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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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—Photo by Harshbarger

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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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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

For the last two days I've been assailed with the thought that once again, in such a comparatively short space of time, I'd gone out on you folks and not been able to write a letter.

Some people might take this lightly, but it's not my nature to seem so irresponsible. I always feel that if I can just make it to my typewriter I'm not completely at the end of the road! Well, I'm back from the hospital and back to my very own desk and typewriter, so it looks as though I have a few licks left in me. At least I hope so because there is a big pile of stuff that I want very much to do . . . all kinds of projects that arouse my interest and sympathies.

In this morning's mail there was a letter from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Social Security Administration and it sounds the opening trumpet blast for my arrival at the age of 65 when Social Security in one way or another enters into my life. It sort of amazes me that I've arrived at this point, and surely there must be thousands and thousands of people who share my sensations — or have shared them in days gone by.

I told Betty the other day about the first big stunner that I had when I was 58 and had been located on Chapala Drive in Albuquerque for swift visits in and out. Now I've always looked old and if you doubt this I can only say that when I was 18 I was taken for the mother of the seven Driftmier kids by someone whom I was meeting for the first time. How do you like that?

Well, at any rate, one afternoon on Chapala Drive a good-looking woman beautifully groomed and turned out to a fare-thee-well came to call as her job to welcome me into the neighborhood, and after she had gone through the whole routine (complete with free samples of this and that) she said: "Now Mrs. Verness, we want you to know that we have very active senior citi-

zens groups in this area and there is a full program of all kinds of activities. You are invited to go to all of them."

SENIOR CITIZENS? At that time I was still tackling a 12-hour working day like a dozen demented bearcats and never once, not *once*, had it ever occurred to me that I was a senior citizen. But from that day on I felt like one! This is why the entire incident is emblazoned upon my mind . . . and the letter in the morning mail confirmed it.

Incidentally, it's entirely possible that I can pass on one thing that might be helpful to someone, somewhere.

It is absolutely imperative that you have a birth certificate to prove that you're alive to the Department of Social Security. Now, Howard and I do not have birth certificates and spent considerable effort and money in a vain attempt to run them down. I don't know if the doctors who delivered us were unusually careless in keeping records, or just what, but there were no birth certificates for either of us.

After Dad died and Mother was going through papers in an old locked box that had been around for years and years she came across our baptismal certificates (such elaborately embossed and highly decorated parchment scrolls!) and these are accepted by Social Security in lieu of birth certificates. If you have one in your possession you're all set to go. Needless to say, we both had excellent copies made before we let them get out of our hands.

Yesterday afternoon when I'd been home from the hospital only a very short time I had a most unusual caller: a perfectly beautiful little cedar waxwing bird. He was one of a flock of about fifteen birds that seemed to be in a migratory pattern — we'd never before seen them around here.

Betty is a great bird watcher and has several excellent books, plus binoculars, and she was sure that it was a cedar waxwing, but just to be certain she called several of the bird authorities here in town and they came up

and confirmed her opinion.

In case you wonder how come the bird was still around I'll go ahead and explain that it struck one of the big Thermopane windows twice. The first time it rallied around and then took off again, but the second time it was totally stunned and lay helpless on the ground. Unfortunately, we have many big cats lurking around here constantly and it was just a matter of seconds, you might say, before they grabbed it.

At that point she ran out and got it and brought it into the house. I remembered that on a high shelf in Russell's old room there was an extremely beautiful Victorian bird cage of intricately woven bamboo — bought purely as an ornamental object and never to house a bird.

Well, yesterday it came into its own and housed the cedar waxwing. She put this cage on a table in front of the big windows overlooking the back garden, and when people dropped by to welcome me home we didn't say a word — just let them discover that bird for themselves. To say that they were astounded is to speak very conservatively!

About four o'clock Betty turned it loose and immediately it soared into the air and joined the rest of the flock that had seemed to be hovering around waiting for it to be reunited with them. I told Betty that I would have loved to hear the tales that bird had to report!

This past year I've necessarily had to let so many letters go unanswered (even though stamped, self-addressed envelopes were enclosed) that now I'd like to tackle one subject quite a few friends have written about. It is this:

Do you like the cast iron porcelain-lined pans and kettles that you purchased several years ago? Can you recommend them wholeheartedly? Are they expensive?

Here are my thoughts on the subject.

Yes, I liked them very, very much at the time I purchased them and figured that I had a lifetime answer to the problem of pots and pans. However, and this is a big HOWEVER, I was then up on my feet and doing a great deal of cooking and their heavy weight didn't bother me in the least.

Now that I must cook from the level of my wheelchair I find that I simply cannot lift them. They are too heavy to shift around. I most surely cannot recommend them to anyone with arthritic arms or hands or shoulders. But for anyone up and at it without complications of any kind I cannot imagine more wonderful cooking utensils.

And lastly, they *are* expensive but I would consider them a lifetime investment. I had two sets of them and gave them all to Juliana, and after constant,

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YOU MAY WANT TO TRY SOME OF MARGERY'S IDEAS

Dear Friends:

This is plant-watering day at our house. I try to tackle this job the first thing after breakfast so I don't forget. Sure as the world if I don't get to it on schedule, I become involved with other things and it slips my mind. I'm not forgetful from old age — I've *always* been forgetful. When I run into Mother's, she checks me out to be sure I remember what I came for!

I'm delighted with the progress of my plants. I used to have a problem with them and it hadn't occurred to me that I was over-watering them. Juliana suggested the last time she was here that I set up a regular schedule and don't deviate from it. Since then they have flourished. This morning I noticed that several are producing new leaves.

There are a few shots left on my camera, so before I leave for the office I'll take a few pictures around the house. One thing Lucile asked me to photograph is my kitchen bulletin board.

Perhaps you'll remember that we had a large sheet of cork board put on one wall. It seemed the perfect answer to take care of the many things I wanted to stick on the wall beside the kitchen table. When the wall became pretty beat-up from thumbtack holes I decided there must be a solution and the cork board is just the thing. If the picture turns out well, I'll share it with you.

Perhaps many of you are in the middle of spring housecleaning. We got a head start on ours with the change of furniture. After Martin moved out what he needed to get a start on furnishing his parsonage, we cleaned those rooms before the new furniture arrived. When the new dining room furniture came, we got the silver polished, glassware and dishes washed before they were put away, so that took care of another big job.

The kitchen cupboards and woodwork should be painted this spring, but we've decided to let this go for a few months. If they come up with plans for the new garage and get going on it this summer, it will be time enough to take care of the kitchen at the same time. There is no point in being torn up twice!

All this calls to mind the club program I gave recently. My topic was managing a career outside the home. I really had to put my mind to it because I've always worked and my schedule seems so normal to me that I couldn't imagine living my life any other way. I had to think through the differences in my life and the lives of my friends who don't work outside the home.

The fact that I grew up in a home where Mother worked with her broad-



Margery and Oliver are constantly changing pictures and other items of interest on their cork board wall. It's turned into quite a conversation piece.

casts, the magazine, recipe testing and all, gave me the preparation for living the same type life. Goodness knows we learned cooperation of every member of the family, and learned to accept our responsibilities early.

Due to Mother's existence in a wheelchair, there was a woman to assist her with her large family, but both Mother and Dad were insistent that we all learned to work, and that we did! Occasionally a friend would say how lucky we were to have a housekeeper, but we were quick to reply that the housekeeper supervised OUR work. We made the beds, cleaned, did the dishes, etc. Of course there were many things she did while we were in school, but believe me, we all helped carry the load.

Oliver and I had some houseguests recently, one of whom came from a large family. We got to comparing notes and laughed until we cried when we started reminiscing about our youth. I was telling her how we children used to sing while we did the dishes — we all sang, and there was some great harmonizing over the dishes. If we were singing something slow, we washed and dried the dishes in time with the music. Dad would holler out from the living room, "Sing something faster!" Our friend was delighted with my account, for she said it was exactly the same way at their house.

If you work outside the home, you must have the understanding of your family. It is necessary to tackle first things first, in order of their importance. You have to be flexible in your priorities. And it certainly is important to share some household jobs. I've found that family members are more careful about cluttering, etc., if they

have to help clean up the clutter on occasion. Well, so much for that! I won't bore you with all my program.

Several of you wrote that you would like to have a similar theme for your club next year and asked questions which I'll try to answer. The theme this year was "The Emerging Woman". The programs were on a variety of topics. We had one by a nurse on acting in emergencies with such knowledge that a life might be saved, such as heart attacks, choking, etc.

There were programs on Women in Politics, Athletics, Church Leadership, Education, and two outstanding talks on Widowhood. The program just prior to mine was Managing a Family and Staying at Home.

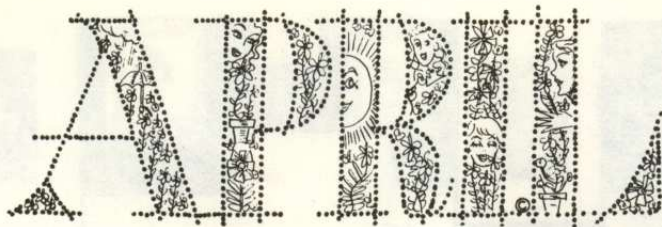
We were asked to keep our talks short so there would be time for general participation. After five or ten minutes, the hostess started serving refreshments, and in most instances we continued our discussion over coffee.

One lovely Saturday recently, Oliver and I drove to the farm to spend the weekend with Dorothy and Frank. It is a good thing we chose that particular time, for the weekends weren't too favorable for travel after that. A little later and we would have run into snow or an early spring thaw.

We've had frequent phone calls from our son Martin as he is making plans for his ordination and installation which will take place in April. This week he is meeting with the area and state ministers for his examination and preparation for ordination.

We're planning to attend the ordination-installation service, of course, and hope that we'll be able to spend sev-

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PARTY IDEAS by Mabel Nair Brown

A Come-As-You-Are Mug Coffee: What could be more fun than a surprise coffee on some bright April morning? If you would like to invite a larger group, enlist two or three friends to help with the telephoning. Guests are telephoned on the morning of the coffee and asked to "come dressed as you are at the moment" and to bring along their favorite coffee mug and their favorite foolish "mug shot" (picture) of themselves.

Since the guests will be bringing their own coffee mugs, all the hostess needs provide are baskets of warm sweet rolls, perhaps some doughnuts or a favorite quick bread, a coffee maker full of good, hot coffee, cream and sugar, and napkins.

Since this is a silly, foolish party, do take the opportunity to use up all the odds and ends of napkins you may have on hand — maybe a different kind for each guest — everything from Halloween and holiday napkins to anniversary and birthday.

If you are to be seated around one long table or several small ones, make foolish tablecloths or place mats by using old newspapers, pages of magazines, scraps of crepe paper, scraps of material, old tea towels, perhaps a dishcloth, a washcloth, paper toweling, etc. The funnier the combinations, the better. In case you want a cloth to cover the table, lay the different materials you are using on the table in a patchwork style. Place mats might be cut out with pinking shears, or in the case of paper ones, just torn into irregular shapes.

You can use your pretty bread baskets for the rolls, but how about using pie tins, cake pans, or handled saucepans?

If you have some spring flowers, or even pussywillows and small branches of newly leafed-out shrubs, arrange them in your pretty coffee mugs for table centerpieces.

Of course the laughter will begin with the arrival of the guests in their informal "as is" attire. Once seated around the table for the coffee hour, ask each in turn to "show and tell about" the "mug shot" which each was asked to bring. Also if anyone has a bit of interesting history about the mug she has brought (one may have been a special gift, another might be

from a collection, one might be the memento from a trip) invite her to share it with the other guests.

You might like to award a prize to the most casually dressed guest, to the one with the silliest picture, the one with the prettiest mug, etc. Prizes might be pretty coffee mugs, or if you have gardeners among the guests, give packets of seeds as prizes.

Spring Pretties: "Chick-a-bunny Seesaws" are sweet table decorations, even favors. The chicks and bunnies are the small chenille type or the tiny marshmallow ones. Cut the seesaw from poster board in a pretty spring color — these will be narrow strips about one half inch in width and perhaps four to six inches in length, depending on what you use to support the teeter-totter and the size of the figure. The seesaw may be fastened to a large gumdrop with a paper fastener, or it may be fastened to the handle of pretty little baskets. Use glue or cake icing to fasten a bunny at one end of the seesaw and a chick at the other.

Foolish Costuming: If you are having a fun party for April, do consider greeting your guests costumed as a jester or a clown, wearing a peaked jester's hat (made from brown wrapping paper or paper bags), which has a tiny jingle bell fastened to the peak. Have ready brown paper fool's caps or dunce caps so you can put one on each guest as she arrives to get each in the mood of the party.

You do not have a clown or jester's costume? That's easy; look in your scrap bag or among your discarded clothes and make one which has sleeves of different fabrics, blouse front and back each different, skirt or pants made of several pieces. Attach a few tiny bells here and there for merry jingling.

Table Trick: This is for the hostess who has the table all set and chairs up to the table before guests arrive. Tie the chairs all together, winding a small wire or dark cord around the legs, before the guests arrive. Each guest is invited to come and stand behind her chair when coffee is ready; then as the hostess calmly seats herself and others attempt to pull their chairs out, the fun begins!

Tricky Signs: Near the woodwork on a doorway, hang a sign reading "Watch

out for wet paint", or you can have a sign at front entrance, "Watch step, threshold painted", or similar signs as suits your house. Of course it is all a joke and you'll chuckle as you see guests stepping carefully, and it is fun to see how long before guests tumble to the trick.

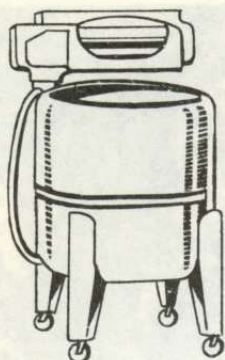
Other similar fun tricks — fasten a dime to the floor or a chair and see how many try to pick it up, or slyly pin signs to the backs of some of the guests. One might read "Tell me what you had to eat for breakfast"; another, "Please hold my hand", etc. Imagine the guests' amazement as other guests seem to get a little monotonous in their conversation, or everyone wants to hold hands.

Spring Outfit Matching: Cut out many dresses or pantsuits from catalogues or magazines. Paste to uniform rectangles of heavy paper. Cut each rectangle in half from one corner to opposite corner. Place pieces face down on the table or on a large tray. Each player draws five pieces to start; then each, drawing a piece from the hand of his left-hand neighbor, tries to match parts. When a player matches a costume, he places that one on the table and draws two more pieces from the table and continues as before. When all of the pieces are drawn, or in certain length of time, see who has the most completed costumes to be the winner. Prize might be a book of paper dolls.

Silly Garden Super: (Answers might be plants found in your garden.)

1. What solid refreshments would you serve? Butter-and-eggs
2. What drink will you serve? Catnip
3. In what will you serve it? Pitcher plant
4. What sweet will you serve? Candytuft
5. What kind of chocolate will you use? Bittersweet
6. In what will you serve the vegetables? Buttercups
7. What cake will you serve? Lady-fingers
8. What will it take to prepare this meal? Thyme
9. What was the soup made of? Stock
10. How will everything taste? Savory
11. What will your guests need to eat it? Tulips

Flower Miniature Favors for Spring: To make a miniature vase, use a two-inch length of macaroni which you have tinted a pretty color with vegetable coloring, and then stick the macaroni in a large gumdrop in a matching color! Presto! You have a tiny vase that will hold water, into which you can stick a violet, baby's breath, etc., or some tiny strawflowers.



Farewell Old Friends

by
Ione Sill LeMay

As I stood outside in the chilly drizzle on that gray fall day, and said my last good-byes to those two dear old friends of mine, I couldn't help but reflect on how each of their arrivals had made my life as a busy homemaker and mother a bit less hectic. Yes, the sight of my old washer and dryer, standing there with their tears of rain running down their sides as they were made ready for their last ride, brought back a flood of memories.

Now, I'm not the type of person that gets emotional over a piece of machinery; in fact, machinery and I usually aren't even on speaking terms; but it was love at first sight when my brand, spanking new washer arrived at our home. It had followed a succession of used wringer washers, each of which seemed to delight in popping off buttons and ripping clothes. Worst of all, they all had the unhappy faculty of knowing when I was running a sheet through the wringer, for it was always at that precise moment that the wringer would slip. Away would go the wringer, flying in wild circles, with the dripping wet sheets slapping me in the face, and throwing what seemed like gallons of water all over the room. Was it any wonder that when I loaded that first load of clothes in the beautiful hunk of automatic machinery I was filled with sheer bliss?

I don't remember now just what it was that I washed in that first load, but it was probably a load of diapers and training panties. With a two-month-old daughter and her sister, who was the ripe old age of 21 months, I washed many loads of that sort those first few years. As the years passed, so did the type of clothing I washed for our daughters. The next few years it turned out load after load of tiny, frilly dresses and sturdy little creepers. Then it washed those first-day-of-school dresses that I had so carefully sewed up for them. In these more recent years it has gotten used to washing those blue denim jeans that my now teen-ager and pre-teen practically live in.

At one time this washer of mine also starched almost as many clothes as it washed, but not so in these latter

years. Ironing was a job I have always despised, so as soon as I could decently get rid of a garment that had to be starched and ironed, I gleefully replaced it with one that was permanent press.

Dyeing clothes was another extra job that I often called on it to perform. In fact, two pairs of curtains have become a family joke. (And I'm sure that the washer shuddered every time it saw them!) These particular curtains started out white, were dyed green, then orange, which was followed by yellow, pink, blue, and finally back to yellow again. I was going to remove the yellow and dye them a royal blue for daughter LeAnn's room, but have decided to retire them with honors instead.

The first home for my new washer was our bathroom. Our number one daughter, Elaine, soon found that it was a great place from which to watch her father as he shaved. One day, after I had set her up there, her father and I teasingly left the room, leaving her on the washer. "Helpy me," she called. "Helpy me!" Needless to say, she got the help she had called for, and the phrase "Helpy me" has become a family saying.

My second old friend, the dryer, arrived about six years after the washer did. My cleaning team might not have been a matched set, but I couldn't have enjoyed my dryer more if it had been covered with gold leaf. Having frost bitten my hands and feet hanging out clothes several years before, I no longer had to brave hurting hands and feet to keep my family in dry clothes. And no longer were there clothes draped all over every available space in front of the living room stove when our minister came to call.

How I thrilled every time I removed a load of wrinkle-free clothes from that dryer! Since almost all our clothes were now permanent press, except for a stubborn few that just refuse to wear out, I was soon threatening to put my iron out to pasture.

Like all of our friends, these two weren't perfect. For the last two years of its life with us, the dryer would dry for just so long, and then stop until it

had cooled off. It usually picked a time when I desperately needed something dry to throw its fit. Its temper tantrum often led to my having one in return, which I would express by giving that dratted machine a good swift kick, which I must admit did no good at all, and usually hurt my toes. We would quickly make up though, and as soon as we both cooled off would try it again.

The washer developed the nasty habit of trying to shock me. As the mother of two children who have ridden many miles on the school bus, where they pick up assorted misfacts of life and all types of language, I'm pretty unshockable. But I soon found out that this washer of mine didn't react favorably to my frowns of disapproval or my verbal harangues on its shocking behavior. It brought about its own downfall from favor the day it quit teasing, and sent a jolt of electricity clear through me. I had to admit that its shocking habit wasn't just an annoying thing to put up with, but was instead something that could be very dangerous.

The dryer's demise wasn't entirely its own fault, even though it had baffled two repairmen and was still acting contrary. Rather, it was due to a move to a house that wasn't wired for 220 voltage. Instead of obtaining the needed wiring, we decided just to replace it with a gas one that wouldn't quit drying when it got tired.

I'm glad my old set left before my new one arrived, so that they didn't find out what a fickle human being I am. Instead of mourning over our lost past together, I'm eagerly looking forward to many, many loads of dirty clothes becoming clean (thanks to *Kitchen-Klatter* products, I know that they will be sparkling clean) and dry in my new matching set. Just think, if my new set lasts as long as my old one did, I just might be washing diapers again. For my grandchildren, of course.

LET US BEGIN . . .

Let us meet together. It is a beginning.

Let us speak together. It can mean progress.

Let us plan together. It will insure the future.

Let us work together. It must assure success.

SING A SONG

Sing a song of sunshine

Bright as molten gold

On the sky's blue curtain,

Spreading joys untold.

Sing a song of flowers,

Songbirds on the wing;

Sing of pussy willows;

It's suddenly spring! —Inez Baker

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It has been two months since I last sat down at my typewriter to write my letter to you, and I hardly know how to begin.

Lucile told you in her letter last month that Frank had suffered a terrible farm accident and would leave the details up to me to explain. No one will ever know for sure what happened, because Frank was the only one there, and he doesn't remember anything. It happened so fast he has no explanation. He was feeding the cattle and apparently had just finished spreading the ensilage; and when he walked around the spreader, which was connected to the power take-off on the tractor, the little hammer loop on his overalls caught on a bolt, ripping off his clothes and pulling him along with them. This is the conclusion Glenn Dyer came to when he looked over the machinery the next day. It was a miracle that he was able to walk away from it and get to the house under his own power, a distance of a short city block.

Our house is so tight that, and with the stove blower on, I didn't hear his call for help until he came through the yard gate. I always thought that in an emergency I would be cool, calm, and collected, but I started to shake all over when I saw how badly mangled his arm was. He was much calmer than I was, and kept telling me what to do. Herbert Johnson, one of our neighbors who was outside choring, heard Frank calling for help, and came over at once. I had already called the ambulance, but when you are ten miles from the nearest hospital you wonder if the driver knows how to find you. I had also tried to get hold of our good friend Roy Querrey, but they weren't in the house to hear the phone, so it was comforting to me when Herb drove into the yard.

Herb helped me get Frank into the car, then he drove and we started to town. We met the ambulance on the way and transferred Frank to it. The doctor in Chariton took one look at his arm and made arrangements for us to take him directly to the Mercy Hospital in Des Moines, and contacted a doctor who would be there by the time the ambulance arrived.

I had my first (and I hope last) ambu-



Wayne, having a last few words with Mother, was about to leave for Des Moines to see Frank and Dorothy when Margery arrived to take this picture.

lance ride, and I want to say that both men, the driver and the attendant who took care of Frank enroute, were very kind and thoughtful. I'm sure they were just as happy as I was to see Frank finally in the hands of the competent emergency crew in this fine hospital after our long, fast trip.

Under ordinary circumstances Frank's sister Bernie would have been with me that night, but just that morning she had entered the Chariton hospital with a severe case of flu. In fact, we had just been in to see her and take her a plant about half an hour before the accident. I called our good friends Glenn and Peggy Dyer, who live in Des Moines, to tell them about it and where we were, and Peggy came right down to be with me. Glenn wasn't at home at the time I called, but Peggy knew where to reach him, and he came as soon as he could. I lost all track of time, but Frank must have been in surgery two or three hours. When the surgeon came in to report to me he said he was going to try to save his arm, but it would be four or five days before he would know for sure if he could.

This was on Monday night before Christmas, and he spent Christmas Eve and Christmas day in the intensive care unit, but on Thursday afternoon he was able to be moved to a room in the orthopedic wing on the fifth floor, where he stayed for seven more weeks. I guess I should say "we", because I stayed in Des Moines with him all the time. Peggy and Glenn were kind enough to let me stay with them at night, but I spent my days at the hospital.

We will never be able to repay in full the two good friends and neighbors, Roy Querrey and Howard Goering, who made it possible for me to be gone from home this long. They came every day to feed the cattle and look after the

other livestock, and are still coming, since Frank is still confined to the house. And also the hospitality of Peggy and Glenn will never be forgotten. Frank received many, many cards and letters, not only from personal friends, but from many of our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends, all of which were much appreciated.

No one ever really enjoys being in the hospital, but as long as Frank had to be, I was awfully glad it was such a good one. The food was very good. I know, because I ate in the cafeteria twice a day. He had excellent care from many different nurses and nurses' aides. I can't begin to remember all their names, but a few that I became quite well acquainted with are Nancy Miner, Ruth Shirks, Verda Coulson, Judy Galligan, and Sharon Mahood. Mrs. Shirks was the nurse on duty in the emergency room when we came in, and she was so good to me. She also came to see Frank several times and kept track of how he was getting along.

The holidays didn't completely pass me by. I got in on one big turkey dinner on New Year's Eve when Glenn's mother, Mrs. Ward Dyer, asked me to come with Peggy and Glenn to her house for an evening dinner. Glenn's sister from Detroit was also there. We had a delicious meal and then sat and enjoyed the fireplace while we visited.

Frank's sister Ruth came from Kansas City to spend a few days with us at the hospital. While she was there she and I drove back and forth and spent our nights with Bernie at her house after she got home from the hospital. Margery and Oliver spent a weekend with us, and brother Wayne stopped to see us on his way back to Denver. There was hardly a day we didn't have visitors from home, so the time didn't drag

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FREDERICK HAS ANOTHER ADVENTURE

Dear Friends:

At last I have had a wish come true. I went sailing in the Mayflower! I even took Betty with me, and she will vouch for the fact that it was one of the greatest trips we ever made. The Mayflower to which I refer is not the Mayflower tied up at the pier 100 miles from here at Plymouth, Massachusetts, but it is the famous Goodyear blimp Mayflower now sailing out of Miami. To millions of Americans and Europeans, the word "blimp" means just one thing — Goodyear. You have seen them dozens of times on television, and the chances are that you have seen them flying over your own home at some time since World War II. The graceful lighter-than-air craft are without a doubt the most beautiful ships to sail the sky.

While we were in Florida last winter, we were taken for a ride in the blimp Mayflower as guests of the Goodyear Rubber Company. There were four other passengers and a pilot with the two of us seated in luxurious comfort in the small cabin suspended beneath the main envelope. As I sat down next to the pilot, he laughed as he saw me reaching for a safety belt. "A blimp is one place where you will never need to wear a safety belt," he said. "We don't have them because even in stormy weather this big 160-foot long ship cannot move quickly enough to cause any cabin action." We certainly did not move rapidly, just cruising along at 33 miles an hour. Never in my life have I had such a smooth ride.

One interesting part of a blimp cabin is the full vision view. The windows are larger than the average window of a house, and since it was a bright, warm day, we opened the windows. I leaned way out and took several pictures, standing up to get a still better view. When the pilot asked me where I would like to go on the ride, I just told him to fly up and down the seashore. What a magnificent view we had of the big Miami Beach hotels with their bright blue swimming pools crowded with sun-worshipping tourists. The ocean was so blue, and the clouds were so big and fluffy. We flew very low over a sailboat race, the big long shadow of the blimp giving some shade to the sailors.

I think the most fun of all was our landing. As the ship nosed slowly down toward the earth, a dozen ground crew men in their white uniforms ran out to catch the mooring lines that hung down from the blimp. As they hung on to the lines to stop the forward motion of the ship, two of the men were lifted right off their feet as the blimp tried to go up into the air again. An airplane al-



Each Sunday Frederick gives a little sermon for the children before they leave for their classrooms. He uses an interesting prop to help convey his message and make it more exciting.

ways wants to drop to the ground when its power is shut off, but a lighter-than-air ship like a blimp always wants to climb up toward heaven. Without the motors on the rear to give it maneuvering power, a blimp would just keep right on going up. As a matter of fact, when the blimp was coming down to pick up Betty and me, it made nine attempts to land before the pilot was finally able to get the nose down close enough to the ground for the ground crew men to catch the ropes. All the while I was taking pictures, and I got one picture of the bottom of the blimp as it flew over our heads just fifteen feet up in the air. What a thrilling experience it was.

If you ever have an opportunity to take a ride in one of the Goodyear blimps, jump at the chance. You will be amazed at the smoothness, the quiet, and the safety. Once you have had a blimp ride, you will want to ride again and again. Already I am looking forward to our Florida vacation next winter so that I can repeat this year's experience. As long as I live, I shall be indebted to the fine men of Goodyear who were my hosts. I think that I would be willing to cash in all of my insurance for the privilege of flying on a long, long blimp trip.

We returned from Florida just in time to lead our church people in their celebration of the 100th anniversary of our church building. At the eleven o'clock service on the anniversary of the dedication of the church we had a very impressive procession into the church of our two choirs in their scarlet and white robes, the officers of the church, the deaconesses and the deacons, along with the clergy and the Mayor of Springfield, the Honorable William C. Sullivan. Mayor Sullivan brought greetings from the city, and he spoke admiringly of all that our church has meant to our city over the years.

You know how I always tell a story

to the children just before they march out to their Sunday school classes in the parish house. Well, on our anniversary Sunday I did not tell them a story. Instead, I had two of our Junior Ushers in their handsome uniforms of dark blue blazers and grey flannel trousers carry into the church a very large birthday cake with 100 candles. The entire congregation stood and sang "Happy birthday dear old South Church." The children were delighted! Right at that point in the service, the presidents of our two largest women's organizations came to the front of the church and presented me with a check for \$6,300 to purchase a new concert grand piano for the parish house auditorium. How about that as a birthday gift?

After the anniversary service, several hundred persons went into the parish house for refreshments. The tables had lovely flower arrangements, and across the stage curtains were large cut-out letters spelling the words: "Happy 100th Birthday". There was coffee and tea for the adults and punch for the children, and of course the birthday cake. Big trays of hot coffee cake kept people coming back for more, and everyone had a good time. As I stood with Mayor Sullivan shaking hands with the people, he turned to me and said: "I have never seen anything quite like this. This is wonderful!" It really was, and since the service I have received dozens of thank you notes from appreciative church members.

These have been busy days for Betty. She is giving three dinner parties this week, two of them at home, and one at the club. I wish that someday you might have dinner with us so that you could see how beautifully Betty does things. She takes such great pains to have just the right flower arrangements in the various rooms and on the table. Her favorite table arrangement is done with two identical silver vases, one that was given to us by my brother Howard and his wife Mae, and one that was given to us by my sister Lucile. Because our dining room table is so long, she can use both vases beautifully.

Our church has two tours starting out for a taste of early summer. Our high school young people are taking a chartered bus to Cape Kennedy in Florida where they will be the guests of a church that our Associate Minister formerly served. Of course that is not far from Disneyworld with all of its educational exhibits, and so the trip has had big appeal. Thirty of our adults are going on a church cruise to Bermuda. Our busy Associate Minister is responsible for both groups, and he has timed

(Continued on page 19)

Every Day a Sunshine Day

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson



It was one of those rainy spring days. The whole week had been cloudy and dreary, with a prediction of rain, and it had finally come. It was not a hard, beating rain, but one of those slow, steady ones.

I was walking to town with a friend of mine. We had on our boots, rain-coats, rain bonnets and carried our umbrellas. As we walked along, sloshing through the puddles in the sidewalk, she spoke abruptly.

"I hate rainy, gloomy days. I wish that every day was a sunshine day."

I had never thought of days in that way. I had always liked to walk in the rain, feel the dampness against my face and breathe in the cool freshness of the newly washed air. When I had to stay at home, I always had a thousand things which I planned to do on rainy days.

"I like the rain," I answered, "and especially one like this."

We sloshed along and our talk turned to other things. But as it often is with small bits of conversation I could not forget her words.

At home that evening, I thought about what she had said. "Every day a sunshine day." I knew I wouldn't like that. Of course, we can have too much rain. It can ruin the crops, flood the land and cause great damage. But if it were sunny all the time we would have terrible droughts that would burn up the crops, dry up our streams and also destroy our land so that it would become a desert.

The rain stopped during the night and by morning the clouds had rolled away. I walked out into the early morning sunshine.

The sky was washed a clear, brilliant blue, cloudless, beautiful to see. And all around me it was spring which the rain had brought during the night. The grass was greening at my feet and across the lawn a few early daffodils were struggling to bloom. In the corner the wild plum tree was suddenly bursting into flower. The wind was fresh and the leaves were showing green on

the trees. I loved this sunshine day.

But as I stood there, drinking in the beauty of that spring morning, I thought, who would want every day to be a sunshine day? We want the sunshine days yes, but the rainy days too.

At times gloomy days depress me and I do not want them. Like my friend, I almost wish that every day was a sunshine day — but only for a moment.

We have gentle rainy days and we will also have stormy ones. These we do not like, but there is some good to be found in them. When we read of the terrific destruction of wind and flood, loss of life and homes, we think how terrible they are. But later we realize when all the debris has been cleared away, that people are building again, bigger and better. And somehow they are able to accept the losses which have come to them. There are some advantages in such destruction. We cannot see it at the time, but when we go back over where these terrible storms and floods have occurred we are amazed at how nature and men have rehabilitated the cities and country where they passed by, and view in astonishment the courage of people who go right ahead building their homes and lives again. We fear the lightning, but if Benjamin Franklin hadn't been watching it playing across the sky, we might not have electricity and all the advantages which it gives us.

Life is like nature. When we have terrible illness, tragedy, discouragement, disillusionment, we feel that there can be no good in those things which are happening to us. But as the storm passes, and we look at the destruction in our lives, we can realize that some good may come out of it. Time eases the tragedy of loss and our grief becomes bearable. We learn that we have become stronger and more able to face the problems which confront us. It is a hard way to learn, but through such trouble we emerge to face life in a better way.

The scales of life measure out to us the good and the bad, but usually pretty

well balanced. We have happiness and sorrow. We have success and failure. And the happiness and success are our sunshine days; the sorrow and failure are the rainy ones. But when the rainy days are past, and we once more are able to look at life with hopeful, understanding eyes, we know that our rainy days are a necessary part of our existence.

As we watch the rain on a spring day, let us not say we hate it, but instead enjoy it because it is bringing life to a barren world.

And in our own lives, we know when the storm passes, that we are facing a new world, with our sorrows, doubts and failures washed away. Because of these things we can have new hope, new life, and a new outlook on a very special, not every day, sunshine day.



IT'S TIME TO THINK ABOUT MAKING MAY BASKETS

by

Gladise Kelly

Whatever happened to May baskets and the wishing of good will they conveyed?

When I was a child, we were as busy the last weeks of April making May baskets as we were in February decorating handmade valentines.

We cut our baskets of durable paper and pasted on a strong handle. They were made of solid colors (crayon), flower-decorated, striped and checkered, whatever our imaginations could summon for the task.

The last day in April we would go wildflower hunting. At that time of year, early flowers were blooming all over the hillsides and in the cool dampness under shady trees. Perhaps we would be able to get a sprig of lilac in our own yards and surround it with wild Easter lilies, Johnny-jump-ups, spring beauties and white and purple violets.

We would put them in water overnight to keep fresh. In the early-morning hours of May first, we rose and began to arrange flowers in our baskets, so we could hang them on doorknobs of friends and near-neighbors before we left for school.

We visited homes of those we loved and silently hung a basket on their doorknobs and slipped away quickly before we were detected.

May baskets were a symbol of good will. It gave a person a warm feeling to know he had been chosen for a May basket.

MEMORIES

by
Mary E. Javens

Quite some time ago I discovered, in a second-hand store where I was browsing, a rather heavy rose-red plate. There was a water lily on the surface from which long slender vines spiraled about, making a design on the entire plate. It wasn't china or glass, but the old-time ware that is half crockery and half china. The edges were scarred and the price was nominal because of it. Moments later I hurried from the store with the plate clutched in my hands — at long last I had an old-time bread plate of my own. Someone else had enjoyed it for years; as of now, it was mine to look at and enjoy.

And I look at it long and thoughtfully this evening as I sit in the Old Red Rocker, and gently rock in the stillness of early dusk. I imagine the hot rolls it has held — the slices of warm bread fresh from the oven — perhaps "Johnny-cake" or big chunks of gingerbread. And, as always, I wonder "why?" Why would anyone part with something that to all appearances had been treasured by someone, for the money received certainly didn't prompt the action. And I concluded, as so many times happens, an elderly person dies and possessions are disposed of willy-nilly, for one person's keepsakes are too often regarded as junk by those left behind. And for no reason whatsoever, I thought of the old white bowl that had been such an important part of my childhood.

Father brought the bowl home from an auction along with a collection of silverware, plates, and pots and pans. It was made of part crockery and part china, and was very heavy; and from the time it found its way into my mother's kitchen, there was scarcely a meal served but what it was on the table. When the garden stuff came on, it held creamed peas and carrots; or it was filled with small potatoes that had been scrubbed and boiled in the jackets. Mother drizzled melted butter over the top of them and it ran down, in and under, and nothing in the whole world was better. Or perhaps she sliced tomatoes in it until it was full; every so often she sprinkled sugar over a layer, then went on slicing, to pause again to strew sugar over the thick slices.

When the field corn was just so, the bowl was filled with golden kernels in a sauce of slightly thickened cream, to which Mother added a bit of sugar. In winter, it sometimes held stewed rabbit in a rich brown gravy where inch-long chunks of carrots made a simple food a picture. In the fall, we feasted on prairie chicken in sour cream gravy, and there were times when the old bowl



Isn't this an interesting "Granny Quilt"? The reader who sent this picture lives in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Her letter about the quilt is below.

had to be filled twice with that. Oh, it was a magic bowl if ever there was one! And I wonder where the old bowl is and if whoever has it realizes what a treasure she has.

It's good for one to possess a family heirloom — good for us to have something that causes us to reach far back to former days and remember little things with which to enrich our present-day living.

I remember once visiting with a little Italian lady who, with a great deal of pride, showed me an old shawl — frail, ragged but with colors still bright. "My mother was wearing this shawl when she came to America, a young bride from the Old Country. In later years, she used it as a blanket to wrap her babies in. I was the last of the big family of boys and girls." Her voice faded into silence as she sat stroking the worn black cloth with the deep paisley border. It grew quiet in the room and I could hear the old clock on the shelf ticking away the hours, minute by minute. She sat lost in thought; memories were crowding through her mind, and I was forgotten.

Memories! Where would we be without them? Memories are like the pages of a book written in indelible ink; they can never be erased.



TERSE VERSE

Get mad and you're red with anger;
Blue, true blue, and you're tops.
Yellow denotes you're a coward;
And white means good never stops.
Sweet pink is a must for the ladies;
Colorful designates charm.
Purple denotes someone royal;
Spotted brings ills that do harm.
Green is for Irish or envy;
And rainbows make natural hue.
But where is the color revealing
Who you are and what good you do?

A READER WRITES

"Dear Friends:

"After reading in the April, 1974, issue about the 'Granny Quilt' Alison made for her grandmother, my girls, Kathleen and Erin, decided to make one for their grandmother for Christmas. There were 24 grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We thought perhaps you would like to see a picture of it. We want to thank you for the idea. Their grandmother is delighted with it. Blocks came from Bellingham, Washington, Mt. Vernon, Illinois, Colorado Springs, Colorado, and Lincoln and Waverly, Nebraska. We had great fun making it, and could hardly wait for the mailman to come each day to see if he brought some blocks.

"The members of my family have been long-time subscribers to *Kitchen-Klatter*."

Sincerely,
Mrs. Louis Stephenson

NEEDED: SHINING EXAMPLES

America's future will be determined by the home and the school. The child becomes largely what it is taught; hence, we must watch what we teach it, and how we live before it.

—Jane Addams

SEWING

If Mother Nature patches

The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines;
They are so long and slender,
And somewhere in full view,
She has her thread of cobweb,
And a thimbleful of dew.

—Author Unknown

OH LOOK! IT'S APRIL!

by

Evelyn Birkby

April is arriving none too soon, after what has been an exceedingly long, hard winter. We've had everything in the way of winter weather here at our home on Honey Hill: wind, cold, ice, snow, sleet, and then, finally, sunshine. Then what did we have? Mud!

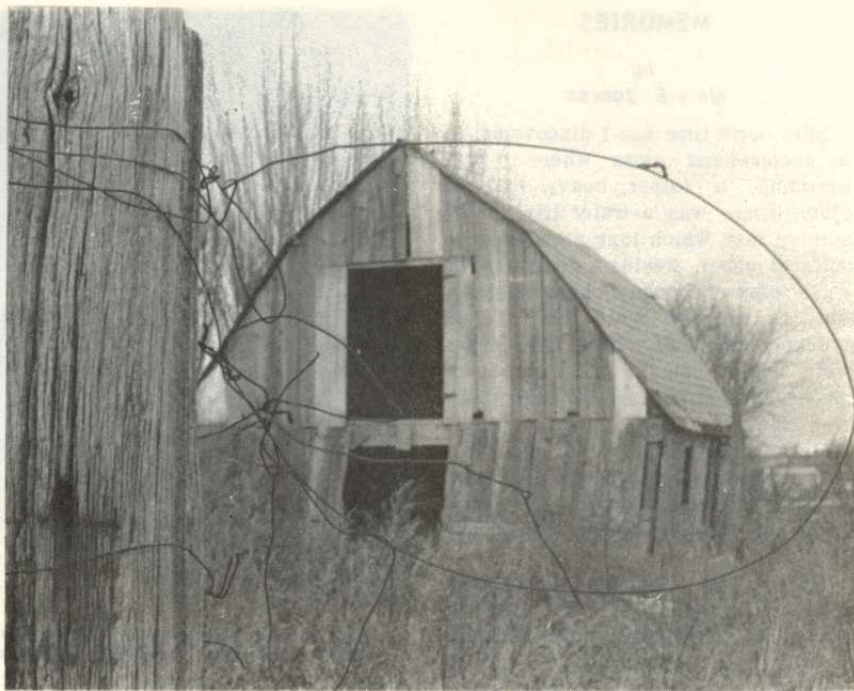
When the sun did begin to shine it exposed every dusty corner and every smudged window which had gone unnoticed during gloomy days. A great desire to drop everything and go at those corners and around the windows with cloth and cleaner consumed me. Robert had best watch his step for the next few weeks. It is housecleaning time for me.

It is a busy time for the farmers as well. As one drives along the roads and highways many farmers can be seen busily preparing their fields for spring planting. Surely these hard-working people are the supreme symbol of faith in action. They know their land; they recognize its potential. They have faith that the earth will not betray them if they care for it properly, that the seeds will sprout, the sun will shine, the rains will come and a crop will grow and be harvested to feed many hungry people for another year. We all need to appreciate our farmers in their very difficult and demanding labors.

As Robert prepares the ground and begins to plant the seeds for our own garden, I appreciate him! Our family would certainly not eat as well as it does if it were not for his nurturing of the soil and continuing struggle to improve the quality of the yield. Long before organic gardening and conservation practices were the popular subject they are today, he was quietly adding humus and natural fertilizer to his ground and patiently plowing under the green grasses he grew especially for that purpose. He is not only feeding us now but he is conserving the land for those who will use it when we are no longer here.

Robert has a natural feel for the land that surely must have come from his pioneer forefathers. His Great-grandfather Birkby began farming west of Sidney on the rich flat Missouri bottom land which snuggles up against the rugged bluffs. I wonder if Robert thinks of Thomas Birkby, sometimes, as he turns up the soil with his efficient and easy-to-handle rotary tiller. Surely it was a tremendous struggle for many of the early farmers who prepared the land for the first gardens and fields.

Sometimes I wonder if any of the Indian tribes that traveled this way might have stopped on our few acres of land.



Many an ancient barn tells a story of a hard-working farmer and his livestock. This barn is not abandoned, but used frequently to house small ponies, a pig or two and at this writing, two goats. A neighbor of the Birkbys owns and uses this picturesque building. —Photo by Jeff Birkby

I hope they did. We have heard of some tribes of these first Americans who camped during at least one severe winter in the security of the bluffs. Surely some of them found this southwest part of Iowa fertile and enjoyed its productivity.

Wouldn't the first men who turned this soil be amazed at the tools we use today? Robert's tiller is a far cry from the wooden plows of the early settlers. The giant six- and eight-bottom plows that turn up great swathes of earth as they move rapidly across the many acres of a modern farm even amaze me!

The sense of stirring life is all around. Attu goes out with Robert to supervise the garden work. I wander out with my lack of talent in gardening to admire and appreciate the efforts. My work will begin as soon as the first red radish, green onion and lettuce leaf reaches a useable size.

In the meantime everything is progressing toward a fine crop of fruit and vegetables. The tiny pepper, tomato and cabbage seeds have been planted in flats in the house for some time. They will go outside as soon as the frost danger is past. The potatoes are in the ground — Good Friday is not necessarily the planting date for us. When the ground is ready and time permits, the cut potato eyes are carefully tucked into the furrows and covered with the soft earth. They usually do very well.

Each year we experiment with new varieties of old faithful foods and try something new in a crop we've never

raised before. Last year was a first for Brussels sprouts. They did reasonably well but we still have much to learn about when and how to trim off excess leaves and the best time to pick the little round vegetables which look like baby cabbages. Our okra and cauliflower crops were excellent. The kohlrabi and Swiss chard added variety but we had too much for our own use — a little of each goes a long way. Besides, Robert has never learned to plant just one of anything and insists that most seeds come in one-pound packages so we invariably end up trying to urge our neighbors to please help themselves. (How many kohlrabi can a good neighbor eat?)

Last year we tried shallots and they did beautifully. I've enjoyed adding them to sauces, dressings and casseroles. The sunflowers grew well, adding bright color to the garden spaces. The seeds went into the bird feeder this past winter but I would like to learn how to roast sunflower seeds to use for our own nibbling. Another first came with a prolific crop of Kentucky Wonder pole beans. These matured into great dark red beans. We shelled out several quarts, dried them in a slow oven to prevent mold and have been enjoying them with ham and in casserole dishes.

The list of new items for this year includes lima beans and white navy beans. Edible podded peas will be another stranger to our garden. The new yellow-fleshed watermelon will join our

(Continued on page 19)

MARY BETH WRITES ABOUT KATHARINE'S CAMPUS JOBS

Dear Friends:

The big news this month is Snow! Not snow in Wisconsin nor the Midwest, but snow in Texas! Katharine called one weekend and said with considerable amusement that one chilly Saturday the campus in Houston was all atwitter because there were once-in-seventeen-years snowflakes falling. The southern girls were so excited they ran from their college dormitory to the library to make sure that Katharine, who was studying deep inside the library walls, would not miss the beautiful and extraordinary sight. She said they didn't last long on the ground, but what a fuss was made! She was happy to see the snow when she was home at Christmas, and she was equally stunned to return in early January and step off the airplane to find azaleas blooming and a premature spring in full bloom.

She has also reported that she is simply swamped with studies this term. She spends hours at the library studying, but her spirits sounded high and cheerful, so across these thousand plus miles we are not worrying about her. She has two outside jobs now. Like her brother and sister, she has a paper route. Not one, fortunately, which takes her out into the city, but rather one right inside the four walls of her college dormitory. She gets up every morning at 6 o'clock, drags in the Houston morning newspaper, and rolls up each paper and stuffs it into the subscribing girls' mailboxes. Then she stumbles back upstairs to bed on Saturdays, but on other days she gropes her way over to breakfast.

It is nice having a dining room right in her dormitory, because the girls can go downstairs to eat in their pajamas and bathrobes with no concern that they will encounter any gentlemen. The men eat in their own college dormitories, too, and I am sure they appreciate their privacy equally. There is one dormitory on campus where both women and men live, with their quarters divided by floors. The girls, being quieter, were assigned the higher floors, an interesting bit of planning to be sure, but these ladies must put up with the problem of being presentable at meals, since they share a common dining room with the men in the dorm.

Katharine also reports that 200,000 of the objectionable birds have left. Suddenly, and with no explainable reason, they have simply gone elsewhere. The biology department had made arrangements with a helicopter service to come in one morning and drop a net over the beautiful trees in President Hackerman's yard, so that he could entertain with the safety of his guests' clothing



Each year when the school picture of Paul arrives, we remark how much he resembles his father, Donald Driftmier. Paul spends his spare time at the drafting table his Uncle Howard gave him.

insured against these dreadful birds. But fate played a wretched trick upon them all that morning, because as the helicopters were poised over the president's trees and had released their expensive nets, a powerful gust of wind sprang up and swept the gigantic nets helplessly and uselessly into a neighboring field. There were few funds remaining to refuel the helicopters' tanks, and the net had been rendered useless by the winds, so the president was left netless and unprotected. There are still about a million and a half of the birds remaining on campus during the night, but somehow Katharine manages to avoid their haunts.

Katharine's other job takes her across

PLUCK WINS!

Pluck wins! It always wins! Though days be slow and nights be dark twixt days that come and go. Still Pluck will win! Its average is sure! He wins the most, who can the most endure! Who faces issues! He who never shirks! Who waits, and watches and who *always* works.

—Anonymous

APRIL REMINDERS

- A — man isn't poor if he can still laugh.
- P — eople who dabble in others' business rarely draw dividends.
- R — emember, if you want the rainbow, you have to wait until the shower is over.
- I — was complaining — and then I saw a man without a foot.
- L — ife is a cafeteria — there are no waiters to bring your success to you — help yourself! —Irma Miller

campus to Cohen House. This is the faculty's and graduates' dining room, and here three times a week she serves lunches or dinners to the people who come there to eat. She reports that it is such a treat because she is also allowed to eat her noon lunch there, and finally she is getting to eat green salads and Texas grapefruit. The food in her dining room is largely carbohydrate and frequently fried, which she finds disagrees with her skin and figure. So her new regular job waiting tables has grand side benefits. Another benefit is that she is working with a superb cook, who has taken her under her wing, and is teaching her to make baking powder biscuits and yeast rolls and a thousand other things she has not been fortunate enough to learn from her mother. I suspect she will be cooking in the quantities of an institutional cook, but no matter, the trick to making these things can seldom be lost, regardless of their quantities. She says the kitchen "grubs", as they are called, have lots of fun together, and their rapport is quite loyal and genuine.

She had to invest in a Texas-made calculator to aid her with her voluminous pages of homework in her computer course. She is in a class with physics and engineering majors, and she reports that the speed with which they move through a book is quite breathtaking. There was no possible way that she could do her problems without the aid of this electrical wizard, and she has promised her father that he may have it in five more semesters. She has to make up only a full year of chemistry at perhaps Marquette University here in Milwaukee to graduate in 1977.

Adrienne has been busy cooking this afternoon while I have been typing. Even though it isn't the season for pumpkin pie, she discovered a can of pumpkin in the canned goods shelves, and now has a delicious pie baking. She has really become a very interested little cook since her sister Katharine has been gone. Katharine usually was in the kitchen first, and one girl's menu plans did not always agree with the other's. So now Adrienne has the kitchen all to herself, and from the little I observed in passing through the kitchen, her pie crust looks very flaky for such a beginner.

Paul has been busy this morning dragging furniture around his room. He has had two lamps in his room, but one of them has recently been broken so he can't use it. So he moved his Uncle Howard's drafting table, and after vacuuming (at my insistence) he has his room just right. Now if it were only self-cleaning!

Until next month,

Mary Beth

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

LEMON-LIME REFRIGERATOR CAKE

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
3/4 cup boiling water
1/2 cup cold water
1 regular-sized box lemon cake mix
Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Add the cold water; set aside at room temperature. Mix and bake cake as directed in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Cool cake 20-25 minutes. Poke deep holes through top of warm cake (still in pan) with meat fork or toothpick; space holes about one inch apart. With a cup, slowly pour gelatin mixture into holes. Refrigerate cake while preparing topping.

Topping

1 envelope whipped topping mix
1 3 3/4-oz. pkg. lemon instant pudding mix
1 1/2 cups cold milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
In a chilled, deep bowl, blend all ingredients until stiff (3-8 minutes). Immediately frost cake. Cake must be stored in refrigerator and served chilled. Frosted cake may be frozen for storage.
—Lucile

SWEET-SOUR GREEN BEANS

1 quart green beans
2 strips bacon, diced
1/4 cup onion, diced
1/4 cup water
1/4 cup vinegar
1 Tbls. cornstarch
2 Tbls. sugar
Salt and pepper to taste
Simmer beans 20 minutes. (If frozen green beans are used, cook in salted water until tender.) Drain and reserve 1/2 cup liquid. Fry bacon until just barely done. Remove from drippings. Saute onion in bacon fat until transparent. Combine water, vinegar and cornstarch. Stir into reserved bean liquid. Add to onions in skillet. Stir in sugar, salt and pepper. Stir, cooking, until mixture boils, begins to thicken and becomes transparent. Pour over hot beans. Sprinkle bacon bits over top. This may also be put into a casserole and kept hot in the oven.
—Evelyn

CHICKEN IN ORANGE SAUCE

1 2 1/2-lb. broiler, cut up
1 tsp. salt
4 Tbls. oil
2 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. cinnamon
Dash of ground cloves
1 1/2 cups orange juice
1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped almonds
1 can mandarin oranges
Sprinkle the chicken with the salt; then brown well in the oil. Remove chicken from pan and set aside. To the drippings in the pan add flour, cinnamon and cloves. Stir to a smooth paste over low flame. Add orange juice and Tabasco sauce and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and comes to a boil.

Replace chicken in skillet. Sprinkle raisins and almonds over top, cover and simmer until chicken is tender — about 50 minutes. Add orange sections a few minutes before serving.

I served the chicken with rice, spooning extra sauce over the top. —Margery

SCOTCH CAKE

2 cups flour
2 cups sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup shortening
1/3 cup cocoa
1 cup water
2 beaten eggs
1/2 cup buttermilk
1 1/2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine flour and sugar in a bowl. In a small saucepan combine butter or margarine, shortening, cocoa and water. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Pour over flour and sugar. Stir to blend. Add remaining ingredients. Beat with mixer just until smooth. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes or until it tests done.

Frosting

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/3 cup cocoa
1/3 cup milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
Powdered sugar
1 cup coconut (optional)
1 cup nuts (optional)
Combine butter or margarine, cocoa and milk. Bring to boil, stirring. Remove from heat. Add flavoring and enough powdered sugar to make of spreading consistency. Stir in coconut and nuts. Pour over cake as soon as it is taken from the oven. Cool on rack.
—Evelyn

CARROT-DATE BREAD

2 cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. soda
3/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. cinnamon
2 eggs
1/2 cup salad oil
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3/4 cup 7-Up
1 cup grated carrots
1 cup chopped dates
Sift all the dry ingredients into a bowl. Beat in the eggs, salad oil, flavorings and 7-Up. Stir in the carrots and dates. Pour into a well-greased loaf pan and bake approximately 60 minutes in a 350-degree oven.—Dorothy

BROCCOLI AND RICE CASSEROLE

3 cups cooked rice
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
3/4 cup onion, diced
3/4 cup celery, diced
2 Tbls. margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
8 oz. soft yellow cheese
Cook rice and broccoli according to directions *without salt*. Saute onion and celery in the margarine until transparent. Combine all ingredients in greased casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs if desired. Cover. Bake at 325 degrees for one hour. Uncover last 15 minutes to brown slightly.
—Evelyn

PEANUT BUTTER-OATMEAL COOKY

1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup peanut butter
1 egg
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 cup sifted flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups quick-cooking oatmeal
Mix the sugars, shortening, peanut butter, egg and flavorings thoroughly. Stir in the remaining ingredients and blend well. Drop dough by rounded teaspoonfuls onto an ungreased cookie sheet and flatten with the bottom of a glass. Place a half a pecan or some other nut on top if you want to dress them up a little bit. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in a 375-degree oven. —Dorothy

BISCUITS, BEST EVER

2 cups flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
1/2 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. sugar
1/2 cup vegetable shortening
2/3 cup milk
1 egg, unbeaten

Sift all dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until consistency of cornmeal. Add milk slowly; then add egg. Stir to a stiff dough. Knead about 5 or 6 times. Roll out and cut. Bake in hot oven.
—Margery

ELEGANT HAMBURGERS

1 lb. ground beef
1/4 cup catsup
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1/4 tsp. celery salt
1/8 tsp. garlic salt
1/8 tsp. thyme
Dash ground cloves

Combine beef, catsup, dry mustard, celery salt, garlic salt, thyme and cloves; mix well. Shape into four patties. Broil on rack about four inches from source of heat until cooked throughout, turning once during broiling.
—Margery

GREEK KALSTCHE

(Fruit turnovers)

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1 lb. butter or margarine
4 cups flour
6 Tbls. milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Fruit filling as desired

Place cream cheese and butter or margarine in bowl. When they come to room temperature, cream until smooth. Add remaining ingredients except fruit. Cover bowl and store in refrigerator several hours or overnight. When ready to use, pinch off ball the size of a walnut. Flatten on floured board until very thin and about the size of a teacup. Use whatever fruit filling you desire. Canned pie filling is just right — or make your own with fruit, thickening, and sugar so it is quite thick. Spoon 1/2 to 1 tsp. filling on each circle of dough, fold over and seal edges. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 375 degrees, 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. A little powdered sugar frosting on the top makes these especially fine.

This is a large recipe and may easily be cut in half. The unbaked turnovers could be made, placed on a cookie sheet, frozen, and then stored in a plastic bag until a later date when they could be put into the oven for baking. Add a little more baking time if the pastry is put in the oven frozen. A fine dessert to add to home-prepared frozen dinners.
—Evelyn

HOT MILK SPONGE CAKE

4 eggs
2 cups sugar
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 cups cake flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup hot milk

Beat eggs in a bowl until light. Gradually add sugar. Continue to beat while adding flavoring. Sift the dry ingredients together 3 times. Add half to sugar-egg mixture and beat. Then add other half of flour mixture. Add hot milk and stir until smooth. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Betty and Lucile

CORNEBEEF GELATIN SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
1 1/2 cups hot water
2 Tbls. vinegar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 can corned beef, cut in small pieces

1/2 tsp. salt
3 cups shredded carrots
1 cup drained peas
1 onion, minced
1 cup diced celery
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1 cup mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add vinegar and flavoring. Cool until syrupy; then add remaining ingredients. Pour in mold or a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill until firm.

If desired, 2 Tbls. horseradish may be added to mayonnaise.

—Betty and Lucile

FIESTA CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked meat, diced (or 1 lb. ground beef)
2 cups celery, sliced
1/2 cup onion, diced
1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
1 can mushrooms (optional)
1/4 cup pimiento
2 cups cooked peas
2 cups cooked noodles
Salt and pepper to taste

If ground beef is used, brown in a small amount of shortening. Remove from skillet and saute celery and onions until transparent. (If leftover roast, ham, chicken or turkey is used for this casserole, saute onion and celery in small amount of shortening.) Combine with remaining ingredients. Spoon into greased casserole or 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees. A delicious and very economical meal.
—Evelyn

CHOPS BAKED IN ORANGE SAUCE

4 thick pork chops
1/2 cup orange juice
4 Tbls. honey
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. black pepper
1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Place chops in a baking pan large enough so they do not overlap. Mix together remaining ingredients and pour over the chops. Bake in a 350-degree oven until done, usually about an hour. Baste frequently with sauce.

—Mae Driftmeyer

HONEY-ORANGE SAUCE

1/2 cup honey
1/4 cup orange juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
A dash of salt

Combine ingredients. Serve over ice cream; spice, white or yellow cake, or over mixed fruits. Leftover sauce may be refrigerated, covered.
—Evelyn

EXTRA SPECIAL BANANA CREAM PIE

2/3 cup sugar
3 Tbls. cornstarch
1/4 tsp. salt
3 egg yolks
1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup water
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3 egg whites
1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
6 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

1 9-inch baked pie shell
3 ripe bananas, sliced

Combine 2/3 cup sugar, cornstarch, salt and egg yolks. Gradually add milk and water. Cook over low heat until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add vanilla and butter flavorings. Cover and cool. Stir once or twice to hasten cooling. The cover keeps a film from forming on top.

Prepare meringue by beating egg whites and cream of tartar together until soft peaks form. Gradually add 6 Tbls. sugar, continuing to beat, until stiff peaks are made when beaters are lifted from mixture. Fold in banana flavoring.

Spoon a layer of cooled custard over bottom of cooled pie shell. Slice bananas directly onto this first layer. Spoon remaining custard over bananas, pushing filling around bananas to seal out air. Spoon meringue over top, completely covering filling and bringing to edge of pie shell. Bake at 400 degrees until golden brown. Delicious served warm. Cut just when ready to serve to keep bananas from darkening.
—Evelyn

COOKING HINTS

A single bay leaf dropped on a boiling chicken, or meat of any kind enhances the flavor greatly.

An apple, unpeeled, sliced with sauerkraut is good.

Cream or milk added to browned potatoes, just to boil up and bubble in the skillet, is tasty. A little cheese adds still a different flavor.

HOMEMADE CAKE MIX

5 cups sifted all-purpose flour (OR
1/2 box cake flour)
2 1/2 Tbls. baking powder
1/2 cup powdered milk
2 tsp. salt
3 1/2 cups sugar
1 1/4 cups shortening
Sift dry ingredients into large bowl.
Cut in shortening until mixture looks

like cornmeal. Store in covered bowl. If homogenized shortening is used this may be stored on cupboard shelf. If a shortening is used which needs refrigeration then store in refrigerator.

Many varieties of cake may be made from this homemade mix.

White or Yellow Cake

4 1/2 cups mix
1 cup milk or water
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
2 eggs for yellow cake OR 3 egg whites for white cake

Add milk or water to mix and beat well. Add flavorings and eggs. Continue beating 3 minutes. Turn into greased and floured pan. Enough for one 9- by 13-inch or two 9-inch layer pans. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes (depending on the size of the pan) or until cake tests done.

For chocolate cake add 2 squares chocolate, melted, and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring.

Use your imagination and various flavorings for different types of cake made from the mix. A fine way to save on the grocery bill. —Evelyn

COMPANY ONIONS

Boiling water
1 lb. small onions
1 cup water
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. paprika
Pepper to taste
1 Tbls. brown sugar
2 Tbls. slivered blanched almonds
1/4 cup butter or margarine
2 Tbls. flour
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Pour boiling water over the onions, let stand for a few minutes, drain and peel. Combine the 1 cup of water, salt, pepper, paprika and brown sugar, bring to a boil. Add the onions, cover and cook over low heat for 30 minutes or until fork tender. Drain and save cooking liquid.

Put the onions in a greased one-quart casserole. Brown the almonds in the butter or margarine; add the flour and brown it just a little bit. Stir in the liquid the onions were cooked in and cook until slightly thickened; add Worcestershire sauce and pour over the onions. Cover and bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

A HINT FOR LIMA BEANS

Save some of the juice from a jar of dill pickles. When serving plain, cooked lima beans, put a teaspoon of the dill juice over the beans. You might like a bit more, but start with one teaspoonful to see just how much you like.



Spring

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GOURMET OF MONTICELLO

by
Marjorie Spiller Neagle

Of all the Presidents who have served our country Thomas Jefferson, although a temperate eater himself, has earned the title of *gourmet extraordinaire*. Simple in every other taste, and so democratic that he once brought home his butcher to dine with a company of distinguished guests, Jefferson's penchant for unusual foods often sent him with his French steward, Etienne Le-maire, scouring the markets of Georgetown, Richmond, and Baltimore in search of rare and exotic delicacies.

The President was a generous host. Nothing gave him greater joy than to serve elaborate dinners to large assemblies of friends and public officials, seating them at round tables so that none of them would be greater than his neighbor. These parties were so frequent that the former president, John Adams, was moved to remark sourly, "I held levees but once a week, that all my time might not be wasted in idle talk. But Jefferson's eight years (in the White House) were a levee."

While serving as Treaty Commissioner in France (1785-1789) Jefferson had acquired a fondness for French and Italian cooking, which caused another compatriot, Patrick Henry, to declare that "our President is not fond of . . . in fact, is unfaithful to his native victuals."

In actuality Jefferson was extremely fond of most foods obtainable in the United States. He especially relished squab or pigeon pie, *ragouts* of squirrel and rabbit, all varieties of fish, wild duck, and guinea fowl; oyster pie, and venison. Often when he was entertaining friends of special importance he would order a suckling pig to be roasted on a spit in the huge fireplace.

Whenever the President craved a Virginia breakfast of ham and eggs, batter cake and fried apples, the cook he had brought from Monticello prepared it for him. Otherwise every morsel of food he and his household ate was cooked by his French chef, Julien, overseen by Etienne.

Although Thomas Jefferson has been incorrectly credited with introducing ice cream to America (a dessert he had first tasted in France) he was, without doubt, responsible for its immediate popularity in the Colonies.

Actually Martha Washington had served ice cream to her guests during her husband's presidency. She left no recipe for it but records show that in 1784 she purchased a "cream machine for ice", and while visiting in Philadelphia bought molds for more attractive serving.

Ice cream was so often the preferred



Katharine Lowey speaks to one of "the friendly animals" at the fine zoo in Albuquerque, a favorite place to spend a Sunday afternoon.

dessert at the executive mansion that Washington hostesses began following suit, vying with one another in originating ways of serving it. One method was to encase plum-sized balls of it in warm pastry. By 1812 ice cream was on the table of every family that could afford an "ice-machine".

Jefferson always saw to it that Monticello Fruit Cake and Monticello Sponge Cake were on hand to be served to whoever might drop in for a few moments or an hour.

He collected favorite recipes from friends and from Etienne, copying them down in his fine hand writing. He had them bound individually for his granddaughters to take to their new homes when they went there as brides.

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MUSHROOMS - A WORLD OF WONDER AT YOUR FEET

by
Beulah Mae Moon

Dorothy's occasional mention of mushrooms, and her statement in the June issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* of the many mushroom hunters in their woods in the spring, points up the tremendous interest in mushrooms that has sprung up all over the U.S. in recent years. This is further attested to by the increasing number of mushroom clubs that are forming and affiliating with the North American Mycological Association, "NAMA" for short.

Official NAMA national conventions, or forays, as they are called, are held each year in different sections of the country, in good mushroom-hunting areas. The 1968 and 1972 forays were held at beautiful Priest Lake in northern Idaho, hosted by the Spokane Mushroom Club. Since we live in the Spokane Valley, approximately 80 miles from Priest Lake, it has been our family's privilege to attend these forays. 1972 was an unusually dry year here, but even so, in the deep woods of north Idaho, over 300 different species of mushrooms were collected and recorded.

According to Dr. Alexander H. Smith, one of the world's foremost authorities on mushrooms, now retired, and former professor of botany and director of the University Herbarium at the University



Dorothy & Frank Johnson have the advantage of owning some timber, the ideal place to look for mushrooms. A riding horse often comes in handy when mushroom hunting.

of Michigan at Ann Arbor, mushrooms peak at the seven-year cycle, and 1968 was such a year at Priest Lake, where nearly 400 species were collected. Dr. Smith catalogued a few hundred more after the foray concluded. It was almost impossible to step out of your car at the resort where the foray headquarters were established without stepping on a mushroom.

Whether you are a Mycophagist (interested in eating) or a Mycologist (interested in studying), mushrooms are fascinating. They come in many shapes and colors and many are absolutely beautiful. Since mushrooms contain no chlorophyll and need no sunshine to help in the manufacture of food, they grow best in deep, dark places as well as fields and meadows. The mushroom we pick is actually the fruit of the plant. The plant, or mycelium, is a web of threads growing and creeping underground, breaking down, and feeding on, decaying matter. They do best in the presence of much moisture; hence, the profusion of mushrooms that Dorothy reports.

Authorities are continuously reclassifying mushrooms as they discover new ones and find new methods of identifying them. Two apparently identical mushrooms that have been classified as one species, for instance, under a microscope may be found to be different after all. Then there is the dye method of identification that breaks them down further, so you can see the field of study and exploration is unending and challenging.

If you are interested in identifying edible mushrooms, and there are many delicious ones, it behooves you to be able to identify them accurately. There can be no guesswork where mushrooms are concerned, although there are many that are easily identified and not easily confused with others. However, you can seldom go by rules, as there are too many exceptions.

There are some 3000 known species,

of which approximately 90 per cent are non-poisonous. Some are deadly; some are poisonous to some people; and many are non-poisonous but disagreeable. The most poisonous group is the Amanitas, of which the most deadly is the one known as "the Destroying Angel". This mushroom causes more deaths in the U.S. than the rattlesnake. The poison from this deadly member is so delayed, up to 24 hours, that it is then generally too late to do much about it. People die every year from mistaking this variety for an edible one.

But do not let this scare you out. There are more "good" ones than "bad" ones. Arm yourself with a good mushroom book, and there are many now available. Better yet, join a mushroom club, where there are generally some "experts". Suggest that your club affiliate with NAMA, attend the forays if possible, and have fun!

PREPARE TO SPEAK . . . THEN. SPEAK

Knees weak because you've got to make a speech?

Throat so dry you can't utter a sound?

Mind gone blank and you can't remember a thing you were supposed to say?

Paralyzed? Feel like you're about to face a firing squad?

These symptoms seem indicative of some terrible disease, yet all you're going to do is give a speech.

Unless you're an experienced orator, you will feel some apprehension. But relax. It's natural and even beneficial because it will keep you alert.

Still, if you are terrified of speaking before a group of people, you can overcome the feeling by getting your mind off yourself.

Here's how to go about it.

First, be prepared. Know your subject and what phase of it the audience is interested in hearing.

Try to keep your mind off yourself and concentrate on what you want to communicate.

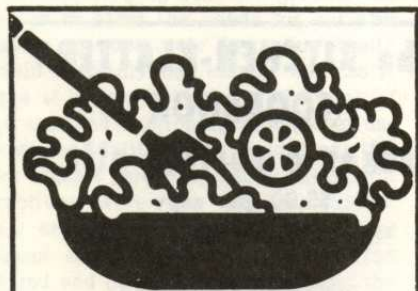
Be yourself. Speak in your own words. Everyone can spot a phony.

Rehearse your speech, but don't memorize it. Memorized material has a tendency to sound mechanical.

Remember, you may not be William Jennings Bryant, but someone felt you had something worthwhile to say and asked you to speak.

That's all you're expected to do.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand
As in what direction we are moving. . .
We must sail sometimes with the wind
and sometimes against it,
But we must sail, and not drift, nor lie
at anchor. —Oliver Wendell Holmes



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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

While browsing at the bookstore, a paperback called *Mini-Sketches of Great Americans* (Pocket Books, 95¢) caught my attention. This presents brief, readable biographies of 72 famous Americans who struggled against heavy odds to achieve their goals. Drawn from many walks of life, here are the stories of significant contributions made to the rich and varied heritage of this country. Included in the broad range of subjects are people like Ralph Bunche, who rose above poverty of a Detroit ghetto to become one of the most highly respected statesmen of this century, and Elizabeth Blackwell, who overcame the prejudices of the medical community to become the first woman doctor in America. Others mentioned; John James Audubon, ornithologist; Levi Strauss, peddler to pants king; Henry Ford, who put America on wheels; Anne Sullivan, Helen Keller's teacher; J. C. Penney, Golden Rule merchant; Marian Anderson, voice of a century, George Washington Carver, the wizard of Tuskegee; and Flip Wilson, funny man.

The book was prepared under the direction of the St. Louis Board of Education and is adapted from a two-volume work, *Shape and Stature I* and *Shape and Stature II*.

The biographical sketches were researched and written by the staff of the Curriculum Services Division of the St. Louis Public Schools. The illustrations were drawn by students at the Washington University School of Fine Arts.

The book quotes Thomas Carlyle: *The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible to his full growth; and show himself at length in his own shape and stature be these what they may.*

Those who like historical fiction will appreciate *The Burning Lamp* (St. Martin's Press, \$6.50) by Frances Murray. Florence Nightingale was one of England's greatest heroines. Her nurses, Sisters of the Lamp, became angels of the British soldiers and also created new roles for women. Phemie Witherpoon is the heroine of this novel. As a very independent-minded nurse, Phemie is sent by Miss Nightingale to an American gold-mining town in need



Margery Strom serves a lovely decorated cake at her mother's table.

of medical help. Phemie's new career launched her into a tough world of silver miners and frontiersmen, watched over in their different ways by the U.S. Cavalry and the Comanche. Phemie needed to come to terms with both. *The Burning Lamp* is a spirited story of Victorian nursing in London and the

wild West. Strong characters, including that of Phemie, make *The Burning Lamp* exciting reading.

Salt in My Kitchen (Moody Press Publication, \$1.00) is another find from the bookstore. Now in its thirteenth printing, Jeanette W. Lockerbie's *Salt in My Kitchen* uses the theme of things that frequently come to the attention of the homemaker. The common everyday objects and events provide illustrations for truth. Under such titles as "Against a Rainy Day", "The Right to Be Angry", "The Twenty-Four-Hour Virus", and "Burned Toast", these thoughts speak to the heart and make a homemaker's daily experiences spiritually rewarding and meaningful.

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Always listen to the opinions of others. Their opinions probably won't do you any good, but listening will do them some good.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

"When I was waiting in a dentist office," writes Carla H., "I picked up a gardening magazine and read an article on growing pansies in an upright planter. I saw a photograph in color of the planter in full bloom and it was lovely. My turn came and I put the magazine down. I meant to pick it up and finish the article before I left but someone else was reading it by then so I never got back to finish it. Would you know how to make such a planter? I would like to grow petunias rather than pansies, as I think they might succeed better for me, and I have just the sunny spot near the back entry for an upright planter. What varieties would you plant in it?"

I recall seeing the article she mentions, but I can't seem to locate it. I believe such a planter is made by



Lucile has always said that she has any color thumb but a green one and couldn't keep a plant growing if her life depended upon it. She is very fortunate that her friend Betty Tilsen, who lives with her now, has a genuine knack with houseplants and this corner of the living room shows some of the larger plants that are thriving under her care.

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taking a board six inches wide by four feet long (you can use a longer one if required), and stapling 14-inch wide chicken wire mesh along one side, bringing it over to form a half-round area enclosure with the mesh. Staple it to the other side of the board. One end is also stapled shut. The mesh holes are stuffed with wet sphagnum moss and the container filled with a mixture of damp moss and sand. Place in an upright position. Moss is removed at regular intervals up and down the planter and seedling plants inserted in the spaces. I would suggest multiflora petunias for such a planter as they are more compact in growth habit.

For years I advised readers to discard the bulb plants that had been forced in early spring for indoor bloom. I had always been told that the bulbs had "spent themselves" and were worthless. One year we had an excess of forced bulbs that bloomed themselves out in the greenhouse. The helper was instructed to throw the bulbs on the compost heap, but she asked if she couldn't tuck them in the ground along the base of some lilacs by the greenhouse. The following spring several of the hyacinths bloomed, as did a few tulips. The second spring the planting was very pretty. We mulched them with old well-rotted manure in late fall and the next spring it was spectacular. Don't discard any bulb — give it a chance by planting it outdoors. You may be rewarded as we were with a fine show of bloom.

OH LOOK! IT'S APRIL - Concl.

Charleston Gray and Dixie Queen. The Crenshaws, cantaloupe and honeydew melons should add fine eating to our summer meals if the weather will just cooperate. Don't ask where the melon patch is; any gardener with common sense keeps his melons out of sight!

What will grow in the herb garden is always a question. The dill and sage do beautifully. Everything else just sits there! For several years Robert has tried to get mint started and has failed. Why does he grow most plants so successfully but not herbs? One of my Christmas gifts to him this past year was a new book on growing herbs, *The Rodale Herb Book*, edited by William H. Hyllton and published by Rodale Press, Emmaus, Pa. We'll see what comes up this year with this increase in knowledge.

In a way, growing herbs brings us back where we started, with the early pioneers, and the Indians each contributing to the quantity and uses of herbs. European settlers brought plants with them to use for cooking, dyeing and medicinal purposes. The Indians passed along their herb plants and knowledge of their uses to the pioneers. Gardening draws the past nearer to us all.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

the tours so that he can accompany both of them.

When people ask us how we manage to have such a "family feeling" in a big downtown, city church, we give much of the credit to our tours. People who travel together in small groups get to know each other very well, and strong ties of Christian friendship are made. For thirteen years Betty and I took thirty-six church members with us each summer to the family home in Nova Scotia, and since we no longer do that, the tours conducted by our Associate Minister help tremendously. This will be the first summer since 1967 that we have not had a church tour going to Europe, but the Bermuda tour will make up for it.

I hope that the month of April will bring you showers of blessing.

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

too much. But it was a happy day when the doctor said Frank could go home.

He still has a long way to go before we can call his arm well, and he may never get the full use of it again, but he still has it, and for this we are grateful. Although we will probably be making trips to Des Moines to the doctor for a long time, at least we are home again, and I have been able to

relieve Roy and Howard of some of our chores. Before long Frank will be able to go outside with me to give the orders and see to it that I do everything right.

Since Frank and Bernie were both in hospitals for Christmas, we decided to wait and have our gifts when everyone was home again. We have celebrated a few days late several times, but never two months late!

Although this has been a sad winter for us, we are looking forward to the first day of spring and the arrival of our third grandchild. Kristin was very much shaken by her dad's accident, and wanted to come right away, but we didn't want her to make the trip at this time. Also, there was nothing she could do here, and she had her hands full at home since they were getting ready to move to Billings, Montana. They are now getting settled in their new home, and Art is working in a hospital there.

Mother has had fun this winter writing letters to all the relatives and planning a baby shower for Kristin by mail. In fact, I must get my package wrapped and ready to take to the post office when I go in to mail this letter, so until next month

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LONG HISTORY FOR**APRIL FOOL**

When you play some prank on April Fool's Day you will be following a custom that goes back over 375 years; so far, in fact, that its true origin is uncertain.

But in 1564, the tenants of France celebrated a gala day on April 1, playing tricks and doing foolish things. They were happy because they had won an important court decision over the land owners of the country. This probably was the start of April Fool's Day.

HEARING AIDS
UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS ★

• BUY DIRECT • 20 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Body Aids \$59.50 up. Tiny, inconspicuous All-in-the-Ear; Behind-the-Ear; Eye Glass Aids. One of the largest selections of fine quality aids. Very low battery prices. Write for FREE literature. No salesman will ever call. Good hearing is a wonderful gift. ★ LLOYD CORP. ★

Dept. K T, 128 Kish. St., Rockford, Ill. 61104

Do You Live with the Ache and Pain of Arthritis, Soreness?

Hardly a day goes by that you don't see an ad to relieve the pain of arthritis, rheumatism, neuralgia, bursitis or soreness. Some are expensive drugs, some are simple ointments. Some are new, some are old. One thing they all have in common is that few of them help and that is sad!

Let me tell you about the J. W. Gibson Co. For over 50 years we have been selling home products. Among these is one called "Icy-Hot". It was a good seller but it really didn't fit in with our other items so we tried to drop it from our line.

Arthritis sufferers from around the country wrote in begging us to continue selling "Icy-Hot". One lady sent us a blank check pleading that we send her a case! We were amazed and naturally decided to keep it in the line. If it is that good, we reasoned, we should make it available to more people. So, that's why we are running this ad.

Just what is "Icy-Hot"? Is it a pill? No! Is it a salve? Yes! So what makes it different?

Well, it contains an ingredient imported from South America. Without it, "Icy-Hot" won't do a thing!

Will it work for you? It is helping thousands of other arthritis suf-



ferers, so we think it will help you, too! Proof is in our high re-order rate!

If you will send us \$3.00 we will rush to you a 3½ oz. jar of "Icy-Hot" to try. If it doesn't help your arthritis or other aches and pains don't bother sending the unused portion back . . . that's too much trouble for you. Just drop us a note and we will return your \$3.00 by return mail. It's that simple! If "Icy-Hot" doesn't help your suffering, we don't want your money! Send \$3.00 for a large 3½-oz. jar or \$5.00 for a giant 7-oz. jar to:

J. W. GIBSON COMPANY

Dept. K-19
2000 N. Illinois St.
Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Pick Strawberries In 90 Days

GIANT EASY TO TRAIN CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES

**Everbearing.
Produce all Summer
Until Frost.**

**5 \$1.98
PLANTS Only**

- ★ Ever-bearing Perennials
Grow Year After Year!
- ★ Can Be Trained on Any Trellis,
Fence or Pole!
- ★ Produces Berries From
Bottom To Top!
- ★ Easy To Grow — Simple To Plant!
- ★ Large Juicy Berries!
- ★ Bears Fruit First Year!

It's true! A beautiful climbing strawberry. A strawberry plant that produces delicious, honey-sweet red strawberries the whole way up! Read these facts and learn how you can grow these beautiful ornamental plants that produces berries that you can pick from the vine.

Imagine the curiosity, the envy of your neighbors as they watch you grow strawberries on a pole, trellis or fence. Imagine the interest and excitement as they watch this richly foliated plant reaching vigorously upward. Imagine your own delight as you watch enticing bright red strawberries appear. Just picture yourself leisurely walking through your garden picking real red strawberries from your own exotic climbing strawberry plants . . . picking delightful tasting strawberries right off the vine . . . without having to wash off the dirt . . . and popping them into your mouth to enjoy their vine-fresh flavor!

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES ARE PERENNIALS Ever-Bearing — Produce All Summer Until Frost

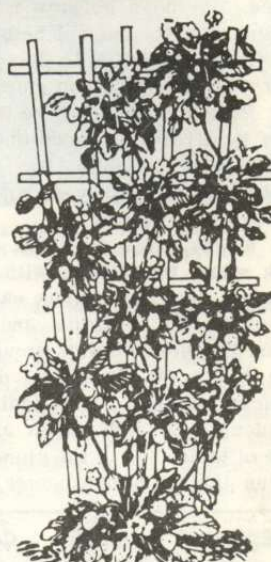
You don't have to buy and plant these Climbing Strawberries every year! Because they are hardy perennials, they'll grow year after year. And each spring they'll produce even more lustily, increasing in length quickly and forming 5 to 6 rosettes at intervals. These rosettes produce clusters of flowers from which the berries fruit profusely this year. In turn, the rosettes produce more runners which bear more flowers and fruit. A prolific, splendid plant to enjoy for years and years. It is truly everbearing.

EASY TO GROW

These plants have proven their ability to thrive and produce and withstand severe winters. And you don't need a lot of space to grow them in . . . only a couple of square feet of ground per plant! Imagine — a climbing strawberry plant from only 2 square feet of ground! Amazing, but true. Planting and care are simple and full directions come with your order.

© Climbing Strawberries 1975

If ordering from Canada, plants will be shipped by our Canadian Office.



★ **STRAWBERRIES FROM SPRING UNTIL FROST** ★
Offer Will Not Be Repeated This Year.

Climbing strawberries grow and bear succulent berries until killing frost. Planted in early spring, these climbing strawberry plants start producing berries around July and continue to produce week after week, until frost. You can enjoy the firm texture, tempting fragrance and delightful taste of these magnificent strawberries for months. But that's not all! These plants are as beautiful as they are practical. Not only do they produce delicious fruit, but they also help to dress up your garden with beautiful greenery decked generously with bright red berries. A splendid ornamental plant with luxurious wax-green foliage. Act today!

The Climbing Strawberries offered in this ad are cultivated exclusively for us and are available **only** through this advertisement and cannot be purchased anywhere else in the United States.

**PLANTS WILL BE SHIPPED IN TIME FOR PROPER PLANTING
IN YOUR AREA. YOU WILL BE PICKING BERRIES 90 DAYS
AFTER YOU PLANT THEM.**

RUSH ORDER TODAY

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES — Dept. CT-134

Caroline Road
Philadelphia, PA. 19176

**5 Plants Only \$1.98
10 Plants Only \$2.98**

Please rush me my CLIMBING STRAWBERRY PLANTS.
5 for \$1.98 or 10 for \$2.98.

☐ SEND Climbing Strawberry Plants. (Add 35c
for postage and handling).
Enclosed is \$

Name

Address

City State Zip

(Add Sales Tax Where Applicable)



HAVE A HOBBY TO ENJOY AND TO RELAX

Everyone can afford to enjoy a hobby. In fact, few people can afford not to . . . especially in America today.

Free time presents a challenge. Doctors warn against too much inactivity which can produce boredom. You may enjoy being lazy now and then . . . but excessive boredom makes many people cranky, depressed, even physically ill.

How can you invest your leisure hours?

Why not put them to work to make your life happier, more complete? You can find that kind of satisfaction in a hobby.

As an emotional safety valve . . . a tension-reliever . . . a pleasure always ready to be savored . . . hobbies are unbeatable.

Hobbies are practically gilt-edged insurance that you will win friends and influence people! When you have a hobby, you become a specialist of a sort . . . you have something new to talk about . . . something that will interest others.

According to the Hobby Industry Association, whether you enjoy the rugged outdoors, or the snug comforts of home and fireside, there's a hobby for you. It doesn't take much equipment or know-how to get started.

Hobbies come in just four varieties: You can decide you want to *do* something, *make* something, *learn* something, or *collect* something. In each case, you may have a hobby to enjoy in blissful solitude or one which calls for the companionship of like-minded — and therefore, highly desirable — people!

How many actual hobbies are there to choose from? Almost as many as there are people to enjoy them.

So, anywhere your fancy takes you . . . go there the hobby way. By allotting some of your leisure time to constructive activities, you will be a happier and more interesting person to know.

HOW ABOUT A TRADE-IN?

When people's cars get old and worn
And they begin to toddle,
They go somewhere and trade them in
And get the latest model.

Now I have very often thought,
Since time has left me feeble,
How nice 'twould be to find a firm
That deals in worn out people.

How nice 'twould be when feet give out
Or we have damaged livers,
If we could go and buy new parts
Just as we do for flivvers.

And when my frame is bent with age
And gets to looking shoddy,
How nice 'twould be to trade it in
And get a brand-new body. —Unknown



"You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

You cannot help the wage earner by crippling the wage payer.

You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.

You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.

You cannot escape trouble by spending more than you earn.

You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence."

These aren't the words of a capitalist, nor are they the words of a press agent for selfish interests. They are the words of him known as the "great friend of the common man", Abraham Lincoln.



"The idea for the spring tea? Oh, the girls read it from a letter on the *Kitchen-Klatter* program."

You, too, can gain inspiration from the letters we read from our listeners, so tune in weekdays on one of these radio stations:

KMA	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Iowa, 92.1 mc. on your dial — 11:15 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.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.

Leanna's Quilt Pattern Collection

Patterns for 9 lovely
quilts PLUS a
5x7 picture of



Leanna Field Driftmier

which is suitable for framing.

\$1.00 postpaid.

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601





When you read Dorothy's letter on page 6, you'll see where all these pretty packages came from and what Mother is going to do with them!

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. 204
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.

☐ I enclose \$5.00 for the 7 oz. jar.

☐ Cash ☐ Check
☐ Money Order

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

© J. W. GIBSON CO., 1974

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

unremitting use the porcelain linings still look brand-new.

I don't know when Juliana and the children will be able to make a trip home again. I know it won't be in the immediate future because of James and school complications; Katharine is still in nursery school five mornings a week and her absence wouldn't be a big hurdle, but first grade is something else again! I long to see them all, partly at least to compensate for the horrible fiasco of my last trip, and yet I know I can't make that long drive in the near future.

Juliana and Jed had the terrible experience last week of having their house broken into and things taken that can never, never be replaced. Some of those things were a gift to Juliana from her father and she was hard hit by such a blow. They had always felt very secure in their home, but I'm afraid that day is gone for a long, long time to come. I feel so terribly, terribly sorry for them . . . and not a thing in the world I can do to help.

It will be spring when I write to you again.

Sincerely,

Lucile

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

eral days with Martin at that time. We'd like to get better acquainted with his congregation and the community.

The new parsonage is under construction and since the old parsonage has been sold, he'll have to move into temporary quarters until the new house is ready for him. He thought at first that he might be living in the church basement but, as it stands now, he'll move into a large mobile home for a few months.

Mother just telephoned that Wayne and Abigail are going to be in our area on business and will be able to swing through Shenandoah for an overnight visit. We'll have to get our heads together sometime today to plan a family dinner. We're hoping that Lucile will be feeling well enough to join us. She's had such a battle with her health since she had the flu, but things are looking up now.

With that good news, I'll close. Until next month

Sincerely,

Margery

One used his talents to rest. They buried him after he had finished sleeping.

One used his talents to work. They buried him after he had finished living.

"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.

June ads due April 10
July ads due May 10
August ads due June 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.

OVERWEIGHT? I lost 53 pounds, easy. (permanently!) - New method. Information free. . . . Helen, Box 5309K26, Stamonica, California 90405.

LIVING COSTS HIGH? You can stretch your budget with a *Worldwide Delicacies Cookbook*. 1,000 recipes, 11 sections, from around the world. 256 pages, spiral bound. \$2.75 postpaid. Crescent Publishing Co., Hills, Minn. 56138.

LOVELY LINEN HANKIES. Lovers knot edge, white or variegated - 2 for \$2.50 and stamp. Free gift with orders of four. Mrs. Carl Denner, New Hampton, Ia. 50659

WILL FORMS . . . "Make your own will." Mail \$2.00 (2 for \$3.50) to Forms, P.O. Box 3609, New Haven, Conn. 06525.

CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150 page Cook Book for organizations for \$1.25 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

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.

BETHANY COOKBOOK: Over a thousand tried recipes, featuring many Scandinavian. Over 40,000 sold. Send \$2.75 postpaid to: Sioux Falls, S. D. 57105, Eunice Anderson, 2112 S. Spring.

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.

MINT MOLDS . . . Valentine, bunny, chick, carnation, daisy, leaf, bell. 75¢ each postpaid. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Garner, Iowa 50438.

HOUSEWIVES . . . Local addressers & mailers wanted CASHCO - Box 480 - Highmore, S. D. 57345.

COLLECTORS: The more you know, the luckier you get. Antiques. Nostalgia, hobbies, collectibles. Read the *American Collector's Journal*, Box 1065, Three Bridges, N. J. 08887. Subscribe today. Only \$5 year.

BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY. Cheap. Catalog 25¢. (Refundable.) J. Masek, Box 6452, Lincoln, Nebr. 68506.

FOR SALE: Kitchen-Klatters, beginning 1949 - 10¢ each, plus postage. Story American Family \$6.00. Virginia Paulsen, Lakota, Iowa 50451.

"FARMERS' ALMANAC COOKBOOK". Tested recipes!! Hardcover, 382 pages. Originally published \$5.95, now \$3.95 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed! Glenn Smith Enterprises, Box 1513, Dept. 99, Akron, Ohio 44309.

FOR SALE. Baby quilts. Mrs. Wm. Krajnik, Swanton, Ne. 68445.

COLLECTOR'S PLATES: Danish, Gorham, Hummel, Haviland, Imperial Carnival, others. Stamp for prices. Maude House, 8009 Freeman, Kansas City, Kans. 66112.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GIFTS . . . watches, and jewelry. All have Life-Time Guarantee. 20% to 50% discounts. Send \$1.00 for catalog (refunded with first order). Rainco Co., Rt. 1, Maysville, Mo. 64469.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER. Box 663KK, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send stamps for catalog.

HOUSEPLANTS ROOTED . . . 12 different \$6.00 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 4, 5700 14th Ave., Hudsonville, Michigan 49426.

WANTED CROCHETING to do. Violet Umphlett, 1210 Shanklin Ave., Trenton, Mo. 64683.

METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES. 3 1/2" for lifetime identification. \$1.25. Specify name and social security number. Engel Company, 6116 Boston, Des Moines, Iowa 50322.

SALE . . . HAND EMBROIDERED dish towels. Set 6 - \$5.50; hand embroidered pillow cases - pair \$6.00. Josephine Marshall, Sargent, Ne. 68874.

FOR SALE: Salt and pepper shaker collection (about 650); handkerchief collection (about 340). Make an offer. Mrs. Fred Skocpol, 425 LaMoille, Burlington, Ks. 66839.

BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT FEATHER PINS - \$1.10; Pheasant Feather neck-ties - \$6.50; Corn-cob dolls - \$1.45. George Hohnstein, 137 East 4th St., Hastings, Nebr. 68901.

DIABETIC? OVERWEIGHT? You'll love these. Sugarfree apple crisp, jelly, peach cobbler, sherbet, fudge, cakes, pies, cookies - \$1.25. Addie's Recipes, 2670-SKK Jackson, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

SALE: REGISTERED: American Eskimos; Pomeranians; Samoyeds; Shelties; Fox Terriers; Bassett; Westie. Closed Sundays. Zante's, Monroe, Iowa 50214.

FOR SALE: Square Kleenex boxes covered with fur with face, fur fish. Stamp. Kathleen Robinson, 1605 East Dakota, Pierre, S. D. 57501.

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

LEARN HOWBOXTOPS BRING DOLLARS!! 60¢ sample; \$5 - 12 issues. TREASURE CHEST, Box 1132(KK-2), New Brunswick, N. J. 08903.

NEVER WON ANYTHING? Anyone can win Sweepstakes contest: Free details. Services, Box 644-KAB, Des Moines, Iowa 50303.

DIRECTORY OF SHOPS which buy handmade crafts. 25¢ and stamped envelope. Swap Shop, Waverly, Ne. 68462.

PATCHWORK QUILTS WANTED made prior to 1940. Sparks, 4858 E. 10th, Tucson, Ariz. 85711.

STIX makes FALSE TEETH FIT SNUG

for uppers



or lowers



2 LINERS \$1

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

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-4,
4740 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Il. 60651

CHURCH BOOK

Thousands of our friends have found just what they were looking for in our "Church Projects and Programs".

If you don't have a copy order today. Only \$1.00.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

NEED TABLES? Chairs? Trucks?
Send Today For **FREE Catalog**

ORDER DIRECT from



THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054

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

THE TELLTALE MARKS

Little muddy footprints
Tracking up the floor,
Sticky finger marks upon
The newly painted door,
Toys and books and cowboys' guns
Seldom put away,
Laughter ringing loud and clear
Through each shining day.
Barkings of a happy dog
Joining in the fun,
Whispered prayers at Mother's knee
When the day is done -
Any little house can hold
Happiness within,
If it boasts the telltale marks
Where a child has been.

-Anonymous

ORDER TODAY!



An amazing 1/2 price offer during this special sale! The rich colors of creeping phlox — rosy red, steel blue, pure white, and pearl pink — are a delight in early spring when little else is blooming. And these hardy EVERGREEN plants make lovely ground covers or borders ALL YEAR. Strong field divisions grow to 4", thrive in sun or partial shade. Use the handy coupon below to order colorful creeping phlox (Phlox Subulata) at this low sale price.

SAVE

up
to **50%**

Early Spring Color
Beautiful Borders

CREeping PHLOX

1/2 PRICE
6 for \$1.00

EXTRA BONUS!

BOLD BURNING BUSH



35¢ when you order \$4.00 or more of plants. Burning Bush (Reg. \$1.50) has thick green summer leaves, flaming red fall foliage. Only one 35¢ bonus per customer.

NOW 1/2 PRICE!

Five Year Old — 1 to 2 ft. Tall

COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE

ONLY \$1.00 each

(3 for \$2.50)

(6 for \$4.50)

Now, in this special sale, you are able to purchase the ever-beautiful, ever-popular Colorado Blue Spruce (Picea Pungens Glauca) at one-half our regular catalog price. These select, branched, 5-year-old transplanted trees are not seedlings — they are at least 1 to 2 feet tall. Having been transplanted, the root system is well developed and will help the plant to get off to a fast start. Colorado Blue Spruce will add real value to your property. Buy now while our 1/2 price sale lasts and have the added pleasure of shaping your tree just the way you want while you watch it grow.

HOUSE OF WESLEY

Nursery Division

RR #1

Bloomington,

Illinois

61701

**ORDER GUARANTEED PLANTS
TODAY!**

All items guaranteed to be of high quality, and to arrive in good healthy condition or purchase price will be refunded. (One year limit.) Please add 75¢ to order total to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Changes from White to Pink to Purple!

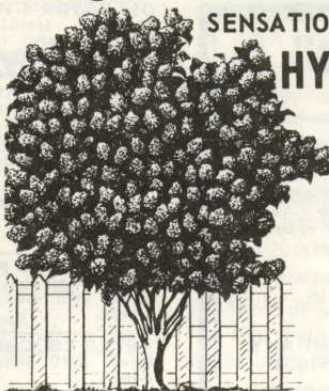
SENSATIONAL COLOR-CHANGING

HYDRANGEA TREE

Reg. \$2.00

now only \$1.00 ea.

(3 for \$2.50)(6 for \$4.50)



In midsummer this breathtaking "color-changing" Hydrangea Tree (Hvd. P.G.) is covered with hundreds of snow white flowers. In August, the flowers turn a beautiful bluish-pink and, in the fall, to a royal purple. An excellent tree for specimen or ornamental planting. Especially nice in groups of three. Easy to grow. Fast growing. You receive choice 1 1/2 to 3' trees guaranteed to have a strong, vigorous root system.

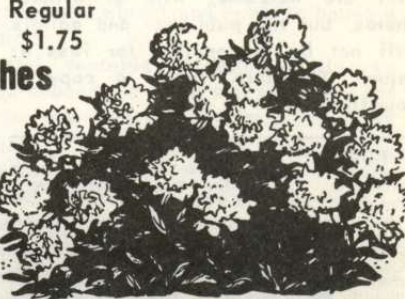
BONUS!

Regular \$1.75

2 PEONY Bushes

for ONLY 50¢

Orders for \$6.00 or more can order two of these beautiful Peony Bushes for only 50¢. Only one 50¢ bonus per customer.



CREeping RED SEDUM

Red summer flowers

Evergreen winter foliage

4 for \$1.00

Strong versatile Sedum (Sedum Spurium Dragons Blood) will bring gay color to rock gardens, borders, edgings, shady places, and steep banks. The neat 3-4" tall cover will spread quickly to form a dense perennial mat with red star-like flowers all summer. Each plant will easily and quickly fill one square foot. Order now at this low price and receive hardy northern nursery grown plants.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

HOUSE OF WESLEY, NURSERY DIVISION
Dept. 3988-45, Bloomington, Ill. 61701

Please send the following items:

HOW MANY	CAT. NO.	ITEM	COST
	182	Blue Spruce	
	241	Creeping Phlox	
	242	Creeping Red Sedum	
	854	Hydrangea Tree	
	190	BONUS Burning Bush 1 for 35¢ on a \$4 order or more	
	192	Burning Bush - 1 for \$1.50	
	626	BONUS Peonies 2 for 50¢ on a \$6 order or more	
	648	Peony - 1 for \$1.75	

TOTAL \$

Please add 75¢ for postage & handling.
Illinois residents please add 5% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____