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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

First, I want to thank all of you for your understanding concerning our price increase of this little magazine. So many people have written to us saying they were amazed the increase did not happen sooner and that we should have raised the price even more. To be honest, we were advised to do just that, BUT we are trying to do our part in keeping things affordable in this day and age...no mean feat!

The message of high prices was brought home to my family in a big way at the end of the school year. Our son, James, is a seventeen-year-old junior in high school, and like many boys in his age group he mustered the courage to ask a date to the prom. This meant renting a tuxedo, buying a corsage and the whole works. I remember renting a tux and thought the price was about twenty dollars. In fact, that twenty-dollar tux was rented for James so he could participate in my friend Robin Justiz's wedding many years ago. I should have realized the price for tuxedo rental had gone up dramatically since their wedding.

Both of my children have been trained to be comparative shoppers, so as soon as the young lady accepted the invitation to the prom, James got on the phone and called the tuxedo renters all over town to find out what the going rate for one evening in a tuxedo would cost. I noticed he was shaking his head in disbelief when he got off the phone. "Sit down, Mom. You are not going to believe this!" The upshot was the rental was sixty-five dollars. Gracious!

I had always thought the girls involved in formal dances got the worst end of money matters, because they had to buy a dress. The boys could just rent their regalia. If tuxedo rental is this expensive, how much do formal dresses for girls cost? Now that I have a daughter in high school, I'll be finding out before too long.

All of the grumbling aside, the dance

was a huge success. Jed and I volunteered to help chaperone, so we were there for a firsthand view of all the lovely dresses and the uncomfortable young men pulling at the collars of their rented, starched, white shirts.

There is nothing like seeing a "child" in grownup formal clothes to make a parent wonder where the last seventeen years have gone. I always felt the first year of a child's life seemed to be an eternity long; and the next thing one knows, high school is almost over and the child is on the threshold of adulthood. I'm sure all parents have experienced these feelings. In fact, I remember my aunts and uncles writing almost identical words for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* as my cousins were growing up.

Shared experiences create a bond between people, and one night last week I spent the evening with seven other women whose children could be mirror images of my two. There is a story behind this...

My children, James and Katharine, were both born in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Neither Jed, nor I had immediate family here so we were really on our own. So many times I wished I had a family member nearby who I could call to ask about teething, colic....or even just to have a relative drop by to share our babies' first REAL smiles, first steps and all the other babyhood accomplishments. On one of my frequent trips to the pediatrician's office, I struck up a conversation with the woman sitting next to me. She was holding a baby about the same age as my baby, and we began to compare notes about babies, problems, etc. In the course of the conversation she mentioned she, too, was without family in town and how much she missed the same "sharing" I was missing.

Another young mother listened in on this conversation and added her two cents worth. By the end of the hour-long wait to see the doctor there were six of us talking together, and by the end of the afternoon, we had traded phone numbers and had vowed to get together some afternoon in the future. All of this happened seventeen years ago, and we are still getting together once or twice a month. In the first years we would line up the infant seats complete with babies and try to learn how to play bridge. If we managed to play two hands of cards, it was a good afternoon. With eight (we added two other young mothers to round out our number) babies in infant seats, one of them was always requiring attention. This was the reason we opted to play bridge—there were always two "dummys" to take care of the babies. Whoever invented the game of bridge MUST have had small children.

Over the course of seventeen years, there have been many changes in our group. One of the women moved to



James Lowey, son of Juliana and Jed Lowey, Albuquerque, New Mexico, and his date are ready to go to the prom.

South America, and her place was taken by my wonderful next door neighbor when we lived in our first home. Another woman has been divorced, and yet another has been recently widowed. Most of the rest of the group has gone back to the work force—mainly as teachers. As the result our meetings are now held in the evening. Through thick and thin we have kept our friendship going. To this day none of us plays bridge very well, but that wasn't the real reason we got together. We were just lonesome young mothers who desperately needed to share our experiences.

Today it is unlikely such a group would form. So many new mothers are going back to work right after the birth of their babies. I'm just grateful my children were small during a time when I was able to be at home and find the friendship of others who were in a similar situation.

Last month I mentioned I was anticipating getting together with the members of my photography class for a potluck dinner. We had a wonderful time viewing each other's photographs. It also turned out all the group members were good cooks. We had a scrumptious feast. I made a chicken-green chili casserole and was able to provide a big bowl of fresh cherry tomatoes from my garden. I hasten to add that I had purchased tomato plants that would have ripe tomatoes early in the season.

I can hardly wait for my first crop of great, big, red tomatoes. Perhaps by the time you read this, we'll be having sliced tomatoes for dinner. Every time I pass up what the supermarket calls "ripe" tomatoes I will mine to hurry up and become eatable! To me the only thing that MIGHT be better than fresh home-grown tomatoes is fresh sweet corn that goes from the stalk to the pot in minutes. Last summer when I visited Mother in Shenandoah, I was too early for this treat. THIS year I am timing my visit so that I can have some of Iowa's best!

Other plans for the summer include some weekend camping trips to the nearby mountains and a proposed week long camping trip to do some serious

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

We have been so fortunate this past month to have missed all the really bad storms that have been skipping around our state of Iowa. Our area hasn't even had any rain. The ground is getting awfully dry and could use a little rain, but we will take the "dry" in preference to the windstorms. Our renter, Dick Freeman, had been mowing some hay and stopped in to chat a minute with Frank yesterday and said it looked as though we were going to have knee-high corn by the fourth of June instead of the Fourth of July this year. It is really growing.

The other day Frank inspected a culvert crossing to find out if the big tractor and mower could be driven over it to get to a field that has to be mowed. He discovered someone had cut down two, big maple trees without our knowledge and left them in the field. What a mess. Frank said the trees were hollow, and he is guessing it was hunters after a coon last winter. This is one of the reasons farmers are getting more and more reluctant to give hunters permission to hunt on their land. This was done by someone who was on our land without permission. Our friends who hunt on our farm would never do this and leave a mess for Frank to clean up.

Margery and Oliver Strom took a short vacation recently to visit friends who were formerly from Shenandoah who have moved to Tennessee. They had a lovely time and did a lot of sight-seeing. This was a part of the country they hadn't seen much of on previous trips, so they enjoyed every minute of it. Margery and Oliver have been wanting to visit us for a few days, and Marge and I were trying to figure out a time.

Marge said, "We have some friends coming the first of the month, then Kristin and the children will be at your house for a couple of weeks, and we're hoping to get to Denver to see Wayne and Abigail before they leave on a few business and pleasure trips they are planning. So it looks as if we might make it by fall." Frank and I are hoping it won't be that long before they can visit us.

Kristin, Julian and Elizabeth will be arriving in a week, and we are counting the days. Art will be driving with her as far as Grand Island, Nebraska, where they will attend the wedding of Art's brother's son. Art will have to go back to work and Kristin will drive on to our farm. Andy and Aaron are busy with their work, and Art is saving his vacation until a later date when he hopes the whole family can go somewhere for a few days together. As the boys get older and



Dorothy Driftmier Johnson visited with Gertrude Wassink at the shopping center in Newton, Iowa.

involved with jobs, it becomes increasingly harder for Kristin's family to be able to work things out, but they hope to this year.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, has been here from Roswell for a couple of weeks. Raymond doesn't stay with us because he divides his time here between his two sisters, but we do get to see him quite a lot. One day he was here for dinner, and who should walk in but our friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer, of Aplington. Raymond knew the Meyers but it had been years since he had last seen them. He was glad they happened to visit us while he was here. The Meyers were on their way home from a trip to California.

Our long friendship with Clarence dates back to 1941 when we first moved to California. He was a young single man from Iowa who lived in the same apartment house we moved in to. He was always included in everything we did such as picnics, going to the beach, bowling, golf, etc. He and Frank used to go deep-sea fishing a lot. Clarence was telling us he got to drive around more on this trip to California and went past our old apartment house and could hardly find it because everything was so different. Also some of our old haunts didn't look the same after forty years.

I had a birthday last month and celebrated it just about every day for a week. On the actual date, I went to Creston to give a talk at the Woman's Club meeting. The president had asked me to come early so I could have lunch with the officers. When I was introduced to the Woman's Club the president said it was my birthday and all 150 women sang "Happy Birthday" to me.

That evening I drove on to Shenandoah and Lucile and Betty had a birthday dinner for me. When Betty brought the cake in, it had three sparklers stuck into it. Every year when there are sparklers in the stores, she buys enough to keep on hand for birthdays through the year. It is a cute idea. Margery took me to Nebraska City so I could shop for my birthday gift. Ruby

Treese took me out to lunch.

When I got home our friends, Louise and Roy Querrey, had Frank and I come to their house for a birthday dinner; and the next night Bernie had us come to her house for a birthday dinner. You can see that I reached seventy-one in great style.

An unusual party was given recently in honor of Dorothy and Virgil Storm on their 40th wedding anniversary, by their son, Kenneth, and his wife, Mary Ann, and two grandchildren, Aaron and Adam. It was an open house in the community center at Humeston, and the theme was Country Western. Dorothy had made matching western shirts for Virgil and herself. Virgil wore blue jeans and she wore a blue denim skirt. As the friends and relatives came in and greeted the couple, someone was taking pictures so they will have a record of those who came.

The refreshment table provided a choice of several different kinds of cake. The punch and iced tea were in large stone jars, while the coffee was served from a big granite coffeepot. Instead of mints, there were M&M's in granite skillet on the table. The oldest grandson, Aaron Storm, was kept busy all afternoon popping corn, which was put into large bowls on the table.

Music for the afternoon was furnished by an eight-piece country western group from Weldon. They played songs from the forties.

Virgil Storm is a farmer but he also has a sawmill, so the anniversary cake made by Ada Hitt of Humeston, was in the shape of a large log. The frosting resembled tree bark and on one end there was a replica of a saw blade cutting through it.

On display was a quilt top that had been made for the couple as a surprise for this special event. Several months ago Mary Ann had written to 42 of their close friends and relatives and sent an 11-inch square of unbleached muslin asking them if they would embroider something on the block that would depict a memory they shared. When she had all of them back, she put the blocks together with strips of a plain burgundy material. Mary Ann told me so many people had heard about the quilt she was just sure Dorothy would hear about it somehow, but she didn't. Dorothy was happily surprised.

I recently attended a quilt show sponsored by the Clarke Area Arts Council in Osceola. The women in charge had done a wonderful job of hanging the articles entered for show so everyone was able to see every item very well. This was quite a feat because there were 240 quilts alone, besides a lot of things in all the other categories. There was a special division for baby quilts, pieced and quilted wearables, wall hangings, and miscellaneous.

A lot of work had gone into a booklet I
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"BE STILL AND KNOW....."

For Outdoor Vespers

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Let nature's setting be the background for this service—the quiet beauty of a lovely garden, a corner in the park, or a spot in the woods or by a lake. The service will go more smoothly if song sheets are run off of the hymns to be used. Solos or duets are ideal for an outdoor vesper as the singers can easily use a guitar accompaniment. Tape-recorded music also works well and is especially fine to use as quiet music preceding the opening of the service. A rough wooden cross may be used in the background of the spot where the speakers will stand.

Quiet Music: "How Great Thou Art."

Call To Worship: "Be still and know that I am God. I am exalted among Nations. I am exalted in the earth!"

Leader: Worship is opening the heart and mind to God. Worship is sitting in quiet silence and listening to the way God speaks to us through the beauty of our surroundings. Worship is feeling the peace that comes when our minds and tongues are quieted. Worship is coming to meet God as He is everywhere in our daily life, including today—now. Worship is coming with open mind and heart to meet Him here in nature's beautiful sanctuary, finding love and friendship with fellow worshipers. Worship is leaving this service to go forth to show love and to serve wherever God calls us.

Hymn: "Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind."

Scriptures: Psalms 62: 5-7.

Meditation: As we gather here in this lovely setting of nature, perhaps it reminds everyone, as it does me, of the many vacations we have known when we were free to enjoy so much of the Lord's handiwork.

Brilliant sunshine beneath a cloudless sky, the song of birds, the playful skittering of chipmunks as they play tag in the brush, soft breezes sighing in the tall pines, the croaking of the bullfrog as twilight comes at the lake, mother pheasant and her brood out for an early morning walk along the roadside, the goodbye to day in a glowing sunset—these are just a few of God's fingerprints upon the earth which have left me in awesome wonder. How great is our Creator! Praise His name!

One remembered trip was a long ride through the countryside. Every bend in the road brought another scene of

interest and beauty. A glimpse of a meandering stream, a meadowlark singing his heart out from a fence post perch, emerald green corn rows marching across prairie fields, the aroma of new mown hay, a farmstead nestled in a grove of sheltering trees, cattle grazing on a hillside, a tiny cemetery amid stately pines—God's canvas is so wide, His palette of colors so magnificent!

And life—how abundantly God has created life! Birds, bees, cows, pigs, chickens, fish, frogs, turtles, dogs, cats, butterflies, insects, lambs, deer, squirrels—God's signature is everywhere. Who can doubt it?

Night comes and the sky is aglow with myriads of stars. The moon's silvery path moves across the lake, dancing on the ripples, kissing the waterlilies with moonbeams. Truly, "the heavens declare the glory of God."

How dare anyone say there is no God? Who teaches the wren to feed her young so faithfully, to sing her song so beautifully? Who flames the sunset to molten gold? Who gives the firefly his automatic timing device? Who sends the snowflakes, each flake a different design of sheer lace? Who tells the bulb to send forth its green shoot of new life in the spring? Who gives a baby a smile to touch the heartstrings?

"BE STILL AND KNOW....." STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! GOD IS HERE NOW!

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth."

Reading: (Thanks to an author we have been unable to locate for this beautiful verse which appeared in a church bulletin.)

GOD DOES IT BETTER

It comes upon you quietly as you look and listen and reflect: the simple fact that God does it so much better.

Man makes a jetcraft whine, an outboard motor roar, a locomotive toot, a siren screech, a radio squawk, a foundry bellow; God makes a baby laugh.

Man lights a great white way; God lights the Milky Way.

Man erects a steeple spire, a rocket gantry, an 80-story skyscraper, a television antenna to jut into the heavens;

God fashions a towering redwood to stretch toward the

cooling rains and the warm sunshine, and a mountain peak encircled by a halo of clouds.

Man paints a landscape on canvas;

God paints a landscape on every horizon.

Man launches a billion dollar missile to speed a satellite into orbit thousands of miles out into space;

God clears a path by which a child's prayer might wind an unerring course through the realms of space and time to heaven's communication center.

Man gives us a baseball park, a golf course, a bowling alley, a circus, a skating rink;

God gives us a forest sparkling in the morning, a rushing stream, a mirrored lake, a snowcapped peak, a bounding deer, a moonlight night, a tossing ocean.

Man animates a television screen;

God sends a dream.

Man designs spears and knives and arrows and guns and planes and tanks and bombs that he might fight his brother and die;

God designed a hill and a cross and an open tomb that man might choose to live forever.

Man bids us "struggle and perish;"

God bids us "receive and cherish."

GOD DOES IT SO MUCH BETTER!

Hymn: "How Great Thou Art."

Benediction: O God, still our restlessness, calm our spirit, that we may in confidence and quietness, find our peace in Thee. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.



THE EYES OF A CHILD

In the eyes of a child,
I see the world as it should be,
bright with promise, undefiled,
filled with love and harmony.

I see the hope of years ahead,
with not one doubt of joys to be,
not one thought of tears to shed,
not one falter in destiny.

Oh, the innocence of our youth,
Oh, the blindness of their eyes!
But would I dim them with the truth?
Never! Never! my heart cries.

Leave the candles burning bright,
in those eyes, while they may,
for the love within that light,
may change the world, some sweet day.

—Helen Sleeth

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends,

My interim ministry at the Mystic Congregational Church, Mystic, Connecticut, has finally come to a close. I began my two and one-half day part-time ministry for the Mystic church last August, and I continued until the church had employed its new full-time minister. The new minister is in residence this July, and once again I am free to devote the greater part of my time to my boat and my garden. What a lovely time Betty and I had with our Mystic church friends. Our church fellowship has given us friends we shall cherish for years to come.

Some weeks ago, I told you the church was setting out to raise \$250,000 for an addition to its building. How proud and pleased I am to tell you, as of the writing of this letter, we have actually raised \$330,000!!! Isn't that wonderful? Two weeks ago, immediately following the Sunday morning service, all of us met under a colorful tent set up on the church lawn and had a celebration of God's showers of blessings. The amazing thing is we believe there still are more gifts to come in. We fully expect to have raised \$350,000 within a few days. Just think of it! That is \$100,000 over our goal! Praise the Lord! It may not seem like very much to those of you who are members of big churches, but our Mystic church is just a little country village church.

Betty and I had our own special celebration of the success of the fund drive. We went to Boston to hear one of the famous Boston Pops Concerts. We had been talking about going to one for nearly all of our thirty-nine years of marriage, and now, through the kindness and courtesy of Betty's sister, Mrs. Richard Preston, the dream actually came true. I am sure you have watched those Boston Pops Concerts on your Public Television Station and know how festive they are. Betty and I stayed overnight with the Prestons, and then we drove up to Maine to see Mary Lea's new house.

Most of you have heard Mary Lea tell about the way she and Vincent met in New Hampshire, drove over the bridge into the state of Maine, and in a matter of just a few hours, the two of them decided to purchase a lovely Cape Cod style house within sight and sound of salt water. Betty and I had often driven right past Kittery Point, Maine, across the river from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, during those years when we summered in Nova Scotia. Now we had a reason for leaving the Maine turnpike and driving down through the village.

The Palos made a good choice of



Stuart Walton, Roy Welch and the Rev. Frederick Driftmier are celebrating a successful fund drive for an addition to the Mystic Congregational Church, Mystic, Connecticut.

towns and neighborhoods. Betty and I liked the place the moment we saw it. Kittery Point, Maine, is a perfectly lovely seaside village where the population has a dramatic increase during the summer months. The village sits on a point of land surrounded on three sides with water most of the time. Note I said, *most of the time*. When the tide is out, the town is surrounded on three sides with mud flats!!! This is usual all along the coast of Maine where the little coves and inlets are affected by the rise and fall of the tide. During part of every day in front of our house on the Pawcatuck River, we have much more oyster-covered mud shore than we have at other times.

Our little Air Force family will love living where they can see so many beautiful boats. Their new home is only a few blocks from the busy Portsmouth Naval Station where there are all kinds of activities with ships and boats. It is most likely they will get to enjoy some of the Officers' Club's entertainments and recreational facilities. But best of all, as far as Betty and I are concerned, they will be living only a few hours drive from our home on the Connecticut shore. As a matter of fact, they should arrive here about the time you get this letter.

I must bring you up-to-date on our swan family. Bonnie and Clyde are no longer with us, and we now have Maurice and Marie. Marie must be French, for she is very sweet and petite, and I think Maurice is a stubborn Dutchman even if he does have a French name. We thought they never would have a family this year. Their nest was flooded once, and Marie incubated the eggs for eight days longer than normal, but at last they have two, cute, little cygnets. Marie spends most of her resting time letting the little ones ride on her back up and down the shore in front of our house.

Maurice is so funny about this family. Whenever Marie brings the children into our cove, Maurice calls to us to come

and look at them. He does it with a loud cough. When we do go down to the shore to be close to them, he puts up an awful fuss, telling us to keep our distance, but he cannot help showing his pride. The cygnets are growing by ounces every day. The young swans gain about thirty pounds in the first 100 days of their life, and that means eating constantly. Both Maurice and Marie are kept busy pulling up tender seaweed, and already, the little ones have started taking crumbs of bread I toss to them. For them, bread is just dessert after a good meal of eel grass.

The average size of a newly born swan family is six cygnets, and of those six, at least two will normally lose their lives to predators or to disease, leaving only four cygnets to grow to maturity. Since Maurice and Marie have just two cygnets, we are hoping and praying nothing happens to them. The biggest danger is an enormous snapping turtle that patrols our river shore. And there is the danger of an occasional otter or mink, or even a cat. Another serious danger is an attack from above by a big black-winged seagull. The black-winged gulls are the largest of the gull family, and they do love to eat little swans. In all the years Bonnie and Clyde had their big families, I don't think they ever lost a little one to gulls, but the danger is always present. I knew when the eggs were hatching this year because of the number of gulls circling around in the sky over the nest area. If you should stop by this summer, I hope we shall have two cygnets to show you.

I did not get this letter into the mail quite as early as usual because of two bits of tough luck. Two weeks ago, little Teddy, the neighbor's Welsh Corgi that I care for most of the time, hurt his front right leg very seriously while I was walking him in the woods. I went to pick him up to carry him to a veterinarian, and

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MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

Since we last visited, our area has had a most un-Wisconsin-like spring. I have more than once told native residents it was an Indiana spring. In fact, this is what spring is *all* about in Indiana—tulips in bloom at mid-month and peonies ready for picking by Memorial Day.

All of us were so inspired by the lovely temperatures that we dressed up four very large planters to add pretty accents to our deck. Mrs. Parker, my neighbor to the east, has an incredibly green thumb, and she generously invited me to go with her to a little town southwest of Madison, Wisconsin, to pick out flowers and greenery to fill these portable gardens. We borrowed a truck which would more comfortably transport our plants than either of our cars could be expected to do. I was fortunate to have her with me to serve as a guide and advisor, because my knowledge of gardening is very shallow. I would have made many poor judgements if left to my own devices.

My neighbor and I came home with three variations of geraniums—Mrs. Parker with a pink blossom and a white-edged curly leaf, one with a fuchsia-colored bloom and ivy-shaped leaf, and a very special Martha Washington spiky-leaved variety. Two of these went into each large, self-draining pot, with a spike plant in each center to give it height, and a trailing plant whose name completely escapes me now! In spite of my saving the little identifying "stik-stakes" which came with each plant and my close attention to Gretchen Harshbarger's fine writings in *McCall's Garden Book*, I have no recollection of what is now warmly adjusting to their new homes and growing accordingly.

Don and I planted the New Guinea Sunshine Impatiens in the window box which gets a considerable dose of sunshine. In the remaining six window boxes around the house we planted regular impatiens in the brightest colors we could locate.

In honor of Beatrix Potter, I bought three foxglove plants which I understand will not bloom until next year, but I am willing to wait. Perhaps next year a foxy-whiskered gentleman will come and sit beneath my blooms with a newspaper in his hand and watch for wandering Jemima Puddle Ducks. I wonder how many hundreds of Beatrix Potter enthusiasts have tried to duplicate her wonderful English gardens which she so accurately duplicated in the illustrations in her books? I will try only after hours of learning how to garden on a successful scale as a beginning gardener.

Once again, I am hoping to succeed

with growing a moonflower. This cousin of the morning glory opens in the afternoon when the sun has dropped and stays open all night. I can vividly remember sitting on the porch when I was a little girl watching the blooms unfold on the vines which were twining up the trellis nearby. They had a wonderful fragrance and were simply beautiful, but I had no idea moonflowers would be so devilishly difficult to grow. The seeds are as hard as cherry pits. Last year one of the local nurserymen agreed to start one inside for me and after six weeks in a humid, sunny spot he had to admit defeat. Then I tried and discovered the little armored seed pods 100 percent ungerminated despite my hovering attentions. This year, Marilyn, my green-thumbed, good neighbor to the east has undertaken the challenge. We have agreed to split the trellis I bought last summer when I had hoped we might have a wedding in the back yard. We'll grow the moonflowers on these. How's that for optimistic thinking!

The best part about our early spring is the fact we will have almost six extra weeks to enjoy the leaves on the trees because they make our yard a beauty spot of light and shadows. And perhaps before the leaves fall and it's time to think of disposing of them, we'll have bought something to drag behind the mower which will eliminate some of the labor for this endless job!

Also in the weeks since my last letter, I have been to the oncologist for my year's anniversary "checkout." It is really a "checkout" more than a checkup because there is hardly a bone unturned! Once again my blood was run through a multitude of tests, which my oncologist tells me reveals a lot about what is going on inside me. I had a radioactive injection which was permitted to pump through my system long enough that it was finally absorbed by the bones at which time I returned to the Nuclear Medicine department and spent more than an hour having my bones slowly reproduced on film.

This exam also included a mamogram and an examination by a new doctor to cross-check on my oncologist's regular findings. My remaining breast has several calcium deposits. This is nothing new and the following week I learned it has not changed from the pictures taken a year ago.

The ends of my joints are still showing black shadows right where my arthritis hurts most. I was advised to keep exercising and to lessen the chances of osteoporosis, I am supposed to be taking, orally, one and one half grams of calcium. I know yogurt is a very high source of calcium also milk, but that requires consuming a considerable amount of milk. So I am going to take three tablets of 500 milligrams of calcium



Sometime ago Adrienne's doll came out of retirement to stand proudly in the Daughters of the American Revolution booth representing pioneer children dressed for the journey across the plains. The pioneer girl had high boots to repel bug and snake bites. Her collar reversed to form a bib when she ate. Toys were tied to her apron belt and the lace on her cap matched lace worn by her family members for ease of identification. The booth was erected at the International Folk Fair, an annual event honoring each of the ethnic groups living in the Milwaukee area. The DAR booth looked like the back of a Conestoga wagon.

a day and not worry about whether I am getting enough in my food. My internist also advised me that the theory vitamin D *had* to be taken at the same time calcium was ingested to make it effective is now considered to be unnecessary.

The next appointment I have with my young friend at St. Luke's Oncological Outpatient department isn't until September. I am going to pursue my bicycle riding in spite of its hard seat because it is so lovely to exercise outside instead of inside on my rowing machine. Yesterday I rode the bike downhill for two miles to Hawks Inn for the monthly meeting. Returning home required some uphill walks with the bike which would not have been so bad except a young imp on a racing bicycle flew by me so swiftly he caused a breeze.

The program for the month at Hawks Inn was an explanation of the old toys which would have been available to the Hawks' children during the 1860 to 1880 period. After the program, several of the ladies who had brought their exquisitely preserved Shirley Temple dolls displayed them along with the Dionne Quintuplet paper dolls and Sonja Henie paper dolls.

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A LETTER FROM LISA

Dear Friends,

It has taken me a while to finish telling you all about my European trip which I wrote about in the October 1984, issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. School has been extremely hectic this semester and a lot of other things just haven't gotten done.

Crossing the English Channel was, for many of us, a first experience on large expanses of water. Lynne, Caresse' (my two best friends since second grade) and I decided to finish off our English experience in a traditional manner—we ate fish and chips while crossing the channel.

After landing in France, our tour group was detained at the border for five hours. It seems the bus which picked us up had just unloaded another tour group. Evidently, this was not quite a legal procedure because the tour company we were traveling with had to pay a fairly large fine. We arrived in Paris late that night.

The next day, we took a city tour to historic sights such as The Palace de l'Opera, Notre Dame Cathedral, Champs Elysees, the Arch de Triumph, Eiffel Tower and the Louvre Museum (which, unfortunately, was closed that day).

Notre Dame Cathedral was exceptionally beautiful, both inside and out. What is really neat about the architecture of this building is the vast difference between the front and the back of the building. If one were just looking at pictures of the front and the back you would never guess it was the same building.

The next morning our group went to the Palace of Versailles. I was astounded at the size of the country palace. The famous Hall of Mirrors was by far the most beautiful room in the entire palace. One wall is all arched mirrors and the opposite wall is all arched glass windows. Versailles gardens are exceptionally beautiful and large. We spent a good hour exploring them.

After Paris, we continued on to Germany. Heidelberg was our first stop and all of us were thoroughly smitten with Germany afterwards. Heidelberg is a beautiful town situated right on a river. Heidelberg Castle, Germany's most renowned medieval ruin, sits on a hill looking down on the town and the river.

The tour continued on the *Romantic Road* toward Rothenburg. One can easily see why it is called the *Romantic Road* with lush, dark green hills that contain castles and small towns every few miles.

Being in Rothenburg was just like being *dropped* right into the Middle Ages. The city is surrounded by a wall and all the shops and buildings still retain



The house where *The Sound of Music* was filmed in Salzburg, Austria

their archaic look. In Rothenburg, there are two absolutely fantastic Christmas shops. They have full-size Christmas trees set up year-round and room after room filled with ornaments and decorations.

From Rothenburg, we headed for Munich. We toured Munich before we had even unloaded our luggage—it was a real whirlwind tour. Sights that we viewed included the Frauenkirch Cathedral, the opera house, the Marienplatz, the Olympic grounds and the Nymphenburg Palace. To finish our tour, we saw a glockenspiel performance. The glockenspiel is a large clock tower. Every hour, on the hour, there are two rows of wooden figures that perform; court jesters dance, a king and queen eat, and knights joust. It is really an entertaining sight.

Our next day in Munich was Sunday—everything was closed. Some of us hopped on a train and started off to what was probably the most somber afternoon of the whole trip. Our destination was Dachau, the World War II Nazi concentration camp. It was, to say the least, a thought-provoking and sad trip. It is something everyone should see so that we never forget.

The next day we headed for Salzburg. Our first stop was the house where *The Sound of Music* was filmed. Salzburg was quite picturesque and it was fun to see someplace that one has seen in the movies since childhood. We drove past the house where Mozart was born. Hohensalzburg fortress-castle provided us with a most spectacular view of Salzburg and the surrounding countryside.

Our next destination was Venice. We arrived in the early evening—what a spectacular view—the sun setting over Venice with all of its waterways. The night of our arrival we treated ourselves to a gondola ride, complete with a singer. What a romantic Italian evening!

The next morning was our official tour

of Venice. St. Mark's Square was beautiful, with the exception of one thing that it is famous for—pigeons. Many of us quickly decided we did not like pigeons at all. The Basilica in St. Mark's Square was quite impressive. Its 1,000-year-old gem-studded gold altarpiece was truly a grand sight.

On our way to Rome, we stopped at Assisi, the home of Saint Francis. The Basilica at Assisi, which is dedicated to St. Francis, was extraordinary. It is built over the little stone church where St. Francis prayed daily.

Rome, the home of Caesars, was our next destination. The sights we saw in Rome are almost too numerous to name. We saw the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, the Arch of Constantine, St. Peter's Basilica, the Spanish Stairs and the fountains at Tivoli. A small group of us, who are true history buffs, spent an entire afternoon in the Roman Forum. It is easy to imagine what this tremendous place must have been like at its pinnacle. You get a funny feeling in your stomach when you know you could be walking where Julius Caesar walked. It is really a neat experience.

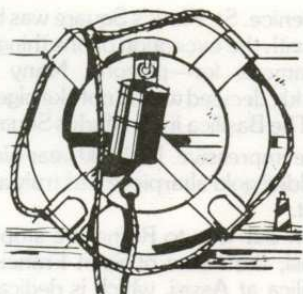
Our final port of call was Athens. I have always been fascinated with Greek philosophy and mythology, so I could hardly wait to get to Greece. The history that you feel when you start to climb the stairs to the Acropolis is indescribable. Even the ruins are beautiful; imagine what it must have looked like centuries earlier. It was easy to see where the Greek poets, playwrights and philosophers got their inspiration. Our group spent a delightful afternoon in the National Archeological Museum. We then left from the Athens airport for our return flight home (all 12 hours of it). What a trip! I hope you've enjoyed reading about it as much as I've enjoyed telling you about it.

Sincerely,
Lisa Nenneman

COVER STORY

Lisa Nenneman, daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman, toured Europe in the summer of 1984. She saw many historical places such as the Roman Forum, Rome, Italy, upper left; the Parthenon on the Acropolis, Athens, Greece, lower left; and the Eiffel Tower, Paris, France, on the right.

On July 4, we celebrate the independence of our country.
Our independence!



SALT AIR, SUN, AND SANDWICHES

by
Gwen Love-McCarthy

A light touch on my shoulder woke me. I laid in my narrow bunk for a few more moments savoring the warmth, quiet and gentle swaying of the boat. I pondered, for the umpteenth time, why someone who despises getting up early took this job.

The job requirements had been laid on the line—the job was mine for the asking if I wanted long hours, hard work, and low pay. After completing an exhausting year working in Florida with emotionally disturbed girls, I needed a complete turnaround. The idea of working and living aboard a 157-foot schooner intrigued me. Being a southern Californian, I had done some sailing and loved the “salt air and sun” on my face. This romanticism, plus the lure of seeing Europe, seemed exactly what I needed. Little did I know that the sun rarely shines in western Europe in the winter, and sailing on a schooner is quite a bit different than sailing a sunfish off Catalina Island. I never got seasick in a sunfish...

The schooner was a private school, and with my background in education I looked forward to teaching. However, my new boss had been nebulous from the start on my specific duties. Unfortunately, the ship's cook returned to the states. When the captain asked our young staff, “Who has cooked for more than eight people?” I was the only one to raise my hand. Little did I know...

I've always been a good cook and my skills were sharpened baking blue-ribbon pies and cakes for 4-H fairs. But nothing prepared me for cooking three meals daily, for 45 people, for a year! For one thing, we never bought bread, I had to make it. Do you know how many loaves of bread you have to make so 45 people can each have two sandwiches for lunch and two pieces of toast for breakfast? I certainly didn't know. So, one evening, I experimented with five loaves. I proudly took the finished product from the galley oven and was immediately crestfallen; I had discovered a new way to make bricks! To hide my fiasco, I quickly stole to the port side of the boat and dropped all five loaves into the water—they disappeared from sight immediately.

In regards to food, the school's aim was “thriftiness and the elimination of waste.” Therefore, portion control was a strict policy. Have you ever had to tell a two hundred and thirty pound high school student that he cannot have another piece of bacon (he only had one) or another hamburger, but he can have four more french fries since he only had twelve to begin with? One time after boiling potatoes to make potato salad, I carried the ten-gallon pot of leftover potato water to the ship's rail and prepared to dump it overboard. The directress caught me in the act and indignantly reprimanded me. I was to use the water to make potato soup! In an act of defiance over such lunacy, I calmly went back into the galley and out the other door to dump my potato water into the sea.

Another move to make sure nothing was wasted was a sort of “never-ending” soup. The strategy was to put daily leftovers into a big pot simmering on the stove twenty-four hours a day, serving the scrumptious concoction at week's end. In the pot went tomatoes, mashed potatoes, cabbage, raisins, cold cuts, beets and any other foodstuff that was remotely compatible. On the third day, I threw in some beef cubes and hamburger for some meaty flavor. My mistake was on the fourth day—I added some leftover chicken. Chicken is to be eaten quickly, not simmered for days. By Saturday, the toxic smell of fermenting poultry forced me to abandon my experiment and, once again, dump the evidence overboard.

The worst combination on board any ship is to be the cook *and* the first person to hit the bunk at the sight of the first swell. I tried everything from motion sickness pills, to not eating, to standing on my head to change my inner-ear equilibrium. The result was always the same. While the majority of my shipmates were enjoying the adventures of the high seas, I was moaning and groaning the voyage away in my bunk. To make matters worse, we never seemed to know in advance of a few hours when we would set sail. While waiting for the weather to clear, I'd be serving some greasy canned macaroni and cheese or chile, or maybe a thirty-pound barbequed pork roast. All of these are guaranteed to cause instant seasickness for anyone with a propensity for it.

My most traumatic experience occurred off the coast of Spain. Leaving Cartagena's harbor in calm water, we cleared the breakwater and suddenly hit fifteen-foot swells. Totally unprepared, I had not battened down the galley or the oven. My thirty-pound pork roast flew out of the oven along with about five cups of grease. About ten faint-hearted souls (including myself) ran to the ship's rail leaving those with the strongest

stomachs to battle the galley grease. After clearing the swells, the sea was still rough so I headed to my bunk. I was side-tracked by a student's call for help in the pantry. She was having trouble securing the battens. No sooner had I entered the tiny area than four or five containers crashed to the floor. Breaking open were beets, mayonnaise, catsup, and mustard. As we slid in the slime, my stomach lurched as badly as the boat. After another trip to the rail, I finally crawled into my bunk.

The worse time of all was when I couldn't sleep because I wasn't tired and felt miserable. I thought, “If I have to make one more loaf of bread, take one more cold shower, slice another batch of tasteless turkey loaf, wash clothes one more time in sea water, eat one more Vienna sausage, or serve tomato soup one more time (with popcorn), I'll jump overboard.” Then the sea calmed and I climbed out of bed and headed up on deck. The sun was shining on the blue Mediterranean water and thoughts of good times past balanced out the bad. I remembered the times I wasn't seasick during full moon sails with the shimmering phosphorescent water and dolphins frolicking alongside, and in the early morning dawn while water-skiing off the coast of Nice, France, and while climbing up the Rock of Gibraltar. I was seeing the world as few people see it.

My reminiscing was interrupted by a second, rougher shake of my shoulder. The watch had turned on the stove, the five-gallon pot of water was boiling for the morning's batch of oatmeal, and my ninety pieces of bread were sliced and ready to be made into cinnamon toast. I hurriedly dressed and headed to the galley, not in anticipation of cooking breakfast but in saying good morning to my fiancée, a fellow crewman and teacher. You know that old cliché “a way to a man's heart is through his stomach.” Well, when you operate under strict food portion control, some men will do anything for an extra cookie...



THIS I KNOW

I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know that He has given his word
Which tells me prayer is always heard.
And will be answered, soon or late,
And so I pray, and calmly wait.
I know not if the blessings sought
Will come in just my way and thought.
But leave my prayer with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own.
Assured that He will grant my quest
Or send some answers far more blest.

—anon.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

Many wonderful and very happy things have happened to the Calgary Driftmiers since I last wrote to you. For one thing, for the first time since Johnny was born, we had a chance to vacation in Vancouver, British Columbia, our old stomping ground. Vancouver, Canada's third largest city, is a big shipping port. It was Easter time when we went and the grass was green, daffodils and crocuses were everywhere, the cherry blossoms were at their height—warmed by the Pacific climate that lucky corner of the world has.

Since Sophie and I lived there for two years after we were married, we had friends to visit. We also spent much of our time with our trouser legs rolled up, wading on some of the many sandy beaches there. What a welcome feeling that was for us landlocked Albertans!

John Frederick took to playing on the beach immediately. How he enjoyed building sandcastles, finding seashells and watching the boats! I was raised, for the first five years of my life, near the ocean in Bristol, Rhode Island. Could it be my son has inherited some salt in his veins? Or is it that every child, no matter what, explores and rejoices in each new surrounding? Whatever it was, Sophie and I enjoyed watching him fall in love with the seashore. How much fun it was!

I realize just how lucky we teachers are to have such long vacations. Of course, just like all other teachers, I will tell you we need them! Unlike those in many midwestern states, our schools in Alberta run until the last day of June and teachers are back to work the last week of August.

There is something else teachers need, and that's the professional days! Do teachers in your area have days when they meet together to hear lectures giving them advice and offering techniques to help teach children more effectively? Canadian teachers do. The best professional development days come in the middle of February, when one feels the need for new ideas and improvements in the day-to-day routine. This year I went to two extremely valuable workshops. They were presented by Don Applegate, a teacher from Spanish Fork, Utah. Don has been involved in education for most of his life, in many different capacities. What most impressed me is that after many years as an administrator and a university lecturer, Don chose to go back to being a classroom teacher. One gets the feeling he teaches because he truly loves and enjoys young people.



John Frederick Driftmier, son of David and Sophie Driftmier, enjoys discovering a Vancouver, British Columbia, beach.

The workshops I attended were both on the subject of getting children to write. Don opened his workshop by reading us this warm and lovely poem that he has given me permission to share with you:

WORDS SO DEAR

Those early words spoken,
First without clarity,
But with power, to
Capture Grandpa's heart.

The eloquence of Shakespeare,
Descriptions from Hemingway,
nor
Browning's words of love
Never can compare with
"Bampa."

Happy utterances, mingled
With gestures far from out-
stretched
Arms await the grand reunion,
Where hearts talk to hearts.

"Bampa," many times I've
Heard this special word
As it echoes the truth
Of a grandchild's love.

Don has ten children of his own and many, many grandchildren, and he knows the subject of those carefully chosen words. His hobbies range from photography and writing poetry to hunting, to training horses for racing and western riding. In a workshop he gives on poetry, Don has the teachers attending write poetry using all of their senses, and then shows them ways to encourage students to write. After hearing him speak so fondly of his children and grandchildren and of his students, he gave me

new inspiration to go back to my classroom and fully appreciate the students I am with every day.

I want to share with you one more of Don Applegate's poems. He explained that it was written for one of his sons as some fatherly advice. It advocates spending more time with your children while they are young. Notice how each stanza incorporates one of our senses and how the poem goes from sight, to smell, to hearing, to taste, to feeling, in a way that works very well indeed.

UNFORGETTABLE

Unforgettable memories abound
When a child's curiosity is found.
See a rainbow sparkling bright,
As it gleams in the sunlight.
Rainbows arching heaven's space,
Bring a smile to a child's face.

Smell the roses with a child
As its grandeur is styled.
Take time with each happy one
When the day's work is done.
Time in the life of a child rushes by,
Take time before the roses die.

Hear the joys of Spring,
The song of birds on the wing.
Melodious sounds on the ear
Of a child so very dear.
Hear the laughter of delight
As day passes into night.

When summer is sultry hot,
Time is precious, waste it not.
Take a trip to the ice cream store,
Tasting, savoring, wanting more.
A child likes ice cream on a stick
As taste buds explode with each
lick.

Feel a furry caterpillar
As you work with each other.
When a soft breeze ruffles your
hair,
Experience it without a care.
Unforgettable memories abound
When a child's discovery is found.

I hope you will have many unforgettable happy moments with the children and all others near and dear to you this summer.

Sincerely,

David

P.S. I promised you I would send along a recipe for one of Sophie's very good cakes. You'll find it in the recipe section.

WITH THE LORD

May you always walk
each day,
With the Lord.
For then you'll never
walk alone,
But always with a
Friend.

—Annette Lingelbach

NO GOOSEBERRIES, NO WADING!

by
Dorothy Enke

Whenever I read what people cite as the best advice ever given to them, I long to tell about the wisest advice I ever received. It happened so long ago! Yet I still remember the hot, sun-drenched summer morning when Mother sent me to pick gooseberries. How I detested that job! The bushes were thick and prickly, and there were the inevitable insects hovering about. Besides, I loathed gooseberry pie and was thinking longingly of wading in the cool stream in the woods.

As I scuffed unhappily through the dust to the garden, I met our neighbor, Mrs. Mullaney. She took one look at my face and said, "My stars! You look as balky and cross as our old mule. Are you after gooseberries again?"

I held up my pail. "I have to fill this," I muttered. "It will take forever. There won't be any time left to go wading this morning."

"Of course there will," said Mrs. Mullaney briskly. "Let me tell you, child, when there's something that has to be done, there's one quick, never-fail method to help you." She spoke decisively, and seemed so sure of herself I had visions of the gooseberries magically popping off the bushes into my waiting pail.

"What do you mean?" I asked, eagerly. Mrs. Mullaney leaned closer and tilted my face up towards her's. "It's the simplest thing in the world," she said. "When there's something that has to be done, the way to get it done is just to do it. Don't waste time, don't fret around. Just get right at it and do it. It's a lot easier done early than late. Remember that!"

Shaking an admonitory finger at me, then pointing to the empty pail, she said, "You've already wasted a half hour. Remember, no gooseberries, no wading!" Mrs. Mullaney gave me a stout shove toward the gooseberry patch, then moved on down the path, quite unaware she had given me some advice I'd never forget.

The detested gooseberries were picked. Urged on by Mrs. Mullaney's determined energy I found the task easier than usual. And she was right. There was still enough time for wading.

Life has a way of teaching us much needed truths through constant repetition. As the years slipped away, I became acquainted with Samuel Johnson's words: "The future is purchased by the present." The thought is phrased in more dignified terms than Mrs. Mullaney's pronouncement but the message is the same: "No gooseberries, no wading." Even a sulky, rebellious child could understand those words.

WE CHERISH OUR MISS LIBERTY

by
Virginia Thomas



This year all over our land young and old are being challenged to contribute to the fund for the restoration and preservation of the Statue of Liberty. With no government funding, the restoration project is being carried out entirely with money donated by public and corporate donors. All in all the restoration will cost \$230 million.

In addition to preserving the statue, work on Ellis Island will restore the main registry building and vast, white-tiled great hall where immigrants began their legal and medical inspection. Over 17 million immigrants passed through Ellis Island in the six decades the facility was open from 1892 to 1954. As those millions streamed past the great Statue of Liberty on their way to Ellis Island, all eyes were riveted on Miss Liberty—their first sight of the New World and the symbol of their hopes and dreams for their life in the new land.

The idea for the monument was sparked by the French author Edouard de Laboulaye, at the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871, when monarchism threatened to take over the French government. Laboulaye and others used the campaign to build the statue as a gift for the United States as a means to rekindle the republican ideals among the French peoples.

Thousands of ordinary French citizens contributed \$400,000 to build the statue. Designed and built by sculptor Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, it is one of the largest statues ever built and took 15 years to complete. It was then dismantled piece by piece for shipping; arriving in New York in June, 1885, in 214 crates. It took 15 months to reassemble the statue so it was not dedicated until October 28, 1886, by President Grover

Cleveland. Plans are for a rededication ceremony of the restored statue to be held in October, 1986—work on Ellis Island is scheduled to continue until 1992. Plans for Ellis Island restoration also call for an oral history center—a theater, library and research center, and (hark, ye genealogy buffs!) a computerized genealogical center where a visitor can push a button to research his ancestors' origins or find the name of the ship on which they came to America.

We Americans recognize a photo of the famous statue on sight, but how many of us know all of the symbolism of the great Lady?

Her torch represents lighting the path to freedom, a beacon of refuge to the millions fleeing the sorrows and shackles of the Old World to seek a new and better life in America. The seven spikes that radiate from Miss Liberty's crown symbolize the spirit of liberty radiating out to the seven continents and seven seas of the world. At her feet there are broken chains symbolizing the shackles of oppression overthrown. Written upon the tablet in her left hand is the date July 4, 1776, symbolizing the birth of liberty in the birth of America.

It is interesting to note that the iron structural framework for the statue was built by Alexandre G. Eiffel, designer of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Bartholdi's mother, Charlotte, is said to have been the model for the statue's face.

PRAYER FOR TODAY

I know Thou wilt guide me, Lord, today.
I have no fear,
For I have placed my hand in Thine to stay,
To learn from Thee wisdom's way
Of helping those I meet today.
I need claim nothing as my own;
All Thine is mine to use today,
Speak, Lord from my heart's throne
For I would love's call obey.

And when the day is done, Thou wilt
closer be,
And on and on, until that perfect dawn
When with those Thou gavest me,
We shall be as one. —Sunshine

JULY 4TH'S SEMICENTENNIAL

At the time of the semicentennial of Independence Day, 1826, a thirteen-man committee was formed in Washington to prepare the ceremonies for the day. All former Presidents and signers of the Declaration who were still living were invited to participate.

However, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, James Madison, and Charles Carroll were unable to attend, but all of them wrote letters that were published in the Washington newspapers.

Two days after the Fourth, word reached Washington that Thomas Jefferson had died at his Monticello home on Independence Day. Two days later it was learned that John Adams had also died on the Fourth, in Quincy, Mass. Five years later to the day, James Monroe died.

These deaths struck the country as being something more than accidental; they were regarded as signs of Divine Providence. —Evelyn Witter

REMEMBER KMA?

by
Bob Birkby

Remember the old KMA Country School? How about the KMA musicians—the Blackwood Brothers, the Everly Family, Al Sloey, Jimmy Morgan and all the rest?

Did you ever travel to Shenandoah to watch broadcasts from the stage of KMA's Mayfair Auditorium? Do you recall when Leanna Driftmier and the Kitchen-Klatter program were heard only over KMA? Did you ever line up with thousands of other visitors for free pancakes at an annual KMA Jubilee, or listen for school closing announcements and the sound of the "Wooden Axle" on Frank Field's morning show?

This August, KMA radio in Shenandoah, Iowa, will celebrate its 60th anniversary, and many people will be remembering the highlights of one of America's great radio stations. As my contribution to the occasion, I've written *KMA Radio: The First Sixty Years*, a book tracing the history of the station from its beginnings to the present day. And what a story it is!

KMA went on the air late in the summer of 1925. The first studio was a converted room on the second floor of the old seedhouse. The thick carpets and overstuffed furniture that muffled unwanted noises made it seem more like a comfortable parlor than a broadcast facility.

Although initially licensed to operate with only a thousand watts of power during the day and 500 at night, KMA's signal frequently spread over much of the nation. The skies were not yet cluttered with today's thousands of radio, television and satellite transmissions, and Earl May occasionally laid a heavy hand on the station's power controls. After all-night broadcasts, Earl sometimes received letters from listeners in Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand who had enjoyed the music and gardening news they had heard from KMA.

Local people provided most of the entertainment during the station's first years. Former Shenandoah school principal Grady Fort joined dentist J. D. Bellamy to sing as "The How Do You Do Boys." The Page County Farmer's Band, the Essex Municipal Band, the Farnham Trio, the Ruby Trio, and dozens of other ensembles from Shenandoah and surrounding communities played and sang before the carbon microphones.

Radio was so important to the people of the Midwest that in 1925 they sent enough ballots to *Radio Digest* magazine to make Henry Field of Shenandoah station KFNF first runner-up in the publication's annual broadcaster popularity contest. The next year, Henry threw his



Earl May, founder of radio station KMA, stands before Mayfair Auditorium in Shenandoah, Iowa. KMA celebrates its 60th year on the air this August.

(Photo courtesy of May Broadcasting Company.)

support behind KMA's Earl May. With an overwhelming 453,000 votes, Earl won the gold cup and was declared "The World's Most Popular Broadcaster."

Due to the success of KMA, the company constructed Mayfair Auditorium. Roomy enough to seat a thousand people, Mayfair was the largest radio theater between the Mississippi and the Rockies. The auditorium was designed to resemble an outdoor Moorish garden, complete with simulated clouds floating past the stars twinkling in the dark blue ceiling.

Thankful for the vast listener support, Earl May hosted a KMA Jubilee each autumn for many years. Thousands of fans flocked to Shenandoah for the week-long celebration to enjoy exhibits, contests, speakers, radio broadcasts, and all the free pancakes they could eat. The streets of Shenandoah were so crowded that visitors sometimes had to park several miles from town and walk to the festivities.

The decades of the 1930's and 1940's were the golden age of live entertainment at KMA. In addition to hometown ensembles like the Delmonico Dreamers, Maytire Orchestra, Jig and Reel Orchestra, and the Cornhusker Trio, professional entertainers from the vaudeville and chautauqua circuits found a home in Mayfair. Audiences watched everything from hula and flamingo dancers to The Great Karma, who advertised himself as "the original mystery man of India and master of the radio seance."

KMA also attracted many country and western musicians and gospel singers. Some, like the Blackwoods and the Everly Brothers, gained national fame. Others delighted KMA's listeners for a

few weeks or months, and then moved on to try their luck in other towns.

Among the most popular KMA programs were the daily visits of the radio homemakers. While the Kitchen-Klatter program had its start on KFNF, KMA in the early days had Jessie Young. In 1939, the Kitchen-Klatter program moved to KMA, and listeners could hear both Leanna Driftmier and Jessie Young on the same station. KMA homemakers who came later included Edith Hansen, Bernice Currier, Adella Shoemaker, and Florence Falk. Today, both Billie Oakley and the Kitchen-Klatter program continue the KMA homemaker tradition of friendly neighboring on the air.

In the course of interviewing dozens of people and reading thousands of pages of old newspapers and company records, I've learned what many listeners have long known—the story of KMA is an exciting and important part of the history of the Midwest. The warmth of people such as Ed May, Edythe Stirlen, Jessie Young, Warren Nielson, and Margaret Everly have made the task of collecting facts a real joy. The pleasure of discovering the true story of a company with such a colorful past has enlivened my days of research.

The writing is done now, and *KMA Radio: The First Sixty Years* will soon be available at the KMA studio and from the May Broadcasting Company. It's chock full of stories of KMA broadcasters, entertainers, and radio homemakers, and I'm sure it will spark many happy memories.

If you are not afraid to face the music, you may get to lead the band.



RECIPES

ENGLISH MUFFIN LOAVES

- 6 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 packages dry yeast
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Cornmeal

In a large bowl, combine 3 cups of flour, yeast, sugar, salt and soda. Stir well.

In a small saucepan, combine the milk and water; heat until very warm (120 to 130 degrees). Add flavoring. Gradually add milk mixture to dry ingredients, mixing on low speed of electric mixer for 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in enough remaining flour to make a soft dough. Divide dough in half; shape each half into a loaf.

Grease two 8 1/2- by 4 1/2- by 3-inch loafpans; sprinkle bottom and sides with cornmeal. Place dough into prepared pans, and sprinkle lightly with cornmeal.

Cover and let rise in a warm place (85 degrees), free from drafts, 45 minutes or until doubled in bulk. Bake at 400 degrees for approximately 25 minutes.

—Lucile

VEGETABLE RELISH

- 2 cups ground cabbage
- 2 cups ground onions
- 2 cups ground green tomatoes
- 6 green peppers
- 5 Tbls. pickling salt
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 1 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1/2 tsp. tumeric
- 2 cups vinegar
- 1 cup water

Chop or grind all vegetables. Sprinkle with the pickling salt and let stand overnight. Next day rinse and drain well. Combine the sugar, spices, vinegar and water; pour over the vegetables. Heat and let simmer 5 minutes. Place in hot sterilized jars, seal, and if desired hot water process. Makes about 4 pints.

—Verlene

CHURCH LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cubed chicken
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds (optional)

Mix all ingredients together. Place in a 9- by 13-inch greased baking dish. Top with 1 cup of bran flakes. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

ARTICHOKE-CHEESE PIE

- 3 Tbls. olive or vegetable oil
- 2 medium onions, finely chopped
- 2 cans artichoke hearts (or 2 pkgs. frozen, cooked), drained
- 2 large eggs
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups ricotta cheese
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups freshly grated Parmesan or Romano cheese
- Freshly ground black pepper to taste
- Unbaked pastry shell for a 9- or 10-inch pie

Heat oil in heavy skillet and saute onions until clear but not browned. Rinse and dry artichoke hearts, then cut into bite-size pieces. Lightly beat eggs with whisk. Add onion, artichokes, cheeses and pepper, mixing thoroughly. Fill the pie shell with the mixture (pack firmly). Place pie pan on a cooky sheet and bake in oven preheated to 450 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce oven heat to 400 degrees and bake about 30 minutes longer, or until pastry is done and cheese mixture is slightly golden and firm. Allow pie to stand 15 minutes before cutting. Pie can be reheated by warming in oven or microwave, but do not freeze.

Use the larger amounts of ricotta and Parmesan or Romano cheese for the 10-inch pie; 1 1/2 cups of each is plenty for the 9-inch pie and it will be packed quite solidly. If you serve this pie just warm and not hot, the egg-cheese mixture will set and be neater for cutting and serving. This makes a wonderful brunch dish.

—Mary Lea

PLAIN BLUEBERRY PIE

- Pastry for 2-crust 10-inch pie
- 3 pints blueberries
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 Tbls. water
- Pinch of sugar

Line a 10-inch glass pie plate with pastry and spread the cornstarch over the crust. Spread 1 pint of the berries over this and sprinkle with 1/2 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour and 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg. Add another pint of berries and sprinkle another 1/2 cup of sugar and 1 tablespoon of flour over this layer. Add the last pint of berries. Mix the lemon juice and 1 tablespoon of water together and pour over the berries. Sprinkle 1/4 cup of sugar over all and top with crust. Mix egg yolk and 1 tablespoon water and brush over crust; sprinkle with a pinch of sugar. Bake at 400 degrees for 1 hour. (Check temperature for your oven.)

—Juliana

GREEN BEANS & BACON

- 2 cans green beans
- 5 slices bacon
- 2 eggs, well-beaten
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup bacon drippings

Heat beans, drain and arrange in an 8- by 10-inch baking dish. Cook bacon until crisp, drain (reserve 1/4 cup drippings) and crumble. Beat together the eggs, vinegar, sugar, water, salt and pepper. Add to the 1/4 cup bacon drippings and cook to thicken. Pour hot dressing over green beans. Top with crumbled bacon. Bake 20 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Hallie

WILTED SPINACH SALAD (A Microwave Recipe)

- 1 lb. fresh spinach
- 6 slices raw bacon
- 3 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/3 cup wine vinegar
- 1/3 cup water
- 3 Tbls. chopped pimiento

Wash spinach and remove stems. Place in salad bowl. Cook bacon, covered with paper towel, in microwave for 6 minutes at full power. Remove and crumble. Add onion to bacon fat and heat at full power for 2 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and heat on full power for 4 minutes, or until boiling. Pour over spinach.

—Juliana

SAUCY ZUCCHINI

- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup macaroni, uncooked
- 1 medium zucchini, peeled and sliced
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 14- to 16-oz. can tomato paste
- Grated cheese

Brown the ground beef, drain and set aside. Cook macaroni according to package directions. Layer the zucchini, onion, ground beef and macaroni in buttered casserole.

Combine celery salt, Tabasco sauce, salt, pepper and tomato paste. Pour over layered ingredients. Microwave on medium power for 12 to 16 minutes. Stir several times while cooking. This can be baked in a conventional oven for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Before serving cover with grated cheese of your choice. Serves 6 to 8. —Hallie

PUMPKIN CHOCOLATE CHIP CAKE

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups white sugar
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 2 cups (or 14-oz. can) pure pumpkin
- 1 cup (or 6-oz. pkg.) semisweet chocolate chips
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Cream eggs and sugar. Add remaining ingredients. Put into greased and floured bundt or angel food cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 60 to 70 minutes. Let cake cool partially in pan. Unmold and cool on wire rack.

(Note: If you want to bake one day in advance and glaze the next day, then let it cool in pan.)

Glaze

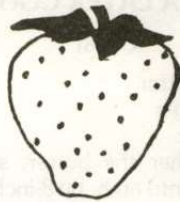
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring

Mix all glaze ingredients together in a saucepan. Heat gently until sugar dissolves. Then remove from heat and cool briefly. Spoon the glaze over the sides of the cake and let it set.

Store cake in covered container and leave it at room temperature. May be frozen or refrigerated if needed to last more than a few days.

Serve with whipped cream and shaved chocolate, if desired.

—Sophie Driftmier

**STRAWBERRY-BANANA SALAD**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- Ice cubes
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup sliced bananas
- 1 cup sliced strawberries
- 2 cups pound cake, cut into 1/2-inch cubes
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 3 1/4-oz. pkg. vanilla instant pudding mix
- 1 1/2 cups cold milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 cup whipped topping

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; add the strawberry flavoring. Add ice cubes to the cold water to make 1 1/4 cups. Add to the gelatin, stir until slightly thickened. Remove unmelted ice. Stir in bananas and strawberries. Place cake cubes in the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch glass dish; sprinkle with orange juice. Spoon the gelatin mixture over the cake. Chill for 15 minutes. Prepare the pudding mix with the 1 1/2 cups milk. Let stand a few minutes to thicken. Add the banana flavoring to the whipped topping and fold into the pudding mixture. Spoon this over the gelatin. Chill. Makes 10 to 12 servings. —Verlene

SPAGHETTI PIZZA

- 1 lb. spaghetti, cooked and drained
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 32-oz. can spaghetti sauce
- 1 lb. ground beef, browned and drained
- Pepperoni to taste
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms
- Onion to taste
- Green pepper to taste
- Garlic salt to taste
- 2 cups grated mozzarella cheese
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Spread cooked spaghetti in a 9- by 13-inch greased baking pan. Mix milk and eggs together and pour over the spaghetti. Combine sauce and beef; spoon over spaghetti. Layer the pepperoni, mushrooms, onion, and green pepper; sprinkle with garlic salt. Bake 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Top with mozzarella cheese and Cheddar cheese. Return to oven for 10 minutes. Cool 5 minutes before serving. —Dorothy

**BROILED SCALLOPS
CHINESE STYLE
(Barbeque Recipe)**

- 6 Tbls. water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup salad oil or olive oil
- 1/2 cup soy sauce
- 1/2 tsp. powdered ginger
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 1/2 lbs. scallops (biggest you can find)

Mix water and lemon juice. In a bowl large enough to hold the scallops, mix the oil and soy sauce. Stir in lemon juice mixture. Add the garlic and the ginger; mix well.

Wash and drain the scallops (this is important). Place scallops in the oil mixture and stir. Be sure they are covered with the mixture. Marinate for at least 1 to 2 hours.

Just before serving remove the scallops from marinade, put on skewers and place on rack about 2 inches above the coals. Broil for 5 minutes; less if scallops are small. Turn and baste while cooking. Serve.

May be served with rice. —Juliana

CORN IN THE HUSK

1 ear of corn, unwashed in husk
Open end of the husk so steam will be released. Place on grill to cook 10 to 15 minutes turning to roast all sides.

To serve—remove husks and silks. Season to taste. —Hallie

CREAM OF MANGO SOUP

- 2 eggs, well-beaten
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter clear vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Juice and grated rind of one lemon (peel with carrot peeler)
- 1 ripe mango, peeled, headed and coarsely chopped
- 2 cups heavy cream
- 2 to 3 cups milk
- Blueberries and coarsely chopped strawberries for garnish

Blend the eggs, sugar, flavorings, lemon juice and rind, and mango in a food processor fitted with a steel blade and process until smooth. Whisk the cream and milk together in a large bowl until it's frothy. Slowly add the mango mixture, whisking constantly. Cover and chill well.

To serve, stir and ladle into chilled bowls. Garnish with fresh blueberries and chopped strawberries. This is a cool soup for summer that serves six.

—Robin



PEACH CRISP

4 cups fresh peaches, sweetened to taste (or 2 16-oz. cans sliced peaches in light syrup)
 3 Tbls. flour
 3 Tbls. sugar
 1/8 tsp. cinnamon
 Dash nutmeg
 Dash salt
 1 1/2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
 2 Tbls. quick rolled oats, uncooked
 Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Place peaches into shallow 1-quart casserole. In bowl, combine the dry ingredients. Mix well. Cut in butter or margarine and add the peach flavoring and oats. Sprinkle over peaches. Bake 40 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve warm. Makes 6 servings. —Verlene

PORK CHOPS WITH WALNUTS AND RAISINS

1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup cider vinegar
 4 1-inch thick pork chops
 6 Tbls. vegetable oil
 4 Tbls. olive oil
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1/2 cup walnut halves
 1/4 cup apple juice or apple cider
 1/2 cup raisins

In a shallow dish combine the sugar and the vinegar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Marinate the pork chops in the vinegar mixture for 15 to 20 minutes.

Heat the vegetable oil and sauté the pork chops 4 minutes on each side. Mix the olive oil and the black walnut flavoring; add the walnut halves and sauté until golden brown.

Remove the pork chops and add the apple juice or apple cider to the pan to deglaze it. Cook until the liquid is reduced to 1 tablespoon. Add the walnuts, raisins and pork chops. Cook until pork chops are done, about 3 to 5 minutes. Serves 4. —Robin

CUCUMBER RELISH

10 cups ground cucumbers
 8 medium onions, ground
 4 medium peppers, ground
 4 tsp. pickling salt
 Mix all the above ingredients together. Let stand for 30 minutes, drain.
 Mix the following pickling solution:
 2 cups vinegar
 4 cups sugar
 2 tsp. tumeric
 2 tsp. celery seed
 4 tsp. mustard seed
 1/2 tsp. black pepper
 Mix well and boil for 5 minutes. Pack into sterilized jars and process in hot water bath for 10 minutes. —Verlene

DAKOTA LAYER COOKIES**Crust**

1/2 cup butter
 1 Tbls. sugar
 1 cup flour
 Mix together the butter, sugar and flour. Press into an 8- by 8-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes.

Filling

2 eggs
 1 cup brown sugar
 1 cup shredded coconut
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 Mix filling ingredients together. Spread the mixture over the crust and return to the oven. Bake for another 15 to 20 minutes or until dry. Cool.

Frosting

1/2 cup butter, softened
 1 cup powdered sugar
 2 Tbls. orange juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 Mix frosting ingredients together until smooth. Spread over the filling; chill before cutting. Cut into 1-inch squares. —Robin

**GOLDEN PEANUT CAKE**

2 1/4 cups cake flour (sifted, then measured)
 4 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup shortening
 1 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 large eggs
 1 cup peanut butter chips
 2 tsp. margarine

Sift dry ingredients together into mixing bowl. Add shortening and 2/3 cup milk. Beat 2 minutes. Add flavorings, unbeaten eggs and remaining milk; beat 2 minutes longer. Measure out 1 cup of the batter and set aside. Pour remaining batter into greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. In a double boiler, melt the peanut butter chips and margarine. Cool slightly and combine with the reserved 1 cup of batter. Pour over batter in pan. With a knife, cut through batter a few times to marbleize. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Frost with a powdered sugar, caramel or chocolate icing.

—Dorothy

PORK NOODLE CASSEROLE

1 16-oz. pkg. wide noodles
 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground pork
 1 onion, chopped
 1 green pepper, chopped
 1 can cream of chicken soup
 1 can cream of celery soup
 1 pkg. dry mushroom & onion soup
 1 lb. processed cheese, diced
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Water
 Cook noodles according to package directions; drain. Cook pork until just brown; drain. Add onion and green pepper; reheat. Combine all ingredients except the noodles and water. Mix well. Add at least 1 soup can of water. Carefully stir in noodles. Pour into greased casserole. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes. Freezes well. —Hallie

JUNE'S LEMON SALAD

1 6-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 2 cups boiling water
 1 1/2 cups lemon-lime carbonated beverage
 1 banana, sliced
 4 ozs. miniature marshmallows
 2 cups whipped topping
 1 can lemon pudding
 Grated cheese for garnish
 Dissolve the gelatin in the flavoring and boiling water. Add carbonated beverage; stir. Chill until syrupy. Stir in sliced banana and marshmallows; chill until set.
 Fold whipped topping into pudding and spread on gelatin layer. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Serves 12. —Dorothy

AUNT JEAN'S PINEAPPLE ZUCCHINI

2 qts. peeled and shredded zucchini
 1/2 of 46-oz. can unsweetened pineapple juice
 3/4 cup lemon juice
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1 tsp. (or more) Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 Combine all ingredients in a large saucepan and bring to a boil. Simmer 20 minutes. Fill sterile jars, seal, and process 15 minutes in a boiling water canner. Makes 3 pints.
 Pineapple Zucchini may not fool a Hawaiian, but it can be used in any recipe calling for crushed pineapple, for example in gelatin salads or in baking. Vin's Aunt Jean Brown topped a cake with Pineapple Zucchini and no one guessed it was anything other than pineapple. —Mary Lea

APRICOT SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped celery
- 1 cup sliced apricots
- 1 medium apple, thinly sliced

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the cold water, orange flavoring and lemon juice. Chill until partially set; whip till fluffy. Beat in mayonnaise. Fold in celery. Arrange apricot and apple slices in a 5½-cup mold; carefully spoon in gelatin. Chill until firm. Makes 4 to 6 servings. —Verlene

SHRIMP SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI

(For Two)

- 2 Tbls. thinly sliced green onions
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tsp. cooking oil
- 1 16-oz. can tomatoes, chopped (do not drain)
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. dried basil
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. dried oregano
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 lb. fresh or frozen shrimp, shelled and deveined
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- Hot, cooked spaghetti
- 1 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

In a small saucepan, cook the onion and garlic in the oil until onion is tender. Add the tomatoes, sugar, basil, salt, oregano and pepper. Cover and simmer 25 minutes. Add the shrimp; bring to a boil. Simmer, uncovered, for 5 minutes. Combine the cornstarch and water. Stir into the sauce and cook until thick. Serve over hot spaghetti. Top with Parmesan cheese. —Juliana

ORANGE BUTTER FOR ASPARAGUS

- 1 orange
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 Tbls. white wine vinegar or champagne vinegar
- 1/2 cup cold butter

Squeeze the orange. Save the juice and the pulp; add the flavoring and vinegar. Heat the orange mixture over medium heat until it is reduced to 2 tablespoons.

Whisk the cold butter. Add the orange mixture one tablespoon at a time (do not melt butter). Whisk and serve over hot asparagus. —Robin

TROPICAL LEMON PIE

- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 cup flaked coconut
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 3½-oz. pkg. regular lemon pudding mix
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 3/4 cups water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- Toasted coconut (optional)

Combine the drained pineapple, brown sugar, flaked coconut, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, and the coconut and pineapple flavorings. Spread over the bottom of the pastry shell. Cover edge of pastry with foil. Bake in 425-degree oven for 20 minutes, removing foil after 10 minutes of baking. Cool.

Meanwhile, in saucepan combine pudding mix and the 1/2 cup granulated sugar. Stir in the water, lemon flavoring and yolks; cook and stir till bubbly. Remove from heat. Stir in lemon juice and 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. Cover with plastic wrap; cool, stirring occasionally. Beat egg whites to soft peaks; gradually beat in 1/4 cup sugar to stiff peaks. Fold egg whites into cooled filling. Spoon into pastry shell and chill at least 4 hours. Top with toasted coconut. —Dorothy

SAUCY APPLE DELIGHT

- 1 cup flour
 - 2 tsp. baking powder
 - 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 2 large peeled apples, grated
- Combine above ingredients. Spread in a greased 8-inch square pan. Prepare the following sauce:
- 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1/4 cup margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
 - 2 cups boiling water
 - 2 large peeled apples, grated

Combine sauce ingredients. Stir until margarine has melted. Pour over the batter in pan. Do not stir. Bake for 30 minutes in a 375-degree oven. Serve warm with ice cream or cool with whipped topping. —Dorothy

RHUBARB COFFEE CAKE

(For people who hate rhubarb)

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 cups fresh rhubarb, cut into 1/2-inch pieces

Cream together the margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Beat in egg and vanilla flavoring. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to batter alternately with the sour milk. Fold in the rhubarb. Pour batter into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle with the following topping:

Topping

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon

Combine these ingredients with a fork until crumbly. Sprinkle over batter in pan. Bake at 350 degrees about 35 to 40 minutes. This cake is delicious as is—even to people who don't like rhubarb!—but is perfect with a dollop of whipped cream on top. —Mary Lea

**TIFFANY BEAN POT SOUP**

- 2 cups dry pinto beans
- 1 lb. ham, cubed
- 1 qt. water
- 1 22-oz. can tomato juice
- 4 cups chicken stock
- 3 onions, chopped
- 3 garlic cloves, minced
- 3 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup chopped bell pepper
- 4 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. chili powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. crushed bay leaves
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 1/2 tsp. ground cumin seeds
- 1/2 tsp. crushed rosemary leaves
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. ground thyme
- 1/2 tsp. ground marjoram
- 1/2 tsp. sweet basil
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder
- 4 whole cloves

Cover the dry beans with water and soak overnight. Drain the beans and place in a large pot. Add all of the remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil. Cover and cook at least four hours on simmer, or until the beans are tender. Remove the whole cloves before serving. Top with green onions if you desire. Serves 8 to 10. —Robin

TRAIN TRAVEL UPDATE

by
Barbara Snow



Since we have recently returned from a 96-hour train trip, many people have asked how we liked this mode of travel. Not many people travel by rail anymore. Train travel was once the most popular way to cross the continent, but this has given place to the airplane and the automobile. It had been at least 35 years since either my husband or I had been on a train so we anticipated some changes.

Our destination was Portland, Oregon, where we would attend a wedding. My husband and I decided to take a sleeper on the way there so we would be rested for the big event. The economy sleepers are very small compartments containing two seats which can be moved to a horizontal position to form a bed. The top bunk is folded against the wall during the day and pulled down to make a second bed at night. There is a harness affair which can be hooked to the ceiling to keep the occupant of the upper bunk from falling out. To make up the beds, one must step into the hallway to have enough room for maneuvering about. There is a tiny closet with just enough space to hang two coats. The armrest on the chair opposite to the closet provides two steps for climbing onto the top bunk. The sliding door to the compartment is glass and there is a drape for privacy.

It is difficult to undress in such a small space, but it can be managed if occupants take turns and use the lower bunk to advantage. Our compartment was too small to contain our suitcase so we had to take out what was needed and carry the luggage back downstairs to the baggage shelves provided for that purpose. We were a little concerned about leaving our luggage unattended but were assured it would be all right. During the two days and two nights, the luggage on the shelves changed constantly, but ours remained where we placed it and arrived safely at our destination.

Sleeping in the small sleeper compartment the first night was a fitful affair as we had to become accustomed to the constant movement, strange sounds, and stopping and starting of the train. We spent our first night crossing Nebraska and arrived in Denver early the next morning. We had had no snow as yet at home but there was snow on the ground in Denver. We felt cozy and warm in our small compartment having a complimentary cup of hot tea to go with the granola bars and fruit which we had brought with us. The 40-minute stop in

Denver gave us our only chance to get off the train. We went into the depot and even walked a block or two into the city itself but had no time to explore further and hurried back to our car. It was easily found, because our attendant was standing beside it.

My husband and I decided to leave our little compartment and explore the rest of the train. The coach car was directly ahead of us. Folks were comfortably scattered throughout it, some still sleeping, others reading, visiting or just looking out of the windows. The next car was the dining car where late breakfast was still being served. We decided to get better acquainted with this car at lunch and dinner time. Ahead of the diner was the lounge. This car had large windows which nearly reached the floor. The seats were casually arranged and there were smoking and non-smoking sections. Downstairs was a snack bar where an attendant operated a microwave oven to provide warm egg rolls, tacos, and other sandwiches. Other snacks and cold drinks were also available. There were tables where passengers could eat their purchases or they could carry food and drink back to the sleeper or coach. Using extra care passengers could even reach their destination without any spills. The pneumatic doors between cars are equipped with panels to press with either hands or feet so it is possible to use your hands to carry things and steady yourself and your feet to open the doors.

My husband and I sat for awhile in the lounge and enjoyed the majesty of the Colorado Rockies. The train passed through numerous tunnels and we marveled at the engineering skill, back-breaking physical work and expense such a feat would entail. Often the railroad tracks paralleled the highway, but in some places we were assured that only by train could this sight be seen. The curves and grades necessitated slow travel and we had plenty of time to view the scenery.

During the daytime various announcements came over the speaker system. "We will be arriving in Grand Junction in approximately ten minutes." "The first seating for dinner is now open. Those who have 5:30 reservations should come to the diner now." "If you look out the left side of the train you will see some boxcars filled with sand. Those cars provide a windbreak as strong winds are often experienced in this area." Other messages telling us of a desert town entirely destroyed by man-eating

"Jackalopes" entertained us as the train crossed into Utah. There were frequent points of interest to be viewed along the Columbia River in Oregon. We moved from the left side of the train to the right and back again to see Horsetail Falls, the Bridge of the Gods, and Multnomah Falls.

Dinner in the diner was a social occasion as we were seated with other couples so there would be space for everyone. We became acquainted with some of our fellow passengers and spent a pleasant half-hour chatting and eating. The conversation usually started with: "Where are you going? Where is your home?" From that point it could go in any direction. Meals broke the monotony of the day and gave us something to look forward to. Sample menus were readily available. Since the fare was always the same, one could plan each meal well in advance. People traveling short distances often brought their meals with them. One young man had a whole grocery sack filled with cheeses, cold cuts, bread, fruit, crackers, chips, etc.

On our return trip, we slept in the coach. Shortly before "lights out" a porter would pass out pillows, and everyone would settle into his or her sleeping position. Some merely reclined in their seats, threw their coats over themselves and dozed off. Others had blankets and their own pillows with them and used these to advantage. One young couple with two small children at first tried reclining in their seats but soon placed the sleeping children on blankets on the floor and appropriated the whole seats for themselves. There were usually enough extra seats that each person could have one to curl up on. If a passenger was lucky the footrest would stay in the up position and allow a bit more sleeping space. Not all footrests worked and during our second day's travel I found one in good condition and used it for the duration.

By the second night, many of the passengers had departed. Then we were able to accumulate a few extra pillows to help to soften the hard metal bar dividing the two seats. By the time we reached our destination, my husband and I had become "train wise" and felt we could easily manage a longer trip on the train.

Each coach car was equipped on the lower level with a dressing room where one could change clothes. The toilets were almost too small to accomplish such a feat. They were about the same size as the toilets on an airplane. The dressing room contained two sinks and a bench where a suitcase might be placed. If the train wasn't rocking and rolling too badly, one could manage quite well. Drinking water was available both on the upper and lower levels. Sometimes pushing the little button resulted in a

(Continued on next page)

TRAIN TRAVEL UPDATE—Concluded
shower of water which the little paper cup could not contain.

Passing from car to car of the train was limited to the upper level. On the lower level of the coach the toilets and dressing room took up one side and a special seating area for the handicapped filled the opposite side. In the middle was the stairway, drinking fountain, exit and luggage rack. The handicapped were placed on the lower level so they wouldn't have to climb stairs and would have easy access to the toilets and exits. On the lower level of the sleeping cars were toilets and more sleeping compartments. The economy sleepers were small enough to allow an aisle down the center of the coach with compartments on each side. There were cars where larger compartments provided sleeping for more than two. These compartments had their own toilets and required more space so that the aisle through the car was placed on the outside edge instead of the center of the car.

Great care was taken each time the train passed through Salt Lake City to determine the destination of each passenger. If someone was sleeping in the wrong car during the Salt Lake City changeover the passenger might end up on the wrong train. When we awoke our second morning the train was someplace in Idaho and we discovered the train was considerably shorter, even the lounge car was missing. The greater portion of the train, including one of the locomotives, was on its way to California. The rest of the train was headed north. When seated in the coach, we learned to take the pink card which identified our destination with us if we changed seats. This pink card hung above our seats and was often checked by the conductor.

Train travel has advantages and disadvantages. It is certainly slower than air travel. Trains are sometimes hours late; but so are planes. There doesn't seem to be much chance of your luggage going to a different destination as sometimes happens when traveling by air. There is no chance to stop and explore inviting places as there would be when traveling by car. Then again one doesn't have the stress of driving and perhaps battling snowstorms in the mountains or car breakdowns. It's a good way to get a book read or perhaps start a small piece of fancy work. And it's a very nice way to meet some congenial folks and share a travel adventure.

During these summer months, *think cool*. Find time to relax for a minute or two, preferably with a cool drink. Dress in fabrics that will let your body breathe. Think cool when it comes to meals, too. Salads, refrigerated dishes, milk products will all help you beat the heat.

A QUIZ ON U.S. GEOGRAPHY

by
Norma Tisher

1. Which state carries its identifying phrase "10,000 Lakes" on its automobile's license plates?
2. United States is bounded by the Gulf of Mexico and three oceans. Name the three oceans.
3. What is the highest mountain peak in North America?
4. What are the largest and the smallest states in area in the United States?
5. What is the longest inland waterway in the United States?
6. The United States has five freshwater Great Lakes. Name them in order from the largest to the smallest.
7. Where is Mount Rushmore, a national memorial, located?
8. Name the largest and the oldest cities in the United States.
9. Name a very famous waterfall on the border of New York.
10. What city is the birthplace of the United States and ranks as the nation's fourth largest city?

ANSWERS: 1. Minnesota; 2. Atlantic on the east, Pacific on the west, Arctic on the north; 3. Mount McKinley; 4. Alaska is largest, Rhode Island is the smallest; 5. Mississippi River; 6. Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario; 7. South Dakota; 8. New York, New York is the largest, St. Augustine, Florida is the oldest; 9. Niagara Falls; 10. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

This made me wonder and wonder whatever became of mine. Just about the time I decided that I am absolutely going to clear out the old toys being saved in the basement, I go to a program and learn how unbelievably valuable these antique toys have become. So I take their advice and move my things up to the hot, dry attic where for all intents and purposes they are better preserved. If you have toys stuffed into places for safe-keeping, don't let anyone talk you into letting the grandchildren play with them or don't put them in a garage sale! They are probably priceless, and one of those grandchildren may wish to preserve them as family heirlooms, or one of their parents may see the value in their former playthings.

I've had several inquiries about the Lady Liberty pins from readers who wanted to know if I would consider selling them. The answer is **ABSOLUTELY**. If the Kitchen-Klatter mail people are willing to forward your two dollar checks plus twenty-two cents postage (please don't send money in the mail through the Chicago postal system) I shall be delighted to send a pin to you. Orders will be accepted through the month of August. I'm so pleased with the sale of these restoration contribution certificates and pins. The cause is such a good one, and I don't mind the little bit of work involved with mailing them.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Celebrate the 4th of July and enjoy special salads and desserts with the fresh taste of Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

Vanilla (clear)	Burnt Sugar	Butter	Strawberry
Raspberry	Black Walnut	Blueberry	Pineapple
Orange	Almond	Banana	Mint
Maple	Butterscotch	Peach	Lemon
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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Last spring a seed packet of Bush Bean Kentucky Wonder appeared in the box that contained vegetable seeds. Some of the seed had been purchased expressly for our garden and other packets were given to us by various seedsmen to try. Bush Bean Kentucky Wonder was shunted aside. I could recall the old climbing Kentucky Wonder bean that climbed a trellis and then invaded everything around it. Its' pods didn't mature until frost threatened in the fall after I was past the urge to freeze beans. I had just cleaned out the early vegetable garden and was looking for something to try in the space when I noted the Bush Bean Kentucky Wonder seed packet. I soaked the seed in tepid water for a few hours and then planted several hills.

It was warm and moist and the beans broke through the surface in record time. "If you wander all over," I threatened, "I'll pull you out!" But there was no need—the plants grew only 12 to 15 inches high and soon produced long, flat green pods with the good flavor of the Kentucky Wonder climbing bean. How does it compare to JUMBO, the giant, flat-podded bush bean? The Bush Bean Kentucky Wonder has more refined pods and are better for serving as snap beans. Jumbo makes the best high-protein shelled bean of any we have tried. You will like both kinds.

Weed and mulch is the order of the day here at Chapel Gardens. Lawn clippings are plentiful and used as the prime mulching material. The clippings must be scattered just as they come from the bagger on the mower. If the clippings are left in a pile just over night, they will heat up and smell vilely. If it hasn't rained recently, give the ground a thorough soaking before you are ready to mulch. Scatter a 10-10-10 granular fertilizer over the surface around the plants to be mulched if plant food is needed. Spread no more than a 2-inch layer of clippings at a time. More can be added at the next lawn mowing. We have used the above method for years, and it has kept weeding to a minimum, plant roots cool, and added nutrients to the soil.

M. H. writes that every year birds take a toll of her berries and she'd like to find some inexpensive means of frightening them away. "Last year we bought one of those great horned plastic owls offered in the gadget section of most catalogs. We fastened it to a stake and set it in the strawberry bed. One strong wind and the plastic tore where it was anchored to the stake and the owl deflated. No amount of patching seemed to keep air in the owl.

Do you have a better idea?"

Try stringing aluminum pie plates on sturdy twine where they will reflect the light and bang in the wind. A fright owl made of sturdy plastic with revolving wings that move with the wind and make a loud clinking sound could also be effective. Perhaps readers have a better solution to the bird problem.

GOD'S BEAUTY

On every flower I breathe a Prayer
For spreading God's love everywhere.
Their hues of purple—red—and gold
Such rapturous beauty they do enfold.

The vibrant song of the Jenny

Wren—

The wee crickets concert—deep in
the glen—

The sound of the wind thru' the old
pine tree—

Proof of God's undying love for me.
The smell of the fresh earth being turned
by the plow

As the man in the field works—with deep
furrowed brow;

The scent of Alfalfa—the Clover—the
Hay—

All tell of God's blessings reaped day
after day.

The wonders of God are in each blade of
grass—

O'er each desert trail—thru' each
mountain pass.

The echoing silence of peace on the
earth—

All challenge the smallness of man's
humble worth.

With my faith now renewed I feel
ever so meek

And as anxious desires rage within
me—I speak;

"I must plant the seeds—and with hoe
and with rake—

Keep my own garden beautiful for my
Father's sake!" —Kathryn Deal

If it's got to be done, you may as well
enjoy it.

THEY COME CLEAN NOW

Here's how my family gets a smile and I solve a little problem. A pet peeve of mine was the used rags were thrown in with the clean ones in our ragbag. The result was streaks left when washing windows, and so on. My do-it-yourself grease monkey and teen wiper-upper usually forgot my warnings.

Now I avoid nagging, make sure oily and dirty rags aren't in with the clean ones. With a felt marker, I labeled a large pasteboard box **CLEAN**, with a smiling face. Beside it, in our large broom closet, stands another open carton but it's not smiling. It is labeled **DIRTY**, with a frown. Now dirty rags are tossed into it instead of in with the clean rags—that is, most of the time!

—Aileen Mallory

CLEAN

DIRTY



RANDY

Randy is a little boy of three;
He is cute as he can be.
Sometimes he isn't good at all,
And Daddy meets him in the hall.

"Now son," he says, "go to your room;"
"Come out when you don't spread
gloom."

Soon Randy's rage turns to sobs without
pain;
And Daddy says he can join them
again.

Randy emerges, his thumb in his mouth;
And he looks all about from the north
to the south.

He snuffles and sighs with a smile and
shrug;
And in the quiet of the moment he
says: "I need a hug."

—Julia Ann Bagby

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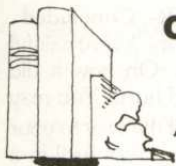
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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"This is Zula Greene calling from Topeka, Kansas," said the pleasant lady on the telephone. Somehow, my mind flashed back to Zula Bennington Greene and her column which I enjoyed in *Capper's Weekly* some years ago. Could it possibly be the same? It was! "Peggy of the Flint Hills" is still writing columns, but now in the *Topeka Capital-Journal*. "Peggy" was interested in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and my column. She told of her book *Skimming the Cream*, a collection of her thoughts. To commemorate her golden anniversary of writing, the cream of her observations has been drawn from the milk of everyday essays. The telephone call ended with the feeling of friendship. Now, after reading *Skimming the Cream*, I'd like to share parts of it with you.

In the introduction, Senator Nancy Landon Kassebaum writes of Zula Greene, "The secret of her enduring charm, I believe, is her thoughtfulness, interest and concern in all things great and small. Trials and tribulations there will be, but thanks to 'Peggy' we know there is beauty in our land and goodness in our neighbors. Thank you, 'Peggy of the Flint Hills' for caring and sharing."

Just think of writing over 15,000 columns! She takes us exploring the seasons, keeps us in touch with her family and her rich heritage, notes changes in fashions, and worries over world and national concerns. As the book says, she guides us in recognizing that living is an ongoing renewal and growth of the human spirit.

Here's a sampling of her thoughts:

June 28, 1938—Lucky Girl—"Grandma could grow old comfortably. She had to wear three petticoats, but knew not the agony of keeping herself in chiffon hose. She was burdened with corsets, it is true, but she did not have to dye her hair, torture herself with a permanent, or have her face lifted. Hips were appreciated in Grandma's time, and there was no need to roll on the floor or starve herself into a shadow to keep up with the procession. Grandma was a lucky old girl."

December 10, 1941—Sunday Afternoon—"At first I thought it was a gag on a Sunday evening radio program—something about somebody bombing Honolulu—then it struck with swift suddenness that it was no comedian's jest, but war. There is national unity where yesterday one way of thinking was squared against another way. Now all stand together to work, to sacrifice, to

suffer, to die that our country may be preserved."

October 7, 1982—Great Occasion—"It was a night to remember—two great men coming together at Washburn University for the first Karl Menninger Lecture—Dr. Karl and Norman Cousins, the first lecturer. They are not men who have put together a great conglomerate of industries or manipulated the stock market, but men who have turned their talents toward the service of mankind."

Skimming the Cream is a book to savor, to read a bit at a time, or all at once. For fifty years Zula Greene has been a journalistic institution in Kansas, and as mother, grandmother and friend she has kept Kansans abreast of life's events. Here's your chance to enjoy her thoughts as Kansans have. (See ad on page 23 for information about obtaining the book.)

Two field guide pop-up books recently published will help the young child, ages 5 to 9, become better acquainted with types of birds and butterflies. One, called *My First Birds* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$8.95) by Cecelia Fitzsimmons will encourage beginners to grade 4 become bird watchers. Children can learn about more than 50 birds, what they eat and how they feed their young. Because it is a pop-up book, children are more apt to be interested in the information, which should be read with a family member. The same is true of *My First Butterflies* (Harper Jr. Books, \$8.95) by Cecelia Fitzsimmons. The swallowtail, white admiral, and painted lady butterflies seem about to fly right off the pages of the book. Shown is the life cycle of the butterfly, also. These two field guides for children contain six double-page spreads

in full color and would be wonderful introductions to the fascinating world of nature.

A new revised edition of *Manners Can Be Fun* (Harper Trophy Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$3.95) by Munro Leaf is now available for ages 3 to 7. This book of etiquette has guided generations of young children. Good advice is offered with pictures about manners at home and in public. Children are told of the pigs, who squeal "That's mine," and the whiners who cry when they can't do just what they want to. The point is made that having good manners is really just getting along well with other people. Originally published in 1936, *Manners Can Be Fun* gives fine ideas for living cooperatively at home and school, and the cartoon drawings add a special touch.



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

I'm not a Poe or Wadsworth
Or a Helen Steiner Rice,
But I'm always very hopeful
My verse will turn out nice.

As I take my pen in hand,
I say a fervent prayer,
That I may put in writing
The thoughts I want to share.

You've had a lot of happiness—
And now and then some tears,
But hasn't life been wonderful
These five-and-twenty years!

And though we're miles apart,
I'm sending thoughts your way.
I'm praying God will bless you
On this your *Special Day*.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

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Order extra copies for gifts.

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SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!

by
Gertrude Perlis Kagan

SMILE! A smile costs nothing, goes a long way toward creating good will and spreads good cheer. A smile is contagious and creates a sense of well being. Smile and the world smiles with you. A smile lifts the corners of your mouth, brightens your eyes, gives your face a radiant expression and uplifts your spirits. It softens the contours of your face, puts a lilt in your voice and spring in your step.

Smile? But why, you may ask. With the country in its present state? With the enormous deficit and threat of nuclear war, high interest rates and inflation?

Why not smile? What will a frown accomplish? Will it reduce the deficit, keep the country at peace, shield against nuclear missiles, lower the interest rates, or control inflation?

Everyone can smile unconditionally. No strings attached. No restrictions. No social barriers. No age limits. No race or color exclusions.

A smile is for everyone. A smile is for left and right wingers. It is a plus in our treatment of third world countries. A smile is conducive toward promoting strong economic growth, and it certainly will not damage our foreign policy.

As I walked down the street, I smiled to an elderly gentleman on crutches. He looked grateful and responded with a warm smile. He commented on the weather. At the supermarket, I smiled to a shopper at my side. He returned a friendly smile and asked if I watered the applied rose on my dress every day.

"Every morning without fail," I answered and we both chuckled.

Our smiles elicited good humor. We exchanged a few pleasant words which made my shopping expedition more

interesting.

At the drug store, the cashier looked bogged down, weary and glum. I smiled and her face lit up like a Christmas candle. She straightened her shoulders and smiled.

As I walked home, I could hear hurried footsteps in back of me. A youthful teenager had caught up with me. He paused for a moment. I smiled and he smiled in return. He stopped for a moment longer and with a good-to-be-alive expression on his face remarked it was a nice day to be out.

A smile makes a person feel good inside and outside. It promotes a feeling of optimism and good health. Even nature responds to a smile. When I was out walking, a squirrel scampered toward me, then stopped to greet me, fanning its bushy tail. The leaves in the trees rustled a warm welcome as I approached. I looked upward and smiled and the vast expanse of sky smiled openly and broadly. Patches of blue beamed through the soft beds of cottony white clouds and a sliver of golden light filtered through a smoky grey cloud. A bird trilled and twittered and hopped delightedly, I smiled. A crow stopped scolding for a moment and warmed up to my pleasant expression.

A smile puts everyone at ease. It is a stable commodity that is not concerned with the consumer price index. It is a good investment. You can wear a smile the year around, because it is not seasonal. One size fits all and a smile is not subject to a change in fashion. It complements any outfit.

SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!

Anything of value is difficult to obtain.

But nothing is beyond reach if you strengthen your arm with brains, tools, and know-how.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
The frightened dog gave me a very painful bite on my right hand. Oh how it did bleed, and oh how it did hurt!! You may have heard me yelling all the way to your house!! Teddy the Corgi was well in a matter of hours, but I could not use my right hand for ten days.

Just as the right hand was getting well, I cut the first finger on my left hand while preparing a beef stew for supper. The left finger has been in bandages right up until I decided I just had to write to you today. It still hurts when I poke the typewriter keys, but at least the bleeding has stopped. I wonder what silly thing will happen to me tomorrow??

Did I remember to tell you about the honor that came to me this past college commencement season? I was invited to give the invocation at the commencement exercises of the College of Our Lady of the Elms, a Roman Catholic girls college on whose board of trustees I have been a member for a good number of years. It was the first time in the history of the college a Protestant has been a part of the commencement program, a program where the invocation is the main prayer of the entire ceremony. How happy I was to be asked.

Most often, college commencements are held out of doors, and most often they are held on one of the hottest days of the summer. Oh, how many times in years past I have suffered from the heat while sitting through a two hour long commencement program. Not this year, however!! At Our Lady of the Elms, we almost froze to death! The temperature was around 50 degrees, and the wind was blowing very hard. The wind chill factor that afternoon was around 40 degrees!!! I had the presence of mind to wear my raincoat under my academic robe, and I think it saved me from getting pneumonia. How sorry I felt for the many, many girls in the graduating class and the members of the faculty and trustees who wore no winter clothing under their flimsy academic robes. Some of the girls were so cold they could barely walk up to the platform to get their diplomas.

My flowers are coming along very nicely. What a busy planting season I had. Because we had no spring weather—just winter right up until summer—all of the planting had to be done in a hurry when it finally warmed up. One day, I planted 200 salvia plants, 125 marigold plants, and 30 geranium plants. Another day, I planted 150 snapdragons, 40 dahlias, and 30 canna lilies, and 30 tuberous begonias. As of this letter, I still have several hundred other plants to go into the garden. Want a job?

Sincerely,

Frederick

Look for
X-TRA-TOUCH
(BAR-B-QUE FLAVOR)
Sauce

at your favorite grocer.

Add X-TRA-TOUCH to meatloaf, baked beans and other dishes, and it is a great sauce for meatballs, party wieners or sausage. For a delicious glaze on chicken, pork chops or any meat you cook on the grill, use X-TRA-TOUCH.



THE MARK OF QUALITY



How a Stop in a German Shoe Store Ended a Lifetime of Foot Pain...

"We were in Germany on the very first day of our vacation but my feet were killing me already. I thought a pair of more comfortable shoes might help and I fell in love with a pair in a shoe store in Wiesbaden, Germany.

But when I tried them on, they hurt too. I explained my problem of sore aching feet to a friendly clerk and she pointed to a counter display and said, maybe I needed a pair of special Leather Insoles.

I took her advice and was I glad I did... the instant I slipped them into my shoes, my foot pain vanished! I've worn them ever since and my painful foot problems are a thing of the past."

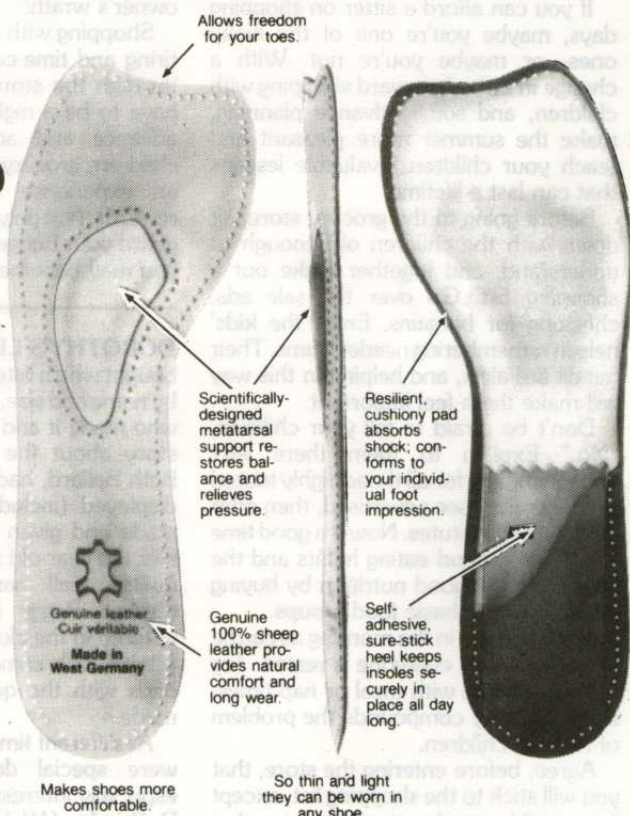
Over the last 15 years more than 8,000,000 pairs of these Leather Insoles have been sold in German shoe stores. They've relieved all types of foot problems for folks of all ages and if your feet are killing you, we urge you to try them.

We brought them to America and call them Luxis Leather Insoles. Wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions-asked refund. What could be fairer?

LUXIS Leather Insoles

Luxis' scientifically designed metatarsal support allows your feet to assume their proper posture and balance. They redistribute body weight naturally, eliminating painful, uneven pressures that cause Sore Feet, Burning Feet, Corns, Calluses, Bunions, Sore Heels, ankle and foot problems of all types.

- Resilient, cushiony • Mold themselves to your feet • Long-wearing, genuine sheep leather
- Wear in any style shoe, including high heels.



30-Day TRIAL OFFER

Order a pair of Luxis Leather Insoles and wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions-asked refund. What could be fairer?

30-Day, No-Risk TRIAL OFFER

LUXIS INTERNATIONAL
712 N. 34th St., Dept. XKK075
Seattle, WA 98103

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ pair(s) of Luxis Insoles. If I am not completely satisfied, I can return them within 30 days for a full, no-questions asked refund.

Important: Indicate shoe size(s) below.

Women's size(s) _____ Men's size(s) _____

ONE pair only \$7.95 add \$1.50 p. & h.

TWO pairs only \$13.90 (save \$2) add \$1.75 p. & h.

Washington residents please add 7.9% state sales tax.

Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD.

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

PRINT Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dealer Inquiries Invited

SUMMER SHOPPING TIPS

by
Rita Kayser

Now that your youngsters are out of school for the summer, will the calm, well-organized trips to the grocery store be replaced by weekly ordeals which closely resemble frontline duty in WWI? Between settling fights over who gets to push the shopping cart, stopping games of pitch and catch in the produce department, and holding your breath as Junior juggles three cartons of eggs above his head, you manage to get to the check-out counter only to discover the kids have added so many items to the basket that your budget is as frazzled as your nerves!

If you can afford a sitter on shopping days, maybe you're one of the lucky ones—or maybe you're not. With a change in attitude toward shopping with children, and some advance planning, make the summer more pleasant and teach your children invaluable lessons that can last a lifetime.

Before going to the grocery store, sit down with the children old enough to understand, and together make out a shopping list. Go over the sale ads, checking for bargains. Enlist the kids' help in remembering needed items. Their minds are alert, and helping in this way will make them feel important.

Don't be afraid to tell your children, "No." Explain to them there isn't enough money for all those highly touted products they see advertised, then offer satisfying substitutes. Now is a good time to reinforce good eating habits and the importance of good nutrition by buying foods from the basic food groups.

Shop as early in the morning as can be arranged, while everyone is rested. Try not to interfere with meal or nap times, since this only compounds the problem of restless children.

Agree, before entering the store, that you will stick to the shopping list, except for possible unadvertised bargains that won't seriously damage your budget. Don't allow children to add extra products to your cart, and don't allow them to change your mind by whining or wheedling.

If you are shopping with several children, give each one a specific duty and stress its importance. Let one child carry the grocery list and mark off items selected. One child can use a calculator to determine unit prices, thereby learning which size of product is the better bargain. Let them read labels and compare brands. This is time-consuming, but is an important aspect of learning to shop wisely. On the next trip have the children trade jobs to avoid arguments.

It is very helpful to decide beforehand on one treat per child each shopping trip.

Brag on their good behavior, and reinforce it with something tangible such as a candy bar or a piece of fruit.

If your child is young, give him a paper and pencil to pretend to write a grocery list for you. Talk softly to him. The sound of your voice will keep him satisfied while you shop. Of course, you may feel uncomfortable doing this at first, but a contented baby is worth a few strange looks!

A child too young to have a paper and pencil will often be satisfied holding a can of vegetables or other unbreakable product. If the child's hands are thus occupied, he's much less apt to reach out and handle products on the shelves, risking breaks, spills and embarrassment for you—not to mention the store owner's wrath!

Shopping with young children is more tiring and time-consuming than zipping through the store alone, but it doesn't have to be a nightmare. By planning in advance and actively involving your children, grocery shopping can become an experience that will reap many rewards. Not only will you be able to safeguard your budget and nerves, but all of you may become wiser consumers.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
bought which listed every item on display by name and size, the name of the person who made it and a little human interest story about the article. My neighbor, Beth Ballard, had 12 articles of clothing displayed (including the vest she had made and given to me for Christmas). Her ten-year-old son, Scott, had made a quilted wall hanging which was on display. Peggy Dyer had six things entered in the clothing division, and also a table with some of her miniature doll beds with the quilts on them she had made.

At different times during the day there were special demonstrations. I was especially interested in watching Charlie D. Prierly of Weldon. Charlie is well into his eighties and quite remarkable. His specialty is making beautiful postage stamp quilts on his 100-year-old treadle sewing machine. One of his quilts hung on the wall behind him and it was absolutely beautiful.

Frank just came in and wants me to "come quickly" to see a coyote that has come into the barnlot, so until next month....

Sincerely,
Dorothy



JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
trout fishing. We have our fishing licenses and the pickup truck has new tires so hopefully this will be a reality.

I'm expecting several "batches" of company—one may be Cousin Kristin and her family. It will be great fun to see them and I am anxious to meet little Elizabeth. Closer to home, I want to get down to Ruidoso Downs to see Cousin Alison and her family.

Until next month,

Juliana

PLEASE NOTE: The following recipe was incorrectly printed in the May issue. The 4 eggs were omitted.

CHEESE POTATO PIE

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup water

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Work the margarine into the dry ingredients with a pastry cutter or a fork. Add flavoring to the water; stir into the flour mixture.

Spray a 10-inch pie pan with an aerosol shortening or grease it well. Press mixture into the pie tin.

- 5 medium potatoes
- 3 ozs. Parmesan cheese
- 3 ozs. Cheddar cheese
- 4 eggs
- 1/4 cup milk
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook potatoes in their skins in a microwave if you have one. Put cooked potatoes and the remaining ingredients into a food processor. Process until mixture is very smooth (similar to mashed potatoes). Pour into pie shell; bake at 375 degrees about 40 minutes.

—Juliana

HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY!

Hurrah! Hurrah, for the Fourth of July! Hats off to the flag, as the parade passes by.

It's a glorious day for everyone, With cheers and noise and joy and fun.

It's a happy day from dawn to dark, With wonderful picnics in the park, With races and games—what hilarity! There are smiles on the faces of all you see.

Then when it grows dark on the Fourth of July,

Sparklers are lighted, rockets burst in the sky;

Young and old, all watch and say, "Happy birthday, to you, dear U.S.A."

—Mabel Nair Brown

"Little Ads"

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

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

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

AMERICAN INDIAN RECIPES—Seven. \$5.00 and LSASE. Barbara A. Jones, Dept IR, 804 North Ohio Avenue, Atlanta City, NY 08401.

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SEVEN SKINNY sauces, low calorie, delicious! \$1.00 SASE: Seitz, Box 4389, Chula Vista, CA 92011.

OUTSTANDING Delicious Mississippi Mud Cake Recipe. A chocolate lover's delight. \$1.00 S.A.S.E. from GaryLynn Company, 605 Nebraska, Essex, Iowa 51638, Dept. KK. Iowa residents include 4¢ sales tax.

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

MORE HEALTHFUL eating for today's lifestyles. Newsletter with flavorful recipes, hints, and menu suggestions to lower fat, salt, and calories in everyday cooking. 6 issues \$8.50. Karel's Cuisine, Box 47081, Wichita, Kansas 67201.

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

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IOWA CITY, IOWA 52244

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MANUSCRIPTS:

Unsolicited original 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.

We would appreciate some craft ideas.



Best Meat Tenderizer Ever!

- Tenderize without using additives.
- Lightweight aluminum head is durable.
- Wooden handle is beautiful natural color.
- This tenderizer proven by several generations of use.

Send only \$6.00 for tenderizer and postage.

Manufactured by Nebraska Aluminum Casting
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Check or money order enclosed.
Master/Visa Card # _____
Expiration Date _____

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by Zula Bennington Greene

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A cushiony band that fits snugly over the baby's sock at the ankle. Socks cannot be kicked off, pulled off, or crawled out of... **No More Searching!** Pink or Blue. Send baby's ankle meas., or approx. weight with \$3.25 to:

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Cut calories and still enjoy delicious cakes, cookies, pies, desserts sweetened with Equal low-calorie sweetener. \$5.99 each. Ideal gifts. 2 books \$10.99. (Add \$1.00 shipping)—(30 day guarantee). AD DEE PUBLISHERS, Lincoln Street, Box 5426-3KK Eugene, Oregon 97405. (Over 30,000 sold).

HE WALKED

He walked with us upon a sunny road.
He shared our joy and helped us bear our load.

And then one morning he was gone. We know.

He turned and walked into the sunrise glow.

He disappeared. We watched in vain.
We're left alone along the darkened lane.

We trust some day, around a heavenly bend,

Moving in God's light, we shall meet again.
—Barbara Bennett

KITCHEN-KLATTER HOMEMAKER PROGRAM

A listener writes:

I have listened to your program and taken your magazine for only a few months but want you to know I already feel as if you are all close neighbors. I know more about your family than I do about some of my own relatives.

My cup of coffee and sit-down time is scheduled for Kitchen-Klatter; you are a neighbor dropping by.

Keep up the good work,
—M.M., Hiawatha, Kans.

Radio Stations:

broadcasting the Kitchen-Klatter Homemaker Program each weekday:

KMA
KWBG
KWPC
KLSS
KCOB
WJAG
KHAS

KFAL
KGGF
KWOA

Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:04 a.m.
Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.

Unbelievable! THESE LOW PRICES

One quick look proves how low they are—how much you save . . . how easy it is to order. So don't miss out. Send in today!

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NATURAL VITAMINS

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HIGH POTENCIES

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These watches give you the very same accurate information that you get from others selling for \$30 or more. Each one has an easy-to-read, easy to set display that instantly shows you: The Hour—The Minutes—The Seconds—The Month—The Date—besides a light-emitting diode. Each one has a rug-

ged, comfortable tapered, metal band. (Batteries included). *Makes a wonderful gift.* Just check the box in the order form. Return it with your order and add \$1.00 to cover shipping, and we'll send along one of these fine Quartz LCD Watches as a free gift.

Free Offer ends July 31, 1985



Enclose Coupons Below With Order

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N672 Expires 7/31/85

☐ MONTH'S SUPPLY

☐ 100 for 1.49
☐ 500 for 7.25
☐ 1000 for 14.29

MAIL ORDER COUPON

VITAMIN C 87¢
500 MG. WITH ROSE HIPS
N672 Expires 7/31/85

☐ 100 for 3.99

☐ 500 for 7.19
☐ 1000 for 14.29

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GLUCOMANNAN CAPSULES 500 MG. 90 for 5.99 180 for 10.99

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Contains one of the strongest diet aids available without prescription. Includes modern, effective diet plan that lets you enjoy 3 delicious meals and snacks everyday as you lose weight. *Phenylpropanolamine Hcl.

90 for 2.98
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SAME FORMULA OTHERS CHARGED \$5.95 AND UP FOR

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VITAMIN C 198¢
1,000 Mg. with Rose Hips
N672 Expires 7/31/85

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☐ 1000 for 17.98

MAIL ORDER COUPON

LECITHIN 149¢
19 Grain Capsules
N672 Expires 7/31/85

☐ 100 Capsules

☐ 300 for 3.98
☐ 600 for 6.85

MAIL ORDER COUPON

Garlic Oil Capsules 68¢
100 For
N672 Expires 7/31/85

☐ 100 For 3.28

☐ 500 for 3.28
☐ 1000 for 6.39

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Our "Top-B" B-Complex "50" 189¢
Famous Formula at a Sensational Low Price!
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Every capsule contains 50 mg B1, B2, B6, Niacinamide, Panto Acid, Choline, Inositol, 50mcg B12, Biotin, 50mg Paba, 100 mcg Folic Acid.

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☐ 100 for 3.49
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COMPARE THESE PRICES WITH THOSE YOU ARE NOW PAYING!

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DESSICATED LIVER TABLETS—100 for 89¢, 500 for 4.19
500 MG. BEE POLLEN TABLETS—100 for 2.19, 500 for 9.50
Max. EPA™ CAPSULES—50 for 4.49, 100 for 8.75
500 MG. BRAN TABLETS—100 for 65¢, 500 for 2.98
KELP TABLETS—100 for 49¢, 1000 for 2.49
500 MG. L-LYSINE—100 for 1.98, 300 for 5.50
500 MG. L-TRYPTOPHAN—30 for 3.99, 60 for 7.50
100 MCG. SELENIUM—100 for 2.98, 250 for 5.75
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25,000 UNIT BETA-CAROTENE—100 for 2.95, 250 for 6.75
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SAVE UP TO 70% ON OUR FORMULAS

Our Name	Comparable to	100 for	500 for
Thera Min	Theragran M®	1.49	7.25
Daily w/Iron	One-A-Day® with Iron	89¢	3.75
Ger Iron	Geritol®	.98¢	4.75
Super Vits & Mins	Super Plaminex®	2.29	9.29
Chewable Vitamins	Chocks®	1.49	6.25
B with C	Albee® with C	1.85	7.50
Oyster Cal	Oscal®	1.49	5.95
Oyster Cal 500	Oscal 500®	60 for 4.25	
Calcium 600	Caltrate 600®	60 for 3.85	
A-Z Tabs	Centrum®	130 for 3.69	
Nutradec	Myadec®	130 for 3.89	
Stress 600	Stress Tabs® 600	60 for 2.89	
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TABLETS SAFELY AND EFFECTIVELY CONTROLS MOST BODY ODORS

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100 TABS 1.95 250 for 4.75

"BIG 4" Kelp, Vit. B6, Lecithin and Cider Vinegar
100 79¢ For 3.50 1000 for 6.49

VITAMIN E FINEST QUALITY 100% PURE ALPHA TOCOPHERYL GELATIN CAPSULES

	100 FOR	500 FOR	1000 FOR
100 UNIT CAPSULES	98¢	4.85	9.49
200 UNIT CAPSULES	1.89	8.99	17.59
400 UNIT CAPSULES	2.89	14.49	28.49
1000 UNIT CAPSULES	7.89	37.98	69.85

BREWER'S YEAST TABLETS 250 Tablets 95¢ 1000 for 2.95
VITAMINS For Hair Care Same Formula as others, charged \$9.95 for 50 Day Supply NOW 395 100 DAY SUPPLY 749
"SPECIAL C-500" 500 mg Vit. C Plus Rose Hips 100 mg Biotin 25 mg Hesperidin 100 249 500 for 10.98
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