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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month I used Juliana's old and beat-up typewriter to write to you from Albuquerque, New Mexico, but on this beautiful spring morning, I'm back in my usual setup in Shenandoah and everything seems so intimately familiar that I almost doubt if I ever left. Surely this is a commonplace sensation for virtually all of you friends—once back home you wonder if you've really been gone.

This last trip to Albuquerque held several first-time-ever experiences for Betty Jane and me and we enjoyed them thoroughly. None were earth-shaking experiences, but different and consequently of genuine interest.

Before we arrived, Juliana had made reservations for us to attend the monthly ethnic food buffet that is served at one of the large senior citizens' centers. On the last Friday of every month, they prepare this buffet and go to a lot of work to serve delicious food and furnish entertainment of some kind. The night we attended perfectly wonderful German food was served. Since you are welcome to return to the long serving table as often as you wish, it wasn't surprising to see people going back for seconds and thirds. Those cooks simply outdid themselves. It was hard to guess how many people were served, but it was a very big crowd with quite a few tables occupied by family groups. Everyone seemed in good spirits and clapped with great enthusiasm for the various musical numbers. All in all, it was a thoroughly delightful evening.

Another "first" was attending the annual band concert presented by the students at Mission Elementary School. This is only about three or four short blocks from the Lowey home, and is reached by an old dirt road that James trudged down for five years, and that Katharine is walking down for the last time this year as she winds up her fifth-grade studies. I'd heard a lot about this old Mission School through the years, but had never been inside until the night of the band concert.



On a sunny Sunday morning in early March the Loweyes were delighted to have a visit with the Walstad family, so Juliana grabbed her camera to get this shot. From left to right are Mike Walstad, his father Jack Walstad, and Mrs. Jack Walstad holding her first granddaughter, little Lily. Lily's mother, Alison Driftmier Walstad, is standing at the right. Katharine Lowey (who adores playing with baby Lily) is standing in front of Mr. Walstad. The senior Walstads live in Hobbs, New Mexico, and the junior Walstads live in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

Katharine had kept assuring Betty Jane and me that it wasn't "any big deal", and almost no one would be there, so this spurred us to get through a no-frill supper and to be in our proper places before the concert began. Jed went ahead with Katharine, and then the rest of us followed. After the earnest warnings we'd heard about "no one would be there", we were relieved to see the parking lot almost full; quite a number of people arrived even after we had gotten our seats.

Now, I'm not about to tell you that we heard a virtuoso performance because these youngsters are only nine and ten years old. They tried hard and gave full attention to their instructor who poured the most concentrated kind of attention into those youngsters and extracted from them the very best they could give. I'm going to get off a note of appreciation to the director.

Katharine plays the clarinet and was one of five or six children who presented solos halfway through the concert. Her number was a transcription of the beautiful main theme of "Appalachian Spring" by the American composer, Aaron Copland, and her performance was delightful. I'd never heard Katharine play this selection half as well during practice sessions at home. I told her that if she kept on studying so conscientiously with her clarinet, I might run into her someday when she was on tour with the Pittsburgh Symphony.

Another "first" for me was a trip to the Albuquerque Zoo on a Sunday afternoon when all six of us crammed into my old car and made the drive. It is a much larger zoo than I had imagined, and it was surprisingly full of people. I've never seen more family groups in one place—

ranging in age from infants in arms who didn't look more than a month old to their parents and grandparents. Even great-grandparents, who had to take all of the ramps mighty slow, were enjoying the zoo.

I hadn't been in a big zoo for many years and it was a genuine pleasure to see the jungle animals that I've watched on good TV programs when they are scheduled. The only genuine disappointment was to find that a new area is being constructed for the Great Apes, so we didn't get to see them and watch their shenanigans. But there were plenty of other things to make up for this disappointment.

One day we drove up to Santa Fe to see an old friend of Betty Jane's. Since she lives in a senior citizens' complex, I had an opportunity to see a setup that is radically different from the ones that we have in our Midwestern neck of the woods. This friend rode back to Albuquerque and spent the night in the Loweyes' guest house with us, so I had an opportunity to hear some tremendously interesting things about the Santa Fe and Taos areas that I had never heard from anyone else.

James turned thirteen while we were in New Mexico and we had a delicious meal to celebrate the occasion. The menu included a perfectly wonderful baked ham handsomely decorated with fresh pineapple and maraschino cherries, escalloped potatoes, molded avocado salad, fresh asparagus, hot rolls, and James' favorite dessert, not a birthday cake but an elegant strawberry and cream cheese pie with thirteen candles on it.

All of spring came and went while we
(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

On this bright and beautiful Saturday morning, Frank and I got up to start the day and found two cows and four calves in front of the house. After we got them back into the lot, Frank went to see where they had gotten out. He said he would call if he needed any help, so until then I'm writing this letter to you.

We spent all day yesterday and the day before working in the yard. It takes a long time to pick up the limbs and sticks that have blown down during the winter months so the mowers can be run safely. I use the riding mower and then Frank takes the hand mower and does the trimming. He also pulls the weeds. We are always so glad when we have finally gotten the yard gone over for the first time.

Recently, this area had a heavy rain—a real flash flood. Four inches fell in just fifteen minutes. It just started raining when Frank came in for supper and when he got up from the table and went to look out, there was water everywhere. We have a small ditch that comes down from the timber behind our house, and you wouldn't believe the size of the logs that were washed down during that downpour; it would take several men to lift one. A water gap crosses this ditch and it was completely washed out—we couldn't even find the posts or wire. Frank said he thinks there have been enough posts buried there through the years to put up a good sized fence, and I don't doubt him for a minute. The fence is fixed again and it is to be hoped we don't have any more rains like that one.

The heavy rain filled the duck pond in front of the house again. It had dried up this past winter. Even though we had several rains this spring which filled the pond temporarily, the water soon evaporated again. It should be saturated enough now that the water will stay longer.

Not only have our big ducks been enjoying their pond again, but the water is just filled with all kinds of wildlife. Frank is happy because we have seen five little wood ducks, so they did return after all. We have always had the small sandpipers, rails and snipes wading around the edges of this small swamp. A few blue herons have flown over, but so far we haven't seen them come down to the water. This year for the first time, we have a new kind of large bird. When Doyle Adams (our friend from the State Conservation office) was here, he told us they were called yellowlegs.

Hunting season for wild turkeys will soon be over for this year, and the few friends we permit to hunt on our land



Dean Krutsinger is the friendly, young renter of Frank and Dorothy Johnson's crop land.

have had good luck. If the two who still have a week to hunt get theirs, these sportsmen will have scored a hundred percent. Frank really enjoys it when they stop by to have a cup of coffee and tell him their experiences. Doyle told us that many of the conservation people feel there are now plenty of turkeys in Iowa and that it would be safe to have a fall hunting season, also. The conservation people estimate that before turkeys are fully grown, sixty percent of the hen chicks get killed by great horned owls and coyotes.

When Bill Ohde (our other conservation friend who is now working at Clear Lake) stopped in after hunting, Frank asked him what his job has been lately, and he said he had been helping tag skunks. I was kidding him about his "sweet smelling" job and he said it really wasn't bad. The animals are trapped in "live traps" similar to the old box traps, and they aren't hurt. Then a syringe on the end of a ten-foot pole is used to give them a shot (which the skunks don't seem to feel) that puts them to sleep for a short time, then the animals can be tagged, etc. When the skunks wake up, they are turned loose. There is very little odor.

A club to which Bernie belongs heard that the nursing home was in dire need of some lap robes, so the group decided this might be a worthwhile project for them to work on at club meetings instead of making craft items. This gave my friend, Dorothea, an idea. She had a lot of double-knit scraps and couldn't think of a better way to use them. She began cutting out five-inch blocks and found she had enough to make several lap robes. With what I could find in my scrap bags, she ended up with nine thirty-six by forty-five-inch robes. By using double-knit for the back too, it was heavy enough without using a liner between the two pieces, this way they will wash and dry beautifully. Each one was bound with the same material used on the back and were then tied. Dorothea is going to take them to our Birthday Club the next time

we meet to show the girls, and then tell them she is presenting them to the Chariton Manor as a gift from our club.

I made two short trips to Albia and Indianola this past month to give my talk to Farm Bureau Women's guest days. My friend, Marilyn Jones, went with me to Albia. This is her home town and she enjoyed visiting with old friends. I was given a beautiful corsage of real flowers, then we enjoyed having lunch with the women's chairman, Mrs. Mary Stewart, and two friends. Following the program, coffee, punch and a large assortment of delicious cookies were served.

Dorothea Polser went with me to Indianola where we were guests at a salad luncheon at the First Baptist Church. A beautiful array of salads, all kinds of crackers and cheeses were served to two hundred ladies. We women at the head table were presented with lovely corsages made of silk flowers fashioned by Karon Terrell. I enjoy all the good food served to me when I go out to put on these programs, but I especially love the time after it is over when I can shake hands and visit with all our friends.

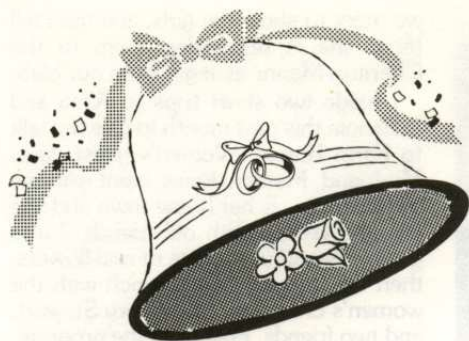
Kristin, Juliana and I all have class reunions coming up this summer. It will be the twentieth for the girls, and the fiftieth for me. This will be the first reunion Kristin has ever been able to attend, and she is really looking forward to it. I'm just sorry that both of our celebrations are going to be the same weekend, July 4th, because Kristin has attended several of my reunions and has enjoyed meeting and visiting with my old friends. Also, I am going to hate missing a chance to see some of her friends. Juliana plans to attend her reunion which will be held later the same month; I'm hoping Kristin will be able to stay long enough so that all the cousins can have another house party at the Andybear (our guest house).

With all the rain we have been having, our bottom ground is still too wet to plant. While it is drying out our renter, young Dean Krutsinger, gets a chance to do the planting on his own farm. Dean hasn't had as much rain on his place as we have had, although he lives only about three miles from here.

I hear the tractor coming now, so I'd better go and see if we have much fence to mend. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

**Take
Special Note of the
RENEWAL DATE
on the label of your
magazine. Renew in
advance. Only one
notice will be
sent.**



Have a Joyous Wedding Anniversary

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Anniversaries are such happy occasions for all involved if there is careful planning with everyone determined to think, "Happiness is a wedding anniversary."

Formal invitations may be sent, but in many areas it has become the custom to issue the invitation, including the hours of the open house and the place, through an announcement in the local paper and the church bulletin. Invitations can also be sent to the immediate family, close friends and those living out-of-town.

One of the most thoughtful gifts for a couple celebrating an anniversary is the gift of a Memory Book. It does take work and planning that begins months ahead with cooperation from all of the family members and close friends, but it is worth the effort and is a gift the couple will cherish dearly.

Six months (or even earlier) ahead of the anniversary date, letters are sent out to relatives and to friends the couple has known through the years. This letter tells of the upcoming anniversary and of the Memory Book that is to be assembled and asks that the recipient of the letter send a contribution to the book in the form of a reminiscing letter along with old clippings, photos or other mementos which they would like to share. Grandchildren too small to write a letter might make a crayon drawing or draw around their hand for a cherished contribution. Ask that all material be mailed directly to the person who is to compile the book and set a deadline when these contributions must be received. It might be wise to suggest that the letters be limited to what would fit on a sheet of typing paper.

Assign a certain number of pages to each son and daughter according to the number of children and grandchildren they have. For example: if a son and his wife have four children, and one of those children is married and has a child, then that whole family would have a least eight pages assigned to them.

In compiling the book, the first pages should include the wedding picture of the anniversary couple and clippings about their wedding, etc. Then should come pictures and clippings concerning the childhood days of their children. Next come the pages filled by their children and families. Contributions of the

couple's brothers and sisters and other close relatives follow the immediate family and, lastly, are those from friends.

Favors: 1. Make a small booklet (2½"x1½") using color desired for the cover and white for the inside pages. With ink, mark the anniversary number in large figures in the center of the front cover and sketch tiny wedding bells in one corner. Write the couple's name and wedding date and anniversary years on the inside pages. If you like, list the names of their children. 2. Use a small double-fold correspondence card. On front fasten a number sticker denoting the anniversary celebrated. Below the number, print the couple's name in gold. On the left side of the inside page fasten a wallet-size print of the wedding picture of the couple and on the other side a recent photograph of them. Below the photographs write the date of wedding and anniversary. 3. A very lovely card which became a keepsake souvenir for all who attended was one I have which had the words "Our 50th Anniversary" and date on the cover beside the wedding photo. On the bottom half of the front cover was a recent photo and this "Thank You" verse:

Friends and neighbors
And relatives so dear,
For all the joys you've wished us
And for your presence here.

Now when this day is over,
And our guests are on their way,
The memory of this joyous time
Will ever with us stay.

(Signed with couple's names)

On the inside of this folder was a family group picture of each of the couple's six children with their families.

Guests enjoy looking over a display table showing photos and mementos of the couple and their family through the years, as well as the wedding dress, wedding suit and other wedding memorabilia.

Program: It is nice to have a short program about halfway through the open house hours. One of the children can act as master or mistress of ceremonies. If the couple has some of their wedding attendants present, they should be introduced. If many of the guests are from out of town, or haven't seen the couple's children for a long time, the members of

the family might be introduced. If grandchildren sing, perhaps some of them might sing the songs used in the original wedding. Instrumental music would also be a welcome addition. The couple's minister could be asked to give a brief message or a benediction or a blessing.

Some couples like to include a renewing of their wedding vows on their anniversary. Friends of ours did this by inviting everyone to come to the sanctuary of the church as they came to the reception. A ceremony was held exactly like the original wedding, with children and grandchildren acting as the attendants. It was most impressive and what a wonderful service for all to remember.

Money Gifts can be made special if they are given in the form of leis with the paper money tied into a wide ribbon to form the flowers. A club or church group could organize this idea and, at some time during the program, place the leis around the necks of the bride and groom as "leis of love".

A dinner held for the immediate family is a great part of an anniversary celebration. This is especially nice if the family is widely scattered and has gathered for this occasion. If possible, hold the dinner the evening before the open house rather than to crowd too much into one day. This would be the time to present the Memory Book (if one has been compiled) and other gifts from the immediate family. A corsage and boutonniere should be given to the honorees during the dinner; these flowers can be kept in the refrigerator overnight and worn the next day for the open house.

For a lovely family ceremony, give each member of the family present a flower. Place a pretty vase on the table between the honorees. Then each member of the family, in turn, presents his or her flower to the couple with some personal remark, funny recollection, etc. the flower is then put in the vase. These flowers, too, may then be used next day at the reception.

Whatever you decide to do, have a JOYOUS anniversary.



ODE TO LOVE

Once the house I lived in was costly
With its trees so regal and tall,
Surrounded by tended gardens
Inside a formal stone wall.

Now I live in a little cottage
Where flowers in profusion grow
And the happy sounds of children
Echo wherever I go.

Yes, I lived in a stately mansion
And I lived there all alone,
But contentment lies in the cottage
With you who makes it a HOME.

—Kay Grayman Parker



FOR BRIDAL SHOWERS

Topiary Gift Ribbon Tree: Assemble three styrofoam balls on a dowel stick and anchor to a firm base. Wrap the dowel in the bride's colors and use curly ribbon to conceal the base. As the bride-to-be opens her gifts, have someone ready to pin the package bows to the styrofoam balls of the "tree". Lengths of the gift ribbons may be looped and pinned among the bows or wound around the dowel. This makes a pretty centerpiece to use later on the bride's gift display table.

Bridal Bouquet: To make each "flower", fold a washcloth in thirds, bringing two corners toward the center. Tie tightly at the bottom and thus form a sort of spiral-like rose. Make up as many roses as desired. Next, cut a circle out of light cardboard. Cover each side of the circle with a paper doily. Sew the washcloth roses to the circle to form a "bouquet". Add a few green paper leaves and loops of ribbons in the bride's colors.

Bridesmaid Bouquet: Make clothespin flowers by wiring a frill of fringed colored crepe paper around the head of a straight clothespin. Use artificial greenery or green cleansing tissue for leaves. Wire several of the clothespin flowers together and then tie a large looped bow around the "stems" of the bouquet. Tie on a small florist's card on which is printed this verse:

Now you're enjoying bridal showers,
And we'll help out with the brides-
maid's flowers.

But when the washday work begins
You'll be glad that these are pins.

Dishcloth Lingerie: Fold two dishcloths in half lengthwise. Tack the edges of each cloth together for half the length, to form the "legs" of the panties. Then sew the two together to form the "waist". Run narrow ribbon through the mesh openings at the waist and at the bottom of each leg. Gather and tie in a pretty bow. (I like to make these out of bright red dishcloths with white ribbon.) This verse can be used:

Dear to the heart of every bride
Is her wedding trousseau, they say.
We hope this pair of panties
Will brighten your lingerie.

Elopement Drama Game: This is a fine icebreaker for a large group. The group is divided into six sections and each section is given one of the parts in the drama—Father, Mother, etc. Tell each group the action which they are to do each time they hear their name mentioned as the story is read. This becomes more hilarious as the game progresses.

Groups & Actions: 1. Father—Goes "Harrump! Harrump!" and stamps feet angrily. 2. Mother—Fluttery, and helplessly wrings hands and says, "Oh dear, oh dear." 3. Mary, the heroine—Shy maiden who simpers and flutters eyelashes. 4. Casper, the villain—Says "Boo-boo" and uses hands as if to push away and fists as if to strike someone. 5. John, the hero—Swoon and go, "Ah-h-h-h." 6. Train—Go "Choo-choo" and swing arms and shuffle feet train-style.

Narration: MARY and JOHN are very much in love but FATHER has other plans for MARY. MOTHER agrees with FATHER in everything. When FATHER shows his anger and decides Mary shall wed the wealthy, detestable CASPER, MOTHER goes along with the decision. MARY and JOHN plan otherwise and resolve to elope on the evening TRAIN. MARY is to meet JOHN at their usual meeting place down near the TRAIN stop. FATHER becomes so angry when MARY refuses to wed CASPER, that he orders MARY to her room and tells MOTHER to keep watch over her door while he phones CASPER to come at once.

MOTHER watched the door but didn't

hear any sound except the TRAIN whistle. What MOTHER and FATHER didn't know was that little MARY had crawled out the window and run to meet JOHN at the TRAIN stop. As she got out of the window, MARY heard the TRAIN whistle and CASPER knocking at the front door.

FATHER let CASPER in and yelled for MOTHER to fetch MARY downstairs. When MOTHER found MARY gone from her room, she rushed downstairs to FATHER and CASPER. "MARY'S gone on the TRAIN with JOHN."

MOTHER faints. FATHER and CASPER dashed out the door and rushed to the station. Too late, too late. MARY and JOHN had safely gone away on the TRAIN, leaving FATHER and CASPER to console each other and to revive MOTHER. JOHN had won MARY.

—Mabel Nair Brown

AN OLD WELSH BLESSING

A house full of sunshine,
Two hearts full of cheer,
Love that grows deeper
Each day of the year.

A FOUNTAIN CAKE

"A fountain cake—it's not for me. I just don't think I can make one work."

Wait—before you make that statement, please remember they are not that difficult. A fountain can be rented with the dividers as well as the foundation for the cake, usually for a nominal fee. In my opinion, they are much easier to make, to decorate and put together than the ordinary wedding cakes.

Two big round layer pans and two smaller ones (for the top) are all that is required in the way of pans for the project. Bake the cakes from your favorite recipe or cake mix. Strips of terry cloth (cut about 1½ inches wide and moistened in cold water) put around the outside of the cake pan while it is baking will eliminate the high center problem.

A star tube, the leaf tube and the rose tube filled with decorator frosting are all that I used to decorate the fountain cake.

Put your cake in place on the base. Frost as smoothly as possible. (Some like to take hot water and knife to the cake and smooth the icing; I prefer using the frosting and making it as smooth as possible without the use of hot water.) Put the star tip on the cake decorator tube. Fill the tube with icing. With a swirling motion, make the border and some scrolls. Next, place four dowel pins in the cake. They should be cut the depth of your bottom layers. Place the plastic plate over the dowel pins and ice over the top of it. Then place the four columns and decorate between them. If you do

not feel you can make icing flowers, purchase some silk or plastic ones.

Now, you are ready for the top layer. It can be decorated with scrolls by using a swirling motion. Place bride and groom on top. Take the cake to the bride's table and set it up with the fountain in place. The water in the fountain can be colored with food coloring. Arrange some greenery around the base of the cake. Done! Who said you couldn't accomplish the task?

—Joan Hosman



The fountain cake pictured can be easily made and decorated by even an inexperienced cook. This was made by the author for her daughter's wedding; the bride was Lisa Hosman and the groom, Randy Witmer.



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

If I had to describe this spring in one word, the first word that would come to mind is *nurture*. The Palos have spent the last few months helping things grow.

It started with our lawn. The lawn was basically healthy but I did find some grubs when I was poking around one day. I quickly called the entomology department at Offutt Air Force Base where we live. We who live in base housing are fortunate. Whenever we have an insect infestation, we can get instant help. In this case, they told me to watch for the May beetle and call as soon as I saw any. But before five days had gone by, the men from entomology were back spreading something on the grass. The beetles were already out, they announced. And this was before Easter! They said it would be a bad year for insects, and you folks are probably finding that to be true.

The lawn looks fine now. I had trouble last year growing grass near the house, so this year I'm planting that area in flowers and herbs. I'm having less success with that than with the lawn, but tiny plants are coming up. Chris is becoming an expert at watering. When the weather's warm enough, he doesn't at all mind his reward of getting to run through the sprinkler.

We are not allowed to have vegetable gardens in our yards in base housing. However, every year the base has a lottery to allocate a certain number of free garden plots, and the Palos won one. So we have a 30'x30' plot for vegetables. We're trying raised-bed gardening. Both Vin and I have read magazine articles extolling the virtues of this method. Whether we are doing it right, and whether it's appropriate to Nebraska, I'll be able to tell you better at harvest time.

I dug the first bed and planted the peas. That evening, Vin wanted to go inspect my work. As we approached the plot, I had just come to the conclusion that my raised bed did resemble a fresh grave, when Vin said, "Okay, Mary Lea, who's buried there?" The jokes went on until his final quip, "May he rest in peas." But we persevered and the vegetables, too, are growing.

Another thing we are *nurturing* this spring is our marriage. At the beginning of April, Vin and I attended a Marriage Encounter Weekend at the nearby headquarters of the Columban Fathers in Bellevue. We felt that although we were both committed to our marriage (we had renewed our vows a year ago), we hoped to find ways to increase our ability to communicate with each other. And we did. We found in the course of the weekend that we had a wealth of shared

experiences and values, that when asked independently what was important to us as individuals we often came up with the same answer. We also learned to listen more to each other's feelings instead of reacting immediately; we learned that you can say things that might be painful in such a way that neither partner feels threatened or unloved. All in all, we decided that we have a good marriage. Yet, Marriage Encounter is a challenge, and I'm enjoying rising to that challenge by caring for and appreciating Vin in new ways instead of falling back into lazy taking-him-for-granted patterns of behavior.

As a family, we are *nurturing* a love of the woods. I know I've mentioned Fontenelle Forest to you before. It is a private forest preserve here in Bellevue. Membership provides free access to the miles of hiking trails and reduced fees for lectures, camp outs and other programs. We just returned from a two-night family camp out that took place in perfect weather. Ten families participated. We cooked our food over a common fire, shared marshmallows and fellowship. We found ourselves hiking on new trails at different hours than we had been in the forest before, helped by one of the Fontenelle naturalists to find and appreciate the plants and animals indicative of the season.

Our kids are good campers. Their favorite experience of the weekend was a hike on a marsh trail where we watched carp spawning and feeding, frogs leaping, a garter snake sunning, etc. We were all amazed at what one beaver family had done to a stream and the surrounding trees. And the birds! I am no bird watcher as my father is, but I know I've never seen so many kinds or heard such lovely songs anywhere else.

Finally, the Palo family is *nurturing* new life. We are expecting a baby in September. Chris wants "a built-in buddy" and Isabel wants a sister so she can get the bunk beds back. We also have a brand-new niece. Valerie Marie was born April 25 to Vin's sister, Carol. Carol and her husband, Michael Tomkowicz, have a two-year-old son, Gabriel, and live in a beautiful home in Vermont. (How we miss seeing them.)

The next time I write I should be able to give you a full report of the visit we are planning for later this month with my brother, David, and his wife, Sophie. In the meantime, I hope you all reap the rewards of a fruitful summer.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea Palo

LITTLE VERSE

Learn how to cope;
no need for sorrow.
Keep up your hope;
there's always tomorrow.

WHERE THE OLD MILL IS

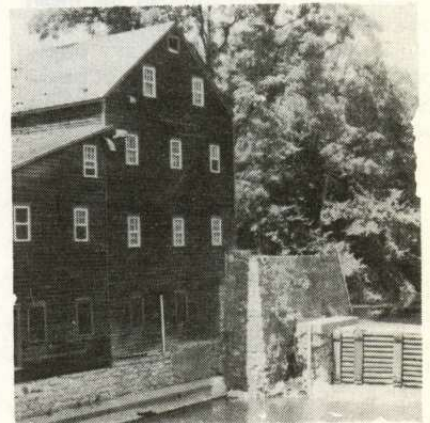
Wildcat Den. The name brings to mind wildcats stalking through brush and rock crannies on their nocturnal ramblings. An eerie thought! Yet the visitor to Wildcat Den State Park, located twelve miles northwest of Muscatine, Iowa, may come unafraid since no wildcats have been seen for many years. However, the cats' lairs, caves and crannies are still in evidence.

The state park is intriguing for its historical, as well as scenic, significance. In 1839, the Iowa Territorial Legislature authorized Benjamin Nye, one of the first settlers in Muscatine County, to build a dam across Pine Creek for the development of water power and for the building of mills. Today, Pine Creek still flows through the park and one of the original mills, built in 1850 and restored in 1932, still stands.

The first post office in Muscatine County was also located in the area. Mail was then addressed to "Iowa Post Office, Black Hawk Purchase, Wisconsin Territory". Just outside the park's boundary is Nye Cemetery where the grave of the county's first settler (born 1796; died 1852) is located.

Wildcat Den State Park offers trails for the hiker, a campground for the camper, and beautiful scenery for the naturalist. Over two miles of trails lead to fascinating rock formations as Steamboat Rock, Devil's Punch Bowl, Fat Man's Squeeze, and Horseshoe Bend. Among the heavily timbered terrain are dells where century-old pine trees lift their branches skyward and where trees and shrubs grow out of sandstone bluffs. Wildflowers abound in the park: juniper moss, moccasin flower, trillium, wild aster, and others. About twenty-five kinds of ferns, including many not found elsewhere in Iowa, have been identified in the cool, moist dells.

A day at Wildcat Den State Park is well spent since the park and surrounding area offer history, scenic beauty, and Mississippi River lore. —Joe Taylor



The Nye Mill still stands beside Pine Creek just as it did over 100 years ago.

PAUL IS HEARD FROM THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

Here's another letter hot off the pen of one of the younger Driftmiers. I am now another year older than the last time I wrote. I make that announcement with mixed emotions. Oh well, such is life. I feel older and also feel more experienced. Besides, the premiums on my insurance are one year closer to relieving me from their iron-tight grip.

I've been nibbling away at a few projects lately that constitute the highlights of my life outside of work at Peck Meat-packing.

The engine in my older car, the Firebird, has seen better days. Considering the small (by today's standards) amount of cash I had to lay out for the car and the two years of good hard service it has given, I should not be surprised that it started making strange noises awhile back. Being a miser, I decided to rebuild that old motor and make it run like new again. After all, how difficult can it be? All one needs do is read instructions out of a book, take the engine apart, and put it back together again. If confusion develops, simply get a friend who grew up with a wrench in his hand and everything will work out fine. Right?

I should have known better! Nothing is simple nor are friends always reliable. This story hardly needs finishing, does it? In the interest of accuracy and so everyone will be able to sleep tonight, here are the gory details. The poor car is sitting in the driveway with a half-disassembled motor waiting for its owner to get either the time or the energy (or both) to complete the work. Our garage is storing the parts from the half that has been taken apart; the owner is confused.

Soon the car must be finished, but in the meantime, I'm having to drive the Corvette every day. Each mile which is put on that car is painful. Corvettes should live nice, safe, docile lives in peoples' garages where they climb in value by the hour. All the driving I've been doing in it is starting to show. Today that car let me know that it's time to tune it up. The motor started to chug a bit at stop signs and it took a little more gas to get up the hills than yesterday. So, I know what must be done next, and you can bet I'll leave the do-it-yourself book on the shelf.

This past weekend, my father and I had a little outing in the back yard. We played the raking game. In this game, most of the participants are trees. It's *them* against *us*. Most of you probably think this game is played in the fall. Don't be mistaken, this is just a ploy by the trees to make us weary of raking in August and September. Then, just as snow begins to drift down, the trees drop tons of leaves, knowing they will sit till



Paul Driftmier (on the right) much enjoys his guitar. Joining him in the music making is a friend who is playing the recorder.

spring uncovers them, soggy and molding. The game isn't over yet, the wily trees have saved just enough leaves to drop dry ones on top of wet ones, fooling us into thinking that they are all nice and dry and hence easy to rake. All I need to say is this—"Plant Pine Trees!"

I've just finished reading a very enlightening book called *Live For Success*, by John Malloy. I won't go into any long dissertation other than to say that it was very enjoyable reading and it opened my eyes to a number of social and personal rules for successful living. I highly recommend it to any of the *Kitchen-Klatter* readers for whatever reason.

I'll close now, wishing all of you a safe and pleasant summer with the hope that each of you had a delightful spring.

Sincerely,
Paul Driftmier

HOME IS MADE OF LITTLE THINGS

Home is made of little things,
Of faith, love and tenderness,
A mother's song, a father's prayer,
Smiles that cheer, words that bless.

Home will have some laughter, too.
And changes every minute,
With kids and dogs and mischief
All mixed up in it!

Sometimes sorrow comes along,
Sometimes despair and tears—
Joys tempered with pain to strengthen
the heart
With the passing of the years.

Home is made of little things,
Each one a precious part
Of life, for 'tis the little things of home
That warm and bless the heart.

—Mabel Nair Brown

COVER PICTURE

The three people on our cover this month are Mrs. Steve Crouse, Dr. Steve Crouse, and Mrs. Jed Lowey. They represent what could only be called: "Enduring Friendship".

Twenty years ago this September, Chris Crouse of Roswell, New Mexico, and Juliana Verness of Shenandoah, Iowa, met each other for the first time when they were assigned to be roommates in Hokonah Hall, a dormitory on the campus of the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. They roomed together for two years right there in the dormitory and then moved (still together) to an apartment. This arrangement lasted for three years at which time Chris became Mrs. Steve Crouse and Juliana became Mrs. Jed Lowey.

Today Steve is a busy neurologist in El Paso, Texas, and is the father of two sons, Keith and Kenneth.

The only person missing from this picture is Jed Lowey—he was behind the camera. He is a busy engineer in Albuquerque and is the father of two children, James and Katharine. (Incidentally, he and Steve were good friends before Chris and Juliana ever appeared on the scene.)

Both families see each other frequently during the year; in view of the fact that many roommates manage to survive through only one school year sharing the same living quarters, it *does* seem that the friendship between these four people can only be called ENDURING.

—Lucile

Keep your sense of humor so that you can tolerate yourself.

Keep your imagination so that you can tolerate others.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

This is a bonus day for those of us at the Academy. For the Delafield Driftmiers, it is a genuine gift day of rest and relaxation. The strange phenomenon of a day off from school is the effect that it has upon the remaining days of the week. It is similar to changing the clock from standard time to daylight-saving time—the mind and body don't catch up with the missing day for almost a week.

Paul crept around the house in his usual fashion this morning getting himself off to work at half-past three. He is so quiet that I never awaken, but there are three hungry little beasties who do hear him and who join him at the breakfast table for their expected nibble from his plate. There is usually dry food in their cat dish, but by the time I get up they are impatiently waiting for their big morning meal.

This summer promises to be one of either a constant battle at the doors to keep one boy kitty inside or we shall have to figure a way to allow him to go out on a leash for a run of some kind. One of these two brothers shows absolutely no interest in getting outside, but the other one paces from window to window poking a claw into any cranny which might, with effort, expand into an opening wide enough to permit his broad cheekbones to pass.

Since I wrote to you last, Adrienne has been in and out of town for a job interview for a summer internship in her college major, industrial engineering. You will remember she has been reading up on how to set up an interview to assist in the success of a person's occupational dreams. Her major source of advice was John Malloy's books, excellent guides for a nervous, inexperienced job seeker. Now, I must tell you the almost final chapter to the saga surrounding her experience.

I received a frantic phone call from Adrienne one evening. Her planned wardrobe for an interview was centered around a very severe cut grey wool suit. The weatherman had pitched her a curve because we were being treated to an unusually warm spring. The temperature was bordering on the eighties and this suit could be especially hot since Adrienne was seeking foundry work. She could not afford to invest in another suit, but her problem certainly was immediate. I told her to go ahead and find the best bargain she could in the three days in which the choice had to be accomplished.

She was taking the commuter train



Adrienne (left) and Mary Beth Driftmier pose in front of an antebellum home in Mobile, Alabama. They toured several of these homes during their recent trip to the South.

from Evanston to Milwaukee on a Friday with the interview set for ten o'clock in the morning. One of the company employees met her train and I could just picture her in a new grey linen suit, maroon tie-type blouse, maroon and grey medium-height heels, and maroon attache case. I was certain she would have wound her hair tightly on curlers some thirty hours before and combed it into a neat mass of curls secured close to the nape of her neck. Tiny gold earrings would be her only jewelry, nothing too flashy. All of these images floated through my head as I headed downtown to bring her home after she phoned me midafternoon to report that her interview was over. She gave no hint on the phone about whether she had been offered a job or not.

I had a little trouble locating the plant where Adrienne was to be. In fact, I had driven around several blocks in the area for fifteen minutes trying to figure out which of the multistoried buildings was the foundry office. Finally, on one last swing around six or eight city blocks, I saw a body run out from the opposite side of the street where I was driving; for one split second I caught the blur of a woman about Adrienne's height and hair color. But I drove on intent on looking for numbers on doors which might be office entrances. In my rear view mirror, I noted that the blur was waving an arm to get my attention. Incredibly, after three years at Northwestern University, four books on "How To", and several hundred dollars on the correct clothes, there stood my daughter, the industrial engineer (almost) in maroon tie-type shirt, blue jeans, and penny loafers! The tiny gold earrings were in place, and the hair secured and snug, but without the business-like grey suit and beautiful grey and maroon shoes. I was so stunned that I almost stopped the car on a dime. I was absolutely speechless and Adrienne could tell immediately that I was at a loss to understand this quirk of events.

After putting her overnight suitcase in the trunk (no maroon attache case), Adrienne climbed into the car and began to explain her appearance. She had arrived on the train dressed in the proper manner. She was driven to the company headquarters where she was interviewed for about thirty minutes, then they offered her a tour of the plant. This presented an enormous problem; how could she go out where steel was being poured while dressed in a pearl grey suit, nylons and proper grey and maroon shoes?

The man who was interviewing her was equally at a loss to solve the problem of how to take this properly dressed business woman out into foundry surroundings. Fortunately, Adrienne had included a pair of jeans and penny loafers in her suitcase to wear at home for the balance of the weekend, so she suggested she might change. After donning her everyday clothes, she was given a hard hat to cover the carefully controlled curls, and large safety goggles which must have hidden at least an hour's worth of art work with the pot of eye shadow and mascara.

By the time Adrienne had completed the story of her metamorphosis from a John Malloy picture of perfection to the practical, sensible foundry man's safety garments, I was laughing so hard I had to pull the car over to the side of the road to avoid an accident.

She was sitting beside me in the car, tossing off this hilarious chapter of her "Life After College", and I thought she looked a little as though there were feathers beginning to curl around the corners of her mouth—you know that look of someone who has just eaten a canary. I hesitated to inquire too closely into her business (one learns to judge how far one may question after three children), but I had, after all, driven forty miles to pick her up and I was agonizing over the question of *did she or didn't she* get a job offer. It appeared she was not going to voluntarily tell me, so I straight out asked! With a smile that spoke volumes, she nodded in the affirmative.

Adrienne begins work the day following her last exam in June. Her standard apparel, then, will be foundry-type work clothes and cotton blouses which will protect her from flying bits of molten metal. This is going to be an exciting summer for her and one entirely different from those spent as a waitress, resort hostess and swimming teacher. It will be even more unusual because she will work a forty-hour week as opposed to the seventy-five hours of last summer and she will be earning more than minimum wage.

It looks like an interesting summer for all of us. Until next month,

Mary Beth

IS YOUR HUSBAND A SLOPPY JOE?

by
Evelyn Witter

At some time or other most farmers are guilty of dashing into town without cleaning up first. My husband, Bill, and teen-age son, Jim, have been guiltiest of the guilty in this matter of not making themselves presentable when they leave the farm.

How many times I have thought: "Bill looks awful without a shave. I wish Jim had changed those greasy overalls. That barn smell is so . . . ah, potent!"

Then I remembered Mom used to say, "The best way to get a point across to menfolks or children is by setting an example." I tried her philosophy. Before I went to town, I always took special pains to see that I looked as neat and clean as I possibly could, but nothing happened. Bill and Jim continued to look like cave dwellers (or worse) when they went to town unless they were going to some special event.

"Please change clothes," I'd entreat. "There are plenty of clean ones. What will people think of me? They surely will think I am shiftless to have such rowdy-looking menfolks."

"Oh, Ma!" they'd laugh. "We're just going in for some new plugs—we're not going to the Ladies' Aid Tea. Anyway, we'll be right back." And away they'd go, from barn to town, looking as if soap and water were at a premium on our place.

Then, one day, when I was knee-deep in canning fruit and had just done a washing, Bill and Jim came into the kitchen with the grocery list I had given them.

Jim said: "You'd better come to town with us, Ma, we can't do all this shopping the way you want it. We'll be in town for quite a while before we get all our errands done. You could shop while we tend to these other things."

"It would save us a lot of time," Bill urged.

"All right," I agreed, wiping my grimy hands on my faded blue slacks.

"You get ready. We'll get the car out in about twenty minutes."

I was just about to run my bath water when a thought struck me—they were going to town without cleaning up. It was going to be embarrassing for me to be seen with them in their bedraggled state, but they wouldn't be embarrassed by my appearance if I cleaned up.

So I ran my fingers through my hair to make it stand up at odd angles, hitched up my spatter-spotted slacks, slipped into my coming-loose-at-the-seams bedroom slippers, grabbed my purse and went to the car. Such looks as I got when I opened the car door!

"Ma!" Jim exclaimed. "You're not

(Continued on page 16)



Mike Walstad displays a classic example of sideburns in this photograph with his six-month-old daughter, Lily. Lily, Mike and Alison (Driftmier) Walstad live in New Mexico.

MAN AND HIS BEARD

by
Virginia Thomas

In these days of equal rights, a man's beard has been called his last bastion in the battle of the sexes. Down through the years, the male beard has reflected style change and fashion just as has milady's gown and hair style. And just as her styles have been in and out of fashion and her hemline has gone up and down, so it has been with men's beards—varying from a full beard or a dapper mustache to the cleanshaven look.

When I was growing up, most men were cleanshaven and I associated beards only with Bible times from pictures I'd seen on my Sunday school cards.

It was Alexander the Great who introduced shaving in Greece. Can you guess why? Well, it seems that he gave the order that all Greek soldiers must shave so that their enemies couldn't grab and hold them by their beards during a battle. Shaving was done prior to this era in history, however, for razors have been found among the relics of the Bronze Age.

As we think of our founding fathers here in America, we can see from their pictures that whisker fashions changed through the years. Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison were all beardless; Lincoln, Grant, Hayes and Garfield were distinguished by their beards. The early pioneers could have been partial to beards due to lack of easy access to hot water and shaving equipment—it was easier to just let the beards grow in those far-off places in the wilderness and the plains!

Early barbers were also often

surgeons and dentists. In our pioneer days it was quite common to go to the barber to have a tooth pulled.

Through the centuries, men have been intrigued with the beard and in trying many styles. We are familiar with the Vandyke beard. This was the style of pointed beard which the artist, Sir Anthony Van Dyck created on the men in his paintings, and thus the style was given his name. Sideburns came about when the Union general, Burnside, became a nationally known figure. He shaved his chin but allowed the whiskers on the side of his face to grow. At first, popularly called "burnsides", this style later came to be called sideburns. Other styles in beards include: goatee, which resembles the small pointed beard on a goat; Franz Josef with the front of the chin shaven leaving long side whiskers and a lush handlebar mustache; the neck warmer which style has the front of the face cleanshaven with a fringe beard going from ear to ear; and the French la mouche, designed as a full, sharply trimmed mustache with a small, shaped beard just on the tip of the chin.

FOR THE "BIB BRIGADE"

If there is a baby in the family that needs a bib at mealtimes, try this easy version. It does not have any ties or snaps with which to fumble while trying to put it on a wiggly youngster.

Take a hand towel (or use a larger towel cut in half and make two bibs), somewhat near one end, cut a hole in the center crosswise about eight inches across. Bind the edge of the opening with some soft, bias-cut material. Thread narrow elastic through the resulting casing; fasten the ends. If the hole is plenty large, just shorten the elastic a bit. This bib pulls down over baby's head in a flash, can be washed with other towels, and looks neat. Other material could be used, but terry toweling is most practical. For a gift, such a bib could have a design applied on the longer end, or sew bias tape in strips across for trim. Mother will thank you, and maybe grandmother could have a couple at her house to use during drop-in visits.

—Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner

LISTENING

I take a little walk each day

Following a path along

Until I find the brook

Singing its song.

I hear the sound of waters

Rippling over stones,

Making a merry tune

As if it owns

The fields and forest 'round about,

Even the blue sky above.

Here I sit carefree, listening

To all the sounds I love.

—Verna Sparks

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

What I have learned about sea gulls recently is something that Betty could not tell you calmly, but something that I must tell as a confession. Betty has a right to be upset about the matter, but, as always, she is being very forgiving.

Normally, my pet gulls, Herman and Hermanette, are given a peanut butter sandwich when they fly in for their nine o'clock breakfast. One day last week I decided to give them a treat, some steamed mussels—a delicacy of which they are ravenously fond. I put the mussels into one of Betty's favorite serving dishes (so stupid of me), and then I sat back to watch the gulls have a delightful breakfast. Not only did they eat the mussels but they also ate part of the serving dish.

Now that the deed is done, I am trying to understand why I used that lovely dish instead of aluminum foil or a tin pie pan or just throw the mussels out onto the lawn. One thing I do understand now is to never again feed sea gulls or any other wild creature out of Betty's lovely dishes. I learned my lesson!

Herman and Hermanette are beautiful birds, and their sense of time is really remarkable. For several days, they arrived for breakfast at *exactly* twelve minutes past nine. They would be arriving at that exact time even now if my neighbors had not upset their eating schedule. One morning, while the two gulls were flying by on their usual patrol, passing over the house a few minutes before they knew I would go out to feed them, my neighbor threw a piece of bread out of her window. She meant the bread to be food for just any bird passing by, but when Herman and Hermanette saw it, they got the idea that they did not have to wait to be fed until twelve minutes past nine. Now the gulls come by at any time around nine o'clock.

Evangeline and Robert are my favorite wild mallard ducks. In the winter-time, when their little feet are cold, they like to sit on the toes of my boots while they eat. At this time of the year, they just come in close. Well, the other day, Evangeline and Robert kept running over to a particular spot on the bank of the cove. I followed them and found two geese sitting on a nest filled with fourteen lovely goose eggs. Two days later, I discovered that all of the eggs had been stolen. Who did it? Or what did it? There was not one bit of evidence left around the nest. One of the eggs was found down in back of our house, a good six



Betty and Frederick Driftmier will celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary this month.

hundred feet from the nest. How did that egg get there? It was buried down under some leaves and brush, buried in a way that no self-respecting goose would use.

All the farmers around here have been volunteering their opinions on the matter. One neighbor thinks that raccoons stole the eggs. "I'll tell you how they did it," he said. "One raccoon takes an egg in his paws, lies over on his back, and then another raccoon drags him along by the tail." Can you believe that? I don't.

Several days after the eggs were stolen, I found one of them lying on the mud flat at low tide. That would seem to suggest that whoever or whatever stole the eggs did it from the water and not from land. It really is a mystery.

Several of our friends out in the Middle West have written and asked us what we think of the so-called "bottle bill" here in Connecticut. Our state passed a bill requiring a deposit on beverage bottles and cans that went into effect about a year ago. It has done wonders to clean up the litter over the state, but, like most laws, it is not perfect. We live right on the border of Rhode Island, and since Rhode Island does not have a "bottle bill", we still get some litter—not as much, but some. Our neighborhood merchants complain because it is so easy for people to cross the state border to get their drinks without paying a deposit. In other words, if one state has a law to combat litter, then all states need to have such a law to make it most effective. At least the litter problem is being attacked at a vital point by those states which do have such a law.

One more thing ought to be said here. No law is of any consequence unless it is enforced. In many areas, laws against dumping garbage and trash along the roadside are not well enforced. All the litter laws now on the books need to be enforced, then, possibly, no state would need a "bottle bill".

Our house sits on a stone ledge on the banks of the Pawcatuck River. Any earth we have on top of the rock ledge was brought in by truck when the house was built in 1974. So far, it has been next to

impossible to have a lovely flower garden. Oh, I did have some flowers, but not nearly as many as I would like. Last year's flowers were all planted with a wrecking bar. That's right—we actually had to chip holes out of the rock, put a cup of soil into each hole and then stick in the plant.

A few days ago, I bought several cubic yards of topsoil. What a job it was getting all of that soil moved from where the truck dumped it at the bottom of our steep driveway to the several small plots where I intend to grow flowers. It was all I could do to lift two large buckets, filled to the brim with the soil, and yet I carried 128 of those buckets up that steep incline. It just about did me in before the job was done.

A wheelbarrow was used to get the soil to the back yard; how hard I had to work to get a full wheelbarrow up our steep driveway. I kept thinking of the Egyptian peasants I used to watch working in the fields and on the docks—then I thought of the laborers all over the world who do this kind of hard work all the time, day after day. If I had to work like that every day, it would surely put me into the grave!

When I finish writing this letter to you, I am going to stay right here at my typewriter and start preparing a sermon that I am to preach in a local church next Sunday. For our personal devotions, Betty and I have been reading the Epistle to the Ephesians, and once again I have been inspired by the thought of how much the happiness of life depends on God's grace. It isn't our religious devotion which saves us from despair, and it isn't our knowledge or any amount of education which saves us from failure and unhappiness. We really are saved by God's grace.

Through all of the years of my ministry, I observed that the one most important force working toward the good of human character is the force of gratitude, the feeling of thanks, of gratefulness that people have for the way God's grace has touched their lives. In other words, I really believe that human goodness is more affected by a sense of indebtedness to God, to life, to love, than by any other influence or force. Certainly this was true of Jesus. It was his gratitude to God which brought him through the trials of his life.

What I want to do is to write a sermon which expresses this basic fact of life and, with God's grace, I know I can do it. I just wish you could be present when I preach it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

If you cannot alter the hardships in your life, change your attitudes toward them.

AN ENJOYABLE VISIT

by Evelyn Birkby

The sky was overcast as Robert and I drove the car out of the garage and down the lane. It was a Friday morning and we were heading east across Iowa to visit our youngest son, Craig, in Iowa City.

A year ago we had enjoyed the pleasure of spending Easter weekend with Craig and had promised ourselves that sometime during this third year of his medical school training, we would try to go again. Craig suggested a time when several special events were being held at the University which he thought we would enjoy.

The noon hour found us at Malcom, a few miles east of Grinnell. Robert wanted to visit the ASCS office there, for the new County Executive Director had been a trainee in his Fremont County office before she was hired for the position in Poweshiek County.

Not only did we enjoy our visit to the office, but the city park at Malcom was so attractive we decided to eat our sack lunch there. Tulips and shrubs were flowering, the grass was green and smooth and the area was surrounded by interesting appearing, neat homes. It was a colorful, peaceful setting for our noon meal.

From Malcom, the drive on to Iowa City did not seem long. Craig had told us where to find his apartment key, so we let ourselves in and then unloaded the car. By the time Craig arrived home from the hospital, I had heated up the creamed turkey brought from home and had biscuits ready to go into the oven.

After eating and visiting, Craig took us to a performance by the University of Iowa Scottish Highlanders. The bagpipe players, drummers and dancers were augmented by a Scottish fiddler and a few special instruments, including a Celtic Electronic Bagpipe, played by the group's director.

Since my father's family originated in Scotland, I was deeply interested in the music, the costumes, dances and songs, making it a really fun evening. During intermission, I told Craig about William Corrie and his son, Thomas, who came from Scotland to bring our branch of the family to this country. (I have been writing to relatives trying to find out more about this branch of our family tree.)

It was raining when we headed back to Craig's apartment for hot tea and more talk. Later, as we drifted off to sleep, we could hear the rain continuing and hoped that the dry fields around Sidney were also getting moisture.

On Saturday, Craig took us on a tour of the University Hospitals. We walked through the large entrance area and rode the elevator to the surgical floor where Craig just completed a six-week rotation. He had not expected to find that area of medicine so fascinating—but he did. The surgeons were unusually friendly, helpful, fantastic individuals. They showed Craig

many procedures, explained techniques, had him hold retractors, handle suction and do final suturing.

Craig stopped in one room for a few minutes to talk to a young man who had lost one leg and part of his hip as a result of a car accident. Craig had observed the surgery involved and had assisted in the young man's care afterwards. He was delighted to see how much improved the patient was.

After showing us the landing area for the life-saving helicopter, Craig took us back to street level and across to the psychiatric building where he is presently doing a six-week rotation. We could only go into the entry, but Craig explained the various wings and the work which is done in each. As has been true with the other disciplines, Craig is finding psychiatry different, challenging and interesting.

We ate our noon meal in the hospital cafeteria, then went to the new downtown mall—a very fine collection of shops next to some older, restored buildings.

Just a short walk north of the business district is the Old Capitol Building and it proved to be an exciting place to visit. It was built in the early 1840's and was the first permanent seat of Iowa's territorial and state governments. In 1857, the capital was moved to Des Moines, so the Old Capitol Building was given to the new University of Iowa and became its first building. The Old Capitol has had many uses through the years. Restoration began in 1970 and was completed in time for a July 3, 1976, opening, creating a true treasure from its restored governor's office and legislative chambers to the unusual self-supporting reverse spiral staircase. Our visit helped save the hurt I have carried over not being able to attend the restoration dedication on July 4, 1976. The State Bicentennial Commission, of which I was a member, had been invited to participate, but I could not get away at that time.

Late Saturday afternoon, a friend of Craig's, Connie Quee, arrived from Cedar Rapids to share in a home-cooked fresh catfish dinner. Then we all went off to Hancher Auditorium for a perform-

ance of the Old Gold Singers and the Percussion Ensemble. It was a delightful evening of singing and playing the type of music which is so much fun to hear. We particularly enjoyed the combination of several xylophones and marimbaphones presenting rags, semi-classical and jazz numbers, concluding (along with other members of the ensemble) with Gershwin's "American in Paris".

All through the evening the wind blew, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared and the rain continued to come down! Despite the elements, Craig took us all to the Sheep's Head Restaurant for carrot cake with cream cheese frosting and spiced tea.

On Sunday morning, the rain had slowed. Following a fine church service, Robert took us all out to the Iowa River Power Company Restaurant. It is really a remodeled power station located right beside the dam on the Iowa River. The view is beautiful. The brunch menu featured all kinds of egg dishes: quiches, omelets, egg benedict, etc., plus fat, hot cinnamon rolls. Also, each diner could go to the circular salad bar for an amazing variety of fresh and canned fruits. No one had room for dessert.

We took the two young people back to Craig's apartment, lamenting on how rapidly the time had gone, but happy to be together for awhile. As we drove away, the sky was still overcast.

We came home through Pella, reveling in the colorful display of tulips in which this Dutch community prides itself. On west we passed an area where a tornado had touched down the night before, stopped for a few minutes near Knoxville to enjoy the view from the dam and then came "kitty-cornered" the rest of the way across the state to arrive home safely some six hours after leaving Iowa City.

After a snack of toast and cocoa and much lamenting the lack of any moisture in our dry corner of the state, we phoned Craig to report our safe arrival. "It was great to be with you," we said just before hanging up, "It was a most enjoyable visit."



Craig and Robert Birkby are pictured in the lounge area of the Iowa River Power Restaurant as they waited for their table. Antiques, plants and the dam and river (seen through the windows) all give the eating establishment a unique atmosphere.

Recipes for June



FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE

- 1 baked pie shell, cooled
- Fresh strawberries
- 1/2 cup water
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- Whipped cream or topping

Prepare either a pastry or graham cracker crust to line pie pan. Fill with fresh strawberries. In saucepan, combine the water, sugar, cornstarch, flavoring and gelatin. Cook over medium heat until it comes to boiling. Reduce heat and continue cooking and stirring until gelatin is completely dissolved. Pour over strawberries. Chill well. Serve with whipped cream or topping. —Robin

QUICK TUNA SALAD

- 1 can tuna, drained
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 can chunk pineapple, drained
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Combine all ingredients with enough Country Style dressing to moisten. Serve on lettuce leaves with crackers for an excellent luncheon dish. Cashew nuts are elegant with the tuna, but other nuts, including peanuts, are equally good.

—Evelyn

GRILLED STUFFED HAMBURGERS

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. evaporated milk
 - 4 large fresh mushrooms, sliced
 - 1 tsp. margarine
 - A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 to 2 Tbls. evaporated milk
 - Dash of salt and pepper
 - 3 Tbls. grated Swiss cheese
- Combine the beef, 3/4 tsp. salt and 1 1/2 Tbls. evaporated milk. Shape into 8 thin patties. Sauté the fresh mushrooms in the margarine and butter flavoring. Add the evaporated milk, dash of salt and pepper and Swiss cheese. Cook until cheese is just melted. Put about a tablespoonful of filling on four of the beef patties. Cover with remaining patties and press edges together to seal. Cook to desired doneness on grill. —Juliana

SALAD IN A BOAT Boat

- 2/3 cup water
- 5 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup flour
- 3 eggs

In a 2-quart pan, combine the water, butter and salt. Quickly bring to boiling. Boil until butter is completely melted. Remove from heat and add flour all at once. Beat well with wire whisk. Beat in eggs one at a time until smooth and glossy. Spoon into greased 9-inch spring-form pan. Spread dough evenly over bottom and up sides. Bake at 400 degrees for 40 minutes until puffy and brown. Remove pan from oven and turn off heat. Prick puffs 10 or 12 times. Return to oven (now turned off) for about 10 minutes to dry out. Cool crust and remove from pan onto serving plate.

Following are two fillings which can be used to fill the "boat".

Chicken Salad Filling

- 3 cups diced cooked chicken
- 1 8-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced green onions
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. lime juice
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 2 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Shredded lettuce (about 2 cups)
- 1/4 lb. fresh or frozen snow peas, cooked until tender-crisp and drained

Combine chicken, water chestnuts, onions and eggs. In small bowl, combine the sour cream, lime juice, sugar, curry powder and ginger. Blend well and pour over the combined chicken mixture. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Refrigerate. Just before serving, line boat with shredded lettuce. Spread the chicken salad mixture over lettuce. Arrange snow peas around edge.

Egg-Spinach Filling

- 12 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped
- 3 thinly sliced green onions
- 1 cup thinly sliced celery
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. Dijon mustard
- 1 tsp. mustard seed
- 1/4 tsp. ground cumin
- Salt and pepper
- Shredded fresh spinach (about 2 cups)

Combine eggs, onions and celery. In a small bowl, combine the mayonnaise, mustard, mustard seed and cumin. Gently mix with the egg mixture. Salt and pepper to taste. Refrigerate. Just before serving, line boat with the shredded spinach and spoon on egg filling. —Robin

PENNSYLVANIA CHERRY BARS

- 3/4 cup margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 - 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 - 1 3/4 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1 1/2 cups rolled oats
 - 1 21-oz. can cherry pie filling
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- Cream margarine, butter and burnt sugar flavorings and brown sugar. Add flour, salt, soda and rolled oats. Mix until crumbly. Press half the mixture into a 9-by-13-inch baking pan. Combine the pie filling and cherry flavoring and spread over the crust. Sprinkle with the remaining crumb mixture. Bake at 400 degrees for 25 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Lucile

BROCCOLI WITH HORSERADISH CREAM

- 1/2 tsp. prepared horseradish
 - 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 3/4 cup dairy sour cream
 - 2 lbs. fresh or frozen broccoli, cooked and drained
- Blend horseradish, mustard, salt and sour cream in a small saucepan. Heat just until hot. Pour over the hot, cooked broccoli. Serves 6. —Verlene

BEAN SANDWICHES

- 4 slices fresh white bread
 - 1 1-lb. can pork & beans
 - 4 slices Velveeta cheese
 - 8 slices bacon, partially fried
- Lay the bread slices on ungreased cookie sheet. Spread the beans on top of bread then top with a slice of cheese and two slices of bacon. Bake at 350 degrees until hot through (about 15 minutes). —Verlene

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

- 1 lb. Crisco
 - 2 lbs. powdered sugar
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 2/3 cup ice water
 - Liquid food coloring as desired
- Cream Crisco in a large bowl. Gradually beat in powdered sugar and flavoring alternately with ice water. Scrape sides of bowl as mixture is being beaten. You cannot overbeat this frosting—keep beating until a light, fluffy texture with no lumps. Add liquid coloring as desired. (Other flavorings can be used as well.) Use to frost cakes, cookies, etc.
- This frosting keeps well, covered. Does not have to be refrigerated. Do not substitute a different shortening for this particular recipe unless absolutely necessary. (Or try it and use your own judgment.) A popular recipe for wedding cakes. —Evelyn

BING CHERRY JAM OR TOPPING

- 4 cups ripe Bing cherries
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. fresh lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Wash, pit and measure cherries. Combine with remaining ingredients in large, deep pan. Bring to boiling over medium heat, stirring constantly. Turn heat to high and cook rapidly, stirring frequently, for 15 minutes or until the liquid looks slightly thickened. (Can use candy thermometer and heat until temperature registers between soft-ball and jelly.) This thickens as it cools. Makes 3 half-pint jars. Excellent as a cheesecake topping, used as a jam on hot breads, on ice cream, etc.

Will keep for several weeks in refrigerator. For longer storage, freeze.

—Betty Jane

FRESH CAULIFLOWER & BACON SALAD

- 1 small head lettuce (Romaine lettuce preferred)
- 1/2 lb. fresh spinach
- 1 head fresh cauliflower
- 1/4 lb. bacon, fried and crumbled
- 4 green onions, finely chopped
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Mayonnaise

Tear lettuce and spinach leaves into large, deep bowl. Break cauliflower into small flowerets and add to bowl. Add the bacon, onion and sugar and toss. Spread a thin layer of mayonnaise over top, sealing edges. Cover and refrigerate overnight or longer.

—Robin

FLORENCE'S SPINACH SALAD

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1 lb. crisp fresh spinach leaves, chopped
- 1 chopped hard-cooked egg
- Crisp bacon bits

Boil sugar and water together for five minutes. Cool to lukewarm, pour into glass jar and add spices, onion, salad oil and dressing. Mix well. Wash and devein spinach leaves. Place in salad bowl with chopped egg and bacon bits. Just before time to serve, pour dressing over mixture, but do not toss. Serve immediately.

This dressing will keep, refrigerated, for some time. It will need to be stirred each time it is used. Florence says she sometimes has seen this salad served with rinsed and drained bean sprouts for an Oriental touch. It would be as good with Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing as it is with French.

—Evelyn

PEACH PIE FILLING SALAD

- 1 21-oz. can peach pie filling
- 1 11-oz. can Mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 1-lb. can chunky pineapple, drained
- 1 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 2 medium bananas, diced

Combine the pie filling, oranges, pineapple and marshmallows. Chill. Just before serving, add the sliced bananas.

—Donna Nenneman

DUBUQUE PORK CHOPS

(An outdoor grill recipe)

- 6 smoked loin or rib pork chops, cut 1" thick
- Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1 Tbls. dark corn syrup
- 1 tsp. brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 medium onion, chopped fine
- 1 3-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained
- 6 canned apricot halves
- 1 tsp. water
- Dot of butter

Brush chops with the French dressing and allow to stand for a few minutes. Combine curry powder, syrup, brown sugar and flavorings in small bowl. Stir to make a smooth paste. Brush chops with mixture. Place chops on outdoor grill 5 to 7 inches above heat. Broil 15 minutes, turn chops and apply more of the curry powder mixture on cooked side. Turn chops every few minutes, applying more of the curry powder mixture every time chops are turned. Chops should cook for a total of about 45 minutes. In small pan, melt the tablespoon of butter. Add onion and mushrooms and saute until tender. (Pan may be placed on the grill.) Place apricots in another pan, round side up. Add the tsp. of water and dot of butter. Heat.

When chops are done, remove from grill unto platter. Garnish each chop with an apricot half, turned round side up. Encircle chops with the sauteed onions and mushrooms. We served the chops with cooked rice.

May be cooked in the oven broiler, if desired.

—Betty Jane

EASY CUCUMBER SALAD

- 5 medium cucumbers, peeled and sliced
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- Salt and pepper
- 3 hard-cooked egg yolks
- 1 cup sour cream

Combine the cucumbers, vinegar and salt and pepper. Set aside. In small bowl, mash egg yolks and blend with the sour cream. Combine with the cucumbers and chill thoroughly before serving.

—Robin

PERFECT FRIED CHICKEN

- 2 1/2 to 3-lb. frying chicken, cut in serving pieces
- 1/3 cup undiluted evaporated milk
- 3/4 cup unsifted flour
- 3/4 cup packaged cornflake crumbs (or regular cornflakes crushed as fine as cornmeal)
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Oil for frying

Wipe chicken pieces with paper towel. Pour milk in shallow pan or dish. Dip chicken pieces in the milk. In paper bag, combine the flour, crumbs, salt and pepper. Shake the chicken pieces, a few at a time, in the bag to coat well. Pour oil, about 1/4 inch deep, in 8-inch skillet. Brown meat lightly on all sides. Reduce heat, cover and continue cooking slowly for 40 to 45 minutes. Remove cover the last five minutes of cooking to crisp chicken.

—Betty Jane

STRAWBERRY PUNCH

- 3 cups cranberry juice cocktail
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup fresh crushed strawberries (or thawed frozen)
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Ice cubes

3 12-oz. cans strawberry soda

A few fresh strawberries for garnish

In medium pan, heat 1 cup of the cranberry juice to a boil. Add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add the remaining cranberry juice. Stir in the strawberries, lemon juice and flavoring. Cool. Put a few ice cubes in a tall glass, fill half full with cranberry mixture and fill glass the rest of the way with the strawberry soda. Garnish with fresh strawberry halves.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

- 1 8-oz. can spiced grapes
- 1 can chunky fruit (or fruit cocktail)
- 1/2 cup green cherries, chopped
- 1/2 cup red cherries, chopped
- 1 can Mandarin orange sections
- 3/4 cup fresh red raspberries
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 5 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 cups cream, whipped

Place fruits in colander and allow to drain well. Combine the cream cheese and mayonnaise. Blend in the flavorings. Fold in the whipped cream and drained fruits. Spread into 8-inch square pan and freeze.

Different fruits and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings could be substituted.

—Lucile

CHEESECAKE BARS

- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 5 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

In saucepan, combine chips and butter. Melt over low heat. When melted, remove from heat and stir in graham cracker crumbs. Set aside 1/2 cup of the mixture. Press remaining mixture into ungreased 8-inch square pan. Bake for 10 minutes in oven preheated to 350 degrees.

Blend cream cheese, sugar, eggs, flour and lemon juice. Spread over hot, baked crust. Sprinkle reserved crumb mixture over top. Return to oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool and cut into squares. Store in refrigerator. —Donna

RASPBERRY CLOUD CAKE**Part I**

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 cup cake flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Pinch cream of tartar
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

By hand, cream the butter or margarine with the 1/2 cup sugar. Add the egg yolks and beat well. Sift the cake

flour, salt and baking powder together. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with the milk and vanilla flavoring. Spread batter into two 8-inch, greased and floured cake pans which have been lined with waxed paper. Using electric mixer, beat egg whites with the cream of tartar until very stiff peaks form. Gradually add the 1 cup sugar while beating. Lastly, add the raspberry flavoring. Spread meringue evenly over tops of cake batter in the two pans. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Cool and remove cake layers from pans. Place one layer, meringue side up, on cake plate.

Part II

- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries, thawed and drained (or fresh may be used)

Whip cream, adding powdered sugar and flavoring. Fold in raspberries. Spread a third of the filling on top of the cake layer on plate. Place second cake layer on top, meringue side up. Spread remaining filling on sides.

Part III

- 3/4 cup heavy cream
 - 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
 - Additional raspberries for garnish
- Whip cream, adding the powdered sugar and flavoring. Frost top of cake. Garnish top of cake with additional raspberries. Chill and serve. —Juliana

CREAMED GREEN VEGETABLE

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 lb. cooked green vegetable
- 3 strips bacon, diced
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour. Blend and cook, stirring, until bubbly. Gradually add milk and dressing and cook, stirring, until thickened. Remove from heat and add butter flavoring. Cook and drain vegetable (asparagus, spinach, green beans, peas, etc.). Brown bacon. Add onion and garlic and saute until golden. Drain excess drippings. Add well-drained cooked vegetable. Gently stir in white sauce. Salt and pepper to taste. Heat to boiling and serve.

—Evelyn

KIDNEY BEAN SALAD

- 2 1-lb. cans red kidney beans, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 of 8-oz. bottle Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

1/4 lb. process cheese, cubed
Toss the beans, onion and green pepper together. Add the dressing and toss. Cover and refrigerate for several hours. Before serving, add the cheese.

SPECIAL BANANA CREAM PIE

(Diabetic or Low Calorie)

- 6 graham cracker crust tart shells
- 1 envelope vanilla diet pudding mix
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Banana

Have ready the graham cracker tart shells. (These have a very little brown sugar in each and are acceptable to most diabetics.) Combine the envelope of diet pudding mix, milk and flavorings. Bring to a good boil. Remove from heat, cover with waxed paper and cool to lukewarm—can refrigerate to speed cooling. Slice banana into shells and top with pudding. These can be served as is, or with a whipped topping. A meringue can be put on top of the tarts and baked until brown if desired—however, this adds sugar and calories to the pie and would make it an "ordinary" banana cream pie.

For variation, stir 2 Tbls. peanut butter into the pudding mix while it is still hot. Cool and spoon into shells and serve. This, too, is approved for most diabetics. —Evelyn

FLAVORINGS FOR DAD?**But, of course!**

Please your dad with his favorite foods spruced up with one or more of the **SUPER SEVENTEEN KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**. And, if your dad is a pie lover, like most men, try adding burnt sugar flavoring to chocolate pie, coconut, banana, lemon, blueberry, strawberry and orange to their complementary pie fillings, and vanilla and butter flavorings to apple pie. Then sit back and wait for the thanks which are certain to come.



The seventeen flavorings are: **Maple, Orange, Raspberry, Mint, Cherry, Burnt Sugar, Strawberry, Black Walnut, Almond, Coconut, Butter, Blueberry, Banana, Pineapple, Lemon** and **Vanilla (dark or clear)**.

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us **\$3.25** for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in both dark and clear in the 3-oz. bottles. Dark vanilla is also available in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle at **\$2.00**.

SPECIAL GIFT BOX— Six 3-oz. bottles of your choice for **\$6.00** postpaid. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa, 51601.

A SENIOR CITIZEN'S LAMENT

by Lois M. Hunter

I'll bet you think every aspect of getting older and becoming a senior citizen has been covered? You have read reams on the subject and there is nothing new to tell. You are wrong—there is one area that I have never seen mentioned and it is one that has inconvenienced and irked me no end.

I am the third generation of my family in this small town. Here businesses and professions are long-established institutions and changes are slow. My particular problem started about the time I was fifty-seven (or so). My doctor had a heart attack and died instantly. I had been one of his very first patients. When he came to town, I was six and I loved him. It really began when I had whooping cough and he said I could have all the soda pop I wanted. He knew every cell in my being. Now he was dead and who in the world could treat those cells as they should be treated—with respect for their idiosyncrasies?

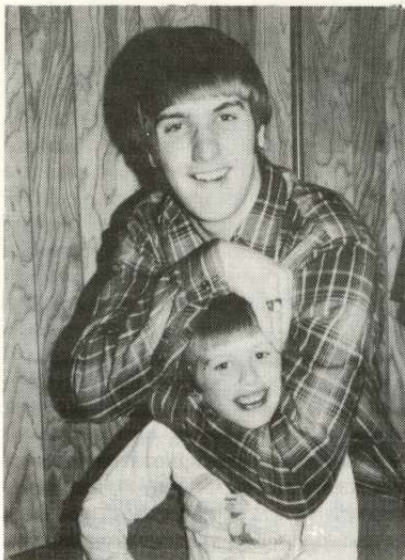
Then, unbelievably, my dentist had a heart attack and could work no more. My parents had known his parents and he had joined my doctor in a joint suite of offices immediately after leaving dental college. We had been through wisdom teeth, crowns and a root canal. I couldn't stand the thought of anyone else putting that drill in my mouth.

At one time we had owned a soft ice cream store and, with the temperamental refrigeration there, our electrician had been on call twenty-four hours a day. I called the other day from home for a new wall plug. The electrician said he would send his son. HIS SON? He is just a little kid! Can I really trust him to make a hole in my living room wall?

Today I needed work done on a small legal paper and phoned the lawyer who had seen us through three business ventures, a number of real estate deals, and last wills and testaments. I told the secretary that I would prefer to have Mr. S. do this for me. But it seems Mr. S. is gradually getting out of the active part of the firm, and a young associate would help me with my problem. I have a feeling that the associate will be my problem.

At this point I feel old. I really am a Senior Citizen, darn it. All the people I depended on for years and years suddenly have disappeared. I am deserted, left unguarded and unprotected. I know I have gotten older, some, but these helpers were always available and they were ageless.

So, now I have to start out all new. This time, believe me, I'm going to find people who are younger than I. But, do you suppose these "whipper-snappers" will know anything? They are, after all, only in their thirties.



Andy shows his brother Julian one of his favorite wrestling holds. The two are sons of Kristin and Art Brase and the grandsons of Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

RECYCLING TO RAISE MONEY

by
Evelyn Witter

Recycling of paper, aluminum cans and glass is a worthwhile money-making project, especially for a youth group to consider. Besides, by getting people to participate in a recycling effort, you get them to think about pollution and resource conservation in a practical way.

First of all, choose a collection site. Shopping centers, church parking lots and schoolyards are the types of sites to select. These are large enough to store all your materials, easy for trucks to get in and out, and are usually located so that people in the community can bring their trash.

Publicize your recycling drive. Posters at schools and business places and on the church bulletin boards attract interest. Ask the libraries to prepare exhibits on recycling. Place announcements on radio public service spots. To get good publicity, tell leaders of clubs about your project and ask them to make announcements at their meetings.

To receive the most money for the paper you will get, you must keep each type separate from other types, for example: *Newsprint*: This includes newspapers, but does NOT include junk mail or odds and ends of scrap paper. *Magazines*: Includes all magazines made of slick (shiny) paper. This category also includes catalogs made of slick paper. *IBM Cards*: These are the tabulating cards used in computer data processing. They may be mixed in color. A full box of cards weighs about ten pounds. *Corrugated Cardboard*: This is the brown three-layered cardboard used

as packing material. It is strong and lightweight. A pile of this cardboard sixteen feet long, eight feet wide, and five feet deep weighs less than a thousand pounds.

Keep other recycling materials sorted also — such as — *Aluminum Cans*: All brands of aluminum cans can be recycled for a profit at most recycling centers. But aluminum cans must be separated from steel cans before taken to a redemption center. *Glass*: Some junk dealers will pay for any clean glass, including, but not limited to glass bottles. Glass bottles must have top caps removed, all metal rings removed, all labels off, and must be fairly clean inside and out. It is not necessary for glass to be separated by color.

Before you start your recycling project, be sure you have a buyer for the materials you collect. Check the yellow pages in your phone book for local scrap dealers. Ask the dealers what rates you can expect for the materials you collect, what would be the smallest quantity he would accept, and whether the dealer can supply storage containers for your collection.

A carefully planned recycling drive will help raise money for your group. The big plus to this project is the pleasure of having helped clean up the environment and doing something to save our natural resources!

TAKE IT DOWN!

From my bedroom window I can see an ugly square of cardboard swinging from the side of a post. With a little help from the wind, it soon will be torn from the post to go blowing down the street. It is a sign which advertised a neighborhood rummage sale held last week. These days one can see many such signs on posts on streets of towns. They are free and easily seen by the public, but many times no dates are in evidence, so a person doesn't know until she has gone to the address if the sale is present or past. Always add the dates when you print such a sign.

Also, come and take down the cardboard and dispose of it in some way instead of just leaving it until the weather does the job of removing it. After all, YOU are the one who put it up, so YOU should also be the one to take it down.

—Annette Lingelbach

I LOVE YOU

The chicken's in the skillet,
Taters in the pot,
Biscuits are in the oven,
To come out pipin' hot.
Your favorite salad's ready,
Pie, made your mother's way,
I hear your footsteps coming —
The highlight of my day! —Unknown

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

June weddings are always so lovely with all the flowers in bloom. It's a happy, proud moment when the bride walks down the aisle in a dress she or a member of her family has made.

Not only is the dress extra special, but by making your own wedding and/or bridesmaid's dress, you can have a lovely wedding even on a budget. After my wedding was over, we found that the cost to my husband and me was only two hundred dollars—pretty modest considering I had three bridesmaids and a matron of honor!

Now for the hints, advice and pitfalls of making your own bridal or attendant's gowns:

First, go to a bridal shop and try on wedding dresses. There is no better way to find out which styles flatter your figure. You may find that pure white satin makes you look sallow or that you prefer traditional over modern styles. Your personality is an important factor. Lace and beading are lovely, but perhaps they just aren't *you*. This is the time to find out, not after you've done all the sewing. Most bridal shops are understanding if you do tell them you're planning on making your own gown; there is always the chance you'll find a style you absolutely love and decide to purchase it after all.

The next step is to buy patterns. Yes, *patterns*. I started buying bridal gown patterns over a year ahead. If I liked a pattern, I bought it. This way, when the time came to make a decision, I didn't have to worry about any of my favorites being out of print. This happens more often than you might think; some companies remove a pattern from the stores before a year has passed. A friend of mine searched for months to find an out-of-print bridesmaid's dress pattern—she found one copy, but her attendants ranged from size eight to twenty-two.

This brings us to our second problem—what looks best on all the attendants? My own attendants ranged from a tall, trim twelve to a short sixteen with fitting problems in the derriere. After searching in vain for a dress that would flatter all the figure types and pose few fitting problems (this is supposed to be a happy time, not frustrating!), I decided on skirts and blouses. An added plus is that the blouse and skirt could be worn again, together or separately, without looking out of place. My own bridesmaids had "Quiana" blouses and satin skirts, but at a lovely winter wedding I attended, the skirts were different colors of velvet with beige crepe blouses.

Once you've tried on gowns, collected



The author is shown in the wedding gown which she made. Note the tucks in the sleeves. On the right is the matron of honor, Bonnie Pierce. Bonnie's blouse is fashioned of the same material as the wedding gown and has matching lace. Other bridesmaids' blouses were matching cream "Quiana" knit; their skirts were all made alike with A-line style and deep, soft ruffles.

and decided on a pattern, chosen a color scheme and the design of your bridesmaids' outfits, you must make material selections.

Many fabric stores have an extensive bridal section complete with hats and Italian beaded lace. Bring your patterns when shopping. If you are on a budget, consider the yardage cost and the look you want to achieve. Taffeta is an inexpensive substitute for satin in your bridesmaids' outfits. Happily, you will find that most lightweight bridal satins are inexpensive. But beware, I found a lovely, soft Italian bridal satin for over ten dollars a yard; my dress required ten yards of fabric. So I looked farther and found a crepe-backed satin and matching sheer for only three dollars a yard. This softer satin also had the proper hang for the very full skirt of the pattern I was using.

Keep in mind the look and hang of the dress when buying material. The back of your pattern envelope will have suggestions that can be very helpful by cluing you in on which fabric types are appropriate for your pattern. If you're not sure, ask the saleswomen; they've helped countless other brides solve such problems.

The greatest advice I can give you for the actual sewing is to allow yourself plenty of time, and to use great care and patience. Sewing satin is not very difficult, but it is important to remember that pin marks will show. So, when pinning the pattern, always make sure any pins are in the seam allowances. Basting the pattern pieces together is also a good idea, eliminating pin marks and slippage at the same time. An even feed foot will help, but it isn't vital.

Sheer materials require the greatest care. My dress had sheer sleeves, cuffs and inset with a stand-up collar. The

sleeves and cuffs had stitched tucks in them. When sewing any sheer, use a fine needle and tissue paper (the excess from cutting out your pattern will work nicely). Place the tissue paper between the feed dogs and the material to prevent the feed dogs from snagging the material and also keep it from being pulled down into the bobbin with the needle. After stitching, simply pull off the tissue paper.

Sheers can shift off the grain easily, so any details such as tucks should be basted and pressed before stitching. Do not use a tracing wheel on sheers, instead mark details by the thread method found in all sewing books. The seams should be French seams for straight areas and hairline seams at armholes (again check your sewing book). If you don't already own a sewing book, one is an invaluable investment.

In areas such as cuffs, where you would not use a hairline seam, use a row of narrow zigzagging and trim very close to the row of zigzag stitches. Your pattern instructions or resource book should include the application of lace; some may be included in the seam (such as along the inset) and others after the seam is finished (as on cuffs).

If double-row topstitching is called for, find out if your machine can use a double needle. If so, your rows will be perfectly spaced. Your pattern will tell you where to interface, but remember, if you substitute lace or sheer for satin in a portion of your dress, do not interface; it will show.

Dry clean your dress. The hem can be fused or sewn either before or after cleaning. Do not overlook fusible hemming tape; it can save hours of hand hemming and doesn't show on satin.

Good luck, and be proud and happy in your own creation on the most important day of your life.

SUCCESS RECIPE

Pour out a few drops of good manners and stir into your mind with a pinch of consideration. Boil the contents until you get common sense and mix in a sensitive spirit with good manners. Salt the results with training and make use of the recipe every day.

SLOPPY JOE? — Concluded

going to town *that way*." "Why not?" I asked innocently, enjoying my son's wide-eyed, open-mouthed amazement. "You're going *that way*."

Bill looked at me for a long minute. Finally he said, "Point well taken." Then he threw his head back and laughed heartily.

"Come on, Jim," he said, "let's clean up before we go to town."

And that's the way it has been ever since.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

I freeze cabbage by cleaning it and then chopping it rather coarsely with a knife, not as fine as for coleslaw. Steam in boiling water for three minutes, drain and chill in ice water until cool. Drain in colander. Put in plastic bags. Good in stews or creamed. It is easy to do.

—Mrs. A.M., Clay Center, Ks.

Travel Idea: In one or two suitcases, carry a change of clothes for all the family members. This way the other suitcases can wait until the destination is reached.

—Mrs. J.P.S., Lincoln, Nebr.

I do most of the painting jobs around our house. I've found out that a good paint remover for splatters on my hands and face is salad oil. Petroleum jelly or baby oil work well, also. Before I paint (if I remember), I rub my fingernails with soap, even underneath the nails, and this keeps paint from getting in those hard-to-clean spots. If the paint is smelly, I just put in 2 teaspoons of vanilla. Vanilla is good to put in other things to eliminate odors, too. If I have a paint job which lasts several days, I wrap my brushes in foil or plastic and put them in the freezer to store, then thaw before using. Oh, one more idea, when I use a roller pan, I pull a large plastic bag completely over it, push it down in the center and then proceed to pour in the paint. When I'm done, the whole bag gets thrown away and the pan is clean.

—Mrs. M.L.M., What Cheer, Iowa

If peeling an onion makes you cry, or the flavor is too hot for your taste, slice on a saucer, sprinkle with salt and let stand a short time. Rinse and use. Another method of calming down a wild onion is to blanch a minute in boiling hot water—drain and use.

Some people peel onions under running water to keep the tears from flowing. Another puts paper tissue up her nose and breathes through her mouth and it seems to help.

—A Listener

When washing berries—strawberries, blackberries, dewberries, boysenberries, blueberries, etc.—wash in ice water with ice cubes added. The berries will stay plump and not bleed. (Remember to wash strawberries *before* you hull them.)

—M.T., Joplin, Mo.

Long sliding glass doors can be a hazard—especially when they are freshly washed and almost invisible. I took some plastic sticker butterflies and put several at different levels on my door so no one would bang into the glass.

—H.L., Maryville, Mo.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

A reader wants to know what I think of the new wide-row method of gardening. "I have read that you can grow more vegetables in an allotted space by planting the seeds in wide strips rather than in rows. My husband thinks this is a silly idea so we planted our garden in rows as usual but I'd like to try it another year if it is practical. How are the weeds controlled in a wide row? Any information on this method will be greatly appreciated."

The only place I think a wide-row-planted garden is practical is when one has only a limited amount of space in which to grow vegetables. If your garden is large enough so you can cultivate it with a tiller or by hand, I would stick to the conventional single-row planting. We decided to try the wide-row method last spring. Strips eighteen inches wide and about twenty-five feet long were mapped out after the soil had been prepared. I planted carrots in one, onion sets in another, garden peas in a third and a mixture of garden greens in the fourth strip. The seeds were broadcast over the strip, the onion sets seated haphazardly over the soil.

Luckily, we left rows wide enough between the strips to be cultivated with the tiller. The seeds came up along with

myriads of weed seeds. How does one control weeds in a wide row? You get down on your hands and knees and pull them out by hand—a long, tedious job. Further down in the garden, where vegetables were planted in rows, one could walk along with a hoe and remove unwanted weeds. Wide-row planting may give you more returns in an allotted space but, in my opinion, it's not an easy method of growing vegetables.

According to a national gardening survey conducted by the Gallup organizations for "Gardens for All", the ranks of modern "Victory" gardeners have swelled almost a million in 1980 and by nine million in the last decade. An amazing forty-three percent of America's households have dug into their own backyards in an attempt to produce some or all of their vegetables. Vegetables are even being planted in pots to be grown where there is no backyard space. Many households are growing vegetables in some sort of container on porches, decks and patios. According to the Gallup Poll, more than twenty percent of the people who had gardens last year intend to increase their size this year.

Did you know that the Midwest is the number one gardening region of the country with fifty-four percent of the households involved? East and South follow with forty-one and forty-two percent respectively. In the face of inflation and political uncertainty, a gardener wisely puts value on personal production.

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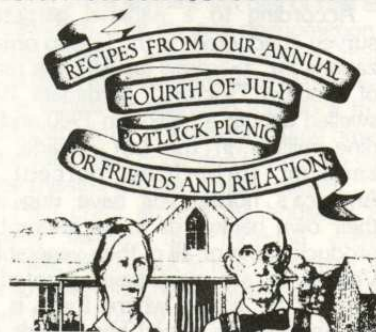


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Time for Tea

by
Harold R. Smith

Teatime recalls an era when gentlefolk made a habit of having tea late in the afternoon. It gave them time to partake of refreshments, have pleasant conversation and lift their spirits. The custom originated in England with our ancestors and when colonies were founded in the New World, the custom continued. Most people are familiar with the story of the Boston Tea Party when tea was taxed to excess. The incident was a fair warning not to trifle with their passion for drinking tea.

Americans are usually associated with drinking coffee, but many are devotees of tea. Instant tea provided the method whereby one could prepare tea by the cup or glass without brewing tea leaves, consequently, there was no waste. Although instant tea is convenient to use, brewing loose tea leaves gives better flavor. Everyone has a definite opinion what should be added to tea: lemon, milk, sugar or nothing.

At Greystone, we use an old Japanese porcelain teapot which is thoroughly rinsed with hot water. The tea leaves are added, boiling water is poured over the leaves and we let the infusion steep for five minutes—no more, no less. We usually have cookies or a pound cake baked from an old German recipe to complete our refreshments.

Teatime for us comes in the late afternoon when we feel a break is needed. Over the years we have used many types of tea from Japan, China and Ceylon. One year a friend in Florida sent us a collection of teas in small canisters. Some we enjoyed more than others; all were appreciated. I was especially intrigued by one tea created for a royal family whose empire crumbled after the turn of the century. It was forbidden to everyone except the royal family. My favorite tea is one with orange rind and spice and a supply of it is always on hand.

A tea and spice shop in a nearby city is one of my favorite places. I open the door to a room filled with the scents of spices, herbs and teas from all over the world. Large apothecary jars are filled with teas and labeled with descriptive and historical data. On some of the herbal containers is information as to what they allegedly will cure based on folk medicine of years ago. Some of the pungent smells that waft from the jars might be worse than the disease they supposedly will cure.

Time for tea is a pleasant interlude enjoyed by more Americans than ever before. In summer, a cooling glass of iced tea quenches thirst. We add bruised mint leaves or a lemon slice. I think of iced tea

as a summer beverage, yet many people drink it the year around.

Teatime always recalls to me an elegant transplanted English woman who lived in St. Louis in a great house. Formal gardens at the rear of the mansion were enclosed by a high, brick wall. Carefully pruned trees cast light shade upon small, clipped hedges. Raised flower beds were filled with colorful blooms. Brick walks, terraces, garden statuary and wrought-iron furniture abounded. Each year, my friend gave what she termed her "Flower Tea" and we coveted the invitations.

We always hoped for a clear sunny day for the tea and, to my knowledge, it was canceled only once. Great beds of flowers of all colors would be in bloom and she had an uncanny ability to select a day when the blossoms could be shown to their best advantage.

As people arrived, they greeted their hostess and exchanged brief pleasantries. After the garden had been properly admired, the hostess would ring a small silver bell and a maid would appear carrying a huge silver tea service. Other silver trays appeared filled with miniature sandwiches: watercress, cream cheese, cucumber, thin ham, sweet butter. A wrought-iron teacart would be brought out filled to capacity with pastries of every description such as small delicate scones filled with sweetened cream, delightful crisp cookies, French pastries of all kinds, light pound cake and macaroons. A large silver bowl held whipped cream, its surface dotted with enormous strawberries. The strawberries would be coated with powdered sugar to add a further taste treat. As the sun dipped lower in the sky, we thanked our hostess and departed through a narrow iron gate in the walled garden. She would be left alone sitting in the garden, fragile as the flowers around her, lost in memories of another era in another land.

I shall never know another person quite like this English woman. I do think of her often as I take tea.

Teatime is a happy custom. Tea is fragrant, brisk and comforting to share with others, or delightful to sip quietly to dispel the worries of the day.



I WILL —

I will follow the upward road today,

I will keep my face to the light,

I will think high thoughts as I go my way,

I will do what I know is right.

I will look for flowers by the side of the road,

I will laugh and love and be strong,

I will try to lighten another's load,

This day as I fare along.

—Anonymous

Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



Is there any feeling more frustrating than turning the most exciting and climactic page of a book, only to find that it is your last? The heartless author has left all those conclusive details up to our imaginations. His work is done, but ours continues for hours, months, or even years, as we play with possible outcomes in our minds. I know I will never stop wondering if Rhett Butler ever will return to Scarlett O'Hara or not in *Gone With the Wind*. This is why I enjoy trilogies so much. The conclusion of one plot leads directly to the development of another, and the questions which filter to the closing pages of one volume find their way to light in the next.

One of my favorite trilogies is a science fiction set called *Dune*. Fanatic sci-fi readers hesitate to classify this as pure science fiction. The imaginative mastery of *Dune* far surpasses the laser guns, fantastic creatures, and speed-of-light travel commonly associated with science fiction. Frank Herbert does not stop with these standards, but develops a planet and an age remarkable and unique, with an underlying social and political intrigue complex enough to rise above the special effects.

The thread which leads from *Dune* to *Dune Messiah* and finally to *Children of Dune* is the story of the evolution of a planet, a people driven by religious fanaticism, and a boy who fulfilled a terrible prophecy.

Dune is the desert planet, Arrakis, beautiful, but arid beyond earthly belief. Gigantic sandworms, massive enough to devour one hundred men in a single gulp, and storms which drive the sand with such force that a man's flesh is eaten away from his bones are constant threats to the dwellers of *Dune*. The struggle for survival against terrifying odds forces the semi-nomadic Fremen of *Dune* to center their primitive culture and customs on the scarcity of water. They can face the great deserts only in "stillsuits" which conserve and recycle all moisture. The planet's sole resource is "melange", an addictive spice, treasured by the entire universe, but produced only by the dangerous worms in the deep desert.

The way of life on this planet may seem almost too farfetched, but the details are developed so skillfully and with such descriptive power that soon it all seems to be very plausible.

Paul Atreides was the son of *Dune*'s ruler. When his father was killed in a war with the rival Harkonnen nobility, Paul and his mother were forced to flee into the desert. Paul fought his way to acceptance by the Fremen, and in the way of all



Adrienne Driftmier and her mother, Mary Beth (wearing hat), enjoyed watching the porpoise show during their Florida trip.

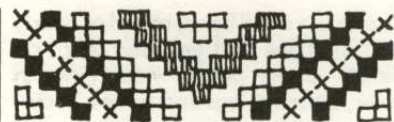
great Fremen warriors, learned to control and ride the sandworms. In one of their ceremonies, he took a massive dose of the spice which produced a permanent change in him and caused the Fremen to worship him as their Messiah. He had developed the ability to see into the future, and to see the dreadful effects his powers would have on the people of *Dune*.

In *Dune Messiah*, the dreams of the Fremen became reality. The desert planet began to grow green and lush through Paul's ingenious environmental strategies. The spice was abundant and the people grew rich under the guidance of their new Messiah. But the newly sophisticated Fremen now faced problems they had never faced before and discontent grew. The ancient power groups began to feel threatened. They united and conspired against Paul and against the legend of Muad'dib, as they called him. His powers of prescience allowed him to see his own fate, but did not allow him to escape.

Children of Dune is the climax of the trilogy. Paul is succeeded by his twin children who are also gifted with his strange power to see the future and are being trained to follow as Messiahs in his place. But as the desert continued to recede, making way for the new Garden of Eden, the spice supply was threatened and new problems arose.

Do these books sound rather complicated? They are. *Dune* is not light reading, but challenging and thought-provoking material. Because it is a trilogy, there is room to develop and follow through with some very interesting political, religious and philosophical ideas. The standard science fiction fan will find more than standard science fiction, and those who generally find science fiction a little too fantastic are in for a special treat.

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Thee Symbol

by
Norma Tisher

A ring is a small band, round or nearly round in shape and generally worn on a finger. Some people wear rings in the ear, on arms, legs and ankles. In certain areas, rings are used to adorn noses. Most rings are worn as personal adornment. The earliest rings known are those found in the tombs of ancient Egypt.

A ring has long been a symbol of a ruler's authority. Kings gave their rings to dependable and trusted servants. The ring gave the wearer the power of a king's messenger. In the Bible, a Pharaoh placed his signet ring on Joseph's finger when he set him over all Egypt. (Gen. 41:42)

The ring of the pope is especially interesting. He receives it when he is crowned. It bears his name and a picture of Saint Peter in a boat, so it is sometimes called the *fisherman's ring*. All papal documents, called briefs, must be stamped with this signet. When a pope dies, his ring is broken. A new one is made for the next pope.

A *poesy ring* had an inscription inside which reflected the deepest feelings of newlyweds. A ring which contains a seal is called a *signet ring*. People often used personal initials to form the decoration and identification of rings. A high school student wears a *class ring* with the school initials and year of graduation on it. For each month of the year there is a *birthstone ring* around which some special significance is attached. A *mother's ring* is accented by the different birthstones depicted in her family. Pearls and opals are symbols of "going steady". A diamond reveals the engagement.

Most rings are made of gold or other precious metals; some are of ivory, jade and even plastic. Rings may be plain, engraved and decorated or set with stones. The most precious gem used in ring settings is the diamond. But the amethyst, turquoise, topaz, pearl, emerald, ruby, and sapphire are also widely used.

The exchange of rings is usually the symbol of love and marriage. The Romans probably should be credited with the beginning of the use of *engagement* or *betrothal* and *wedding rings*. Most married persons wear the wedding ring on the third finger of the left hand because of an old, but untrue, belief that a vein runs directly from this finger to the heart. However, Germans and many members of the Eastern Orthodox churches wear the wedding ring on the right hand.

Rings should be chosen with care,

consideration and confidence from a trusted jeweler. Today, most brides receive two rings from their fiances—one at the time of the engagement and one at the wedding ceremony itself. A wedding ring represents the essential unity of the married couple, a meaning which is symbolized by its circular form. Exchange of rings, "With this ring, I thee wed", is still the symbol of deep mutual commitment made by the bride and groom.

A ROSE FOR FATHER'S DAY

by
Evelyn Witter

A red rose in a man's lapel on Father's Day means a child has paid him tribute. This is perhaps the most recognizable sign of gratitude you can pay your father this Father's Day.

The idea of Father's Day came about one June morning in 1909 when Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Washington, thought about her own father, William Smart, a Civil War veteran who raised his six motherless children on a Washington farm. It was nearing his birthday. Slowly an idea developed. Why not have a certain Sunday set aside to honor all fathers? This day would call attention to the important place of the father in the home.

Mrs. Dodd went first to her own minister with the idea. He suggested that the Spokane Ministerial Association be contacted; they favored the idea of honoring fathers. Then, the Spokane Young Men's Christian Association put the Father's Day idea before the people in 1910 and the city set aside a day to honor fathers.

William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, was one of the first officials to give public approval to Mrs. Dodd's idea when he said, "Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the relation between parent and child."

The importance of Father's Day grew when President Wilson had a Father's Day button pressed in the White House in 1916.

It was President Calvin Coolidge who recommended a national observance of Father's Day in 1924.

Since that first observance in 1910, Father's Day has been celebrated all through America on the third Sunday in June.

According to the National Father's Day Committee it is suggested that a white rose be worn for remembrance on Father's Day, or give a red rose to your Father as a living tribute.

There would be fewer problems in this life if people were taught to pray instead of shout.



From Our Family Album

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier dropped by to see Russell and me on a gorgeous late April day in 1953, so Russell took advantage of the circumstances to snap what we have always thought of as their wedding picture. Howard and Mae had been married in our home on February 28, 1953, but it was such a blustery, dark day that no one could get a satisfactory picture taken outside. Consequently, this was the first opportunity we had to get a much-treasured record of the happy couple.

—Lucile



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Third.....	Leather
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Fifth.....	Wood
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Ninth.....	Pottery, Willow
Tenth.....	Tin, Aluminum
Eleventh.....	Steel
Twelfth.....	Silk, Linen
Thirteenth.....	Lace
Fourteenth.....	Ivory
Fifteenth.....	Crystal
Twentieth.....	China
Twenty-fifth.....	Silver
Thirtieth.....	Pearl
Thirty-fifth.....	Coral
Fortieth.....	Ruby
Fiftieth.....	Gold
Fifty-fifth.....	Emerald
Sixtieth.....	Diamond
Seventy-fifth.....	Diamond

—Courtesy Gibson Greeting Card, Inc.



THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

(A Choral Reading)

Choose an equal number of heavy and light voices to do the reading. The heavy voices will read the sections in bold type and the light voices will read that printed in regular type. For a more dramatic effect, this is best rehearsed. A class could write their own version of this choral reading.

This is my Father's world

The belching furnaces and spinning wheels of industry, the farmer tilling his field, the construction crew, the person at the switchboard and the cooks and dishwashers in the kitchens—in these we see our Father's world at work.

And to my listening ears all nature sings

The patter of rain on the windowpane, the wind sighing in the willows, crickets chirping in the grass, the squeal of baby pigs in the farmyard and kittens purring on the back step—we can hear the earth singing everywhere.

And 'round me rings the music of the spheres

The drone of the tractor on its rounds in a field, the lazy squeak of a lonesome windmill, the distant roar of a jet plane high above the clouds, the town whistle at noon, church bells announcing worship, the siren at a mill telling of the changing of the shifts—all these, and more, are songs of a busy world.

This is my Father's world.

In the freshness of a rain-washed garden, in the dew-kissed face of a flower, in a pan of ripe, red strawberries, in the fragrance of new-mown hay, in the beauty of a hummingbird flitting among the petunia border, and in the changing of the seasons—I see the face of God.

I rest me in the thought of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,

In rushing streams scrambling over rocks, the call of a sea gull on a sandy coast, in the feel of the wet spray as the ocean waves swell, in the shadows of the mighty redwood trees—God is present.

His hand the wonders wrought,

To see the desert bloom, to look across a vast canyon carved deep in earth and rock, to see dewdrops glistening on a spider's web, to see green shoots come forth from bare ground—these are to see God's handwork in this world.

This is my Father's world.

When the door is closed at night and the world is shut outside, in the glow of the fireplace reflected on a beloved's face, in the happy sound of children's voices—these are blessings of God's world.

The birds their carols raise,

The call of wild geese flying in formation high in the sky, an oriole's trill from his favorite tree branch, the cheerful chirp of a robin and a wren's lilting call to her mate—the birds sing their own "Hallelujah Chorus" to the creator.

The morning light, the lily white, declare their Maker's praise.

A sunrise burst of color breaking from behind a mountain peak, a rooster crowing at dawn, the slap of the morning paper as it hits the front step, the aroma of frying bacon—these say "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

This is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair.

In tall trees silhouetted against a golden sunset, in ethereal white loveliness of a pear tree in bloom, in the delicate beauty of a seashell, in a glass of clear, refreshing water, in a field of golden grain—these shine with the glory of the power of our mighty Creator.

In the rustling grass I hear Him pass —

God passes when we see a startled deer pausing at the edge of a timber, when a butterfly lights on a tall bush, when children wave on their way down

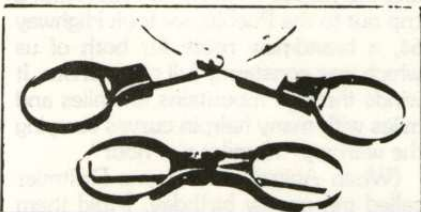
the street and in the lives of these we help in some way each day.

He speaks to me everywhere.

God speaks in the touch of a loved one's hand, in the pages of a long-awaited letter from a friend, in the bright colors of a row of blooming flowers, in the rainbow as it arches across the heavens and when we sit down to a meal and bow our heads in thankfulness.

(ALL—both light and heavy voices together):

This is my Father's world,
Why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King, let the heavens ring!
God reigns, let the earth be glad.



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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

were in Albuquerque. Juliana's borders, flowering trees and potted plants performed as if some ringmaster was calling out instructions. This beauty more than compensated for the fact that our two big magnolias and the redbud tree in our Iowa yard put on their usual spectacular performance while we were in New Mexico. But glorious tulips and iris were blooming when we returned, plus the delicate little white trillium that came from Russell's grandparents' farm in Wisconsin thirty-five years ago.

When we planned our return back to Iowa, we decided to take a different route, so on a brilliantly beautiful April morning we headed north to Santa Fe and then drove on north to Taos. After a trip out to the Pueblo, we took Highway 64, a brand-new route for both of us which was constantly full of surprises. It winds through mountains for miles and miles with many hairpin curves carrying the warning "15 miles per hour".

(When Abigail and Wayne Driftmier called me on my birthday, I told them about going over this road. They said that they'd driven it and knew what I meant about it being nerve-racking and that under no conditions would they ever drive it at night. Daylight was enough for us.)

This road brought us out at Cimarron right at the edge of the Philmont Boy Scout Ranch that Evelyn Birkby has mentioned frequently through the years. After we'd rested a spell in our motel room, we took a turn around town. After

seeing that little Western community from all angles, I can only say that I'm convinced the movie, "High Noon" made with Gary Cooper, was filmed right there. If things ever worked out so I could make it, I'd truly like to spend more time there because I've never seen a place quite like Cimarron.

The next morning we headed up Highway 64 towards Raton and Trinidad, two towns that deserve a lot more than a hop, skip and a jump. At Trinidad we picked up Highway 350 for the long, long stretch that led to LaJunta, Colorado (a very interesting-looking town), and then continued to Garden City, Kansas.

I hadn't been in Garden City for quite a few years and was totally unprepared for the changes. The placid small town I remembered has become a big seething place with subdivisions going on for miles and miles, and mobile courts beyond all counting. At least part of the explanation for this is the fact that Iowa Beef Processers have put in an enormous plant. I wouldn't even begin to hazard a guess as to the number of acres it covers—for miles in every direction, there are huge feed lots and equipment that makes the spreads look like small-sized towns. Between the countless new oil wells, extensive irrigation in every direction and those huge cattle ranches, that section of Kansas looks almost like an entirely different state.

My space is gone, so until next month I remain, as always,

Faithfully yours,
Lucile

BORROWED WILDERNESS

by
Imogene Smith

Beyond my well-manicured backyard is an alley, and beyond that alley is a weed-filled area half the size of a city lot. To some of my neighbors it's an eyesore, and while I know I should be grumbling because Mr. Patterson, the owner, has not mowed it on the usual schedule, I am presently seeing it as a natural wilderness.

On the lot itself some of the "weeds" (if you like) stand shoulder tall; the grass, knee-deep. The lot is bordered on three sides by a mass of trees—locust, elm, willow and mulberry. These trees began life as neglected sprouts which should have been pulled before they began to take on any size. Now they are fifteen, twenty and thirty feet tall and a welcome sanctuary to birds and squirrels. In early May, the air was filled with the fragrance of the locust blossoms.

Recently, I walked down the alley to see what was really growing on this lot and found thistles, spiderwort, peppergrass, foxtail, pink and white clover, tall blossoming milkweeds and one golden sunflower. Fluttering from flower to flower were small white and yellow butterflies and an occasional monarch. In the dense growth lived other creeping, crawling and flying creatures such as bees, spiders and a variety of beetles.

This morning a boy brought to my door a small garter snake he had found and wanted to know what to do with it. "Let's turn it loose," I suggested. We walked together out into the tall grass and released it. We stayed for awhile looking at the display of wildlife, and I introduced this little friend to peppergrass and suggested he bite into a peppery seed to find out why the plant bears that name. Beautiful shared moments passed; finally we left.

I'm sure that any day now, some neighbor will notify the proper authorities and Mr. Patterson will be instructed to mow the "weeds". According to all civilized standards, that's the usual thing to do.

Then, for a time, the area will look quite civilized, but I'll miss my borrowed wilderness. All I'll have to cheer my days will be the tame plants on my side of the alley—zinnias, geraniums, petunias and other proper flowers—until my wilderness will return for another brief interlude.

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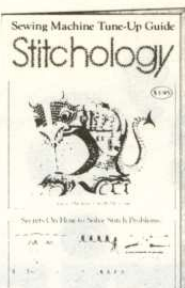
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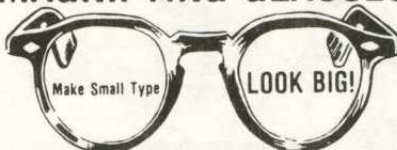
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