



Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

In my last letter I stated that this summer is going by at a terrific pace. A whole month has passed since and that month seemed as though it was only a week long. Lots has been going on, but before I share these current happenings I'd like to finish telling you about our camping trip to the Gila National Forest.

As I said last month, we felt fortunate to find a place to put up our tents. The regular campground was completely full so we found a lovely spot about ten feet from the east fork of the Gila River. Actually if I were to name this body of water, I would call it the "Gila Stream." It was very shallow and not at all wide. It WAS just perfect for inner tube floating. Many other campers stayed in our area and everyone seemed to have inner tubes. I think the only time there wasn't someone floating by our tents was between the hours of 10 P.M. and 6 A.M.

The two fishermen in my family, husband Jed and son James, had to get up very early to do any fishing before the local trout were completely terrorized by the inner tube floaters. I enjoy fishing, too, but not enough to get me out of my warm sleeping bag before 6 A.M. I did manage to get up in time to have a pot of coffee sending its marvelous aroma around the campsite when the fishermen returned to camp. Fortunately, they never came back to camp empty-handed, so the last morning of the trip we had fresh trout for breakfast. I have done fancy things with trout at different times, but I have come to the conclusion that it is hard to improve upon the old roll-the-fish-in-cornmeal-and-fry-in-melted-butter technique.

Our food on this camping trip was regular camp fare. I did make a huge batch of my tried-and-true barbecue and that served as dinner one night and lunches for two days. We grilled hamburgers and hot dogs another night. The only really exotic food was served the second morning that we were in camp.

Our friends, Nina and Bill Adkins, and their daughter, Andrea, had come along on the trip. Nina said that she would be responsible for breakfast on the second day. I assumed it would be scrambled eggs or pancakes—something along those lines. Imagine my surprise when she presented us with eggs Benedict. She had brought an egg poacher, English muffins, Canadian bacon and the makings for a very simple and delicious hollandaise sauce. Gracious! I never have had the courage to make eggs Benedict right in my own kitchen. Here Nina was turning out the fancy dish on a camp stove positioned on the pickup's tailgate. I was impressed!

Camping in the mountains has to be our favorite summer activity. I think my whole family would be perfectly happy to spend every weekend in the cool, tall pines. Due to other responsibilities, this is not always possible. This summer Albuquerque has made a concerted effort to make staying at home in the city a more attractive proposition. The Albuquerque Parks and Recreation Department has sponsored a series of weekend events called "Summer Fest." Each weekend our large, landscaped Civic Plaza is the site of a cultural "happening." Different ethnic groups are responsible for a display of items and folkways that are traditional within their culture. The weekend I attended, the festival was named "Omatsuri" and featured the country of Japan.

There were origami (paper folding) exhibits, aikido experts tossing each other around, Japanese dancing, water color booths, and my favorite spot, the bonsai exhibit. Bonsai is the art of tree dwarfing and this exhibit showed all the steps involved in creating these fascinating miniature trees and landscapes. Another big drawing card for the festival was the array of food booths. There are quite a number of Japanese restaurants in Albuquerque and each one had set up an area to prepare and serve food for a nominal price. We decided to be adventurous and sample as many as we could.

The first thing we tried was gyoza. Gyoza is a rice flour crescent-shaped dough that is filled with chopped pork, cabbage, ginger, scallions and cellophane noodles. It is cooked two ways. First it is pan fried, then steamed to finish the cooking process. The lady who was responsible for this delicious treat said she had made 1,500 gyoza portions and it had taken her all night to prepare them.

Another food booth had a huge charcoal grill which was covered with skewers filled with marinated boneless chicken pieces. The marinade was much like a teriyaki sauce and the result was mouth-wateringly good.

What I was really hoping to find in the line of food was a sushi stand. Sushi is the



Jed Lowey and his son, James, relax in front of their tent during a recent camping trip to the Gila National Forest area in New Mexico.

famous Japanese appetizer made with different kinds of raw fish which are arranged and decorated in an extremely artful way. Pleasing the eye is considered to be just as important as pleasing the taste buds. I did find a sushi stand but the chef explained to me that no raw fish had been used due to the heat of the day and the lack of adequate refrigeration at the Civic Plaza. He was serving something he called "California Rolls." This was a roll made with sushi rice, avocado, crab meat and smelt eggs which was held together with a seaweed wrapper. I thought it was very good, but Jed took one look at the seaweed and declined to even try it. Jed grew up on the ocean and was too familiar with seaweed to ever
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Andrea Adkins and Katharine Lowey set up their own private tent during the camping trip. Andrea's parents, Nina and Bill, went on the trip with the Loweyes.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Our area of Iowa has had several beautiful days in a row lately and it has been such a treat after all the rain. As I have been driving through the country the last couple of days, the most common sight was the farmers getting some hay baled at last. This has been the first cutting for everyone and the hay was so heavy. I had never seen so many large bales in one field before. We were glad to get ours up.

Frank and I have a new renter this year. Dean Krutsinger, the young man who had been doing our farming for us the past ten years, had to cut down on his work and decided he wasn't going to farm any ground but his own this year. Dean had become almost like a son to us, but we understood. This year a fine young man, Dick Freeman, who lives on a farm adjacent to some of our ground, started farming for us. Dick helped me this spring when Frank was down with his ailing leg and is always anxious to be of help when he can. Dick, his father and two brothers help each other so they can cover a lot of ground in no time.

This has really been a year to remember. The corn and beans had to be replanted. We had another seige of rain the day after the corn was replanted and a lot of it didn't come up the second time because the water just rotted the seed, but it is now too late to plant anything. Hopefully the beans will fare a little better. We are lucky at that, since many acres in Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri are still under water and will never have anything planted on them this year.

Frank has a new pet. He is bottle feeding a little calf, and it knows exactly when feeding time is and comes to the gate to meet him. Frank had every intention in the world of getting the cow sold before she calved, but because the barn lot stayed muddy for so many months, there was never a time a truck could get in to load her. The day before Kristin was to go back home to Torrington, Wyoming, the cow came down with her new baby that was born sometime in the night. At any rate, Julian got to see a brand-new calf. Although the cow is turned out in the pasture every morning, she comes back every evening and wants in with her baby. She keeps the calf shiny clean and doesn't seem to mind that someone else is feeding him.

Our conservation friend, Doyle Adams came one day and brought us seven bluebird houses he had made. Frank was commenting to him one day that we didn't see any bluebirds around here anymore and hadn't for several years. Since we wanted to get them started again, Doyle said he would bring



Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson calls her granddaughter, Elizabeth Brase, "the two-bottle baby." Here she is sound asleep on her grandmother's couch with her two bottles.

us some houses to see if we couldn't attract the bluebirds. We had never seen any of the houses before and were surprised that they are so big and so deep. Doyle said the front of the house is made so it can be opened and cleaned out after the first hatch has left the nest, then the mother will build a new nest and lay some more eggs. She will have as many as four hatches a year. The houses are fastened to fence posts far enough away from the house that the sparrows won't bother them and are built so that predators can't get into them. We went to check some of the houses the other day and found the wrens had gotten there first. We probably put the houses up a little late to attract the bluebirds this year, but hopefully next spring they will find them.

I mentioned in my last letter that Julian spent most of his time here fishing in the bayou. Grandpa had helped him find some great big fishworms to start with, then one night Kristin and Julian went hunting for night crawlers. Julian had never done this and found out the worms could move pretty fast and were hard to catch but certainly worth the effort. They caught just one night crawler the first night but Julian bragged the next day he caught 36 fish with the same worm. Since going home, Julian wrote us a letter and said he had been hunting night crawlers and had caught 50 each night that he went. Julian didn't say if he has found a place near Torrington to fish, or if he just turns the worms loose again.

Kristin is really enjoying her vacation. She says much work is still to be done to the house, but there has been time to take Elizabeth on lots of bike rides, something she loves to do, and also Kristin has time to watch Elizabeth explore the large fenced-in back yard. They don't leave the baby alone yet because she still likes to put things into her mouth. Kristin says Elizabeth finds their yard pretty dull because there are no cats to chase, no cows and calves to watch, and no cave to climb, either. Julian lost a tooth

after he got home and Elizabeth has a new one. When they were here, we thought Elizabeth was trying to get a tooth through by the way she chewed her fingers.

Last spring and early summer the women in Margery Strom's church collected children's clothing and baby layettes to be sent to an Indian Reservation in South Dakota. Margery and Oliver offered to deliver the boxes that has been packed because they were wanting to take a trip to the Black Hills anyway. They started on their trip the same day Kristin left to go home, and by the end of that week the Stroms had arrived in Torrington to stay with Kristin and family for a few days. When Marge got home, she gave me a glowing day-by-day report of their visit. Marge is sure that Elizabeth thought that she was Grandma Johnson because every time my name was mentioned our granddaughter would look at Marge and smile. This is very understandable since so many people get the two of us mixed up.

Aaron and his group from Torrington didn't win anything in the National History Day Contest in Washington, and needless to say, they were disappointed. I got a long distance call from Aaron when they were on the way home, and was so surprised that he was in Des Moines for a rest stop. Had I known, I would have been there to see him for a few minutes. Aaron said the bus had never gone that way before, and he had no idea it was this time. I had to just be happy that he had thought to call and visit a minute by phone.

According to a schedule I have on my bulletin board, our grandson, Andy, is now in Salinas, California, performing with the Casper Troopers, nationally known drum and bugle corps. They started their summer bus tour on June 25, and will end up at home on August 19. In the meantime they will have performed in California, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas and Georgia. This has been a dream come true for Andy, and what a wonderful experience!

Kristin took home a beautiful porcelain doll that was made and dressed by one of our dear Kitchen-Klatter friends, Zella Sewell of Pryor, Oklahoma. On our recent trip to Coffeyville, Kansas, two of Zella's nieces drove her to Coffeyville so she could meet Hallie, Verlene and me and could deliver the doll to me. Kristin was very pleased and wrapped it very carefully to take home. It will be awhile before Elizabeth is big enough to enjoy the doll but it will be a treasure for her to keep always.

I went to a bridal shower recently and the centerpiece on the tea table had been made by the guest of honor's mother-in-law to be. It was a bride cake. The body

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The Kindergarten Birthday Party

(A Special Day for a Special Girl)

by
Karen R. Heffner



When my eldest grandchild was in kindergarten, her mother called me shortly before her early autumn birthday. "Sarah wants a party at home, Mom, and I just don't know what to do about invitations. She wants to invite all the girls in her class, but I'm not sure I should. I don't know any of the mothers and I'd hate to have them think we were on a gift-grabbing mission."

"How many girls are there?" I asked.

"Thirteen. We could handle that many all right. What do you think I should do?" my daughter asked.

I pondered the question, knowing the dilemma my daughter was in. There have been times when I have hesitated to invite a less-close friend to an occasion where etiquette would probably dictate that a gift be given. And yet I knew how excited Sarah was about having her first "real" birthday party and how difficult it might be to have to choose only a few little children.

"Well," I replied, "I don't think there'd be any harm in issuing invitations to all the girls. If the mothers don't want to accept, they will say so."

The evening after the party, I called to see how things had gone.

"You won't believe this, Mom," my daughter told me happily. "Every single kid was here! And many of the mothers told me they were so glad to be able to get acquainted with the other moms. I guess they were all feeling a little like I was—they really wanted to meet the playmates their girls talked about all the time, and this was a perfect opportunity, right at the beginning of the school year."

My daughter, a creative young woman, had done a good deal of planning to ensure a happy event for all the children, and it was good news to hear that the party had been such a success. She had some good ideas that are worth passing along to other mothers of kindergarten girls who may be excited about a party!

A party hosted by a young child is a perfect way to begin to teach the art of warm hospitality. When Sarah

mentioned that "Dana is really shy—she probably won't want to play the games," my daughter had the opportunity to talk about how we can help people feel comfortable by making special efforts to talk to them, or by urging them to participate in group activities. Mother and daughter decided together on what kinds of games to play, the favors to take home and refreshments—with simplicity the watchword. A child's party does not need to be elaborate to be exciting, and indeed, should not set precedent for lavishness.

A party for young children should have a definite time limit—not more than a couple of hours. When a party drags, it is difficult to maintain the attention of the children and irritability or rowdiness can occur. Better to keep the time short and send children who are still cheerful on their way! The invitation should be explicit—"Please pick up children at 3 p.m."

Old-fashioned games are fun to teach to today's little ones. Musical chairs, button-button, giant steps, and bean-bag toss are just a few suggestions, and alternating quiet games with more active ones holds the children's interest. Children at this age enjoy drawing and coloring, and can do a "mural" together gathered around a large piece of butcher paper laid on the floor. Provide crayons or washable felt markers and cut the mural apart later so that each child can take her art work home. My daughter made small dough-art hearts ahead of time, with small paper clips baked into the top, and sprayed them lightly with a fixative. The girls decorated their own "loquets" with felt markers, and ribbons were threaded through the top, making a necklace for each child to take home.

It's a good idea to have another adult helper or two—Sarah's doting auntie came to the party dressed as a clown and helped with games and serving refreshments, while delighting the little girls with her antics. If weather permits, a yard game while the mother is preparing the cake and ice cream lets little bodies get rid of excess energy before sitting down

at the table.

Paper products and decorations need not put a dent in the party budget. A package of large white dinner napkins decorated with colorful stickers on a corner are more practical and less expensive than tiny birthday napkins, and an extra napkin can be clipped with a clothespin around the neck to protect pretty party dresses. Felt pens can be used to personalize ordinary white foam drinking cups and balloons (children love anything with their name on it!). Crepe paper streamers can be rolled up again for future use, and game prizes can be wrapped in the colored comic section from the Sunday newspaper. Such prizes need not be costly—hair ribbons or clips, small packs of raisins or sugar-free gum, little tablets or pencils will all gladden a child's heart.

Cupcakes inscribed with each child's name make clever "place cards" and the birthday girl's candles can be placed in a small, one-layer cake to be enjoyed later by the family. A festive "ice cream parlor" atmosphere will be achieved by having several toppings available and letting each child choose her own sundae. Fruit juice or milk, instead of sugary punch, is a good choice of beverage.

Don't forget to have the camera handy to record the special day! A nice touch is to take a picture of each guest (perhaps at the refreshment table), in addition to action shots of the group. If an instant camera is available, each girl will have a picture to take home, or the photo can be included in a thank-you card.

A kindergartner is not too young to send those cards! With Mother's help, she can sign her name to a simple message thanking each guest for coming. These note cards can be made from white construction paper, and a bright sticker or child-drawn picture can decorate the folder. This activity reinforces the gracious habit of expressing gratitude for another's presence and presents!

Family-only birthday parties will always be a special part of a young child's life, but a party with friends can be an important social experience for hostess and guests alike. Preparation and sensitivity to the needs of little ones is the key. Dana was shy, my daughter said, and it was only after the clown had gotten her to relax a bit that she joined in the games. And another little girl burst into tears when a spoon of ice cream missed her bib and landed on her "Sunday dress." A hug and a quick washcloth soothed the embarrassed guest, who was chattering happily a moment later.

The report from the mother and the auntie of the honoree was that they were exhausted! The birthday girl, however, was still running on high energy and

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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

When I retired from my ministry at the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., in 1979, I declared that I was through with preaching. After nearly twenty-five years of preaching two and three different sermons every week, I was tired. Now guess what I am going to do? I am going to be the interim minister for a small Congregational Church in Mystic, Conn., while that church searches for a new pastor. I have promised to give the church two-and-one-half days of each week, the half-day being on Sunday. Knowing the way I give myself wholly and completely to every job, I am wondering if I can hold to that two-and-one-half days a week. The chances are that there will be more work than can be contained in that short span of time.

One of my Yale classmates has been the minister of the Mystic church for twenty years, and now he is retiring. In times past, he asked me to be guest preacher at his church on several occasions. Visits there have shown me that the members of the church are wonderfully fine people, very much like the people with whom Betty and I worked in Springfield. The church is located just nine miles from our house, and is only a few blocks from the Mystic Seaport Museum where I have done volunteer work.

A few weeks ago, I was a guest preacher in one of the beautiful, little seaside chapels in a summer resort area. On the day prior to conducting the worship there, I performed a wedding in that chapel, and of course, that meant being there for a wedding rehearsal. I got to the chapel ahead of the wedding party, unlocked the door with the key that had been provided, entered, and walked up to the altar. At the altar, I became aware of what obviously was a burglar alarm. The alarm was not sounding any bell or siren but was flashing a red light and making a slight hissing noise. I thought that, like so many churches, it had a silent alarm system connected with the police station and I had set it off, so there was nothing to do but to wait for the police to arrive.

After waiting and waiting, no police arrived. Naturally, I was nervous about this, hoping that when the police arrived, they would not come dashing into the chapel with drawn guns. Then a member of the wedding party arrived and put my mind at ease. This was not a burglar alarm after all! The instrument with the



Betty Driftmier, in the center, and John and Helen Kavanaugh of Portsmouth, Va. The Kavanaughs were recent visitors at the Driftmiers' Connecticut home.

flashing light and the hissing sound was some kind of a gadget to frighten away church mice and bats!! Until the chapel had installed the gadget or whatever the thing is called, the mice had been a most destructive problem, eating prayer books, making nests in the pew cushions, etc. The thing really works. I know for a fact that the device will frighten visiting clergymen, too! I told Betty we should get one for our basement, because in the winter months, the little field mice come in out of the cold and nest under my workbench.

All of us have had occasions when we have been tempted to take some drastic action, only to have second thoughts and do nothing, and then learn that God Himself must have intervened in the situation. Such a thing happened when I conducted the worship in that little chapel the day after the wedding. Just before the service was to begin, a very dirty and disheveled person, staggering under the influence of alcohol or drugs, came into the chapel and sat down in the very front pew. An usher approached me on the matter. Should we ask the person to leave before the service starts so that he will not have a chance to cause a disturbance, or should we let him stay until he does start some kind of a commotion? My first inclination was to ask him to leave right then.

To have such a person seated where all would notice and feel uncomfortable and concerned is embarrassing. I told the usher to do nothing. "Let's wait and see," I said, but was not at all sure the right decision was made. God must have guided me to do that, because the man sat very quietly through the service. After I had given the final benediction and gone back to the robing room to take off my vestments, the unwanted guest followed and spoke to me.

With tears streaming down his face, the man said: "Thank you, pastor, for not asking me to leave. I knew what you were thinking. How I got to this chapel I do not

know, but I am sure that God had something to do with it! What you said this morning has literally saved my life! I tried to kill myself last night, but now I am going to clean up and go home."

Watching the man walking out the chapel door, I was saying over and over again: "Thank you, God! Oh thank you!" Even while writing this letter to you, I tremble to think how different that situation might have been had I not been led by the grace of God. This experience makes me wonder how often God's grace is in our second thoughts.

In my last letter, I told you about Bonnie's death and how Clyde, her beautiful swan mate, was mourning her passing. That poor swan swam up and down the river calling for Bonnie. He did not seem to understand what had happened to her. Like 85 percent of the mute swans, Clyde probably will not take a second mate, but for a few days last week he had us wondering. Clyde had a female swan come to visit him. He showed her to me very proudly, and when I fed him, he insisted that his girl friend eat right along with him. She was very timid about my presence, but Clyde reassured her in the way he lay down at my feet.

Clyde's having a girl friend was such big news for this neighborhood, that I invited some of our friends to come over and see for themselves. Then it happened! I put some food out for Clyde, his little lady friend came up to eat it with him just as she had been doing for three days, but something went wrong. All of a sudden, Clyde turned on the female swan, gave her several sharp blows with his strong neck and beak, and drove her right out of the cove! What a surprise! What a disappointment! We all had hoped that Clyde in his old age would have a young lady to comfort him, but no luck!!

The annual swan count on our lower river was conducted by me last week. We just count the swans from the point where the estuary of the river meets the sea over a four-mile stretch inland to the bridge in downtown Westerly, R.I. Since the river is the border between Connecticut and Rhode Island, we cannot credit the swans to one state or the other. By actual count, there were just 198 swans this year, and that is four fewer than last year. It is more than 100 fewer than were counted here three years ago. The amazing statistic, however, is that over the four-mile stretch of river, this year there are only three pairs of swans with babies (cygnets). Five other pairs of swans were on the river but did not have any young ones. Like Bonnie and Clyde, they probably had lost their eggs in some of the bad storms this past spring.

Betty and I were so pleased when Helen and John Kavanaugh of Portsmouth (Continued on page 20)

PAUL DRIFTMIER WRITES THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

I'm sitting at the pool side, which is behind my apartment building, writing this letter. To my left the building rises steeply, foreshortened by my viewpoint at its base. The scores of balconies ranked along its side form an interesting scalloped pattern and the windows reflect the afternoon sun. To my right lies the Milwaukee Yacht Club and the glimmering expanse of Lake Michigan. The deck which I'm sitting on is elevated about seventy feet above the wooded slope of the shore so that I have a bird's-eye view of the bike path that the trees would otherwise hide. An occasional bicyclist passes below. A long but narrow lagoon lies between the woods and the yacht club, a span of about a quarter mile. In the lake, but sheltered by the serpentine breakwater, almost a thousand boats of every description placidly bob. A brisk southerly wind has helped the setting sun persuade the water lovers to tether their sloops and whalers. Most are moored neatly in double rows on the twenty or thirty docks. The rest rather haphazardly scattered within the breakwater's protection are tied to buoys. Beyond is nothing. From a quarter mile to my right, all the way to the horizon, I see only the grey blue, almost gunmetal color, of the calm lake, then suddenly the pastel blue of the sky dominates the scene. A ferry boat, arriving from Ludington, Michigan, steams through the "Main Hole" (that's fishermen's slang for the largest of the three portals in the breakwater).

Nough said. You're wondering by now, why this uncharacteristically melodramatic writing style. "The poor boy's touched," you think. Well, there is a reason for all of this. By the time this letter reaches you, I'll have moved away, be able to reread this, and remember what it looked like.

So, what's happening this summer? Well, let's go in chronological order. First, I've got a vacation coming. A week with nothing to do, and I use that term ver-r-y loosely. The week includes the Fourth of July and the opening of Milwaukee's famous Summerfest. On the third of July, a local bank sponsors a truly spectacular fireworks display. The launching grounds are in a park right below my windows and the bombs and rockets seem to burst right in my room. I've invited a few close friends to come up, watch the display with me, and have a good time. Summerfest, as the name implies, is a grand celebration of summer with top name performers, unique ethnic food, rides and an incredibly diverse crowd of 697,000 people from every corner of the nation and all over the world.



Paul Driftmier, shown here cutting his birthday cake earlier this year, will be returning to college in the fall.

All will not be fun and games this vacation though. I'll spend a day preparing my beloved Corvette for the sales block. Yes, I'm actually going to sell it, for a loss even, but it's for a worthy cause which I'll detail later. Another day will be dedicated to repainting my old bedroom at my folks' house. I figure that living there all those years has left quite a patina of Paul-style dirt—ink from drawing pens and fingerprints of automotive grease festoon all four walls. Repainting it is the least I can do. The first weekend, I'll be helping my girlfriend move to a new apartment, and the last weekend I'll help my best buddy, Eric, move to a new house in Rockford, Illinois, about ninety miles distant. With any remaining time, I'll find a new apartment for myself into which I'll be moving in Mid-August. Why move when I'm so happy here? That's a long story I'll try to squeeze into a sentence. I'm going to be a student again.

Early last spring I applied to and was accepted by Marquette University which I previously attended in 1977 and '78. After six years of being out of school, I've absorbed or had rammed into me at least a good sampling of the lessons offered by the school of hard knocks. I now think I know what I want out of life and what to do to get it. First of all is the sacrifice of the lifestyle I've been enjoying of late, so I can afford to attend school and earn my degree. Selling my car comes under this heading. The cheapest efficiency apartment I can find will come under that same heading. Quitting my job at the packing house is an unfortunate necessity, but I'll look there first for a part-time job to help defray the cost of scholarship. All of this

is in store for me after this summer, and lots and lots of studying. Time to form some new habits!

Wish me luck!

Paul

U.S. CITIES QUIZ

1. The 35th U.S. President was assassinated in what city?
2. One of the largest landlocked harbors in the world is located in what city?
3. In which city are the Mormon Temple and Tabernacle located?
4. In which city is the famous Western Livestock Show held every year?
5. "The Automobile Capital of the World" is the nickname of this city.
6. What is the largest city in the United States?
7. What city is sometimes known as the "Dogwood City"?
8. The largest city in the New England States is _____.
9. Where is the Mardi Gras held a week before start of Lent each year?
10. What city is known as the "Windy City"?
11. What city is "The City of Brotherly Love"?
12. The National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage is located in _____.
13. The "Twin Cities" are _____.

ANSWERS: 1. Dallas, Tex., 2. San Francisco, Calif., 3. Salt Lake City, Utah, 4. Denver, Colo., 5. Detroit, Mich., 6. New York City, N.Y., 7. Atlanta, Ga., 8. Boston, Mass., 9. New Orleans, La., 10. Chicago, Ill., 11. Philadelphia, Pa., 12. Oklahoma City, Okla., 13. Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn. —Norma Tisher

ESTABLISH A SCENIC DRIVE IN YOUR COUNTY

by
Dianne L. Beetler

Scenic drives, self-conducted automobile tours through scenic and historical regions, are becoming increasingly popular in many areas of the country. A scenic drive allows travelers to enjoy beautiful scenery and search for bargains among the antiques and handcrafts sold by exhibitors at towns along the route. With vacation expenses soaring, many people prefer to travel close to home. Now may be a good time to start a scenic drive in your county.

Several years ago, Rita and Don Carlson of Wataga, Ill., attended the Covered Bridge Festival in Brown County, Ind. Intrigued with the celebration, they wished their own Knox County could sponsor such an event.

In January 1976, Rita wrote letters to people she thought might be interested in a Knox County scenic drive. An organizational meeting was held in February, and 24 people attended and a collection was taken. "I was so thrilled, and they all wanted the drive right away," Rita said.

Immediately, the Knox County Scenic Drive, Inc. was organized as a non-profit organization. A route for the drive was chosen. The Scenic Drive committee now consists of four representatives from each stop along the route and four members-at-large from the county.

When you decide which communities to include on the route, consider their facilities. Are public restrooms available? Does the community have a large building or park where exhibits can be set up? Are there museums or historic spots of interest in the town? Research the history of your county carefully. Try to find little-known items of interest. Of course you will want to include well-known sites of interest and choose the most scenic areas of the county to feature.

The next step is to obtain money for promoting your drive. Rita went to county officials to ask for financial assistance. Although she was unsuccessful in obtaining county money, you might not be. She suggests that you also ask area businessmen for donations. State, regional and county departments of tourism also may provide financial assistance besides advice and cooperation.

Money-making projects will probably also be needed. Besides raising money, these events will publicize your drive. The Knox County Scenic Drive committee has held an ice cream social, a barbecued chicken supper, and a pork chop supper as fund-raising projects.

Choose a good time for the drive. Most drives are held in the fall to take advantage of the beautiful foliage. The Knox County Scenic Drive is held the



During the Knox County Scenic Drive, the Wataga Congregational Church, one of the oldest churches in the county, turns into the Pie Place where homemade pies of all kinds are sold.
—Photo courtesy of Knox County Scenic Drive, Inc.

first two weekends in October. Make sure your dates don't conflict with previously scheduled, large celebrations or events in the area.

The representatives from each stop should coordinate the activities in their community. They should obtain the names and addresses of craftspeople and antique and flea market dealers who might set up tables at stops along the route.

At the Knox County Scenic Drive, exhibitors with items for sale are required to pay a \$10 registration fee plus 10% of their net profit to the Scenic Drive organization. They are given a sign to display, and their names and the locations of their exhibits are listed on town sheets given to people taking the drive.

Contact people with unusual hobbies who would be willing to exhibit their collections, and ask people with various talents to perform during the drive. Schools may have music or drama groups that would welcome a chance to entertain.

Each stop on the Knox County Scenic Drive provides home-cooked meals. Frequently, local organizations prepare these meals as a fund-raising project. Are there any factories or businesses along the route willing to give tours of their facilities?

Use your imagination to develop ways to publicize your scenic drive. Encourage people involved with the drive to talk about it and involve other people. Enthusiasm is contagious. Put announcements on community bulletin boards. Take advantage of free announcements and listings of community activities on the radio and in newspapers. Local papers probably would like to feature people with unusual hobbies who will be participating in the drive.

The Knox County Scenic Drive sponsored Preview Days at a local shopping mall. One weekend, two months before the drive, exhibitors from each stop along the route set up their displays and items for sale at a local mall. There they distributed brochures about the drive.

It's a good idea to choose a symbol to include on all your advertising. In Knox County, a sketch of the Wolf Covered Bridge identifies Scenic Drive material. The covered bridge is an outstanding landmark in the county, and it was a natural choice to symbolize the drive.

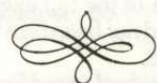
Finally, the weekend of the drive will arrive. Signs should be posted along the roads so that drivers can find their way along the route of the drive. In Knox County, information booths are set up at each stop, and town sheets are distributed. These sheets list each community's attractions and locate them on a map.

If you decide to start a scenic drive in your county, time, energy and enthusiasm will be needed. "There is a lot of time involved in this," Rita warned. "Our committee starts meeting monthly in February."

Today, the 80-mile tour of Knox County with one side trip and ten stops at towns and spots of interest is a successful annual event. Rita confessed, "I didn't have that much confidence that I could establish a scenic drive." Probably you will have fears and doubts also, but hard work and determination will make a scenic drive successful.

UNBAKED COOKIES

These cookies are easy and fun to make, Because you don't have to cook or bake. They don't even need a cookie cutter! You start with a beautiful stick of butter. Then mix two cups of sugar and a half cup of milk, Boil for one minute and it'll be as smooth as silk. While it's still hot, add three cups of dry oatmeal. This ingredient adds a sensational appeal! Now you need peanut butter, three-fourths of a cup, It may be hard to stir, but please, don't give up! Six tablespoons of cocoa and one teaspoon of vanilla are last, And look only a few, to be exact ten minutes are passed! Drop them in balls on waxed paper and let them cool. If you don't try any, you are a fool! Then your taste buds will be simple to please, Because of these cookies you fixed with ease.
—Elissa Miller, age 13



MARY BETH REPORTS



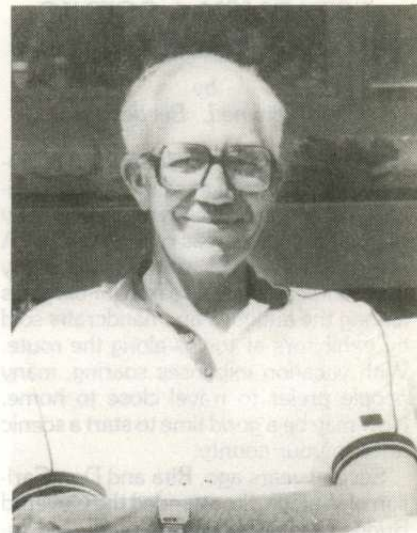
Dear Friends:

This month I am happy to report to you that if you are prone to be a pack rat then take heart because it has finally paid off—for me! For many years, every time Don Driftmier has worked in the basement, he has seldom failed to repeat the case for getting rid of the bicycles which are hanging seat down and pedals flapping uselessly from the ceiling by way of enormous red enamel tooth-appearing hooks. It was true that Adrienne and Paul had bought themselves bigger and newer bikes when able to afford what was “in,” but these bicycles looked great to me. They were certainly cheaper than anything we could ever replace them with, if the need arose. So, I prevailed upon the boss of the basement to let the bicycles remain a little while longer since they weren’t discommoding anyone. NOW, five times a week these handsome energy burners are wheeled out onto the street where they transport Don and me to quieter avenues for our two-mile bike odyssey each evening save two.

Daughter Adrienne brought home a book, as runners are prone to do when they are attempting to convert lethargic homebodies into fiends like themselves. The book was called *Fit or Fat*, a pretty pointed title as you can see, and the first person in the family to read it was Don, himself! Over the winter his weight had crept up higher than he enjoyed causing alarm bells to ring in his head when buttoning his pants. Before I knew it, Don was up and out every morning at six o’clock doing a fast walk down to Mill Road and back, a total of twenty minutes of sustained exercise. I really began to take notice when he began to take a small but well-balanced lunch to work each morning. Don has always subscribed to the belief that no lunch was the best for his body. Now I was watching my husband eat fruits more and generally watch his caloric intake.

I went through the pile of reading material at his bedside and commenced reading *Fit or Fat* to see what was in this little book that had accomplished more than I had been able to in all the years since he stopped coming home for lunch which was probably 1968. I began to read and be amazed at the explanation of why I could maintain a 1000-calorie day and not lose weight. The answer lay in not such strict dieting as I had been doing but considerably more effort in raising my metabolism—my expended energy. Of course, one of the top exercises was bicycling. I had not been on a bicycle since I was married.

One Saturday I urged Don to bring the



Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier look very fit and healthy after a summer of good diet and exercise.

bikes upstairs and see if they were road worthy and the next thing I knew we were off and riding. That I was in grievous condition came as no surprise, but I didn’t think it was quite so bad. I had even lost considerable amounts of my intestinal fortitude. There is something very scary about having an automobile loom large over one’s shoulder on a country road where the safest riding is on the gravelly shoulders. After many days of building up my stamina, Don and I determined to head for safer harbors. We found just the thing south of our house on the roads which wind around and through St. John’s Military Academy not two-tenths of a mile away. Even so, the roads in our beautiful part of the state are not flat. I was absolutely horror struck to realize that where I had never paid any heed there were many, many small to killer hills. This area isn’t called the Kettle Moraine for naught. I wish I had saved my sister’s bicycle that I learned on because it had the most easy riding, big, fat tires and broad comfortable seat you ever saw. Exactly the kind all of us over forty had when we started riding but which are no longer to be found. These modern narrow tires seem to weave more than the big, flat ones, or else it is my reluctance to be as bold and daring as a sixteen-year-old.

After Don has played his golf each evening, we begin our exercise jaunt for two miles and I am happy to report that the hills are getting easier to navigate and I’m not as winded now as the first few weeks. Incidentally, the author of the little mischievous book equated playing golf to a rousing game of canasta which caused Don to be a willing bike rider. He rides Paul’s big bike with the racer’s curled-down handlebars, but I have a “normal” yellow girl’s bicycle left by Adrienne which has old-fashioned handlebars and only three gears for me to learn to handle but not like.

We go biking five nights because on the other two evenings I have enrolled myself in a class at the Oconomowoc YMCA where we do exercises in the water. It is officially called “Aquacises” and is lead by a slim little reed of a girl accompanied part time by music from a portable tape player. For forty-five minutes we do all kinds of stretches and kicks all designed to make use of every muscle in the body. One does not have to be a swimmer to join this class which is a big break for me because I cannot swim. I thoroughly enjoy the water and have little fear of it as long as I can get a foot on the bottom. I have never been swimming publicly in lo these many years, but THE book reported that swimming and water exercises were very high in the metabolism-burning department. Don has not joined me in this endeavor so I had to take my courage by the scruff of the neck and take my leg off in front of God and all the other ladies in the class and hop into the pool. Too bad I learned it wasn’t such a terrible experience so late in life, because I could have enjoyed swimming with the family all of these years with the proper incentive. I am proud and happy to report that my weight loss is at a very satisfactory rate, almost as rapid as I had put it on during the past twelve months.

That about accounts for my news. Adrienne had no sooner begun toting her belongings into the old homestead than she and Anne, her new roommate, found a house to rent which suited their joint needs. Those needs being close to the banks where they work. So the moving stopped before it got to the big pieces, thank heavens!

Now, Adrienne is packing her suitcases for a wonderful vacation in San Francisco where she and a friend are going to have nine fun-filled days together. I was pressed back into the seamstress business before Adrienne left so

(Continued on page 17)

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Last month, I was telling you about my visit with my sister, Mary Lea Palo, and her family in Omaha, Nebraska. I included some pages from my journal, but there wasn't room for all of it. My trip included a very interesting visit to Offutt Air Force Base. Later, I had an opportunity to meet some of the Palos' friends, including members of a marriage encounter group in which Mary Lea and Vincent have been active.

The most important and meaningful part of my trip was going to visit relatives in Shenandoah and being a guest on the Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcasts. Mary Lea and I enjoyed the drives to Shenandoah. (Riding in a car through the pretty Nebraska and Iowa countryside is a perfect time for some splendid conversations.)

This month, I would like to share with you some other entries from the journal that I kept on my visit.

The First Trip to Shenandoah: As Mary Lea and I approach Shenandoah, we pass by the farm that Granny and Grandpa Driftmier owned. It was here that I used to walk over the fields and think about my ancestors, particularly my Grandmother Leanna and the way she grew up on a farm. It's good to be approaching Shenandoah again.

As Mary Lea steers us through the streets, we recount the many stories that my father told us about the area, people, and his childhood experiences.

Mary Lea and I make a Kitchen-Klatter broadcast. Then we sit down and have a marvelous conversation with Aunt Lucile. She has to be one of my favorite conversationalists. Her descriptions of people and places are as interesting and amusing as when she writes. We eat a delicious luncheon prepared by Betty Tilsen, and a fantastic lime pie baked by Aunt Lucile.

(Here I must pause and note that it was one of Sophie's greatest regrets that she couldn't be here to taste all of the great meals that we had! It is a gastronomic treat to be in the heart of the Kitchen-Klatter family!)

Second Trip to Shenandoah: We make another trip and broadcast another program. Today I learn what Kitchen-Klatter and The Driftmier Company are all about. We read letters from so many satisfied customers. I see the premiums that are offered and find out they are quality. After the broadcast, Mary Lea and I visit the Kitchen-Klatter plant. We meet all of the really good people there and see how hard they work



Sophie Driftmier gives her son, Johnny, a piggyback ride in their Calgary, Canada, home.

to get everything out to you friends. I find myself being proud of the whole organization!

Third Trip to Shenandoah: Mary Lea and I join with our mother and father from Connecticut to make a broadcast together. The four of us were on the same morning visit, working closely together over great distances!

Some of my favorite people in the world are Uncle Howard and Aunt Mae Driftmier and Aunt Margery and Uncle Oliver Strom. What a time we enjoy at lunch (Mae's fabulous lunch and Margery's dessert). I admire Howard's master craftsman woodwork! This woodshop is really more like an artist's studio. After lunch we see Margery's and Oliver's home that has been so beautifully remodeled since the last time I was here. Then Mary Lea and I visit with Ruby Treese. She was with my grandfather during his last days and then stayed with Granny Driftmier. She tells us stories about the kind of man my grandfather was. The whole Driftmier family feels a great appreciation for this woman who gave so much to my grandparents.

Here I will break off from my journal and tell you about Offutt Air Force Base. Donna Nenneman (our cousin—Howard and Mae's daughter) went with us. It was my first time to meet her, and we certainly enjoyed getting to know each other.

I was very surprised to find out how big Offutt Base is. Fifteen thousand people work there. I must admit that I am worried about the future of our world and the nightmare of a third world war complete with nuclear weapons. What I found out by having a long talk with Vincent and one of his fellow workers is that, of course, they are worried too. It is their job to maintain a strong defense and make sure that no "nuclear mistakes" are made. No matter what our own personal solution to this very large danger that the world is facing is (i.e.—no matter where we stand in the nuclear debate), all

of us can respect each other, as I do respect Vincent and the men working at the Strategic Air Command.

Finally, I want to tell you that Mary Lea and Vincent had a party for the members of her marriage-sharing group. These couples who meet to share their hopes and concerns were a joy to meet. They, my sister and Vincent included, are a warm, generous group of people. All such groups, if they are anything like this group, must provide very positive and inspired activities for married people.

I am still remembering fondly the visit with Mary Lea, Vincent, Isabel, Chris and Cassandra.

Sincerely,

David

SO GOOD TO ME!

For what I received yesterday,
For what I receive today,
And for what I will receive tomorrow,
O, God, I thank You.

For all the love I'll ever know,
For all the dreams I'll ever have,
For all the goals I'll ever reach,
O, God, I thank You.

For all the joys of living,
For all the love of others,
O, God, I thank You from my heart.
You've been so good to me!

—Annette Lingelbach

RULES FOR YOUR GARDEN

Plant three rows of P's—Patience, Perseverance, Purity.

Plant three rows of Squash—Squash gossip, Squash criticism, Squash indifference.

Plant five rows of Lettuce—Let us be faithful to duty, Let us be unselfish and loyal, Let us be true to our own obligations, Let us obey rules and regulations, Let us love one another.

No garden is complete without Turnips—Turn up for meetings, Turn up with a smile, Turn up with new ideas, Turn up with determination to make everything count for something good and worthwhile.

COVER PICTURE

Julian Brase spent much of his time fishing when he visited his grandparents, Frank and Dorothy Johnson. Dorothy took this picture of her grandson as he fished at the bayou on their farm located near Lucas, Iowa. Julian and a neighbor boy caught a record number of fish which they shared with friends and neighbors.

Julian is the son of Kristin and Art Brase of Torrington, Wyoming.

YOU'RE GONNA SINK OR SWIM

by
Martha E. Shivers

There's no doubt about it, in my growing-up years I was a klutz. Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say I was dull-witted; but very clumsy? You've got to believe it! I can laugh about it now, many years later, but back then the tears followed tears until my father warned me about being washed away in my own river.

"I need some potatoes from the bin in the basement," Mother said one early spring morning, "and while you are down there get a jar of canned beef and some tomatoes, too."

With fanciful thoughts racing through my mind about how nice it would be to have long wavy hair, (mine was straight) a tiny waist, a captivating smile, and lots of beaus seeking my hand (I was all of eleven years old), I stalked down the steps. Picking up the needed articles, and still daydreaming, the obstacle of the return steps were accomplished entering the back porch. Then I fell, seat first, right into the five-gallon slop bucket. I held on to the jars, but the potatoes rolled across the floor, my feet stuck out like two sticks, and I knew that my behind was saturated with the gooey waste. A younger sister and brother shrieked with laughter. The two older brothers, bringing armfuls of wood and a basket of corn cobs for the kitchen range, bent over double in mirth. Mother gasped. I wailed.

Spring always rushed into summer, and appropriate duties accompanied the days. The day I was delegated to sort out the dark-colored beans and little particles of unwanted materials from the navy beans, we called them soup beans, that we had laboriously picked, hulled and stored the previous fall, provided a chore no one enjoyed. When cleaned, Mother put them in a big pot with salt pork on the back of the kitchen range to simmer all morning. Dreamily I gathered a large pan of leaf lettuce from the garden, Daddy liked a lot of wilted lettuce, pulled radishes and little green onions and took them to the well to clean. The second batch of bread for the week had been mixed early in the morning, and Mother prepared rolls for the noon meal, as well as the regular five loaves to use during the week.

"I'll take the wilted lettuce and rolls to the table," Mother said to me after the family had gathered around the oilcloth-covered table on the screened-in back porch. "You carry out the tureen of beans."

Anxious brothers and sisters waited for Daddy to say grace before they were served the aromatic food. Daddy always gave thanks for our food, no matter how



Stephen DiCicco and his mother, Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco had an opportunity to go sailing on Chesapeake Bay not too far from their Arlington, Virginia, home.

simple the meal. I thought I was being careful, but I stumbled and fell, spilling the entire contents of food all over the floor, and Grandmother's tureen lay in many pieces on the floor. First there was silence, followed by wails and unbelieving eyes glaring at me. I ran to the privy to cry out my despair. Later Mother told me that there had been enough beans left in the pot for the meal, but she was sad about losing the tureen. It was a keepsake.

That summer drifted on. The corn was laid by; the threshing was completed, and while the garden was still in full production needing weeding and hoeing, we children took advantage of any free time allowed us and went on exploring expeditions around the farm. The long wild-grape vines tenaciously clinging to the willow trees along the creek....we named that area Sleepy Valley....provided the older boys a challenge. They ran along the grassy bank, grabbed the rope-like vines and swung to the opposite side of the creek screaming like wildcats. Still clinging to the long vine, they continued their yell as the momentum brought them back across the creek.

"Let me try," I stated boldly.

The brothers glared at me "No way!"

We went on, the five of us. On through the timber we called Tanglewood; on to the golden clay bank pocked with skunk dens which prompted us to name it Skunk Hill; on across the pasture we went, moving around the milk cows that were grazing on the green grass. I wasn't very brave around animals, and clung to the oldest brother's arm. Suddenly he stopped, and the rest of us stood still, too, wondering what he saw ahead. Was it a snake? I was afraid of snakes, too, and clung tighter. Brother tip-toed ahead, slowly, stopping again.

"What you lookin' at?" the younger sister whined.

Brother just grinned, pointing ahead.

"Heck, that's nuthin'," the youngest brother exclaimed. "Just the Ol' Lonesome Elm. We named that last year."

A dozen or more black crows left their perch from the limbs of the tree and flew into the blue sky. Suddenly Brother pulled away from me, cautiously stepped aside, and I stumbled. I stumbled right into the middle of a big pile of fresh cow dung. (We called it manure, back then.)

The racuous laughter mingled with the cawing of the crows circling overhead. I was dumbfounded as I pulled myself up. Then I looked at the smelly mess on my hands and knees and wanted to cry, but was so angry at my brother, thinking he had caused the fall, that I started to chase him. I just wanted to wipe that awful stuff all over him. He ran in circles, then he started toward the creek that wound through the pasture. As we neared the bank, he turned, and I caught my foot in a protruding tree root, falling feet first into the water. The only good thing about that fall was that I could wash off the mess.

By the time I was in high school there were two more babies in the family, and with the toddler who followed Mother everywhere that meant eight children all together. It also meant we three older ones had to take on more responsibilities. My closest friends talked glowingly of playing on the basketball team for the little country high school that boasted of twenty-eight students. I wanted to be on the team, also. I wanted to be a part of the fun the students enjoyed before, during, and after the games. At first Daddy said no, adding that I would be needed at home after

(Continued on page 20)



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

As I sit down to write to you this evening, I am quite astounded to realize how very differently this day was exactly one year ago. Although 365 days have since passed, I can remember this moment one year ago as vividly as if it had happened only yesterday. You may have guessed correctly. It was on this date that our son, Lee Field, found his way into the world and brought such great joy into our lives. We had his first birthday celebration today—a small family party with a German chocolate birthday cake. At age one, Lee could not really express his cake preference, and since a baby's first birthday is as much a festivity for the parents as for the baby, he graciously deferred his choice of cake to his mother's judgment. And there is no doubt that German chocolate will be hastily chosen by this particular mama! What a delight to bake one's own favorite delicacy.

It's quite odd, the images one remembers of such occasions as birthings. Lily, our daughter of four years, awakened me rather rudely at two o'clock in the morning to make her expeditious entrance into this world. So my memories of her birth are primarily of my hospital experiences.

Lee, on the other hand, was quite considerate in timing his arrival during normal daylight hours. He apparently was not quite as anxious to see his first day, and he let us have several hours of advance warning that his birth was forthcoming. I chuckle now to think of our Lamaze childbirth instructor telling us to relax, read, and do needlepoint in the early stages of labor. Honestly, who can possibly relax at such a time!

Even if the pain is not great, certainly the knowledge that your child will be born before day's end is enough to send the calmest person into a tizzy. Believe me, it's hard to occupy one's mind with trivial pursuit on such an occasion. Nevertheless, at the onset of early labor, I was faced with many hours at home before time to go to the hospital. Mike had turned on the television to the U.S. Open Golf Tournament, and though I rarely watch such programming, it seemed appropriate for my couch (confined condition). Within a few hours I was hopelessly hooked on the golf match, and we spent the entire day timing contractions between putts and sand traps. We headed to the hospital just as the contest launched into a sudden-death round, and I had to await the results of

the final outcome until the following day. Much to our delight, the final outcome for Mike and myself was a bouncing baby boy!

Our children have made us a real family and have brought such happiness to our lives. We watch them grow and learn day by day. Young children are so precious! The toddlers are cutest of all, and sometimes I foolishly wish they could stay this age forever. Lee, at one year of age, seems to smile constantly. Although not yet walking, he latches onto every available pant leg and pulls up to standing as if he's ready to go for a stroll.

Lily is so bright and interested in the world around her. She helps me with all my animal-related kennel chores and is extremely devoted to her collections of pets—both real and stuffed. We had real fun putting together programs for local children's groups. Because all of our personal pets are well mannered around children, I use them when I volunteer to give lectures to various classes.

Such programs are a delight for Lily. She is so proud to share her pets with the other youngsters. Our activities vary with the ages involved. For instance, talks to 4-H'ers always include tidbits on animal care and how to choose a good pet. Often these youth inquire about the possibilities of future careers in an animal-related field. I never resist an opportunity to speak about the importance of neutering to prevent unwanted litters of puppies and kittens. The overpopulation of pets is a real tragedy, and one which touches my heart very deeply. I'm afraid anyone who converses with me for any length of time eventually has to endure my soapbox address on this subject. Perhaps if responsible pet ownership can be instilled in young adults who

are still formulating their moral values, a solution to this sad situation may be found with our future generations.

Eventually, polite listening gives way to the fun part—meeting and petting the animals. This is always the highlight for the boys and girls. It's great fun when we take our Russian Wolfhound, Eva, with us to greet the onlookers. Her initial appearance can be quite disturbing and occasionally frightening. But Eva's gentle nature gradually captivates even the most timid individual. I try to explain to the children that a healthy fear of dogs is not necessarily detrimental. Each unknown dog should be approached with caution until the animal elicits a friendly response such as the tail-wagging plea, "Come and pet me please."

Some of our favorite visits are with the preschoolers at the library story hour. This year's agenda included a stuffed-animal pet show. Each child, age three to five, brought a stuffed toy to class and each received a ribbon, one for the fuzziest, cutest, largest, smallest, etc. After the pet judging and awards ceremony, Ingrid, the librarian, read from an appropriate collection of animal-related poetry and stories.

To top off the festivities, Lily and I presented our menagerie of live animals which we had transported in assorted boxes and cages. With us this year was "Chico"—our Shih Tzu dog, "Rosebud"—our calico cat, "Funnybunny"—the rabbit, and "Cruiser"—the box turtle. Each child was allowed to hold the creatures while I discussed the proper methods of handling them with kindness. In each session (and we did five of them!), there were a few youngsters who had seldom come in contact with

(Continued on page 20)



Lily Walstad and some of her young friends at the library stuffed-animal pet show. Four-year-old Lily is seated on the floor in the center of the picture holding a white bunny.

RECIPES

QUICK BLUEBERRY BREAD

- 5 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups chopped walnuts
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 cups blueberries (fresh or frozen, thawed and drained)

In a large bowl, combine the flour, sugar, baking powder, cinnamon and salt. Cut in the butter or margarine. Add the nuts. Beat eggs lightly and add the milk and flavorings to beaten eggs. Add to first mixture along with the blueberries. Mix gently. Spoon into two greased and floured loaf pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Test for doneness with toothpick. Cool for 10 minutes in pans, then turn out. Can be wrapped and frozen for later use.

—Juliana

HOMEMADE SANDWICH SPREAD

- Green tomatoes
- 2 green peppers
- 2 red peppers
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup water
- 6 small sweet pickles, ground

Grind enough green tomatoes to make 1 pint (without juice). Grind the green and red peppers and mix with tomato. Sprinkle with the salt and let set a few minutes. Drain off juices very well and place in a kettle with the 1/2 cup water. Cook until tender. Add the ground pickle and let stand while preparing the following dressing:

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 cup sour cream
- 3 eggs, well beaten

Combine dressing ingredients. Bring to boiling, stirring constantly. Pour over the vegetable mixture and stir lightly. Store in covered container in refrigerator.

—Dorothy

EGGPLANT PATTIES

- 1 medium eggplant
- 1/2 tsp. minced garlic
- 1/8 tsp. pepper (or to taste)
- Salt to taste (optional)
- 4 Tbls. or more grated Parmesan cheese

1 egg, beaten
About 1 cup cracker crumbs
Peel and cube the eggplant and boil until tender. Drain. Mash the eggplant with a potato masher. Stir seasonings and cheese into the beaten egg, and add to mashed eggplant. Stir in enough cracker crumbs to thicken. Drop by large tablespoonfuls into shallow hot fat. Brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper.

These can be refrigerated or frozen to reheat and serve at another time.

—Dorothy

PEACH COFFEECAKE

- 4 Tbls. sweet butter
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup unbleached all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 cup milk
- 3 ripe peaches, peeled and sliced

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 9-inch quiche pan, a heavy skillet, or a spring-form pan.

Cream butter and sugar well. Beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients together. Beat half of the dry mixture into creamed mixture. Add flavorings to milk and stir well. Beat half of the milk mixture into batter. Add the remaining dry ingredients and beat well. Add the remaining milk mixture and beat. Pour into prepared pan. Arrange peaches on top. Bake 25 minutes. While cake is baking, prepare the following topping:

- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. grated nutmeg
- 4 Tbls. sweet butter

Cut ingredients together. After cake bakes 25 minutes, quickly open oven door and crumble sugar mixture over cake. Bake 8 to 10 minutes longer.

—Robin

SELF-LAYERING SALAD

- 1 8 1/2-oz. can sliced peaches, diced
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Place diced peaches and celery in a 5-by 9-inch loaf pan. Combine the gelatin, boiling water and flavorings. Mix well. Pour over peaches and celery. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with crisp lettuce. Can substitute an 8-oz. can of crushed pineapple and pineapple flavoring.

—Hallie

FRENCH BURGERS

- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. onion powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. prepared horseradish
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. chili powder
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 1 1/2 cups Wheat Chex cereal, finely crushed
- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef

Combine the egg, onion powder, horseradish, salt, chili powder and French dressing. Mix well. Add the crushed cereal and the ground beef. Shape into 6 patties. Grill until desired doneness is reached. Brush with additional French dressing when turning over patties.

—Verlene

LUMPIA (Philippine Egg Rolls)

- 2 pkgs. egg roll wrappers
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 finely diced carrot
- 1/2 lb. frozen French-style green beans, thawed
- 3 cloves garlic, finely minced
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 of medium onion, finely diced
- 1 potato, partially cooked, peeled and finely diced
- Fat for deep-frying
- Sweet-sour sauce

Mix the beef, vegetables and seasonings. Cut wrappers in half. Place about 1 Tbls. of filling in center of wrapper towards one end. Roll up halfway, tightly, and fold ends inward. Continue rolling and sealing ends with water to make edges stick. Deep-fry until golden.

Serve with sweet-sour sauce from a jar or made from a packaged mix.

This makes from 4 to 6 dozen little egg rolls. Keep the egg roll wrappers covered with a moist cloth so they will not dry out while you are working. The lumpia can be made, then stored in an airtight container in the freezer for up to a month before frying.

—Mary Lea

TOMATO-CHEESE PLATTER

- 4 to 6 ripe tomatoes
- 8 ozs. mozzarella cheese, sliced
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 2 Tbls. chopped fresh basil
- Freshly ground black pepper

On a large platter, overlap slices of tomato and cheese. Drizzle with salad dressing. Sprinkle with basil and pepper.

Fresh herbs are always preferred, but if necessary you can use a small amount of dried basil or oregano. Garnish with black olives if desired. —Mary Lea

COCONUT MACAROONS

- 1/3 cup unbleached all-purpose flour
- 2 1/2 cups shredded coconut
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter clear vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease cookie sheet. Mix the flour, coconut and salt together in a bowl. Pour in the sweetened condensed milk and the flavorings and mix well. Drop by 1/4 cupfuls on cookie sheet allowing 1 inch between. Bake for 20 minutes or until golden brown. Remove cookies from pan immediately. Makes 1 1/2 dozen. —Robin

FINNIE'S SECRET CAKE

- 7/8 cup (22 squares) crushed saltine crackers
- 4 eggs, separated
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup raspberry jam
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 6 or more macaroon cookies
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped and sprinkled with a little sugar

Finely crush but do not pulverize crackers. Beat the egg yolks and sugar together. Blend in the nuts and the vanilla and black walnut flavorings. Add the cracker crumbs. Beat the egg whites with the cream of tartar until stiff but not dry. Fold that into the cracker mixture. Pour the batter into a greased springform pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes.

When cool, spread the raspberry jam over the top. Combine water and raspberry flavoring. Dip the macaroons into the flavored water and shake cookie briefly. Place macaroons in a circle on top of the cake and place one macaroon in the center. Spread with the lightly sweetened whipped cream over the top. Chill. —Robin

BLENDER SALAD

- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can apricots, drained
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1 pint orange sherbet
- 1 3-oz. pkg. apricot gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water

Put pineapple and flavoring in blender; blend. Add apricots; blend. Add cream cheese and sherbet and blend again. Dissolve the two packages of gelatin in the boiling water. Combine gelatin with the blended mixture. Pour into pan or mold and chill until firm. —Dorothy

ENGLISH PASTY

- Pastry for 2-crust pie
- Round steak
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- Potatoes, thinly sliced
- Salt and pepper to taste

Make pastry for 2-crust pie. Line pie pan with half of pastry.

Over pastry, place a layer of round steak that has been cut in small pieces. Salt and pepper to taste. Slice a medium onion and layer over steak. Next make a thick layer of thinly sliced potatoes. Add more salt and pepper to taste. Roll out remaining pastry and place over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. —Dorothy

SALMON-MACARONI CASSEROLE

- 4 ozs. uncooked shell macaroni
- 1 7 3/4-oz. can salmon
- 1 10 3/4-oz. can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup instant nonfat dry milk
- 1/3 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 cups (6 ozs.) shredded Swiss cheese
- 1 cup cooked peas
- 1 2 1/2-oz. jar chopped pimiento, drained
- 1 8-oz. can French-fried onions, if desired

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cook macaroni according to package directions; rinse, drain and set aside.

Drain salmon, reserving liquid. Add enough water to liquid to make 1/3 cup; set aside. Bone, skin and flake salmon; set aside.

Combine condensed soup, dry milk, sour cream, salmon liquid and seasonings; mix well. Stir in macaroni, 1 cup of the cheese, peas, salmon and pimiento. Spoon into buttered 1 1/2-quart casserole. Bake 20 minutes. Remove from oven and sprinkle with onions and remaining cheese. Bake about 10 minutes longer, or until cheese is melted. —Juliana

LEMON-BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1 8- or 9-inch graham cracker crust
- Whipped topping

In small bowl, combine the boiling water, gelatin, salt and lemon flavoring. Stir until gelatin is dissolved then set aside.

In blender, beat the eggs at medium speed for 2 minutes. Add the butterscotch chips, butterscotch flavoring and the gelatin mixture; blend until smooth. Let set about 5 minutes: Pour into cracker crust. Chill 2 hours or until firm. Top with whipped topping. —Verlene

HAM-TURKEY SALAD

- 1 8-oz. pkg. shell macaroni
- 1 medium cucumber, sliced
- 2 medium tomatoes, chopped
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1 cup cubed cooked turkey
- 1 cup cubed cooked ham
- 1 8-oz. bottle Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Cook the macaroni according to package directions. Drain and rinse under cold water. In large bowl combine all the ingredients. Refrigerate 1 to 2 hours to blend flavors. Makes 6 servings. —Verlene

SMOTHERED STEAK SUPREME

- 1 round steak
- 1/4 cup shortening
- Flour, salt, pepper (for dredging)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 soup can of water
- 1 can (3 or 4 ozs.) mushroom bits and pieces
- 2 Tbls. dehydrated onion

Tenderize steak and cut into serving pieces. Melt shortening in heavy skillet. Dredge steak pieces in the flour mixture and brown in the shortening. Do not cook.

Remove meat from skillet and place in an 8- by 10-inch greased casserole dish.

Stir the 2 Tbls. flour, salt and pepper to taste into the skillet drippings. (More can be added.) Make paste, and then add the soup, water, mushrooms with liquid and onion. Pour over steak. Bake 45 minutes to 1 hour in 350-degree oven. Cover and bake 20 minutes longer. May turn oven to low heat and hold for 1 hour before serving, if necessary. —Hallie

OREGON SPECIAL CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef, uncooked
- 1 or 2 sliced potatoes
- 1 or 2 sliced carrots
- 1 10½-oz. can tomato or cream of chicken soup

In a 1-quart casserole, place a layer of a third of the ground beef, then half of the potatoes, and half of the carrots. Repeat the layers, placing last third of meat on top. Pour soup over top. Bake 45 minutes to 1 hour in a 350-degree oven, or until potatoes test done. Serves 4.

NOTE: I top with a layer of cheese croutons the last 15 minutes. —Verlene

FRUIT MOLD

- 3 1/2 cups cranberry cocktail juice
- 1 6-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peach slices, thawed and drained
- 1/2 cup frozen blueberries, thawed, washed and well drained
- 1/2 cup pitted sweet cherries
- 1/2 cup toasted slivered almonds
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring

Oil a 6-cup mold. In a small saucepan, heat 1 1/2 cups of the cranberry juice to boiling. In large bowl, dissolve the gelatin in the hot juice; stir in the remaining 2 cups cranberry juice and the raspberry flavoring. Chill until thickened, but not set. Add the remaining ingredients. Pour into mold and chill until firm. Serves ten. —Verlene

COCONUT CAKE

- 1 2-layer size super-moist white cake mix (with pudding)
- 3 eggs (If you want a yellow cake, use the whole eggs; if you want a white cake, use only the whites.)
- 2/3 cup buttermilk
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Follow the directions for mixing given on the cake mix package using the eggs and buttermilk and 1/3 cup water for the liquid. Stir in flavorings. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan.

Topping

- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 16-oz. can cream of coconut (found in the beverage department of most markets)
- 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping
- 1 1/2 pkgs. frozen grated coconut

Mix the sweetened condensed milk and cream of coconut together. Punch cake full of holes while hot. Pour topping mixture over hot cake. Cool. Spread with the whipped topping and coconut. —Dorothy

BLUEBERRY CHICKEN

- 1/2 cup red wine vinegar
- 1 Tbls. honey
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 tsp. dry thyme
- 1 2½- to 3-lb. chicken, quartered
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1/3 cup chutney (apple or apricot)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- Chopped fresh parsley
- Grated orange zest

Combine the vinegar, honey, 1 tsp. blueberry flavoring and thyme in a bowl. Add the chicken pieces. Cover and let marinate for 2 hours, turning pieces occasionally.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Remove meat from marinade and place in a shallow, greased baking pan. Reserve marinade. Salt and pepper chicken to taste. Combine the chutney and remaining blueberry flavoring. Brush onto chicken. Bake uncovered for about 40 minutes, or until done. When meat is done, remove from pan. Skim off excess fat. Add the reserved marinade to the pan juices and cook until slightly thickened. Serve sauce over chicken. Garnish with the parsley and orange zest. —Robin

SUMMER SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup frozen pink or plain lemonade concentrate
- 1 7-oz. bottle or can cold ginger ale
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 2 cups fresh peach balls
- 1 cup honeydew melon balls
- 1 cup halved seedless green grapes

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the lemonade concentrate, ginger ale and flavorings. Chill until syrupy. Fold in the remaining ingredients. Pour into mold and chill until firm. —Dorothy

RICE RING

- 5 cups cooked rice
- 1/2 lb. Monterey or Cheddar cheese, shredded
- 1 4-oz. can chopped green chili peppers
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. pepper
- 12 ozs. sour cream
- Fresh tomato wedges

Combine rice, cheese, chili peppers, salt and pepper. Fold in sour cream. Put in an 8-inch ring mold and pack down. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until set. Cool on wire rack 5 minutes. Loosen around edges and center of ring. Gently unmold. Fill center with fresh tomato wedges. —Donna Nenneman

TABOOLEE SALAD

- 3/4 cup bulgur (cracked wheat)
- 2 cups water
- 3 large ripe tomatoes, coarsely chopped
- 3 Tbls. snipped parsley
- 2 Tbls. sliced green onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. olive or salad oil
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

In a bowl soak the bulgur in the water for 30 minutes. Drain well, squeezing out excess water. Stir in tomatoes, parsley, green onion and salt. Mix oil and lemon juice, then stir into bulgur mixture. Cover and chill. Serve on a bed of lettuce, adding salt and pepper to taste. —Mary Lea

REUBEN CABBAGE BAKE

- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 2 cups chopped cabbage
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 tsp. whole caraway seed (optional)
- 6 ozs. canned corned beef, chopped
- 1/3 cup shredded Swiss cheese
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1 tube (10-biscuit size) refrigerator flaky biscuits

In a medium skillet, melt the margarine or butter. Stir in the cabbage, onion and caraway seed. Cover and cook for 8 to 10 minutes until cabbage is tender-crisp. Stir occasionally. Combine the beef, cheese and dressing. Set aside.

Separate the biscuits and place in an 8-inch pan. Flatten dough in bottom and up sides of pan to form crust. Spoon cabbage mixture into bottom. Top with the corned beef mixture. Bake at 375 degrees for 18 to 20 minutes. Cut into wedges to serve. —Dorothy

SPICY MEATBALL BURRITOS

- 1 to 1 1/2 lbs. leftover cooked 1-inch meatballs (or make up some)
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes, broken up and mashed
- 1 large green pepper, seeded and chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 Tbls. chili powder
- 1 tsp. crushed oregano leaves
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sliced ripe olives
- 1/4 cup raisins
- Flour tortillas, cooked
- Sour cream

In a 3-quart pan, combine the tomatoes, green pepper, garlic, seasonings, olives and raisins. Cook slowly until slightly thickened (about 15 minutes). Add the meatballs and cook until heated through. Spoon 4 or 5 meatballs on each cooked tortilla. Add a spoonful of sour cream. Fold in ends of tortilla and roll. Spoon remaining sauce over burritos and serve. —Robin



Recipes

by
Jo Chafa

As I read, pictures of a pioneer woman working in her kitchen fill my mind. She finishes cooking the meal, takes the heavy iron kettles from the fireplace and calls her family to the table. What book am I reading that becomes so real to me? A biography? Mystery, perhaps? Romance? Guess again—a cookbook!

On vacations through the years, I've purchased cookbooks from different regions in the country, especially those with "old-time recipes." And it's amazing how these old recipes bring the past alive.

A cookbook purchased in the Smoky Mountains shows me that corn was an important part of the early settlers' lives as it is today. Each little farm had its own cornfield, (part of which was ground into meal at a small mill along a nearby stream), sorghum patch and bee gum; these were the staples of their cooking. Cornmeal was used as an ingredient in dishes for every meal of the day.

As I read through the book, I can picture the pioneer woman scraping enough ashes from the hearth on which to lay her mound of cornmeal dough. After a crust has formed, she covers the dough with ashes so it can bake.

As the "Ash Cake" bakes, she finishes cooking the groundhog, or perhaps fries home-cured ham. (From the book, I learn the groundhog is boiled in water with spice wood branches until tender, then browned in bacon grease.) A kettle of turnip greens boils on the fire, seasoned with salt pork, or perhaps hominy will be the vegetable for the meal.

An old recipe tells about hog-killing time and how hams were prepared for use during the hot summer weather. They were salted and allowed to stand in a wooden box for 4 to 6 weeks, then hung up and smoked for several days. The hams hung in the smokehouse until ready to use, which pioneers in this area thought should be at least two years.

Ashes from the fireplace were put into a wooden box with a small hole in one end. Water was poured over the ashes until lye started dripping into a stone jar placed under the hole.

The hominy was made by putting shelled corn into a kettle and covering it with lye water. The corn was soaked until

the outer skin was loose, then rinsed and rubbed until the skins and eyes were all off. Then the hominy was ready to be boiled or fried until tender.

As I read this old recipe, images of the pioneer woman blend in with images of something my mother told me not long ago. When she was a little girl, her grandparents from California would come to spend several weeks with them each fall. Her grandmother always made a huge kettle of hominy from some of the prized White Evergreen corn that had been saved for the occasion.

My great-grandmother's family had come from Scotland. As most settlers discovered, old tastes were forgotten and the food that was available was used. Thoughts of my great-grandmother learning to make hominy from her mother crosses my mind, as recipes in those days were passed by word of mouth, from mother to daughter and friend to friend.

From a cookbook, I discover that "Stack Cake" was a common dessert when pioneers got together for a "barn raising" and other social events. Each woman would bring a layer for the cake and they would be stacked together with sweetened applesauce between the layers. I can picture the ladies getting the food ready for the meal, each having brought a dish made from her favorite recipe. Meanwhile, the men worked together on a project that could not have been done alone.

A notation with a recipe for "Hoe Cake," which is a mixture of cornmeal, salt, bacon drippings and boiling water, says the Negro workers in the cotton fields first cooked this bread on their hoes over small campfires.

After coming across a recipe for Indian corn bread, pictures of the kindly native Americans in the New England area came to mind. Can't you see them bringing squash, maize, wild turkeys, venison and wild berries that were so plentiful, and sharing the cooking secrets of these new foods with the settlers?

Since there were few doctors available, each family had their own recipes for home remedies. A mixture of 1 tsp. sulphur for each tsp. of molasses was a remedy for a cold. Can't you picture the

reactions of the children when Mother came with the teaspoon in hand? Recipes for curing rheumatism, constipation, bee stings are found along with cures for influenza and tuberculosis which were given to them by Indian friends.

Good times and laughter come to mind when the recipes for molasses and honey taffy are read, with instructions to pull "until the candy is white."

A recipe for soap reminds me that almost everything the settlers had was either grown or made on their own farm. The soap was made from clean grease and lard saved from the kitchen, lye and water. My grandmother always made soap and I can still remember the smell and how it was cut into small blocks, then stored away to be used each week for the laundry.

I visualize women rising early in the morning to carry water from the well to heat over the fire, scrubbing clothes by hand, hanging them out to dry in the sunshine and breezes. They ironed each piece with a heavy sadiron which was heated over the fire. Knowing this makes me thankful that such tasks are made easy today.

A cookbook of old Nova Scotia recipes, received as a gift, tells how the early settlers in that region lived mostly on the plentiful fish and potatoes. Potatoes grew well in the soil. These two foods were sometimes served three times a day. Different fish were in season during the year and there are recipes for all the varieties.

From this book I also learn that of all the immigrants settling in this area, the Scots had the hardest time. They were poor people and came to escape oppression in their homeland. They lived off the land, gradually learning to hunt wild game and grow crops, all the time longing for the oatmeal that is so much a part of Scottish fare.

(Continued on page 16)

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

The Precious Present is a small book, beautifully written and printed, that has a message to make you feel good about yourself. Difficult problems of everyday life often appear complicated. Often the solutions are surprisingly simple. *The Precious Present* (Doubleday and Co., Garden City, New York, \$12.50) by Spencer Johnson is about a contented and happy old man and a boy. The boy sets out to find the precious present, but it was not toys, or a magical ring, or a sunken treasure. After many frustrating years, he grew tired of looking. He always felt at peace in the presence of the elderly man. He decided it was because the old man felt happy with himself. The searcher finally accepted what had always been—he was the only one who could find his own happiness. Then he realized the present, and not the past or the future, was the precious present. This is a book to help you take good care of yourself.

Dr. Spencer Johnson has also written a recent best seller, *The One Minute Manager*, that is helping to rehumanize people's work places throughout the world.

Music speaks to all of us, be it young children learning nursery rhymes, or children singing around a campfire, or playing rhythmic games. Pamela Conn Beall and Susan Hagen Nipp have put together some cassettes for tape recorders that will please you and your children. The titles are: *Wee Sing*, *Wee Sing and Play*, *Wee Sing Silly Songs*, and *Wee Sing Around the Campfire*. Published by Price/Stern/Sloan, Los Angeles, the cassettes include a songbook with each. Price \$7.95 per cassette. To give you an idea of songs included, some selections in *Wee Sing Around the Campfire* are: "Down by the Station," "Kum Ba Yah," "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore," and "The More We Get Together." This is a perfect gift for young children or grandchildren. Get the cassettes at your bookstore or ask them to order the cassettes for you.

A science book with a very long title that will interest children in the 8-10 age group is *The Dinosaur Is the Biggest Animal That Ever Lived and Other Wrong Ideas You Thought Were True* (Lippincott Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, New York, 10022, \$10.95) by Seymour Simon. In the realm of natural science, many people believe what appears to be true . . .

—Shooting stars are stars. (That is the name some people give to meteors. They are bits of metal or rock burning up in the Earth's atmosphere.)



Kris Mickey and Aaron Brase dressed in their Wright Bros. costumes and drove up and down the streets of Torrington, Wyo., in this rig selling light bulbs and brooms to make money for a trip to Washington, D.C., to participate in the National History Day Contest. The boys did not win the National contest but had a great experience and enjoyable time.

—Pigs are dirty and stupid. (Because pigs can't perspire, they like to wallow in mud on a hot day. Pigs rank high on the scale of animal intelligence.)

—The insides of all people are alike. (People's insides can differ in many ways. People are as individual on the inside as they are on the outside.)

This is Seymour Simon's new science digest which debunks over 25 popular science truisms, each with a brief easy-to-understand explanation of the real facts. The cartoon illustrations compliment text. *The Dinosaur Is the Biggest Animal That Ever Lived and Other Wrong Ideas You Thought Were True* is written, of course, by a science teacher.

Now is the time of year to enjoy the blooms on flowers in your garden, and not look at the weeds. *The Gardener's Catalogue 2* is a large (10¾"x14") softbound book that is listed as a complete compendium for indoor, outdoor, hydroponic, and greenhouse gardeners. It is further listed as the most important gardening tool since the watering can. Indoor foliage and plant lore takes up much of the contents. There is fine advice on how to groom plants, how to sterilize soil, and what to do for plants when going on vacation. Hydroponic gardening (without soil) gets a share of attention, as does outdoor plant lore and food gardening. Special gardens such as fragrance gardens and wildflower gardens are given their due. Maps show zones for plant hardiness, a big help.

Old-time graphics add to the total look of this huge gardening book edited by Eunice Riedel with compliments to Blackbirch Graphics for illustrations. (Wm. Morrow and Co., Publisher, 105 Madison Ave., New York, New York, 10016, \$12.45)

RECIPES — Concluded

I can imagine the joy of the people when, after several years, grist mills were built and the immigrants could have oatmeal and flour in abundant supply. Oatcakes were made much like pie crust, with the shortening being cut into rolled oats, flour, sugar and moistened with water. The dough was rolled out, cut into squares and baked. Haven't we all felt the satisfaction that these women must have felt at being able to make foods for their families that had been tradition in their homeland? I wonder if someone from my great-grandmother's family was among those early settlers in Nova Scotia.

Another cookbook made me realize that as these same settlers and their descendants pushed on across the continent, they adapted their recipes again and again to use the foods that were available. Recipes for buffalo meat and later recipes using meat from cattle and sheep the ranchers raised on the grassy Great Plains are included.

As I read through a cookbook purchased in Oregon last summer and find a recipe for clam chowder, it brings happy memories of a meal shared with my brother and family. I also have visions of a pioneer woman making soup in a kettle over a fire to feed her hungry family.

Books purchased in different parts of our state of Iowa show we have areas that were settled mainly by immigrants from one country. Their tastes and customs show up in these publications.

I read through the books and see recipes for "Danish Kringle," "Kolaches," "Yorkshire Pudding," "Swedish Kaldolmar," "Nill" (German dumpling), "Dutch Apple Cake," "Pennsylvania Dutch Shoo Fly Pie," "Hush Puppies," "Boston Brown Bread," "Beef Jerky," "New England Pot Roast," "Southern Johnny Cake," "Irish Stew," "Gypsy Pudding," "French Bread," "Norwegian Jule Kaga," "Welch Rarebit." Now, just as common are recipes for chili con carne, Chinese noodles, Cantonese and Italian pasta, chimichangas from Mexico, Swiss fondue, Japanese boiled rice, Finnish mushroom salad, and Vietnamese egg rolls. Visions of women cooking for their families and passing the favorite recipes on to the next generation flash through my mind.

To me a cookbook is an exciting book, not only a book filled with recipes, but a book filled with the history of our country and another way to learn of our rich heritage.



Smiles add enjoyment to everyone's life. Smiles can cheer the hearts of those depressed, bring solace and joy to the ill, cheer shut-ins, and lighten the burdens of life for all.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

To an idealist, August is the month when gardeners can rest on their laurels and all they have to do is lay around in a hammock for a month-long rest. This isn't necessarily so—you have to keep on watering and spraying roses, chrysanthemums and dahlias if you want a good display of blooms. Then there are the pesky weeds that must be destroyed and not by any chemical weed killer either if you value your flowers. But there is a rewarding side to August with its bounteous harvest of fruits and vegetables. Grass cutting has slowed down considerably and bulb catalogs start arriving with their tantalizing display of blooms. You can wait a few weeks with daffodil, tulip and hyacinth lists, but the hardy amaryllis, madonna lily, autumn crocus and other of the "lesser bulbs" will simply not wait. They must be ordered now and planted upon arrival.

Several reader letters have come in with questions about plants. Mrs. H.K. wants to know why the leaves on her African violet plants grow upward instead of more flat and outward. "I grow them in good light near an east window and I give them plant food regularly but get little bloom."

Possibly your plants are too crowded and they are stretching for the light and again you may be overfeeding them. Try moving a few to a south window with filtered light through a curtain. If you love African violets, it might pay you to invest in a fluorescent light. Check the garden aid section of seed catalogs for such a fixture. Some are relatively inexpensive.

H.W. is interested in variegated foliage plants. "I like house plants with interesting foliage and would like to have a whole window garden of the more uncommon kinds. By this, I want something other than peperomias or spider plants. Can you suggest a few?"

There are several excellent house plants worth growing for their foliage only, but you will have to obtain them from a greenhouse or plant specialist as they are seldom available at supermarkets or plant counters in stores. Good ones to try are begonia *semperflorens albo-foliis* hybrid, begonia 'Skeezar,' *plectranthus coleoides* 'Marginatus,' *tradescantia albiflora* 'Albo-vittata,' *sedum lineare* 'Variegatum,' *hedera canariensis* 'Variegata,' *saxifraga stolonifera* 'Tri-color,' *Ficus radicans* 'Variegata,' *pandanus veichii* and *pelargonium* 'Crocodile,' to name a few. I sent \$1.00 for a catalog to Greenlife Greenhouses, Griffin, GA. 30223-5299, which offers a great many variegated and un-

usual houseplants. The one dollar is refunded on your first order.

Mary I. writes: "I am a greenhorn at growing house plants and hate to show my ignorance when with more experienced gardeners. Can you tell me what is the difference between 'cuttings' and 'slips?' One tells me I can have 'slips' from her geraniums and another friend said, 'I'll take cuttings.'"

"Slips" are what our great-grandmothers called pieces broken or cut off a parent plant. The younger generation refers to them as "cuttings"—they are one and the same.

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.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

that she could have shorts to take along that would not fall off her body. She, the advocate of running and other extreme forms of body abuse, has trimmed herself down to a mere slip of a thing. Adrienne is a walking advertisement for the health club route to better looks.

Later in the month Katharine and a friend are arriving for a long weekend. A healthful summer to each and every one of you.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Want to learn something? Heed this ancient Chinese proverb: What I hear, I forget. What I see, I remember. What I do, I know.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

For an easy-to-make favor to use at a child's party, fill an empty toilet tissue roll with small candies and gum. Cut a piece of colorful wrapping paper a little wider than tissue roll. Wrap roll in paper and tie ends with ribbon.
—From a listener

I have been wanting to share a couple of hints with you mothers of small children. I've found a pizza cutter to be a very handy tool—use it for cutting pancakes, French toast, or any number of foods (even pizza) into bite-size portions for little mouths.

When cooking noodles or spaghetti for children, break before cooking; it saves trying to cut the slippery, tangled pasta when children are struggling to eat it.
—Mrs. D.F., Canton, Ks.

To keep marshmallows soft after package has been opened, put in a piece of fresh bread.
—A friend

Small onions add a fine flavor to green beans. Slice 3 or 4 into the beans along with 2 or 3 slices of diced bacon. Cook beans as usual and salt and pepper to taste.

Remove wrappers from bars of toilet soap and allow to dry out. The soap will last much longer.

—A Kitchen-Klatter Reader

When making a cooked pudding from a mix (not the instant kind), make it go further by adding 1 cup of milk and 1 beaten egg before cooking.

To get food odors out of plastic containers, fill them with crumpled newspapers.
—J.E.M., S. Dak.

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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
consider putting a piece in his mouth. Like many people who grew up in the Midwest, I love all kinds of seafood and have no built-in prejudices against seaweed.

The following weekend the culture on display at the Civic Plaza was to be Scandinavian. There is a very active Scandinavian club in Albuquerque and the club members were going to organize the events and food booths. I was not able to attend the festivities for the very good reason that I was in Shenandoah, Iowa, visiting my mother, Lucile. Her health has made it impossible for her to visit me in Albuquerque. I keep my eye peeled to airline ads which feature reduced fares to Omaha. When I find a bargain, I grab it and zoom back for a few days of non-stop visiting with my mother.

Mother and I always do a lot of reminiscing and this trip was no exception. One of the things we talked about was the series of letters you readers had sent in several years ago pertaining to "Most Memorable Meals." Mother still rereads those letters and enjoys them. The thought occurred to me that some of my most memorable meals were disastrous meals. Also there isn't one of those disastrous meals that I can't look back on now



The fountain at the Albuquerque Civic Plaza provides a cooling off spot for the many visitors during one of the city's special weekend events.

and laugh about.

Jed's favorite tale of disaster relates to a Thanksgiving when his mother forgot to turn on the oven. When the rest of the meal was ready, the turkey was stone cold and raw. Evidently no one missed the smell of cooking turkey. The Lowey family had a vegetarian Thanksgiving that year.

Would you share some of your disastrous, funny meals with us? In this day and age all of us can use a good chuckle now and then. Lucile would certainly like to hear from you! The letter that gives us a permanent smile will be printed in the magazine. We'll all look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Juliana

STARTING YOUR RESEARCH

by
Danette Hein Snider

This summer could be a great opportunity for you to start your quest for your roots. You have been "considering it for sometime," so why not start now?

Decide which line of your family you are going to research first. Most people choose their own surname to begin work on. Once you have a name (first and last), a location, a time era and the relationship of the person to yourself, you are ready to begin.

A family reunion could be the starting point that just might lead to a very interesting lifetime hobby. Take a supply of "family group sheets" to hand out to each branch of your family tree. Ask each one to fill out their own chart and return it to you.

As you travel during your vacation this year, make it a point to stop at some of the places where your ancestors lived. It would be advisable to do your

preliminary research before you leave. There are a number of "how to" books about beginning genealogy on the market today; it would be to your advantage to either buy one or check one at your local library.

It is important to obtain the dates your ancestor lived in a specific area so you will be able to ascertain what resources are available. Remember that vital records (birth and death certificates) were not required by law in most places before the early 1900's, so you will have to rely on other sources for your death dates. Two sources would be tombstone inscriptions or funeral home records. If you do visit the cemetery, be sure to take a camera and photograph the stones. It would also be advisable to record the names and dates in your notebook for future reference.

Inquire as to whether there is a local genealogical society. Societies such as these can prove to be an invaluable asset. But remember these are usually staffed by volunteers, so please be courteous to them. Also if you write to one of these societies, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for their reply.

A loose-leaf, three-ring binder is the best type to keep your worksheets in (one leftover from school days is fine). This allows you to add to and rearrange your charts more readily. A complete line of genealogical charts and aids are available from, Everton Pub., Box 368, Logan Utah 84321.

One of the single most important points in genealogical research is to always work "from the known to the unknown." This is a must to insure accurate records. For example, you should never assume your relationship to a person and work towards yourself, only to find out that the line died out three generations before you were born. As a result all of the time and effort would have been wasted.

Genealogy is not just a summertime hobby and it is certainly not restricted to any certain age group. It can prove to be a fascinating year round activity for everyone.



PRAYER

Prayer is so simple—
It is quickly opening a door
And slipping into the very presence of
God.

There in the stillness,
To listen to his voice,
Perhaps to petition,
Or only to listen.

It matters not,
Just to be there
In his presence,
Is prayer!

—Unknown



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HOW CAPABLE ARE YOU?

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

More and more women are working away from home. They may be older and their children may be in high school, in college or married and away from home. Others may have small children placed in a day-care center. At any rate, due to financial necessity, a desire to get out and earn money, or to occupy their time, many women want to work.

Unfortunately in this day of advanced technology and computers, there is no place for those women without special training. So what shall the woman who wants to work do? First, she must consider her talents and what she likes to do. The opportunities are immense.

With so many women working outside of the home, what of the housekeeping chores? Let someone who likes to do them have the job. I learned about two women who got together and made plans for a business. They rented a space in an office building, took their own tools and bought others as needed, and advertised for work. They called themselves "The Happy Housekeepers" and said they would do anything and everything related with cleaning a house and keeping it in order. I understand they have or their husbands have sufficient income, but they are not socially minded and have time on their hands and want to work. For women who have no special skills, but can clean a house and put it in order, it seems to me that this is a wide-open field. It certainly isn't overcrowded, and for women who want to put in their time in some creative business, this is one answer.

Women who can sew always get all the work they want. I know one woman who doesn't make garments, but mends for those who do not have time to do the mending for their family. She says her clients say it is less expensive to have her do the mending than to buy new garments.

Crafts of all kinds are in demand and the talented woman might choose this area of work. Musicians have found that they can give music lessons. Women who are good at making home repairs, upholster furniture, make draperies or curtains, paint or refinish furniture and fix up things are in demand. Women who drive their own cars can drive for people who do not have cars or can no longer drive. They can take their clients to the doctor, to keep appointments and to the supermarket. Drivers can help their clients carry groceries and packages.

In my neighborhood a woman was mowing lawns. She said she needed to get out in the fresh air, but that her mother was an invalid and could not be left alone for very long at a time. By making appointments to mow the lawns



Julian Brase was thrilled when this baby calf arrived while he was vacationing at his grandparents' Iowa farm.

in the neighborhood within a few blocks, the daughter did not have to be away from home for more than a short time.

There are always openings for someone to stay with invalids in their homes for a few hours to relieve the person in charge. This does not require any particular skill, only that someone is present to call for help if needed. She may read to the patient or do small things which will help entertain him or her for a few hours.

Women who can cook and like to have an advantage. They can make a specialty of their best fare. A fine cook can start a catering service for persons who like to entertain and want help preparing the food.

I know of two women who do catering for businesses who have bus tours. The women prepare food to serve for a noon meal from their van to the tour patrons at the bus stop. I do not know how many days or how many businesses are involved but I have been on some bus tours where they did a very excellent job.

The field is wide open for the woman who wants to work, either to fill in her extra time, use up her extra energy, or make extra money, if she has ideas and is willing to use them. When I think of women working, I think of "The Happy Housekeepers." They are a prime example of the women who want to work, but have no special training for this technical age.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
of the doll was angel food cake and the bridal gown was made of white frosting, intricately decorated. The three bridesmaid cakes were also made of angel food and frosted in yellow to represent the bride's colors of yellow and white. The groom is the son of a good friend and was a student of mine when I taught a rural

school many years ago, Mrs. Bob (June) Seuferer. I imagine June will also bake the wedding cake and it will be a masterpiece.

I'm going to go sit with Frank on the front porch awhile and enjoy the birds before night falls.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

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KINDERGARTEN PARTY — Concl.
exuberance!

"Grandma, it was the very best birthday party I ever had. We played games, and I opened my presents and I got a T-shirt, and a book, and a bracelet and" The words tumbled out in rapid-fire excitement.

"Was it lots and lots of fun, Sarah?" I smiled at her reply, delivered with 5-year-old patience: "Grandma, I told you it was the *bestest*."

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.

SINK OR SWIM — Concluded
school to help out with the work. The older brothers winked. I saw them, I know I did. They were star players on the boys' team. But before the season was half over, I was allowed to practice.

Then came our last game before the tournaments. I was the last replacement left when the coach sent me in to play, warning, "Don't foul!"

It is important for you to know that our uniforms of those days were middle blouses and full black sateen bloomers coming to the knees, and stockings above the knees. As I reached to guard the forward, the elastic snapped and the bloomers fell to the floor. Time out. Two safety pins came to the rescue. Time in. I stumbled, falling against the forward, and fouled. We lost the game by a free throw. My basketball career ended right there.

The "accidents" continued, and my self-esteem faltered. One day a kind lady slipped an arm around my shoulder saying, "My dear, you are trying too hard. You are hurrying too much, and you are trying to please everyone but yourself. Relax. Take a little more time. Be happy."

This advice helped, but the fact that the man I married loved to laugh, enjoying a joke no matter who it was on made me realize that life was going to be a matter of sink or swim. And, I wasn't about to sink after all of those years I had trying to learn how to swim!

ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded
animals. The delight these particular children showed radiated to each of us present. Experiences of this kind are so beneficial to everyone involved, that the hassles of scheduling the excursions, and transporting the animals to and from town really seem quite minimal. A person can acquire an affection for the small creatures on this planet that can last a lifetime. This tenderness makes the world a better place.

All in all, it's been a VERY busy and worthwhile summer, I am looking forward to sharing our experiences with you in the coming months.

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
mouth, Va., came to call on us. They were on their way home from a trip to Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick, and they stopped to see our swans. Of all the luck! We had a thick, pea soup fog the morning Helen and John were here, and all they got to see was old Clyde.

The Kavanaughs called on us in Springfield, Mass., ten years ago, and we have kept in touch since. They are the loveliest people! Helen first became acquainted with Kitchen-Klatter when she was a young girl living in Kansas. Helen and John had brought us a jar of wild blueberry jam from Maine, and we gave them a bottle of Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing to use in their house trailer. In a very few years, the Kavanaughs have put 36,000 miles on their trailer and have put 170,000 miles on their car! How they do love to travel, and how glad we are that their travels brought them by here.

Last night, Betty and I were among an audience of over 15,000 persons at a community concert in our beautiful public library park. I had never seen so many people at a concert of any kind! It really was amazing! The concert was followed by a dazzling fireworks display. Never had Betty and I been so close to a fireworks display where the rockets were bursting directly over our heads, spraying us with bits of gunpowder. We were just as excited as the hundreds of children who screamed with delight and clapped their hands. What fun! It made me feel ten years younger.

We hope that you are having a good summer and at long last you are getting some good weather. Hasn't this been a year for weather? Let's hope it will be good from now on.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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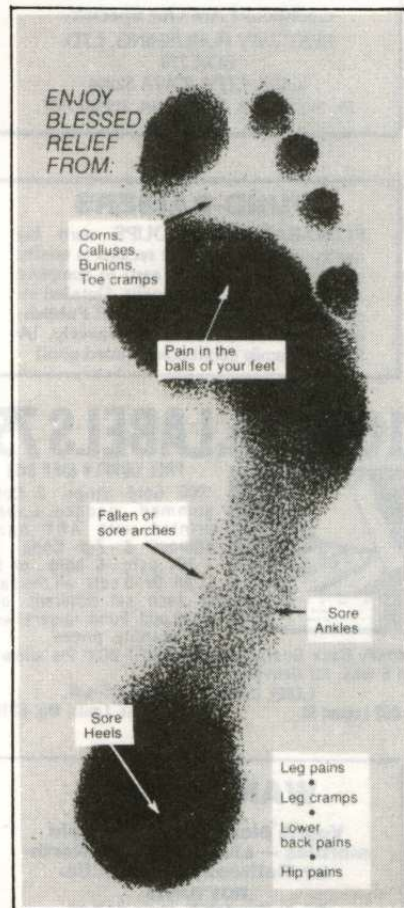
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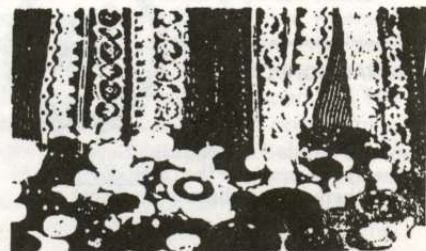
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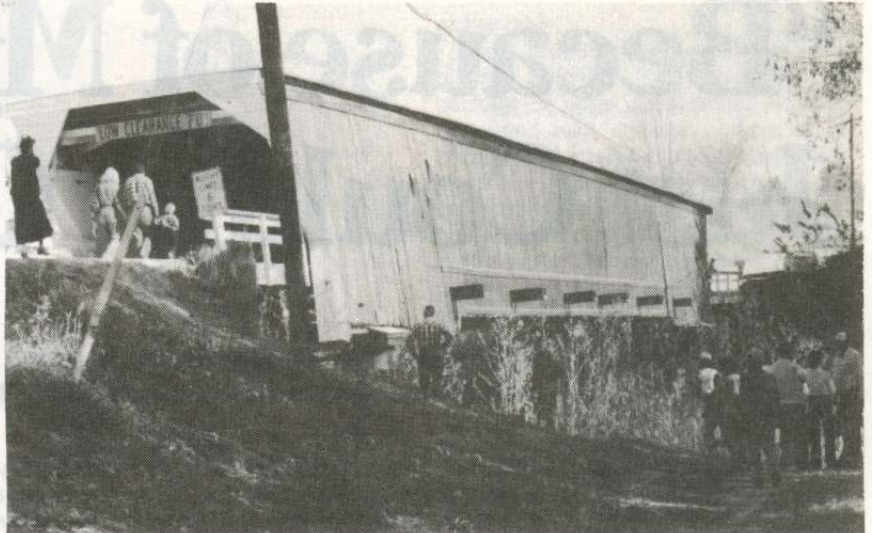
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One of Iowa's many interesting tourists attractions is the Holliwell Bridge located near Winterset.

THIS IS THE PLACE

by
Carlita McKean Pedersen

When my thoughts turn to Iowa, as they often do since Iowa is my birth state, the place where I grew up and received my education, I automatically think, "That's where the tall corn grows!" These words from "Song of Iowa" are certainly appropriate for tall corn does grow in Iowa, along with oats and many other crops.

The Hawkeye State produces 10 percent of the nation's food supply, with 95 percent of her total acreage in farms. The fertility of Iowa's soil is unsurpassed—25 percent of the nation's grade A farm land is located within Iowa's 56,032 square miles. The state ranks first in livestock income, from beef, hogs and sheep, and second in production of chickens, eggs and soy beans. Fittingly, her capital, Des Moines, publishes more farm bulletins than any other city in this country.

Even though Iowa is tops as an agricultural state, the value of her manufactured products is over twice that of her agricultural products, with meat packing the main industrial activity.

Organized as a territory on June 12, 1838, Iowa entered the Union on December 28, 1846—the 29th state to "join up." The state name is believed to have been derived from an Indian word—I-O-WA, meaning "this is the place." The state motto is "Our liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain."

Located in the near-geographic center of the nation, Iowa has a population of nearly three million with one-sixth of her people living in the five largest cities. The 99 counties (which I could once name alphabetically) contain seven state forests and ninety state parks, a total of nearly 42,000 acres of scenic beauty set aside

for recreational activity. The Iowa Great Lakes area in the north central section of the state draws thousands of tourists yearly and is a weekend summer playground for many of her citizens as well as people from nearby states.

Iowa is the land of the Wild Rose and the Eastern Goldfinch, with peaceful hills rolling gently between the Mighty Mississippi and the Muddy Mo (Missouri). Lush green in summer, golden in autumn, and sculptured with white in winter, Iowa can be proud of her beauty. Iowa is the birthplace of the first United States President born west of the Mississippi River—Herbert Hoover.

When my thoughts turn to Iowa, as they often do,

I picture her flag of red, white and blue, I dream of the hills where I used to roam—I-O-WA — This is the Place — HOME!



CONTROL BEGINS WITH YOU

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