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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

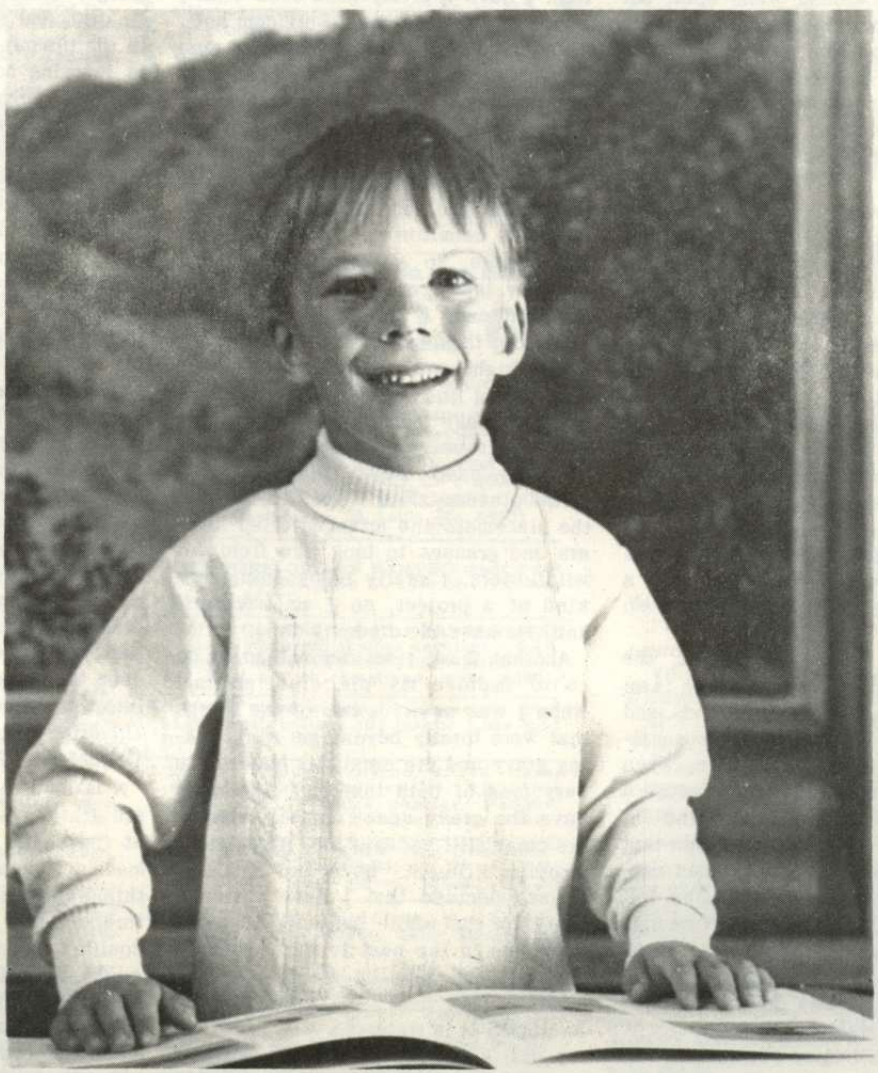
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Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

Today is a typical Albuquerque winter day — sparkling clear, but very cold. Many people think that Albuquerque is a year around warm spot, but this is far from true. We are a mile high in elevation and, as the result, we have our share of sub-freezing weather. I am certainly not complaining. I enjoy a little cold weather, and it makes the coming of spring that much more exciting.

I can hardly wait for my spring bulbs to start to make an appearance. I can honestly say that I have no idea *what* bulbs will come up *where* this year and there is a good reason for this. This past fall we finally got around to putting in a lawn. The "lawn" until this time has consisted of random patches of Bermuda grass and weeds. The first year we lived here I carefully put in flower beds around the front yard area. I had taken some gardening courses with the local Community College and was determined to do the proper soil preparation, testing, etc. This was a big job, but the flowers were lovely so I was pleased.

To make a long story short, the patches of Bermuda grass in the lawn area spread into the flower beds and choked out everything but a few equally vigorous growers. Therefore, when we put in the lawn we first sprayed a Bermuda grass eradicator over the entire yard. The particular herbicide that we were forced to use also kills anything that is on top of or in the soil that is sprayed. I just couldn't bear to lose all the plantings that were left, so I dug up all the peonies, bulbs, shrubs, etc., and moved them out to an empty row in the vegetable garden.

About a week before Christmas I had to move all of the things from the vegetable garden back into the now-clear flower beds. I was in a hurry to get all of this transplanting done and didn't take time to make a drawing of what

plants went into which area, so my flower beds really will be a surprise package this spring!

I have several projects that I am determined to get done this winter. Both bathrooms are in dire need of renovation. I have a pretty good idea what I want to do for the guest bathroom but I am stymied on the family bathroom. One thing I know that will be replaced is the flooring. I have to chuckle every time I look at it. Everywhere I have lived since I came to the University of New Mexico I have had this particular pattern of linoleum on the floor. This includes dormitories, apartments and two houses, so after thirteen years I can say that I am tired of grey-speckled linoleum.

I am on the lookout for a roll end of some bright and cheerful floor covering. When I find what I want I am planning to make some wall decorations that should be very attractive. A friend of mine used these colorfully dyed straw placemats on her walls, and on the placemats she arranged dried flowers and grasses to look like fields of wildflowers. I really enjoy doing this kind of a project, so I am saving it until we have the drudgery done.

Another thing I am determined to do is to improve my pie crust making. When I was married, two of the things that were totally beyond me were making gravy and pie crust. My husband is very fond of both things. I finally do have the gravy under control, but the pie crust still escapes me. After trying umpteen different "never-fail" recipes I have decided that I have a mental block on the whole subject. What has happened in the past is that I make a flop pie and give up for a couple of months. This time I am going to keep at it until it is right.

I did get busy this past fall and learned how to pickle. I wish I could claim that all the cucumbers came from my garden but unfortunately, my cucumber crop was way below par this year. My gardening friend down the road *did*

have a bumper crop and she presented me with a huge grocery bag full of cucumbers and said, "Get busy and pickle!" Thank goodness the canning jar shortage hadn't hit yet so I was able to put up a dozen and a half quarts of pickles. We are still enjoying our home-canned pickles.

James should be home from school any time. He is truly enjoying the first grade. It seems to me that six-year-olds are accomplishing much more today than they did when I was that age. James brings home reams of papers and work books every day. I am very happy to see that there is a revival of the phonetic method of teaching reading. My generation was the victim of sight reading and to this day I have a terrible time spelling.

James is also lucky enough to be in a bilingual classroom. Many of his classmates speak English as their secondary language. Spanish is spoken in their homes as their primary language. James's teacher speaks both English and Spanish and utilizes both in the classroom. As the result, James is learning how to speak Spanish. To me this seems like a very sensible way to learn another language.

Katharine is in a pre-school three mornings a week and having a wonderful time. She has eighteen classmates and this is helping to make up for the lack of children her age in our neighborhood. Two little girls do live across the street, but they are enough other that Katharine always ended up being the baby when they played dolls of house. At age four Katharine was tired of being the littlest. Now she is even bigger than some of the children at her school so she is in seventh heaven.

Katharine has always enjoyed helping me in the kitchen and when they do any baking at her school she feels very knowledgeable. Her teacher reported to me that Katharine does a wonderful job creaming together sugar and butter, but that Katharine also insisted that they used the wrong kind of flavoring to put into the butter and sugar. The school's flavoring didn't have Grandmother Driftmier's picture on it!

It is hard to believe that the children are growing up so rapidly. Mother said at Christmas time that she saw a tremendous change in them. I'm sure that this was James's last Christmas as a true believer in Santa Claus. He just couldn't understand how Santa Claus could be all over the world in one night. On the other hand, he wasn't going to take any chances that Santa might not come if he didn't believe in him. We really did have a wonderful Christmas. Mother was here, as was her companion, Betty Tilsen, and Betty's two daughters, Hanna and

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FEBRUARY IS FREDERICK'S WORRY MONTH

Dear Friends:

Whenever the month of February rolls around, I sigh a long, long sigh. I never have been able to make myself fall in love with the month of February. I love the month of May, and I am very fond of practically every other month except cold, dark, wet, dreary February. You may remember that it was in February that I broke my back in a winter sports accident! In February we have had to cancel more church dinners and committee meetings because of bad weather than has been the case for any other month. February always is a month for the lowest church attendance. Oh, I could go on and on about things that make February unpopular.

February is also a month for financial worries, for it is the month of our Every Member Financial Canvass for the church. Each February I lie awake night after night wondering if the Lord will lead our people to be generous in their giving to the church. Betty criticizes me for this. Only last night she said: "Why do you have so little faith? In all your years in the ministry, you never have had your people fail to meet a church budget! Always they are generous! Always they give more than they are asked to give! And always you worry, worry, worry!" Of course, Betty is right. It does indicate a lack of faith in God when I worry about church finances, but last night I replied to her by speaking of the fact that this year our people must raise the largest budget in the history of the church. I said: "But God may decide our church should not spend \$200,000 this year! That is what worries me!"

With all of this on my mind, I took a walk in the park today, wading through snow up to my knees. It was so lovely in the park. Whenever I am out of doors, I feel nearer to God, and certainly I felt that way today. I watched a little red fox flipping along a frozen stream, and I was reminded of the way God provides for all his animals. And if He looks after the fox in the park, he surely is looking after me, too. How can I doubt that?

Incidentally, I hope your town has in it a nice park. We have several very fine parks in Springfield, and our parsonage is practically in one of them. The American people are becoming more park conscious, and it is good that they are. The old cities in Europe all have excellent park facilities, and millions and millions of dollars are spent in their maintenance. Here in New England we probably have more and better parks than in some sections of the country because of an old Yan-



The family high chair came out of Frederick's basement for his little granddaughter Isabel when she and her mother, Mary Leanna Garcia, came to Massachusetts for a mid-winter visit.

kee tradition of wealthy men giving parks to their communities as gifts. I hope that someday you can see the enormous park which was given to our city of Springfield by a man who made his wealth manufacturing ice skates. Right now we are all excited about a new park presently in the planning stage. It will be a park along our Connecticut River waterfront only a few blocks from the church.

Betty and I like to think that we are partially responsible for this new park, because we have been speaking about such a park to our community leaders ever since we started making our vacation trips to Europe. The Europeans always have a park along a waterfront where at all possible, and as we have boated up and down the European rivers, we have had many opportunities to enjoy those parks. In our own country, the tendency has been to industrialize the river fronts without giving any thought to the beauty of river front parks. To make this new park in Springfield, a large gas company has had to be moved, and the railroad has had to move its tracks and freight station.

Already we are counting the weeks until we get to see our new grand-

daughter again. The vacation that Mary Leanna and her baby spent with us in December and early January went by all too fast. I never dreamed that a grandfather could love a grandchild as much as I love our little Isabel Maria. One evening after I had been playing with her, I said to Betty: "I love this child so much that it actually hurts! I really can feel a pain in my heart!" It was so hard for us to let her go back to Albuquerque, and now we are so anxious for the summer holiday that will permit us to visit Mary Lea and Isabel Maria. After our big adventure that will take us rafting down the rivers of British Columbia, we shall fly from Vancouver to Albuquerque, and then on to Shenandoah and home. If time permits, we shall stop off for a day or two in Denver along the way.

Some of our friends have been trying to talk us out of our river-rafting trip in the Northwest. They say that Betty and I are too old for the wildness of that adventure, but we disagree. Of course there will be some risks involved, but aren't there risks in everything today? We like to do exciting things, and what could be more exciting than flying in a small plane to the very center of British Columbia, and then riding in a rubber raft down some of the most rapid-filled rivers in all of North America. We have been told that rafting on the Colorado River is tame compared to the trip we are about to make. A friend who made this same trip last year said: "You will be soaked from head to foot for six of the ten days and nights you are on the river. There is just no way to keep dry in those rapids." We are prepared for that.

It is hard for me to realize that I am now the senior protestant pastor in our city. Some people do not like growing old, but I have not minded it a bit. As a matter of fact, I rather feel sorry for the young ministers just starting out. How hard it is for a young person to win the confidence and the trust of older people who have had so much more experience than he or she has. There are so many things in life that one can only learn from experience, and it takes many years of living for a young minister to learn all that a senior minister knows.

I thought of that a few days ago when I attended an installation service for a young man beginning work in his first church. God always is our best teacher, and one of the hardest lessons God has to teach a young minister is a lesson in humility. Every single minister, rabbi, and priest is so accustomed to hearing persons say complimentary things about his work, and about their preaching, that before he knows

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COVER PICTURE

It was an exciting day when the photographer came to James's room to take the school pictures. The youngsters were interested in the enormous camera and all the flood lights — so different from the photographic sessions at home. James is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, New Mexico. The grandmothers are Lucile Verness of Shenandoah, Iowa, and Mary Lowey of Woods Hole, Mass.



"Don't Fence Me In!"

A PROGRAM FOR BROTHERHOOD MONTH

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a globe on a small table. Beside it stack several sections of toy plastic fence. One or two sections might be stood up in the background behind the globe. On the wall behind the globe make a collage-type backdrop, using a map of the world, a map of the United States, your state map, and a map or plat of your own town or country.

Leader: The neighbor's fence is binding man to see his neighbor's side. No fence need two sides separate, if neighborly love's an open gate.

If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
That meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less

And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,

If I knew you and you knew me.

—Thanks to an unknown author

Song: "America the Beautiful".

Leader: In the mountains of West Virginia there is a little stream by the picturesque name of Jaw-Bone Run. It flows into Buckhannon River, which in turn flows into Tygart's Valley River. This river eventually flows into the Monongahela. In the heart of the city of Pittsburgh this Monongahela and the Allegheny River meet and join to become the beautiful Ohio, which wends its way westward until it flows into the mighty Mississippi, which in turn flows into the Gulf of Mexico. There that tiny West Virginia stream, Jaw-Bone Run, becomes a part of the oceans of the world!

Just as this little obscure creek belongs to the great system of ocean waters on our earth, so each person on this earth belongs to one great human family of the earth — the brotherhood of our world. What each of us does or says has a very real effect on those about us, and often on those far away. We are a part of life's stream.

If someone had decided to divert all the water in Jaw-Bone Run into a vast reservoir to hold it just for use in a

tiny valley in West Virginia, how different would be its story! Instead of a "world's eye view", Jaw-Bone Run would have that fenced-in "just me and that's as far as I can see" view — narrow, restricted, hampered.

"DON'T FENCE ME IN!" I want to be an alert, active part of the world stream of life, rubbing elbows with all the great human family of this earth, don't you?

"America the Beautiful" we sang a few moments ago. Did you really think of the words you were singing? Let us think for a bit how the "key" phrases of this great national hymn fit in with our theme of brotherhood and our lesson title, "Don't Fence Me In". — (Name) will give us some thoughts about this.

Speaker: (You might have the words of "America the Beautiful" in large print on a sheet of newsprint which hangs in view of the audience.) You will note that the first half of each stanza of this lovely hymn speaks of the beauty and riches of our land, and expresses gratitude for our historic past and our rich heritage. The second half of each verse is a prayer that God continue to bless us, to guide and lead us with His great wisdom, that He correct our errors, and that He show us how to live in peace and brotherhood.

How pointedly it calls to mind the ideals and principles upon which our country was founded! Perhaps today, more than at any other time in our nation's history, we need to have those ideals and principles brought to mind so that, like our founding fathers, we can say "We find these truths to be self-evident."

In the first verse is praise for America's natural beauty and its abundance; then the prayer "God shed His grace on thee."

So often we boast of the greatness of our country and the luxuries of those who live in this land of abundance. It is natural for us to think there is no state like our home state, no town ever quite like our old home town, and our home school — now, say, THAT'S some school! The feelings of patriotism and public pride are all fine to a certain extent and in their proper significance.

What we must never forget is that these things have come to us by the "grace of God", but that God has no favored nation, no favored peoples.

"God sends his rain on the just and the unjust," we glibly say, yet how true! As we count our blessings, let us do it with humility, not pride, seeking to use our advantages, our country's wealth and influence, to bring help and hope to everyone around the world. Let's not fence ourselves in with pride, with self-esteem and importance.

In verse two we are reminded of our founding fathers, their courage and their determination to be a free people. Then comes the phrase "God mend thine every flaw."

How reluctant we have been to admit that our nation or we ourselves have any flaws! Somehow we find it hard to admit a mistake, to say, "I was wrong." Yet time after time it is seen that our greatest growth comes from learning from our mistakes. It is up to us if we let mistakes and wrongs become millstones about our necks, or stepping stones to something better. As citizens, as a part of the world family, it is not enough to say "My country right or wrong", but we must add, "If wrong then I'll do everything in my power to right it." Then we can in sincerity sing "God mend thine every flaw." We will tear down the fences of injustice, selfishness and greed, and prejudice.

And we can begin our flaw-mending right at home:

If I sought just the good in you,
And you the good in me,
Perhaps within a day or two
We'd find a remedy
For all distrust — suspicion, too,
And we'd quite friendly be —
If I sought the good in you,

And you the good in me. —Anonymous

"May God thy gold refine" comes after gratitude expressed for heroes who through the years held our nation together. This "liberating strife" may have been on the battlefield, in the courtroom, in the halls of Congress, in the White House, in the town council. With God's help we must sift and refine to know what is worth saving, what is worth fighting for, what is really important or top priority for the best good of all concerned. Let us not be fenced in by tradition, by prestige, by red tape, by "saving face".

The prayer parts of the hymn begin and end with the prayer "Crown thy good with brotherhood", and that is our prayer today.

We have all heard of the Tower of Babel. It was to be the greatest tower in the land, a symbol of their security and strength as well as a monument to themselves, but you will remember that the Lord did not find the building of this tower good, and so, in the midst of their new-found wisdom and power, its builders found that confusion and divi-

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Katharine and James Lowey, dressed in their Sunday best, were photographed before leaving for a birthday dinner party for one of their friends.

Warmed by Memories

by
Annabelle Whobrey

The weatherman predicted "much colder temperatures, arriving during the night". I took his warning, opened the old cedar chest, and took out an old quilt. As I threw this across the foot of my bed, just in case the prediction came true, memories began to flood my mind. This is an old, well-worn quilt, made when I was a teenager, and the many washings have faded it. However, these faded blocks hold the handiwork of friends. A fad hit our community, called friendship quilts. I passed out patterns to those I wanted to participate in my project. In each corner of the block, little colorful prints could be sewn together, making a fan, and, in the middle of the white block, each person embroidered her name. Thus, one had a pretty quilt block, holding pieces of material that you associated with a friend, plus her signature.

Slowly I looked at each block, remembering events about each name and associating the faded prints with some dress or apron she had worn. There was Lillian's block, containing some grey- and pink-flowered material. How we had laughed over this piece of material, for I'd seen her wear this dress to school. We attended a rural school, and Lillian walked over a mile. She had become frightened at a snake and ran into the bushes and tore her dress. She had to ask the teacher for a safety pin to "mend" the big hole. I had asked if the quilt material had come from the piece she left hanging on the blackberry briar. Now I can

no longer hear her ringing laughter, for in later years she felt she could not cope with the problems of life, and had taken her life. She had made this morbid decision in the fall when the ducks and geese were flying to warmer climates for the winter. Now when I hear the honk of the wild geese or a flock of ducks fly over, I am lonely for Lillian.

There was the block of "A.J." made from his good wife's bright dresses, but the big bold lettering was masculine handwriting. Through the week this kindly old gentleman was often my fishing companion. However, on Sunday he donned his blue serge suit and dark tie and preached at the nearby Methodist church. Childlike, I questioned the ever-present cigar he smoked as he fished. Somehow I felt that preachers were entirely spotless, and smoking sort of tarnished his character. He explained that smoking relaxed him, and, while completely at ease, he often was inspired to think of his sermon for Sunday. Too, he always spit upon his bait before casting it into the lake, so I surmised that the tobacco taste was really what made the big ones bite.

The not-too-neat block, with only the word "Kiddo", means a lot! She was my tomboy playmate, not still long enough to learn to sew. Still, she took the time to make me a friendship block, making it all the more precious, because I knew she would rather be in a treetop!

When I had finished looking at each block, I realized that surely half of

those whose names appear are now gone. Some have moved to other parts of the country, and contact has been lost. I suppose not a single name has become famous; not many are known except on a local level. But, to me, I would not exchange one single name for one of some well-known person. What is dearer than an old fishing partner, or someone who played hopscotch and hung her dress tail on a briar? Who would want to exchange a tomboy's block for that of some big shot? A tomboy could stand your hair on end, daring you to climb to the highest tree, but she could share your innermost secret, too.

The night did turn cool, and the old quilt was needed, but the warmth it gave me from the cold could not compare with all the heart-warming memories it brought to my heart.

BRUSH UP ON PAINTING TIPS

by Deleta Landphair

Painting walls and furniture is one of the cheapest and easiest ways for do-it-yourselfers to perk up their homes. Here are a few tips to make the work go smoother.

Before starting, apply a light film of baby oil to your hands. Paint spatters will wash off without scrubbing.

When using a roller, spread on an area about four feet square using up and down strokes. Then roll crosswise over the same area to hide lap marks.

While painting overhead, slip half of a hollow rubber ball over the brush handle to catch any drips.

When using a small, easily-tipped paint can, cut a hole in the side of an empty detergent box. Place the can in the opening. Not only is it secure but there will be room on the box to lay a paddle and brush.

Pour a little leftover paint into a baby food jar and seal tightly. It will be handy to touch up the inevitable scratches and chips.

When there's leftover paint, mark the level on the can so you'll know later how much remains. Then replace the lid tightly and remove any wet paint from its edge. Invert the can during storage. A scum will form on the top. When the can is turned right side up and opened, the scum will then be at the bottom.

Paint brushes should be cleaned immediately after finishing. However if they are neglected, soak them in hot vinegar. They will become soft and pliant again.

Before trying to match fabric and furnishings to your newly painted room, dip a white blotter in the paint. When dry, the blotter will match the paint exactly and be handy to tuck in your purse when you go shopping.

MINI-BUSINESSES FOR MIDWEST

KIDS

by

M. B. Grenier

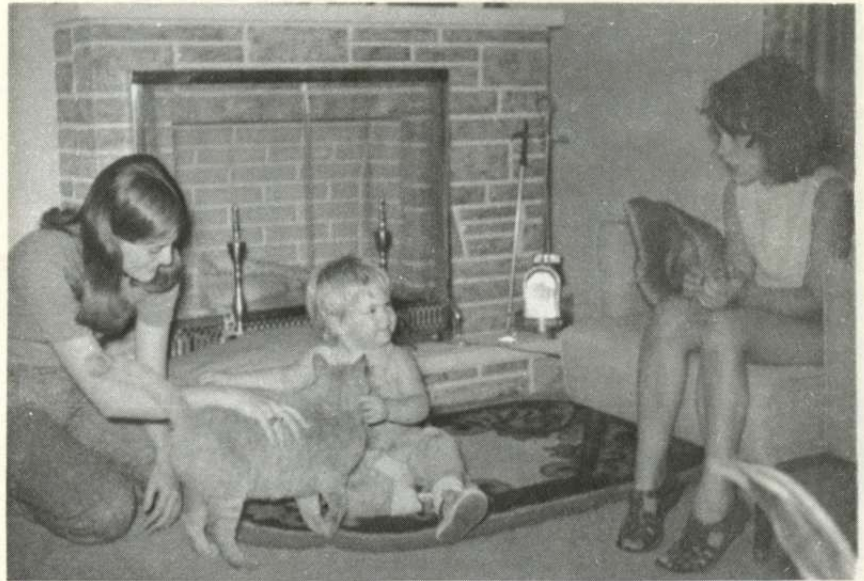
Midland Empire youths are creating do-it-yourself jobs, savoring the profits and pleasure of free enterprise.

The Reeder brothers, St. Joseph, Mo., both under 16 years of age, were casting around for ways to earn spare time cash, but legal restrictions prevented them from working at most jobs. They took notice of the many "Worms for Sale" signs around the area where their family took their spring fishing vacation, and decided this was the kind of down-to-earth business they could "dig". As soon as they returned home, they lined up three tubs, filled them half full with dirt, and went worm hunting — in their own yard, neighbors' yards, in vacant lots, along river banks. They were soon ready to hang out their shingle and go into business. The brothers turned out to be top-notch advertising geniuses as well as good businessmen when they devised the clever slogan, "Our Worms Catch Fish — or Die Trying!" The catchy sign proved to be just the right "bait" to catch customers, and the enterprising brothers were kept busy the rest of the summer, spading up worms and raking in cash. "On a rainy night we could find as many as 300 worms," one of the brothers explained. "We sold them for 2¢ to 5¢ each, depending on the time of the year. The work involved isn't much — catching them, feeding them, and cleaning out the tubs about once each month."

Over in Hiawatha, Kansas, night crawler sales also developed into big business for the Martindale sisters. The four girls, ranging in age from 10 to 15 years, made over \$250 last summer, selling night crawlers.

Two sophomores at the University of Missouri needed a way to earn money for their next year's tuition. When they could not find the secretarial work they wanted, they kept in mind something else they could do, and set themselves up as house painters. They not only ended up with more than enough cash to pay the next year's expenses, but also with slimmer, trimmer figures, and the good suntans which they wanted. "And we found out that the paint in our hair wasn't really too hard to remove," they explained, as they counted up their money.

Many young men find mowing grass and shoveling snow reliable year-round ways of putting extra cash in their pockets. One 16-year-old St. Joseph boy earned enough money during summer months to pay his winter college tuition each year. He had his own automobile for transportation, and was soon



This lovely teenager enjoys her employment as a neighborhood baby sitter.

able to buy his own power mower. He charged \$4.00 to mow an average size lawn, more if the lawn was large, and found he could easily mow four lawns per day. By running his ad in the city newspaper occasionally, he was kept busy all summer.

Boys and girls under sixteen years of age have found that minimum wage laws and other restrictions have virtually forced them out of the job market. It is most encouraging to see many of these young entrepreneurs organizing their own businesses. They find they like the self-employed, be-your-own-boss route. And they get valuable experience that will stand them in good stead for the rest of their lives.

The "new" generation is finding that constructive work with the hands is stimulating and rewarding — in addition to being a satisfactory way of "making" extra cash. Entirely on their own, they are discovering the old truth that he who learns a skill, or a handicraft, has an exciting, creative activity that will keep him interested the rest of his life. Time never hangs heavy on his hands; he need never be lacking in fun or funds.

Hundreds of boys and girls earn extra money delivering daily newspapers. Some years ago, Jim Glenski of St. Joseph was presented a check for more than \$2000 by the carrier manager of a St. Joseph daily newspaper. The check represented money put aside by the boy for savings during the two years and seven months he worked as a newspaper carrier. He applied his savings toward his education. In addition to the neat bank accounts they accumulate, newsboys and girls learn valuable lessons in dependability, reliance, buying and selling, meeting people. Some young people opt to sell and deliver only weekly periodicals, magazines,

and newspapers. While the pay is less, they spend less time and energy.

Many other teens and pre-teens go into the business of selling garden seeds, greeting and Christmas cards, cosmetics, household items. This mutual free enterprise usually costs nothing to start, and there is no risk whatever. In most cases, the merchandise, or catalogs, are sent free of charge to the young salesmen. In some instances, the commissions run 40 to 50% of the selling prices. The young person is allowed to make just as much as his ability and persistence will allow him. Many young people who start "from scratch" selling garden seeds or magazine subscriptions have gone on to responsible selling careers in the grown-up business world.

If you have something already growing on your place that you can sell, your money is practically all profit, many practical teens and 'twens are discovering. The two Blair sisters, St. Joseph, Mo., were elated when their family moved to a place with 180 peony bushes growing. They soon had a "blooming" business flourishing. The girls run an ad in the local paper before Memorial Day, and have the flowers all picked and ready. They also place a large sign in their front yard — then get ready for their long line of customers! "Last Memorial Day my sister and I earned fifty dollars," explained Julie, "and this year we expect to do even better. But, even nicer than the money we make, are the nice people that we meet!"

The family of another 12-year-old St. Joseph boy had almost "wall-to-wall" walnut trees growing on their place. When he noticed the price of nutmeats in the grocery store, he decided to cash in on what he had at home. He picked up the walnuts, hulled them,

and put them into baskets. He found that he had no need to advertise, as neighbors, relatives, and friends proved a ready market for his products, and this "nutty" business kept him supplied with cash during the autumn months. On the other hand, Evelyn Hart soon discovered that many people were anxious to buy the lovely clusters of bittersweet growing wild on her family's place. She cut the bittersweet, arranged it in bunches priced from 25¢ to \$1.00, and pocketed several dollars of "sweet" cash that autumn.

The Midwest, with its kaleidoscopic variety of corn, oats, wheat, and soybean fields, apple, pear, and peach orchards, and wooded hillsides, offers a never-ending procession of part-time jobs to young people who enjoy the out-of-doors and are not afraid of hard work. They keep a sharp eye out for ads in the newspapers asking for farm help, run their own ads, or go to the employment office and sign up for such work. They find that seed companies, farmers, and orchard owners frequently hire large numbers of young people all at one time, and provide the transportation to the fields or orchards. Detasseling corn, picking up ears of corn after the picker has gone through, weeding fields of grain and vegetables, and picking strawberries, apples, peaches, and pears are the types of work for which young people report earning \$25 to \$100 per week.

This tuned-in "now" generation who are making their own jobs are developing self-reliance, a sense of responsibility, are learning to feel as if they are producing members of society. They are learning skills that will be of value to them always, and often influence their future careers and occupations. *And they are earning while they are learning.* Having their own savings or banking accounts is an exciting part of growing up; it is an invaluable way to acquire a healthy respect for the value and the management of money.

Although selling fireworks is now illegal, this study in perseverance could apply to other situations. Harvey Heerlein and his pal decided to go into the fireworks business in 1970. Harvey designed, built, and stocked the stand, and business was soon popping. Vandals turned the stand over the first night. Repairs were made and the stand set back up. The stand continued to be overturned each night, and the boys patiently set it back up and continued business. On the night before the Fourth, the stand was burned to the ground. Undaunted, the boys sold the last of their fireworks from the bed of Harvey's father's pick-up the next day. In spite of all the setbacks, each boy pocketed \$100 profit that summer, plus all the hamburgers, ice cream and pop

they could eat, and all the fireworks they shot off.

The next summer Harvey decided to play it cool. He made a portable stand on a farm wagon and, with a tractor, pulled the stand to his place of business each day and to his home each night. He borrowed \$100 from his bank account to set himself up in business. At the end of the fireworks season he had accumulated a \$350 profit, and had a \$72 inventory to start the next season. In 1972 he shared the work and profits with a brother and a sister and they cleared almost \$300 each.

"It's for the birds" could describe the ecology-conscious, business-incapsule-form of twelve-year-old Tim King, the summer of '71. When it was learned that purple martins were one of nature's ways of getting rid of mosquitoes and other pesky insects, many Midland residents began erecting martin houses on their premises to lure the mosquito-eating birds to their yards. The far-seeing King boy secured a pat-

tern and materials, and soon had a martin-house business flourishing in his home. In addition to the satisfaction of knowing he was helping to do away with poisonous sprays and powders with their dangerous side effects, he was also "feathering his nest" with some extra cash.

This "clean-minded" generation of pollution-conscious young teen-agers have definite ecology "vibrations", also. They are finding out that a lot of items, formerly discarded to pollute the environment, can be profitably "got-ten all together" and recycled into useful products that people will buy. "My hobby of picking up all discarded soft drink bottles and cashing them in not only keeps our streets and roads more litter-free, but also is an easy way to 'pick up' an extra dollar or two each month," one nine-year-old explains.

There can be adversities in any business, but those who keep on keeping on are on the road to success.

"Enshrined in the Hearts of the People"

by

Mabel Nair Brown



As Abraham Lincoln's birthday draws near each February, my memory always takes me back to our visit to the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., for, to me, it the most moving of all national monuments.

There are 36 columns around the building, one for each state in the Union he saved. Entering the main rotunda of the monument, one is impressed by the simplicity and can only stand in awe and tears before the gentle, quiet figure of the martyred president. The statue is carved from Georgia marble, surrounded by gleaming marble on which are inscribed these words:

In this temple
As in the hearts of the people
For whom he saved the Union
The memory of Abraham Lincoln
Is enshrined forever

In silence I stood there gazing upon those care-worn features. It was evident that those about me fell under the same spell as I when it seemed that his great personality was right there in the room—his gentleness, patience,

wisdom, courage, vision and humility. Somehow the sculptor caught it all as he carved the marble.

On the walls of halls around the main rotunda are carved the words of the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. I saw school children with awed faces silently reading that address, their lips moving, many seeming to say it from memory as they had learned it in history classes. Nearby stood a stooped, aged black woman who gazed at the words through tears and so the young man with her (perhaps he was her grandson) softly read the words aloud to her.

In silence we walked down the steps to leave, pausing for one last look back through the open arch (there are no doors) for a last glimpse of the lonely figure, and thought of what one visitor had written, "His gaze is on the dome of the nation's capitol as he continues his vigilance 'that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

HEIRLOOMS EXCITING GIFTS FOR WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

Things are quiet and peaceful for a few hours this afternoon. The crush of the holidays is over and I find it a profound relief to have nothing to do. Our school ran a week later this year, and as a result Don and I were literally panting to get parcels mailed. We made an unexpectedly early trip to Chicago to get Katharine. She had her reservation into Chicago and we had plans made with a friend to get her along with their daughter who was also coming in from Houston, but out of the blue came a phone call announcing that Katharine had a test schedule changed, so she was coming home a full week early, and on a most miserable evening, too. So after school we grabbed quick suppers, deposited Paul at school for a basketball game, made arrangements for a friend to bring him home, and took off in a pea soup fog for Chicago. Fortunately the weather in Chicago was considerably better than that in Milwaukee and her plane was right on time — although we were not.

She arrived with no coat whatsoever and was pleased to see that her sister Adrienne had a warm winter-type garment for her to put on before we stepped out of the airport. She was filled to the brim with four months of things to share with us. We must have talked for four hours straight. We learned more about her plans two years from now, which included the final goal of working in a zoo.

She has since made an appointment with Mr. George Speidel of the Milwaukee County Zoo. This proved to be a good move on her part, because although he did not try to dissuade her from aiming towards a zoo job, he did state quite clearly from his personal experience that there were very few job openings in the zoos across the country — and especially a limited need for people with college degrees. She was disappointed but not deterred from looking into the availabilities of jobs in her field of interest.

Next she went to Marquette University in downtown Milwaukee and had a lengthy interview with the lady who is head of the department of research pharmacology. She took Katharine through their laboratories where they are conducting extensive experiments on rats and mice, and once again Katharine firmed up one fact in her mind. Whatever biological line she ends up in, it will not be in the experimental end with animals. She said it was terribly interesting but she hasn't the heart to get into the line that works with animals with such detached abandon. While she was still here she was put



Adrienne Driftmier, Don's and Mary Beth's youngest child, is very interested in antiques, working as a guide in a local historic landmark during the summer months.

in touch with a gentleman from a pharmaceutical laboratory in Chicago, and she has that appointment to explore.

She intends to seek out the large oil companies in Houston upon her return to school to see what they are offering in the line of animal biological studies. She knows several girls who are working for the oil companies already, with the promise of employment when they graduate. The companies advise them along their undergraduate paths toward courses which will best serve their mutual needs. I would surely miss her if she decided to take a job in Hous-



YOU CAN WORK FOR BROTHERHOOD

In Your Own Attitudes:

Deal with people as individual. Don't generalize about groups of people.

Have friends in all religious, racial, and national groups.

Don't blame others for your own faults and troubles; don't make others scapegoats for the problems of society.

When You Hear a Bigot:

Challenge prejudiced statements quietly with moral principles and facts.

Insist that each person be judged as an individual; do not allow generalizations to go unchallenged.

Ask proof of prejudiced charges.

Point out that religious principles and democratic ideals call for fair play for every person.

In Your Own Home:

Give your children good example by talking about and acting with people as individuals. Children pay more attention to actions than words.

ton, but with the job market so tight and competitive, I would be delighted with whatever she could line up. Her father and I are both glad to see her investigating this closely, because had she planned her entire five remaining semesters at Rice with everything aimed at a job with a zoo, she would have been educated for a field that was practically nonexistent, and if there is one thing she will need when she graduates, it is an availability of job openings in her field.

Our Christmas had an unusual over-tone this year, which, although the date is late, bears telling. I did receive a very sizable reply to my inquiry for the spinning wheel for Adrienne's gift. However, I had not anticipated the high cost of antique spinning wheels but regardless, I do thank all the people who were kind enough to write me.

The unique thread that wove through our gifts was the feel of heirlooms. My mother had a gold coin mounted and hung from a lovely chain for me. I had seen it in the box of family treasures in my father's dresser for years, but had not realized its history. My Grandmother and Grandfather Schneider in Columbus, Ohio, had been given a shower of gold coins on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary in 1932 by the members of his church congregation at St. John's Lutheran Church.

Then Adrienne received a doll from my mother that had belonged to her sister Blanche. This doll is 125 years old, and my mother lovingly stitched a new dress for her with pantaloons and complete undergarments which had handmade hairpin lace attached to them that had been made and sewed onto an ancient pair of pillowcases. This beautiful doll has a china head and black hair painted in a most fashionable manner. Her feet, legs, arms and hands are china, too.

The final thrill for Adrienne was having her pink moonstone mounted as a ring for her hopefully full-grown hands. My favorite uncle and aunt, who had lived in LaGrange, Illinois, were rock hounds, and my uncle occupied himself after his retirement with lapidary work. After his death in 1969 Adrienne was given this beautiful moonstone from amongst his polished gems. We were waiting until her hands were grown out of their baby plumpness, and my mother determined that this year was the year to get it set. She can continue to grow in height but her fingers had best stay one size now.

You should see our family! Adrienne and Katharine are one height now — five feet, nine inches . . . and Adrienne is still moving up at age fourteen.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



February parties are such fun that "bubbling hearts" should be the result as well as the theme for a Valentine party!

INVITATION: Cut heart shapes from white typing paper and write the invitation in red ink. Roll each one tightly and slip inside a red balloon. On another heart-shaped paper write the directions: Blow this bubble big and fine. When it pops you'll find out — It's party time! Slip directions and the balloon invitation into an envelope to mail.

DECORATIONS: Use inflated red and white balloons and red paper hearts lavishly — suspend from streamers, from light fixtures, pin them to drapes, tie to arms of chairs, fasten to lamp shades. Inflate several balloons to use as a door swag, having red ribbon streamers to which the hearts are attached.

Add to the fun by using felt-tipped markers to write candy-heart type mottoes on the inflated balloons.

On some of the paper hearts draw "smiling faces", on others print humorous mottoes.

ENTERTAINMENT: Open the party with a *Love Song Sing-Along* as the guests are arriving. As soon as the first few arrive begin singing love songs, old and new. Perhaps you can ask a friend in advance to be the song leader while you are busy greeting guests.

Choosing Partners Ice Breaker: As

each man arrives he is handed a small ball of string and two heart-shaped lollipops. He is told to walk about the house and quietly tie the lollipops to some object (chair leg, magazine rack, arm of rocker, etc.), and then continue to wander all about the room, unrolling the string as he walks. He can do this as he joins in the informal sing-along suggested above. As more and more of the male guests are walking about their strings will become criss-crossed and entwined. When a guest's string is all unwound, he hands the end of the string to the hostess. When she has the ends of all the strings, she then hands a string to each girl, who then follows her string (unwinding and sorting it out from the twisted strings) until she finds the lollipops at the end. She stands there until the man who tied them there comes to claim her as his partner. Then they may untie and enjoy their prize. These couples are partners for various games throughout the evening. (Note: If two adjoining rooms, perhaps even an upstairs room, can be included in the area where the men may walk to unwind their string, it will be the more fun.)

Hearty Blow: Two couples at a time will compete in this. The couples stand on the starting line at one end of the room. Before each couple, on the floor, are placed three inflated balloons. Each player is given a large construction paper heart to use as a fan. At the leader's signal, the couples

try to fan their balloons to a goal line at the opposite end of the room and back to the starting line. The couple who gets all three balloons back to the starting line first wins the prize, a bag of candy kisses. Several pairs of couples can try their hand at this before going on to the next game.

Cupid's Examination: Each guest is given a sheet of paper on which these questions are written, with spaces for answers. (Or the leader may read the question, then allow time for players to write the answers before reading next question.) 1. Describe your ideal man (or woman). 2. List ten symptoms of love. 3. Who is Cupid's worst enemy? 4. Write your advice to the love-lorn in 25 words or less. 5. Write a 10-word telegram proposal. 6. What is the most admirable trait in a husband (or wife)?

Have the guests read their answers. A prize might be awarded the one who has written the funniest answers.

Poetical Romance: Provide each couple with paper and pencil. Allow ten minutes for each couple to write a romantic Valentine poem.

Heart Bubbling: Hand to each couple a large handful of candy motto hearts. The prize goes to the couple who can make the most complete sentence, using the words on their hearts. Prizes might go, too, to the one with cleverest sentence, the funniest, the longest, etc.

Musical Stars: Have someone at the piano (or a record player could be used) play a familiar love song as each couple, in turn, pantomimes the words, adding gestures and facial expressions — without uttering a sound, of course. Prizes are awarded according to the applause a couple receives. Different love songs might be used for different couples; or how about letting each couple choose "their song" from some of your records?

REFRESHMENT TIPS: Make popcorn ball hearts by tinting the syrup with red food coloring and molding individual hearts in individual heart salad molds which have been well buttered.

For "Valentine Sodas" pour ginger ale over strawberry ice cream served in tall glasses. Top each with a fluff of whipped cream and a whole frozen strawberry, or a teaspoonful of strawberry preserves.

For "Double Heart" cookies, use your favorite sugar cookie dough. Cut an equal number of hearts from the dough in two sizes. After they are baked, ice the smaller hearts in pink icing; then ice the bottom of the cookie and place the pink heart on top of the larger cookie. Use white icing and a cake decorator to write a Valentine motto on each small pink cookie.



ALISON DRIFTMIER WALSTAD IS PREPARING FOR AN INTERESTING CAREER

Dear Friends:

I hope all of you are enjoying winter-time as much as we are this year. Usually by the time January and February come around I have a case of the mid-winter blahs. Having never been a cold weather fan in the past, I got shivers just thinking about spending these two months in Colorado — cold upon cold, snow upon more snow! Anyone admitting to a dislike of winter in Colorado, a state which depends on skiing for revenue, had better be prepared to be branded a traitor! So why should I be enjoying this particular January? One of the reasons is that we haven't seen a fierce display of weather, wind, snow and sun in almost two years. In fact, at this time last year, we were in southern Texas camping, complaining that our sleeping bags were too warm. In Beaumont it failed to even get down to freezing.

Another reason it seems cheerful out, is that I am sitting by an antique wood-burning heater in our little farmhouse looking out over acres and acres of volunteer wheat draped in white. We were fortunate when moving in that we were able to find a house to rent that we really adore. It was a deserted and vacant place — not much to look at. It appeared much like the many abandoned houses in the Midwest, a rather sad end I think, for the work and dreams that went into building a farm fifty years ago.

The construction was still sound and we set to work fixing and painting and putting in windows where they had been broken out. To see it now, one would scarcely recognize it! Mike and I, and especially the dogs, love the penetrating warmth of fireplaces and wood stoves, so we looked around the area for a cast iron heater. Believe me, this is a scarce item around here! So many people have recreational cabins in the mountains that they are really in demand. After searching and searching we finally found one we really liked at a garage sale. And lo and behold, after talking to the delightful lady having the sale, we learned she was born and raised in Shenandoah! She remembered using these old heaters in the severe winters in Iowa, and she explained how to adjust the dampers and air intake for us, thus eliminating a smoke-filled house from trial and error experimentation.

Our place sits on about thirty acres with a few small out buildings and an almost usable fence. Hopefully, we plan on having a huge garden next spring. I say hopefully because our acreage is up for sale, for subdivision



Alison is a daughter of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier. When she and her husband, Mike Walstad, moved to Denver, where Mike was to be employed, she decided to go back to school, selecting an interesting field of study.

building. We really doubt we'll have to move in the near future, with finances being so tight. We're located on the very edge of Denver, and occasionally coyotes come daringly close to the house. But as Denver creeps and crawls eastward, and as houses are built further and further out, the living space for animals such as these grows smaller and smaller. I suppose once, a long time ago, there were antelope in our area. Those days are long gone now, and perhaps ten years from now, with a huge shopping mall sitting where our farmhouse stood, we will be able to tell of days when you could hear coyotes wail during a lonely winter's night.

The third reason for my benevolent

THE BOOMERANG

When a bit of sunshine hits ye, after passing of a cloud,
When a bit of laughter gets ye, and ye're spine is feeling proud,
Don't forget to up and fling it at a soul that's feeling blue
For the minute that ye sling it, it's a boomerang for you.

—Captain Jack Crawford

A HAPPY HOME RECIPE

4 cups of love
2 cups of loyalty
3 cups of forgiveness
1 cup of friendship
5 spoons of hope
2 spoons of tenderness
4 quarts of faith
1 barrel of laughter

Take love and loyalty; mix it thoroughly with faith. Blend it with tenderness, kindness and understanding. Add friendship and hope. Sprinkle abundantly with laughter. Bake it with sunshine. Serve daily with generous helpings.

attitude toward this Colorado winter is that I am a student at the Bel-Rea Institute of Animal Technology here in Denver, studying to be a veterinary assistant. It is a program that runs one and a half years in length, including fifteen months of classroom study and three months as an intern in a veterinary hospital. With a national shortage of veterinarians and increased numbers of animals, both on the farm and as pets, there is becoming a greater need for trained technicians to assist the veterinarian with his duties. Nowadays, veterinarians are able to take advantage of new equipment for laboratory procedures, and new techniques for surgery being developed in modern medicine.

The old stereotype of a tobacco-chewing "horse doctor" is long gone. I enjoy taking friends and relatives through a tour of the facilities, because they are usually amazed at the modern medical equipment at the veterinarian's disposal. There are several X-ray rooms and laboratories, and excellent surgery facilities, as well as an area for patients recovering from surgery and those requiring intensive care. In fact, were one not to hear the ever-present sound of barking and meowing, one would think he was present at any human hospital. Many medical techniques now routine in human medicine were perfected under veterinary supervision with animals.

The majority of work done at our school is with small animals — mostly dogs and cats — but we do have classes dealing with large animals also. There is a farm run in connection with our program, and I can hardly wait until I can spend much of my day out there! Horses have always been my passion, and it is with this phase of veterinary medicine that I am most enthralled.

I think perhaps the hardest part of my training has been to toughen up my heart. There are so many "wayfaring strangers" coming daily into the clinic, and my heart goes out to each one. Mike told me when I started I was *not* to bring home every orphan I saw. Believe me, it's been difficult to say no to each one's pleading eyes. It has become more and more apparent to me the necessity of educating the general public with regards to the necessity of good breeding practices. There are so many unwanted puppies and kittens already that it is a shame not more is being done in this area to prevent unwanted litters.

I can see that my space has just about run out. I would like to share more of my experiences at school with each of you, but it will have to wait until a later time. Until then,

Sincerely,
Alison



LIFE IS MADE UP OF SIMPLE JOYS

by
Mollie Dowdle

All the headlines in the daily papers scream of things which aren't conducive to a healthy, happy state of mind. And people talk . . .

Maybe my blissful state is all wrong, but I'm not too concerned about conditions. If I could help, I would; but I would be one small voice crying in the wilderness. I've lived through perilous times before and made out, so I'm not going into panic now.

Just a week ago, we stopped at a service station for gas, and an old hearse (yes, hearse!) full of kids drove up. Long hair, bushy faces, but all smiling. There were so many of them that the vehicle was bursting at the seams.

I got out of the car, walked over, and said, "Gee, I like you kids."

Two girls got out, put their arms around my shoulders and said, "And we sure like people like you."

It made for a ray of sunshine that lasted all day, and at so little effort on my part. A simple joy.

It isn't hard for me to sit back and watch the world go by with its hectic craving for pleasure, fun, money, prestige, power and gratification of self, because I have four dozen red geraniums still in bloom.

These things are simple joys, and I don't ask for any more.

There are satisfactions in doing such small things that don't cost money or take up much of my time.

Last week I baked an apple pie and a cake for a sixteen-year-old boy who is in trouble and I'm sure it made him feel he would be given another chance.

I can't do big things any more. Come to think of it, I never did; and usually, or at least some times, I put my foot in my mouth doing just that. It's just the way the world goes at the present time, and I can't keep up with that either. But I persistently keep on trying, because in my book one never gives up on anything.

My sister, Phil, was here a couple of

days ago, and I loved the little story she told me with tears:

She has the mail route to Guemes Island from Anacortes every Saturday. On her run last week, she was returning to the post office with the outgoing mail.

On a city street close to town, she passed a young girl in a wheelchair, minus both legs and all alone, propelling herself. She was nothing but smiles.

With her work accomplished, Phil started for home. At the busy intersection going to the Victoria ferry, was the same girl traveling in her wheelchair with the green light, but now with a baby hugged to her heart.

I wonder — would I have been so brave?

We see simple joys wearing so many faces. A few days ago, I brought home from my cabin the last quilt my mother ever made. The small squares are made of woolen material and each one is feather-stitched in red yarn. The blocks are tied to the batting and back material with the same thread. I didn't put it away; I laid it over a chair in the breakfast nook.

Nothing of good is forever lost, and it brings to mind the work-worn hands that made that quilt so carefully. A simple joy framed in red yarn.

My dog, Ribbon, is fifteen years old now, and age tells on both dogs and humans. She's partially deaf and moves very slowly. Her eyesight is dim, but her sense of smell is keen. Between the two of us, she manages to curl up in a big chair in the kitchen. I lay my face against hers, and her little short tail wiggles and wags in response.

I've sacrificed a lot of things in the past so Ribbon could have the best, but she's lain at the foot of my bed when I've been sick, licking the tears from my face many times over. It hasn't really mattered that I've seen winter approaching when I'd be shod in tennis shoes because of trying to pay off a veterinary bill for Ribbon. You see, she was much more than a simple joy. Ribbon has been an abundant joy!

In the faintest of whispers, I have a confession to make. Lady is the newest addition to my family. Eight months old, a beautiful Weimaramer pup that has the wheels going in the same vicious circle that I experienced with Ribbon. An operation (my idea), worm pills, vitamins, infection (cost \$16.50), three horses already consumed, a dog in my bed . . .

Simple joys that perhaps prevented our going to the World's Fair in Spokane. I never gave it a second thought that I had been denied anything. Fairs are transient. My dogs are never-ending joys.

The list would be endless if I tried to enumerate all the things that give us happiness and joy around here.

The car is paid for and has only 32,000 miles on it. We have two apple boxes of potatoes dug from the garden, and almost 100-pound sack of dog food. There's new linoleum on the back porch, kitchen and bathroom, and it's paid for, too.

And there's precious, eleven-month-old Jessica Lynn next door that we can bring over any time we feel like keeping her chased down. She loves my stairs, bathroom scales, the red peacock on the coffee table, and the box of stuff on the back porch. I can't classify Jessica as a simple anything, because she's too dear, complicated and unexplainable. So, we'll call her "Untold Joy."

I couldn't feel as I do about all these things if I planned one hour or one day ahead of right now. For me, it has to be moment by moment, I don't know who holds tomorrow.

So life, to me, is made up of simple joys.

So long as there are homes to which men turn at close of day,
So long as there are homes where children are, where women stay,
If love and loyalty and faith be found across these sills,
A stricken nation can recover from its gravest ills.
—Anonymous



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Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

CHERRY-CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 1-lb., 2.5-oz. chocolate cake mix
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 #303 size can cherry pie filling

Combine cake mix, soda, eggs, boiling water and flavoring in mixing bowl. Beat with mixer until light and fluffy — about 2 minutes. Fold in cherry pie filling. Grease and flour a 9- by 13-inch pan, or two 8-inch square pans. Pour batter into pan (or pans) and bake at 350 degrees until done, 30 to 45 minutes, depending on the size of the pan.

This is a great cake, both flavor-wise and in keeping qualities. It even improves in flavor when it stands a day or two. Cherry frosting may be used on top, or a bit of whipped cream.

—Evelyn

ELEGANT MEATBALLS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. instant minced onion
- 1 tsp. dried parsley flakes
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, cubed

Combine beef, crumbs, milk, egg, onion, parsley, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and thyme; mix thoroughly and shape into 20 meatballs.

Place oil in skillet and heat; add meatballs and brown on all sides; cover, reduce heat and cook 15 minutes.

Remove meatballs, reduce heat to simmer and spoon off drippings. Combine soup, water and cream cheese in skillet, stirring until cheese melts.

Return meatballs to sauce and heat to serving temperature. Serve over hot cooked rice or noodles.

—Abigail

SWEETHEART SALAD

- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. maraschino cherry juice
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 10 to 12 maraschino cherries, quartered
- 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Stir sugar and pineapple together. Heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Combine gelatin and cold water. When dissolved, stir into hot pineapple mixture. Add fruit juices and cool until syrupy. Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Mash with fork. Gradually stir in pineapple mixture and chopped cherries. Fold in whipped cream or whipped topping and flavoring. Pour into salad mold or pretty serving dish. Refrigerate until firm. Add red food coloring if tint is not as dark as desired.

—Evelyn

GOLDEN HOMINY CASSEROLE

- 2 1-lb. cans yellow hominy, drained
- 1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine the hominy, tomatoes and egg. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the bread crumbs and stir until well mixed. Add half the bread crumbs to the hominy mixture, stir in the cheese and season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour into a greased casserole and cover with remaining bread crumbs. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes, or until the mixture thickens and the bread crumbs on top have browned.

—Dorothy

WHOLE WHEAT PANCAKES

- 3 cups whole milk, heated
- 4 Tbls. salad oil
- 2 Tbls. molasses
- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 cup raw wheat germ
- 1 cup powdered milk
- 6 tsp. yeast
- 2 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs

Combine whole milk, oil and molasses and heat to scalding. In a bowl combine flour, wheat germ, powdered milk, yeast and salt. Beat eggs and combine this with scalded milk when it is cooled. Then pour milk and egg mixture into flour mixture and allow to rest and rise for 30 minutes.

If you prefer to make this the night before cut the yeast to one tablespoon.

—Mary Beth

CHERRY CRUNCH

- 30 graham cracker squares, rolled fine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup melted butter

Combine the above ingredients. Save out about 1/4 of this for topping. Pat the rest around side and bottom of 9- by 12-inch baking dish.

- 1 quart cherries, home-canned or equivalent of cans

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 5 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 or 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine cherries, sugar and cornstarch. Cook stirring constantly until thick. Remove from fire and add flavoring. Pour over crumb crust.

- 5 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar

Beat the egg whites until stiff. Slowly add the sugar and cream of tartar. Beat like meringue. Pile over cherries being sure to get to the edges. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake in 275-degree oven for 35 minutes.

Canned cherry pie filling may be substituted for the cherries.

—Margery

QUICK GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

- 2 1-lb. cans green beans, drained
- 1 7-oz. pkg. frozen French-fried onion rings
- 2 10½-oz. cans cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup cornflake crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 cup grated cheese

Alternate layers of beans and onion rings in a buttered casserole. Heat the soup and mix with the milk. Pour over the casserole. Combine the crumbs, melted butter and grated cheese and sprinkle over all. Bake approximately 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This is really delicious.

—Dorothy

CHERRY PORK CHOPS

- 4 thick loin chops, cut 3/4 to 1 inch thick
- 2 Tbls. shortening or meat drippings
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 1-lb. can tart red cherries
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/3 cup brown sugar

Brown chops in shortening or drippings. Pour off drippings, season with salt and pepper. Drain cherries, reserving juice. Add enough water to cherry juice to make 1 cup of liquid. Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add cherry juice, cook, stirring constantly until thickened and clear. Add cherries to sauce. Pour over pork chops. Cover tightly and simmer 45 minutes.

—Margery

CHOCOLATE CAKE PUDDING

- 1 oz. square semisweet chocolate
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup cake flour (sifted once before measuring)
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sweet milk
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. While oven is heating melt together in a small pan the chocolate and butter and allow it to cool.

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add to it the milk, cooled chocolate-butter, eggs, nuts and flavorings. Mix together and beat well. Pour into a greased and floured 8-inch square baking pan. Sprinkle over the top the following:

- 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1/4 cup cocoa
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
- Over all pour:
- 1 3/4 cups boiling water

Using a spatula swirl it through the batter to moisten the brown sugar mixture. Bake one hour. Chocolate custard forms in bottom and cake on top. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream.

—Betty and Lucile

CHERRY WHIRL

(A Blender Recipe)

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 1/4 cup cold pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup hot pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, drained
- 1/2 of lemon, peeled and sliced
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 cups crushed ice

In blender combine gelatin, cherry juice and cold pineapple juice. When dissolved, add boiling pineapple juice. Cover and blend at low speed until gelatin is liquified. Remove cover and add remaining ingredients. Process on medium speed until ice is liquified and mixture begins to thicken. Immediately, pour into salad mold or into individual serving dishes. Individual servings may be chilled just a short time before serving. A larger mold should be refrigerated about 2 hours before turning out. Top with whipped cream or whipped topping and a cherry.

Half-and-half may be used for the light cream, reconstituted powdered cream may be used in this recipe, or evaporated milk.

—Evelyn

GLAZED FRUIT SALAD

- 1 1-lb., 4-oz. can pineapple chunks
- 1 1-lb., 13-oz. can fruit cocktail
- 2 11-oz. cans mandarin oranges
- 7-8 bananas, peeled and sliced
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1-lb., 6-oz. can apricot pie filling

Drain the canned fruits thoroughly. Mix all the ingredients together and chill several hours, or overnight. Makes 12 servings. Good to omit bananas when mixing to let set overnight and add bananas just before serving.

—Ester Mae Cox

SOUR CREAM POUND CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 cup butter or margarine, softened
 - 8 oz. sour cream
 - 3 large or 4 medium-sized eggs
- Grease and flour a bundt cake pan well and set aside.

Place all ingredients in a large bowl. Mix, then beat on medium speed for 3 or 4 minutes. Pour batter into the prepared bundt pan and bake at 325 degrees for 60 or 70 minutes, or until it tests done. Cool upright in pan for 15 minutes then turn out onto plate to finish cooling.

This cake is very simple to make but is of excellent quality and freezes beautifully.

—Mae Driftmier

POTATO CHILI

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 #303 can kidney beans
- 2 cups tomatoes, fresh or canned
- 1 #2 can tomato juice
- 1 pkg. chili seasoning (or chili powder to taste)
- 3 large potatoes, cubed
- Salt to taste

Brown beef and onion in large kettle. Add remaining ingredients and simmer until done — at least one hour. Simmering longer improves the flavor.

The cooking time may be lessened by preparing in a pressure pan. Cook at 10 lbs. pressure for 20 minutes.

The cooking time may be lengthened by cooking in one of the slow-cooking pots. When all ingredients are combined, cover and cook slowly for several hours, according to the directions which came with your pot.

Tomatoes may be substituted for the tomato juice, just be sure enough are added to give the liquid needed.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH RAISIN PIE

- 1 cup raisins
 - 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 1/4 cup flour
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 2 cups water
 - 1 egg, beaten
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- Pastry for a 2-crust pie

Rinse the raisins and set aside. In the top of the double boiler mix together the sugar, flour and salt. Gradually add the water, stirring constantly; then stir in the raisins. Put the pan over direct heat and cook until it boils, stirring all the time. After it boils cook about one minute longer and then remove from heat. Pour a little of the hot mixture into the beaten egg; then combine with the raisin mixture in the double boiler. Set over simmering water and cook about five minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and add the lemon flavoring and lemon juice. Pour into a 9-inch pastry-lined pie pan. Cover with narrow strips of pastry, crisscrossed. Bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 and bake about 20 minutes longer.

—Dorothy

CRACKED WHEAT BREAD

- 3 cups cracked wheat
- 3 cups warm water
- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 3 Tbls. molasses
- 3 Tbls. honey
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

4 to 5 cups white flour

Combine cracked wheat and warm water. Let set overnight. Combine yeast, lukewarm water and sugar. When mixture is frothy and yeast is dissolved, stir into cracked wheat mixture. Add salt, molasses, honey, oil and butter flavoring. Mix well. Stir in enough white flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured breadboard. Knead, adding more flour if needed, until smooth and elastic. Knead about 10 minutes in all. Let rise, covered, in greased bowl until double in bulk. Punch down. Knead a few times and cut into 3 portions. Pat each portion into loaf shape and place in well-greased loaf pan. Let rise, covered, until double in bulk. Bake at 375 degrees for about 1 hour, or until the bread sounds hollow when thumped. Turn out on cooling rack.

This is a great bread. It has a delicious flavor and an excellent texture. It freezes well, is delicious hot or cold and makes fine toast.

—Evelyn



Good Old February

Cold. Gloom. No flowers. No garden. Spring seems a long way away. And nothing seems much fun.

Now that's not exactly true. Cooking's fun. Look how every face in the house brightens when the oven door opens and those heavenly aromas roll out. Look at Pop's ecstatic expression when he lifts the saucepan's lid and sniffs the steam.

Let's sit down and thumb through some recipes. And, using a little imagination, plan to improve them with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. These magic liquids, with their delightful aromas and lifelike taste, add so much to anything you're thinking of cooking. A little goes a long way, too, and they never bake or steam out. There are sixteen:

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Black Walnut	Blueberry
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Cherry	Coconut
Lemon	Maple
Mint	Orange
Pineapple	Raspberry
Strawberry	Vanilla

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CHEESBURGER CASSEROLE

- 6 ounces wide noodles
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 4-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1 4-oz. can (2/3 cup) chopped mushrooms, undrained
- 1 8-oz. pkg. (8 slices) sliced sharp process American cheese

Cook noodles according to package directions; drain. In large skillet brown beef and onion. Stir in salt, pepper, cooked noodles, tomato sauce, undrained mushrooms, and 4 slices of the cheese, cut up. Turn into 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Arrange remaining 4 slices cheese over top; return to oven until cheese melts. Serves 6 to 8.

—Margery

ALMOND BARS

(An Unbaked Cooky)

- 1 lb. white almond bark
- 1 cup chunky peanut butter
- 4 cups Rice Krispie cereal
- 1 cup salted peanuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Place almond bark in top of double boiler. If slab type bark is used, cut into chunks. White almond chips do not need to be cut, of course. Place over hot water and melt slowly over low heat until bark is melted. Stir in peanut butter. Remove from heat. Add remaining ingredients. Press into buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Cool until firm. Cut into bars.

Chocolate chips may also be added if desired for variety. This is almost a candy; cut in small squares it makes a delightful addition to a cooky tray.

—Evelyn

SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 1 3/4 cups wild rice (or 1 cup long-grain white and 3/4 cup wild)
- 1 lb. lean pork sausage
- 1 8-oz. can mushrooms
- 1 onion, chopped
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- 2 1/2 cups chicken broth
- 1/8 tsp. thyme
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/8 tsp. marjoram
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

Cook rice according to package directions. Fry sausage until browned. Drain off excess fat. Add onions and saute until lightly yellow. Mix in flour and stir in half-and-half and broth. Cook about five minutes until slightly thickened. Add seasonings. Mix in rice, mushrooms and almonds. Bake in large buttered casserole or two smaller, 350 degrees, for about 45 minutes.—Margery

CARROTS WITH ORANGE SAUCE

- 8 or 10 fresh carrots, sliced
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Cover and cook the carrots in boiling salted water until tender, then drain.

Combine orange juice, sugar, flour, orange flavoring and salt. Add butter or margarine. Cook, stirring constantly for five minutes. Pour the sauce over the carrots and serve hot. Makes four servings.

—Margery

CRISPY OVEN CHICKEN

- Chicken, cut up as for frying
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups crushed potato chips
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- Dash of pepper

Cut up chicken as for frying and dip in melted butter or margarine and butter flavoring that have been mixed together. Roll in mixture of crushed chips, salt and pepper. Place pieces with skin side up, not touching in greased large shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs and butter or margarine. Bake at 375 degrees for about one hour or until done. Do not turn. Variations include using crushed cornflakes, crushed crisp rice cereal, and adding Parmesan cheese.

—Ester Mae Cox

FUNNEL CAKE

- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 1/3 cups flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Beat until smooth. (This might also be mixed in a blender.) Pour part of batter into clean funnel with about a 5/8 inch opening, holding finger over bottom of funnel. Drop batter into hot, deep fat (375 degrees). Swirl in circles from center out. Make each circle 5 to 6 inches in diameter at widest part. Turn with long tongs. Brown on both sides; drain on paper towel. Serve with sprinkling of powdered sugar, jelly, syrup, molasses or honey.

These may be made in other shapes besides the spirals. It is fun to let the children help make the squiggles, letters, and any shape that suits them. The batter may also be dropped by tablespoons into the deep fat or fried on a pancake griddle.

—Evelyn



SALUTE TO THE SCOUTS OF AMERICA

FOR SCOUT HONOR MONTH

by
Mabel Nair Brown

At the front of the room fasten up a large blue banner which has gold fringe across the bottom. Have ready large gold letters to spell out the word "S-C-O-U-T-S". At the proper time, as indicated in the skit, the speaker will hold up his letter as he speaks his narration and then pins the letter to the banner. When finished the letters form the word "Scout", placed diagonally from the upper left corner to the lower right.

Leader:

A Scout's hands of friendship
Are a treasure to possess.
They are hands ready and willing
To bring others happiness.
Giving assistance where they may,
Along with a happy smile,
A Scout is ever ready
To go that "second mile".

Speakers: One for each letter, in turn:

S — Shape up, me lads,
Or else ship out;
A slang way of saying
What Scouting's about.
Shape up your body,
Shape up your mind,
So you're an asset
To all mankind.

(Pins letter to banner.)

C — Courtesy and cheerfulness —
They go hand in hand.
A Scout finds they brighten up
A gloomy place to beat the band.

O — Obedience is something
Every Scout must learn.
There's need for obedience, it
seems,

Everywhere we turn.
We must obey our parents, obey
laws —

Yes, we really should,
Because most rules and laws are
made,

As they say, for our own good!

U — "U" can stand for understanding
And that's important in Scouting,
too,

But I like to think that letter "U"
Stands especially for YOU.
You are somebody special

Who can be loyal, trustworthy,
kind;

That's the best kind of person
To be, you'll always find.

T — A Scout must be thoughtfully thrifty
Of his time, his money, his talents,
and the earth's energy;
Thoughtfully doing his part to
make the world

A better place, you see.

S — "S" must surely stand for sharing,
Which each of us should do;
Sharing with others their troubles
and joys,

And they sharing yours with you;
For sharing is the very best way I
know

To tell a person you care,
And to let him know whatever hap-
pens,

You are *always there!*

Leader:

So our banner of gold and blue
Has a special message just for you,
And if you heed what was spoken of

the letters you see,
A better Scout you're sure to be.
Song: "America".

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TO BUILD A TRAIL

by
Bob Birkby

February is Scout month, and every month *should* be a month to stress conservation of natural resources. This article by Bob Birkby combines the two, for it tells of the conservation work which is being done at the Philmont National Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. The training of young men in the love and care of the soil may well be the most vital lesson gained from the high adventure experience on the trails, down the valleys and up the mountains of Philmont.

—Evelyn

Philmont Scout Ranch and Explorer Base, headquartered four miles south of Cimarron, New Mexico, is the national camp of the Boy Scouts of America. Each summer some 15,000 Scouts and their leaders travel to Philmont from all over the United States to enjoy it's 137,000 acres of rugged mountain wilderness. For ten days they backpack in small crews over Philmont's 300 miles of trail, and along the way they find adventures they will never forget.

And with those 15,000 Scouts come 30,000 lug-soled hiking boots, each one loosening a bit of earth and wearing down a little trail tread each time it hits the ground. Yet in spite of the terrific concentration of hiker traffic and the fact that many of Philmont's trails originally developed from steep cattle paths, meandering deer runs, or simply the shortest line between two points, the Philmont trails are in much better shape today than they were five years ago. What is the Philmont secret? How can a camp manned chiefly by a summer staff and operated under a strict budget afford the luxury of developing an enviable trail system?

The answer lies in careful planning, solid training and a tremendous amount of volunteer labor.

Philmont's summer staff includes a conservation department devoted primarily to the construction and maintenance of trails. Under the guidance of veteran conservationists, the college-aged young men spend the first weeks of the summer season learning the skills of good trail construction. Nearly every aspect of the art is covered, from the initial surveying and location work to the final seeding of a finished trail.

Another task of the early summer is to establish project priorities. Reports on trail conditions filed the previous year are studied, hiker loads are taken into consideration and a good deal of trail is hiked by the conservationists to



Bob Birkby (at the right rear) was Director of Conservation at the Philmont National Scout Ranch this past summer. Here he is supervising the work of several Scouts as they move a huge rock out of the way to construct a new trail in the back country of Philmont. —Photo by Joe LaRocco

determine what sections are in the poorest shape and thus in need of the most immediate attention.

Once the trail projects have been selected, usually relocation of trails which are so badly eroded or so poorly located originally that saving the existing tread is impossible, a conservationist is assigned his particular endeavor. They set up their camps near the work sites.

Using Philmont specifications, a small surveyor's tool called an Abney level and some long, hard days, the conservationist explores all the possible relocation routes until he finds the best possible place for the new trail. As he works, he must consider many factors — the steepness of the slope, rock outcroppings, soil types, drainage potentials and any other conditions which might affect the completed pathway. The final trail location is marked clearly with strips of fluorescent flagging tape. The conservationist is now ready for a hot meal, a warm bath and the beginning of the actual construction.

Scouts are the users of the Philmont trails, and they are also the primary builders. Each Scout who comes to Philmont is encouraged to complete four hours of conservation work sometime during his backpacking trek. With 15,000 hikers a summer, Philmont has a potential volunteer labor force of

60,000 man-hours at its disposal.

Under the constant guidance of the conservationists, the Scouts latch on to shovels, mattocks, saws and pry bars — and with a minimum amount of careful instruction, they are able to create a surprising amount of new trails in a relatively short time.

The trails of Philmont are vital to its program, and with Scout help, the poorer trails are gradually being replaced with technically sound, aesthetically pleasing paths. The environment benefits from the relocations, for it is protected from the ravages of erosion, and the Scouts benefit from the hikeable grades which allow them to see their surroundings rather than just the boot tops of the fellow in front of them.

But in many ways, the trails resulting from Scout labor are only a side effect of the real benefits of the program. For it deals with the greatest natural resource of all — the minds of American youth. Through its conservation program, Philmont offers Scouts the opportunity not only to hike some of the most beautiful country in America, but also to give something back to that land which gives so much to them during their backpacking expedition. For at least four hours each Scout swings a mattock or drives a shovel, and what he sees emerging behind him is a trail that will remain for years to come. For four hours he has his hands deep in the soil and he feels the aches and pains of moving rocks and digging out stumps. But when he is finished, he has more than just tired muscles. He has the satisfaction of knowing that with his own two hands he has done something beneficial to the conservation effort.

Conservation is a popular discussion topic in contemporary America. We are constantly barraged with an onslaught of media commercials, bumper stickers, sloganized t-shirts and dire warnings of a deteriorating environment. But all too often conservation is only conversation, not action. The true meaning of conservation stays on the t-shirts and bumper stickers, and the message fails to make the transition from the media to the muscles.

Hopefully, by giving Scouts the chance to contribute to the good of the land, the Philmont program will create a fuller awareness of the possibilities for constructive action — action with the realization that conservation needs much more than just lip service.

Philmont conservation — careful planning, solid training, and volunteer labor resulting in a good trail system for the present and a fuller appreciation of conservation for America's future — is a program with benefits that far outweigh its expense, and a good example for volunteer conservation efforts everywhere.

The great essentials of happiness are:
Something to do,
Something to love, and
Something to hope for.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

A book that is for the armchair gardener, the outdoor gardener, and the indoor gardener is *To Everything There Is a Season: The Gardening Year* (Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, \$6.95) by practical-minded and enthusiastic gardener Thalassa Cruso.

This is a great book for February reading, as the yen to start thinking of "What'll I plant this year?" overcomes one. Her book gives practical hints on every aspect of gardening along with essays on individual flowers and plants, as well as her quest for new ideas and experimentation.

Following are a few of her ideas on gardening:

"If you are an interested horticulturist of any sort — indoor, outdoor, or under lights — do start a garden notebook in the spring. This need not be in the least fancy; something from the five-and-ten will do very well, and your entries can be as brief as you like. But I wager you will be astonished at how fast those notebooks fill up, and the pleasure they will give you browsing through them later on.

"Ferns are some of my favorite weed suppressors, but they are highly aggressive takeover artists in both sunny and shady positions when they are happy. Ours are extremely happy, and this looks like a bumper year for ferns; they are scrambling out of their allotted areas in a manner that demands fast action.

"This is the season when people lucky enough to possess a garden can start forcing out branches of flowering trees and shrubs for the indoors. As a child I remember long wands of various flowering bushes being indoors at this time (March) of year. They were put in large dramatic groups in big vases in the icy front hall where sooner or later they got knocked over by my father. His outraged shouts about 'your mother's confounded sticks' is a very early memory."

Thalassa Cruso reminds us that forsythia is the easiest to force. The simplest method for sure-fire success is to smash the final inch of the stems with a hammer and cut off any little twigs that might be under water level in the vase. The branches should be brought along slowly in a bright, cool place, with the crushed ends in deep clean water.



Lisa & Natalie Nenneman, daughters of the Tom Nennemans of Omaha.

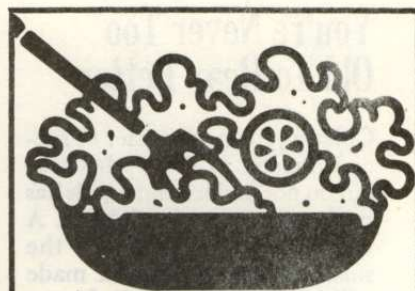
To Everything There Is a Season is a warm and witty book. To read it is to enjoy the gardening year.

Russian Diary (Walker and Co., \$6.95) by Charlotte Salisbury is a book which captures many facets of Russian life. Her husband, Harrison Salisbury, author and editor of the *New York Times*, writes, "Here are the honest words of a warm and sensitive woman, seeing Russia as she sees her own life and the whole world — without blinkers . . . She has written a book which is against all indignities to the human spirit." The personal observations in *Russian Diary* are not concerned with politics but with daily living. She has had the unique opportunity to meet many Russian people, to see them in their homes, and in some cases to become their intimate friend. She has written honestly of the good and the bad, the mediocre and the attractive, so that *Russian Diary* makes one do some serious thinking.

Harvest of Gold (C. R. Gibson Co., Norwalk, Connecticut, \$3.95) written and compiled by Ernest R. Miller is another of those unique collections of prose and poetry that provides special insights to the lasting values in life. Themes included are: Beauty, Patriotism, Music, Love, Friendship, Brotherhood, Courage, Truth, Happiness and Faith. One of the selections of prose is by Ethel Barrymore, Queen of the American Theatre. When asked the secret of her peaceful life, she said:

"You must learn day by day, year by year to broaden your horizon. The more things you are interested in, the more you enjoy, the more things you are indignant about — the more you have left when anything happens. You must learn above all not to waste your soul and energy on little things . . . I suppose the greatest thing in the world is loving people and wanting to destroy the sin and not the sinner . . . And not to forget when life knocks you to your knees, that's the best position to pray. That's where I learned."

Harvest of Gold will bring pleasure and inspiration to the reader.



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Katharine and James Lowey, outside the front gate of their home, are ready to leave for school.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

New plant introductions are always exciting and those for the 1975 season are no exception. The All-America Selection winners include three new flowers: Dahlia Redskin, Pansy Imperial Blue, and Carnation Juliet.

Dahlia Redskin has rich bronze-red foliage and the color range of the "Unwin" type double flowers is delightful — comprising red, pink, lavender, rose, yellow, orange and white. The flowers measure 3 inches across and grow in profusion on uniform dwarf plants just 15 inches high. The early-flowering plants have good weather-resistance and continue to bloom from mid-summer until killed by frost. Seed sown indoors in early March, produced blooming plants by the time the weather was warm and settled enough for outdoor planting.

Pansy Imperial Blue succeeded where many other pansies failed owing to its remarkable heat and humidity tolerance, giving it a long blooming period. The non-fading flowers are large, up to three inches across, and a magnificent color combination of clear crystal blue with contrasting dark blue center sur-

rounding a distinctive yellow eye. Plants grow 8 inches high and spread 12 inches, creating a neat, compact mass of flowers on stiff stems long enough to make dainty arrangements. Imperial Blue makes a stunning display when planted in massed beds or in a hedge-type border row.

One of the most beautiful and fragrant garden carnations for your pleasure this spring is Carnation Juliet. The dwarf 12-inch high plants spread 14 inches and produce an exceptional number of basal branches that do not require supports. The flowers are a brilliant scarlet-red, measuring 2½ inches across and fully double. Although carnations are normally biennials requiring two seasons to produce flowers, Juliet should be grown as an annual. Start the seeds indoors about eight weeks before outdoor planting time. The amazing hybrid vigor of Juliet carnation makes it a cinch for the amateur gardener who has not had success before with garden carnations. Every seedling grew and produced for us in spite of adverse weather last summer. You will love Juliet too!



MY OLD HOME ON THE HILL

This house, to me, is where memories live

That only years and time can fade;
Though weather-beaten its empty frame
Still wears a treasured accolade.

Locked are the doors —
Yet, through a gap
Of shattered glass, I see
Rose-papered walls with rooms dream-filled

Where laughter was filled with glee.
Forsaken it stands in its emptiness,
Abandoned to the years;

The chimney embraced with clinging vines

That glisten with raindrop tears.
With half-closed eyes I see again
A spotted pony running free,
And I hear the patter of little feet
As they climb the winding stairs with me.

The windows, once so shining,
Were curtained with panels of white;
Now only the moon shines through the panes

With its silver beams of light.
Yes, memories still live in the dust-laden halls

Where my childhood days were so happy, free,

And the weed-grown lane is hidden now,

But not in the heart of me.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

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PLANTS FOR NOOKS, CRANNIES AND CORNERS

by
Erma Reynolds

Got a dim corner in your house where you would like to display a house plant, but you feel the light is not sufficient for growth? Don't you believe it! There are several hardy foliage varieties that are not a bit fussy about their environment. Just one thing to keep in mind. Although these plants do not demand sun-bright conditions, they will appreciate being moved into sunlight for at least one morning every week.

Here are suggested varieties that adapt to nooks, crannies and corners:

Aspidistra or *Cast Iron Plant*: This old and well-known plant thrives in dim, moderately warm surroundings. Keep the soil evenly moist, but not constantly wet. Clean the large leaves occasionally by wiping with a damp soft cloth. Don't worry if the plant becomes crowded in its pot, because it seems to grow better when slightly potbound.

Baby's Tears or *Helzine Soleiroii*: This low, compact plant with tiny bright green leaves, grows well in partial shade, but requires a cool temperature and plenty of moisture. The pot set on damp or wet sand, will supply a constant source of moisture to satisfy the plant's thirst. If it starts to shed its foliage, don't fret. It does this annually.

Chinese Evergreen: This hardy fool-proof plant grows fine in a dim corner, if the atmosphere is warm, and humidity low. Keep the soil only slightly moist, for the plant will droop and die if the soil becomes waterlogged.

Creeping Fig: This dainty heart-shaped leafed vine will grow in a fairly dark warm corner. Just be certain to keep the soil evenly moist all the time. Too much or too little water causes leaf problems.

Grape Ivy: Perhaps you would like a twining hanging plant to decorate a cranny. Use a grape ivy. It requires frequent spraying for moisture.

Parlor Palm: Chances are your grandma had one of these sturdy plants in her parlor. It requires very little care other than sufficient water to keep the soil evenly moist. And, it likes crowded roots, so keep it slightly potbound.

Philodendron: A familiar climbing plant, the philodendron grows with a minimum of sunlight, in a warm humid atmosphere. Feed with liquid plant food at three-week intervals. Wash its leaves once a month with soap and tepid water, taking care to keep the soapy water out of the soil. Because this is a climber, supply support for it, after the fifth leaf develops.



This huge plant behind Martin Strom seems to enjoy its location in a corner of the living room.

Rex Begonia: Rex, with its large colorful leaves, hates direct sun rays, preferring to grow in a diffused light. It also hates drafts, so place the plant in a warm nook. Keep the soil evenly moist, watering from below.

Sansevieria: This plant with its stiff sword-shaped leaves is adaptable to a partially shaded warm corner. It does not require much moisture, and should be allowed to dry slightly between waterings. Wipe the leaves occasionally with a damp soft cloth.

Wandering Jew or *Tradescantia*: A trailing plant, this "wanderer" will thrive in a warm shady corner. Give it plenty of water in the summer. In the winter it requires a rest period, so at this time supply just enough moisture to keep it alive.

A PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

Almighty God who has given us this good land for our heritage, we humbly beseech Thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will.

Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way.

Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought out of many kindreds and tongues.

Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom in Thy name we trust the authority of government, that there may be peace and justice at home, and that through obedience to Thy law, we may show forth Thy praise among the nations of the earth.

In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fall.

All of which we ask through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—George Washington

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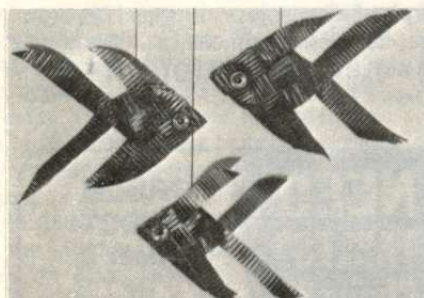
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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

Naomi. We had our traditional fish chowder on Christmas Eve followed by a tour of the famous Albuquerque Luminaria (Christmas lights) display. Christmas day we had a huge roast beef holiday meal. Mother took charge of the Yorkshire pudding and we all agreed that it was the best we had ever eaten. I might add that while the roast was in the oven I was finishing the tail end of my cooky baking. One of our favorite Christmas cookies is the Norwegian sandbake. For some reason I had fallen behind on the sandbake baking. It is Jed's very favorite Christmas cookie to have with coffee so at the eleventh hour I got them made.

I think I'll walk out to the gate to meet James. I also notice that the bird feeders need refilling. We have a whole troop of irate birds if I neglect to fill the feeders.

Sincerely,
Juliana

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher, and read the verse.

ONS EH SINHTG DNA DAN HATT YM
LASHL COREEHVMT O I DOG EH LAL
ASHLL LIWL EB EB TINHERI SIH.

The loudest noise in all the world is the first sneeze of the first baby.

Are you lacking for space in playroom, den, rec room? Why not make your own stacked decorator cubes for storage or display? You will need several sturdy cardboard boxes of all the same size. Remove the tops evenly with razor blade or very sharp knife. Finish the raw edges all around with white or colored adhesive tape. Paint the boxes or cover with contact paper in matching or contrasting color of the walls of the room. Arrange any way desired against the walls of the room — stacked on top of each other, side by side — with the open sides out, of course. Fill with books, toys, plants, knickknacks, radio, stereo, vases, or whatever. You have a decorative, useful addition to your room without lumber or other installation costs. These stacked cubes may also be used in the center of the room as a room divider. The back side of the divider may be covered with contact paper or wall paper, or with material to match the drapes or bedspread in the room.

Reaching middle age is like cooking pudding; you have to keep stirring or you will get lumps.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Revelations: 21:7. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.



If I should die and leave you here awhile

Be not like others, sore undone,
who keep

Long vigil by the silent dust and weep.

For my sake turn again to life and smile,

Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do

That which will comfort other souls than thine:

Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine,

And I perchance may therein comfort you. —Selected

FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded
sion came to disrupt their whole city.

The Tower of Babel is the symbol of division and confusion that plagues mankind. We all know of the Berlin Wall that separates East and West Berlin. It symbolizes so clearly a divided world.

What about other divisions of which we are a part? Black-white. Rich-poor. Educated-illiterate. What about the divisions in generations?

Before we can bridge these divisions we must understand each other's point of view. Oh, we may not agree, but we can communicate and try to understand as we tear down fences of misunderstanding and pride.

Quoting from a poem by Jeanette Perkins:

Help us to remember that to some
The eye and ear and mind
Bring sights and sounds of ugliness,
And only sadness find;
Help us to remember that to them
The world has seemed unfair . . .
May our eyes be opened, Lord,
To see our neighbor's need;
And may our ears be alert
Their cries of help to heed;
Make keen our minds to plan the best
For one another's good,
That all the world may be at last
One friendly neighborhood.

Reading:

Just a little bit more interest
In other folks' welfare,
Just a little greater showing
That you really care.
Just a little more kindness
To those you meet each day,
And a little greater effort
To aid them on their way.
Just a little more determined
To do the best you can,
And prove a friend to man.
Just a little more sunshine
Along life's weary road,
Just a little bit more ready
To ease another's load.
Just to work a little harder
For other people's good,
And to show a bit more friendship —
My friend, that's BROTHERHOOD.

—Author unknown

Leader: As we begin a new year of brotherhood let us resolve not to be "fenced in", remembering our wishbone was never intended to be where our backbone is supposed to be!

Song: Last verse of "America the Beautiful" repeated, or "America".

Prayer: O Lord, let me go up the mountain side of life, carrying my part of the responsibility of my community, and may my load be heavy enough that I may well earn a place in the hearts of my fellowmen. And, O Lord, may my load be heavy enough that at times I will have to reach up to take the outstretched hand of my fellowman, that

he may help me over the rough and rugged pathway of life. And, O Lord, may my load be light enough that I may, in turn, stoop to take the uplifted

hand of my brother, to help him over the same rough and rugged path, and thereby know the joy of loving and having been loved. Amen.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

it, he no longer is humble. But sooner or later, God plans a lesson that once experienced, is never forgotten. How much better all of our churches would be if only we of the clergy could learn our humility very early in life. Sometimes we are so slow to learn, but for-



David Driftmier, home from his graduate studies in Canada, enjoyed playing with his little niece.

The BLACK GLAD "Ataturk"

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If you will send us \$3.00 we will rush to you a 3 1/2 oz. jar of "Icy-Hot" to try. If it doesn't help your arthritis or other aches and pains don't bother sending the unused portion back... that's too much trouble for you. Just drop us a note and we will return your \$3.00 by return mail. It's that simple! If "Icy-Hot" doesn't help your suffering, we don't want your money! Send \$3.00 for a large 3 1/2-oz. jar or \$5.00 for a giant 7-oz. jar to:

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Dept. K-17

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IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS

"I am on my way to seek happiness," boasted the young man to his father.

"Go in peace, then, and may health and contentment be with you. When you have found happiness, return home so we may share it."

The young man left, but he returned home after a few months and complained to his father, "Happiness is not easy to find."

"Where did you look for it, my son?"

"In a far-off land, but it was not there. The people's customs were odd, their language difficult, and the cost for food and lodging so high, I could not live decently."

"Perhaps you should look for happiness in our own country."

"You may be right, Father."

Once again, then, he set out to seek happiness, this time, within his own country. After several months, however, he returned home and complained to his father again. "The weather was terrible; too hot or too cold and either it rained or snowed. More important, jobs were scarce; and I found myself a stranger in a place of strangers. It is good to be home, Father."

"Perhaps home is where you should seek happiness, my son."

"No need to seek it, Father. I had it all the time here and didn't know it."

"Little Ads"

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