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Kitchen-Klatter

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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

MY! It's been nip and tuck as to whether or not I'd get off a letter to you this month.

If you are a reader of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine or listen to the daily broadcast program you are aware of the fact that I've been absent from the scene for a good long spell. This certainly was not because I WANTED to be absent, but simply a matter of such wretched, ghastly health that I could only be called worthless.

I told Marge on the phone a few minutes ago that it would take me all day to get my letter written because I can only sit up ten minutes at a stretch. (That ten minutes represents a triumph because at first I couldn't sit up at all, and then minute by minute, day by day, I worked up to my present situation — sit up ten minutes and then lie down again.)

I know now, of course, that every barn in the countryside was unlocked and every horse was gone when I made my plans to go out to Albuquerque. I didn't know this, of course, or I would never have started on such a trip. But I hadn't been to Albuquerque for a long, long time (hadn't been *anywhere* for that matter) and I felt such an acute longing to see Juliana, Jed and my grandchildren that I decided I was well enough to tackle the trip. Never could I have made a worse mistake — as I found out soon enough to my great distress.

Those of you who know me (and I guess that includes just about everyone who is reading these words) also know that I've lived the bulk of my life with a severe physical handicap — one leg instead of two. (You'd call this a genuine handicap, wouldn't you?)

Well, twelve years ago this past June I fell right here in my own house and fractured my "bad" hip. The Omaha orthopedic surgeon who came down to do the repair job wasn't the least en-

thusiastic about the work at hand: he felt that the entire hip bone had disintegrated too badly to permit a pin to hold satisfactorily. But after much argument and discussion and furor he went ahead and pinned it. After quite a long siege in a wheelchair I was able to get up again on what I always referred to as my two feet.

You'll be amazed to know that when I was in the Omaha hospital last fall he came in to spend some entertaining social time with me and he laughed heartily when I told him that through the years people had said to me: "How do you like Doctor X?"

I told them that I didn't know — had never seen him. I was totally anesthetized when he arrived and when he departed, so I never laid eyes on him. This really appealed to his sense of humor.

Well, in spite of being exceedingly cautious at all times I had the remarkably poor fortune to fall out of my wheelchair and hit the floor full force right on my "bad" hip. I felt pretty badly for a few days and sort of slowed down, and that was why I decided I'd made enough positive headway to tackle the Albuquerque trip.

Betty, Dorothy and I started out on a beautiful morning with the car packed to the gun wales as usual and, just for the sake of variety, took I-80 across Nebraska; I'd made the Kansas-Oklahoma run so many times through the years that it seemed like a big relief to see Nebraska again.

We didn't have too much time for the entire trip because Dorothy and I wanted to be back here for Mother's 90th birthday, but we did make out sort of a plan that would enable us to do a very few things, including a run up to Santa Fe to see friends whom I hadn't seen for years. I had also promised Juliana that we'd go to see Vera Henderson at the Trading Post in Golden and she could pick out her birthday gift right there from Vera's magnificent collec-

tion of Indian jewelry.

We got that done, all right, although I felt pretty shaky on the trip up there and the trip back. Then I made it to the supermarket once with Juliana, and my third expedition from the house was to have a perfectly delicious lunch at the home of just about her very oldest friend — their friendship goes back to the days when both of them were three years old! I had a delightful time that day. And it was my last outing.

Day by day I seemed to be getting worse and everyone kept nagging at me to get to the hospital and have x-rays to find out what was causing the increasingly severe pain in my hip and back, but I grew up where it was clearly understood that if you just ignored something it would go away! Well, THIS didn't go away — just got worse and worse, so finally very early in the morning I entered the hospital once again — and there I stayed.

That was an enormous hospital — much bigger than the Clarkson in Omaha and I'd been under the impression that it was genuinely big. I think that the doctors were competent (such a gang of them that I referred to them as Coxe's army) but they are extremely short handed in the nursing department. Some of those girls looked so tired that I felt I should somehow get out of bed (a total impossibility) and turn it over to them.

When you see people a great deal you sort of get acquainted with them, after a fashion, and I was dumbfounded at the number of women who had children to manage, homes to keep up, etc., etc. No wonder they looked tired! And they weren't working to "express" themselves. They were widows, or their husbands had walked out, or their husbands were out of work and had been for a long, long time . . . well, it gave me a very good picture of what each change of shift meant to a lot of people.

Eventually I got out of there and back to Juliana's guest house. I had asked Juliana not to let James or Katharine be anywhere around when I returned because it was total agony to be moved on a stretcher even though the men doing the work were extremely careful. I didn't want to scare them half to death if I suddenly screamed — nothing could frighten any little child more than that.

Finally, after what seemed an absolute eternity, I was told that I could return to Iowa. IOWA! IOWA! I'd never wanted to see anything as badly in all of my life as IOWA and my own HOME.

Believe me, it took some fancy juggling to make the trip. I couldn't ride in the car, of course, and I couldn't sit

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**DOROTHY
WRITES FROM
THE
FARM**

Dear Friends:

What a busy month this has been, and an interesting one for me. There have been birthdays to celebrate, visits with relatives I hadn't seen for a long time, and houseguests to entertain. I guess I'll just get out my journal and start at the beginning.

Frank and I were happy that we got to Shenandoah to help Mother celebrate her birthday, and spend a few hours with members of the family we don't get to see very often. I was afraid we weren't going to make it when Frank came in the morning before and said the cattle were all out, but he didn't have any trouble getting them rounded up and back into the lot; then he went hunting for the break in the fence where they got out. He found it and got it fixed. All the dead elm trees in the timber have caused quite a problem with the fences. We never know when one is going to fall down across a fence and break it.

While visiting with Mother she mentioned that my cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin, was in Iowa City for a few days visiting her sister Gretchen Harshbarger, and their other sister Louise Alexander was to be there at the same time. It had been many years since I had seen Mary, and several since Louise had been in Iowa, so I decided I would call Gretchen to see if it would be possible for me to see them. I found that Mary was leaving the next day and my only chance to see her would be a few minutes in Des Moines if I was at the station when her bus came in. Another cousin, Ruth Watkins, was to meet Mary there and drive her to Clarinda and then to Shenandoah to see Mother. I was at the station early and the bus came in ahead of schedule, so actually I had about a 25-minute visit with her before the Watkinses arrived. This wasn't very long, but at least we got to see each other. I believe that the last time I saw her was in 1960 when I drove Mother and Dad to Massachusetts one summer. Mary and her husband Jim lived in New Jersey at that time, and we spent a few hours with them in their home.

Mary told me that Louise would be in Iowa City another week, so I called Gretchen again to see what date we all



Julian Brase, Dorothy's and Frank's youngest grandson, celebrated his first birthday this spring with a cake topped with a bunny candle.

had open so I could drive up for the day. Neva Clothier, one of my neighbors, has a daughter who is a freshman at the University, and she was happy to go with me to spend the day with Carrie.

I was surprised to find Gretchen with her arm in a cast when I got there. Later on the same day we had talked on the phone, she fell outside and cracked a bone in her wrist. She said it isn't a bad break but her arm will have to be in the cast for a month. Louise and I had a wonderful gabfest. We ran around together all through school and had had the same friends, so it was fun getting caught up on all the news about those we knew. She keeps in touch with several of them in California, and I see those in Shenandoah now and then, so we spent several hours reminiscing and had a lot of good laughs. Gretchen said she had had such a good visit with me when I was there a couple of months ago that she was glad Louise and I had the opportunity to get together.

Frank's sister Ruth McDermott, whose home is in Kansas City, recently had surgery. Before she started back to

COVER PICTURE

I'm sure it has been many years since we've had a picture of our brother Donald Driftmier on the cover. This portrait was taken this spring and given to Mother for her birthday in April. When we saw it, we decided to share it on the cover this month.

Donald is the youngest son in the Driftmier family, and is a teacher in the Academy of Basic Education in Brookfield, Wisconsin. He and Mary Beth and their children, Katharine, Paul and Adrienne, make their home in Delafield, Wisconsin. Both towns are in the outlying area of Milwaukee.

work again she came to spend a few days with Bernie and us. I was so happy that her trip coincided with the few days Mother spent here so they could have a good visit. It had been a long time since they had seen each other.

We celebrated Frank's birthday while Mother was here, with a big dinner for the family and our friends the Dyers from Des Moines, who were spending the weekend at their place in the timber. In fact, Peggy had baked him a birthday cake and brought it to him. He got many lovely gifts. Frank started collecting the old McGuffey readers several years ago when he had two given to him. Since then our friend Larry Allen found one for him, and Ethel Sanders, another good friend, gave him one for his birthday this year. I went to an auction the other day where they sold five readers and one speller, so I got those for him for his birthday. Now he has quite a collection. He and Mother had a lot of fun reading the old stories and poetry.

The last time I was in Shenandoah for work, our office manager, Hallie Kite, had house guests from Australia visiting in her home, Mrs. Gladys Lovitt and her son Philip. I think the story of how they became acquainted is interesting. Hallie is a member of the Toastmistress organization, and a few years ago she attended the International convention in Albuquerque. She met a delegate from Australia by the name of Bonnie Lovitt. Hallie learned that Bonnie had a nephew going to college in Illinois whom she was going to visit before she went back to Australia, so Hallie suggested she ride back to Shenandoah with her instead of flying, so she could see more of our country, and she did. Bonnie spent a few days with Hallie, as did her nephew Philip. They correspond all the time, and Philip has been at Hallie's several times to visit in the summers when he wasn't in school.

Philip graduated this year, and his mother, Mrs. Gladys Lovitt, came from Australia to attend the graduation, and before she returned home she and Philip spent a week with Hallie. I met her when she came to the plant to look around, and when I found out she lived on a farm I was anxious to visit with her a little more, so I stopped at the house before I returned to Lucas.

Her farm is 120 acres located one mile from Diamond Creek, Victoria, Australia, and 22 miles from Melbourne, which is in the extreme southeastern corner of the country. Her husband was in the tool manufacturing business, and bought the farm as an investment be-

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Adventureland

A FATHER-AND-SON BANQUET

by
Mabel Nair Brown

With the theme "Adventureland" the planning committee is free to let their imaginations have full sway as they consider all the things that might bring adventure and spice into the lives of the male of the species, from boyhood on through adult life.

DECORATIONS

Some of the articles to consider using as table decorations include: colorful and unusual fishing lures, golf balls and score cards, baseball glove and baseball, football, old-fashioned handmade willow whistles, duck decoys and duck callers, tops, marbles, and home-made sling shots.

For the 1976 Bicentennial touch use paper streamers in the patriotic colors down the length of the tables, and place the items mentioned above along these, down the center of the tables. For a special centerpiece for the speaker's table, use a large paper sailboat (dark blue boat with white sails would be pretty) to represent the spirit of adventure that those early pioneers to America had. The name of the boat (lettered on the side) might read "Mayflower", or, if you prefer, "The Spirit of '76", or simply "America".

For wall decorations and room displays use kites, fishing equipment, fishnets, stilts, and various hobby displays. (Perhaps some men of your community make wood decorations, do wood carving, or make candles, and would set up displays.) Backpacking equipment, a small tent with camp lantern, even a canoe, are other items to use if space permits.

If you would like to emphasize the Bicentennial angle, you might do this with displays of old crosscut saws, axes, and other old tools used by pioneers, along with old games, gunnysack-covered water jugs, jack knives, skinning knives, canteens, saddle bags — anything reminiscent of the early days of our nation from the male angle.

Nutcups: How about marble bags made of net or a coarse cotton material, with

round hard candies placed in them as the "marbles"? Or the cups could be made of brown construction paper cut and glued to form a "saddle bag", or make a golf bag, using small stick candies for the golf clubs. Another idea would be to make miniature kites in a variety of styles, with small paper-wrapped candies tied into the tail of the kite; or, if you prefer, simply place the kite on top of a small nutcup filled with candy and nuts.

Program Booklet: Cut the program booklet cover and pages in the shape of an admittance ticket (the kind torn off a large roll of tickets) with the corners of the ticket each having a little moon-shaped piece cut out. On the front cover print: ADVENTURELAND, and below it, "Admit One". Staple pages and cover together on the left side.

Certain parts of the program may be titled in keeping with some of the decorations used. For example: Whistles — the salutes to father, sons, and grandfathers; Decoys — the menu; Duck Calls and Spinning Tops — for musical numbers; "Keeping All Your Marbles" — title for speaker's talk; Gone Fishing — for compliments; that is, to honor certain persons present, as a four-generation group, oldest father, youngest father, youngest son, etc. This last portion for honoring might be entitled "Hunting", also.

Perhaps instead of the usual lecture-type speech, your group would enjoy an illustrated talk or demonstration, such as on fly tying (lures), the making of willow whistles, the making of home-made kites, or on whittling. This would allow some of the older generation to demonstrate things they enjoyed when they were boys, talents their grandfathers used before them.

PROGRAM HELPS

(Might be keyed to the devotional theme of "Faith of Our Fathers".)

Scripture: (Read responsively by a father and son.)

The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

NOW HIS PARENTS WENT TO JERUSALEM EVERY YEAR AT THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.

And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

AND WHEN THEY HAD FULFILLED THE DAYS, AS THEY RETURNED, THE CHILD JESUS TARRIED BEHIND IN JERUSALEM: AND JOSEPH AND HIS MOTHER KNEW NOT OF IT.

But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

AND WHEN THEY FOUND HIM NOT, THEY TURNED BACK AGAIN TO JERUSALEM, SEEKING HIM.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

AND ALL THAT HEARD HIM WERE ASTONISHED AT HIS UNDERSTANDING AND ANSWERS.

And when they saw him they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

AND HE SAID UNTO THEM, HOW IS IT YE SOUGHT ME? WIST YE NOT THAT I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS?

And they understand not the saying which he spake to them.

AND HE WENT DOWN WITH THEM AND CAME TO NAZARETH, AND WAS SUBJECT UNTO THEM.

But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

AND JESUS INCREASED IN WISDOM AND STATURE, AND IN FAVOR WITH GOD AND MAN. —Taken from Luke 2.

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers".

Prayer: Our Father, we thank Thee for all of the joy and the many great blessings that have come to us as fathers and as sons through the days of our lives. We are grateful for the experiences that have allowed us to grow in wisdom and understanding together. We thank Thee for the privileges that are ours in this country we love. Grant that we may always be worthy to be called Your sons. Amen.

A FATHER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt love thy son with all thy heart and hesitate not to show it. This is the first commandment.

2. Thou shalt not put other earthly things before this. Business, sports, pleasure shall all take secondary place, for God gave him to be a chum and a pal to thee.

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ANNUAL MEETINGS AND BANQUETS FOR FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

These have been such busy days for Betty and me. The end of May and the first two weeks of June are the days when we have so many special meetings to attend. I don't know why it is, but so many organizations have their annual meetings, usually with dinners, at this time of the year. Our church does, and from September until the last Monday in April we are thinking in terms of that annual dinner. Not too many churches have to turn away people from their annual meetings simply because there is not room for them in the hall, but that is the case with our church. The annual meeting and dinner is the most popular affair of the entire church year. Always our annual meetings are happy occasions, and this one a few weeks ago was no exception.

Does your church make it a point to honor some church member at its annual meeting? Our church usually honors two persons, and sometimes three. The recipients of the honors are never known to anyone except the Executive Committee until that very evening of the presentation. When they are called to the front of the hall, there always is a gasp of surprise, then applause, and then a tremendous rising ovation. To each person we present a citation which I read to the assembled group, and a beautiful sterling silver tray appropriately inscribed. In my twenty-one years in this church, I have presented a great many silver trays to a great many delightfully surprised and extremely grateful people.

In the next few days we shall be attending three testimonial dinners for prominent citizens of the town, and annual meetings for the YWCA, the Child and Family Service Agency, the Visiting Nurse Association, the Springfield Day Nursery, the Springfield Symphony Orchestra, the American Red Cross, and the Cummings Memorial Home for Homeless Men. All of these we shall be attending while trying to find a few nights when we can have dinner parties here at the parsonage. Betty and I are fortunate if we can have two nights at home each week, and on at least one of those nights we try to entertain some church members or prospective church members.

A few days ago we were at a big banquet where we were entertained by a vocal group from one of the local colleges. The young people sang very loudly, and the words they were singing made so little sense that a distinguished judge sitting next to me leaned over and said: "Are those young peo-



Isabel is happy in the arms of her new grandmother, Gretta Palo, at Grandfather Driftmier's parsonage.

ple singing some modern rock and roll music, or is it such bad singing that it just sounds like modern music?" The judge had a point! Only last night we were at a big banquet where the entertainment included some modern songs sung by a man whose voice was as bad as any I have heard in all my life, and yet he was acclaimed as one of today's most popular singers. Why, I shall never know!

This morning I got up very early and worked out in the garden for two hours before breakfast. We have so many trees in our yard, and everywhere I try to plant shrubs or flowers I run into roots, roots, and more roots. As I dug around some of those roots this morning, it occurred to me that the unseen part of a tree, that part of a tree which is underground, is the most important part. I remembered the time a friend was showing me through his orchard in Nova Scotia. He pointed out a scraggly apple tree and said: "Now there is one tree that certainly does not pay for the cost of its spraying. It never bears more than a few dozen good apples."

"Well, if that is the case," I said, "why don't you cut it down and get rid of it?"

He replied, "Yes, I suppose I should cut it down, but somehow I just cannot do that. It is such a brave little tree. You know, it is sitting right on top of a rock ledge where its roots have almost no chance of getting any food, and yet year after year that tree keeps trying to produce."

My friend made a good point. To judge a fruit tree we must consider something more than its production. Considering some of the unseen factors, it might be a miracle that a tree produces any fruit

at all. And what is true of trees is also true of people. In some of the loneliest hours of my life, I have found comfort in the thought that God knows some of the unseen factors that have played upon my life, making me the man that I am, and giving me some of the personal problems I have had to overcome.

If only we knew some of the unseen factors, the psychological influences and the conditioning of early years of some people we know, it would make a big difference in the way we think of them. If only we knew the burdens other people bear, we would be much less critical and more patient.

Some years ago I drove onto a gasoline station to fill up the car's tank, and to get the windshield cleaned. I was in a great hurry, and it bothered me that the station attendant walked so slowly to the car. He heard my request, and then he stood holding the hose from the pump while he filled the car's tank. I watched for a moment, and then I said: "You could save some time if you washed the windshield while that tank is being filled. It will take at least twenty gallons!"

He just stood there with a blank expression on his face watching the gas flow into the tank. Impatiently, I jumped out of the car, grabbed a sponge, and began cleaning the windshield myself. The attendant said: "You do not need to do that. I'll get at that windshield in a minute or two."

Well, I finished cleaning the windshield, letting it be known by the way I worked, that I was disgusted. When the attendant took my charge card and wrote up the slip, he turned to me with a pained expression, and I thought he was about to apologize. Instead he said, "Sir, I would like to ask you a question. This morning before I came to work, the doctor told my wife and me that our little five-year-old daughter has a fast-acting kind of leukemia. I was just wondering, do you happen to know how long a little girl can live if she has a fast-acting kind of leukemia?"

Oh dear God! I don't remember just what I said then, but I do remember that after I had driven my car for two blocks I pulled over to the side of the road, bent my head down onto the steering wheel, and cried out: "Dear God forgive me! Oh forgive me!" We never know what unseen factors are making people what they are, and we must always be slow to criticize.

The Massachusetts State Conference of the United Church of Christ met in our city this past weekend, and that gave our church people some busy days. The main part of the conference

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Flowers from the Garden of Memories

by
Mary Feese

Do you, too, have a garden of memories? Perhaps not actual plants growing in your yard or home, but the flowers and plants that, from associated memories, are near and dear to you? We women are like that, I think, although it's seldom consciously put into words.

Let me make it quite clear that I'd be the world's last person to give advice on how to grow anything. While I am not like one woman who described herself as having a "black thumb - instant death", actually I consider my thumb worse. Sort of a morbid, deep dark brown, and the death of the plant, rather than being mercifully quick, is slow, lingering, but sure. As the leaves wither, they too turn brown. The occasional survivor has got to be from sheer luck, or from the grit and stamina of the specimen involved. This probably accounts for the fact that my memories involve only those hardy perennials that seem to thrive on neglect.

My earliest recollections are of the drought years during the Great Depression. The farmstead yards were totally devoid of grass - bare as today's asphalt parking lots - and tidy housewives swept the yard immediately surrounding their houses, to keep the loose dust from being swept through the screen doors by every errant breeze. How accurate, I wonder now, is a four-year-old's memory? But the valiant greenery that I first remember was one lone yucca plant, that proudly carried its tall spike of white blooms. They're sometimes called "candles of the desert", and thinking back on '34 and '36 in Missouri, during those dry and desperate years, you might say desert is what we had. That yard was jigsawed with cracks wide enough that I had to be careful where I set my small feet, lest I slip into the yawning gap and twist my ankle. Near one corner of the house, I recall a plant of rosemary; to this day, I can recall the tangy scent that arose when a leaf was crushed be-

tween the fingers. Would I, now, inhale happiness with that same fragrance, as I did in those everlasting summer afternoons? Or is that only for the very young, for whom time and money have no meaning? The third growing thing I remember from those dry years was a bed of lily-of-the-valleys, growing at the northeast corner of the house. The ground there was faintly cool, giving an illusion of dampness, and I spent many hours playing alone, making a network of pretend roads, and building tiny "bird nests" under the green plants, using feterita seeds for eggs.

Then, when the rains finally came, the next spring there were a few hyacinth blooms along the south side of the house. Just as you bury your nose in the neck of a freshly scrubbed baby for "just one more sniff", just so have I always done with the dew-washed clusters of hyacinth blooms. One winter, just when the gloom of cold, sunless winter days had permeated my soul, a package arrived from a friend in Texas. Two hyacinth bulbs! Before many days, they were blooming spunkily in my window, brightening both surroundings and spirits. But those blooms are gone now. Or - no, they aren't either! At the strangest moments, some spark of recollection causes them to bloom anew in my memory, and I swear they bloom more brilliantly than any hyacinths ever known. Another memory of these flowers is on a mass scale. Some years ago, in midwinter, our family bought a farm, one hundred and twenty acres. "In the spring, the flowers are beautiful," said the former owners. And so they were. Come spring, my husband escorted me to the yard. "I've got something to show you," he said mysteriously. Erupting through the soil into masses of bloom were dozens of hyacinths, all soft lavender color. "You've always loved hyacinths," he said cheerfully, "and it looks like we've got the Giant Economy Size package. About 120 clumps of them, with 120 acres of dirt on their roots!"

What else smells so tantalizing as hyacinths? How about the elusive wisp of fragrance from wild grape blossoms on a warm spring day, or the spicy sharpness from the yellow blooms on currant bushes? Or the lavender lushness of lilacs, permeating the warm air in the "purple dusk of twilight time"? Lilacs hold so many memories, from the abandoned homes of years ago, to honeymoon cottages, to those blooming by the doorsteps of present-day homes.

From several homes of years ago, I remember the bursting blooms of peonies (called "pineys" by some), with the heavy sweet scent drifting on the wind, the blossoms heavy on the stems. The accompanying memories are of Memorial Day, with trips to the hometown cemetery. Such a crowd as always turned out! The American Legion men solemnly marched, formed ranks. "Ten-shun! Ready... Aim... Fire!" The thundering gunfire, to my childish ears, equally the crash of cannons, as my friends and I thrilled with mingled horror and delight. After that, we tried to conceal the film of tears that threatened to well over and drip down our cheeks as, far from the distance, there came the faint bugle notes of "Taps", fading away at the end like the lone-some pipes of Pan.

We cousins always looked forward to the bountiful dinner and family gathering at Grandma's house, making Memorial Day a holiday of sorts to us children, excelled only by Christmas, Thanksgiving, and the Fourth of July. Always, at the cemetery, I took time to crouch by the grave of the baby sister whom I couldn't remember, and tried to imagine having a sister to grow up with, to share secrets and dreams and delights. Verbenas grew there, bright and brave, and never yet do I see verbenas bloom without memories of a baby's grave. They're the living symbol of the sister I never knew.

Hardy iris we might consider as being the poor man's orchid. Other than the glamour involved, they come close to being equally lovely. Back in my growing-up days, every farm had them, and most town homes. Most were soft lavender or creamy white, although a few more exotic varieties were found here and there. Women exchanged "starts" of various perennials. You seldom bought any sort of flowers in those days; you got them from a friend, a neighbor, a relative.

In later years, moving farther south in Missouri, I've come to love the spring show of redbuds, wild plum, and dogwood blossoms. Early spring, the faint green haze spreads over the hill-sides like tinted fog, the green intensifying day by day. Smudges of rosy-mauve begin to show as the redbuds

bud and bloom; their color, too, intensifies. Then comes wild plum, like a fragrant lace bridal veil, followed by the more forthright dogwood blooms with their distinctive pattern known as "nailmarks" to those who've learned the legend behind them. These flowers you see as you drive along the winding Ozark roads. Other flowers, though, require a walk in the woods to see and know them. In this area, you still find the tri-leafed and tri-petaled trillium. You find Jack-in-the-pulpit in the spring, that in the fall pulls a change of identify to become a scarlet-crested Indian Turnip. There are May apples, woods violets, bluets, various small lilies, and hidden patches of Dutchman's-breeches.

But for sheer exuberance and vitality of living, look over a far-flung field blazing with Indian paintbrush, scarlet splashed with a lavish hand. Last summer, driving with a friend, I wished as never before for a really good camera and scads of color film. There, spread before us, was a 60-acre field overrunning with the biggest, brightest Indian paintbrush I've ever seen or ever hope to see. With no camera along, I concentrated on capturing the picture forever in my mind, where it continues to exhilarate me.

(At this point, I'd like to mention something that I've noticed about wildflowers. To me it seems that an icy winter intensifies the color of all wildflowers the following spring. The blues deepen, lavenders become near-purple, yellow glows golden, and scarlet seems ready to blaze into flame. More nitrogen in the soil, or what, do you suppose?)

Indian paintbrush brings to mind memories of months in Wyoming, which in turn conjures up thoughts of sagebrush, which blooms but not so strikingly. Its aroma, however, is something that strikes home to my heart. From my first ecstatic whiff of a sagebrush-laden breeze (looked forward to from childhood and Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*), to my dying day, no bottled perfume can ever compare. Mingled in it are the essence of space and freedom, American ideals, challenging deserts and clear-aired mountains. One sniff, and I'm ready to conquer whatever the world brings forth to meet me. Intoxicating? You bet it is! Some years ago, on a trip West, we'd barely gotten into the fringes of sagebrush country, when one of our small boys spoke up. "Stop the car, Daddy," he said, "there's Mama's weed, and she'll want to pick some." Pick some I did, and as we drove on, the little guy leaned over my shoulder and inhaled, deeply and lovingly. "Mama," he confided into my ear, "I like your



We've just received a lovely group of pictures taken at the time of Mary Lea's marriage to Vincent Palo. With the couple are Vincent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Palo, Sr., Frederick and Betty (on the ends) and little Isabel, held by her mother.

weed too." (Now grown, he's making plans to live, before too long, in sagebrush country.)

Are there any other special flowers or plants? Many, I suppose, that haven't been mentioned, but one more, at least, deserves its own story. One farm where we lived had a yard full of old-fashioned perennials, but the most enjoyable of all was the honeysuckle vine by the kitchen window. The first year it welcomed us by blooming lavishly in the spring, then with scattered blossoms all summer long. Fall came, and still it bloomed. Thanksgiving came and went, and Christmas Day too. Still a few stubborn little blossoms clung to the vine as they defied the seasons. New Year's Day, their flags still flew. About a week into January, a blizzard won the battle, and the gallant honeysuckle vine retreated 'till spring.

But those honeysuckle blooms brought us an unanticipated bonus. Looking out that window while doing dishes or peeling potatoes, we often saw a special show. Darting hummingbirds hovered and hummed, flashing bright-jeweled wings above the nectar-laden blooms. Some days, with laundry on the nearby clotheslines, we'd come home late and I'd go out to bring in the clothes before the night dampness permeated them. There was no outside light on that side of the house, only what light filtered through the kitchen window and from the enclosed porch. The soft night air eddied around, and from across the valley came the lone-some cry of the whippoorwill. Before

long its answer came, back and forth, moving ever closer together. Somewhere a hoot owl whickered, and again. Far off, a dog bayed at the rising moon. Car headlights sweeping 'round the bend of the distant road testified that other people still lived in this night-bound world. Dreaming so, unpinning shirts from off the clothesline, time and again I was caught unaware by the tiny thunderbolt that burst from beneath my fingers and roared away into the darkness. Those hummingbirds would creep up inside the boys' shirts to roost for the night, never stirring a feather until I took down the shirt each was in. Never did I get to keep and hold one in my hands, though I've held them for a split second many times. First I'd feel a handful of feathered tremble and heartbeat, followed by an almost volcanic eruption of energy. Then my treasured mite is gone, wings whirring like a helicopter. But escape restores his courage, for soon he's back to roost farther down the clothesline, or in the honeysuckle bush itself, or perhaps in the nearby locust tree. Sometimes I left dishtowels on the line overnight, simply to leave my little birds a place to roost, in peace.

I pause to think. I've gone from honeysuckles to hummingbirds, but on serious thought, who's to say that the brilliant little birds aren't simply God's animated blooms? Why not? Darting from plant to plant, blossom to blossom, jewel-toned and intensely alive, I'll remember them always as the "feathered flowers" in my personal garden of memories.

The Little Brown Trunk

by
Fern Christian Miller



How many of you have an old metal trunk in your attic? To whom did it first belong? I want to tell you a story about a little brown trunk handed down in my husband's family that is 165 years old.

Henry Miller was born in 1790 in Pennsylvania. When Henry married Hannah Bishop in 1810, his father gave him a new little brown metal trunk from England to pack his few belongings in for the long drive, by ox team, to South Carolina. In it Henry placed the big Bible his mother had given him for his twelfth birthday, his carpenter's rule and small hand tools, a few little family pictures he valued, his small amount of cash, his wedding certificate, and his few clothes.

The new cabin in South Carolina had the little trunk beside the bed. Hannah put all the tiny baby clothes in it when they expected their first child. James B. was the oldest son, born in 1811.

When Missouri became a state in 1821, Henry began to talk of stories brought back of the rich river bottom land in Missouri. By the time James B. was 21 years old, he was most restless to travel with a few other adventurous young couples who wanted to start a new settlement in Missouri. He and his courageous sweetheart, Susanna Murray, were married in 1830. Henry gave the little trunk to James B. and his bride for their most treasured possessions. They prepared to join the covered wagon train.

Henry was then only forty years old. He and his wife and family decided to sell their farm, stock, and part of their furniture, and go with the emigrants.

It was 1832 before the long, laborious journey finally terminated in what is now Benton County, Mo. They settled and built cabins on a large land grant along the Grand River near Warsaw, Mo. (This rich land will be covered with water if the Truman Dam is ever finished.) The Millers were some of the very first settlers in this region. As Henry's children grew up and married, they built cabins of their own not far from their parents' home.

James B.'s and Susanna's youngest son was James Alexander. When the boy, James Alexander, was almost old enough to marry, James B. decided to turn over the old cabin to one of his older sons. He and James A. built a fine new cabin not far from the road near Warsaw. This cabin had a huge brick fireplace at the west end, a lean-to kitchen, and two loft bedrooms as well as comfortable bunk beds in one end of the long living room. The Millers

were well known for their skill with the saw and other tools. The cabin was a fine home for that time and place. A small church, also used for a school during the short term, was built not far away, for the many boys and girls must be taught the three R's and to be good Christians. (The remains of this cabin and the brick chimney still stand. We visited it and took some pictures recently.)

Susanna died during the upheaval of the Civil War, in 1862. Her sons were Union men. James Alexander continued to live in the big cabin with his father, James B. A big cellar cave was dug for winter storage of fruit and vegetables. More land was cleared. They prospered with careful planning and long hours of hard work. They often worked with the kinfolks.

Finally James Alexander brought a slender, lovely, brown-eyed girl home as his bride. Her name was Mary Albina Allcorn, but she was soon known by all as Molly. When the first child was expected, James B. brought the little brown trunk to his son, James Alexander. "Put the little one's clothes in it," he said. So once more the trunk was filled with baby clothes for a number of years. James A. built a nice frame house and big log barns for his own family as time passed. The cellar hole, the deep well, and the log barns are still there. They are across a big field from the cabin.

James A.'s and Mary's children were Ida, Luella, James, Elliot, Lawrence, Laura, and Cora. Lawrence was my husband Albert's father. When James A.'s wife Mary died, when she was a very old lady, my husband and I were already married and expecting our first child. My father-in-law gave my husband the little trunk which his mother had given him just before her death. He said to me, "Put the babies' clothes in it. It has always been used for precious things."

So the old, old trunk became our oldest son's. When his oldest son was eighteen years old, it was passed on to him. This tall grandson of ours is now twenty-one. The trunk is still sturdy and solid, as is the family that has used it for so long. The lock still works, and he carries the key on his key chain. In it he kept his sweetheart's letters away from the teasing eyes of his brothers. He is now married. I wonder what he will put in the trunk now? When I told him the story of the little brown trunk, he could not believe it was actually 165 years old!

THE VANISHED YEARS

Where have they gone, the darling years
Of baby mirth and baby tears?
What happened to the hours spent
With toys and books in deep content?

And whither went the spells of mumps?
Of measles, chicken pox and bumps?
Those later times, where have they fled
Of bats and balls and knees that bled?

Dear God, I was so hurried then —
Could I but have my babes again
How eagerly I'd join the fun,
And leave a task or two undone.
Could I call back those years today
I'd be so tranquil, sweet and gay!
Please let them, O God, remember me,
Not as I was, but meant to be.
—Author Unknown



MOTHER'S GEMS

Six precious jewels Life presented to me:
Three boys and three girls for the Family Tree,
Warm ruby, true pearl, and as natures unfold
I see glimpses of treasured diamond and gold.
No gift in this world could ever compare
To the gems God has lovingly placed in my care. —Marjorie A. Lundell



BEGIN THE DAY WITH FRIENDLINESS

Begin the day with friendliness, and only friends you'll find.
Yes, greet the dawn with happiness;
keep happy thoughts in mind.
Salute the day with peaceful thoughts,
and peace will fill your heart.
Begin the day with joyful soul, and joy will be your part.

Begin the day with friendliness; keep friendly all day long.
Keep in your soul a friendly thought,
your heart a friendly song.
Have in your mind a word of cheer, for all who come your way
And they will bless you too, in turn,
and wish you "Happy day."

Begin each day with friendly thoughts,
and as the day goes on,
Keep friendly, loving, good and kind,
just as you were at dawn.
The day will be a friendly one, and then at night you'll find
That you were happy all day long through friendly thoughts in mind.



A PERFECT DAY

by
Evelyn Birkby

Through the years James Thurber has been one of my favorite authors and I almost entitled this article "Things That Grow in the Spring" in honor of his "Things That Go Bump in the Night". Somehow, sitting on the patio with the typewriter on the picnic table with the spring breezes lulling me into a gentle relaxation made me realize my mind is not funny, or bright, or very intelligent, just quiet and peaceful.

It is that kind of a day: warm, crystal clear of air, sunny and filled with a calm that only a fresh spring day can offer. We ate breakfast outdoors on this redwood table, glad to have the birds, our dog Attu and a few bees for company. The picnic tables and benches look pretty with a fresh coat of paint. The red and white checked plastic cloth looks bright and cheery near the green of the great mulberry tree. Nearby the grill stands ready to be used for our evening meal. Should I fix hamburgers topped with cheese, or chicken broiled on the rotisserie or a steak to celebrate being alive on such a perfect day?

The boys will be in and out the next few weeks so I want the patio to look pretty for the cookouts and picnics we can enjoy together. I treasure every moment when one, two or all three can be home. Our love is with them wherever they are. We are always a family even though often separated by many miles, but time when they are home is counted as being very special.

See, my mind is wandering this morning. Now I'm thinking of ways I can spruce up the windowboxes and add a little more color around the edge of the patio. For some reason my main flowers for the bulk of the summer seem to be geraniums and petunias. Robert does beautifully with roses and has a lovely bed nearby. The bird bath which is centered in the rose bed does much to add color to the yard. Many varieties of birds use it and on really warm days the bees line up for a drink of the refreshing water.

We've discussed putting a bench under the mulberry tree but Robert is concerned about a split he has discovered in the big double trunk. Some day it may have to be replaced, but I've asked Robert if it might be possible to put a wide metal band around the tree to help save it. Somehow, that great old tree is symbolic of the hopes we had for so long to build this house in this particular place. It provided branches for treehouses, and for swings, footholds for climbing, leafy hideaways for bird nests and exercise runs for



When the gasoline powered washing machines first came into use they were a miracle of convenience. Some have been preserved and are being displayed at fairs and shows with engine categories. Evelyn examines this working model of a wooden-tubbed washing machine and efficient gas engine.

frisky squirrels. It is the last tree in the fall to drop its leaves and almost the last to leaf out in the spring. Its shade keeps the house cool in summer and shelters the patio and back yard for outdoor eating.

Sitting under the mulberry tree to stem the gooseberries has become a family tradition this time of year. The tame gooseberries which grow in our garden are larger, plumper and sweeter than the wilder members of the species, but they still need their tails snipped off before they can be eaten.

When we first moved here Robert planted three small gooseberry bushes purchased from the nursery. Soon it was evident that gooseberry bushes produce sprouting little offspring in great profusion. Robert started transplanting the small ones until he had eight thriving bushes. Then he stopped!

Do you know how many gooseberries eight husky bushes can produce? GOBS! We freeze them, we make them into jams, jellies, marmalades, pies and bread. The ripe ones which grow big and bright pink go into fruit bowls and compotes to add an unexpected bit of tangy freshness. When we are surfeited, we give gooseberries away to anyone



IN MY BACK YARD

When I walk in my yard I might see a toad,
Or a little, bitty ant with a great big load,
Or I might see a worm coming out of the ground,
Or a bushy-tailed squirrel not making a sound.
Or I might see a nest high up in a tree.
When I walk in my yard there's lots to see.

—Evelyn Witter

who will come and pick.

These tame berry bushes are much less prickly than the wild members of the family which still grow prolifically in the woods. As I pick and stem the fat, easy-to-care-for tame berries, I think of the fun we had when the children were small and we went hiking in the woods. A pail or sack always went along "just in case" we came across a berry bush. Thorns grow thick on the wild bushes, and the gooseberries are puckery-sour. It took a long time to pick and stem enough for a pie or two, but it was fun to bring a bit of the woods into the house to extend the pleasure of the day.

While Robert sits and helps stem he always mentions the times he used to go to the timber as a child. A large wooded area west of Sidney held many gooseberry bushes and Robert would walk out there to pick. He would hang a gallon bucket from the strap of his overalls and begin. When the bucket was full of gooseberries he would empty the contents into a large sugar sack or flour bag and then pick more.

Robert's first picking of berries would go to his mother. Many, many pints of gooseberries were canned and carefully stored in the basement for winter use. Just the other day I commented to Robert that his mother had several jars of gooseberries saved from those early days. Long past their usefulness, these "antiques" remind her of the happy, busy days when a young Robert carried them in from the woods. Now Robert shares his fat, domesticated varieties with his mother.

Does anyone ever go "gooseberrying" in the woods any more? Certainly not to pick and stem and sell the extra ones to neighbors for 15 cents a gallon as Robert used to do.

As the last of the berries go into the freezer, usually tucked into pie shells ready to bake at a moment's notice, I always think of the pioneer families who must have been delighted when they came across a wild shrub filled with succulent fruit. Did the Indians eat gooseberries? Did they use honey for sweetening? I wish I knew.

So much has changed through the years since the Indians and the early settlers roamed across the bluffs here in southwest Iowa. Sometimes on a clear day like today I can almost see the horses and wagons coming into view from the eastern horizon. The soft whisper in the grass just might be the quiet step of an Indian on his way to hunt for food. Are the birds that are singing so sweetly to me the offspring of some who sang to those previous owners of this land I love so much?

It is a perfect day to ponder, and enjoy and share.

KIND OF NICE

by

Dorothy Enke

Probably every family has its own phrases that have a special meaning to its members but which are only gibberish to the uninformed. One of the phrases, common and knowledgeable in our family, is "Save it for kind of nice!"

We acquired this saying from being around Marnie Sloan. Marnie Sloan was our friend and playmate. Our joys and woes were mutual. Whatever happened to Marnie happened to us, and Marnie shared our experiences. All of us knew that when Marnie had a new dress or new shoes they were worn only at very special times. Then they were carefully put away as Marnie's mother admonished her, "You must save these for kind of nice!"

Marnie played and went to school in the faded, out-grown clothes of another year, while the new garments hung in the closet to be worn only for "kind of nice". Meanwhile, Marnie, through the inexorable laws of nature, was quietly growing larger. When the clothes for "kind of nice" were eventually designated for everyday wear they never quite fit Marnie.

Marnie's Aunt Cora once brought her a beautiful doll from Paris. Cherie was almost as large as a two-year-old child. She had golden curls, and cheeks as soft as the petals of an apple blossom. When Cherie closed her lovely violet eyes great dark lashes fell against her cheeks.

All of us children knew about Cherie. Some of us had even been privileged to see her in her elegant dress of sheer organdy and lace and ribbons. Most of the time, however, Cherie lay meticulously swathed in white tissue paper in a very large and decorative cardboard box. The box was seldom moved from Marnie's clothes closet, and then only on very special occasions that deserved something "kind of nice". At such times Marnie was allowed to raise Cherie to a sitting position in the box, for a brief period of time, while the rest of us gathered around to admire her exquisite beauty.

When Marnie packed her clothes to go away to college Cherie was still safely stored on the closet shelf. She was as beautiful as ever though the tissue paper was a bit brittle and her white organdy dress had a faint tinge of ivory.

Marnie slowly put the big box on the highest shelf. "Never again in my whole life will I save another thing just for 'kind of nice'." She spoke with a quiet bitterness. "From now on I'm going to love things, and use them, and enjoy them before it's all too late. I'm going to wear a dress when it's new and fits me and is still in style."



One of the days that Wayne and Abigail Driftmier spent in Albuquerque this spring was spent out in the rugged countryside looking for Indian artifacts. Katharine Lowey, pictured here with her great-uncle and great-aunt, is one of the most enthusiastic on such an outing. Although not quite six years of age, she usually finds the most items, but is quick to remind you that her brother James is also a "good finder".

All of us remember Mrs. Sloan's constant warning, "Save it for kind of nice!" But today when we caution each other about saving something for "kind of nice" it's a different kind of warning. We are telling each other to begin living, to get involved with life. We are warning each other not to sacrifice today's happiness for an elusive tomorrow that may never come.

Centuries ago, Seneca wrote, "Begin at once to live, and count each day as a separate life." In more somber tones, Marcus Aurelius said, "It is not death that man should fear, but he should fear never beginning to live."

A young mother watched the surging, muddy waters of a devastating flood carry away every household possession that the family owned. Later she spoke of losing irreplaceable baby pictures of her children, her prized collection of family recipes, beautiful wedding gifts. "All my treasured crystal and china, the hoarded new linens and blankets we never used except for guests, were swept down that greedy, sullen river. From now we are going to use what we have, and enjoy it while we can. I'll never again have anything that only guests can use. My family is important, too."

Both Marnie Sloan and the young mother were in hearty agreement with the words of Thomas Carlyle, "The tragedy of life is not so much what men suffer but rather what they miss."

Too often we miss the happiness life freely offers because we act like spectators instead of participants in the business of living. We stand uneasily

on the side lines, reluctant to become involved while life continues its irreversible progress.

The time for "kind of nice" never arrives. The pattern of waiting for a perfect situation and perfect timing tomorrow is false and deceptive planning. We must realize the importance of beginning to live our best in the present. We will find that when the future arrives with other problems and challenges we are double strengthened by our efforts of yesterday.

When you pour out your strength, your imagination and cherished dreams, you'll find there is always a miraculous renewal. New energy, wider vistas of imagination and greater dreams will come. But only as you live and spend yourself is this renewal possible. If you stand waiting, irresolute and inactive, life goes marching past you.

Willa Cather wrote, in one of her books, of a woman who was "born interested". What a perfect blueprint for a love affair with life! No one can stand aloof, losing the wonders life offers, if he is truly interested. Living life to its fullest, each day as it comes, does not mean ignoring the future or discarding long-range plans. It means, instead, a better, more adequate preparation for the years because of the experience and wisdom gained from meeting life eagerly, and doing one's best each day, every day. One dream fulfilled is worth a hundred saved for that "kind of nice" time that may never come.



SCHOOL WILL SOON BE OVER FOR MARY BETH & HER FAMILY

Dear Friends:

Some people, I've been told, suffer from "jet lag" if they're living a life that demands that they use jet airplane transportation. In this life I lead with writing to you via *Kitchen-Klatter*, I find myself grappling with "time lag" in trying to keep my letters up-to-date in spite of a printing deadline. So as I am writing to you this month we're back from our later-than-normal spring vacation, and by the time you will be reading this we'll almost be into summer vacation. But for now, we are into the middle of our last term of school.

Before we left for spring vacation all the students in the school took a battery of nationally standardized tests which serve as a measure of their achievements as compared to those of all the other children in the nation on an equivalent economic standard. Which in your language and mine means that since our school is a private, non-denominational school, the students are compared with other private schools, both non-denominational and those that qualify as parochial.

Because this is my first year to have taught fifth grade, it was with considerable anticipation that I awaited the return of the students' evaluation sheets from the test company. This is a bit of a "report card" on the teachers as well as on the children; at least, that is how I have interpreted my reports.

The tests finally came in last week and the Headmaster of our Lower School posted the grades in the teachers' lounge during one recess. I was so pleased with the results I was about to leap out of my skin, literally. Of my seventeen students this year, five were in the top ninety-ninth percentile, six were between ninety-seventh and ninety-second percentile, five were in the eighty-fifth and eighty-sixth percentile, and one other was in the seventy-seventh percentile, and that was the lowest!

I won't bore you with tons of facts about this reading of percentiles except to say that the number represents the child's standing. Ninety-ninth percentile means that ninety-nine percent of the students tested had grades below this child. I have not shown the test results to the children, nor am I allowed to show anyone save their parents, but I did return to the classroom to compliment them on how well they had done. They all did especially well in the mathematics section, and I kidded them that it surely was a break for me that they had shown so well, because with Mr. Driftmier's being head



Adrienne and Paul Driftmier wanted a closer look at the cake Lois Hensel baked for their grandmother's 50th anniversary of starting Kitchen-Klatter. The cake had been stored in the freezer until time to make its appearance at the family gathering.

of the math department for the Lower and Upper Schools and College Prep, I certainly would not have wanted to go home and give him a bad report on my class. They all beamed when they learned that they had done particularly well, and we applauded each other.

I cannot take all the credit for these outstanding results in these fifth-graders. It is a decided show of success for the students who have come up through the grades of our school, and it certainly indicates that our choice of text books is successful. My mother learned many beautiful poems and stories and these same stories turn up in the *McGuffey Readers* which are used in every classroom from kindergarten through sixth grade.

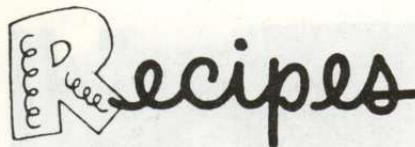
The *McGuffeys* were first copyrighted about 1879, although my particular copy is a revised edition dated 1920, and because it was so close to their centennial, there are many, many dear stories we have been reading that are especially apropos to this Bicentennial. These fifth graders, unlike the little folks in second grade in years past, are mature enough to read a poem such as we read last week entitled "The Old Sampler" by Mrs. M. E. Sangster. They grasped the full meaning and the heart-tugging tenderness which accompanied it. Here are two lines from the sampler. "Folded away in an old trunk is a faded sampler stitched by Elizabeth, aged nine, and with it a plumed chapeau, a buckle and a sword with red rust on it, that flashed in the battle tide, When from Lexington to Yorktown sorely men's souls were tried." My classroom was simply hushed when they finished read-

ing that poem.

Well, enough of school talk! Today it is raining and I am sure I know of about a hundred or more farmers who are delighted with the weather. We had our spring vacation trip both to Shenandoah and to Anderson, Indiana, where we visited both our parents. On the long trip across Iowa, and the return trip across Iowa again, and Illinois, and more than halfway across Indiana, we saw every farmer busy in his fields. Iowa was particularly more dry than Illinois and Indiana, but according to what I have observed on the weather maps, Iowa seems to have been relieved by rain. Because we do not get out to Iowa every year, the time between visits marks only the more vividly the beautiful open spaces and open prairie. The land from Milwaukee to Madison, Wisconsin, and hundreds of miles west to the Mississippi is dotted with more and more houses. I think Paul and Adrienne were more struck by the vast stretches of rolling farm land that went on as far as they could see than any other feature of the drive.

We surely did have a delightful visit with all the family in Shenandoah. Marge and Oliver were gracious enough to take the extra burden off Ruby by letting us bunk in at their house, and then we all trotted down the street to Don's mother's house where we relaxed and visited and sat by the hour on the porch in the super-warm spring air. Such a perfect vacation for me, for there was little or no kitchen duty, time to greedily read books other than text books, and absolutely no pressure on my time to be somewhere or do

(Continued on page 15)



Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

EXTRA EASY STRAWBERRY PIE

1 graham cracker crust
1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup cold water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
1 pkg. whipped topping mix, made according to directions
1 to 2 cups fresh strawberries, sweetened to taste

Prepare graham cracker crust as desired. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in cold water and strawberry flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Whip topping according to directions. Fold into gelatin. Fold in strawberries and spoon into crust. Chill until time to serve.

Frozen berries may be used if thawed and drained. Use juice as part of liquid in gelatin. Same is true if the fresh sugared berries have made their own juice. Drain this juice and use as part of liquid in gelatin. Continue as directed.

—Evelyn

ELEGANT ICE CREAM CRUNCH DESSERT

1 regular-size pkg. cake mix (white, yellow, or butter brickle)
3/4 cup margarine or butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 cup chopped nuts (optional)
3 cups dark chocolate ice cream
3 cups cherry ice cream

Combine the cake mix, margarine or butter, brown sugar and nuts. Spread in ungreased jelly roll pan and bake for 12 minutes at 375 degrees. The mixture spreads while baking. Remove from oven and break up with fork into coarse crumbs and return to oven for about 2 more minutes. Remove from oven and toss again lightly with fork. Cool well.

Soften ice cream. Divide the crumbs into three parts. Sprinkle one part into 9-inch square pan and carefully spread softened chocolate ice cream over crumbs. Sprinkle second part of crumbs over, and carefully spread cherry ice cream over other layers and top with the third portion of the crumbs. Cover and freeze at least 4 hours before serving. Keeps frozen well.

COLESLAW

1/4 cup mild vinegar
1 Tbls. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
1 Tbls. butter
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 Tbls. cream
3 cups finely shredded cabbage
Celery seeds, diced pepper, optional
Combine in saucepan the vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper, mustard and butter. Heat to boiling. Add some of this hot mixture to the egg; then stir into the hot vinegar mixture in saucepan. Cook until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat and beat in the cream. Pour while hot over the remaining ingredients which have been combined. Chill and serve cold. —Margery

CHICKEN BREASTS

2 chicken breasts, halved
1/2 cup orange juice
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
1 Tbls. minced onion
Salt and pepper
Put breasts in 8-inch square baking dish. Salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle with the chopped green pepper and minced onion. Pour orange juice over all. Cover tightly with foil. Bake at 350 degrees for about an hour. Remove chicken breasts. Thicken the juices with a little cornstarch. Pour over chicken breasts and serve.
This sauce is good over rice, also.

—Margery

LEMON CREAM CHEESE COOKIES

1 cup butter or margarine
2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
1 cup white sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 egg
1 1/2 cups flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. nutmeg

4 cups Rice Crispies, crushed to make 1 1/2 cups crumbs
3 cups Rice Crispies, not crushed
Cream shortening and cream cheese until fluffy. Gradually beat in sugar. Add flavorings and egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and mix into creamed mixture. Stir in the cereal crumbs. Chill 2 or 3 hours. Grease cookie sheet. Form chilled dough into 1-inch balls. Roll each in the uncrushed cereal. Smash down a bit and bake at 350 degrees for about 13 to 15 minutes, or until bottoms are lightly browned. —Margery

SPECIAL BUTTERMILK SCONES

2 cups sifted flour
2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. sugar
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 egg, beaten
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2/3 cup buttermilk
Combine dry ingredients in bowl. Cut in butter or margarine. Mix egg, butter flavoring and buttermilk together. Add to ingredients in bowl. Stir lightly with fork. When moistened, turn onto lightly floured board. Knead three or four times. Pat in a circle and cut into wedges. Place on greased baking sheet. Bake at 425 degrees about 12 minutes or until light brown. Makes 10 nice wedges.

This can be patted into a 10-inch pie plate and the top marked with a sharp knife. Bake as directed. When ready to serve, cut through to bottom and lift out wedges.

This is a great quick hot bread. It also serves as an excellent shortcake.

SECRET BANANA CAKE

1 3/4 cups sugar
1/2 cup butter
2 beaten eggs
1 tsp. soda
1/2 cup buttermilk
1 cup bananas, mashed
2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

Cream sugar and butter together. Add beaten eggs. Dissolve soda in buttermilk and add to batter. Beat in remaining ingredients. Pour into two 8-inch layer cake pans which have been greased and floured. (Or a 9- by 13-inch pan.) Bake at 350 degrees about 30 minutes for layers, about 45 minutes for larger cake, or until the cake tests done.

Frost with Easy Caramel Frosting.

Easy Caramel Frosting

3 Tbls. brown sugar
3 Tbls. butter or margarine
3 Tbls. cream
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 1/2 cups powdered sugar

Combine all ingredients with exception of powdered sugar. Heat over low flame, stirring, until well blended and brown sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in powdered sugar. Beat until spreading consistency and frost Secret Banana Cake. —Evelyn

STRAWBERRIES 'N CREAM

1 quart hulled strawberries
 1/2 cup powdered sugar
 1 cup whipping cream
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 1/4 cup strong orange juice (or less than 1/4 cup orange juice concentrate)

Sprinkle powdered sugar over strawberries and stir gently. Let stand for about 2 hours in the refrigerator stirring once or twice.

Whip cream; add strawberry flavoring. Fold in orange juice. Gently fold in the strawberries and serve in sherbet glasses.

—Margery

PORK CHOPS SUPREME

Flour
 6 1-inch thick loin pork chops
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/4 cup honey
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 1/2 cup pineapple juice

8 whole cloves
 Orange slices
 Cherries
 Pineapple chunks

Flour and brown chops; place in baking dish. Combine sugar, honey, mustard, pineapple juice and cloves; pour over chops. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour, basting often. Skewer orange slices, cherries and pineapple on toothpick; place in each chop. Bake 10 minutes longer. Serve. Makes six servings.

SPINACH NOODLE CASSEROLE

1/2 cup strained spinach
 2 cups flour
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 Salted water
 4 Tbs. butter or margarine
 1 cup half-and-half
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 cup chives or green onion tops
 1/4 lb. sharp cheese, shredded

Combine spinach, flour and pepper. Add a little more flour if needed. When well combined, roll out to make noodles. Dry. Cut. Cook in a generous amount of salted water. (NOTE: The noodles do not contain salt . . . this tends to draw moisture to any noodle dough. The water the noodles are cooked in has the salt so none is needed in the noodles.) Combine the remaining ingredients with the cooked and drained noodles. Place in buttered casserole. Cover and bake at 400 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes.

This is a very unusual dish and utilizes spinach in an interesting, delicious way. The 4 1/2-oz. jar of baby spinach is just right for making the noodles if you do not have your own supply.

—Evelyn

VERSATILE ICE CREAM PIE

2 regular-size pkgs. instant pudding mix (used dry)
 1 pint ice cream
 1 cup milk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring
 1 baked pie shell or crumb crust
 Whipped topping, if desired
 Combine instant pudding, ice cream, milk and flavoring in bowl. Beat until smooth. Spoon into pie shell or crumb crust. Chill several hours. Serve with whipped topping if desired.

This can be used with a variety of flavored pudding mix, ice cream, and flavorings. It is delicious with vanilla pudding, raspberry ice cream, raspberry flavoring and some fresh or frozen drained raspberries folded in. Vanilla pudding with chocolate ice cream is excellent. Add a little Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring to that combination. Strawberry, butter brickle, butterscotch, etc., give great variety to this delicious pie. It can be frozen.

—Evelyn

DANDY REFRIGERATOR DESSERT

6 egg yolks
 1 cup granulated sugar
 1 cup dry bread crumbs
 1/2 cup nuts
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 6 egg whites, stiffly beaten
 4 oz. malted milk ball candies (4 small pkgs. or about 1 1/2 cups)
 1/2 cup milk
 1 cup powdered sugar
 2 Tbs. butter or margarine
 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping, prepared)

Beat egg yolks. Add granulated sugar and beat again. Stir in bread crumbs, nuts, baking powder, cream of tartar, vanilla and almond flavorings. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spoon into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Remove from oven to cool.

In top of double boiler melt malted milk ball candies (like Milk Duds), milk, powdered sugar, margarine or butter and butter and burnt sugar flavorings. When melted and smooth, remove from heat and let cool. Beat until creamy. Spoon over baked layer. Top with whipped cream or whipped topping. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. Candy layer may go on top of whipped cream for a different variation. A delicious, make-ahead dessert.

—Evelyn

SPECTACULAR CHEF'S SALAD

1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 1/4 cup mayonnaise
 2 Tbs. catsup
 2 Tbs. sour cream
 Lettuce
 Tomatoes
 Hard-cooked eggs
 Cooked ham, sliced
 Cheese, diced

Combine first four ingredients to make dressing. Chill. In large bowl (or in individual salad bowls) place lettuce which has been torn into small pieces. Slice remaining ingredients over top. Other greens and cooked meats, such as chicken or turkey, may be added. Spoon dressing over top. Serve with crispy crackers, hot bread or small sandwiches for an excellent luncheon or supper.

—Evelyn

BANANA CREAM DESSERT

1 3 1/2-oz. pkg. vanilla instant pudding mix

1 cup dairy sour cream

1/2 cup cold milk

3/4 cup mashed ripe bananas

Beat together all ingredients in mixing bowl until well blended. Spoon into sherbet glasses and chill. Serve with pecan bits sprinkled on top or a dab of whipped cream.

—Margery

CRUNCHY TUNA SALAD

1 can tuna, drained

1 large carrot, grated

1/2 cup celery, chopped

1/4 cup mayonnaise

1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

1 #2 size can chow mein noodles

Combine all ingredients with exception of noodles. Chill. Just before serving, toss with chow mein noodles. Serve on lettuce leaves. An excellent salad to serve for a luncheon or refreshments with crispy crackers or tiny finger sandwiches.

—Evelyn

MIXED FRUIT MOLD

1 12-oz. pkg. frozen mixed fruit, thawed

1 3-oz. pkg. fruit-flavored gelatin (whatever flavor you prefer)

1 7-oz. bottle lemon-lime carbonated beverage (about 1 cup)

Drain mixed fruit, reserving syrup. Add enough water to syrup to make 1 cup. Heat to boiling; add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool to room temperature; gently stir in carbonated beverage. Chill until partially set. Fold in fruit. Pour into 5- by 9-inch loaf pan. Chill until firm.

Cut in squares and serve on salad greens. Top each serving with a dollop of mayonnaise or salad dressing.

—Margery

A QUALM BEFORE THE STORM

There, at my kitchen window,
I watched with nervous eye,
The jagged spears of lightning
Go splitting through the sky.

Fifteen suspenseful minutes
I still had left to take,
Of wondering which would be "out"
first,
The power, or my cake.

—Linda Alexander

**Family Eating
Like Birds?**

Maybe the appetites need a little recharging. Maybe your cooking has got into a teeny rut, without your knowing it. Let's think it over, and see if we can't put some spark into the menu!

Like a brand-new flavor in the soup. A little something different in the whipped topping on the dessert. A haunting new flavor in the coffee, tea or chocolate that will put a faraway look in the eyes around the table, as they try to imagine what's different.

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Mother takes a last-minute check on the food Margery is arranging on the kitchen table in preparation for serving a family dinner.

WILD RICE CASSEROLE

1 6-oz. pkg. long grain and wild rice
Herbs from above package
2 Tbls. green pepper, diced
1/4 cup onion, minced
1 stalk celery, diced
3 Tbls. butter or margarine
1 2-oz. can mushrooms, drained
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom
soup
1 cup cream or rich milk
1/4 tsp. curry powder
Cook long grain and wild rice according to directions, using the herb packet which comes in the box. If any liquid remains, drain off thoroughly. Sauté vegetables in butter or margarine. Combine all ingredients. Spoon into casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, or until hot and bubbly. May be frozen and baked later; add more baking time.

BEV'S EVERYDAY BREAD

1 pkg. yeast
3 cups lukewarm water
1/4 cup honey, molasses or brown
sugar
1 cup dry milk
1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
2 cups white flour
4 1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup shortening
3 to 4 cups additional flour (whole
wheat or half whole wheat and
half white)
1 egg
1/4 cup water or milk
Sesame or poppy seeds

Sprinkle yeast over lukewarm water. Add sweetening and dry milk and mix well. Add the 1 1/2 cups wheat flour and the 2 cups white flour, mixing to make a thick batter. Beat 100 strokes (or until very smooth in an electric

mixer). Cover with a damp cloth. Let this sponge rise for an hour or until at least double. Fold in salt and shortening (cooking oil or melted shortening). Add enough flour to make soft ball. Turn out on floured breadboard. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, turning once. Cover. Let rise until double. Punch down, let rise until double again. Shape into 3 balls and let rest 5 minutes. Knead and shape into loaves. Place in greased loaf pans. Cover and let rise until double. Beat egg and water or milk together. Make slits in top of loaf and brush egg wash over bread. Sprinkle with seeds. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Turn out on rack to cool.

—Evelyn

MARIE'S POTATO SALAD

4 quarts prepared potatoes
1 cup chopped sweet pickle
1 cup finely diced onion
1 1/2 dozen chopped, boiled eggs
1/2 to 2/3 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups salad dressing
1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country
Style dressing
3 tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
Pickle juice to moisten

Cook, peel and chop potatoes enough to measure 4 quarts. Combine with remaining ingredients. Let chill well. Makes 42 half-cup servings. An excellent recipe to use when serving a large group.

This is one of the finest potato salads I've ever eaten. The amount of sugar may be one reason; it is a bit sweeter than some. Marie also packs the onions firmly into the cup giving a nice quantity to balance the number of potatoes.

—Evelyn



That's Love -- And Marriage!

So you're planning a wedding. You are going to be a bride — something that has been an important part of your dreams since you were a very little girl. You're in love, and it is wonderful. You are looking at the whole world through love-colored glasses. Surely no one has ever been so happy, so much in love, before.

Right now you are floating along on cloud nine, enraptured with bridal showers, final fittings of the wedding gown, choosing flowers, making lists, anticipating the Great Day and the joys of being a wife with all this happiness and love going on and on forever and ever — IF you can ever get everything crossed off this detailed list of "things to do", and you and your beloved are alone in your own home together at last!

Dear dewy-eyed bride-to-be, would you take just a few moments to listen as I tell you a few of the gleanings on love and marriage through several decades of living with the man I love?

The love that holds you enthralled today, dear, is but a mere spark of the love that is to come, for your love will grow, as will your marriage, with the years. Love and marriage is not just something that happens to you; it's something you make happen; it's love going on even when the other partner becomes unlovable for a time. AND IT GROWS — if you WORK at it!

When you come face to face with a washer that refuses to wash, a repairman that never shows up, the dessert runs when it should have "set", and your beloved comes in and says, "Have a nice day today?" and you smile —

that's love. When you find the towels on the floor, shaving cream on the mirror; and you find there is no bread for toast and you sing as you switch the breakfast menus, that's love.

And when you can spoon cereal down the baby, rescue the toddler's shoe just before it's flushed away, and you learn for the first time that Susie had volunteered some of Mommie's good cookies for the school party this afternoon, and you are due for a dental appointment at ten, and have a committee meeting at your home at two, and you cope, that's love.

You think you've met up with worries, that you've had troubles? You think it was a big decision to choose the bridesmaids' dresses? Wait until two kids come down with the measles the day you were to leave on the annual family vacation, or until the dinner slowly dries and turns into an unappetizing mess in the oven as you wonder "Where can that man be? He's never been late before without calling me", or you answer the doorbell to find a bloody Junior being supported by his friends who say, "I think maybe you better take him to the doctor. I guess a bat might have hit him there on the head." But you take it all in stride and join the family in laughing about it all later, that's love — and marriage.

When your sister-in-law comes to dinner just after you've finished the spring house cleaning, and remarks, "Have you ever tried to shampoo this living room rug? You should try the shampoo I use." And you smile sweetly and ask her for the name and ask her to be your guest at club on Tuesday. That's love.

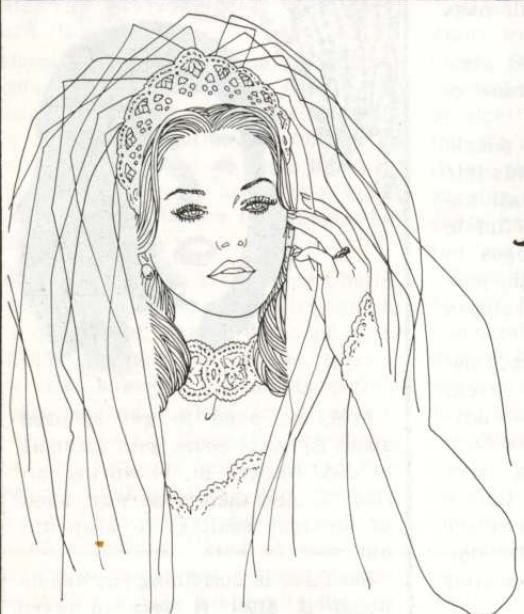
When you are window-shopping and you spend more time looking at garden shears and ironing board covers that are on sale and that special drill hubby has been wanting for his workshop than you do in dreaming over a new outfit for the club dance, or a "perfectly divine" rhinestone bracelet or new velvet cushions for the living room, you're growing, baby!

When you mow the lawn so he can go golfing with the fellows, that's love.

When you've spent the day cleaning the basement, and your hair must surely give Phyllis Diller a run for the money, and there are just hamburgers and French fries for dinner, and he greets you as he comes from work with a big hug and says, "Hi, beautiful. How's my favorite wife?" That's love.

And when one far day you celebrate your fortieth anniversary and you look at him across the table and think, he looks just as dear as he did forty years ago. He hasn't changed a bit. That, my dear, is love — and marriage.

—Virginia Thomas



News for Brides

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings are not Salad Dressings

Not JUST salad dressings, that is. They're more than that. Sure, they add zest and zing, texture and flavor to any salad . . . no matter what else goes into or on it. But, in addition, they make terrific marinades and bastes — especially now that charcoaling time is here again. Try 'em on fish or fowl, reuse them as a base for barbecue sauce. Most importantly, please, please don't attempt to make Reuben sandwiches without first soaking your kraut in **Kitchen-Klatter French Dressing** at least half a day.

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A GARDEN FOR ROSE LOVERS

by

Seletha Brown

The city of Longmont, Colo., has the only rose garden approved by the All American Rose Selection (AARS) Society in the state of Colorado. Each growing season more than 20,000 rose fanciers from throughout the United States and foreign countries visit this showy garden with its 97 rose varieties blooming on 1,000 bushes.

The garden is located just two blocks west of Highway 287, in the city's largest recreational grounds, Roosevelt City Park. Nearby is a picnic area with council ring, shelter house, playground and wading pool. This makes an ideal spot for travelers to take a break in their journey.

This Lions' Memorial Rose Garden was started soon after World War II as a memorial to the community's veterans when the Longmont Lions Club purchased 300 bushes for the initial planting. Each succeeding year the club has donated from one to two hundred dollars for the purchase of new plants.

Theodore D. (Rusty) Schey, a local clothier whose hobby is gardening, is called the "daddy" of the Memorial Garden. He says:

"My mother grew roses, and I watched her enjoyment of them from the time I was a little shaver. When the Lions Club, of which I am a charter member, was considering a veteran's memorial, I talked them into sponsoring a living memorial — a rose garden."

In order for the garden to be a recipient of All American Rose selections someone had to keep detailed records of all plantings. This Schey has done since 1946, recording the date of planting of individual bushes and varieties; the development of the flower quality — shape, color, and its resistance to sun fade — the form and height of the bud, and the leaf vigor and habit of growth.

Since the garden was established as part of the town's park system, it receives routine care from the city gardeners under the direction of the park board. This means under the supervision of Schey who has served successively on this board throughout the years.

"We try to add at least 20 new bushes each year," Schey reported. "Some years many more, but we always include the award-winning AARS selections. This gives visitors a chance to see how these new roses appear in a garden. Here they may compare the



We appreciated the care Ruby Reese gave our father during his last years, and is now giving Mother. This is a typical shot of her, for her hands are always busy. Since January she had made 2 afghans, 3 sweaters, 2 pairs bed slippers, 2 caps, 2 scarves and a doggie coat.

new 'Bahia', an orange-tinted floribunda; 'Perfume Delight', a richly fragrant pink, and 'Bon Bon' a bicolor floribunda, with such favorites as 'Queen Elizabeth' and 'Peace'. Commercial growers frequently send us plants from their stock to test in our altitude."

The 47 beds of the garden are flood-lighted each evening until 10 p.m., June through September, to give visitors extra hours in which to enjoy this free display.

Cooperation between city officials, the park board, city gardeners, and the service club has won an "Excellent" rating from AARS for Longmont's Memorial Rose Garden — an honor achieved by only about 100 public gardens in all of the United States.

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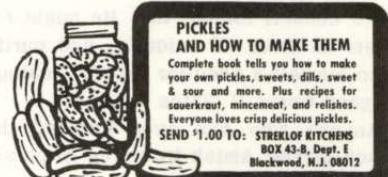
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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armeda Swanson

A new book *A Peculiar People: Iowa's Old Order Amish* was recently introduced by one of its authors at the Greene Center Bookstore in Kalona, Iowa. The picture showing author Schwieder and Miss Katie Ellen Yoder, the daughter of a Mennonite minister and for 25 years operator of the bookstore, is especially interesting because much of the information for the book was gathered by the Schwieders as they visited with Old Order Amish residents of the Kalona, Bloomfield, Fairbank, Hazelton, Independence and Milton, Iowa, communities. Marlin Logan, a former resident of Kalona, also furnished bits of information while a student in one of Mrs. Schwieder's classes.

Living apart in a 300-year-old world of their own making, Iowa's Old Order Amish Mennonites endure as the state's most distinctive religious minority. Their faith and inner peace impress even the skeptics who wonder how these people can survive in the modern world! The designation the Amish chose for themselves, a peculiar people, comes from the Bible passage "... our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Titus 2:13,14.)

Anyone who has ever watched the black-garbed Amish traveling in horse-drawn buggies has felt a mixture of



Miss Katie Ellen Yoder, proprietor of the Greene Center Bookstore at Kalona, Iowa, visits with Elmer Schwieder of Ames, who co-authored with his wife Dorothy Schwieder the book *A Peculiar People: Iowa's Old Order Amish*. Third grade children from the Kalona Elementary School had been studying about authors in a library class and were pleased to meet author Schwieder at the autographing party.

—Iowa City Press-Citizen Photo

curiosity and awe about these unique folk. Authors Elmer and Dorothy Schwieder spent four years studying the Amish and made many friends in the process of writing their book *A Peculiar People: Iowa's Old Order Amish* (Iowa State University Press, South State Ave., Ames, Iowa 50010, \$8.50). The Schwieders offer this interpretation hinging on the strict Mennonite beliefs: "Every aspect of their daily lives — their occupation, hours of work, means and destination of travel, choice of friends and mates, and economic habits — are determined by religious tenets and considerations."

Originating in Europe and emigrating to the United States, the Amish took on an outward identity and developed a badge of recognition by their distinc-

tive dress. Every Old Order Amish community is divided into church districts that provide the basic form of religious, political, and social organization for Amish society. Each district contains from fifteen to thirty families who live in close proximity to one another. Their religion demands that they work as farmers. As to family living, being Amish means living in a closely interwoven society.

The following from the writings of Menno Simons shows the Amish attitude toward child rearing:

Instruct your child
from youth up
and daily admonish them with the word
of the Lord
setting a good example.

Two later chapters in the book provide a careful and intimate look at the education dispute that made Iowa's Amish headline material a few years ago.

In writing the book, the Schwieders, both professors at Iowa State University, Ames, have this to say, "We were continually impressed by the faith and inner peace of the Amish people as well as their ability to insulate themselves against the outside world. As we visited more families and observed such Amish institutions as their parochial schools, our initial impressions developed into a deep, abiding sense of appreciation and profound respect for these people. We feel tremendously fortunate today to count as our friends many Old Order Amish families."

(Continued on page 20)



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FATHER-SON BANQUET — Concluded

3. Thou shalt not take the name "Father" upon thee lightly, for God will not hold him guiltless who hath little regard for the responsibilities of fatherhood.

4. Remember thy son's portion of thy time and keep it sacred for his use. Many days shalt thou labor and do all manner of work to provide for his needs, but in that portion of thy day which belongeth to him, thou shalt not do any work, neither shalt thou bury thy nose in a book, betake thyself to the golf links without him, or seek thine own pleasure elsewhere, leaving him behind.

5. Honor thy wife, his mother, for thy son loves her dearly and cannot admire, respect, and love thee if thou display not love for her.

6. Thou shalt counsel and advise thy son in all things and share with him the secret dreams and hopes of your heart.

7. Thou shalt be firm in thy discipline, lest thy son stray away from the paths of righteousness for the lack of thy guiding hand. Not too tightly or too loosely shall thou hold the rein of authority, but so thy child doth trust thee before all others and recognize the wisdom of his father in his life.

8. Thou shalt trust thy son and have patience with him for all his shortcomings, remembering thy boyhood and

how others had to be patient with thee.

9. Thou shalt walk uprightly before all men, so thy son may see in you an honorable man; if thou lose his confidence in thee, it is not lightly regained.

10. Thou shalt not forget that thou, too, were once a boy; but neither be unmindful that times have changed since the days of thy youth!

**SOMETHING FOR YOUTH TO THINK
ABOUT**

All men, no matter how big, make mistakes, but history teaches us that big men refuse to falter because of their mistakes. Henry Ford forgot to put a reverse gear in his first automobile. Edison once spent over two million dollars on an invention which proved of little value.

The man who makes no mistakes lacks boldness and a spirit of adventure. He is the one who never tried anything new; he is the brake on the wheels of progress. So do not spend your precious time regretting mistakes, but get up and hit the line twice as hard! Remember, a mistake becomes an error only when nothing is done to correct it. All men make mistakes.

A teenage boy who wasn't overly fond of girls decided to ask one to the big party of the year. He had been saving his allowance and working hard to earn enough money to buy a coveted camera,

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so when he discovered he would have to dip into his savings to buy his date a corsage for the party, his was the face of gloom. Then suddenly his face brightened and he started off, whistling. "What have you decided to do, Bill?" his mother called after him. Bill grinned and said, "Give her a package of flower seed and tell her it's a 'do-it-yourself' package." There are several lessons here. Bill was determined to live within his budget; he was resourceful and imaginative; and he wasn't afraid to try something different! Let us hope the girlfriend accepted the gift with a thank you and a smile, realizing that for all young people who would really "go places", life is a do-it-yourself package.

The Joy of Gardening

by

Eva M. Schroeder

June is the month when roses and clematis prepare for their spectacular debut. Many people who try both, or one or the other, have a failure and give up. Years ago when I first tried hybrid tea roses and lost the plants the first winter, I decided to spend my time and money on something more rewarding. The beautiful roses offered in nursery catalogs kept beckoning and finally off went an order for a half dozen plants. This time I carefully followed directions for planting and went to great lengths to winterize them properly. The next spring all six plants survived and bloomed beautifully. Since then I have had relatively good success with roses and have ventured into the clematis field. If you have had bad luck at the start do try again — roses and clematis are well worth the effort.

Perhaps of the two, clematis are the easiest for the beginner because they are hardy, long lived and of easy care. Some of the hybrids that are the easiest to grow are Jackmanni (deep purple), Crimson Star (red), Henryi (white), Nellie Moser (mauve pink), Mme. Baron Veillard (lilac rose), and Pink Chiffon. I started with two Jackmanni plants that came from the greenhouse growing in 4-inch pots. We dug two deep holes about 18 inches wide on each side of



"This is JUST what Mother needs!", laughed Katharine Lowey, because she hears Juliana frequently talk about the toads that are forever hopping about in her garden. The picture was taken in a market in the border town of Juarez, Mexico.

the south entrance to the house. The top soil was piled aside and the clayey bottom soil removed and used as a fill elsewhere. We mixed the top soil with a half bushel of coarse compost and a shovel of dried cow manure and a few handfuls of agriculture lime. This was replaced in the holes, watered thor-

oughly and the clematis set in it. Be sure the "neck" or stem is no deeper than was in the pot.

The best time to plant clematis is after all danger of frost is past. The reasoning for this is that clematis comes potted (locally) or packed in sphagnum moss if ordered from a distant nursery, and are quite tender. A harsh, chill wind can set the plant back considerably if the new growth is damaged. Do not detach the plant from the bamboo stake if it comes with one, and be careful not to damage or break the "neck" as young plants rarely survive rough handling. Gently firm the soil and mound it up a bit around the plant. Cover with a good mulch as clematis prefer cool roots. Put up a trellis for the vine to clamber on before it makes any appreciable growth. There is a fairly new aluminum mesh trellis available that is about 18 inches wide and extends to 8 feet that is excellent. It fastens on hooks under the roof overhang and at the bottom near the foundation and is easily removed.

COME READ WITH ME — Concluded

Put A Peculiar People: Iowa's Old Order Amish on your reading list. An informative, interesting book. And wouldn't it be wonderful to visit Miss Katie Yoder and the Greene Center Bookstore, in Kalona, Iowa, a business built on her interest and dedication to religion and history! When we are in the Iowa City area, I intend to meet Miss Yoder.

The Flower and the Nettle Diaries and Letters 1936-39 by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, \$12.95) is the fourth volume of her memoirs. It is described as a period of private peace — "the happiest years of my life." They found privacy and security in Europe for themselves and their child. From a home in England and from a house on a rocky island by France, they went out into the larger world.

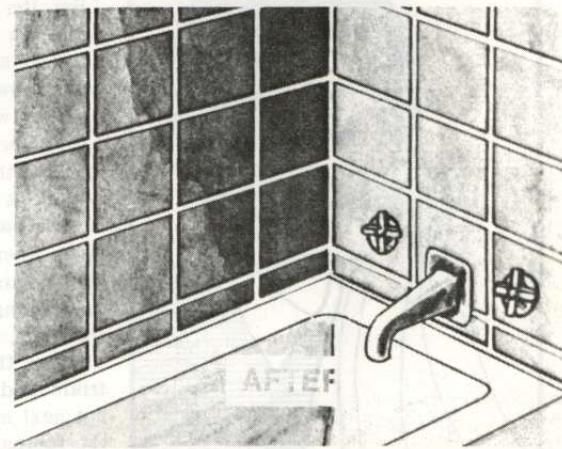
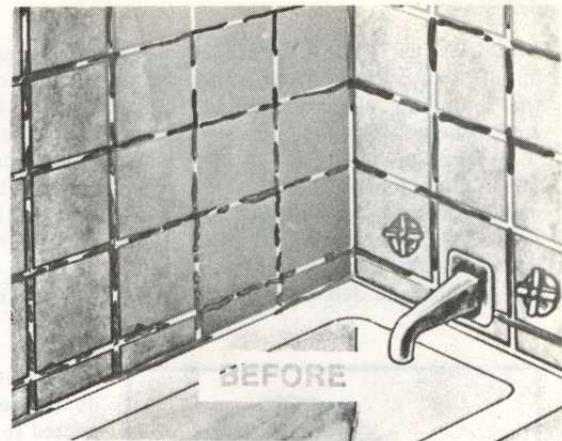
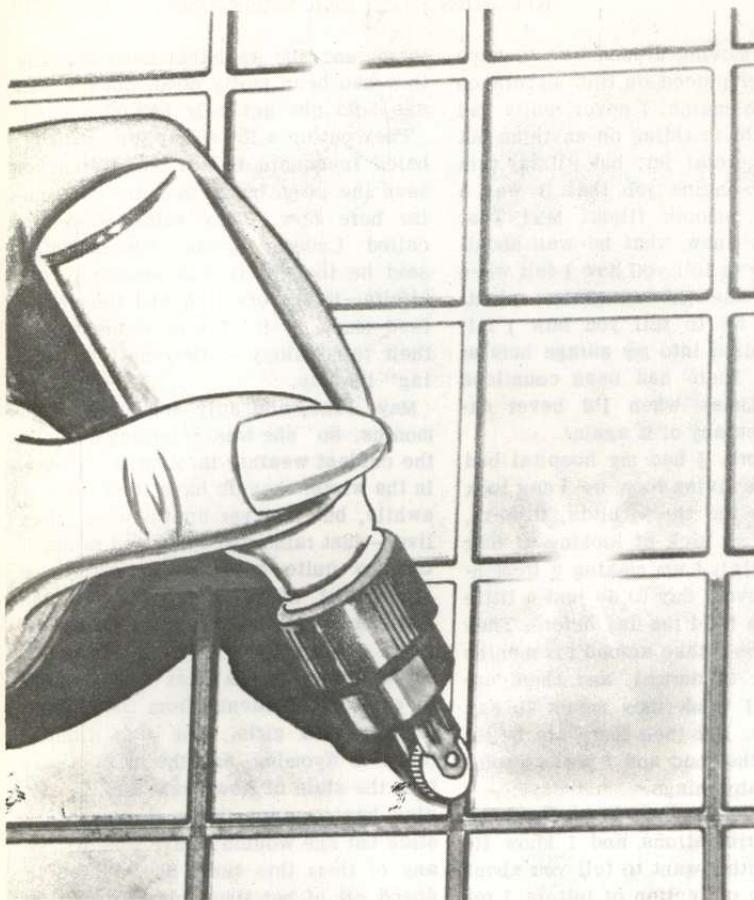
The nettles among the flowers were when Charles Lindbergh visited Germany to report to United States on Nazi air power and a press camp in U.S. turned against him. Quoting unpublished documents and later historians, Anne Morrow Lindbergh sets the record straight. During this time, a third son, Land, was born and her book "Listen the Wind" was published. Charles Lindbergh died in 1974 and now Mrs. Lindbergh is deeply involved in work on her husband's papers. If you've been reading her previous diaries, you'll want to include this. Mrs. Lindbergh says it is "the personal history of two young Americans in the beauty and complexity of Europe."



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LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

up at all in my wheelchair which meant that I couldn't take a commercial flight, so it ended that at 5:15 one morning an ambulance pulled up to the guest house, and four men with a stretcher moved me into the ambulance. (Thank goodness James and Katharine were sound asleep down in the main house, but Juliana and Jed were up to see us off.)

**DON'T WORRY**

In these days of inflation, crime and unrest, there are plenty of other things to fret about. So stop worrying about your laundry. Whether your soap will clean things without ruining them. Same for the bleach. Stop worrying!

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The next moving around was to have the stretcher placed on this ambulance plane — two-engine. I never really had given thought to riding on anything but a big commercial jet, but I'll say this for the two-engine job that it was a wonderfully smooth flight. MY! That pilot surely knew what he was about.

I won't try to tell you how I felt when we passed the Kitchen-Klatter plant. Nor will I try to tell you how I felt when we pulled into my garage here at the house. There had been countless desperate times when I'd never expected to see any of it again!

But I'm here. I had my hospital bed put up in the living room so I can look out and see the trees, birds, flowers, etc. (I was so sick of looking at four hospital walls!) I am making a tremendous effort every day to do just a little bit more than I did the day before. They told me it would take around six months to get back to normal, and there are days when I think they meant to say six "years". But then there are better days along the road and I feel grateful for many, many things.

All of this letter has been about my trials and tribulations and I know it, but next month I want to tell you about the fantastic collection of letters I returned to read — the ones devoted to "The Most Memorable Meal of My Life". Never, never in my wildest flights did I expect such a response. These letters call up the America I love and that has so little of crime and corruption in it. Next month I'll print the prize letter, and then perhaps some of you can give me some suggestions as to how all of these letters can be shared in some fashion.

Your faithful friend always . . .

Lucile

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

cause he had always wanted to live on a farm. At the time he bought it they were practically out in the bush country. Now the cities have grown out to them; in fact, she says that just in the four years that Philip has been gone it has grown so much that he won't believe it when he sees it. She said she sold six acres recently that are to be used for development.

When Mr. Lovitt was living they bred Black Angus cattle, but since his death four years ago she sold all the breeding stock, and now buys Hereford calves and grass feeds them for export sale. There is no corn raised in Australia for livestock, only sweet corn for eating. When feeding out calves on grass they figure on one calf per acre. I asked her about cattle prices over

there, and she said that until recently they had been pretty good, but the last she sold she got only \$40.00 a head.

They put up a lot of hay, and it is all baled in square bales. She had never seen the large bales that are so popular here now. They raise what she called Lucerne grass, which Philip said he thought it was similar to our alfalfa. It is very rich and they can't feed much of it. I was interested in their terminology — they call it "lifting" the hay.

May, June, and July are their winter months, so she was returning home to the coldest weather they have all year. In the winter they do have frost once in awhile, but it never snows where they live — just rains and rains and rains. It can be quite cool in August sometimes, but spring actually starts in September and by Christmas it is very hot.

They have been a host family twice to exchange students from the United States, both girls. One was from a ranch in Wyoming, and the other a girl from the state of New York. Mrs. Lovitt also has an aunt living in New York state but she wouldn't have time to see any of them this time. She wanted to spend all of her time this trip getting acquainted with all of Philip's friends and spend her time with them. He is going to take two more years of college in Oregon, so when she comes back for that graduation she hopes to plan her time so she can do more traveling in the United States. I found Gladys Lovitt a most interesting person and I hope I will get to see her again sometime.

This past week we had the worst flood we have had for two years. We were glad it didn't happen while Mother was here. We had high water while she was here, but it didn't get over the road, so we could get in and out. This week we were marooned for a couple of days. We were also glad we didn't have any corn planted yet. Maybe this will be the only flood we will have this year.

I'm going to look up some recipes to test for a luncheon I'm going to help give in a couple of days, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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The first two figures in the answer are your age and the last two the change in your pocket.

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THE LAURA INGALLS WILDER BIOGRAPHY "Laura" by Donald Zochert is now in stock. Price \$8.95 and \$1.00 postage. Laura Ingalls Wilder, Rose Wilder Lane Museum, Mansfield, Mo. 65704.

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Laura Ingalls Wilder

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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

was held at the Old First Church (founded in 1636), a church which is located just four blocks from our church, but some of the small group meetings and one of the luncheons were held at our church. Crowds of people walked to our church for a morning of meetings, and while they were there a very heavy rainstorm arrived. How dismayed those people were when they found that they would have to walk back to the other church in a driving rain. That was my call to action! Our fifteen-passenger, air-conditioned minibus was at the church, and I used it to transport dozens of people to the site of the main conference, making many trips. On some trips I had as many as twenty persons packed into the bus. Talk about gratitude! I was embarrassed by their expressions of thanks. A ride in that bus won more friends for our church than anything else I could have provided.

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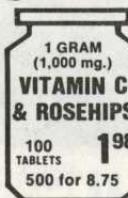
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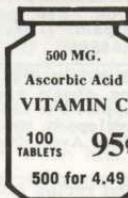
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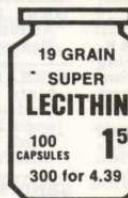
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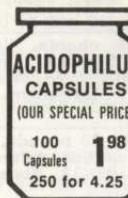
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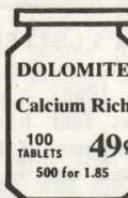
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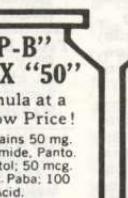
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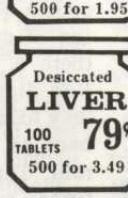
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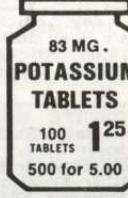
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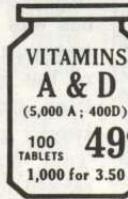
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1000 for 6.50



**CALCIUM
PANTOTHENATE**
(Pantothenic Acid)
100 TABLETS **95¢**
500 for 4.35



**VITAMINS
A & D**
(5,000 A; 400D)
100 TABLETS **49¢**
1,000 for 3.50



**ORGANIC
IRON**
Supreme
100 TABLETS **149**
500 for 4.95

RUSH
Your
Order
Now
to:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

WE PAY ALL
POSTAGE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

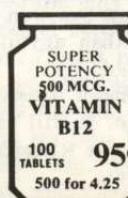
STATE

ZIP

TOTAL—amount enclosed



**BONE
MEAL**
Natural
100 TABLETS **49¢**
1000 for 3.95



**VITAMIN
B12**
SUPER
POTENCY
500 MCG.
100 TABLETS **95¢**
500 for 4.25



**VITAMIN
B1**
(THIAMINE)
100 TABLETS **85¢**
1000 for 7.50



**GARLIC &
PARSLEY
TABLETS**
100 TABLETS **75¢**
500 for 3.25

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