

## NUMBER 8



## Kitchen-Klatter

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### MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

This is shaping up to be an unusual Sunday. I am grabbing this time to write to you before I drive to the outskirts of town to attend a big, bicycle motocross race. My friend Chris Crouse and her two sons are already there sweltering in our 100-degree weather. Chris's boys, Keith and Kenneth are still very active in this kind of bicycle racing and I certainly wish them well. This particular race is a "national" event, and there are racers in attendance from all over the United States. The competition is fierce! Keith and Kenneth are at a disadvantage because neither of them have been riding their bikes for the last few weeks. In fact, when Chris arrived from El Paso, she had the racing bikes on the bike rack and no boys with her.

Kenneth flew into Albuquerque on Friday. He had spent a month with his Crouse grandparents in California. Keith arrived the day before. He and my daughter Katharine were returning from two weeks in Hawaii. I won't go into detail about the Hawaii trip because Katharine wants to tell you about it herself in the next month or two. I should say Katharine and Keith were on a school sponsored trip to Hawaii to study marine biology and to learn to skin dive. Fourteen students participated in the trip and they had an absolutely wonderful time. I volunteered to be a chaperone and was told that every parent had the same idea. I guess I'll have to figure out another way to get to Hawaii.

Per usual, the laundry equipment is going full tilt across from my desk. This particular batch going through is tablecloths and napkins. They are leftovers from a patio cookout that took place two days ago. Because Chris was here, it seemed like a good excuse to get together with our mutual friends. Summer is a hard time to get people

together, but I managed to find twenty-eight folks who were in town and not already tied up with other plans. Twenty-eight people sounded like a lot of work, but it turned out to be one of the easiest parties I have ever had. Everyone pitched in and brought food. Each family was responsible for their own meat—hamburger, chicken, hot dogs or whatever. We had grills set up outside so that meant the kitchen was left in good shape. There was no massive cleanup in that area. Chris and I made an enormous potato salad. No, I don't have a recipe. All I can tell you is we started with ten pounds of potatoes and a dozen hard-boiled eggs. Another family contributed a pot of home-baked beans. There were homemade rolls, a wonderful relish tray, sliced melons, corn on the cob, a five-gallon water jug of punch and some marvelous appetizers. We even cooked the corn outside on our camp stove.

After dinner all of the children from teenagers to four-year-old grandchildren lit sparklers and had a great time running all over the front yard making "sparkler pictures." It really felt like a Midwestern celebration. All that was lacking were mosquitos and fireflies. I didn't miss the mosquitos, but I do wish that we had fireflies in New Mexico. The minute I say that, I realize someone will probably write to me to tell me fireflies are terrible pests. I should be grateful they have not invaded our area. But, ignorance is bliss and my memories of fireflies are all good ones.

I did find a large mosquito population here in New Mexico two weeks ago. I think the granddaddies of the mosquito world like our northern mountain campgrounds this year. We have had an abundance of rain in the higher elevations and the mosquitos love it. Even the mosquitos couldn't mar this camping trip. It was special because there were only two of us camping out—Jed and I.

Jed and I have always enjoyed camping and we have been going out with our children and with big groups of people for many years. A camping trip for just the two of us was an unheard of event. Jed had not used any vacation time and while Katharine was in Hawaii, he suggested that he take a few days off work so we could go out. James volunteered to stay home to do the watering chores and to take care of the house. He is seventeen now so we decided he was mature enough to handle the responsibility.

It did give me a most peculiar feeling to head off in the pickup truck with only two people and two sleeping bags. For the first time ever, we had room to spare in the bed of the truck. Our first destination was our favorite campground—Santa Barbara Campground in the Carson Nation Forest. We took the long way



Elizabeth Brase, daughter of Kristin and Art Brase, Torrington, Wyoming, really likes the swing her grandpa, Frank Johnson, made for her.

around to get there. We drove to Las Vegas, New Mexico (not the gambling capitol of the world) and picked up state road number three which wound around through the little towns of Mora and Tres Ritos which means "three rivers." This is trout fishing country, and we took time to toss in our lines for a fish or two. We arrived at the campground with plenty of time to set up our tent and build a campfire. As soon as it was dark, we let the fire burn down so we would have an unobstructed view of the stars. Honestly, I don't think the stars are ever more spectacular than they appear from a high mountain vantage point. It did feel a bit cool, but we were unprepared to wake up the next morning to find the pickup coated with ice and to have to break up ice in the water jug to make our morning coffee.

We spent two days in this area. We fished and hiked up four miles into the Pecos Wilderness area. The wild flowers were at their peak of performance and I took a whole roll of film of wild orchids and Colorado columbine. I managed to catch the fish of the trip in the Santa Barbara river which was just a few feet from our tent. The fish was a 12-inch

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## COVER STORY

Juliana spent several days last February visiting Robin, Katharine and Emily in Washington, D.C. The girls enjoyed broadcasting together, sharing new recipes, and describing interesting places visited in the capital city. Weekly they bring us up-to-date on the latest Kitchen-Klatter news in their area.





## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank came in to say he had his brush cutter on the tractor and was heading out to get rid of a little brush and weeds, so while he is gone this will be a good time to get out my typewriter and write my monthly letter to you friends.

We are enjoying a beautiful day. The temperature isn't too high and there is a gentle breeze. A week ago we received some much needed rain with lots of lightning and high winds, but fortunately didn't get the hail which an area just a few miles from us did. Frank found two trees that had been struck by lightning not far from the house, and both of them had been damaged by lightning before. We consider ourselves lucky. The corn and beans look very good as of this writing but when you farm bottom ground you never know from one day to the next what to expect.

Frank and I had a wonderful, wonderful visit with Kristin, Julian and Elizabeth. When Kristin had told me they were going to be in Grand Island for a wedding and what day they would be there, I told her Hallie and Verlene were going to be there at the same time. She visited with them and also enjoyed meeting a lot of our Kitchen-Klatter friends.

After the wedding, Art went back to Torrington while Kristin and the children drove on to Shenandoah in their new van, stopping to see one of Kristin's friends in Lincoln on the way. Kristin said the trip wasn't hard, because Elizabeth slept part of the time and had toys to play with when she was awake. She loves books and Julian read to her a lot. It was my week to broadcast, so I met her in Shenandoah and all of us spent the night with Marge and Oliver.

Betty and Lucile had fixed lunch for us. When we arrived, Lucile told Julian she had a detective job for him. Hawkeye had lost his neck chain with all his tags on it somewhere in the fenced back yard. Lucile told Julian she would pay him if he could find it so she wouldn't have to get new tags. Julian stepped right out the greenhouse door, reached down and came up holding the chain. We told him that was making money awfully fast.

Something else happened concerning the same collar. Elizabeth finished eating and had gotten down from the table. The rest of us were busy talking and didn't pay attention to what she was doing. She slipped the chain over her head and then couldn't get it off. There is no way to unfasten those type of collars so Kristin had to pull it back up over Elizabeth's head, and this wasn't as easy as putting it



Kristin Brase and her son, Julian, had a fishing contest while they visited the Johnson farm. Dorothy tells us about it in her letter.

on. Kristin hurt Elizabeth's ears pulling the collar off. While removing it, Kristin was talking to Elizabeth about how they had told her to never, never put anything around her neck. Several days later, I asked Elizabeth if she remembered what she did at Aunt Lucile's house. She shook her head "yes" and told Bernie all about it.

The morning after all of us arrived at our farm, we took the children and went to Beth Ballard's to see if her son, Scott, would like to come over to fish with Julian. Scott and Julian are the same age and both like to fish and they fished together several days. The Ballard boys have all kinds of interesting things for little girls to see. They took Elizabeth outdoors to see baby rabbits, baby chickens, guinea pigs, dogs and cats.

The biggest attraction at our house was the cats and kittens. Elizabeth was happy as long as she could be outside. As soon as she stepped out the door, the cats would scatter fast, but she was happy running around trying to catch one. Julian had tamed one of the kittens they called Stripe, and he taught Elizabeth how to be gentle with it and how to carry and hold it so she wouldn't get scratched. It wasn't long before she could catch Stripe by herself. They wanted in the worst way to take Stripe home with them; but with allergies in the family, Kristin knew Stripe wouldn't be welcome. When they come next summer there will be many new kittens to play with.

Most of the time the boys fished in the bayou, just a few steps from the house. Kristin felt better about this, because neither boy can swim; and if one should have slipped into the water, the other could have yelled and help would have been there in less than a minute. But one day when the fish weren't biting, the boys asked if they could fish in the pond. The



pond can't be seen from the house, and Kristin was uneasy about it but finally let them go. After awhile she and Elizabeth walked over to check on them. Frank came in and said we would go after them on the tractor because he wanted to be sure the gate was closed. On the way back to the house, Elizabeth rode between Grandpa's legs and helped him drive. She thought that was lots of fun.

One morning Kristin woke up real early and decided to get up and go to the fishing place and see if the fish were biting. If they were, she planned to get Julian up so the two of them could fish without Elizabeth there to bother them. When she got there, just below her in the water was a big beaver nibbling on a small sapling it had cut down. She watched it for awhile and decided Julian must see it and came after him. The beaver was still there when they got back and they watched it until all of a sudden it noticed them and slapped its tail against the water and left. Julian had never heard one slap its tail, and there was such a loud crack he jumped a foot in the air.

They fished awhile and Kristin caught a 15-inch bass while Julian got a big turtle on his hook. Since Kristin and Julian were having a contest to see who could catch the biggest fish while they were here, he wished the morning catch had been turned around. A couple days later, Julian caught a 20-inch carp that weighed 4 pounds, and he was so thrilled.

Julian brought his tent with him. One night he put it up in the yard and Scott came to stay all night with him. The tent door had a zipper in it so they had themselves all zipped in so no possum, raccoon or ground hog (to say nothing of cats) could get in. They got up early and went fishing.

Frank put up a swing for Elizabeth and said when she went home she could take  
(Continued on page 22)





## A DEEP FREEZE PARTY

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

On a warm August day turn thoughts around by inviting friends to a Deep Freeze Party. Decorate with cutouts (use all black and white construction paper for this) of polar bears, penguins, igloos, and icebergs along with some Eskimo figures. Decorate the windows with snowscapes made using Bon Ami or white shoe polish.

For a table centerpiece make penguins of stiff black posterboard, pasting on the familiar white "shirt front" piece, and stand the penguins in a grouping among icebergs made from pieces of styrofoam which have been covered with glue and sprinkled with artificial snow.

If you have a chandelier, drape loops of white thread from it and hang threads thickly with the foil "icicles" such as used at Christmas. A fan might be positioned so that it blows lightly upon the icicles.

Start the party off with chuckles by pinning paper "penguin flippers" and a white vest (bib) on each guest upon arrival.

### ENTERTAINMENT

**ICEBERG RELAY:** Divide guests into two teams. Provide each team with a bucket of ice cubes and a pair of ice tongs. At leader's signal, the captain on each side picks an ice cube from the bucket with the tongs and starts it down the line. Each player must take the tongs without dropping the cube and pass them on to the next player in line. When the ice cube reaches the end of the line, the tongs are passed back and another ice cube is started. If an ice cube is dropped, it must be returned to the beginning of the line. The team having the most ice cubes at the end of the line when leader calls, "Time!" wins the relay.

**ARTIC EXPEDITION:** This is an old suitcase game with a new twist. It is played using two teams. Each captain is given a suitcase containing clothing and articles for the expedition—parka, gloves, a pair of long john underwear, heavy overshoes, hot water bottle, cans of food, powdered milk, etc. At leader's signal the captain of each team must put on the clothes and boots. Then carrying the remaining articles, the captain must run to opposite end of room and back to

starting point, get out of clothes, repack suitcase, close it and hand it to the next person in line who goes through same routine. The first side to have all of its team members finish the routine wins the game.

**CHILLY QUIZ:** Think artic on these! Answers are in parentheses.

1. One kind of a drip (icicle)
2. An obstruction (barrier)
3. Cover for dessert (icing)
4. Goes with polka (barrel)
5. Might be a block (iceberg)
6. Cool it (icebox)
7. Once popular with kids (iceman)
8. A conveyance (sled)
9. Might be a mountaintop (icecap)
10. Still life (frozen fruit or vegetable)
11. Shut-in (snowbound)
12. An era (ice age)

**CREATURES OF THE ARTIC:** Each player is given a small sheet of paper and a pencil. Using a stamp pad, each player makes one or more thumb prints. Then each player draws legs, feet, eyes, ears, or whatever needed to convert the thumb print into an "artic animal." When completed, display the art work to be judged to determine the "artist of the day."

### WHAT'S A GREETING CARD?

It's a little piece of paper  
That tells someone how you care;  
It can be a ray of sunshine—  
It can be a wish or prayer;  
It can simply say, "I love you,"  
Or just say, "I understand";  
It can be a little visit  
Or the clasp of someone's hand.  
It can be a word of comfort  
When somebody's heart is sad;  
It can be a smile or chuckle  
Making someone's heart feel glad.  
It can keep folks close together  
Even though they're far apart;  
It can show someone you're thankful  
From the bottom of your heart.  
It can travel any distance  
In all kinds of weather, too,  
And it has that "magic something"  
That some "big things" never do.  
Yes, it's just a piece of paper.  
And it costs no big amount.  
But it proves that old, old saying:  
"It's the little things that count!"

—anon.

### GRANDMOTHER'S WAY

A pinch of this, and a pinch of that,  
Is the way Grandmother used to cook.  
When she wanted to bake, at a recipe  
she didn't look.  
Her apple pies, and cookies too,  
Were just as good as the recipes new.  
Now 1/4, 1/2 or 3/4 did she use;  
And the smell from the kitchen  
Would cure your blues. —Lois Leshner

## A HAMMY PARTY



You're invited to a party  
And when it's done,  
You'll say, "It was hammy  
But it was a lot of fun!"  
Date: Time: Place:

For a party that's different, how about a "hammy party"? It's easy to carry out the theme. A "hammy party" may also be the entertainment at your next club meeting.

If your club has roll call topics, how about one of these:

- \*New ideas for cooking ham (seasonings, sauces, use of leftover ham, etc.)
- \*My favorite "ham" (TV comedian)
- \*Interesting anecdote about Shakespeare, who wrote *Hamlet*, or a quotation from the play itself.

### GAMES

**Hammy Words:** Each answer contains the word *ham*.

1. Swinging bed
2. Small town
3. Form of beef
4. German city
5. Son of Noah
6. Small animal
7. Receptacle
8. Radio hobbyist
9. Species of shark
10. To impede

**ANSWERS:** 1. hammock, 2. hamlet, 3. hamburger, 4. Hamburg, 5. Ham, 6. hamster, 7. hamper, 8. ham, 9. hammer-head, 10. hamper.

**Ham Actors:** Depending on the number present, divide into groups for charades. Allow three minutes for deciding what they want to act out and how to do it. Book or song titles, names of TV series, and well-known proverbs are suggestions.

**Piggyback Relay:** For this game, you'll need two large rag dolls (or any unbreakable ones). Divide the group into two teams. Each person takes a turn carrying a doll, piggyback style, to a given point. The player may balance the doll in any manner on her back or shoulders—but without hands. If she forgets and uses her hands or the doll falls off, the player must return to the starting point and begin again.

When the goal is reached, the player takes the doll in her hand and races back to the next person in line. She in turn must carry the doll piggyback and return, and so on. The team whose members finish first wins.

### REFRESHMENTS

Serve ham or ham salad sandwiches, relishes, dessert and coffee. Or serve ham salad, wafers and a beverage.

—Aileen Mallory



## FREDERICK'S

## LETTER



Dear Friends,

We have some good Kitchen-Klatter friends in Holyoke, Massachusetts, who invited Betty and I to be their guests on a visit to Millstone III, one of the big nuclear power plants on the east coast. Bob Ouimet and his wife, Pauline, attended church with us on a recent Sunday morning; and then, with two other friends of ours, Bob and Caroline Klein of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, drove us to the Millstone plant in New London, Connecticut. What we saw there defies my powers of description! It was an awesome sight! The buildings were so huge, and the nuclear reactors were so enormous and ingenious that I just walked through the plant with my mouth gaping in wonder.

Following the tour, Bob and Pauline took us to an outdoor barbeque where we and seven thousand other guests were entertained by the management of Northeast Utilities. Have you ever been to a sit down luncheon where thousands of persons were eating at one time? I was so intrigued by the logistics of the situation I almost forgot to eat my broiled beef, assorted salads, rolls, and dessert. Of course, all of us had to pass through a cafeteria-style serving line, but there were seven lines, and all of them moved quickly. It really was a marvel of efficiency. Betty and I thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and we were so pleased when the Ouimets and the Kleins drove over to our home to spend the rest of the afternoon.

Betty and I had a wonderful visit with Mary Lea, Vincent, and their children when they stayed with us for a few days while they were waiting for their household effects to arrive from Omaha. The very first night they were here, we took them to the famous Abbot's Lobster House in Noank, Connecticut. We had a table outdoors on the pier over the water where we could watch the hundreds of beautiful yachts going in and out of the mouth of the Mystic River. If you will excuse me for making you drool, I shall tell you what we had to eat.

For the first course, we had clam chowder, followed by a salad course, and then we had big bowls of steamed clams and steamed mussels. Betty and I prefer mussels to clams, but Vincent and the children prefer steamed clams. Mary Lea ate some of both. Then came the main course of boiled lobsters in melted butter, along with crispy French fries. We were too satisfied to eat dessert there, but after the drive home, all of us had ice cream and cake. It was a great way to celebrate Betty's and my thirty-ninth wedding anniversary.



**Frederick Driftmier baptized Jeremy Pfeifer in the hospital. Frederick and Betty are Jeremy's godparents.**

A few weeks ago, our godson, Jeremy Pfeifer, was struck by an automobile while riding his bicycle home from school. He was seriously hurt and will have to be in the hospital a long time with his left leg in traction, pulled high above his hospital bed while he lies there in an immobile position. His family wanted to have Jeremy baptized at the hospital, therefore Betty and I went over for the occasion. I not only baptized him, but also served as the assisting godfather. Have you ever heard of that being done before? I hope you enjoy the picture I have sent of this happy occasion. You can't see the leg pulled up in traction, for that was not done until after the baptism.

Our gift to Jeremy on the occasion of his baptism was to provide him with a television set for the entire time he is in the hospital. What a wonderful thing it is for anyone who is bedfast to have television available. When I have been a hospital patient in years past, I have been too ill to be able to enjoy television or radio, but as a hospital visitor, I have seen how much pleasure many patients do get out of watching television. In most hospitals they can be rented for about \$2.50 per day. It is money well spent, for a contented patient recovers more quickly.

The other day I almost became a hospital patient. I had one of the most incredible accidents, something I am sure you never have heard of before. I dumped half of a large bottle of terrible, smelly, offensive insecticide on the front carpet of my car!! I was driving when it happened, and the fumes almost caused me to faint. We called the emergency number listed by the manufacturer of the insecticide, but the firm was able to give me little comfort. The man at the other end of the line said: "We are sorry Dr. Driftmier. That is absolutely the worst thing you could spill on your car carpet. Once the immediate fumes have gone out of the car, you will not be in danger, but from now on, no self-respecting insect will ever stay in your car very long!!"

First, I tried to get the carpet out of the

car. That was impossible, for it is cemented to the floor. Then, I scrubbed the carpet with a strong carpet cleanser. Then, I poured a bottle of vinegar on the carpet. After soaking up the excess with paper towels, I poured a bottle of tomato juice on the carpet. I let that dry overnight, and then I poured a can of cleaning fluid on the carpet. After soaking this up with paper towels, I poured a bottle of cologne over the carpet. Now, the cologne is "doing me in."

Today, I made an inventory of my spring plantings. I hope you are sitting down when you read this, because the thought of my planting all of these plants will exhaust you. From the middle of May until the end of June, I planted the following:

Tuberous begonia—37; Wax begonia—88; Salvia—242; Marigold—278; Zinnias—333; Canna lily—54; Snapdragon—150; Dwarf dahlia—87; Dahlia—81; Shasta daisy—19; Geranium—30; Verbena—37; Cosmos—55; Old-fashioned single marigold—50; Lupine—12; English ivy—32; Delphinium—22.

I do not have a large garden, but I do have several small gardens. Our house and lawn sit on a rock ledge overlooking the water, and my gardens are wherever I have been able to retain a little soil. I build little rock walls a few inches high, and behind those rocks I put soil that I buy from a farmer. Across the road and running from the road to the water, there is a 125 feet long by 20 feet wide stretch that I have cleared of stones and planted. This garden has soil that was once under water, and there have been times when I have seen it flooded. Because it was once a part of the river bottom, it is filled with shells, and it is a wonder that I am able to grow anything there. Every time this garden has been flooded, it has been saturated with salt, but after a few good rains, the salt is leached out.

For use in the garden across the road, I recently purchased a small gasoline-powered cultivator. **HOW I DO LOVE THAT LITTLE GADGET!!** It saves me so much backbreaking hoeing. I used to spend hours and hours hoeing that garden, but now I do a better job with the cultivator in just a few minutes. I should have bought one years ago. It does take skill to operate the cultivator correctly, but I am learning with experience.

Do you ever use a commercial product called "Bovril"? It is a beef extract used to make delicious beef broth. It is a very popular product in Great Britain. We had not used it in years until I happened to see some of it on a grocery shelf. Today, I had Bovril for lunch. While sitting there drinking it, I told Betty a story that I think will interest you.

In 1941, I was on a river boat which was  
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## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

Have you discovered the new lightly adhesive note pads? They are a relatively new item in the stores in the stationery sections and, as I sit here at my desk, everywhere I look I see these sheets clinging gently and each bears a message which I mustn't forget. These pads come in three sizes and my favorite is 1½ inches by 2 inches and it is yellow. The note sticks to any surface but is easily detached when its reminding duty is complete, and it leaves no trace of itself. Many of the notes around my desk are on birthday cards awaiting mailing or on DAR papers on their way to the copy shop with a message reminding me how many copies I need, or are concerned with dinner dates or trips to Chicago which are especially important.

One note which can be taken down today bore a reminder of a lovely evening when we were guests of our good friends Sharon and Richard Koenings. Sharon and I taught fourth and fifth grades back-to-back, and coincidentally both of us stopped teaching the same year. That was the summer they had their first baby.

The occasion for our meeting for dinner was to celebrate Richard's successful completion of a job hunt for which I was doing all of his secretarial work. It was really very exciting to go through the updating of his resume and then the combining of it with his list of potential job seekers. It grew into an almost daily combining of his latest gleanings from *The Wall Street Journal* with my typing the individualized cover letters to match the position described. We worked feverishly! He was also being advised by an organization devoted to securing executive positions, and we combined their knowledge with my super-intelligent typewriter to produce a very up-to-date job application. I was thoroughly enjoying myself because I was learning new things every day. Eventually the number of prospects he was contacting grew to such proportions that he decided to have his resume printed at a copying shop. Then I would attach the cover letter, sign his name and mail it off. After about three weeks of daily work, the four-page, off-white resume came back from the printers and it was gorgeous. It looked like it had been done by a first-class printing firm instead of being composed on a piece of home equipment. Immediately we sent out about 50 letter-resume combinations all across the United States to search firms who did executive recruiting. I was only sorry that the replies were not coming to my address because my curiosity and



Mary Beth's patient kitty, Duke, waits for a squirrel to come down his favorite tree.

excitement were at a feverish pitch.

The day following the first major mailing, Richard called me to report he would not be coming out that evening because the following day he was beginning work with a new company. I was very pleased for him but positively crestfallen because our adventure was over! He had received a phone call on the second day after we had begun work—long before the first order of the really formal resumes arrived from the printers. The phone call led to an interview in this area. Then two more interviews led to a job offer as we continued to set up his wonderful system. Now I have boxes of beautiful off-white resumes with matching envelopes sitting on my closet shelf with very little else for them to do save papering his attic! Last evening was his celebration and a special thanks to me. We did keep pretty weird hours and had unusual time schedules, but it certainly was a learning experience. He feels he got exactly the job he was seeking and the added bonus was he didn't have to move out of his newly purchased home or endure any of the other dramatic accompaniments that go with a job change.

The other important reminder note which can be peeled off of the refrigerator door, bears the simple word "CATS!" The long awaited stage show, which I ordered tickets for via the computer in January, playing at the Schubert Theater in Chicago has joined the ranks of my memories, like the best-known song from this stage play named "Memories." If you have had your radio tuned to a station playing contemporary tunes, you probably have heard Betty Buckley singing "Memories." It is a poem set to music in a minor key which reminds the listener to "let your memory lead you to find the meaning of what happiness is and then a new life will begin."

My curiosity had been peaked when

this stage play opened in London in the '80s because it was taken from T.S. Eliot's 1939 book entitled *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. This book was one which I used when reading poems to my students in first grade and again in fifth grade. During the twelve year period when I was teaching, I also bought a London recording of *Old Possum*, T.S. Eliot, himself reading his poems: Many times I had sat and enjoyed listening to this gifted St. Louis native who became an English citizen recite his poems. Since we became infatuated with cats and their ways after living with many of them, this recording became even more meaningful. As soon as the music was released on recordings, I was incredulous to hear the ease with which they had set Eliot's poems to music.

When the stage play was announced as coming to the Midwest, I knew we would be going and hoped to take Adrienne and Paul because it is a play meant to please kids of *all* ages. My high expectations were fulfilled and more! The computer had reserved seats so close to the stage that we had a million-dollar view of absolutely everything. In addition, when the CATS, themselves, crept, leapt and scurried up and down from the stage into the aisles and onto the laps of any of us in the first ten rows, we were involved, literally, in the production. Of course, the CATS were young actors in their late teens, early twenties and thirties, who were costumed and made-up to mirror a variety of cat breeds and non-breeds. There were a few who acted in pairs. The actors' interpretations of their parts were so well done and so realistic that before long we all forgot they were people as they adopted their particular cat personality. One Siamese lady cat slipped down the steps, and while waiting for her next part, rubbed her furry Siamese head against Don Driftmier's knee just like our cats do. This happened several times, and Don later announced that he frequently sleeps in the soft darkness of a playhouse, but this was one play which he so thoroughly enjoyed that he didn't sleep once!

This truly is a play for cat lovers. T.S. Eliot combined the myth about cats having nine lives with a theme of mortality and the past, especially through the lines of the song "Memories." Eliot felt that cats were very much like human beings and in a mysterious way they allow us more clearly to see ourselves. The choreographing was magnificent. Each cat was lean and muscular as the physical demands made upon them to act and mimic cats was incredibly strenuous. Several of the cats wore tiny microphones secured to a tuft of their fur with the battery pack concealed neatly under

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## ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

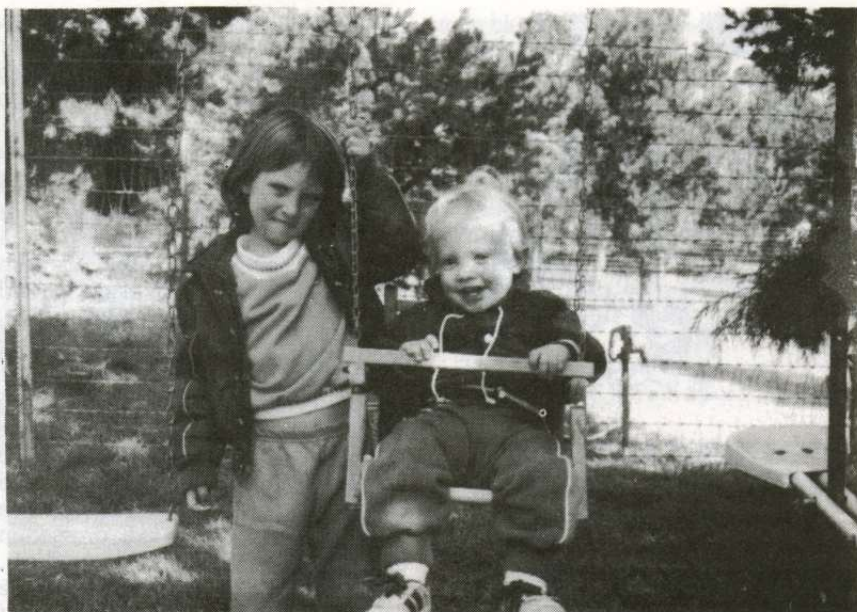
Dear Friends,

We are in the midst of summer, and I couldn't be more delighted! Filled with activities and fun, this has really been one of the most enjoyable seasons of late. Our family has been blessed with good health and some carefree days which all of us have spent together. The glow in our faces and our suntanned skins are representative of the many hours we have spent playing outdoors with our two children. Five-year-old Lily and two-year-old Lee seem to thrive on sunshine and wading pools. We have an attractive, safe, fenced-in yard which confines the critters and kids in their own environment. Contained therein is a sand box, pool, swing set and slide, as well as countless riding and pushing toys of various types, and an infinite number of knickknacks which simply must be transported daily from their rightful places on playroom shelves to the play yard and back again.

The best facet of the play yard is the deck which ajoints the yard. This is Mommy's play yard filled with potted flowers and a nice lounge chair. I have spent many an hour contentedly relaxing while the children burned up their endless supply of energy. This year I have put a lot of effort into the patio. It faces west and we enjoy wonderful passive solar heating through the large glass windows in the winter months. However, in the summer, the situation must be akin to the sun beating down on the Sahara desert. The deck needed to be shaded to make it liveable, yet we didn't want a permanent roof, because our solar exposure will be so necessary next January.

We were in a bit of a quandry as to solutions to our problem until we received a sample product in the mail one day. As plastic or vinyl shade screening meant for use on dog kennel runs seemed to be our answer. I had remembered seeing a similar product in use on a greenhouse at my father's Denver nursery. The product came in rolls in several different wide widths, and we ordered one to fit the dimensions of our deck. When the screening arrived, we devised a method to hang it above the patio using a wire support system around the circumference of the area. Lo and behold, in less than an hour's time, we had constructed a "roof" for our patio which screens out seventy percent of the sun's rays. In midfall, when the chill of autumn creates a craving for the sun's warmth, we'll simply remove the netting and place it in storage until it is needed again.

The environment the screening has created is quite delightful. There is an



Alison Walstad writes about Lily and Lee enjoying their play yard.

abundance of light, yet an absence of the intensity of solar glare. My plants love it! In previous summers, only the hardiest of summer annuals could survive in their pots. And should I dare forget to water even one day, their death was most certainly imminent. Under current conditions, I need only water the plants every other day, and I have been able to expand the varieties of plants. Their growth response has been inspiring so I have filled every empty container I own and am now caring for over one hundred potted plants outdoors.

In the last few years, I have experimented more and more with container gardening. Frankly, the weeds and grasshoppers have forced me into doing so. Each year I try different types of plants and make a checklist as to which ones thrived and which ones did poorly. I don't waste my time trying the failures again, and the ones which do well are placed on the list for the next year. My best success has been with the old favorite, the petunia. Although a bit common, since they seem to be in everybody's garden, they're hard to beat for color and survivability. This year, another success story was my crop of 6 patio tomatoes.

Fortunately for me, the ladies who help me with the kennel chores are also blessed with green thumbs. This allows me to leave town for periodic trips here and there, and I do so knowing my gardens will be cared for in my absence.

One trip I must share with you is one Lily and I made to Denver in May. The occasion was a surprise party for my mother Abby's sixtieth birthday. Due to good planning, stealth, and a few white lies, the event came off like a dream! The weekend was a TOTAL surprise for my mother, who certainly did not anticipate a gathering of her three children who are

scattered in all parts of the country. I had to make the trip without Mike and Lee. Mike could not get away from his job that particular week; and as for Lee, I just didn't feel I could handle a two year old by myself in the front of a pickup truck for eleven hundred miles.

So, Lily and I drove to Denver—just the two of us. The trip was uneventful and pleasant, with an overnight stop to visit our dear friends, the Max Scott's, in Santa Fe. We arrived in Denver on a Friday afternoon. My sister, Emily, was not scheduled to arrive until noon on the following day, so Lily and I spent the first night at my brother Clark's place. Lily was having trouble keeping our arrival a secret, and was quite anxious to see Granny and Grandpa. I must admit it did feel a little strange to be in town and not staying at Mom and Dad's house.

It wasn't long until Saturday, though, and we met Emily's plane from Washington, D.C. All of us went to the house to await Mom's arrival. Her neighborhood friends had given her a birthday party that afternoon. Dad joined us shortly, and we waited, and waited, and WAITED. Finally, we were so anxious to surprise Mom that we could wait no longer and decided we'd go to the party and find her. Upon approaching the front door, Dad, Emily, Clark and I hid in the bushes (if that wasn't a sight!) and coaxed Lily to go up and ring the doorbell. She did—and was Mom ever surprised to see her little granddaughter standing at the door. All of us jumped out and yelled, "Surprise!" and indeed it was. The outcome of our surprise was extra rewarding, for we stayed awhile and had a chance to chat with the neighborhood ladies, whom we hadn't seen in years.

The surprises for the weekend were not over yet. On Sunday, as Mom and  
(Continued on page 19)





## STREET BAZAARS

by  
Dorothy Rieke

Have you recently driven slowly through a town and noticed large crowds of people examining merchants' wares haphazardly displayed on tables and racks placed on sidewalks in front of their stores? These sidewalk sales, equally popular with merchants and customers are conducted in July and August beginning as early as 6 A.M. and lasting several days depending on the merchants and how much merchandise they plan to move.

The weather is always a factor in any planned outdoor activity, but participants, either selling or buying, let neither heat nor precipitation interfere with business.

Some people are classed as "street bazaar addicts," and I reluctantly answer to this title as I attend any street bazaar within fifty miles. I often get up at 4 A.M. to ensure driving time and a choice of offerings.

Street bazaars are popular because, at times, even "sale" merchandise has been marked down fifty percent or more. I don't find it unusual at all when I purchase a 3/8-inch drill for my farmer husband for twenty dollars or a five-dollar vase for fifty cents.

The variety and number of offerings are amazing and surprising. Clothing for each member of the family, household needs such as rugs, towels, blankets, dishes, furniture and even gift items such as jewelry, flowers and books occupy places on street bazaar tables. The suspense concerning the choice of items also appeals to the customers.

There's a certain type of sociability connected with these events. After the initial onslaught of the crowds, a relaxed mood prevails, and I often take time to stand on the sidelines and watch the crowds mill around the display tables. Sometimes one of my friends will see me first and call out a greeting; sometimes I'll call to her especially to inquire about where she has found the most bargains.

Big crowds are usually present in the early morning hours because there is

more merchandise and cooler weather. However, a few of my friends plan their arrivals later in the day because they have noticed even larger mark-downs on the remaining merchandise.

Street bazaars are rich in human interest. At one of the bazaars, I noticed an elderly lady with a satisfied smile carrying a colorful package from a popular dress shop. Two little boys each holding a styrofoam airplane walked proudly up the street while they examined the airplanes and gazed adoringly at their mother.

Later I saw an elderly couple moving slowly along the street toward the sale display of a small, dry goods store. The man bent with years of labor wore faded blue bib overalls and a long-sleeved blue work shirt. An elderly lady dressed in a rose-colored cotton housedress, walked at his side. As they neared the colorful racks of clothing, I noticed that the woman's eyes were scanning the blouses, dresses and robes.

When they arrived at the first rack, the woman reached out to touch a pretty red jacket dress. The skirt of the dress hung in perfect pleats below a silky bodice. A cherry-red jacket with flat pearl-like buttons and long sleeves completed the attractive outfit.

The man reading the woman's thoughts asked, "Will that dress fit you, Ma?"

"I don't know," answered the woman in a loud whisper. Her hand was now examining the hem of the skirt. Her face and eyes seemed to glow at the sight of the dressy outfit.

"Try the jacket on," suggested her husband.

"Oh, Pa, do you think we can afford it?" she asked while turning the tag over so he could see the purchase price.

After removing the jacket from its hanger, she carefully tried on the jacket. It looked like a perfect fit to me, and I guess it did to them, too. The gentleman smiled and started reaching into the back pocket of his overalls.

"Are we going to buy it?" the woman asked in a questioning voice. He nodded.

The couple painstakingly reassembled the dress and carried it to the cashier. The gentleman carefully and slowly counted out ten one-dollar bills and forty cents in change and offered it to the cashier who folded the dress and placed it with the receipt in a large paper bag.

Street bazaars mean saving money. However, they represent so much more. The smile of the delighted customer, the courtesy and friendliness of everyone involved and the glimpses of human drama all make street bazaars the most memorable occasions imaginable.

Experience isn't what happens to you; it is what you do with what happens to you.

## THE HISTORY OF SAUSAGE

Sausage is a food with an interesting history. Prior to recorded history, sausage was "born of necessity," as a means of keeping meat from spoiling before there was refrigeration.

The word "sausage" is derived from the Latin word "salus," meaning salted or preserved meat. Originally sausage was made of pork, but during the last 700 years, it has been made from meats of all kinds and seasoned with spices from around the world.

By the time Julius Caesar died in 44 B.C. the art of preserving and seasoning meats had advanced to a high level. Sausage even helped Julius Caesar conquer the barbarian armies that came against him. Caesar had preserved the meats issued to his troops, meanwhile his enemies lost many hours hunting game in the forest or finding and stealing domestic animals.

The Romans liking for sausage was such that it was served at every banquet and festive occasion. Whenever it was served there seemed to be great hilarity and joy, so the early Christians came to associate sausage with riotous living and banned its use.

The modern sausage that we are familiar with was developed mainly in the Germanic countries and Italy. Germany had a cooler climate and cool cellars for storage, so the Germans developed the fresh and cooked sausage types which included fried sausage, liver sausage, head cheese and a variety of cooked and smoked sausages. Since Italy had a warmer climate, the Italians developed the dry sausage type, preserved with a quantity of salt and many pungent spices, then dried without smoking. Pepper and garlic were two spices used generously by the Italians. Many sausages of this type are known by the names of such Italian cities as Romano, Bologna, Genoa, etc.

Pork still rates as the most popular meat used for sausages.

—Mabel Nair Brown



Aunt Liz was trying to drive her car out of a parking space when she crashed into the car behind her. Then she bumped into the car in front. Then, pulling out into the street, she barely missed hitting a truck.

A policeman, who was watching all of the driving shenanigans, walked up to her car and demanded to see her driver's license!

"Don't be silly, Officer," Aunt Liz said. "Who would give ME a license?"

—Evelyn Witter



## PAUL DRIFTMIER WRITES THIS MONTH

Dear Friends,

By way of introduction I would like to preface this letter with a quote. It reads:

I am a part of all that I have met, yet all experience is an arch where-through gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades forever and forever when I move.

—Ulysses

As you may or may not know, one of my pastimes is calligraphy and I first encountered this passage as an exercise in a lettering textbook. I've always felt it to be poignant. It struck a chord in my soul.

Though my correspondence with you good people has been "few and far between," it seems I'm always writing just at the time when I'm encountering one of those arches of experience Ulysses was referring to. In the past, the terrain on the far side didn't seem too unfamiliar nor particularly better than the landscape I was then on. There was always another arch which I could aim toward, not too far distant and across open ground that I could walk freely, though it wasn't without its pitfalls.

Last fall, I wrote to you detailing my grandiose plans for school and the big change it implied. I was thinking about those arches then. I was standing in the shadow of one, but all I could see was a reflection of my past experiences. It wasn't until I was well beneath its expanse that I perceived what lay beyond. Can you imagine my surprise when I discovered before me a magnificent colossus of a mountain, snowcapped and crowned with clouds? Barely visible, winding up the precipitous flank is a path carved, narrow and tortuous, leading, I hope, to some other arch perhaps hidden in a fertile vale. What's even more astounding to me is that I've discovered in myself a mountaineer! At least I'm pleased to claim mastery of the foothills I'm now ascending—I, who used to trip over shoelaces, someone else's shoelaces! Will wonders never cease?

I hope you've inferred from all of this that I'm delighted, if not a bit intimidated, by the vista. What I didn't mention last fall in my letter was the profound fear I felt in taking that step. Up to that point in my life, I had been many things, but a good (or even marginal) student was not one of them. Experience had taught me that, if anything, school was simply a very frustrating necessity. Well, I'm here to tell you that sometime during the seven years I was absent something went click. The past two and a half semesters have gone extremely well. The last semester of my sophomore year in 1978, my grade point average on a four-point scale was two point four. At the close of last semester, I received a three point seven!

Being an "A" student was just something I never dreamed I could be. And it's not only not frustrating but it's rewarding!

I'd better stop before I strain my arm and have to wear a sling. Of course, everything hasn't been all peaches and cream, but we'll discuss that another time.

Would you care to hear some of the courses I've been studying? My first semester I took Inorganic Chemistry, Latin, Plant Anatomy and Physiology, and English Fiction. Second semester courses I studied were a continuation of Latin and chemistry, History of the English Language, and Comparative Vertebrate Anatomy, which we affectionately called "Cat Lab." Can you guess what we dissected?

I had originally planned on working full time this summer, but those plans fell through, and I now find myself in summer school, another first. The way I got into summer school was somewhat exhilarating. About two weeks into the summer break, and despite much job hunting, I was still unemployed and was rapidly exhausting what little money I had left.

One morning at about eight o'clock, I was awakened by my telephone. It was a temporary-job service offering me a job for which I had no adequate work boots and which paid minimum wage. I accepted the offer, but no sooner than I had hung up, the phone rang again. It was my father, Don, saying that if I were in school during the summer, he could make available trust fund money for me to live on. This was a godsend so I promptly called the registrar to determine if it was still possible to register. As fate would have it, it was the last day to get my name on the rolls and classes had begun a week before. I was in like Flinn!

Of course, my anticipated three-month vacation came to a screeching halt, but I have to take the bad with the good, and I'm happy that I won't have a whole summer in which to get rusty.

I'm only taking two courses each half of the summer, but oh! In two, six-week sessions, a year's worth of organic chemistry—Theory of Knowledge and Theory of Ethics. The quantity of information to be integrated is staggering, and starting a week late gives me the sensation of being plastered to the front of a locomotive, barely hanging on.

In five days, I'll start a job which my sister Adrienne helped arrange at her bank. (Bless her heart.) I'll be telephoning people with delinquent credit card accounts and trying to reach some agreement with them for payment. The hours fit in well with my schedule.

I don't remember whether or not I mentioned the part-time job I carried during the school year. I'm sure that you've heard of or from what's called a corporate headhunter. This is someone

who contacts executives or other personnel and attempts to lure them away to another job, greener pastures and all that. I was concerned with contacting doctors—pediatricians and the like. It was an excellent job with high pay and very flexible hours, and I enjoyed the side benefit of talking with the type of doctors that I will someday be. My calling territory was primarily the farm belt, and I was recruiting doctors for clinics located in Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota. On more than one occasion, I spoke with people who recognized my name from Kitchen-Klatter. After many hours of relatively hopeless phone calling, it was tremendous to talk to someone I felt I knew through these letters. It was a good experience while it lasted.

I think I've used up my space by now, so I'll bid you all a fond farewell. It's been a pleasure chatting with you!

Paul

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### THY WILL BE DONE

O, Lord, Your Will be done,  
Every day.  
Not with resentment,  
Or bitterness of soul,  
But through the faith,  
That You are always right.

O, Lord, Your Will be done,  
Every day.  
Because You know,  
What's best for us.  
And though tears may sometimes flow,  
The sun will shine someday.

O, Lord, Your Will be done,  
Every day.  
As we live here on Earth.  
No questions asked, no answers  
needed,  
But only living Your Way,  
With love and hope.

—Annette Lingelbach

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### MOUNTAIN SOJOURN

I went to the mountains for healing  
For grief beyond my cure.

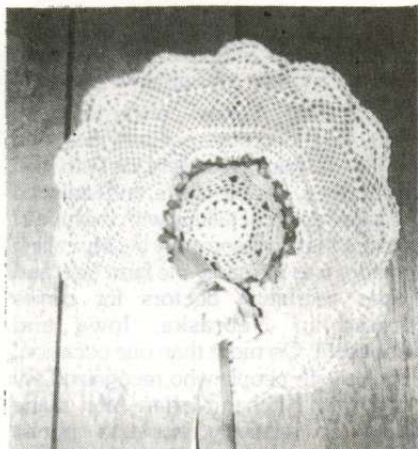
"Have patience," said the time-old  
granite.  
"Endure!"

"Laugh," said the purling river,  
Constant through gloom or sun.  
"There are many new dreams to follow;  
Find one."

"Sing," choired the wind, its melody  
Sung to an orchestra of trees.  
"Song is the cure for sorrow,  
Brings ease."

"Look up," said the humbling craggies.  
"Find peace," said the sheltering cove.  
Then all of them choired together,  
"Give love."  
—Merle Price





### DOILY WALL HAT

Try making one of the new decorative doily wall hats. The basic supplies needed are: one 13-inch ecru lace doily, fabric starch, one half of a 4-inch styrofoam ball, a 14-inch square of aluminum foil, plastic wrap, masking tape, and a glue gun with clear adhesive.

Emerge lace doily in starch in a small dish. Be sure to saturate the doily thoroughly. Wrap the half of the styrofoam ball with plastic wrap and seal with masking tape. Center the saturated doily over the rounded styrofoam shape on the foil. Press into a shape like a hat. Place a rubber band over the rounded part if necessary. Allow to dry 24 hours to insure proper shaping.

Remove the styrofoam shape and select ribbons and silk flowers to decorate the hat. Select a color scheme. Narrow satin ribbons will give it a dainty appearance. Glue the ribbons on first at the base of the head shaped section. Add greenery or artificial flowers.

The ribbons can be pleated using an iron or curled with a curling iron. Be creative. A smaller hat can be made using an 8-inch doily. Doily wall hats sell well at hobby or craft shows.

—Norma Tisher

### HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Use a plastic knife to cut bananas and they will stay fresh longer than when cut with a metal knife.

To remove gummed labels, heat the label with *dry heat* and it will come off clean. *Never dampen the label first.* I have opened letters and removed stamps with my blow dryer. If you want to remove the price tag from a gift wrapped in plastic, this works fine.

—Mrs. D.F., Gallatin, Mo.

### TREASURE THE PRESENT

Too swiftly passes time at best;  
What future then to pray  
For future joys to come in haste  
And wish your life away.

—Flo Montgomery Tidwell

### A BLUE DAY

by  
Rita Fay Farnham

The call came early that summer day. "Come," she invited. "Come and bring your mother; I'll fix lunch for you." I was reluctant because I had felt a little blue, and already had planned my day. I wanted to be alone, to read, to study, to ponder, and just spend some time putting around in the garden.

But, her joyous invitation rang in my ears on that sky blue day, so I accepted knowing Mother would welcome a change in her weekly routine. We do need to keep in touch with old friends, I told myself while driving the few miles to pick up Mother. She was ready with a jar of homemade pickles to take our friend. "It has been a long time," Mother smiled and said, "however, I still remember this is her favorite kind."

The highway drive took thirty minutes, the country lane with its bumps and ditches, only twenty more. "I like the birches that line this farm," Mother exclaimed. "I'm reminded of Robert Frost's 'Birches.'"

"We'll have to read it again soon," we agreed simultaneously.

Upon entering the gateway, we saw our friend in straw hat and smock, bending in the garden. "I gathered this fresh corn to have for lunch," she said and motioned us toward the house.

Through the screened porch we followed her to a spacious living and dining area. "Sit here," she told us. "I'll put these on to boil."

A cool breeze blew the white country curtains away from long windows, and immediately I was awed with the restful feeling of just being there. Varying shades of blue created an atmosphere of quiet serenity. There were pale blue walls, a tall blue glass vase, blue candles by a doorway, blue patterned upholstery on firebacked chairs, a predominately blue woven carpet, paintings of a favorite blue iris hung over the sofa and above the mantel, a breathtakingly beautiful seascape of a young boy sitting at the edge of the sea, watching the ships and gulls. And on the mantel shelf there was a seagull sculpture to balance and tie everything together.

The blue theme carried into the dining area where the table was set with blue delft dishes on a blue and white checked tablecloth. Glasses of iced tea garnished with mint leaves from the herb garden added a cooling touch to the refreshingly delicious lunch of ham salad sandwiches, corn on the cob, fresh fruit salad, and (wouldn't you know) blueberry muffins.

Our friend talked of new plants she was trying in her greenhouse, and of what she had canned and prepared for the freezer. "You must try the new

Chieftan corn," she encouraged. "The cobs are small and the kernels larger." Another type of green bean was recommended, and a new variety of strawberry plant.

"I'll take you through the flower garden," she said, after showing us the very original, state bird quilt completed only last winter. Naturally, the blocks were set together in shades of blue!

Mother and I followed our friend and she handed me a brown paper bag. "Here are some iris for you to put out this fall. There is a new kind called Blue Denim. It is small and exquisitely pretty," she chatted on quietly, as we admired the flowers! "I'll give you some clumps of bluebells in the spring. They have multiplied, since I transplanted them from the woods. Perhaps your husband, Floyd, will come and help with the digging. Remind me if I forget," she joyfully added.

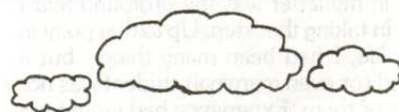
The garden was spilling over with blue larkspur, delphinium, asters, and cosmos of varying colors. Stately cream-colored hollyhocks were in the far corner and blue hydrangea grew on either side of the porch steps, while the small greenhouse boasted African violets of every imaginable shade of blue. I thrilled when she handed each of us a plant loaded with blue blossoms to have for our own. "Take some blue to your homes," she lovingly said as her blue eyes twinkled.

Already I was thinking of how I could add more blue to our house. I needed some new lamps, and I'd make certain there was some blue in them. There was some blue glass that had been stored away for a long time. I'd get it out and place it in the window where it would catch the light. In my next rag rug I'd use only blue shades of cloth.

"I'm glad our friend asked us," Mother rejoiced as we drove home, "I feel completely rested."

"I feel that way too," I said. "It was a truly enjoyable day. I must write and thank her. I will tell her how we loved all of her blue."

The next morning I began the note. "Thank you, my friend, thank you for your hospitality. Thank you for a beautiful blue day."



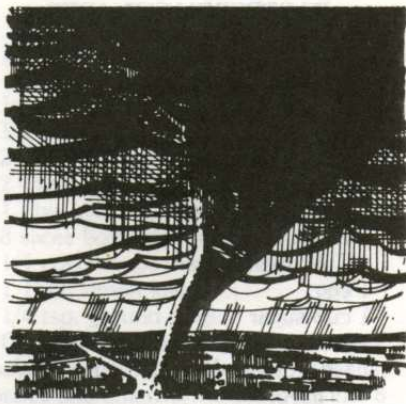
### CUMULUS CLOUDS

Billowing, white, puffy clouds;  
Up in the heavenly blue,  
Scalloped in silver,  
And golden hue.

Fair weather signals  
Reign in the sky;  
Hark to the cumulus clouds  
Sailing by.

—Verna Sparks





## THE DAY OF THE TORNADO

by

Hazel Shaw Garton

On the Wednesday morning of our annual turkey dinner, it was cloudy and warm. I spent the day at the United Methodist Church in our small town of Bronaugh in southwest Missouri getting ready for the dinner. In the evening a slow rain started falling. People came and ate a meal of turkey and dressing, mashed potatoes, noodles, green beans, corn, salads of all kinds, many pies and cakes. All had an enjoyable meal and visited with friends and neighbors.

About 7:30 all electricity went off. Luckily people had finished eating and returned home. Rain poured down, and tornado warnings were given.

After rushing home I learned that a wind storm had gone through our area, damaging trees and some doors and windows. We live in the country about a mile from town and our daughter and her family came to go to our cellar. They told us of tornados that had torn down two homes of our friends. All of us took shelter, watching the clouds until 11:30 when we felt the storm had passed.

The next morning my husband, our nephew who was visiting us, and I went to one of our friends' homes that had been blown away. They were going through broken glass and insulation, trying to salvage what few clothes they could find. The sad expression in their eyes told of their very great loss.

I quickly invited them to our home for lunch and they accepted whole heartedly. My next thought was what will I feed them? But my Heavenly Father immediately took over. I went to the church for a big coffee maker, and two church ladies were working in the kitchen. I told them of my plans. One of the ladies opened the refrigerator door, took out a big pan of sliced turkey, a cake, and a salad, that were left from the night before, and told me to take them. The school cook had sent word that she would help with food if it was needed so I stopped at the school to tell her I had some food and would just make a pot of chili.

She immediately replied, "I have chili left from the dinner yesterday in the refrigerator, take it." So I took the chili, went home and started preparing the dinner for our friends.

My husband, Dean, and nephew, Jay, stayed at the tornado sight with many other men. Using chain saws, they cut and removed huge trees that were uprooted and blown across the road, blocking traffic and mashing down fences thereby letting cattle out of their pasture.

While getting the table ready, I was thinking, "If I just had some help." But again our Heavenly Father took over. The telephone rang. It was the school secretary asking if I needed help and would like to have our 17-year-old granddaughter come to help me?

"Yes," was my reply. I went in after her

and returned home, and again the telephone rang. This time it was our 15-year-old grandson telling me one of his teachers thought he should help me too. With the help of the two grandchildren, many people were served. Enough food was left for them to take home for their evening meal.

Here are the questions only our Heavenly Father can answer. Why was the food left in the refrigerator at the church? Why was there enough chili left over at school from the day before to feed so many? Who knew I needed help so very badly? It all adds up to only one answer. *Ask and it shall be given.* Matthew 7:7.

Stretched to a new idea, a person's mind never returns to its original dimensions.

## A GOOD INVESTMENT

by

Barbara Snow

Some years ago, when our children still lived at home, we had a pony. The pony and all of her trappings held our interest for awhile, and then she became more of a chore than a joy. Each morning in the spring and summer, she had to be staked out to graze and put back into her pen at night. Her small stock tank had to be filled with fresh water frequently. In the winter she had to be fed hay with an occasional ration of oats. We had to curry comb the burrs out of her hair and force her reluctant mouth open to receive the bit before riding her. We decided we could easily do without this hassle and we sold her and the halter, bridle, and curry comb, but the stock tank stayed.

One hot summer day while looking about for a way to cool off, we thought of the stock tank. It was not very large but certainly held more water than a bath tub. We walked up to the deserted pony pasture, upended the round tank and rolled it like a hoop till it was in our back yard. Then we maneuvered it in place under the downspout, and before long it was nicely filled with rainwater. We had several dips in our swimming tank before the grasshoppers and other insects found they enjoyed swimming in it too!

The water became polluted and we no longer cared to bathe there. However, it's usefulness was far from ended. We used the water to wash the first coat of dirt off the root vegetables from the garden. We also dipped out buckets of rainwater to dump on various plants and shrubs about the yard which needed extra water during dry weather. My house plants also benefited from a weekly dose of rainwater.

Many folks remember the old wooden

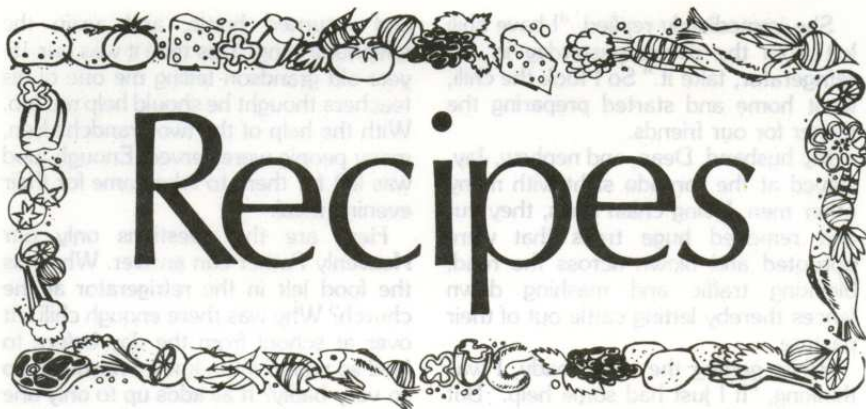
rain barrels that set under downspouts in almost every yard in days gone by. Some of them had wooden lids with a snug hole cut in them that allowed only the downspout to enter the barrel and insects, mice, etc. were kept out of the water. The rainwater could be used for many purposes in the household. It was used in the preparation of food, for dishwater and was most prized to wash ones hair in as rainwater is soft water. Rain barrels were an essential part of any household. Even the children enjoyed them. As the old song tells us: "You can't holler down our rain barrel, You can't climb our apple tree, I don't want to play in your yard, If you won't be good to me."

We found our modern version of the old-fashioned rain barrel to be very useful. But when our waterline developed a leak our "rain barrel" became essential. Of course, the city water had to be shut off at the meter pit until the leak could be repaired. This involved walking the length of the line, most of which goes through a timber, and locating a suspicious wet bog, hiring a back hoe to dig down to the line and repairing it. All of this took some time even when we knew where to go for help. We were without water for a couple of days.

Since our family really didn't care to use the rainwater in the stock tank for cooking and dishwashing, we got a big kettle full of city water from the neighbors every day. With some skimping, we made it just fine; but without water, the modern equivalent of the old outhouse cannot be flushed! Since our old outhouse was gone, we had to rely on buckets of rainwater from the stock tank to get us through our emergency.

Yes, the pony's gone, but the stock tank lingers on, and we're not ready to discard it yet. It's proved itself to be a valuable investment.





## SWEET AND SOUR POT ROAST

- 3½ lb. beef chuck roast, 2-inches thick
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- ¾ cup water
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt (optional)
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 bay leaf
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. wine vinegar
- 1½ to 2 lbs. red cabbage
- ¾ cup brown sugar
- ¾ cup wine vinegar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. cold water

Brown the meat in melted shortening. Add the water, onion, salt, pepper and bay leaf. Cover and simmer at least one hour. Add ¼ cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons wine vinegar. Cover and continue cooking about another hour or until fork tender.

While the meat is cooking the last half hour, prepare the cabbage. Trim and cut the cabbage into wedges. Add cabbage wedges and ¾ cup brown sugar to boiling salted water. Cover loosely and simmer 15 to 20 minutes or until the cabbage is tender. Add ¾ cup wine vinegar to cabbage. Cook for 5 minutes; drain.

Remove roast, skim off excess fat from the meat broth. Add additional water to the broth to yield 2 cups. Combine cornstarch and cold water and add slowly to broth. Simmer slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Serve at once as an accompaniment to the pot roast and cabbage. —Robin

## MIDDLE EASTERN GREEN BEANS

- 1 cup sliced mushrooms
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 2 cups green beans, cooked
- 1/3 cup plain yogurt
- 2 tsp. basil

In a small pan sauté the mushrooms in the margarine. Combine cooked green beans, mushrooms, yogurt, and basil; mix well. Heat or chill; serve warm or cold. —Emily

## GARDEN SALAD

- 1 7-oz. pkg. macaroni rings
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
- 1 cup Cheddar cheese, diced
- 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper

Cook macaroni in boiling water about 5 minutes; drain. Rinse in cold water and drain.

Cook vegetables according to package directions; drain and cool. Combine all ingredients. Toss gently. May serve on lettuce leaf. —Hallie

## CRABMEAT QUICHE

- 1 1-lb. pkg. frozen crabmeat
- 2 Tbls. butter
- ½ onion, chopped (I used green onion)
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- 1/8 cup chopped bell pepper
- 4 eggs
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 ½ cups milk
- 1 ½ tsp. dry mustard
- ¼ tsp. garlic powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- ½ cup grated Jarlsberg cheese
- 1 egg white
- 1 10-inch unbaked pie shell

Thaw, drain and flake crabmeat. Melt the butter and sauté the onions, celery and bell pepper. Slightly beat the four eggs and egg yolk. To the egg mixture add the milk, dry mustard, garlic powder, salt, nutmeg, pepper and grated Parmesan and Jarlsberg cheese. Add the crabmeat and the sautéed vegetables. Beat the egg white slightly and brush this over the bottom of the pie shell. Let stand for a while. Pour the crabmeat mixture in the pie shell. Bake at 375 degrees for one hour or until mixture is puffed and brown. Cool at least 15 minutes before cutting. Serves 6 to 8. May be chilled and reheated. —Robin

## RASPBERRY SQUARES

- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ cup margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- ½ cup raspberry jam
- 4 Tbls. margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 4-oz. can shredded coconut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter clear vanilla flavoring
- ½ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease an 8-inch square baking pan. Sift flour and baking powder together in a bowl. Cut in the ½ cup margarine until the mixture looks mealy. Beat 1 egg slightly and stir into flour mixture along with the milk and the raspberry flavoring. Mix well. Spread over the bottom of the prepared baking pan. Cover with the raspberry jam.

Melt the 4 tablespoons margarine. Beat the egg until frothy then beat in the sugar and melted margarine. Chop the shredded coconut into smaller pieces; mix with the sugar-egg combination. Stir in the clear vanilla and coconut flavorings. Spread over the raspberry jam. Bake 30 minutes, cool and cut into 16 squares. —Juliana

## ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- ½ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- Dash of pepper
- 1 ¾ cups milk
- 1 chicken bouillon cube
- 1 4-oz. can chopped mushrooms, drained
- 2 8-oz. pkgs. frozen cut asparagus
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- ½ cup crushed rich buttery crackers

In saucepan cook celery in butter or margarine and butter flavoring; blend in flour, salt, mustard, and pepper. Add milk and bouillon cube. Cook and stir until thickened and bubbly. Stir in mushrooms; set aside. Cook the asparagus according to package directions; drain well. Reserve ½ cup asparagus and 1 egg for garnish. In a 9- by 13-inch glass dish arrange the remaining asparagus and egg slices. Pour the sauce over the top. Bake, covered, at 375 degrees for 15 minutes. Arrange the reserved asparagus and sliced egg on top and sprinkle with crushed crackers. Bake, uncovered, an additional 10 minutes. Serves 6 to 8. —Verlene



**ORANGE-HAM ROLLS**

- 1 11-oz. can mandarin orange sections, chopped and drained
- 1 1/2 cups cooked rice
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. chopped pecans
- 2 Tbls. parsley
- 1 Tbls. sliced green onions
- 8 slices boiled ham
- 1/4 cup orange marmalade
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. ground ginger

Combine the chopped oranges, cooked rice, mayonnaise, pecans, parsley and onion. Divide mixture into 8 equal parts and place on the ham slices. Roll up and place seam side down in a 10-inch baking dish.

Combine the marmalade, lemon juice, and ginger; pour over ham rolls. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Brush the rolls occasionally with the sauce. Makes 8 servings.

—Verlene

**LAYERED CASSEROLE**

- 1 cup rice, uncooked
- 1 cup corn, drained
- 2 cups tomato juice (or 1 can tomatoes and juice)
- 1/2 cup water (if needed)
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup ground beef
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce (or 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Ole' salad dressing)
- 1/4 cup water
- 4 slices bacon

Layer ingredients as listed. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.—Hallie

**GLAZED APPLES AND ACORNS**

- 2 small acorn squash
- 2 or 3 medium size tart cooking apples
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup bottled pancake syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg

Cut each squash crosswise into 1/2-inch thick slices; scoop out seeds, but do not pare. Cook slices, covered, in boiling salted water in a Dutch oven 4 minutes, or until barely tender; drain.

Core apples and slice lengthwise.

Measure butter and syrup into a 13x9x2-inch baking dish; heat in a 350-degree oven until butter melts. Stir in maple flavoring and nutmeg. Arrange squash rings and apple slices in syrup; spoon some of the syrup over top.

Bake 20 minutes or until squash and apples are tender but still firm enough to hold their shapes. Spoon syrup over top several times while baking. This is delicious!

—Mary Lea

**BREAKFAST PIZZA**

- 1 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup frozen hash brown potatoes, thawed
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 3 eggs
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Cook and stir sausage until brown; drain well. Mix biscuit mix and water until a soft dough forms. Pat dough into a greased 12-inch pizza pan or 9- by 13-inch pan. Spoon sausage over crust. Sprinkle with potatoes and Cheddar cheese. Beat eggs, milk, salt and pepper together; pour over top. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake until golden or eggs set; approximately 20 to 25 minutes.

—Dorothy

**PINK ADOBE APPLE PIE**

- Pie crust for two-crust, 9-inch pie
- 1 lb. of sliced apples
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup shelled pecans
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Place the apples in a pie tin lined with pastry. Sprinkle cinnamon and nutmeg over apples. Mix the lemon juice and the lemon flavoring and 1/4 tsp. burnt sugar flavoring together and sprinkle over apple mixture. Spread raisins and white sugar evenly over the top. Mix brown sugar, butter and flour in a bowl. When well blended, spread over the contents in the pie tin, and sprinkle the top with pecans. Add most of the milk; save a little bit. Cover with the pastry top. Prick the top pastry with a fork. Mix the burnt sugar flavoring with the reserved milk and brush over the top.

Bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce to 350 degrees and bake another 30 minutes.

—Robin

**QUICK COMPANY POTATOES**  
(Microwave Recipe)

- 1 24-oz. pkg. frozen hash brown potatoes with onion and green pepper, thawed
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of potato soup
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of celery soup
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Paprika (optional)

Combine all ingredients except paprika. Place in a 10-inch glass baking dish or a deep-dish glass pie plate. Cover with glass lid or plastic wrap. Microwave at 50% power for 15 minutes. Stir and sprinkle with paprika. Microwave at 50% power 20 minutes longer. Let stand 15 minutes, covered. Serves 6 to 8.

—Robin

**QUICK CAKE DESSERT**

- Miniature marshmallows
- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
- 1 can cherry pie filling

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring  
Cover the bottom of a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch baking pan with miniature marshmallows. Prepare cake mix according to package directions. Pour batter over marshmallows. Combine the pie filling and the flavoring; spoon over batter. Bake for 1 hour in a 325-degree oven. When baked, pie filling goes to the bottom and the marshmallows melt and rise to the top and make a glaze. Serve with whipped topping or ice cream. A variation would be to use a chocolate cake mix with the cherry pie filling.

—Dorothy

**ZUCCHINI BEEF CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. minced garlic
- 1 can (or 2 cups) tomatoes
- 3/4 cup uncooked rice
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 2 large zucchini, sliced
- 1/2 cup shredded Monterey Jack cheese

1 cup sour cream  
1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese  
Brown beef, onion and garlic. Add tomatoes, rice, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper; cook until rice is tender. More liquid may be added if needed. Stir in 1 cup Cheddar cheese.

Cook zucchini in boiling water until tender; drain. Layer one half of the meat mixture in a 2-quart baking dish. Top with all the zucchini. Sprinkle Monterey Jack cheese over zucchini. Cover with remaining meat mixture. Top with sour cream. Sprinkle 1/2 cup Cheddar cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy



**HAM SALAD BOWL**

1 16-oz. pkg. small ring macaroni  
 2 Tbls. salad oil  
 2 Tbls. vinegar  
 1 Tbls. dried minced onion  
 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt  
 1/4 tsp. seasoned pepper  
 1 cup diced Cheddar cheese  
 1/4 cup mayonnaise  
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing  
 1 1-lb. can peas, drained  
 1 cup diced cooked ham  
 1 1/2 cups diced celery

Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Drizzle oil and vinegar over hot macaroni. Add onion, seasonings, and cheese; toss well. Gently mix in remaining ingredients. Chill thoroughly before serving.

—Dorothy

**CRAB AND WILD RICE SALAD**

1 6-oz. pkg. seasoned long grain and wild rice (I used original Uncle Ben's seasoned.)  
 1 6 1/2-oz. can crab meat, drained and flaked  
 2 Tbls. lemon juice  
 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper  
 2 Tbls. chopped pimento  
 2 Tbls. chopped parsley  
 1/2 cup mayonnaise  
 3 very generous Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing  
 2 medium avocados, sliced  
 Salt  
 Lemon slices  
 Parsley

Cook rice according to package directions; cool. Mix crab meat with the two tablespoons lemon juice. Stir in the green pepper, pimento and chopped parsley.

Blend mayonnaise and French salad dressing together; chill. Arrange sliced avocados on serving plate. Top with rice. Combine the mayonnaise mixture and the crab meat. Spoon over the rice. Slightly squeeze lemon slices over the top. Garnish with lemon slices and parsley.

—Robin

**PERFECT NUT PIE CRUST**

1/2 cup finely chopped nuts  
 1/2 lb. unsalted butter, softened  
 1/3 cup sugar  
 3 cups flour  
 1 egg, beaten  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or almond flavoring

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix all ingredients together until well blended. Divide mixture in half. Press each half into a 9-inch pie pan. Chill 30 minutes before baking. Bake 15 to 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

**TUNA BAKE**

8 slices white bread  
 1 cup shredded Swiss cheese  
 1 7-oz. can tuna, drained and flaked  
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper  
 1/4 cup diced celery  
 2 Tbls. margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 eggs, beaten  
 2 cups milk  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Alternate bread and cheese layers in 9-inch square baking dish. Sprinkle tuna over top.

In a small saucepan, cook the green pepper and celery in the margarine until tender, not brown. Remove from heat, blend in eggs, milk, salt and pepper. Pour over tuna in the baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees until puffy and lightly brown, 30 to 45 minutes.

—Hallie

**RASPBERRY-CURRENT CHEESECAKE****Crust**

20 graham crackers, crushed  
 1/4 cup melted margarine or butter  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Mix crust ingredients together and pat into a 9- by 12-inch pan. Bake 5 minutes at 375 degrees. Cool

**Filling**

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin  
 1 cup boiling water  
 Juice of 1 lemon  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
 1 large can condensed milk  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Add lemon juice and chill until partially set. Beat until light and fluffy. Add cream cheese; beat well. Refrigerate.

Chill and whip the condensed milk. Add the sugar and vanilla; beat well. Mix with the gelatin mixture and pour into cooled crust. Place in refrigerator.

**Topping**

1 pkg. raspberry-currant Danish dessert  
 1 cup water  
 1 pkg. frozen raspberries  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Cook raspberry-currant Danish dessert and water until thick and clear. Add the raspberries and flavoring. Mix well; cool. Pour over filling and refrigerate overnight.

—Hallie

**BLUEBERRY CRUMBLE**

2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats, uncooked  
 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour  
 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 3/4 cup melted margarine  
 2 cups fresh or frozen blueberries (or about 2 cups canned; drain and save juice)  
 1 Tbls. flour  
 1/2 cup sugar (less if desired)  
 1/8 tsp. salt  
 3/4 cup water or blueberry juice  
 2 Tbls. lemon juice  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Mix together oats, 1 cup flour, and brown sugar; add melted margarine and mix. Save 1/2 cup of crust mixture for topping. Line a buttered 8-inch pan with remaining mixture.

Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan and simmer 5 minutes. Pour blueberry mixture over crust and sprinkle the 1/2 cup reserved crust mixture over the top. Bake in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes.

Serve with whipped topping or ice cream.

—Dorothy

**RATATOUILLE**

2 cups olive oil  
 4 small (about 4 lbs.) eggplants, cut into 1 1/2-inch cubes  
 2 tsp. salt  
 1 1/2 lbs. white onions, coarsely chopped  
 7 medium zucchini, quartered lengthwise and cut into 2-inch strips  
 2 medium sweet red peppers, cut into 1/2-inch strips  
 2 medium green bell peppers, cut into 1/2-inch strips  
 2 Tbls. minced garlic  
 3 16-oz. cans tomatoes, drained  
 1 6-oz. can tomato paste  
 1/4 cup fresh chopped parsley  
 1/4 cup fresh chopped dill  
 2 Tbls. dry basil  
 2 Tbls. dry oregano  
 Freshly ground black pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Line a roasting pan with foil. Add 1 cup of the oil. Add the eggplant and salt and toss to coat. Cover tightly and bake about 35 minutes. Eggplant should not be mushy. Remove from oven, uncover and let cool.

In a large skillet, heat the remaining cup of oil. Saute' the onion, zucchini, red pepper, green pepper and garlic for about 20 minutes. Add the tomatoes, tomato paste and seasonings. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add eggplant and simmer about 10 more minutes. Serve at room temperature.

—Robin



**ORANGE BULGUR SALAD**

- 4 cups water
- 2 cups bulgur (processed cracked wheat)
- 1 Tbls. olive oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 cup raisins
- 4 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley (dried parsley could be used)
- Grated zest of 1 medium orange
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste

Put the water and bulgur in a large saucepan. Bring to a boil; reduce heat to a simmer, cover and cook for 35 to 40 minutes, or until water is absorbed and wheat is tender. (Wheat should not be cooked until it is mushy.) Place the wheat in a bowl and refrigerate, uncovered, until cool. Combine olive oil and orange flavoring; stir into the cooled wheat. Add the remaining ingredients. Serve chilled or at room temperature. —Robin

**LEMONADE SLUSH**

Prepare six 12-oz. cans lemonade, reconstituted. Freeze lemonade in two 1-gallon containers for at least 6 hours. Makes 36 cups.

**APPLESAUCE COOKIES**

- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 3/4 cup applesauce
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup chopped nuts, I used English walnuts

Mix all the ingredients together. If dough is soft, cover and refrigerate for a short time. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto an ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes. Frost.

**Brown Sugar Glaze**

- 1/3 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 to 4 Tbls. hot water

In a heavy skillet melt the margarine and burnt sugar flavoring over low heat until golden brown. Remove from heat and add the powdered sugar and vanilla flavoring. Stir in enough water to make desired consistency. —Verlene

**MICROWAVE APPLE PIE**

- 3/4 cup sugar
  - 1/4 cup flour
  - 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
  - Pinch of salt
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
  - 6 cups sliced apples
  - 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
  - Pastry for 2-crust pie
- Combine the sugar, flour, nutmeg, salt and flavoring in a bowl. Stir in the apples. Spoon into a pastry-lined pie pan. Dot with margarine or butter. Cover with pastry; seal edges and slash crust to make air vents. Microwave on High 12 minutes, turn once. Place in a 450-degree oven, unheated, for 20 minutes to brown.

—Dorothy

**GINGER-LIME CHICKEN**

- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/4 cup lime juice
- 1 tsp. ground coriander
- 1/2 tsp. cumin
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

1 frying chicken, cut up  
Mix all ingredients except chicken together. Marinate chicken in the sauce for 24 hours. Place chicken and sauce in a baking pan and roast at 375 degrees, occasionally spooning sauce over chicken. Roast about one hour or until chicken is done. Serve with lime wedges.

—Emily

**ZUCCHINI PARMESAN**

- 3 medium zucchini, cut in 1/4-inch slices
- 1/2 cup Italian-seasoned bread crumbs
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups spaghetti sauce
- 8 ozs. mozzarella cheese, sliced or grated
- 1/3 cup Parmesan or Romano cheese
- Oil or spray vegetable coating for frying

Roll each zucchini slice in the bread crumbs then in the eggs which have been beaten with just a little water added. Place in a lightly greased frying pan or in hot oil. Cook a few minutes on each side until the egg coating has browned and the zucchini is just a little tender.

Spoon about 1/4 cup spaghetti sauce over the bottom of a 7- by 10- by 2-inch pan. Place a layer of zucchini in the pan. Spoon half of the remaining spaghetti sauce over the layer of zucchini. Follow with a layer of half of the mozzarella cheese and a layer of half of the Parmesan or Romano cheese. Repeat layers. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until brown and bubbly.

This is one of those dishes I just throw together so my measurements are not meant to be exact. Add or subtract to fit your family's needs or the supplies you have on hand. I prefer to use the spray vegetable coating for frying so the final product is less greasy. If you use oil for frying, drain the zucchini on a paper towel before putting it in the baking pan. I make Eggplant Parmesan in the same manner, but my family much prefers the zucchini. —Mary Lea

**KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**

I must tell you how I use some of the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. I buy plain apple jelly then mix raspberry, blueberry, or other flavoring into some of it. This is an inexpensive way to have a variety of jellies.

—D.J., Otho, Iowa



<b>Vanilla (clear)</b>	<b>Burnt Sugar</b>	<b>Butter</b>	<b>Strawberry</b>
<b>Raspberry</b>	<b>Black Walnut</b>	<b>Blueberry</b>	<b>Pineapple</b>
<b>Orange</b>	<b>Almond</b>	<b>Banana</b>	<b>Mint</b>
<b>Maple</b>	<b>Butterscotch</b>	<b>Peach</b>	<b>Lemon</b>
<b>Cherry</b>	<b>Coconut</b>	<b>Cinnamon</b>	<b>Chocolate</b>

(Vanilla also comes in dark color.)

Send check or money order for the offers of your choice to:  
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**Three 3-oz. bottles of flavorings of your choice \$5.00 ppd.**  
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**Twenty-one 3-oz. bottles of flavorings, one of each \$27.50 ppd.**  
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## DO YOU REMEMBER "GARDEN VARIETY" CROQUET?

by  
Ruth Townsend

Summer and croquet seem to go together in my mind. With a great deal of pleasure, I remember warm summer evenings spent playing singles with my sister or a doubles match with our cousins who lived nearby. Our croquet games were played in our front yard. My grandfather had made us wickets out of number nine wire to which we always tied white rages so no one would trip over the wires in the dark. We stuck the wickets in the ground without measuring, dug out our mallets and balls, and the fun was on.

The game of croquet goes back many years. In 1661 Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary that he went to St. James Park where he "saw the Duke of York playing at Pesle Mesle" (the name by which croquet went in the 17th century). The game lost favor in the 18th and 19th centuries and little was heard of it until the 1850s when it was revived and became very popular in England.

Soon after its revival in England, it caught on in America and in the 1880s and 1890s more people played croquet than tennis. It was one of the first games to be played by both men and women and to this day it is the only sport in which everyone competes with a similar handicap. Croquet is usually played outdoors but in the 19th century there were some indoor courts. There was one in Elyria, Ohio, and it was really big.

As croquet became more popular, it developed very strict rules. The sort of croquet our family played is called garden croquet. To play garden croquet, set a stake at each end of the field with two wickets nearby. There are five more wickets in the field, two on each side and one in the middle.

Formal croquet is played on a well-measured court using one stake in the middle with six standard wickets, three set on each side of the stake. Or, nine special standard wickets can be used, and they are set precisely. Standard wickets are made of heavy metal and have only a fraction of an inch leeway for the ball to go through.

The mallets and balls for the real game are made of special wood with metal trim. Some mallets are rectangular in shape. A championship set of mallets and balls can cost well over a thousand dollars. A set of wickets is listed at two hundred dollars.

In the early days of croquet a protective helmet was sometimes needed for many players took the game very seriously, and once in a while mallets were used as today's hockey sticks are. However, nowadays a helmet is not

standard equipment even though serious players still get very irate if and when their ball is knocked out of bounds. When my sister and I played, the only accident we had was my sister gave her ball a toss in disgust just as one of our cousins came around the corner of the house. The ball hit him in the middle of his forehead. All of us held our breath, but he wasn't seriously hurt (thank goodness).

Croquet became especially popular after World War I, and many well-known people started playing it. One of the most avid players was Harpo Marx. He was so serious about the game that he had a spare bedroom converted into a store-room for his croquet equipment. This room was air-conditioned (back when air conditioning wasn't so common) to keep his balls and mallets in perfect condition. Herbert Bayard Swope, Sr., publisher of the *New York World*, was another avid player. He had a course that was so large players had to shout to one another. Averell Harriman loved the game, too. He had a croquet party underway one Thanksgiving and wouldn't stop even when a snowstorm blew in. He hired eight men complete with snowplows, shovels and a tractor to keep the course open. Later, when Harriman was ambassador to Russia, he demanded the Soviets set up a croquet course for his use.

In Hollywood many notables, besides Harpo Marx, played croquet. Darryl Zanuck built a magnificent 80- by 82-foot course complete with a water hazard. Upkeep alone, even then, was \$14,000 a year.

One president, Rutherford B. Hayes, liked to play croquet on the White House lawn but had his fun spoiled when some of his political opponents charged him with squandering six dollars of the taxpayers money on a set of fancy boxwood croquet balls.

There are 175 croquet clubs in the United States that belong to the National Croquet Association. Regional and national championship tournaments are held each year and several activities are planned for croquet enthusiasts.

Croquet is an interesting sport. I'd love to get a mallet in my hand again. How about you?

### BOLD GOLD

Scotland has its heather;  
We often hear its praise.  
Ireland has the shamrock.  
Holland has tulip days.

South Sea Isles flaunt orchids.  
The Old West claims the sage.  
Nothing compares to my yard  
Where the dandelions rage.

—Dixie Jean Ray



## DRESSMAKING AND SEWING OF YESTERDAY

by Bernice Skatter

Before the development of the ready-to-wear industry, some young ladies including my mother entered the occupation of dressmaking. The first thing these aspiring young ladies had to do was enroll in a dressmaking course which usually lasted six to eight weeks. They learned the basic skills of the art, which included how to make their own dress patterns, from an accomplished seamstress.

The types of cloth they worked with were completely different from the materials of today. There were no nylons, dacrons or polyesters; instead there were broadcloth, silk, strong serges from which suits were often made, batistes, and soft nainsooks from which shirtwaists were made. Yes, they were called shirtwaists, not blouses or tops as we know them today. The young ladies learned to skillfully apply souseache braid, lace insertion, and how to make row after row of tiny tucks.

Upon completion of their training, these ladies had become adept and accomplished. Armed with the tools of their trade, they were ready to be professional dressmakers. These tools usually consisted of a well-stocked sewing basket, a pincushion which was often pinned to the shirtwaist of the dressmaker, and a yellow tapemeasure forever draped around her neck.

It was customary for some families to have a dressmaker stay in their home for a few weeks, especially in the spring and fall seasons when complete wardrobes would be made for the ladies of the household. Some families had fashion books of the advanced styles to show to the dressmaker who was expected to duplicate these patterns. Professional seamstresses vied with each other in creating ideas for trimming, using fringes, braids and lace.

Today not only are the new materials available, but the new sewing machines with their gadgets and dials allow us to quickly make a piece of sportswear or an elaborate dress. How surprised my mother would be at these changes and developments in sewing. But I still treasure the memory of her sitting at the whirring machine as she pedaled the treadle machine of yesterday.





## LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING

Years ago, we had a small chokecherry tree in our back yard. How fascinated I was, as I watched the fruit ripen to full maturity! The tight clusters of beautiful red cherries were so tempting to me!

"Don't eat them," Mother had warned. "They are terribly sour. That's why they are called chokecherries," she went on to explain.

How could anything that looked so beautiful be bad? I just had to find out for myself, so when Mom went back into the house, I picked one of the luscious looking cherries from a low branch, and popped it right into my mouth. Immediately, I found out why they are called chokecherries! I was sure my lips would never unpucker!

How such a pretty fruit could taste so awful, wasn't the greatest mystery. The next day I ventured out back to check on the tree, and to my surprise, I found there were several plump robins hopping among the branches, having an absolute ball! I watched with interest, as they pecked at the fruit, leaving only the small, bare stones hanging from the stems. How could the birds eat the sour fruit so heartily, then sing merrily away, not seeming to notice the taste at all? This is something I still wonder about from time to time.

—Betty Vriesen

## THERE'S STILL TOMORROW

A heart may drift upon a lonely wind,  
Beset with doubts and aching with fear  
That pain will never cease, nor will the  
mind

Know peace again, reclaim the hope  
once clear

And bright upon the distant horizon.

But do not be afraid; each present  
sorrow

May yet be conquered by inner faith

That knows there's always hope—

There's still tomorrow!

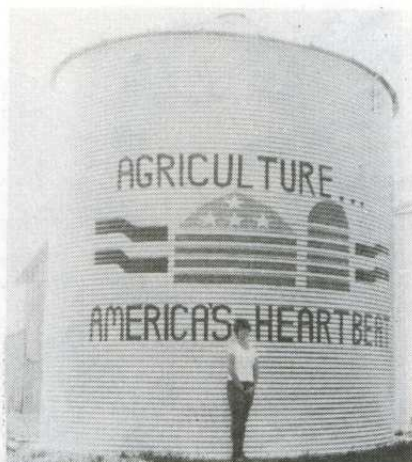
—Sunshine

## FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

taking several hundred Ethiopian prisoners of war back to Ethiopia. In charge of the prisoners were two British army sergeants, one of whom became very ill. We were deep in the jungles of Central Africa, many miles from any medical help for the sick sergeant. In his delirium, the sergeant kept calling: "Bovril! Get me some Bovril!" Of course, there was none available, and I felt so badly. The poor man died with the last word on his lips being "Bovril." I think that as long as I live, I shall always think of that experience every time I have a cup of Bovril.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*



Sharon Carlson is proud of the grain bin mural that she designed. The mural is visible to travelers who pass the Carlson farm near Wataga, Ill.

## GRAIN BIN MURAL PROMOTES AGRICULTURE

by

Dianne L. Beetler

From now on, travelers on Interstate 74, six miles from Galesburg, Illinois, will cast a second glance at Sharon and Larry Carlson's farm near the village of Wataga. A grain storage bin on the Carlson farm is painted with the slogan, "Agriculture...America's Heartbeat" and a mural with an agriculture motif.

"I've wanted to do this ever since we moved here," Sharon said.

The farm's location next to the interstate highway made it a natural site for a promotional message intended to reach a large number of people. Sharon designed the mural herself to complement the corrugated metal of the

grain bin. The mural includes a red barn and silo, a blue barn roof with white stars, and the letters and four lines, representing furrows, in black.

At first, Sharon intended to paint the bin herself, but then she decided to involve other parts of the community in her effort to promote agriculture. The Galesburg Agency for Local Art funded the project, and Steve and Jim, Galesburg art students, did the painting. A local agriculture supply firm donated the paint.

"I wanted the mural to be a joint effort to promote agriculture in a positive way," Sharon said.

The teenagers spent a total of twenty-six hours painting the bin. The painting is ten feet by fifteen feet. "It turned out a little bigger than we first planned," Steve said.

He and Jim used tape as their guide-lines when painting. The teens painted with regular house brushes. They had problems getting the tape to stick to the metal, and the ripples in the metal also caused the paint to drip. "And we had a problem with the paint sticking to the metal because it wasn't mixed well enough," he said.

Sharon said that the grain bin mural is a pilot project. "I hope the project will catch on in the county, and we will find other locations that can be seen by the non-farm community," she said. She hopes students in school districts within the county will work on the projects.

The Carlson's grain bin mural has promoted agriculture more widely than they expected. It has attracted the attention of newspaper photographers and television camera crews.

*Sharon Carlson*

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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

The *Little House* books by Laura Ingalls Wilder were written late in her life, and there is a tremendous continuing interest in the story of her pioneer family—Charles and Caroline Ingalls and daughters, Mary, Laura, Carrie, and Grace. In a way, these books are Laura's diaries, as they tell of experiences during her childhood. Reader's, young and old, have been able to step back in time to relive the excitement of living in the American West during the late 1880s.

Now, Barbara Walker, who put together *The Little House Cookbook* in 1979, has prepared *The Little House Diary* (Harper & Row Jr. Books, \$8.95). This diary is a place where you can record your experiences and thoughts just as Laura did more than one hundred years ago. Every month you can enjoy the familiar illustrations of Garth Williams, as well as interesting quotes from the *Little House* books. There are also authentic pioneer recipes such as blueberry pudding, cornbread, and ripe tomatoes with sugar and cream. Included on the pages are quizzes and activities based on the books.

Laura's family tree is given, as much as possible, and the owner of the diary is invited to trace his family tree. There is space to compare the travels of the reader with those of Laura and family, from 1867 to 1890. Pages on "giving thanks" make us realize the hardships of the *Little House* times such as "give thanks if you have never had to fight a prairie fire," and "give thanks if the snow has never fallen in your bedroom." Young readers will appreciate their comfortable lives more and more.

Listed in the diary are the sites of the *Little House* books, as well as a selected bibliography of books by and about Laura Ingalls Wilder. Quoting from *The Little House Diary*, "Laura's memory lives not only in her fiction, but through the work of memorial societies organized around her homesites. *Little House* enthusiasts have been responsible for the construction of a wayside park in Pepin (Wisconsin); for re-creating the log house in Independence, Kansas; for preserving the surveyors' house outside DeSmet (S. Dakota); and for a visitors' program in DeSmet that includes a pageant based on the stories." The organizations are listed in case you are interested in newsletters and literature, but don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

*The Little House Diary* is a way for children, and grownups if they wish, to record their private feelings, right next to Laura's. They will discover a century



At age 17, Laura Ingalls, later Mrs. Almanzo Wilder, did not realize she would become a famous author of pioneer stories. Her first book, *Little House in the Big Woods*, told of her life in the woods of Wisconsin. (Photo courtesy of Laura Ingalls Wilder Museum, Mansfield, Missouri)

really makes little difference in values, even though many changes have taken place since Laura was a girl. (Order *The Little House Diary*, prepared by Barbara Walker, from Rocky Ridge Shop, Inc., Laura Ingalls Wilder Museum, Mansfield, Missouri 65704, \$8.95, plus 70¢ for postage and handling.)

They are having a big year for visitors at the Laura Ingalls Wilder-Rose Wilder Lane Home and Museum in Mansfield, Missouri. In a delightful telephone conversation with Irene Lichty-LeCourt, director of the museum, she said there have been many tours by school children. Earlier this year, the Coon Rapids, Iowa, second graders and their principal visited the Wilder museum. This is the thirteenth year that the young people of Coon Rapids have made the tour. Other *Little House* sites are having the same enthusiastic crowds, I am sure.

If you are looking for ways to make a family close through specific activities on holidays, vacation and with people and places, then *Let's Make A Memory* (Word Books, \$10.95) is the book for you. Author Gloria Gaither, lyricist and performer, is the wife of Bill Gaither, and with her husband has written over 350 songs. She gives top priority to her husband and family of three children. Shirley Dobson, co-author, has appeared on many radio and TV shows with her husband, Dr. James Dobson, psychologist and author of best-selling books on family life. Mrs. Dobson has always placed the utmost importance on being a mother and homemaker.

Features of the book include: activities for holidays; vacation ideas for the beach, the desert, the mountains, the

back yard; relationship-builders to stimulate communication and spiritual growth; ideas for keeping memories alive as the family matures; and family reminiscences from several well-known friends: Joyce Landorf, Elisabeth Elliot, Martha Shedd, and Kathi Lee Johnson.

The authors believe in this high-tension world, it is hard for a family to build strong ties that make a real family. In the book *Let's Make a Memory*, they show how their traditions have formed lasting values in their homes. Included besides holiday ideas are memories through the seasons, in special places, and with special people. The authors show how to make a summer memory book, take summer excursions, have a backyard circus, have a taffy pull, make macaroni jewels, study the stars, trace family roots, make a tree of love, write love letters to a baby, and have a "you are special" day.

Writes Gloria Gaither, "Both of us, from our very different perspectives, believe the family must be the basic spiritual, moral, educational, and physical unit of our society or we will have no society. Beautiful memories of yesterdays were once moments of todays. Let's make these precious memories count."

Shirley Dobson writes, "Today is the last day of your past and the first day of your future. There's no better time than now to begin 'making memories' with your precious family."

*Let's Make a Memory* (Word Books, 4800 W. Waco Drive, Waco, Texas 76710, or at your Christian bookstore, \$10.95) is a special book about family unity and ways to promote it. I recommend it highly.



## OH WIND!

Oh Wind! Blow back the years that have piled upon my brow.

Let me begin life again, start over now. Blow a gale to erase all mistakes and sorrows.

Leave a smooth rippling meadow to begin life tomorrow.

Blow softly when you come to a child's first cry,

Leave an echo to remember as the years go by.

Blow back the tenderness of love's first bloom

A little white house, love brightening each room.

Oh Wind! Blow gently—as I bask  
In memories sweet and memories sad,  
All a part of the life I have had.

—Clara Irene Saunders

A little explained, endured, forgiven,  
and a quarrel is cured.





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Though August may be dry and hot, this is the time to sow early maturing vegetables such as lettuce, snap beans, endive, turnips and rutabagas. All members of the family Cruciferae—cabbage, cauliflower, rape, and kohlrabi relish the cool fall weather in the weeks ahead and are even tastier after light frosts. After planting the seed, apply a thin mulch of grass clippings to help retain moisture until germination is complete. Water and feed all seedling plants that you have set out so they will make optimum growth before really cool weather comes.

Three years ago I received a packet of delphinium called BLUE SPRINGS from a seedsman to try in our garden. The seed germinated in 25 days and eventually the seedling plants found their way to the perennial border. A stake bearing their name was pushed down by each plant, and then they were literally forgotten during the busy season of Teas & Tours. Forgotten, that is, until an excited visitor wanted to know where we got that beautiful little delphinium growing along the fence. I followed her out to the bed and found the first Blue Springs delphinium in bloom. It was a glorious cornflower blue with a white eye. It's most valuable feature was that it bore magnificent Pacific Giant size blooms on a dwarf plant, making it ideal for windy situations. The second summer all the seedling plants bloomed, delighting us with their dwarf size and beautiful flowers in deep and pastel tones of blues, mauves, and lilacs. The visitor asked for the source of this delphinium seed and I found it was not yet listed in catalogs.

Recently I was paging through Thompson and Morgans (P.O. Box 1308, Jackson, New Jersey 08527) looking for seed of Blue-Eyed grass that a reader wanted and I found both the grass and Dwarf Blue Springs delphinium. If you wish to try this lovely newcomer, send to the above address for a free catalog. Because delphinium seed starts best in a cool place, you can start the seed without bottom heat at 50 to 55 degrees Fahrenheit. The secret is keeping the planting medium moist at all times but never soggy wet. Pop the seed flat in a clear plastic bread wrapper leaving one end open so air circulates freely, until the seedlings emerge in three to four weeks. Let them develop a true set of leaves before attempting to transplant to individual pots. Blue Springs will bloom the first year after planting if seed is started in March.

## MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

their tails. Other than this, the costumes were skin tight as though they were wearing their natural skins. They were elastic in their cat-like movements especially as they incorporated this with their dances.

The play was a long one, almost two and a half hours, during which there was almost never a quiet spot in the cats' activities. We were so close we could see their chests heave with quick breaths as they danced and sang simultaneously. The theater had been substantially altered to create the setting for this play. It was a giant playground for cats, almost a junkyard, with the set stretching right past our seats up to the mezzanine. There were hidden holes which looked like sewer pipes extending onto the main floor where the cats would enter and exit in a wacky manner. Everything in the junkyard was constructed to a cat's scale, over three times life-size—huge garbage cans, an abandoned car, massive tires, bicycles, tubes of toothpaste, worn Christmas decorations and lots of fake garbage. CATS was absolutely magical. Each of our neighborhood cats was represented in the play. Their individual personalities could not be missed. Our old Morris, who at one time was the tough guy in the area with a torn ear to prove his strength, was absolutely portrayed perfectly.

T. S. Eliot reminded us that, "Cats resent familiarity. Before a cat will condescend to treat you as a trusted friend some little token of esteem is needed, like a dish of cream, some caviar or Strassburg pie, some potted grouse or salmon paste, he's sure to have his personal taste." Dear friends, when you get a chance to see this stage production, make an effort to go. It is unique and memorable.

Until next month,

*Mary Beth*

P.S. I appreciate your orders for the Lady Liberty Pins.

## "CROP" PUZZLE

From the letters below take out the name of the crop, and you will have the name of something made from the crop left. For example, take "wheat" from number 1 and you have "flour" left.

1. WFHLEOAUTR
2. COEARTESAL
3. CCAOKRENS
4. DCROETSTSOENS
5. BRRYEAD

ANSWERS: 1. Wheat-Flour; 2. Oats-Cereal; 3. Corn-Cakes; 4. Cotton-Dresses; 5. Rye-Bread.

—Mildred Grenier

## ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

Dad played golf, we children decorated the house with balloons and streamers and prepared for the festivities, a surprise dinner party for twenty-five of their closest friends. No sooner than they arrived home, people started showing up at the door. It quickly became evident another wonderful party was in the making. It was a fantastic evening with good food, good friends and a warm family in celebration.

By Monday morning, we all left to return to our different destinations. It had been a very memorable weekend for all of us and especially for Mom. The three of us believe we have the world's greatest Mother, and it was a joy for all of us to be together with her. And I should add a special note here—the secret mastermind behind the plot was none other than sneaky Wayne Driftmier, also known as DAD!

Alison

## WISDOM

When I was young, life was a song;  
All was right or terribly wrong.  
Now that I'm older I can see  
Judgements aren't as easy as they used to be.  
—Mary L. Derr

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

I love my *Kitchen-Klatter*,  
And appreciate the day  
The mailman drops it in my box  
As he hurries on his way.

I start my reading quickly  
For I love the news it brings,  
Interesting stories, poems, and  
quotes  
My own thoughts soon take  
wings.

Oft times I share a memory  
With someone from long ago,  
It fills my heart with gladness  
And my blessings overflow.

Stories about our talents,  
Our gardens and our friends,  
Brings answers to our wondering  
That pays off in dividends.  
—Verna Sparks

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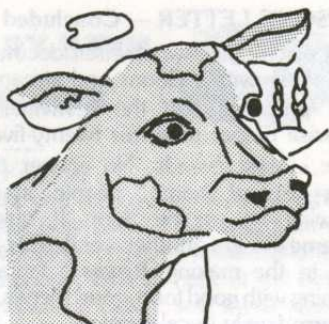
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**KITCHEN-KLATTER  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**





## HOW NOW, GROUND COW

by  
Erma Reynolds

Shaped into patties, rolled into balls, molded into loaves—however hamburger is prepared, it's a favorite American food.

The history of this meat goes back to medieval times, when people of the Russian Baltic provinces scraped raw meat, seasoned it with salt, pepper, and onion juice, creating a version of what we now know as tartar steak. When travelers from Hamburg, Germany, visited this region of Russia, they were served this meat dish and found it so tasty, they took the recipe back to Germany for hometown cooks to add to their meals.

For some time the meat was eaten shredded and raw. A creative cook shaped the scraped raw meat into patties and broiled them to a brown crispness on the outside, keeping the inside nearly raw. Hamburg eaters developed such a liking for this new way of preparing the meat, they honored it by giving it the name of their city. Many, many years later early German immigrants to America, introduced the hamburger to our country's cuisine.

Hamburger is an Old World creation, but the burger-in-a-bun is all-American, getting its start at the St. Louis World Fair of 1904. A concessionaire gave fair goers a new taste treat—hamburgers on a bun.

Here are some "how ways" of preparing "ground cow."

It's the gentle touch that keeps hamburger patties light. The more the meat is handled, the drier and more solid the finished patties.

### 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.

Before shaping hamburger patties, rinse the hands in cold water, and the meat will not stick to the fingers.

Save the lids of plastic cottage cheese, or sour cream, containers and use these to shape and freeze uniform-sized hamburger patties.

Or, to turn out uniform-sized patties, remove both ends from a No. 2½ can and pack the meat into this mold. When burgers are sliced from the rounded mold, they are a just-right size to fit buns.

To make patties juicy, grate one large raw potato and add to each 1½ pounds of meat. Or, for each pound of ground round steak, whip one egg white stiff and fold this into the ground meat.

Patties have a brown crusty look when their surface is brushed with butter, or margarine, before cooking.

To cook patties in a hurry, poke a hole in the center of each raw patty. This allows the centers to cook more rapidly, and the holes are gone when meat is done.

Before frying patties, sprinkle about 1/2 to 1 teaspoon of salt on skillet bottom, and the meat will not stick to the pan.

To make meatballs of a uniform size, spread the raw meat in an ice cube tray. Press down the divider to separate meat into squares. Remove divider, and form the squares into balls.

A cube of cheese placed in the center of each meatball makes a tasty surprise.

When preparing a meat loaf, substitute packaged stuffing for bread crumbs. Leftover vegetables, mashed fine, make a savory addition to a loaf.

A meat loaf will not stick to the pan if a strip of bacon is placed at the bottom of the pan before putting in the meat mixture.

To keep a meat loaf from cracking during the baking process, dip your hand in cold water and rub top of loaf until smooth, before placing in the oven.

To make individual meat loaves, bake the meat in muffin tins or custard cups. Small soup cans may also be used to bake miniature meat loaves. As a change from the usual loaf pan shape, bake the meat in a 9-inch square pan, and cut the meat into six rectangular servings.

When storing hamburger in the refrigerator, or freezer, flatten the meat to about a quarter of an inch thickness. This keeps the meat pink and fresh-looking, makes for easier storage, and allows the meat to thaw more quickly than a bulky chunk of hamburger.

Thaw frozen hamburgers in the refrigerator, not at room temperature. If you are in a hurry for the frozen meat, put it in a waterproof bag, seal tightly, and place in a pan of warm water for a few minutes.

How now, ground cow? Shaped into patties, rolled into balls, molded into loaves—you make meaTASTY chow.

### HELP! HELP!

The zucchini are growing too fast! Three large plants and I'm in business, supplying my neighbors with this lovely little fruit of the vine and storing the prepared slices and shredded zucchini in my little freezer for this winter. To me this is a marvel, and I almost have to watch these plants constantly to keep the squash from growing too large, because this vegetable is so delicious when it is small. I check them twice a day and never fail to find at least one just right for picking.

Zucchini is a favorite vegetable of mine now. It is delicious in salads, in casseroles, fried in batter, baked in cakes or bread, with stewed tomatoes, and now even in the pickle jar! I'm freezing, canning, and pickling zucchini for tasty treats this winter. How about you?

—Verna Sparks

### A MOTHER IS

Someone who is always there for you.  
Someone with a magical kiss that can make any hurt better faster than any medicine in the world.

Someone who sits patiently while you read to her from your first school book. And never seems to tire as you stumble over the words and start over, oh, so many times.

Someone who tells you how smart you are and how proud she is of you.

Someone with a lap big enough for you to sit on and tell her about all the things that are bothering you.

Someone who's hands may look worn and rough but nothing is softer or cooler when they touch your forehead when you have a fever.

Someone with shoulders just right for crying on when you are sad.

Someone with arms just the right size to hold you when you think your heart is broken forever.

Someone who will always love you just because you are you.

—Beverly Ernst

### REVOLUTION

When zippers won't zip

And when lockers won't lock  
And the washing machine  
Eats a hankie or sock,

When freezers won't freeze

And spin dryers won't spin  
And the tables and chairs  
Take a whack at my shin,

I keep a low profile

Or else do a bolt

Till my helpers work out of

Their urge to revolt. —E. B. de Vito



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

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

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

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

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

### FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES

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

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

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

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

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### WHAT MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL AGES SAY:

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

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

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

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#### FOR CORRECT SIZE

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

#### CIRCLE ONE

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

(circle one)

Mr./Mrs./Ms. \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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**JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded**

native cutthroat trout in its spawning colors of brilliant oranges. Yes, I took a picture of it, too.

The rest of our vacation time was based at Columbine Campground near the town of Red River, New Mexico. We took side trips to the Taos ski area, a place called Cabresto Lake which can only be reached on a very scary primitive road, and to the town of Red River. These were new places for us and we enjoyed exploring.

The town of Red River is famous for its ski area in the winter. The summer finds this little town decked out for tourists in a big way. I was astounded to see all of the summer-winter cabins and vacation homes. Honestly, many of these "cabins" looked like full scale resorts. It was not unusual to see homes with tennis courts and swimming pools. Nevertheless, given my choice, I'll take our tent. I like being able to sit around campfires looking at stars and really enjoy the camaraderie of campground folks. We met many lovely people from many parts of the United States who were enjoying the same things we were. I don't think this kind of friendliness is shared by people in plush cabins.

We returned home to find everything in good order. James had carefully watered all of my patio plants and had taken good care of the vegetable garden and the grape vines. We are enjoying fresh tomatoes and Japanese eggplant. The grapes aren't quite ready. I am looking forward to the seedless red grapes called "Red Flame." This will be the first time they have produced. I have purchased these grapes in the grocery store and I hope mine will taste as good. Once again I did not prune the vines or fertilize them and I am getting grapes. I am convinced that skillful neglect is the way to grow grapes.

Now to find my sun umbrella and go to the bicycle races!

Until next month,

*Juliana*

At the encouragement of my husband and children, I joined an eighty-voice community choir for a performance of Handel's "Messiah." I hadn't sung since high school, but my family assured me that my inexperience would not be noticed in such a big chorus.

After the concert, I walked into the auditorium lobby with a large group of other singers whose families were waiting.

My embarrassed blush lit up the entire room as my six-year-old daughter ran toward me screaming, "Oh, Mommy! Mommy! We could hear you above all the rest." —Phyllis Beving



Dorothy Johnson's grandchildren, Julian and Elizabeth Brase, enjoyed playing with Scott Ballard, who is one of the Johnsons' neighbors.

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concl.**

it with her and put it up in the back yard at home. When he had it down and the ropes wound around the swing board, he gave it to her. She started for the van, about halfway, she turned around and said, "Thank you, Grandpa."

Elizabeth is so crazy about water she had to be watched constantly when outside because of the hayou. She learned very soon how to open all of the gates. One morning we went in to my friend Dorothea's for coffee. They have a horse ornament for their yard about the size of a real small pony. Elizabeth saw it and wanted to ride it. Kristin put her on the horse ornament. She sat there for a minute and the said, "Put the quarter in Mommy."

We were happy Kristin's Aunt Ruth McDermott came from Kansas City to spend a couple of days. When her husband, Frank, made a trip to Des Moines, he brought her here and later returned to pick her up, so Kristin got to see him too. We had lots of meals on the front porch. Bernie and Belvah ate with us both nights Ruth was here. We had an early birthday dinner for Kristin before she left for home. Bernie had brought the angel food cake, Kristin and Julian's favorite kind. Before I brought it to the table, I put a lighted sparkler in it for a candle. I wish you could have seen Elizabeth's eyes.

Kristin planned to start home on a Wednesday; but Bernie said if she would wait until Friday noon after she had her last appointment, she would go with her and return home on the bus. Frank and I were relieved when Bernie said she would go, because we hated to see Kristin start on that long drive with the children alone. I know three fellows were very happy to see them back home

again. Our house was much too quiet after they left.

Aaron's history group missed getting into the finals in Washington, D.C., by just two tenths of a percent, and they were really disappointed. This summer Aaron is playing a part in a melodrama that is being put on throughout the summer at Old Fort Laramie. If you happen to be passing through Fort Laramie in Wyoming, you might stop to see the melodrama and Aaron. I think he has the part of the villain.

Frank is coming in now for supper so until next month....

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

**MY GRANDSON**

He's my little ray of sunshine,  
On a dark and gloomy day.  
He flashes me that little smile,  
And floats my cares away.

Together we like to take a walk,  
To have ourselves a talk,  
Of days when Grandma was a tot,  
Or of when he too will be an adult.

Sometimes we sit out in the yard,  
Identify the birds,  
Watch the squirrels that scamper by,  
Or the cloud pictures in the sky.

He is my little helper,  
In all the work I do,  
Be it care for the animals,  
Or hoe a row or two.

When we get too tired to play,  
We find ourselves a book,  
Read 'til our eyes go slowly shut,  
We're just too tired to look.

—Virginia Scranton



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