1/3 cup packed brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup nuts

Mix topping ingredients together and scatter evenly over cake batter in pan. Cover and let set in refrigerator overnight. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 35 minutes. (If desired, topping may be put on just before baking.) —Dorothy

GREEN SALAD WITH LEMON VINEGARETTE
(Serves 18 people)

- 2 heads Romaine lettuce, broken in bite-size pieces
- Uncooked snow pea pods (or 2 pkgs. frozen)
- 1 pkg. frozen baby peas (do not cook)
- 2 bunches watercress
- Asparagus tips, cut in bite-size pieces (do not cook)

Salt and pepper to taste

Combine the prepared greens with the salt and pepper. Toss. Serve with the following dressing:

- 1 cup top-quality olive oil
- 2/3 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup snipped fresh chives
- 2 Tbls. finely minced shallots
- 2 Tbls. prepared Dijon-style mustard
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Combine the dressing ingredients in a covered container. Shake well. Serve over the salad greens.

—Katharine Driftmier & Robin Justiz

BROCCOLI SALAD

- 1/3 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
 - 1/2 tsp. tarragon
 - 1/3 lb. (about) fresh broccoli
 - 1 medium tomato, peeled, seeded and diced (do not use an overly ripe tomato)
 - 1/4 cup coarsely grated sharp Cheddar cheese
 - 1 tsp. minced onion
 - 2 to 3 Tbls. toasted almonds
- Combine the salad dressing and tarragon; set aside.

Chop broccoli in bite-size pieces and place in a bowl. Add the tomato, cheese and onion. Pour the dressing over and toss. Refrigerate 2 hours or more. Just before serving, add the almonds.

—Robin

AVOCADO-CREAM CHEESE SANDWICH
(3 or 4 servings)

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 3 or 4 slices stone-ground bread
- 3 large avocados
- 3 scallions or green onions, finely chopped
- 1 pint sour cream

Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Spread a thick layer of the softened cream cheese on each slice of bread. Peel the avocados. If avocados are hard, slice; if they are soft, mash and blend with the scallions or onions. Place the avocado slices on top of cheese layer and sprinkle with the scallions or green onions. If avocados are mashed with the scallions added, spread over cheese layer. Spread on the sour cream and sprinkle with the salt and pepper. Cut bread slices in fourths for a delicious open-face sandwich.

—Robin

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOKS

Have one or more always available for gifts. The **Kitchen-Klatter Cookbooks** will please everyone.

Original Cookbook..... \$6.75 ea. ppd.
(over 1000 tested recipes) Number ordered _____

Best of Desserts Cookbook..... \$3.00 ea. ppd.
2 for \$5.00 (to the same address)

Offer expires August 31, 1984

Number ordered _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Send order to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Iowa residents please add Sales Tax.)



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

In the *Book of Quilt Making* by Vera P. Guild, we read that a quilt means many things . . . warmth, beauty, and enjoyment. When it is made by "loving hands at home," it becomes a real treasure. That is so true. After Mother's death in 1981, I opened the blanket chest she wanted me to have. There I found an exquisite quilt of the Pontiac Star pattern, as well as a delicate cross-stitch quilt that Mother had stitched for us. It was a tender moment for me, and truly her loving thoughtfulness remains a beautiful memory.

Although quilt making originally began because of necessity, we are now going through a new wave of enthusiasm, and the art is very popular. *Good Housekeeping Book of Quilt Making* (Good Housekeeping Books, 250 West 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10019, \$10.95) by Vera P. Guild is a magnificent piece of work. Anyone desirous of making a quilt need have no qualms. This book tells exactly what is needed and what to do. With easy-to-follow, step-by-step instructions, it includes complete directions for making a quilt: making the pattern, cutting, piecing, setting the quilt together, preparing the backing, interlining, placing layers together, basting, how to use quilting frames, quilting hoops, and how to stitch a quilt.

What makes this book so special are the clear and detailed instructions. Those wanting to try their hands at this fascinating art would do well to use the *Book of Quilt Making*. Superb colored illustrations show the finished product. What an inspiration! The book is a real treasure.

We are all familiar with the fairy tales and folklore told to us as children. Many

became so well known to us that we could repeat them word for word, or act out each tale. Now a paperback is available with the oft-told tales. Called *The Three Bears & 15 Other Stories* (Harper & Row Junior Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022 J142, \$7.95) by Anne Rockwell, it contains stories such as "The Gingerbread Man," "The House That Jack Built," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "The Three Billy Goats Gruff." Yes, and there's the teeny-tiny woman—"There was once a teeny-tiny woman who lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny town." Profusely illustrated, the print is the type that an older child, parent or grandparent can read to little children. Be sure to allow some time to show the illustrations! Anne Rockwell has put together a really fine selection of famous children's stories.

Pulitzer Prize winner Eudora Welty has written her autobiography, *One Writer's Beginnings* (Harvard Univ. Press, Cambridge, Mass., \$10) in which she tells how her family and her surroundings contributed to the shaping not only of her personality but of her writing. She was born in 1909 in Jackson, Miss., and she still lives in her father's house. Until now, she has discouraged biographical investigations. It probably was not easy for this shy lady to undertake her own literary biography, to relive her own memories.

Eudora Welty's parents were readers. There was the bookcase in the living room, the encyclopedia tables and the dictionary stand, available for all. Her parents ordered books they thought the children should grow up with. Her thoughts on reading show an early interest in printed words and all that they can offer in the mind's eye:

I was presented, from as early as I can remember, with books of my own, which appeared on my birthday and Christmas morning. Indeed, my parents could not give me books enough.

They must have sacrificed to give me on my sixth or seventh birthday—it was after I became a reader for myself—the ten-volume set of *Our Wonder World*. These were beautifully made, heavy books I would lie down with on the floor in front of the dining room hearth, and more often than the rest Volume 5, *Every Child's Story Book*, was under my eyes. There were the fairy tales—Grimm, Andersen, the English, the French, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"; and there was Aesop and Reynard the Fox; there were the myths and legends, Robin Hood, King Arthur, and St. George and the Dragon, even the history of Joan of Arc; a whack of *Pilgrim's Progress* and a long piece of *Gulliver*.

Eudora writes, there never has been a line that she didn't hear. It is human, but inward, and it is inwardly that she listens to it. To her, it is the voice of the story or the poem itself. She speaks of the human memory. Eudora considers hers a treasure in her life and in her work as a writer. Admirers of the work of Eudora Welty will appreciate *One Writer's Beginnings*, which originated as three lectures delivered at Harvard University in 1983 to inaugurate the William E. Massey lecture series.

Parents and teachers know how much children delight in the books by Beverly Cleary. Henry Huggins, Ramona Quimby, and Beezus have become characters in books that children really read. Proof of their popularity is the fact that her 27 books have sold nearly 3.5 million copies in hardback.

Beverly Cleary has won many prizes over the years, but this year she has won the top one. The Newbery Award for American children's literature for 1984 was presented to her for her book *Dear Mr. Henshaw*. The spunky new character in *Dear Mr. Henshaw* is Leigh Botts, age ten. He's been a fan of Mr. Henshaw's since his teacher read aloud *Ways to Amuse a Dog*. Now in the sixth grade, Leigh lives with his mother and is the "new kid" in school. Leigh feels the absence of his father, a cross-country trucker, separated from Leigh's mother. He feels anger at the lunch bag thief at school who steals the good stuff from his lunch. When Leigh's teacher assigns a project that requires writing letters asking questions of authors, Leigh chooses to write to Mr. Henshaw, whose surprising answer changes the boy's life. A funny, compassionate book *Dear Mr. Henshaw* (William Morrow and Co., 105 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 \$8.50) is told through a series of letters to the boy's favorite author and through his diary. *Dear Mr. Henshaw* can be added to the beloved classics by Beverly Cleary.

Today is the certain preparation for tomorrow, so make each today count.

The Thoughtful Gift

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

Each month your thoughtfulness will be remembered when the **Kitchen-Klatter** Magazine arrives. Each issue has family letters, pictures, recipes, book reviews, gardening tips, club programs, and much more.

\$5.00 per year, 12 issues (USA) **\$6.00**, foreign countries
(Iowa residents, please add sales tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, IA. 51601

We will send gift cards if you ask us to. (Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

Bread of Life

by
Russell K. Hively



The three French voyagers pulled their canoe to the shore of a lake in what is today northern Minnesota. Pierre had the cooking duties that day. He started a fire from the white birch branches from a nearby fallen tree. He withdrew the flour bag and reached inside. He made a hollow in the flour of the half-filled sack. He cracked two loon eggs and dropped their contents into the hollow. He withdrew the soggy mass, kneading it above the frying pan resting by the fire. He added some water so the dough became just the right consistency. He dug two large pieces of dirt from the dough that had come off his unwashed hands. He plopped the dough into the pan, then put it over the fire. Pierre was making *galette*, the voyagers' bread of life when they had flour.

Jedediah Smith led his pack mule into the clear valley in the Rocky Mountain area. In the clearing, activity for the rendezvous had already begun. The traders' carts and wagons were present as well as the teepees of the Indians. Jedediah went from trader to trader until he struck up a deal. He traded his furs for next year's supplies: gunpowder, two new traps, bacon, and an ample supply of hardtack.

Since the beginning of man's civilized ways, bread has been the staple of life. Bread was first mentioned in the Bible in Genesis 18:5, when Abraham invited the Lord to stay for a meal. In verse 6 Abraham instructs Sarah to "Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth."

Bread was mentioned many times in the Bible. The best bread used by the Hebrews was made with fine wheat flour. Wheat was ground in a mill and sifted. The dough was made into round flat cakes about an inch thick and nine inches in diameter. It is still found in Palestine today. The poorest of people ate bread made from barley.

Over the years this primitive bread has gone by many names such as bannock, *galette*, and hardtack. Hardtack was also called ship biscuit, pilot biscuit, sea biscuit, and sea bread. Its dry texture and dehydrated state required no refrigeration. Although dull tasting, hardtack is edible for months or even years after the initial baking.

Bannock was one form of bread usually made from either barley or oat flour. It too was baked in flat loaves on a

hot flat surface. Old military manuals tell the baker to leave the bread in the bakery until it stales. When the bread is very stale and dry it remains edible forever. Some military commanders felt that stale hardtack or bannock "stuck to the ribs" of the men better.

Although most hardtack was eaten at the time, some older examples still exist. In the Newton County Museum, Neosho, Missouri, there remains a piece of hardtack from a Civil War soldier's pack. Although it is not very appetizing looking, it is still probably palatable.

Ancient armies equipped their men with bread bags, which were loose-woven cotton sacks which were carried by a cord slung around the soldiers' necks. Hardtack was the soldiers' basic fare and was issued weekly. The daily ration was usually one pound. It was alleged to provide 1200 to 1800 calories and from 40 to 50 grams of protein. If available, various fruits, nuts and meats were added to the dough before cooking. Tortillas are the same substance except corn (maize) flour is used as the base.

These unleavened bread recipes remain today. The simplest and probably the oldest recipe requires 1 cup of flour and 2/3 cup of water. Mix the ingredients slowly until the dough is firm enough to work with the hands. It should be homogeneous enough to hold together. If the desired texture is not reached, flour or water need to be added. Pull pieces from the dough and flatten in a pan. Make the pieces as thin as possible. Bake them on the surface of a pan for a few minutes on each side until the edges start to curl and become brown in spots. If the dough sticks to the pan, it is too moist.

Bannock, *galette*, and hardtack are the basic breads of life. Next time you are camping, take along a bag of flour. Make a hollow in the flour and drop in an egg or some water. Pull the soggy mass out of the bag and knead some hardtack biscuits. Perhaps you would like to wash your hands first though. If you don't have a pan, a camp shovel makes a good utensil to bake your bread on.

To reach the port of heaven, we must sail, sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it, but we must sail, not drift or lie at anchor.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

KNEE-DEEP IN SUMMER — Concl.

About the time you read this, they will be starting on a conservation program of trail building. At the conclusion of four strenuous and (it is to be hoped) productive weeks, the group will spend another week hiking, trout fishing and generally enjoying the wilderness in which they worked.

After guiding his high school crew through five weeks of work and activities, I have no doubt Bob will be ready for a week of genuine relaxation and adult companionship on the Green River with his brothers.

Bob spent a large piece of time at home this spring, much to the delight of his father and me. KMA Radio commissioned Bob to write a book on the history of the station for their 60th anniversary in 1985. It is a fascinating subject and Bob has been deep in researching newspapers, books and periodicals, conducting interviews and sorting pictures. In late summer, Bob will return to southwest Iowa to fill in the areas where needed and complete the writing.

Which brings me back to where I started—the porch of our house here in Sidney. My typewriter, file and layout-proofreading table seem to have found a permanent home in this bright, cheerful area. Bob took over my study in the spring when he began his KMA research. The closet holds his file boxes, the desk is covered with his word processor and his printer stands on a nearby table. It spews out its printed pages onto the bookshelf behind it in neat layers and proves its worthiness in ease of production.

Bob insists that once he is back from his summer's work he is going to give me lessons in word processing. Undoubtedly, learning will not be easy, but the longer I slog along on my old manual typewriter the more enticing that word processor becomes.

Meantime, I best go wash up canning jars and get ready for whatever produce Robert brings in from the garden today.



JULY

July! the patriotic month, the month of the red, white and blue!

July! time of sunning and swimming and picnics and things we like to do!

July! days of warm breezes and hot sunny days,

July! time of beautiful flowers and fruitful gardens to satisfy our gaze!

July! time for daydreaming and thinking of days that have gone on before,

July! time of rejoicing in freedom as our thanks to Heaven soar!

—Wilma E. Harthan

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded
 than I care to consider. There were times when to cross one leg over the other required an assisting lift from my hand and arm. Adrienne has given me a wonderful book on getting back into "fit" condition. This book surely has much going for it because Adrienne has been following the book's suggestions pretty closely via the aerobics method and she looks better than she has ever looked. Adrienne is some slimmer but considerably trimmer where a girl likes to be trim. Her muscles are stretched and slim and she hasn't done it all with jogging. So there is hope for me in the next twelve months to get into great condition. I have surely learned different eating habits and don't count the costs of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits. Don and I both eat yellow "leafies" with our dinners until I think I see a hint or orange on our cheeks.

Speaking of critters, I have included with my letter a series of almost self-explanatory pictures which I took with my little disk camera which I carry with me in my purse at all times for just such unexpected scenes. Here you see two boys, a bigger and older one but a boy at heart, and a shorter variety, definitely in the boy classification. Don and I were celebrating our 30th wedding anniversary with a low-key, close-to-home dinner last spring when the following scene unfolded: The couple to our right were dining with a dear little two-year-old and, considering the formality of the restaurant, he was being a gem save for little excursions to the boys' bathroom when he grew just too confined. Upon returning from one of these trips with his daddy, the small boy came upon this bigger boy holding a handsome big duck

on his arm. They were both walking to their tables in the same little garden dining room at exactly the same moment. The older boy and the duck were waiting for the bus boy to fetch a high chair for this fowl. While they waited, the duck and man proceeded to slowly turn their heads and look intently at each of us. Suddenly the small boy and the beautiful white duck, with yellow feet and yellow bill, locked eyes in disbelief. Apparently the duck had not expected to find a short boy there in addition to his owner and all of his table of older salesman-type boys. By the time I took picture one, the duck had its bib on. In picture two, the duck was seated in his high chair eyeing the boy cautiously, but by the third photo, all caution was discarded and the boy and duck were hugging with mutual joy of kindred boy hearts. The family with the shorter boy was from West Chicago, Ill., and I sent them copies of the pictures which I am sure their little one will long remember as the night he met a for-sure duck eating from a high chair at the Red Circle Inn in Wisconsin. No one would have allowed as how to show the little boy that the bigger boy had a wooden pivot stick held securely in his hand which allowed him to make the duck turn and raise and lower its head and look for all the world like the real-life fowl he was supposed to be. Such fun and such a memorable event for all of us.

Until next month, I wish you as light a heart as I expect to encounter,

Mary Beth

Three magic little words: 1. "Please," 2. "Sorry," 3. "Thanks." Use each frequently for top results.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
 always grown wonderful grapes, and he never did anything to the vines . . . no pruning, no fertilizing, just watering once a week. This information stopped me right in my tracks. How easy! Why not give it a try?

That was the end of my coddling that vine. I don't KNOW if this lack of attention was the magic remedy or if some other force was at work, but the vine is loaded with tiny grapes. On the strength of this success, I rushed out and bought three more vines. I'll give them the same loving neglect I have given my old vine. We'll see what happens!

This summer does seem to be rushing by at a terrific pace. The Fourth of July holiday is just around the corner. This will be the first time in many years that our family won't be going on a big camping trip with friends to celebrate the founding of our Nation. A Wednesday holiday just doesn't lend itself to camping trips. Fortunately, we were able to get out for Memorial Day weekend. We were determined not to waste the only three-day weekend of the summer and selected the Gila (pronounce He-la) National Forest as our destination.

The drive to the Gila area is very interesting. The route from Albuquerque goes south to the town of Truth or Consequences. A little beyond this famous town we turned west and wound our way through the Black Mountains, down through the Mimbres Valley and back up into the Gila country. We had planned to camp in a regular campground near the visitor center. This was not possible as the campgrounds were jam packed and had been filled to capacity for two days before we even left Albuquerque.

In desperation we went to the visitor center to find out if alternate camping places could be had by late comers like us. We were told to camp anywhere along the river but not to go into the designated wilderness area. What a relief! The thought of a six-hour drive back to Albuquerque was NOT appealing.

Well, I have used up my space, but do have more to say about the Gila area so until next month,

Juliana

RADIO STATIONS

broadcasting



the **KITCHEN-KLATTER** visits each weekday:

| | |
|----------------|---|
| KMA | Shenandoah, Iowa , 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m. |
| KYRS-FM | Charlton, Iowa , 105 on your dial—10:30 a.m. |
| KWBG | Boone, Iowa , 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m. |
| KWPC | Muscatine, Iowa , 860 on your dial 9:00 a.m. |
| KSMN | Mason City, Iowa , 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m. |
| KCOB | Newton, Iowa , 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m. |
| WJAG | Norfolk, Nebr. , 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m. |
| KHAS | Hastings, Nebr. , 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only) |
| KFAL | Fulton, Mo. , 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m. |
| KGGF | Coffeyville, Ks. , 690 on your dial—11:00 a.m. |
| KWOA | Worthington, Minn. , 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m. |

HEARD AT OUR CHURCH

A bishop, guest of a newly married couple in our church, was awakened early by the tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God to Thee."

At breakfast he commented on the singing, saying it was a beautiful way for a bride to begin a day.

"Oh," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft-boiled and five for hard-boiled."

—Evelyn Witter

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

Remembering how depressing it is to arrive at one's summer home to find the yard and garden just one big mess of broken limbs and weeds, I make it a point each summer to have our neighbors' yard all cleaned up before they arrive from their winter sojourn in Florida. For at least one full week, my gardening boy and I work like beavers on the neighbors' place just so we can have the satisfaction of hearing them exclaim: "What a beautiful job you have done! Thank you! Thank you!" I even have some of my fresh homemade bread waiting for them on the kitchen table!

What a joy it is to be surrounded by good neighbors. Betty and I feel so fortunate to have moved into a neighborhood of gracious, helpful people. Most of the men living around here are retired engineers (electrical, mechanical, chemical, etc.), and whenever we need help with something at the house, one of the neighbors is just certain to know what to do. Most often, he comes over and does it!

If it had not been for some helpful neighbors earlier this spring, I still would not be able to sail my boat. Oh what a time I had with a halyard (piece of line) which had caught at the top of my mast, thirty-two feet up in the air. I took the boat across the river to a friend who runs a marina and asked him if he would be willing to put one of his men to the top of my mast, using his big derrick to lift the man up there. Even though he and all of his men were terribly busy, he did just what I asked, and did it right then. I was so grateful I almost wept.

Just twenty-four hours later, I was in the process of putting on a new sail when the wind blew that same troublesome halyard out of my hand, binding it once again at the top of the mast! What bad luck!! I did not dare impose on my neighbor with the derrick for a second job at the top of the mast, and while sitting there wondering what on earth to do, I had some good luck. Along came a friend who said: "If you will pull me up to the top of the mast with that other halyard you have there, I will solve your problem." One of my neighbors helped me pull the man up to the top of the mast, and in a matter of minutes we had that pesky halyard back in place. Oh the tribulations of owning a sailboat.

You probably have heard the definition of *sailing*. "Sailing is the fine art of getting wet and becoming ill while slowly going nowhere at great expense!" So true. Someone once defined a sailboat as "a hole in the water into which one pours endless amounts of money." I hate to admit the truth of that, but . . .

Recently, several people have written and asked for my advice on matters pertaining to their churches. One dear friend living in Alaska has asked for help

on methods used for keeping church records. One lady out in Kansas said that whenever their church got a new pastor, he always had to start making a new membership list because the previous pastor would always take the membership list with him. What an incredible thing! Every church ought to keep good records, and those records should not be kept in a paper box under the bed of some deacon. Each church should keep permanent records on special card forms which can be purchased from any religious supply store. Each church should have an elected treasurer to handle all the church funds, pay all the church bills, etc., and that treasurer should be bonded, and all of his records should be audited by certified public accountants each year. Under no circumstances should the pastor of the church be the one to take care of the finances of the church. You would be amazed at the number of letters I receive each year from church members who tell me their churches are having problems with ministers who do not make proper accounting for their use of church funds. It is sad, but true!

Since my retirement from the active ministry, I am frequently consulted by churches seeking help for the solution of problems relating to their pastors, and

I'm also consulted by pastors seeking help for problems relating to their church membership. So often I find myself advising churches to provide their pastors with good expense accounts for the pastors' discretionary use. If you could hear all of the stories about unhappy pastors who are always having to "beg" for funds to do their job the way it ought to be done, you would understand what I mean. A happy church is a generous church in every way.

Until next month,

Frederick

Performance, not promises, produces — particularly if you are the one performing.

MANUSCRIPTS:

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

If you can hum or whistle a tune . . .

You can learn to play the piano

with my Instant Music System

I guarantee it or all your money back . . . No questions asked.

Yes, before you know it, you'll be able to play "for company" — actually within a few days. It's easy. There's no agonizing practice. You learn right away, playing all your favorite songs with *both hands*—

FREE 30 DAY TRIAL

Send no money. Learn to play or you don't pay! You can't lose. Mail coupon TODAY.

— FREE 30 DAY TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY —



Tino Anthony

P.O. Box 30309
Phoenix, AZ 85046

Tino Anthony, Dept. 112
P.O. Box 30309, Phoenix, AZ 85046

Yes, I want to learn to play the piano your easy guaranteed way. Please send me your complete Instant Music System on approval. I will try it free for a full 30 days and if I'm pleased I will send \$29.95 as payment in full . . . If not satisfied I will return the system and owe you nothing.

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

started.

Maybe I am easily pleased, but Mari Lucy has taught me the thrill of visiting my garden in the morning to see what had changed. Sometimes I used to slip into my robe and go out barefoot in the early morning to our high-walled yard. Early, when the birds were chattering still undisturbed by traffic, the curved neck of the just-germinated bean plant was still pale and the leaves, light yellow, looked like the wings on a small butterfly. I am grateful that I learned gardening from a person who learned it from people who gardened to eat.

As I write to you, now, from Georgetown, I can remember when the hot dirt of New Mexico or Iowa was hit with a spurt of cold water and it gave off the amniotic scent of sea water. I think about that and it is almost as though we all might be able to remember even further back than we are. That wonderful smell would make Mari Lucy and her husband smile and think of each other, I'm sure.

I smile now while thinking of the gardens of my past. I may never be able to recapture the taste of my grandfather's Iowa tomatoes or my grandmother's rhubarb, but my neighbor has taught me to retrieve the parts of myself that I liked best when I was working in my New Mexico garden.

**POP MUSIC**

You hear those joyous little clicks
From pressure cooker's yield?
Sweet music to my listening ears —
Each jar is safely sealed!!

—Leta Fulmer Harvey



**A
HIT!**

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
Cleaning Products**
never strike out!

Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops laundry detergent will wash away summertime grime.

Kitchen-Klatter Bleach safely removes stains from colorful and delicate fabrics.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is all-purpose. The answer to clean up the barbecue grill, the car, golf clubs, boats and more.



Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco proudly displays the tomatoes she raised in her garden last summer. We hope Emily's gardening efforts will be just as successful this year.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Oftentimes visitors ask why we have so many containers about the yard with flowers, shrubs and vegetables growing in them when there is so much ground space available.

The answer is that we like to grow plants in containers for several reasons. Positions are flexible—you can move a shade-loving plant around the premises easily if it is growing in a container and the same goes for a sun-loving plant. If we want to decorate a certain area with flowers, it is easy to move in containers with petunias, marigolds, trailing lobelias or any pleasing combination of plants. It is handy to have pots of herbs growing near the kitchen steps and a bulb pan planted to Buttercrunch lettuce has furnished many a crisp leaf for a sandwich.

Several years ago I tried to grow blueberries in the garden with no success. Two years ago I set out three sturdy blueberry plants in large fiberglass tubs. The shrubs were planted in acid peat moss mixed with garden loam and given aluminum sulphate as recommended by the grower to maintain soil acidity, so necessary for blueberries. The plants are growing into big husky shrubs that are full of berries. Unless the plants are soon covered with netting we will have to share the berries with the birds.

We use a slow-release fertilizer such as Mag-Amp in the soil of all container-grown plants but eventually this is depleted and we feed the plants with a dilute, water soluble plant food such as Miracle-Gro or Rapid-Gro.

Another reason for so many container plantings is the ease of caring for them. Weeds are no problem as the

"good guys" soon crowd out the "bad" ones. It is true you must water more often as air currents dry out container-grown plants quicker than those planted in beds. You will find it easier to control insects and to catch a disease before it makes any headway. And grooming container plants is a cinch—it is easy to snap off faded flowers or to pinch back a wayward stem if the subject is right at your feet or higher. Start out slowly with container gardening and by the time you must retire to an apartment with no gardening space, you can recreate a small portion of your garden in containers. Go to your local plant suppliers and buy (usually at a greatly reduced price) some of their end-of-the-season annual flowers and try a planted garden. It will provide more pleasure than you thought possible. Now I must water and feed my own "pets."

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.

**COVER STORY**

July 4th is a day of fireworks and picnics. It is a time when Americans celebrate the Declaration of Independence. Rediscover for yourself this great package of freedom which our Founding Fathers presented us. It's good to be an American and to own the U.S. brand of independence and liberty. Where else in the world could one be so free? As the picture on our cover indicates to us, it is a time for celebrations.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

On the day Kristin was to arrive, Bernie, Belvah and Raymond Halls (who was here visiting from Roswell) took me to Shenandoah. I was able to drive with Kristin and family back to Lucas the next day.

Marge fixed supper for all of us. The Stroms had borrowed a crib for Elizabeth and were prepared for us to spend the night with them. After breakfast the next morning we had several calls to make. Kristin, the children, Erma and I went to see Lucile and Betty, Howard and Mae, Ruby Treese, and to the Kitchen-Klatter plant, then we took Erma to Maryville and then drove on home to Lucas.

We enjoyed a nice relaxing visit, as relaxed as it could be with a very active 15-month old baby to watch. We didn't do anything special. Julian spent most of his time fishing. This is the first year he has been allowed to fish by himself and he was proud of his catch. Julian took a bucketful to Dorothea Polser and in return she baked his favorite cake, angel-food. Scott Ballard, a neighbor boy who is the same age as Julian, came a couple of afternoons to fish with Julian. In the little over a week Kristin and the children were here, Julian caught six different kinds of fish: bluegills, bullheads, croppies, sunfish, bass and carp, so we think he did real well.

Our little perpetual motion Elizabeth was busy too. She pulled every tissue, one at a time, out of a new box she was able to reach from her crib, she broke Grandma's candy dish, terrorized the cats, dumped two plants out of the pots onto the carpet, ate the cat food, pushed the button that turned off Grandma's freezer (which wasn't discovered until



Standing in front of the Kitchen-Klatter plant in Shenandoah, Iowa, are Kristin Brase, holding baby Elizabeth, Erma Ray, and Julian Brase. The group visited the plant during their recent trip to the Midwest.

everything inside had thawed out), and tried to outshout the minister, Sara Speer, at church. Elizabeth is a real character!

We had a couple of family dinners. The second one was our first meal of the summer on the front porch. Bernie had wanted to either take us out or have us eat at her house, but we persuaded her to come here instead where it was easier to control Elizabeth. Bernie insisted on cooking all the food but the meat. We were so happy that Raymond was here at the same time so he could see Kristin and the children.

I even managed to get a little sewing done. I finished a dress and panties in time for Elizabeth to wear to church, and also made a pair of slacks for Kristin to take home with her.

Aaron and his group did win first place in the state and are making another trip to Washington to compete in the National

History Day Contest. They have been busy doing things to earn money. He told me on the phone this morning that so far the group has presented their program to two organizations who gave them a donation. He and his friend, Kris Mickey, put on their costumes, borrowed a tandem bike and went around town selling light bulbs and brooms and did real well. The young people had a garage sale, a bake sale, and a car wash. So they have been real busy making enough to pay their expenses on the trip. What a great experience!

Andy is going to be travelling with the Casper Troopers this summer, so if you have an opportunity to see them perform near where you live, look for a tall boy playing a marimba.

Kristin is leaving in the morning, so I must close and see what I can do to help get her stuff all picked up.

Until next month,

Dorothy

COVETING

by
Betty Vriesen

Sometime ago I had the privilege of baby sitting with our two precious grandchildren. The five-year-old boy had chicken pox, and was in full blossom, and very miserable. Most of the misery, however, was because he knew the unsightly pox made him look rather strange. He was feeling very sorry for himself, indeed. Grandma did her best to take his mind off his miseries, spending extra time reading, coloring, and playing games.

His little sister, not quite two, absolutely idolizes her big brother, and anything he has or does, she wants, too. How she admired all those fascinating spots and blemishes! Very adoringly she'd pat his face or point to his arm and very covetously say, "Owie!"

A bit later I discovered her sitting on the floor, both shoes and socks off, carefully examining between each toe. "Owie," she'd say, hoping to find at least one tiny red spot. She repeated this routine several times that day, but alas, it was fruitless! However, happily for her, the following day she too, was in blossom, and then she discovered it wasn't as much fun as she had anticipated.

This funny little incident made me think of how this sort of behavior is very typical of all of us. How we covet what others have, but when it actually happens to us, we often find out that it isn't all that great, after all!

In youth, boast not of what you will do; and in middle age, boast not of what you would like to do; for in old age you will boast only what you could have done.

KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS

**Cool,
refreshing salads
for hot summer days.**

FRENCH

ITALIAN

COUNTRY STYLE



The best marinades for meats and fresh vegetables are **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. When vacationing, give all three as a special hostess gift.

If you can't buy these at your store, send \$2.00 for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify French, Italian or Country Style. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, IA. 51601.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell, try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 45¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

September ads due July 10
October ads due August 10
November ads due September 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

ATTENTION POPCORN LOVERS! If your popcorn doesn't pop, who's to blame? (It's NOT the popcorn!) FREE details, recipes, "how to pop corn". Brinkman Popall Popper, Inc., 4544 CKK Wanamaker, Topeka, KS. 66610.

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$2.00. Leman Publications, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

A BEAUTIFUL poem, "WILL MY MOTHER BE FORGOTTEN, WHEN SHE'S GONE." Send \$2.00 to Poems, 2268 Circle Drive, Columbus, Nebraska 68601.

DELICIOUS DESSERTS! Featuring elegant cream filled chocolate cupcakes, the one and only peach pie filling and other super desserts. \$2.00 plus SASE. Desserts, Box 705, Fremont, NE 68025

DELICIOUS moist pineapple-coconut cake—served from pan. \$1.00, SASE. To E. Barnard, Box 553, Caulfield, MO 65626.

DELICIOUS RHUBARB recipes—shortcake, rosettes, crunch, drink, Delight pie, jam. \$1.00 each or \$4.00 for all. Recipes, R.2 Box 159, Nappanee, IN. 46550.

DOLLS, dolls. Beautiful dolls. All kinds. Stamp brings brochure. Masek, Box 6452, Lincoln, NE. 68506.

RECIPES: Delicious corn cob jelly, syrup, candy. Send \$1.00 and stamped, self-addressed envelope to K. Willis, Route 1 Box 179, Parnell, MO. 64475.

GET DOLLARS in your mail! Send dollar for how to. Van, 2035KK-Everding, Eureka, CA 95501.

KITCHEN Hints from Viola. \$3.00 per copy plus 37¢ postage. Interesting and Unusual. Viola Huettner, Box 45, Lakota, Iowa 50451.

COOKBOOKS FOR FUND-RAISING Church groups and other organizations. Your recipes. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.



DIG BAG

| | |
|--------------|---------|
| 12x12 | \$10.00 |
| 17x21 | \$20.00 |
| 14x16 | \$15.00 |
| Child's Size | \$5.00 |

Postpaid
Ks. residents add 3% tax
Naugahyde, Lined, 4 pockets outside, 4 pockets inside. Black Brown, Beige, Tan, Red, White, Blue, Rust



GRACE DORMAN — Rt. 1, Box 41
WaKeeney, Kansas 67672

Home Style Microwave Cooking

With Carolyn

By Carolyn Kruse
(Home Economist and Farmer's Wife)

Treat yourself or a friend to a copy of this practical spiral bound cookbook with over 400 home-tested simple microwave recipes, helpful hints, and guidelines.

HOMESTYLE MICROWAVE COOKING,
RR1, HOLLAND, IOWA 50642

Please print the information needed on the form below and send to:

Please send _____ copies of Carolyn Kruse's cookbook at \$9.95 each plus \$1.50 each for postage and handling. (Iowa residents please add sales tax.) I enclose \$_____ check or money order.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Home Style Microwave Cooking



40 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW — NOT Seconds — 40 Towels for \$1.75 or 80 for only \$3.35. 120 just \$4.95. Super Quality. Pls. include 50¢ extra for pstg. and hding. with EACH set of 40 Towels you buy. We know Towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee, No C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

40 TOWEL CO.
1602 Locust St.

Dept. C-724,
St. Louis, Mo. 63103

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

Cookbooks Are Our Specialty

BEST-WAY PUBLISHING, LTD.

BOX 779

IOWA CITY, IOWA 52244

Ph: 319-354-4048, 319-338-7194, 319-351-7507

A Taste For Health: Delicious Low-Fat Low-Cholesterol Recipes From the national study showing cholesterol reduction reduces heart attacks. Compiled by medical nutritionists. An outstanding value. 88 pages over 200 recipes 6x9". \$5.95; 2 for \$9.25; 3 for \$13.25 postpaid.
Penfield Press, 215 Brown St.
Iowa City, IA 52240

HEARING AIDS

UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS ★

BUY DIRECT • NO DEALER MARKUPS
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL • TERMS ARRANGED
Body Aids \$99.50 up. Also, Behind-the-Ear Aids. Largest selection of fine quality aids. No salesman will call. Write for FREE literature.

CALL TOLL FREE 1/800/323-1212

LLOYD, Dept. KT 128 Kishwaukee St., Rockford, Ill. 61104

FUND-RAISERS

FUND-RAISING GROUPS earn big money with their favorite recipes in quality custom cookbooks. It's easy to complete and sell your beautiful books. Detailed instructional booklet FREE! **G & R Publishing, Dept. KK, Box 238, Waverly, IA 50677.** (Family cookbooks printed also!)

SLIM—PLAN

Cocoa or Vanilla Drink Mix \$17.80

Big Vitamin Savings.
Send for Free Price List.

NUTRI—SAVE Dept. KK
P.O. Box 1829 • Rockford, IL 61110

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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

The Story Of An American Family

\$4.25, per copy

Also Available
Church Projects and Programs

\$1.00, per copy

Send your order to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

We will send gift cards if you ask us to. Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.

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

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

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

The veteran football coach has seen plenty of it in his years on and off the field.

He's also discovered that ordinary knee supports and elastic bandages just can't do the job. So he finally set to work to find a way to add strength and stability directly to the joint where support and protection are needed most.

FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES

Today, thanks to his unique invention, thousands of men, women and children of all ages lead active, pain-free lives despite serious knee problems.

Coach Barlow's fantastic invention uses no metal yet it provides maximum lateral and cap support. This incredibly lightweight support absorbs shocks and prevents twisting. And the BARLOW™ knee support provides soothing warmth to injured or arthritic joints.

So comfortable you can wear it for hours and non-allergenic too. Choose from five sizes for your perfect fit.

NO RISK OFFER

We urge you to try Coach Barlow's remarkable knee supports for 30 days. If it doesn't bring you pain-free relief, we'll refund your money without questions.

Don't let the pain and anxiety of "bad" knees get you down. Order today. Specify size in coupon.

Custom form fitting pad design prevents slipping and affords maximum mobility and comfort.

Lightweight non-metal construction allows full range of motion and can be comfortably worn for hours.

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

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

Adds strength and stability directly to where support and protection is needed.

Comes in 5 different sizes to ensure proper fit for either knee.

WHAT FOLKS TELL US ABOUT OUR KNEE SUPPORT:

"I'm 80 years old and certainly not an athlete... but now I can garden again and be active 'cause I wear your brace."
L.W. Oconto Falls, WI

"At first I wasn't sure... now I want a brace for the other knee. I've had knee problems for the last 5 years. I only wish I had known of this brace 5 years ago. I'm so grateful. Thank you."
J.N. Hartwell, GA

"This support is a great help to me. I could hardly get around before I got it. Thank you."

A.J. Springfield, OR

BARLOW™ KNEE SUPPORT, INC., Dept. KK 074
406 So. Ella, Sandpoint, Idaho 83864

Enclosed please find \$_____ for _____ BARLOW knee supports.

☐ One BARLOW knee support \$19.95 plus \$1.00 Shpg & Hdlg.

☐ Two BARLOW knee supports \$39.90 plus \$2.00 Shpg & Hdlg.

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order or Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard.
Credit Card Customers call NOW! Toll Free 1-800-824-7888 Operator #115

Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____

FOR CORRECT SIZE

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

CIRCLE ONE

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

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

When in Sandpoint, visit the Barlow Knee Clinic.