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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$2.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$3.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601
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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When I wrote to you last month I concluded my letter with a sentence that seemed to make good, sound sense. It was this:

"It will be spring when I write to you again."

Well, here we are in what is almost mid-April and both furnaces are roaring away and there is a fireplace fire going almost constantly. The way it looks today we could be in the same pattern all summer! As a matter of fact, I just now ordered ANOTHER load of kindling, so that shows you how much faith I have in the weeks to come.

Incidentally, this kindling that we've found so satisfactory is a project of our local Lions Club. (My, it's an ambitious and industrious group!) I've long been interested in what they've done right here in Shenandoah to get people concerned in contributing to the nationally sponsored Eye Bank, but they've dreamed up things entirely on their own such as the kindling-firewood project. Since we've had the fireplace going day after day, I'm glad I could at least order the fuel from the Lions Club.

We celebrated Mother's 89th birthday with a family dinner at my house and it was a skimpy crowd due to circumstances of all kinds. You folks are thoughtful enough to tell us in your letters what you put on the table for some special occasion, so I'll go ahead and say that we had a good old-fashioned country-grown chicken baked with a rice stuffing (one of these combined long grain-wild rice stuffings), mashed potatoes and gravy, and then, in case someone might be tired of chicken, we also had a pork loin roast surrounded by spiced crab apples on the platter from which it was served. Fresh asparagus had just hit the market so we had a bowl of this with Hollandaise sauce. On my large divided relish dish we had homemade pickled beets, three differ-

ent kinds of pickles, spiced melon rind and an assortment of olives.

We also had frozen fruit salad and, although a birthday seems to demand a birthday cake, Mother had asked that we skip it and have a recipe that Marge had brought home from Tucson for a dessert called Blueberry Strata. It sounds like sort of a wild name for a perfectly wonderful dessert and we said immediately that it would make an ideal club refreshment. (We always have club refreshments on our minds.)

All of the out-of-town family members called to send congratulations, and this included a number of the grandchildren scattered here and there. (Emily Driftmier even sent a cablegram from Ecuador, South America!) The next big issue is Mother's 90th birthday next April, and we're trying to think of something genuinely different and unusual to celebrate that milestone. At least we have quite a spell of time to come up with something just a little more gratifying than getting a family group picture, although it's been years and years since we had one taken.

Honestly, have you ever seen such a drawn-out period of illness and poor health? We read letters from all over the country, and thus we have good reason to know that these miseries are not confined to our family and our local friends.

Juliana, James and Katharine arrived home quite unexpectedly (and by this I mean that I hadn't really thought they'd make it until summer) to spend exactly one week, and from the moment I knew they would be arriving I began thinking about our radio visits together, chances to see long-time friends, extra-good meals, etc., etc. These innocent plans were totally dashed before they had been in Shenandoah for more than an hour when Juliana suffered a recurrence of her 1975 ailment (as yet undiagnosed by cardiologists) and thus was virtually out of the picture for the short week they had to spend with us.

After my dreadful so-called "Holiday Trip" out there, I concluded that the "stars were agin us" for the time being. I don't think I'm going to make any more plans for ANYTHING . . . aside from Mother's 90th birthday!

At last we have a new baby in the family . . . and just when we had arrived at the lazy conclusion that possibly there wouldn't be any more. I'm sure that Dorothy has told you about the safe arrival of Kristin's and Art's third son. I haven't yet seen her letter so I don't know if she mentioned the fact that he was born in a raging Montana blizzard! Well, that's a good beginning for what seems to be the ICE AGE ahead of us!

When we received the "formal announcements" of the baby's birth we were uncertain by the pronunciation of the second name. It is, in full, Julian Blase, and we didn't know how to pronounce this second name. It turns out that if you said "Blaze" you'd hit it right on the nose. I don't know if this is a family name or if it simply struck their fancy, but that's the name and the pronunciation just as I have accounted for it.

I'm sure too that Marge told you about Martin's ordination in her own letter, so I'll just say that we are very happy for him and very proud of what he has achieved. I cannot think of anything this unhappy world needs more desperately now than young and dedicated people who are willing to see the needs of equally young people standing in such dire need of direction and human compassion and understanding from their church affiliation. I have great hopes and dreams for Martin.

Our house has been filled this winter will all kinds of beautiful and exotic houseplants; I think that Juliana felt right at home when she walked in and saw all of them. Frankly, it's just a very, very minor version of what she has in her own home. One of these days her plants will take over once and for all and they will simply have to move out into the yard.

Betty's little granddaughter, Jenifer, eight years old, spent her Easter vacation with us, and when she got ready to go down to the old bus station to pick up a non-stop trip to her home in Minneapolis, she said to her grandmother:

"Grandma, do you notice anything different about me?"

Betty studied her carefully and then said: "Different? No, I really don't notice anything different after your week with us in Shenandoah."

Jenifer then said: "Haven't you noticed that I now speak with a Southern accent?"

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MARGERY AND OLIVER STROM ATTEND SON'S ORDINATION

Dear Friends:

Shortly after I wrote my letter to you last month, Lucile said, "Margery, if you're going to take a little break from work, you'd better plan to take it next week." I checked with Oliver to see if he could get away for a few days so we could drive somewhere, but he had a full calendar. He suggested that I accept an invitation of long standing to visit our friends in Tucson. Spring had not yet settled down in Iowa and the thought of the warmth and sunshine of Arizona was mighty appealing.

I called my friends that evening and said I would try to get a reservation to leave over the weekend. It was a surprise to learn that every seat was taken for each flight on both Saturday and Sunday, but my name was put on the waiting list. Well, it is a good 60 miles to the airport in Omaha, so I packed, sat beside my suitcase and waited for the phone to ring. Fortunately, the call came, really sooner than I expected, so I flew to Tucson Saturday afternoon.

The weather was simply gorgeous and after our long, cold winter, it was marvelous to soak up the sunshine. I made my headquarters with our former neighbor, Eltora Alexander, and on our sight-seeing trips around the area we were joined by her two daughters, Mona Overstreet and Mary Ellen Deir. We girls grew up almost like sisters, so when I visit Tucson, I feel as if I'm visiting members of my family.

We made two trips out of town, one to Bisbee and Tombstone, and the other to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. In the city itself we visited The Gallery of the Sun (I'm particularly fond of the artwork of De Grazia), St. Phillips in the Hills (where there is another lovely art gallery next to the chapel), the new civic center and the John Fremont Territorial Governor's Home (which is in the process of restoration), and lovely drives around the city. On one of these drives we passed the gardens of the Oliver Drachman home which are often featured in the newspapers.

And how I did enjoy eating! I had been making a desperate effort to lose weight since the first of the year, and sadly gained most of it back on vacation! One of the things I enjoy most when traveling is running across interesting restaurants and then, of course, I can't help but overdo on the eating! I pleaded with Eltora, Mona and Mary Ellen to go easy on the food when I ate with them, but they ignored my pleas and fixed such heavenly meals that I couldn't resist!

Eltora and I had a delicious lunch



Left to right: Dr. Henry Gustafson, Professor of New Testament Theology at United Theological Seminary of the Twin Cities; Rev. Martin Strom, the Ordinand; Rev. Vernon Hauser, interim pastor of Trinity Community Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. Franklin Elliot, pastor of Mayflower Congregational Church in Billings, Montana.

with my cousin Hope Field Pawek one day, and had a good time catching up on family news. My cousin Philip Field and his wife Marie were out of the city so I didn't get to call on them. However, they usually come back to Iowa in the summertime, so I'll probably be seeing them before long.

When I talked to Oliver on the phone, he reported Iowa's nice weather—some days in the 60's—but I arrived back home in the midst of a late blizzard! Old Man Winter just hated to give in to Miss Spring, but *finally did*, as we knew he would eventually.

Our son Martin had been experiencing the same sort of temperatures in Minnesota and hoped that he would be blessed with fair weather the weekend of his ordination and installation service. Oliver and I wouldn't have missed this occasion for anything, of course. We would have made it if we'd had to go by snowmobile! As it turned out, we had good weather and made it by plane. Close friends went with us and we stayed in a motel in the north part of Minneapolis, renting a car for getting around once we got there.

Martin met our plane. Also greeting us were Oliver's niece Devonna Long and her two children. After lunch together at the airport, we drove to the motel and awaited friends, Lois and

Vernon Hauser, who were joining us for dinner.

Saturday was a busy day. We had a lovely lunch with the Hausers, Martin had last-minute errands to run in connection with his ordination service, and there was another plane to meet. Mr. and Mrs. John Leuthold were flying in from Montana. Martin lived in the guest house on the Leuthold ranch when he interned in their church in Molt. It was a special surprise to learn that they were coming for the weekend and would be staying at the same motel.

The town of Maple Lake, where Martin is serving the Bethlehem United Church of Christ, is about an hour's drive from Minneapolis. We got up early Sunday morning to drive to his church for morning worship, then we all had dinner together. Since there would be a couple of hours to fill, we went out to Martin's mobile home to rest and visit. We were filled in on the details for the new parsonage that is under construction. It won't be long until he will be moving in, and then he will be living next door to his church again.

The services of ordination and installation were held in late afternoon. Only those who have had the experience of witnessing their son's ordination into the ministry can know the thrill we had that afternoon. It was a beautiful service and a day we'll cherish for as long as we live.

There was an hour in which we could visit with Martin's close friends who were present, some of whom were participants in the service, and members of his congregation, and then we were entertained at a church dinner.

When the day was over, we returned to the motel. Martin saw the last of his friends leave the church and then joined us for the night. He brought with

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COVER PICTURE

On Katharine Driftmier's dresser at Rice University in Houston, Texas, stands this picture of her parents, Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier, and her brother and sister, Paul and Adrienne. Katharine had fun showing them around the campus when they spent a week with her recently. No doubt Mary Beth will be writing about that trip next month.



"O You Beautiful Doll!"

FOR A MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUET

by
Mabel Nair Brown

It seems to me that a party and program woven around the theme of dolls — "play ones" and those "for real" — would strike a responsive chord in any girl's heart, be she of tender years or one of the older "girls" with silvery hair, and thus a perfect theme for a mother-daughter affair. Add a bit of old lace for the nostalgic note, and what more could one ask? With such a theme table decorations and favors are a snap, and fun to do.

DECORATIONS

The simplest, most inexpensive dolls, of course, are paper dolls, the kind we cut from paper in our childhood to make a string of dolls with joined hands. These could be cut from newspapers (recycling!) or from pastel paper. To make them firm enough to stand up, glue two strings of dolls together, back to back. You can also use the dolls from books of paper dolls for table decorations; or how about getting busy with catalogues and magazines and cut out colored pictures of women and girls to make your own dolls?

Dolls made from the nylon net make beautiful table decorations and really aren't difficult to make once you get the materials collected, and your committee can have many happy hours working on them. Or you can have a meeting where someone demonstrates how the dolls are assembled, and then committee members can take them home to work on.

For each doll (about eight inches tall) you will need one of the small heads to be found in craft or dime stores. The head is about one to one and one-fourth inches in diameter with features painted on, and yarn-like hair in different colors. One 12" length of large white chenille for the arms; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 72" nylon net; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard matching ribbon (or in a slightly deeper shade). You will also need some stovepipe wire. We used net in pink, yellow, mint green, lavender, turquoise blue, and purple for our dolls on a spring time table.

Cut 12" off one end of the net; then cut a 2" strip off one long side of the larger piece of net. (This will be used to cover the arms and a bit off one end

will be used for a fluff of a hat.)

Fold the 12" piece from each end to the center, having the fold approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, and pin. Fold a larger piece of net in same manner and pin. Fold the 12" section in half to make the inner "body" of the doll and fasten with rubber band. Wrap a length of net around the chenille and fasten at the "wrist" with transparent tape, leaving a wrist ruffle, and let the "hand" stick out. Stick $3\frac{1}{2}$ " of wire into bottom of the head, and insert it through the center of the larger fold of net. Fold the large fold of net in half and slip arms through near the fold, slip smaller fold inside the larger one, and use a rubber band to hold them together, thus forming the bodice with the smaller fold helping to make a more bouffant skirt. Pull the folds of net apart to make a full skirt so that the doll will stand alone. Use fingers to puff bodice out a bit in front. Bend arms to shape. Tie the narrow satin ribbon at the waistline with a bow, with long streamers hanging almost to the hemline in front. Gather a short piece of the 2" strip of net to make a fluff for the hat which you pin to the head with a 5" piece of ribbon (matching the sash), crisscrossing the ribbon to make an elongated loop (crown of hat). These directions read long and perhaps complicated, but really once you assemble materials and make one you will see they go together quickly — fast on an assembly line at a committee meeting. They are beautiful on the tables used with low bowl arrangements of spring flowers.

On display, and to use in the program, have as many dolls as you can collect, dating back through the years. Include all kinds of dolls — china dolls, kewpie dolls, rag dolls, rubber dolls, cornhusk dolls, apple face dolls, character dolls, and modern dolls. Dolls on display should have cards beside them giving the owners' names and the ages, if known. If your party room is large enough, perhaps you can also display some doll houses and antique doll furniture and doll buggies.

As you arrange some of the beautiful old dolls, stand them in swirls of old

lace for that touch of nostalgia. Such lace can be found tucked away in drawers or scrap bags if you will do some inquiring.

Program Booklets: Booklet covers may be made of pastel construction paper. Glue very narrow lace around the edge of the front cover. Cut pictures of women and girls from catalogues or magazines and glue one to the front cover of each booklet. Write the theme title below the picture. Use white paper for inside pages, and tie the booklet together with narrow ribbon or yarn.

Nut Cups: Buy cups in assorted pastel colors. For each cup cut a string of small construction paper dolls in a contrasting color. Glue the ends of the string of dolls together so they will stand up around the cup in "ring-around-the-rosy" manner.

Favors: One suggestion is to buy very tiny plastic dolls, one for each guest. From pink, blue, yellow and mint outing flannel, cut tiny squares which are pinned around the dolls to make tiny blankets. Use a small gold safety pin.

A second idea would carry out the "sugar and spice and everything nice" that little girls are supposed to be made of, by using a piece of red and white stick candy as a doll body. Use crepe paper, lace paper doilies, etc., to fashion full skirts so that the doll will stand. Glue a small paper heart, front and back, for the dress bodice. Add pipe cleaner arms. Use narrow ribbon or yarn and tie a perky sash on each candy doll.

PROGRAM:

"O YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL"

As we mentioned in the beginning, let us keep this a truly fun party, so we will skip the usual formal toasts to mothers, daughters, and grandmothers. Instead, let us plan for musical numbers interspersed throughout the program, and dedicate certain numbers to those special persons whom we would honor. Some suggestions will be made here, but you will no doubt think of others especially suited to your crowd.

Other musical numbers might include some favorite lullabies. Perhaps you will decide to use some from various parts of the country or different nations, and give a bit of the history about them. Some lullabies might be accompanied by a pretty tableau — girl with dolly, grandma with grandchild, etc.

Start the program off with the theme song, "O, You Beautiful Doll", after which the following welcome is given: (It may be sung.)

Oh, you beautiful dolls, you lovely, beautiful dolls,

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HOW WIDE IS YOUR WORLD?

by
Fern Christian Miller

As we reach retirement years, our world suddenly seems to narrow. When we were young the horizon was far away, but we were sure we could reach the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow just over the hill. And upward, the sky was the limit. Energy and enthusiasm filled us with dreams and ambitions. We started to develop our lives four-square — mentally, socially, physically, and spiritually. But did we continue with this development as the years rolled by?

As we pass the sixty mark how do we measure up? Have the many problems of the world narrowed our outlook, or made us hide behind locked doors because of fear, or sensitivity because we are fat, or skinny, or ugly, deaf, blind, or crippled? Some of us are just shy, or embarrassed, or discouraged because of some family problem or disgrace. We feel sure we are the only one with these problems, as we hide behind locked doors.

True, we each live in a world of our own, but is it not a world of our own making? It is actually up to us how wide we make our world. We must find the magic keys to unlock those bolted doors that narrow our world. The bolts might be ignorance, narrow-minded prejudice, shyness, fear of strangers, drugs, alcoholism, ill health, or some other secret aggressions. But how can we find the keys to open these doors?

Several years ago, when I was lamenting the fact that I could no longer get out in the world to help earn our living, a gentle friend reminded me: "God never closes one door without opening another."

Thinking seriously on this, I began to read up on some subjects I had long been curious about. Education, or the gaining of more knowledge, I found, was one key to unlock a door.

As I began attending church again, I found myself developing spiritually once more. For we are either going forward or sliding back spiritually as we grow older. I soon widened my choice of reading material. I began to really listen to the younger people; my college son, my grandsons, my married children, others with whom I came in contact.

Good church members often fail to continue to mature spiritually. Some remain as children in spiritual growth. We must grow into maturity spiritually as well as physically and mentally. We must learn to be loving, understanding, and compassionate with all mankind, for our world is just as wide as our spiritual heart. We must face life and its complex problems exactly as it is



Margery Strom lives only two doors away from her mother, Leanna Driftmier, and drops in several times a day for little chats with her.

today — not as a far-off, idealistic, dream world. Only in this way can we unlock all those bolted doors that narrow our world.

We need to learn to extend our usefulness, our friendly understanding, our kindness and sharing to those less fortunate, less able to help themselves. If we can get out and call on others, that's fine. But even if shut in, we can write letters, or make phone calls, and show real interest in all callers. We can read our Bible and all other reading material with an open and receptive mind. Why not give ourselves a new goal? This goal would be reaching our full potential in all ways.

How about those God-given talents we all have? (Oh, yes, you have some too!) Can we talk well, or write, sing, play a musical instrument, draw or make crafts, garden, or teach children, cook with ingenuity, or make people happy by just listening? We each have a duty to ourselves and our God to develop this talent and to use it for good.

Proverbs 31:30 expresses what I mean for us older women, *Charm can be deceptive and beauty doesn't last, but a woman who fears and reverences God shall be greatly praised.*

MOTHER'S DAY CONFESSION

How beautiful the verses,
What pleasing sentiment,
I find within these lovely cards;
Each one sincerely meant.

Don't they recall the spankings,
And how I failed to see
Their point of view, so often?
Shame upon this mother — me!

They owe me nothing, nothing.
I'm in debt to them, I'd say.
They molded me and made me
Worth praise on Mother's Day!

—Elizabeth Myhr

SNATCH THOSE MOMENTS!

by
Grace V. Schillinger

Keep listening, with your mind free enough so when your children ask you things you'll be able to turn those moments into special ones. You'll be glad you did.

How else can children learn if they don't ask questions? Be glad they ask you rather than an outsider.

One evening when our Richard was ten, he took some pillows and blankets outside and made a bed on the picnic table. "I'll get every breeze when I sleep on the picnic table," he told me and I agreed. I went back into our farmhouse.

"Mom!" he yelled once or twice while I watched an interesting television program. I ran to the south door, and he yelled again, "Mom! Come on out here and let's talk about these stars!"

So I left the program I was watching — and we talked about the stars — about the Big Dipper and the North Star and a little bit about a red star that shone in the southeast.

"You can even see it shine," he said, and I suppose he meant the little glow lines going out from it.

"In school we read that every star's a sun," he said in a low voice. "But I sure don't see how they could be . . . 'cause they're too little." When you're ten (or even a grown woman) it's hard to realize about stars and what holds them in their places in the universe, and what keeps them from bumping into each other, and why they look so little when they're really big.

"I guess we just have to believe it anyway, Rich," I told him, and my voice sounded funny, sort of awed and

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AN UNFAMILIAR SOUND BRINGS MEMORIES TO MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

I've just come inside from a few free minutes when I sat and let the sun soak into the muscles of my neck and back. Adrienne and Paul were entertaining themselves with some round-robin type basketball game under the hoop near the garage. So I took a cup of coffee outside and perched on the top of a trash can while I allowed myself the luxury of a total idleness. We're enjoying the first few days of vacation — not summer as you might think — but just our mid-term break before the final push to finish school. The earth is too saturated with moisture to allow me to sit in a lawn chair, so the trash can had to suffice.

While I was outside I noticed that accompanying the northeasterly wind there was a background noise which I could not identify for a few minutes. Have you ever had a noise or a fragrance bring back a flood of memories that for a few brief moments you just could not get associated with the proper source? Well, as I sat on the trash can this mournful, fairly high-pitched squeal persisted. It reminded me of someone's garden gate swinging in the wind. I knew it had to be a wind-driven noise, and as I sat and listened I caught the picture, identifying the noise of one terribly cold, black winter night. It was the most lonely, melancholy, stark noise I think I have ever remembered hearing. And then in a flash I remembered!

Don and Paul were still at school, and it was, indeed, a terribly cold winter afternoon. Not night, as I had first thought, but one of those black, early winter afternoons. It was, in fact, such a cold afternoon that I had determined to take Adrienne around on her paper route as soon as we had changed from our school clothes. Our house is built right at the last street in the city of Delafield, so Adrienne's paper route extends right out into the country itself.

As I sat in the car at the end of one street waiting for Adrienne to deliver two side-by-side houses, I heard this groaning, squealing, wind-driven sound. It was right on top of me. The car heater was blowing away noisily, so I stepped out into the bitter wind and shut the car door to better get an idea of what I was hearing. As I stood there, Adrienne arrived amid a cloud of frosty breath from running along the road. She was a little amused to find me outside the warm car, and as I motioned her to



Mary Beth Driftmier loves her class and will miss the children next year.

be quiet, she did, instead, ask if I didn't think that windmill was the most beautiful sound ever to cut through the winter's silence. And sure enough, way up in the sky, over my head practically, was a farmer's windmill, located at the back of his yard.

I had never even seen that windmill in the five years we have lived in this neighborhood. It is not visible in the summer because of the density of the trees, but the next day I made it a point to look for it. I do not know if it is a working windmill but it is still in turning condition. It sings its sad, lonely song only when the wind is from the east-northeast.

Adrienne then proceeded to tell me how much she loved her paper route and the chance it gave her to be alone with her thoughts. And she especially loved the windmill. For a youngster of 14 she has already started her collection of nostalgia items. I knew then something she didn't know yet, and that this was one of the strong things she will remember from her childhood. The neighborhood windmill. And her memory of windmills will be only a little less vivid than her Grandmother Driftmier's girlhood memory of windmills on their farm at Sunnyside.

I looked at the calendar before I began this letter to you to see what was newsworthy to write you about, and sure enough there was nothing new. We've been going to school every day and the kids went to classes every day and studied their homework every evening. Don's and my evenings are always spent grading either homework of the night before or that day's class work. Weekends are a squeeze, trying to crowd in five days' housework into two days' time. And so the winter has gone. Right now we have just finished

exams and the final term report cards, which seem to take an eternity to complete.

The last day of examinations I always save to return my class's exam papers so that we can go over them together. I know, after the five years I have taught, that seeing where he makes his errors on a test is as helpful to a child as studying for them in advance. Having the "moxy" to take a test is part of the battle, too. I make myself a lot of extra work grading quizzes and little tests, but again I am convinced that just being an experienced test-taker is plenty helpful in making a good grade.

We gave our entire school a battery of Achievement Tests from Iowa and California this spring, and I am anxiously awaiting the results, because I think I've got an extra good class this year. There are two boys who are very competitive over grades, and because they are class leaders as well, they set the precedent for the rest of the boys to follow. And follow they do! I've never had a group who so delighted in whatever I had to teach them. They've been like little sponges. Gone forever is my old hang-up excuse for some boys that "Boys just aren't the natural scholars that girls are!" I actually dreaded this year when in September I looked at that group and considered that 80% of the class were boys, and then one of my dear little girls moved away, and 90% of the class were boys. They are so inspired by the good guys that not one of them wants to drop to the bottom of the class, and even the one foot dragger has shaped himself into a first class student. Now I dread having them move on to third grade.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

FREDERICK IS ON BOSTON'S SIDE

Dear Friends:

A few minutes ago Betty left for the church where she will be working every day this week on our spring rummage sale. This is Monday, and the sale isn't until Thursday, but it takes three days to sort and price all of the rummage that has been brought in by our church people since we last had a sale way back in October. More than two hundred people will be working on the sale in one capacity or another, and what a good time they will have. It is a great way to get church members acquainted with one another. One of my friends who is the minister of a large church similar to ours will never permit a rummage sale in his church. He thinks it is an undignified way to earn money, but I disagree with him one hundred and two percent! It is great for church fellowship! It is great for providing useable items at low cost for families who need those things! It is great for making money that can be used for the charitable needs of others! We have two such sales each year, one in the fall and one in the spring, and we make at least \$2,500 on each one.

When I finish writing this letter, I am going to start carrying rummage out of this large house and then on down to the church. Betty is scared to death that I shall give away something we should keep, and it is quite possible that I shall. There was a sale a few years ago when I contributed three hundred books from our home library, and then I went down to the sale and bought back one hundred of them. You ought to see the books in this house right now! We have nine bookcases, and we still have books lying around on every end table, on every available shelf, and even stacked up on the floor in this room where I am this moment.

Living in a big parsonage like this one, I have come to appreciate some of the good points of small houses. When you live in a small house, you do not have room to collect anything. This house has four large storerooms, and as a result, we have too much junk, things we do not need. This is not to suggest that we have not been giving away rummage all along, for we have. It is to suggest that this year we are going to give away more than ever before!

Do you remember my telling you about the church which merged with our church and how we sold the extra church building to a black congregation? Well, those good Baptists had owned that church building we sold them for only three weeks, when vandals burned it down. It was a tragic loss, and ever since, they have been



The ladies have great fellowship during the several days they prepare for the big spring rummage sale at South Congregational Church in Springfield.

trying to raise enough money to build a new church on the foundations of the old one. Our church gave them a gift of \$5,000, and this month I am going to help them raise some more. What I am doing to help is to provide one of my favorite illustrated lectures free of charge. They are selling tickets for the lectures, with all of the proceeds going to their building fund. The lectures will be given on two consecutive evenings in our large church dining room where I can use our fabulous rear-projection screen. Since our church is the only one in Massachusetts to have one of these new miracle screens able to show pictures at bigger-than-life size without the audience ever seeing the projectors and automatic dissolve equipment, the tickets should sell very well indeed.

The pictures we took last summer in Iceland and the Westmann Islands and Hebrides Islands, are simply spectacular. There are no other words to describe pictures of a city lying under several feet of volcanic lava and ashes where homes are still smouldering. We had to charter a private plane to fly us over areas that could not otherwise be photographed, and so the pictures really are unique. I wish that you good people lived close enough to Springfield so that you could come in and see them. The only people to whom I have shown them up until now are the members of our church.

We are concerned about a problem that probably is utterly different from any problem your community has had to face. You know that we live within a few hundred yards of the beautiful Connecticut River, a river that is about the size of the Missouri River at Omaha or

Kansas City. In the spring of the year when the snow is melting in the mountains to the north of us, the river is at flood stage, but our city always is protected by its high dikes. The present issue of concern is the fact that the city of Boston wants to use some of that flood water. Boston is desperate for more good water, and the plan is to drain off some of the excess flood water into a large reservoir that already exists about thirty miles from here, and then to pipe the water all of ninety miles to the Boston reservoirs. It sounds reasonable to me, but the people to the south of us down in the state of Connecticut are very upset over it. They claim that the excess flood water is needed to flood the lowlands along the coastal areas where so many small fish breed. Those of us who live between Boston and Connecticut do not really care one way or the other, but it does seem to me that the amount of excess water that Boston would take in flood season would not in any great way affect the lowlands along the shore. When one considers how high the river is in flood, surely the amount that could be drained off through any reservoir piping system would be a negligible amount. I am all in favor of helping Boston.

Betty and I live in a parsonage that is high above the river, but we have good friends just across the river who are frightened by flood waters two or three times a year. In April and May, one of the first things I do when I get out of bed in the morning is to look across the river toward our friends' homes to see how near the crest of the river is to their lawns. For the life of

(Continued on page 18)



Partytime Fare

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Flower Arithmetic:

1. Take "to wed", a metal add, you'll have a blossom gay.
2. From "quicker" take first consonant, presto! one more flower for you to say.
3. Where mountains are divided look, you'll see another flower alright that comes in our springtime, a fair and lovely sight.
4. To strive, plus vowel, plus permit — guess it if you can.
5. A food plus a saucer's mate, is another flower to scan.
6. Take a bird and what some riders might choose to wear and it bloomed in Grandmother's garden fair.
7. His name plus Jefferson's pen, for yet another flower.
8. A falsehood, plus to be without, will deck your garden bower.
9. From what is opposite to verse a consonant remove, you'll have a posy we all love.
10. To kitchen need add ocean wide, can you guess it from this line?
11. To his name add an adjective, it's an easy one this time!
12. An exhortion to recall, by pronoun please divide.

You'll find the flower sweethearts love, that bids you true abide. Now if you've completed these little sums, why then you'll surely find, that you'll have a nice bouquet of flowers of many kind.

ANSWERS: 1. marigold. 2. aster. 3. lily of the valley. 4. violet. 5. buttercup. 6. larkspur. 7. jonquil. 8. lilac. 9. rose. 10. pansy. 11. sweet William. 12. forget-me-not.

Proverb Charades: Divide crowd into partners, if you have a large group. Hand to each person, or couple, a slip of paper on which is written one of the following proverbs which is to be acted out with the others trying to guess the proverb:

1. April showers bring May flowers.
2. The early bird catches the worm.
3. Make hay while the sun shines.
4. As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined.
5. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.
6. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.
7. A new broom sweeps clean.
8. Time and tide wait for no man.
9. Every cloud has a silver lining.
10. It never rains but that it

pours. 11. Don't put all your eggs in one basket. 12. Curiosity killed the cat. 13. You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. 14. Marry in haste, repent at leisure. 15. You can't have your cake and eat it too.

'Tis Spring Time Tra-la: Fasten two large sheets of newsprint or wrapping paper up on the wall. Provide contestants with crayons. Play springtime tunes ("Easter Parade", "Sweet Violets", "Singing in the Rain", etc.) on piano or record player. Choose two guests to listen to the tune and then draw an appropriate illustration. Let rest vote which is best, then select two more to do the drawing, for a different tune.

Spring Fishing: (This is an old one, but always good for laughs.) Have ready a bottle or tall jar with a mouth just large enough so that a wiener will drop through it. Each guest takes a turn "fishing", for perhaps one minute, which means that player is given a long cane pole to which a wiener is attached to the end with a string about a yard in length. The object is for the player to stand on a designated spot and try to drop the wiener into the bottle just by manipulating the fish pole.

A PTA GRADUATION EXERCISE FOR 6TH GRADE MOTHERS

by
Marcia Schwartz

GOODBYE, 6th grade mothers!

If you would come forward at this time, we would like to honor you.

We don't want to get maudlin today as we realize many of you are already nearly in tears at the prospect of giving up PTA to *never again* be called to be a room mother; to *never again* be called to bake cookies or serve on a committee; to *never again* be among the smiling faces of PTA, so we will try to make this ceremony as painless as possible.

Today, we salute you! We salute you for your indomitable courage, your vast patience, your tough-minded optimism, your will to survive!

We salute you for "hanging in there", even when your head ached, your ton-

sils were sore, and your corns were killing you.

We admire your gallant spirit which has coped with rainy days at home locked up with screaming kids, which has kept calm when the kid came home with holes in both the knees of his last pair of jeans.

We salute you for "never giving up the ship", for being concerned, for loving, for guiding that bright-eyed youngster of yours who, this spring, has reached a plateau in his education, a milestone in his young and eager life.

May the sun ever shine upon you and your children, and may the wind always be at your backs as you enter new avenues of life.

May the teachers who have labored to bring your children to this day, also feel a warm burst of satisfaction for the miracles they have wrought in the minds and hearts of your young people.

We would ask God to bless you all as we bid you fond adieu. It's been a pleasure knowing you in (name of your school PTA). Unless, of course, you still have children in grade school — if so, could you be a room mother next year? Could you work on a float? Could you sponsor a skating party? Etc. Etc.

A MOTHER'S CREED

I WOULD REMEMBER

God could not be everywhere so He made mothers.

I WOULD BE TRUE

There are those who trust me and pattern their lives from mine.

I WOULD BE REVERENT

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Practice this in thought, word, deed.

I WOULD BE PURE

"Blessed are the pure in heart." I shall so order my thoughts and acts.

I WOULD BE TOLERANT

Show consideration to underprivileged, segregated and afflicted persons.

I WOULD BE COURAGEOUS

Never condoning evils which I can help correct.

I WOULD BE LOYAL

To church, family and community. Always trying to put "first" things FIRST.

I WOULD BE HONEST

Never take unfair advantage when opportunity permits.

I WOULD BE FAITHFUL

Fulfill to the best of my ability each promise I make.

I WOULD BE REVERENT AND FORGIVING

Family ties cemented by prayers are life buoys. Mercy is twice blest.

—Irene Holmes Fey



Celebration of a Family

FOR FAMILY LIFE WEEK

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Family Life Week offers a wonderful opportunity to plan a family night at the church, starting off with potluck supper. Well in advance of the event, put up gay, colorful posters with catch lines stressing that this is indeed an evening planned for the WHOLE family, with food, fellowship, and fun for all ages.

Since the theme is to be one of "celebration" for the joys of a family, why not use balloons and bright paper streamers and banners to make the fellowship hall look as festive as possible? Add some of the "Peanuts" character toys or dolls for extra chuckles. Perhaps you can even get someone to dress in a clown suit and mask to add to the fun as the crowd is assembling, and while tables are being cleared following the meal.

Do try to have babysitters (it's nice to have two for company and support!) to care for the very small tots in the nursery, or, if your church has no nursery, set up some play equipment in a Sunday school room. Sometimes it is nice to run a short film to help entertain the older tots.

After the tables are cleared, plan to have several good games or stunts which all ages can enjoy together. A half-hour or forty-five minutes might be allotted for the game time. Here are a few games to get the party started:

Color Barter: Have ready small squares or strips of various colors of paper. Give everyone an equal number of pieces. At leader's signal everyone begins bargaining with the others (two white papers for one red, or however the players want to strike a "bargain"). After several minutes, "time" is called. Then the leader will announce how many points each different

color is worth. Players add up their points according to colors of papers they have, and the amount of each color, to see who wins.

Cooking Up a Meal: Each person is given a slip of paper on which is printed the name of a food. At a signal the players try to get together in groups so that they have a complete meal from appetizer to beverage. Prizes might go to those who have gotten together the best menu. The leader might put up a big poster as a guide to what is expected on the menu, such as appetizer, meat, two vegetables, two salads, rolls or bread, butter, jelly, pickles, dessert, and beverage.

Pick the Winners: Divide players into four groups — perhaps by their birth months, January to March, April to June, etc., or appoint captains, give each group a name (as for a national baseball team), and let the captains take turns choosing players for their teams. A scorekeeper is appointed. As the leader reads the following list, the scorekeeper keeps score on which group wins each competition on the list, and totals to find the winner.

1. Group having highest number of pennies.
2. Group having the most who have been born outside the county.
3. Group having the most children under age 12.
4. Group having most wristwatches.
5. Group having most black socks or hose.
6. Group having the most birthdays in this month.
7. Group with girl with longest hair.
8. Group with three boys with longest feet (set age limit as to "boys"!).
9. Group having most pocket knives.
10. Group with most women wearing

earrings.

11. Group with youngest child in group.
12. Group with most red-headed persons.
13. Group with the tallest man.
14. Group which has most sticks of gum in pockets or purses.
15. Group that has a couple with the most children (couple must be in same group).

Lucky Spots March: For this the leader has a list of "lucky spots" around the room, such as: 1. nearest piano; 2. one sitting in a lucky chair (it has an "x" marked on tape fastened to underside of seat); 3. one nearest the north door; 4. standing on an "x" marked on the floor; 5. standing closest to right hand of the minister; etc. The leader announces that music is to be played, and as long as the music plays the guests may move about, occasionally sit down if they get tired, but must "freeze" in position when music stops. Leader then reads off one of the "lucky spots", and the person winning that spot is given a small prize and drops out of the game. The game continues until all "lucky spots" have been claimed.

DEVOTIONS

Leader: Someone has said that the most important announcement ever made in the world had to do with the family: "Unto us a child is born." With this announcement began what we call "The Holy Family", and the beginning of our Christian faith. "Home and religion" are kindred words, and we might say they are all wrapped up in love — God's love for us, His great love gift of His Son to us, our love for each other. Our very concept of family life is rooted in our religious faith as we think of God, our Father, and Jesus, the Son of God, and go on to think of our own relationships in our family — father, mother, child. The Scriptures have much to say to us about the family. Let us listen as (name) reads from God's Word to us.

Scriptures: Exodus 20:12; Proverbs 13:1 and 24; Proverbs 17:6; 29:17; and of the mother read Proverbs 31:25-28; Ephesians 3:14-16.

Hymn: "Happy the Home When God Is There" or "Children of the Heavenly Father".

Prayer: Our Father, God, we thank Thee for Thy wonderful love that draws us closer to Thee and closer to each other in our families; for all of the blessings of home. We ask that Thou will continue to bless each home here represented, guiding and directing us as we need. To each one of us grant the gifts of Thy kindness, goodness, patience, peace and joy. Amen

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This is a real March day with strong winds whipping around every corner, with rain, sleet, hail, and even a little snow. All the lots are a sea of mud, and I wonder every time I put my foot down if I'm going to be able to pull it up again. I think everyone will be happy when the sun comes out to stay a few days so things will dry up and we will feel spring has truly arrived.

I imagine you are anxious to hear a progress report on Frank. We had to go back to the hospital in Des Moines again for a few days. Frank had to go into surgery again for a little more skin grafting. There were a few places on his arm that didn't "take" on the first skin graft, but the doctor seemed pleased with the way things looked yesterday when we went for his weekly checkup. Of course he still has a long way to go, but at least to him things are beginning to look a little brighter.

Our neighbors Roy Querrey and Howard Goering have still been coming every morning to load and haul the ensilage to the cattle, but Frank's sister Bernie and I have been hauling out hay to feed them in the evening. While we were in Des Moines for the last stay, Bernie had one of her neighbors, Mervin Briggs, help her with the evening chores. Now Frank is able to help me, and we are getting along fine. The other day Roy and Howard had to make a trip to Kansas City, so they left a load of ensilage for me to unload. Frank decided he wanted to try driving the tractor, and since it has power steering he got along fine. Since he has been using muscles he hasn't used for three months, he has been pretty stiff and achy and discovered it doesn't take long for a man to get out of shape for heavy farm work.

In the last September issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* I told you about the interesting conversation I had with the Querreys' daughter Lois and her husband Sam Dunlap, who were visiting here from their home in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. They were here again in February and had with them four of the men who work for TWA with Sam at the big airport there. One was from England, two from Pakistan, and one from Saudi, and they were in the United States



Pamela Dunlap, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Sam Dunlap, granddaughter of our friends Mr. & Mrs. Ray Querrey.

going to school for a few weeks to learn the latest mechanical techniques for the new equipment being installed on the planes they work on. They spent just one day with the Querreys, and I went over to meet them. The weather that day was blowing snow with the temperature way below zero, which must have been quite a shock to them after the heat in Arabia.

Roy and Louise had another nice surprise the other day when Sam called them from Los Angeles to say he had just arrived in the States and was going to be in Washington state on business for two weeks, and had brought his daughter Pam with him this trip. He was putting her on a plane for Kansas City the next day so she could spend this time visiting her grandparents here and in Corydon, so Roy and Louise drove to Kansas City to meet her plane. Pam is a lovely girl of fourteen, and when they were here for coffee the other day I enjoyed visiting with her and finding out what life was like for an American teenager living in Saudi Arabia.

Pam says their house is one of fifteen in the TWA compound. The compound is surrounded by a large wall, and the children are not allowed to leave the compound unless accompanied by their parents or another adult, so except for the hours they spend at school, they are pretty much confined. Some of the compounds have good recreational areas for the young people, with swimming pools, but theirs doesn't, so it gets pretty boring at times. TWA has several compounds in this large city for their employees, and in the one they call the main compound there is a swimming pool they can all

use. There are also movies shown outside in the main compound three nights a week.

There is one English school and one American school in Jeddah, and Pam and her three brothers attend the American school, which was built by TWA. She can go there one more year, but then if they are still living there she will have to go to a boarding school in Europe or England. She feels the school work is harder and more advanced there because if they do go on to boarding school the teachers want them to make a good showing. The courses they take are much the same as here, except they do take French in the grades. Once a year they take the fourteen French students with the highest grades on a ten-day trip to France so they can have the experience of speaking French all the time. Her brother Sam gets to go with the group this year.

I asked Pam if they had a sports program. She said they play baseball and basketball but there are no other schools to compete with. The only sports activity that gets to compete away from home is the track team. Once a year they fly the team to the city of Dhahran where they compete with six other teams from American and English schools.

Pam and Sam are both active in music. Sam plays the trumpet and Pam the flute and piccolo in the concert band. Sam also sings in the choir. They usually put on about three musical programs for the parents during the year. Their social life is limited. Pam is on the student council and they have been sponsoring student dances once a month, but this is about it. With all the older young people away in boarding school this doesn't leave very many to participate. They have to ride a bus to and from school for safety reasons, and since there are 32 children in their compound, they fill the bus. There is no hot lunch program, so all 550 students take lunch from home.

I asked Pam if they seemed to have as big a drug problem over there as they do here, and she said no because the laws there are so strict. If any of their own people are caught with drugs they are given harsh physical punishment, and all foreigners are jailed and then deported, so they don't hear much about the young people using drugs.

I just now got up to answer the telephone and it was the call we have been waiting for for several days. It was Kristin's husband Art, and our third grandson has just arrived. He was several days overdue, so Frank and I were beginning to get very concerned, and

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A HECTIC WEEK!

by
Evelyn Birkby

"That was certainly a hectic week!" I exclaimed to Robert as I cleared off the dining room table.

"What do you mean, hectic?" Robert retorted. "It was a good week. The boys were here, you got some broadcasting done, Bob's concert went well and you survived a dental problem. I wouldn't call that hectic."

Needing an authority to help before continuing the argument, I went into the study, got out my Webster's Dictionary and looked up the word.

"Here it is," I began to read. "It means habitual, fever, flushed and consumption. No, that is not what I meant. But here, this definition is the one I wanted. Listen. Hectic: characterized by confusion, rush, excitement, etc. Now, if that week wasn't a time of confusion, rush and excitement I don't know what those words mean either. But you are right, it was a good week no matter what word I might use to describe it."

The week about which we were talking began with Bob's arrival home from the University of Arkansas for a short vacation. Jeff's studies at Nebraska Wesleyan University stopped during the same period so he came home for a happy reunion. Craig was not expected until the following weekend, but the first unexpected moment of that unusual week arrived with a phone call on Sunday. Craig and four other Morning-side College students were going to drive down from Sioux City and would arrive at our house on Monday in time for the evening meal and to spend the night. Since three of the students were girls that meant turning Jeff and Craig's rooms over to them and making the basement into a "boy's dormitory", a situation which we've managed a number of times very happily.

Since the time of arrival was not certain, I prepared a big kettle of chili, a gelatin salad and a freezer dessert. With a fire in the fireplace and the piano going at intervals in the study, the young people settled in for an evening of visiting. It was great to have them here.

Tuesday morning dawned early for me. I had a hearty breakfast on the table by 6:30 so the carload of Morning-side students could continue on to Kansas City where their basketball team was participating in the national collegiate basketball finals. They would be back, they told me, in time for supper.

It was a happy day with Jeff studying for hours on his organic chemistry,



Attu, the Birkbys' Alaskan husky, loves to dig. One early spring day on a hike to a nearby stream, Attu decided to check under a log. What he found has never been reported.

—Photo by Jeff Birkby

with Bob practicing the piano for hours and with me in the kitchen for hours whomping up a big stew, tossed salad, homemade rye bread and two kinds of pie (the home-grown gooseberry won the heartiest accolades). I got supper on the table at 5:30 just as the car drove up the lane. By 9:30 the young people were back in their college home in Sioux City.

The rest of the week was supposed to be spent calmly getting everything ready for Bob's Friday concert. (He presented it the following week at the University of Arkansas Fine Art Center.) Everything was fitting nicely into place. The Methodist Women's circle to which I belong was going to prepare cookies, coffee and punch and a lovely table was planned.

Then I ate an apple! A fine, red, delicious apple. One of the bites proved catastrophic. (Robert would say catastrophic is too strong a word!) At any rate, an eye tooth which had served me long and faithfully snapped off right at the gum line.

I couldn't believe it. No pain. No warning. No tooth!

Thankful that Sidney is a small town where the dentist is approachable at any hour, I phoned and explained my problem. As I sat in his chair a short time later he grinned at my gaping smile. With kind dexterity he soon had a temporary tooth glued into the space.

Fortunately, the make-do tooth stayed in place until the following week when time permitted the proper kind of care for that unexpected exodus of one of my previously faithful teeth.

The next traumatic moment in this hectic week appeared on Friday, the day of Bob's concert. The phone rang. It was Neighbor Dorothy. She was at the church preparing for the serving following the evening's music.

"The water is shut off here at the church," Dorothy stated in a shocked voice. "We are trying to make coffee and punch and we have no water. The remodeling work in the two church bathrooms must have gotten to the place where the workmen needed to shut off the water and no one told them about the concert tonight!"

The plumber did not answer his phone so the refreshment committee simply had to bring water from home for the punch and coffee and to do up the few pieces of silverware which were used. It was a confusing time but they managed beautifully. Craig arrived just in time to help Jeff with the ushering. An enthusiastic audience attended. The food and fellowship following went so smoothly no one knew that water problems had arisen.

Saturday both Craig and Jeff had long sessions with the optometrist for the first experience with contact lenses this family has had. Both boys have a myopic condition which it is hoped will be slowed by the use of the hard contacts. Being fitted and learning to cope proved to be complicated and time consuming.

When we returned home we found Robert burning fallen limbs in our little timber area down by the road. Attu was helping by snapping at bees

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Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

RHUBARB DESSERT

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, packed
- 1/2 cup shortening (I use margarine.)
- 1 egg
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups rhubarb, cut into 1/2-inch pieces
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix first four ingredients together until crumbly and set aside for topping.

Cream together the brown sugar, shortening and egg. Mix the flour, soda and salt thoroughly and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream. Stir in the rhubarb and flavoring and turn into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle the reserved topping over the batter and bake 45 to 50 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Serve warm or cool with your choice of plain cream, whipped cream or ice cream.

—Mae Driftmier

B.B. BEEF SANDWICHES

- 1 1/2 lbs. beef, cubed
- 1 lb. pork, cubed
- 1 onion diced (1/2 to 3/4 cup)
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 12-oz. bottle catsup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. chili powder

Cook pork and beef until extra done. Brown onion and celery in butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Add other ingredients. Bring to a boil and simmer one hour. (Also can be placed in the oven for an hour at 350 degrees.) Makes 16 sandwiches. Freezes well to be used later.

—Ester Mae Cox

CHERRY CHIP CREAM CHEESE COOKIES

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 - 1 egg
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 - 1 box cherry chip cake mix
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts or coconut
- Heat oven to 375 degrees. Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and cheese until light and fluffy. Add egg and cherry flavoring. When batter is smooth, add half the dry cake mix. Beat until smooth. Stir in remaining cake mix and nuts or coconut. Drop dough by teaspoonfuls on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned around edges. Cool slightly before removing from cookie sheet. Makes about 5 dozen cookies. (Note: be sure the cake mix is the cherry chip type and not just cherry flavored.) These are excellent-flavored cookies. They freeze well.

—Evelyn

MOLDED RHUBARB SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 2/3 cup cold water
 - 1 cup sweetened rhubarb sauce
 - 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, chopped
 - 1 cup whipping cream
 - 1 Tbls. sugar
 - 1 Tbls. maraschino cherry juice
- Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; add cold water and chill until very thick but not set. Beat with rotary beater or electric beater until mixture is fluffy and thick. Stir in rhubarb sauce and maraschino cherries. Whip cream until foamy; add sugar and beat until almost whipped; add maraschino cherry juice and finish whipping. Fold whipped cream into gelatin mixture. Pour into mold and chill until firm. Serves 6 or 8.

—Mae Driftmier

ELEGANT LIVER AND ONIONS

- 1 lb. liver
 - 1 Tbls. salad oil
 - 3 large onions, sliced
 - 2 tsp. vinegar
 - 1/2 tsp. oregano
 - 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- Cut liver in strips. Scald if desired. Drain. Salt and pepper. Heat oil and saute onions. Add liver, stir and cover. Cook 3 minutes. Turn liver and onions. Cover and cook 3 minutes more. Combine remaining ingredients and sprinkle over liver mixture. Cover and cook 3 or 4 more minutes or until mixture is bubbling hot and liver tests done. An elegant way to prepare a valuable meat in our diet.

—Evelyn

MOUTH-WATERING CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate
 - 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
 - 2 tsp. baking soda
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 2 1/4 cups firmly packed light brown sugar
 - 3 eggs
 - 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 cup dairy sour cream
 - 1 cup boiling water
- Melt the chocolate in small bowl over hot (not boiling) water. Let cool. Grease and flour two 9-inch pans or a 9- by 13-inch pan. Sift the sifted flour with baking soda and salt. Beat butter or margarine, cream in sugar and eggs. Beat at high speed until light and fluffy. Beat in the flavoring and cooled chocolate. Add dry ingredients alternately with sour cream, beating well. Stir in the boiling water. Batter will be thin. Pour at once into pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Cool in pans for 10 minutes, then turn out on wire racks.

—Lucile

FAVORITE BROCCOLI

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
 - Slices American process cheese
 - Crushed Ritz-type crackers
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Place chopped broccoli in baking dish. Top with slices of American process cheese. Top again with crumbled Ritz-type crackers. Dot with butter or margarine and add butter flavoring. Bake 1 hour at 325 degrees.

—Ester Mae Cox

BEEF & CHEESE PIE

- 1 lb. ground beef
 - 2/3 cup undiluted evaporated milk
 - 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
 - 1 tsp. garlic salt
 - 1/3 cup catsup
 - 1 3-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained
 - 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
 - 1/4 tsp. crumbled oregano
 - 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
 - Paprika
- Combine the meat, milk, bread crumbs, and garlic salt. Pat mixture in a 9-inch pie pan to form a crust. Be sure the meat mixture completely covers the bottom and sides of the pan. Spread the catsup over the meat, sprinkle with the mushrooms, Cheddar cheese, oregano, Parmesan cheese and paprika. Bake in a 450-degree oven for 20 minutes, or until the meat is cooked as you like it. Cut into wedges to serve. Four servings.

—Mae Driftmier

ORANGE CRUNCH MUFFINS

2 cups sifted flour
 1/3 cup sugar
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup Grape-Nuts type cereal
 2 eggs
 1 cup orange juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/3 cup salad oil or melted shortening

Sift together dry ingredients. Add cereal and mix. Combine slightly beaten eggs, orange juice, flavoring and shortening. Add all at once to dry ingredients, stirring just till moistened.

Fill paper-lined or greased muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in 400-degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes one dozen muffins.

—Ester Mae Cox

MARGERY'S RHUBARB DESSERT

1 cup sifted flour
 5 Tbls. powdered sugar
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1/4 cup flour
 3/4 tsp. salt
 2 beaten eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

2 cups finely chopped rhubarb

Blend 1 cup flour, powdered sugar and butter or margarine and press into ungreased 7 1/2 by 11-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees about 15 minutes. Sift sugar, 1/4 cup flour and salt. Mix with beaten eggs, flavoring and rhubarb. Spoon over crust and bake for 35 minutes at same temperature.

CAULIFLOWER CASSEROLE

1 medium head cauliflower
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
 Dash of pepper
 4 oz. shredded Cheddar cheese
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
 2 medium tomatoes, cut in wedges
 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
 1 Tbls. chopped parsley

Separate cauliflower into small florets and cook in a covered saucepan in about an inch of boiling, salted water for several minutes, just until tender, drain. Arrange in a shallow buttered casserole. Sprinkle the salt, nutmeg and pepper over cauliflower. Sprinkle the 4-oz. of Cheddar cheese over the top and drizzle the melted butter or margarine over the cheese. Arrange the tomato wedges on top, sort of tucking them down in and sprinkle the remaining 1/2 cup of cheese over the tomatoes. Bake in a preheated 400-degree oven until the cheese is melted slightly. Serve with the parsley sprinkled over the top. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

4 cups asparagus
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/4 cup milk
 1/2 cup half-and-half
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 cup bread crumbs
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 Almonds, if desired

Cook asparagus in small amount of salted water until about half cooked — 4 or 5 minutes. Drain, reserving liquid. Combine flour and milk. When smooth, blend into asparagus liquid. Add half-and-half. Return to fire, stirring over low heat. When mixture begins to bubble, add cream cheese which has been cut into pieces. Stir until cheese is melted, sauce is smooth and slightly thickened. Add salt and pepper to taste. Combine bread crumbs, butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Spoon into the bottom of casserole, reserving a few for top. Add asparagus to casserole. Pour sauce over top. Sprinkle with remaining bread crumbs and slivered almonds if desired. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes, or until bubbly and lightly browned on top.

—Evelyn

SOUTHERN MEATBALLS

1 lb. ground beef
 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
 1 onion, minced
 1 clove garlic, crushed or minced
 1 egg
 1 tsp. salt
 Dash of cayenne pepper
 Dash of black pepper
 2 Tbls. cold water
 1/3 cup drippings
 2/3 cup flour
 5 cups cold water
 4 tsp. beef granules or beef bouillon cubes
 Salt and pepper to taste
 3 or 4 Tbls. chopped green onions, or shallots, or parsley, or chives

Combine first 9 ingredients. Mix well and shape into 1-inch meatballs. Chill. Brown in a little vegetable oil. Remove from skillet. Measure drippings. Add a little more shortening if needed to make the 1/3 cup. Heat in skillet as you blend in flour. Over moderate heat, work the flour and shortening to make a roux (stir and brown until mixture is a deep golden brown). Add remaining ingredients with exception of last one. Stir until broth begins to thicken. Add meatballs and simmer, uncovered, until meatballs are done and broth makes a thick gravy — 30 to 40 minutes. Add last item as desired for a pretty bit of green and added flavor. Serve over boiled potatoes or cooked rice.

STRAWBERRY CAKE

1 regular-sized box strawberry cake mix
 1 regular-sized box instant coconut cream pudding mix
 1 cup water
 1/2 cup oil
 4 eggs
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Mix dry ingredients together in large bowl. Add water, oil and flavorings. Add eggs one at a time beating well after each addition. Use high speed on mixer. Batter will be thin. Pour batter into greased and floured bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 60 minutes. Allow cake to cool 20 minutes, then unmold.

—Lucile

RHUBARB PIE

1 recipe pastry for 10-inch pie
 1 cup sugar
 1/3 cup light brown sugar, packed
 1/4 tsp. salt
 6 Tbls. flour
 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
 1 egg
 4 cups cut rhubarb
 2 Tbls. margarine or butter

Line a 10-inch pie plate with half the pastry. Combine sugars, salt, flour and cinnamon. Beat egg into this mixture — it will be thick. Stir rhubarb into sugar-egg mixture. Pour into prepared pie plate; dot with margarine or butter and cover with top crust. You may wish to cover with a lattice top. Sprinkle top crust with sugar. Bake in a 400-degree oven for 45 minutes or until nicely brown and rhubarb is cooked.

—Mae Driftmier

ELEGANT OMELET

4 egg yolks
 1/4 tsp. salt
 4 egg whites
 1 Tbls. water
 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 Tbls. sugar

Beat egg yolks and salt until thick. In a separate bowl, combine egg whites, water, cream of tartar and butter flavoring. Beat until foamy. Add sugar and continue beating until mixture holds a peak. Gently fold beaten egg yolks into egg white mixture. Melt a tablespoon or two of butter in skillet or omelet pan. Gently pour egg mixture onto pan. Cook over low heat until lightly brown on the bottom. Turn off heat and cover with lid for 4 or 5 minutes to set top. Serve immediately cut in wedges.

For a truly elegant dish add fruit — strawberries, raspberries, orange sections, etc., and a little whipped cream or whipped topping.

—Evelyn

SKILLET CABBAGE

4 slices bacon, cut up
1 large onion, chopped
1 green pepper, diced
1 cup diced celery
1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
4 cups shredded cabbage
Salt and pepper to taste
Fry bacon until brown. Fry onion in bacon grease. Add remaining ingredients. Toss with a fork, cover and let simmer about half an hour. —Ruby

FLORENCE'S RICH OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups quick oats
1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
Pinch of salt
Combine all ingredients and mix. Shape into small balls. Dip in sugar and press with glass. Bake at 350 degrees for 12-15 minutes. —Margery

SOCK-IT-TO-ME BUNDT CAKE

1 regular-sized box yellow cake mix
1/4 cup sugar
3/4 cup salad oil
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
4 eggs
1 8-oz. carton sour cream
1/2 cup nuts
Combine cake mix, sugar, salad oil and flavoring. Beat well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in sour cream and nuts. (Pecans, English walnuts or black walnuts may be used.) Pour into greased or oiled bundt cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Let stand in pan 5 minutes; then turn out on cooling rack for remaining cooling.

A nice variation may be made by pouring half the batter into the cake pan and then sprinkling 2 tsp. cinnamon and 2 Tbls. brown sugar over this part of the batter. Spoon remaining half of batter over top and bake as directed. Bundt cakes are fine to eat plain, but a glaze does add a pretty finish. A powdered sugar icing may be put together with 1 cup powdered sugar and 3 Tbls. hot milk with 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or almond flavoring. This should be spooned over the top of the still-warm cake when it is first turned out of the pan. The glaze runs down the grooves of the bundt cake for a most attractive appearance. —Evelyn

DOROTHY'S PORK CHOP CASSEROLE

6-8 pork chops
1 envelope onion soup mix
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
1 Tbls. pimiento
1 Tbls. chopped onion
1 1-lb. can French-style green beans
5 cups raw potatoes, diced
Salt and pepper
1/2 cup grated cheese
Brown chops and put in deep medium-sized cake pan. Add remaining ingredients in order given in layers. Cover with foil. Bake two hours at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

DOUBLE-DECK BROWNIES**Bottom Layer**

1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup rolled oats
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup margarine or butter
Mix all ingredients well. Pat in the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 10 minutes or until golden brown.

Top Layer

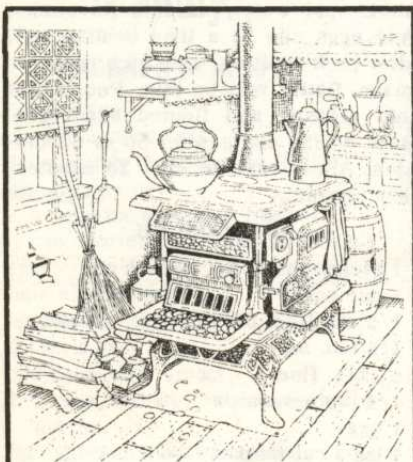
2 1-oz. squares chocolate, melted
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
Cream the sugar and butter or margarine. Add melted chocolate and eggs. Mix well. Add dry ingredients, milk and flavorings. Mix. Pour over bottom layer. Bake in a 350-degree oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool. Frost with a chocolate frosting. Sprinkle top with nuts if you like. —Margery

HONEY-COCONUT TOPPING

2 Tbls. butter
3 Tbls. honey
1 Tbls. cream
1/2 cup coconut
Pinch of salt
Mix all ingredients together. Spread on warm cake. Broil slowly until brown. —Margery

EVELYN'S RASPBERRY SALAD

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries
1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1/2 pint vanilla ice cream
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
1/4 cup nuts, chopped
Thaw raspberries. Drain and measure syrup. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add ice cream, stirring until well blended. Add raspberry juice up to 1/2 cup (more will keep the salad from setting well). Stir in lemon juice and flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Beat until light and spongy. Fold in raspberries and nuts. Spoon into pretty bowl, sherbet dishes or a salad mold. Serve with whipped topping or whipped cream mixed with a little salad dressing. This can also be used for a dessert served with plain whipped cream.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS . . . really weren't!

Nostalgia is the "in" thing these days. We all wish we could go back to simpler times. And certainly not all the changes we've seen are for the better.

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THERE'S FUN IN THEM THAR OZARK HILLS

by
Mildred Grenier

Flip back the pages of the calendar, neighbor; take a weekend trip back into Missouri's colorful past at one of the Midwest's most outstanding resort and amusement attractions, Silver Dollar City, on Missouri-76, 40 miles south of Springfield and 9 "mountain miles" west of Branson. You-all will be warmly welcomed at this well-known crafts and entertainment "capital of the Ozarks", from the time it opens, the first Saturday in May, until quittin' time for the season, the last Sunday in October.

Silver Dollar City, population 28, is enjoyed by over one million visitors annually. It is situated smack dab atop Missouri's third largest cavern, Marvel Cave, and nestled in the heart of dense timber-clad hills of Ozark country where history once moved so fast it "plumb tuckered out", and has lain dozing in the sun for more than a century.

There's mighty exciting things stirring in these hills, however. Reconstructed to represent an 1880 mining town of the rootin', tootin' frontier era, Silver Dollar City magically whisks you back, gives you a picturesque peek into the past; makes history so real you can smell, taste, touch, see, hear it — and take some of it home with you! You can smell and taste it at the old-fashioned candy factory, where cooks turn out taste-teasing treats of sorghum molasses and sassafras, and invite you to "have a bite"; at the 19th Century general store, with its nostalgic aroma of crackers, and pickles in a barrel, cheeses, oranges, herbs, and jellies; at Sullivan's Stone Burr Mill, where flours are ground from power furnished by a huge "overshot" water wheel, revolving at a constant speed outside.

You can see and feel history in the making at the glass blowers, where a pitcher is made from a blob of molten glass right before your eyes; at a spinning potter's wheel where a mound of wet clay is painstakingly fashioned into a work of art; inside a picturesque log cabin where a weaver turns out brightly colored products on a hand-operated loom. At the wood carvers, skilled craftsmen with ax, chisel, and pocketknife turn out the noted cigar store "Injuns", as well as hundreds of other handsome carvings. Cornshuck dolls, dough-face dolls, apple-head dolls line the walls of the Doll House. As you watch, baskets and brooms are made by the hill people from the white



The husband-and-wife team of Leslie and Gussie Jones, who headquarter at the Ozark colony of craftsmen in Silver Dollar City, near Springfield, Mo. During their 38 years of marriage, the Joneses have produced over 100,000 painstakingly woven baskets.

oaks and other raw materials in the surrounding forests. Although all the products are for sale, you are free to watch, touch, and admire only.

You can hear the echoes of history in the clang-clang of the hammer and anvil at the Wilderness Road Blacksmith Shop and Foundry, where visitors are fascinated by the forge welding and bell casting of Shad Heller, the genial proprietor. At the City Wagon Works you can see and hear an 1880 Conestoga wagon made to your liking, if you so desire. This operation is the last "factory" in the nation still engaged in wagon-making. At the gun shop, gunsmiths will make for you any kind of firearm associated with America's frontier era.

You'll thrill to the outstretched hands and the friendly "Howdy! Enjoying yourself? Anything I can help you with's" of the many attractive hostesses and hosts always on the grounds. In addition to the more than two dozen crafts to be seen performing in "live color", there are other attractions and entertainment aplenty. There is always action with entertainment and good-humored nonsense taking place on Main Street and other old-time thoroughfares. There is the Butterfield Stagecoach in which children can take a leisurely jog around the city, pulled by four genuine, but gentle, Missouri mules. There is the ancient steam-propelled train of the Frisco-Silver Dollar Line, on which you can take an excursion ride through the surrounding woods, and be held up and robbed by two masked bandits. There is also Jim Owen's Ozark Float

(Continued on next page)



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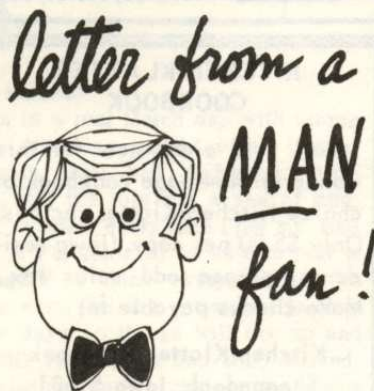
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OZARK HILLS - Concluded

Trip that narrowly misses a dangerous whirlpool, Grandpa's Mansion, the Flooded Mine, Grandpa's Tree House. And there is the new attraction, Fire in the Hole, where you speed through a section of the village as fires blaze,



We don't often get letters from gentlemen, but we thought you might like to read part of this man's letter:

"I want to compliment you on your great salad dressing. It seems that some way you've managed to mix just the right combination of flavors, then blend them into a creamy texture with the right amount of body. Not too oily, not too spicy, not too bland, not too gooeey."

We'd like to thank you, sir, for those kind words. But you didn't tell us *which* of our dressings caught your fancy. **French? Country Style? Italian?** All are extra-tasty, but each has its own special personality.

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The article about the Ozarks, which is concluded on this page, reminds us of the time Emily Driftmier visited the area with her Aunt Margery and Uncle Oliver before she left for the Peace Corps in Brazil. Emily, pictured here, is now on her way back to the U.S.

shots ring out, and the Baldknobbers appear! And there is Marvel Cave to explore, with a main "room" whose ceiling is 20 stories high, and the phenomenal Liberty Bell formation.

At Silver Dollar City's little Wilderness Log Church you can pause for an inspiring moment of meditation as you stand at the tree-trunk altar, or look out the wide back window and "lift up thine eyes unto the hills."

All three meals of the day are prepared in Silver Dollar City's own kitchens by Ozark cooks who know the meaning of "home-cooking". You'll especially enjoy the Groanin' Board, truly groanin' with such specialties as ham and beans, Ozark-fried cat fish, chicken, cornbread, and all the trimmin's. Lodging for the night is no problem, with many motels and other accommodations nearby and within "hollerin' distance".

And for those who vacation-travel in campers or trailers, or those who want to "camp out" instead of going to a motel, a brand-new wilderness-environment campground has just been built in the park around Silver Dollar City, making available 111 campsites, each screened by selective clearing of rugged natural setting. There are convenience "hook-ups" at every campsite location.

Silver Dollar City's National Festival of Craftsmen is an annual fall event when the sparkling Ozark mountains are in the colorful prime of their show-off time. The festival features over 100 practitioners of rare and historic crafts — from squaring off railroad ties to violin making to the creation of hand-made dolls — an exposition which is the largest of its kind in America. Perhaps you and your family can attend this festival next fall.

Tourists purchase their "passports" to the city at the entrance. Depending on the type of passport purchased, up to 6 ticketed attractions and a walking tour through Marvel Cave are available.

Tourists who arrive after 3 p.m. are given a free admittance the following day. From opening until Memorial Day, the city is open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays; from Memorial through Labor Day, open every day; from Labor Day till closing, open every day except Mondays and Tuesdays.

Just up the road a piece, in the heart of the Shepherd of the Hills country near Branson, you'll find Shepherd of the Hills Farm, where Harold Bell Wright's most famous book was "borned", as hill people like to describe it. For only 25¢ you can browse through Uncle Matt's cabin, see the small scarred table where Wright spent long hours penciling his best seller, as well as the other pieces of rustic furniture used by Uncle Matt and Aunt Molly. You can take a farm tour that covers most of the points of interest in Wright's novel, and enjoy the Old Mill Theatre's outdoor production of the "Shepherd of the Hills" play.

There are many more attractions in the Shepherd of the Hills area to keep tourists busy. Most of the entertainment centers around country music, the Baldknobbers theme, Jesse James, and other historic figures. And once you get to the area, you won't be a stranger in these parts very long. Branson, despite its many tourist visitors, remains typically Ozark, where the folks are the friendliest, and glowing woods and hills the loveliest. In the words of Wright's Preachin' Bill: "Taint no wonder at all that God rested when he made these here hills; he jes' naturally had to quit, fer he done his beateenest and war plumb gi'n out."

(TEAR OUT AND MAIL)

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

It seems only yesterday that I was writing about daughter Ann's first trip to the dentist and how she passed the test by behaving admirably. Actually, it was the October, 1962, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. And now she is about graduate from high school. I recall so well a friend saying, "Enjoy Jon and Ann while you have the chance. They grow up so fast!" I couldn't agree more. My husband and I realize, however, they must be on their own and become a part of the fascinating world of adulthood.

Last year *The Important Book* (Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, 10022, \$4.95) had its 25th anniversary of publication. It has stood the test of time as a charming picture book for little ones, ages 3 to 6. Written by Margaret Wise Brown with pictures in color by Leonard Weisgard, rhythmic words and vivid pictures suggest what is important about things, such as rain is wet, an apple is round, etc. The most important page in the book reminds me of daughter Ann Elizabeth and will do the same for you and your children. It says, "The important thing about you is that you are you. It is true that you were a baby, and you grew, and now you are a child, and you will grow, into a man, or into a woman. But the important thing about you is that you are you." *The Important Book* goes on long after it is closed.

Marilyn Lithgow has written of the fundamentals of quilting, with portraits of some farm women who still piece quilts today as their ancestors did, in the book *Quilting and Quilt-makers* (Funk and Wagnalls, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York, 10019, \$6.95). She has exhibited quilts she designed and made, and comes from a background of Mennonite farmers. She is a descendant of Mennonite settlers in central Illinois and was raised on stories of her forefathers leaving Europe, seeking religious freedom. She writes, "I grew up with a patchwork quilt on my bed, and assumed that quilts and quilting bees were commonplace everywhere."

She gives glimpses into the lives of some of the skilled quiltmakers, like Aunt Olive Fischer, whose family quilt collection was taken from Pennsylvania to Missouri before she was born and who now in her 70's has pieced hun-



—Youngberg Studio
Ann Swanson, daughter of Frank and Armada Swanson, is graduating from East High School, Sioux City, Iowa, this spring. She will continue her education next fall at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota.

dreds of quilts.

In the "how-to" section, she offers practical guides for making quilts and demonstrates how easy it is to make one's own quilt. For Marilyn Lithgow, a quilt is a statement of the personality and life style of the woman who made it. The possibilities are as limitless as one's imagination. That reminds me of the quilt my mother, Anna Carlson, has on her bed. Each block has embroidered on it the name and birthdate of friends and relatives, along with sayings such as, "To have a friend, be one." The quilt was made in 1962 and is an interesting conversation piece.

The first book since *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, is Richard Bach's *A Gift of Wings* (Delacorte Press, \$8.95). This book shares the highlights of fifteen

years in the life of Richard Bach, who began to write after he learned to fly. All Richard Bach's thoughts and actions in his reminiscences here, lead to the themes in *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Everything in the book contributes to the understanding of the joy and meaning of flight, or illustrates that special ingredient of adventure, freedom, discovery, perfection, inspiration with which he flavors his life and his writing. The reader will share his experiences in the air and the special people who are his friends in the world of flying. The reminiscences and stories in *A Gift of Wings* make entertaining reading as he writes of things that matter to him, that made a difference in his life.

Once again a project is underway to honor Laura Ingalls Wilder through the issuance of a United States Postage Stamp. The committee says if letters, cards, petitions, pour in, it possibly may be issued in 1976. Reader-friends should write to their senators and representatives, urging them to lend their support. Also, admirers of Mrs. Wilder should write the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee, c/o U. S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20260, expressing their feelings concerning this honor to Mrs. Wilder.



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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
me, I do not know why people build so close to a river bank. I like to see the river, but I would not want to live anywhere but high above it. In twenty years our friends have had their homes flooded only twice, but both times it cost them thousands of dollars. Each year they cannot take an easy breath until the spring flood season is past. What a way to live!

Do you live near an airport? There is a very busy one about twelve miles from our house, and as we were eating breakfast this morning, Betty said: "Well, the wind has shifted! They are coming in over us today." She referred to the fact that the big commercial planes arriving from Boston, New York, Chicago, etc., etc., do not normally have a landing pattern that takes them over us, but under certain wind conditions, they do go over us with a tremendous racket. Today is one of those days, and one after another they swoop low overhead, sometimes flying so low that the dishes on the kitchen table vibrate with the jet noise. Actually, those particular weather conditions do not exist more than once or twice a month, and so we can live with the problem.

Human beings that we are, we are too quick to complain about the daily conditions of our life. Traffic congestion, air pollution, airplane noise, river floods, high prices, taxes, etc., etc., all of these are of no consequence when compared with the problems the Americans had in other times. For every problem, we have a thousand blessings! For every complaint, we have many reasons to praise God for the goodness of life. We Americans are more fortunate than most of the rest of the people of the world, and sometimes I wonder why. How patient God must be with us.

Betty wants me to be sure and give you her best wishes. We hope you give us a ring when you are in this part of the country. We would love to meet you.

Sincerely,
Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
were happy to know that Kristin and the baby are both just fine. Art said they had talked about several names and finally decided on Julian. We think this is a lovely name and are glad this is the one they selected. The only other information I have from the phone conversation is that Julian is 21 inches long, weighs 8 lbs. 6 ounces, and has more hair than either Andy or Aaron had on arrival. Art said he'd get pictures right away, so we'll be hoping to have one to share with you next month.

I would like to make some donuts this afternoon, but I must go to town first and get this letter in the mail. Then if I have time before chore time we may have some fresh donuts for supper.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers!!!

Please read this true story of how I almost made the mistake of my life!

When I took charge of the 50 year old J.W. Gibson Company, I reviewed its 275 pharmaceutical and household products and decided, in the name of economy, to eliminate nearly 1/2 of them. Some of them dated back to the beginning of the company itself. Among these "old timers" was a product called ICY-HOT and I was soon to learn that sometimes the "old" ways are the best!

Even though this product had never been advertised, the letters literally poured in by the hundreds when customers found they couldn't buy Icy-Hot anymore. I was really impressed. I had just finished reading some of the letters and was looking at a jar of Icy-Hot when a friend stopped in. "What's that?", he asked.

"Icy-Hot", I answered. "What's it do?"

"Temporarily relieves the pain of arthritis, rheumatism and muscular soreness," I said, reading the label aloud. My friend frowned. "I've heard that before".

He sounded skeptical so I handed him the jar. "Here, try



it and tell me what you think".

The next morning I no more than entered my office, when the phone rang. "I don't know what's in that stuff", my friend said, "but it's the only thing I've ever used that helped, and believe me, I've tried them all".

On the basis of the letters, and my friend's enthusiasm,

I ran a small ad. Today the letters of praise pour in and that phrase, ". . . the only thing I ever used that helped", is in practically every one of them. Icy-Hot has become our run-away best seller. In fact, our re-orders are so high, I make this unusual guarantee:

Please, try Icy-Hot. If it doesn't give you RIGHT NOW relief, keep the jar and drop me a note. I'll refund your money immediately! You can't buy Icy-Hot in drug stores, so just send \$3.00 for a big 3 1/2 oz. jar or \$5.00 for an economy 7 oz. jar of Icy-Hot, the medicated cream that puts pain to sleep.

J.W. Gibson Company
Dept. K-20
2000 North Illinois Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202

A HECTIC WEEK — Concluded

and digging bugs out from under the tree stumps. Robert opined that Attu is fine company but would be more help if he could be trained to dig in more appropriate places.

Our reminiscing will stop with Sunday as we got our sons off to their respective schools. Cookies were fresh baked from a batch of refrigerator dough. Jeff and Bob took some for snacks. Craig took a big boxful to serve at a meeting he was to attend later in the week. (Sending cookies to school, I'm discovering, does not end with high school graduation.)

As we looked back on all the activities of that special week the pleasant experiences flooded my memory. It was a good week. It was a hectic week with confusions, excitement, rush, etc., etc., etc.!

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Though some may already have their early gardens planted, this is the month when we rush to get the main vegetable and flower gardens in. Make use of every sunny day but don't plant seeds that demand warm soil until the soil is actually warm. Beans, melons, and cucumbers will not germinate if the soil is too cold. I *know* this to be a proven fact, but every year I jump the gun and plant seed on the first warm days of May and usually regret it later. Now that we have the greenhouse, I plant a few melons and cucumbers in peat pots and set them outdoors near the end of May. Wait until two weeks ahead of outdoor planting time in your area to start seeds of watermelon, muskmelon and cucumbers. The seeds germinate quickly indoors and before you know it the vines get out of hand.

Plant gladiolus early this month and dahlia, canna, calla, tuberous begonia and caladium outdoors after mid-May. If you started these bulb and tuber plants indoors, wait until the weather is warm and settled before setting the plants in their permanent positions outside.

Mary K. writes, "I've been told that you should not cut spring-flowering bulb plant foliage back after the plants have finished blooming. I want to plant



Margery photographed Eltora Alexander and her daughters, Mona Overstreet and Mary Ellen Deir, when they stopped to rest in the garden at the Desert Museum near Tucson.

petunias in my daffodil and tulip beds for later bloom. How can this be done if the bulb plants are not cut off?"

Your bulb plants need to ripen their foliage naturally so that they can produce flowers another spring. You can go through the beds and tie up the leaves, thus allowing room to set out petunia or other annual seedlings. Before long the foliage of the bulb plants will brown and die down and the annuals will take over.

Did you know there is a parsnip-rooted parsley that grows tapered roots which look like parsnips? The nice

(Continued on page 22)

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Patterns for 9 lovely quilts PLUS
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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



Why be satisfied with ordinary-sized strawberries when we guarantee you can have these extra sweet . . .

EXTRA HUGE

STRAWBERRIES

25 for \$1.95

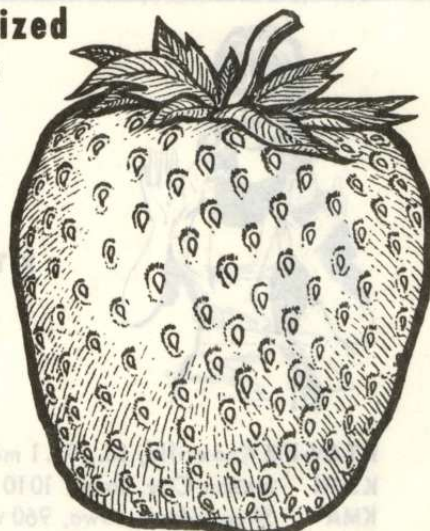
(50 for \$3.75)
(100 for \$5.95)
(200 for \$10.95)

The last time you picked strawberries — or bought them — how many did it take to make a quart? Eighty? One hundred? More? Regular strawberries are so small — most people lose count! But with this hardy variety, you can expect quarts FROM JUST 30 STRAWBERRIES! And these extra-sweet berries, Giant Robinson, are highly disease resistant, they ripen very fast, plus they produce lots of new runners to give you a bigger patch every year! How wonderful big strawberries for jams, freezer, fresh desserts for months! And GET A HEAD START . . . by planting now. You receive strong, healthy plants with well developed crowns and roots. Send no money: On delivery pay cost shown, plus COD charges. On prepaid orders, add 50¢ to help postage and handling charges. If not 100% satisfied, just return shipping label for refund of purchase price — you keep the plants.

HOUSE OF WESLEY, Nursery Division
Dept. 3749-45, Bloomington, Ill. 61701
Send me _____ Strawberry Plants; Prepaid ☐ COD ☐
Please add 50¢ on prepaid orders.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FREE GIFT!

For your immediate order, a winter-hardy Hibiscus! Up to 50 huge exotic flowers on every plant!



ACTUAL SIZE!

Biggest strawberries most folks have ever seen; dark red, very sweet — yet firm. All purpose — freeze, jam, eat 'em fresh!

CAUTION!

The most frequently noted "complaint" on these marvelous berries is that most people just didn't think to order enough! Honestly, you will want at least 50 of these plants to start — even for smaller patches.

SNATCH THOSE MOMENTS — Concl. faint as I, too, looked up at the stars. "There are many things we just have to believe."

"Yeah, I guess that's right, Mom," he said, and for a few minutes he was quiet. I thought maybe he'd fallen asleep.

Then: "Hey, Mom! Horseflies sure don't like my hair!" and when I asked why, he answered, "Well, every time I ride my bike up to the neighbor's place, those horseflies light on my head. Every time they do it. They're in those bushes down by the bridge." He pointed downhill from us.

There wasn't any scientific explanation for that one, nor anything inspirational I could think of. When I ran my



Katharine Lowey, climbing on her daddy's back, is ready for a piggy back ride up a mountain trail.

hand over the top of his head, feeling the crisp curls that he worked so hard to brush out, I said, "You know, there aren't many horses left in the country any more. Maybe they think your head looks like a pony's."

That satisfied him and he went back to "talking stars".

He went to sleep mumbling something about the Milky Way. I made a promise to myself to take time to listen oftener to his ideas about things. After all, a boy is little for so short a time.

When our children are small is the time to snatch those precious moments and make them times of instruction and togetherness.

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.

NNIDAMOOT KOVEROP DNA FO EY
HET PU NI TON EHT UURRNT
METH SRETHAF INERCDHL GRBNI
ROUY TUB OT DNA DORL THARW

Most apt notice of the year: "Cub Scout Pack 42 meets tonight roughly between the hours of 5 and 8."

Are your children looking for ideas for Mother's Day gifts for Grandmother or a favorite auntie? Make a visit to your nearest ice cream store and get a supply of the empty three-gallon ice cream containers. Most of the stores will give them to you without charge. Wash and dry thoroughly.

There are a number of interesting ways that one can decorate the outside of the container to make an interesting waste basket for a gift. Favorite recipes, typed on pieces of paper or written in long hand by the child, may be glued hit-and-miss fashion all over the basket. Favorite school papers that a child has brought home from school, or papers from his art class, may be used in the same fashion. Grandmother or Mother will also welcome little personal notes or poems written by the child and used to cover the outside of the basket.

Empty fruit juice cans, washed and dried, may be made into attractive and useful pencil holders, in much the same way. Small school pictures of the child may be glued all over the outside of the can; the can may be covered with glue and, starting at the bottom, colorful yarn wound around the can to cover it; or the can may be covered with glue and rolled in finely crushed egg-shell or sand. Small rocks, buttons, shells or "jewels" may be stuck randomly over the can to further decorate it.

When painting, smear vaseline or shortening on the glass at the edge of the windows. When the job is done, rub off with soft cloth or paper and wash in the usual way.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Ephesians 6:4: And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The past is measured in centuries; the future, in millenniums; and the present in instants.

STIX makes FALSE TEETH FIT SNUG

NEW Soft-Plastic Liner Gives Months of Comfort

Amazing cushion-soft STIX tightens loose plates; quickly relieve sore gums. You can eat anything! Talk and laugh without embarrassment. Easy to apply and clean. Molds to gums and sticks to plates, yet never hardens; easily removed. No messy powders, pastes or wax pads. Harmless to plates and mouth.

Thousands of Delighted Users get relief from loose plates and sore gums. Mail only \$1 today for 2 STIX Liners postpaid.

STIX DENTAL PRODUCTS, Dept. K-5

4740 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, IL 60651

for
uppers



or lowers



2 LINERS \$1

MONEY BACK

IF NOT SATISFIED



"I stop whatever I'm
doing to listen to
KITCHEN-KLATTER.
Do you?"

**KITCHEN-KLATTER can be
heard each weekday
over the following
radio stations:**

KTAV-FM Knoxville, Ia., 92.1 mc. on your dial — 11:15 A.M.
KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KMA Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.

O YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL - Concl.

How we hope you all feel welcome,
We couldn't have had this night without
ya,

Oh, you little girl dolls, you older,
wiser dolls, too,

We think you're "wunnerful", we think
you're sweet,

We think you're the greatest, we think
you're neat!

Oh, oh, we love you beautiful dolls!

Songs to salute various persons might
include the following: "Pretty Baby"—
for daughters, "You Must Have Been a
Beautiful Baby"—to the mothers,
"Ain't She Sweet?"—for grandmothers.

Going along with the singing tribute
idea, perhaps you can choose songs
with girls' names in the title to pay
tribute to oldest woman present (ex-
ample, "Mary Is a Grand Old Name",
"Marie", etc.) and so on for others
honored.

Those persons who have especially
interesting stories, or a bit of family
history connected with the dolls on ex-
hibit, might be invited to "show and
tell" about their dolls as part of the
program. A nearly ninety-year-old doll
has been treasured in our family since
Grandfather brought it all the way from
Chicago back to an Iowa farm to the
newborn baby daughter he had left be-
hind to make the trip to market with a
carload of fat cattle, and Mamma al-
ways ended the story, "And he topped
the market, too!"

Reading: TO EACH HIS OWN

A little girl's first doll is a joy to
behold. She will take it in her arms;
she will cradle it and rock it. She will
kiss it. She will feed it. She may spank
it and punish it, but always she will
love it.

The doll will become her second self;
it may become her sister, or even her
mother; it will be her silent companion
until the growth pattern brings her to
maturity. She will then put the doll
away. But there will come a day when,
if she is fortunate in the ways of a
woman, she will hold in her arms a
child of her own, to have and to hold, a
miniature of herself, flesh of her flesh,
bone of her bone. She will cradle the
child in her arms, close to her heart.
She will give it nurture and care. She
will reprove, she may punish; but will
always love her.

There will come a day when that
child becomes a woman in her own
right, when she will leave the family
roof for a home of her own. The moth-
er's arms are empty now. She will
think of her childhood again. One day
she may make a trip upstairs to the
attic where she will remember the doll
of long ago. Being all woman, child
and mother, she will cry over the dolls
and her tears will fall on the dust of
yesteryear. But while she is weeping,

there is a shout from the kitchen,
"Mother, where are you? Mary has a
seven-pound girl!"

A little girl! Mary's little girl! Her
little girl. She will hug the old doll a
moment in the old way, only to place it
back in the trunk. She is a grandmother
now. She — a grandmother! And her
arms aren't empty any more.

A little girl's first doll is a joy to be-
hold . . .

A mother's first child is a joy to be-
hold . . .

A grandmother's first grandchild . . .
that, too is a joy to behold . . .
and all that will follow.

Each in turn will cradle her own. She
will give that child nurture and care.
She may reprove, she may punish — but
always she will love her.

—Thanks to Minnie Klemme, clipped
from a favorite scrapbook collection.

Novelty Number: A dance number
using the stiff, postured "Dance of the
Dolls" routine would be appropriate
here if you have some dance students
in the community.

MY POOR DOLLY

My dolly's ill,

She's grown so thin,

She's just a skeleton,

Covered with skin.

It isn't any wonder

She feels so sad,

'Cause my brother hurted her terrible

When he was mad.

He cut her lovely curls

Right off tight!

And I felt so badly

I cried all night.

Now dolly and I

Are worried thin,

For fear her hair

Won't grow back in!!

—From old scrapbook

(Note: Would be clever if given by
girl, holding an old beat-up doll.)

Wherever there are little girls

There will be dolls.

Dolls to be cuddled, combed and fed,

Dressed, undressed,

And put to bed.

In ages ancient and new,

In lands near and far,

Someone always sees about the dolls.

Dolls of every shape and hue,

Of bone, wood, clay, rags,

And china dolls with real

Eyelashes and curls.

There will be dolls

Wherever there are little girls.

—Church paper

There is a beautiful poem "To a
Doll" in *Kitchen-Klatter* for April,
1966, that would be lovely to use for
this program.

To close the program you might plan
to have a four-generation group (per-
haps the youngest holding a doll) pose
for a tableaux as Brahams' "Lullaby"
is sung.

**NEED
TABLES?
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THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054

ME? THE BIG ECONOMIST?



Well, hardly. I'm afraid I don't
have all the answers to inflation,
recession and the other problems
in our economy.

But I do believe in using com-
mon sense. I do try to watch my
pennies. To conserve energy. And
to make things last. I know that
clean clothes last longer. And the
nicer they look, the less tempta-
tion there is to replace them with
new.

That's why I depend on **Kitchen-
Klatter's Blue Drops Detergent**
and **Bleach**. They get the dirt out,
keep my things looking new, and
are perfectly safe for all wash-
able fabrics. And they save me
money at the same time!



OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$11.70 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$19.30 P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style, 16" \$25.80 P.P.

Catalogue 35¢

EVA MAE Doll Co., Box 331K
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

Betty was so flabbergasted that she replied instantly: "SOUTHERN ACCENT?" And Jenifer replied: "Yes, now I talk like everyone else around here."

In my most extravagant flights of fantasy it had never occurred to me that *anyone* (including a youngster eight years old from Minneapolis) would associate a "Southern accent" with this small town in southwestern Iowa.

Since I last wrote to you I have had what seems to me quite an eerie experience.

Those of you who have followed us through the years know that a good many years ago Russell and I bought a home almost on the Nambe Indian reservation approximately 17 or 18 miles north of Santa Fe. This was intended

to be our retirement home (at some distant date!) and we went back and forth as frequently as business permitted.

Well, we had exactly three and one-half years to enjoy it when Russell died so suddenly without warning of any kind - a massive coronary occlusion. I hung on to the place for several more years figuring that someday it would serve the same purpose for me (in my old age!) that we had planned on together. But the place simply couldn't serve my needs when I was left alone with it, so I sold it to a family from Chicago that had been combing the Santa Fe area for a number of years looking for the one perfect place they had in mind as a retirement home.

Now . . . this is the eerie part. They had almost to the month the same length of time to enjoy it as Russell and I had had. The one great difference is that the widow has sons who can share the place with her, and thus she will not be left alone with it the way I was left.

It's time to wind this up and call it quits for the day.

Until snow flies again (you know my sense of humor)

This must be all

Faithfully yours,
Lucile

Where Rheumatism Pain Strikes



Rheumatic and Arthritic
Pain can strike the joints
in any of the indicated
areas. (see arrows on chart)



Puts Pain To SLEEP

Now for the first time, overnight blessed temporary relief from the pain of arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism, soreness, stiffness. Just rub

Icy-Hot's creamy balm over the affected joints or muscles, and you can actually feel the pain start lessening. Begin to sleep peacefully again. If you don't have relief in 24 hours we'll refund your money. Not available in stores. Send \$3.00 for 3½ oz. jar or \$5.00 for 7 oz. jar.

SEND ME ICY-HOT QUICK!

J. W. Gibson Co., Dept. 205
2000 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Please rush ICY-HOT to me. I must be completely satisfied with the results or I will send you a note for a full refund. (I won't bother returning the unused portion.)

☐ I enclose \$3.00 for the 3½ oz. jar.

☐ Cash ☐ Check

☐ I enclose \$5.00 for the 7 oz. jar.

☐ Money Order

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

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JOY OF GARDENING - Concl.

feature about this variety is that you can use both the roots and the curly tops for seasoning. Parsley is used primarily for garnishing, but this vegetable is rich in vitamins and minerals and should be used more lavishly in our diets. Try planting a short row of two varieties this spring - make one of them Hamburg Thick-rooted.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

him a tape recording of the service to bring back to Shenandoah for members of the family to listen to.

We were guests of Oliver's niece and her husband Monday noon and had a fabulous lunch. Devonna is a "gourmet cook" and turns out unusual and interesting dishes for her guests. To eat in their home is always a treat!

I'm a "worry wart" when it comes to flying, always insisting that we allow an *overly* generous amount of time to make a plane. I'm forever teased about this, and was again when I suggested we should be heading for the airport early. But this time everyone was glad for my peculiar notion, for we ran into some road work and literally inched our way along a fairly lengthy stretch of freeway.

I've run out of space, so until next month,

Sincerely,
Margery

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

July ads due May 10
August ads due June 10
September ads due July 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD: gold teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free Information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

OVERWEIGHT? I LOST 53 POUNDS, easy, (permanently!) - New method. Information free: Helen, Box 5309K23, Stamonica, California 90405.

FREE CB RADIO CATALOG. Pete's Radio Shack, 605 Jackson Street, Chillicothe, Mo. 64601.

DAINTY LACY ecru tatted 6½ inch doily. \$3.00 plus stamp. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo. 64733.

DELICIOUS ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH CANDY, poppy seed bread, cocoa fudge nut cookies or zippy beet relish. \$1.00 each or all \$3.00. Enclose stamped envelope. Helen Gerlack, Box 38, Hartline, Wa. 99135.

RETIREMENT AND YOU . . . "We highly recommend this. Many books on retirement are written as academic texts; few people read them. This book is by a man who's 'been there'. It's GOT something!" - William Schultz of The Commission on Aging, Des Moines. "This is the best book on retirement I have ever read - and believe me, I've read many." - Zoe Murphy in Wallace's Farmer. Hard cover - \$6.95 plus 30¢ handling. **INSPIRATION PRESS,** Box 275, Route 4, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

EASTERN STAR potholders, crocheted - \$1.50 pair. Lula Chapman, Gassaway, W. Va. 26624.

TACOS, TOSTADAS, BURROS and 8 others - All authentic Mexican recipes. \$1.00 and stamped envelope to Doris Prieto, Dept. KK1, Box 52C, Mohawk Star Route, Springfield, Oregon 97477.

GRANOLA RECIPES - Cereal, cookies, bread, pie, and more, \$1.00 and stamped envelope to Doris Prieto, Dept. GR, Box 52c, Mohawk Star Route, Springfield, Ore. 97477.

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FREE GUIDED GROUP TOURS - Amish Farmlands, Cedarwood Restaurant, Jamesport, Missouri 64648.

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RHUBARB JELLO CAKE: Rhubarb and Jello layered over batter. Plus rhubarb squares, shortcake, cookies, puddings, jams, desserts. \$1.25. Addie's Recipes, 2670-RKK Jackson, Eugene, Oregon 97405

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STILL AVAILABLE! Worldwide Delicacies Cookbook. 256 pages of spiral bound recipes, 1,000 of them designed to cut your living costs, 11 sections taken from around the world. \$2.75 pp. Crescent Publishing Co., Hills, Minn. 56138.

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LEARN HOW BOXTOPS BRING DOLLARS! 60¢ sample; \$5.00 - 12 issues. **TREASURE CHEST,** Box 1132(KK5), New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.

CROCHET AFGHANS, embroidery crochet edge pillow slips; tatted or crochet edge linen handkerchief. Many other items. Stamp for list. Mrs. Dale Brown, RFD 4, Harlan, Iowa 51537.

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RECIPE CLUB COOKBOOK Volume 3, over 280 favorite recipes from good cooks nationwide \$2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Edith McKnight, 1611 Runnels Street, Big Spring, Texas 79720.

WITH RHYME AND REASON \$3.25. I. M. Gogerty, 1745 Des Moines St., Des Moines, Ia. 50316.

COOKWARE - CUTLERY - WOODENWARE - Send for free catalog. **REX LONDON,** 232K Whittlem Drive, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

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ATTRACTIVE 12" rose doily - \$1.50; 12" flowing fountain - \$1.50; 12" tumbleweed - \$1.50. Loretta's, Box 41, Callao, Mo. 63534.

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**American Consumer, Dept. RQ-52
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