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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Right at this moment I feel that I could devote every page of our April issue talking about how horrible, ghastly, monstrous, despicable, depressing and just plain mean this winter has been. But fret not, I'm not going to do that. We've all been through the winter and most of us know only too well how hard it has been.

When I mentioned black walnuts on the radio, I never dreamed that such a big pile of letters would arrive with information as to where they could be ordered, price, etc. Then boxes of walnuts arrived! We sent on a collection to Frederick and Betty in professionally sealed plastic bags to keep them fresh—and then the sacks went into cartons for shipment. I only hope Frederick doesn't gorge himself with the rich nutmeats until he has to see a doctor.

I want to thank each and everyone of you for your generous response. I simply never dreamed that my comments would create such a reaction.

Incidentally, a number of people gave me addresses of large companies that run the nuts through an electric sheller. You'd think off-hand that no one could find much use, if any, for black walnut shells. This is far from the situation. The hulls which go through the electric machines are shipped all over the country to large industries. The only time I'd ever come across anything of this nature was when I read that black walnut shells were used in great quantity in Detroit where they were used in automobile plants as the finest abrasives known.

So there! I guess we've covered the subject of black walnuts.

I am thinking about Betty Driftmier's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Crandall, who are spending the winter in Florida. Today is Mrs. Crandall's 89th birthday. Many members of the family are in attendance to celebrate the occasion. Her first great-great-grandchild, Julian Crandall, who was born on New Year's Day is there for the celebration. Mrs.

Crandall must have had an over-flowing heart when she saw so many members of her family about her.

There is no question of sending fruit or flowers to anyone spending the winter in Florida surrounded by such items, and I knew Mrs. Crandall would be deluged with gifts from her many, many devoted friends, so I settled the matter by writing her a letter straight from my heart.

I'm sure that young people who go back to the old home town to visit relatives have no idea how much it means to the parents of their old friends from childhood to have them stop in for a visit, even briefly. Some of Juliana's old friends came by to see me when they were in town and I cannot convey to you how much they lifted my spirits. A bleak, dismal day suddenly seemed much, much brighter.

Two of my brothers, Howard and Wayne, celebrate their birthdays in March. This year, Howard and Mae flew out to Denver where Wayne lives and enjoyed a joint celebration. The reunion had to be short because all four of them are working. Thank goodness the airports were open so they could fly out and save the time it would otherwise have taken to drive.

We keep track of Ruby Treese (who took care of Mother and Dad for 13 years) and she keeps track of us. We had her come over for dinner recently and got all caught up on her family. I should tell you right now that the ad in our magazine about Ruby's knitting sweaters for small children had her so overwhelmed that she had to hire someone to lend a helping hand! If she ever recovers from the deluge of orders and can look at a knitting needle again, so as to make more sweaters to sell, I'm sure she will let me know . . . and then I will let you folks know.

I can now pass our old family home without the original feeling of grief which swept over me whenever I saw the familiar building. That sadness was a long time passing, but I must tell you something that I think will interest you. The house was sold very shortly after Mother died and this meant that it had to be cleaned out from top to bottom: basement, two bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, huge pantry, dining room, living room and what we called the sun parlor-library, all on the first floor. Upstairs there were four big bedrooms, closets galore and a sleeping porch.

Special pieces of furniture were shipped all around to family members, but the last thing to cope with was a massive, ornately carved Jacobean-style table that would seat twelve with all leaves in, and a tremendously big buffet that could (and did) contain endless articles.

This furniture went to a dealer of antiques down on Main Street. He



Lucile is sitting at the table in the "broadcast room" in her home. Just out of sight to her right is the big clock on the wall which says that it is almost time to start another Kitchen-Klatter program. Even with all the letters, papers and pictures in front of her, Lucile still looks as if she is wondering what subject she'll "touch on" during this particular visit with her radio friends.

placed it in his show window. Whenever we passed that store and I saw our old dining room set, I had a sharp pang of sorrow. Consequently, it was a genuine pleasure to drive by one day and see that the furniture was gone. I wanted to keep track of that memorable set, so I found out who purchased it.

Shenandoah is the location of the Brown Shoe Fit Company home offices; from here officials direct the operations of a chain that has 79 stores scattered far and wide. I was astonished to see one of their stores deep in New Mexico and learned that they have two located in that state!

When we were growing up in the old family home, our neighbors right across the street were Mr. and Mrs. Win Brown and their two children, Sam and Betty. We saw a lot of them because Sam was about the age of Frederick and Wayne, and Betty was about the same age as Margery. The Brown children sat down to many and many a meal at our old dining room table and ate with us.

Sam has lived in Council Bluffs for a long time. His son, Sam, Jr., turned West to seek his fortune. He became the Treasurer of the State of Colorado and served in that capacity for several years. Then he was called to Washington, D.C., to head one of our large government projects.

Sam works hard and felt that he needed a place where he could get away from the city rat race for short periods. Thus, he built a home in Wisconsin and had his mind set on exactly one absolute

(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I have just come into the house after helping Frank with a few little jobs outside. We had to nail a new board on the fence. A couple of little calves had found a place where they could crawl through into the pony's pen, so the next time they try to get in they are going to get fooled. Frank can't hammer a nail straight with his left hand, and his right arm doesn't work well since his accident. Although I have a good right arm, I'm not very good with a hammer. I had to laugh when Frank said, "You and I had better not try to ever build a house because we would never get it finished, and if we did, it would probably collapse."

When I read the article "Smock a Frock" in the March issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, it certainly brought back a flood of memories. I can remember just as well as if it occurred yesterday how I happened to learn to smock. Lucile always did all kinds of beautiful embroidery work. One day, shortly after Juliana was born, Lucile and I were looking at patterns in a big department store when she spied this pattern for a simple smocked baby dress and she bought it, along with a lovely piece of sheer pink batiste. She was determined to learn how to smock. That evening she took a piece of scrap material and made some dots like the pattern, read the directions and started sewing. She tried, and she tried, and she tried, until she was so frustrated she was practically in tears. Lucile attempted to get me to figure it out for her, but I flatly refused. The only stitch I knew was the cross-stitch, and I wasn't about to tackle this strange series of dots. Of course, Lucile knew me well. She knew if she could just get me to pick up the material and try, I wouldn't stop until I had mastered the art.

Now you must understand that Lucile was my adored older sister, and to me there was nothing she couldn't do better than everyone else. It was, when in tears, Lucile finally put the fabric down, folded it and put it away as a lost cause, that I became really fascinated and had to take a look at the rows of dots that had her stumped. It took me a while, but before I went back to my own apartment I had learned how to smock and had taught her how.

The next day Lucile cut out the dress and started sewing. She had about three of the smocking rows done when I came to baby-sit with Juliana while she and Russell went out. I read a while, then picked up the dress and started working on it. When Lucile came home, she



Many, many years ago, Frank Johnson trapped a number of red foxes. The pelts went to a special tannery in Chicago where they were treated properly to soften and cure the hides. When the furs were returned to us, Russell and I made them into this warm and beautiful throw for our bed.

—Lucile

thought my work looked much better than hers. I finished the smocking and Lucile sewed the dress together. I don't think Lucile did any more smocking until she and Russell moved back to Shenandoah when Juliana was three. Juliana was four months old when Kristin was born and as soon as they were both walking, we dressed them alike. Most of their dresses were smocked and I did the smocking and Lucile stitched them together. We called this our assembly-line sewing, and we were always sewing. We used to feel so smug when we were in fancy children's shops and would look at the prices on the hand-smocked dresses, which weren't nearly as beautiful as ours.

After we had exhausted all the patterns we could find from the different pattern companies, a long-time friend of the family came to our rescue. She had a box of old patterns and transfers at home that had never been used, which she gave to us. A lot of them were loose and didn't even have a picture to go by, and these were really a challenge. Some of them were very, very old and were really beautiful. I don't think two mothers ever had more fun dressing their little girls than Lucile and I did, or took more pleasure in seeing them all dressed up in our own handiwork.

All of the dresses we made in those days were of 100% cotton, so our girls didn't wear them out. We were always careful how the clothing was washed and when the dresses were outgrown we passed them on to our nieces who came along in stairstep sizes. When one girl would outgrow the dresses, they would be passed on to the next one. It would be hard to say how many little girls got to wear them.

Mother and Margery also learned how to smock and turned out many beautiful dresses. It is the one classic dress that has never, and will never, go out of style.

So all of you young mothers out there with little girls, learn to smock and see how much fun it is. I can still smock and cross-stitch even after 36 years.

Everyone is concerned about the water coming from all the melting snow. So far we have had cold nights with just a little thawing during the day, so this has helped slow the runoff. Frank had to make a new opening in the fence the other day and was surprised, when he drove in some steel posts, at how much frost was already out of the ground.

For the past month, we have finally been seeing a lot of cardinals. When we are doing the chores in the late afternoon, we will see as many as fifteen on the ground around where we have been feeding. The past winter was certainly hard on the wildlife. We had a little visitor close to the house the other day. It was the middle of the afternoon when I saw on the other side of the fence in the barn lot, a half-grown raccoon eating shelled corn the cows had left. Our dog just sat there and watched it, and the raccoon didn't even leave when Frank went out. The raccoon was so thin he seemed to be half-starved. Frank watched it for a few minutes and then the raccoon seemed to suddenly become aware of his audience and ran a short distance and then up a tree.

On a recent Saturday, our friends, Peggy and Glenn Dyer, from Des Moines spent the day with us. The road to their trailer on the hill was so blocked with snowdrifts they couldn't get in to do any work on their place, so they decided to spend the day helping us get in wood. When they left to go back home we had a nice big woodpile that has kept the tank heater going for many days.

The last time we talked to Kristin she said everyone was up and on his feet able to function. It always seems to me that someone in that family is down with a cold—the last one being little Julian. Right now Aaron has his arm in a cast to the elbow. He broke his thumb while playing with his friends. He felt he was lucky it was his right thumb because he is left-handed.

It looks as if our oldest grandson, Andy, has a new hobby. He is taking home economics this year and learning to cook up a storm. He has always liked to make cakes and fool around in the kitchen, so maybe we have a budding chef in our family. Kristin says she has a good excuse to put on weight now because this oldest son is making so many delicious roll-up pancakes for them. Besides cooking, Andy's other interests are sports of all kinds and assembling model rockets.

It is time for me to start dinner so I must stop and see what the cupboard and refrigerator have to offer.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy



Manger — to Cross — to Easter

A Worship Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: This setting requires some extra effort, but its effectiveness is well worth the time. You will need to find a fair-sized dried Christmas tree—perhaps one which someone has set out on the lawn for tying on suet balls for the winter birds; or, maybe someone has tossed their tree into a garage to be hauled away at a later date. From this discarded tree, form a cross using the main trunk of the tree as the upright piece and one of the large lower branches for the arms of the cross. Do not trim the tree trunk and branches too much—leave on smaller twigs, branches and needles (if any), so that it can easily be identified as once being a Christmas tree. This cross is placed in center stage before the service begins.

Have ready to use later in the service as designated the following items: a crown of thorns made from some of the evergreen twigs or some branches from a rosebush, a large lavender and yellow butterfly (12 inches or more in width) fashioned from crepe paper, and a spray of Easter lilies.

Prelude: A medley of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear", " 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow" and "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today" is played softly. Continue playing music as Scriptures are read.

Scripture: Isaiah 9: 2 and 6.

Hymn: "O Come, O Come Emmanuel".

Leader: God put His love for us in human form, the Babe of Bethlehem born in a manger, so men of Galilee might know and tell the Story of the Babe and the angels' song.

Hymn: "Fairest Lord Jesus".

Leader: Just a few short weeks ago we were celebrating the birthday of the Christ Child. The beautiful Christmas tree stood as the central point of interest in our homes, a lovely symbol of God's ever green, everlasting love—a love that seemed to catch hold of all of us at Christmas so that we wanted to share it, to sing of it, to tell the Christmas Story over and over. But then, how quickly we forget, how soon we become involved in more worldly things, often forgetting to take Him with us as we walk the road of everyday. Almost—yes, almost—it could be said we tossed Him aside as we did the used Christmas tree. But

still, there is that centuries-old hope, those echoing words: *Lo, I am with you always.*

Scripture: Luke 23: 13-16 and 21.

Leader: And so the Christmas tree becomes a cross.

First Helper: (Hangs the crown of thorns on the cross at the point where the branches cross. Have nail already placed in cross upon which to hang the crown.)

Ah, man, how weak, how fickle thou art! On Sunday you shout "Hosanna!" and spread palms as a carpet for Him to walk upon, and wave them high to acclaim Him as your King. A few days later you are crying, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Hymn: "Oh Sacred Head, Now Wounded". (If possible, have lights go out at conclusion of this hymn and let there be a few moments of silence and darkness. Then lights come on and music of "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today" is played triumphantly and then softly—then silence.)

Leader:

Lift your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary Day and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart!

He is not here. He is risen! With these words sorrow was turned to joy. When Jesus was laid in the tomb, hope had died, even in the hearts of His followers. After the horrible crucifixion of their beloved Master, gloom descended upon the faithful few. What would the future hold? All seemed darkness and despair.

Then came the words, *He is risen*, and darkness was changed to light and defeat become victory—not of death, but of life, life eternal.

Hymn: "Sing with All the Sons of Glory", or similar hymn of joy.

Second Helper: (Fastens butterfly on top arm of cross.)

We cannot understand Your ways;
Their mysteries are too deep,
But we have seen a butterfly
Awaken from its sleep
All changed and bright and beautiful
With eager wings outspread.

The butterfly has come to be the symbol of the resurrection, of life eternal. It symbolizes the great, glorious joy of

Easter—a new life, a new beginning. I always associate these words from the Song of Solomon with the resurrection, *For lo, the winter is past and the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*

This resurrection power works in my heart and your heart today. It is working in my heart when I refuse to give in to the hurtful, unloving human self of me and catch the higher vision of the inherent goodness that is in the hearts of all God's children. Resurrection takes place in my mind every time I discipline my thinking—substituting hope for discouragement, refusing to be disillusioned; by replacing criticism, hatred, injustice with love, understanding and forgiveness. Resurrection takes place in me when I claim the promises of Easter—all this is symbolized by the beautiful butterfly.

Hymn: "The Day of Resurrection".

Third Helper: (Fastens a spray of Easter lilies to the cross on the upright trunk, below the crown of thorns.)

These beautiful Easter lilies I place for the perfect pureness, the eternal goodness of God, personified here on earth in Jesus Christ who gave His life on the cross for us—love everlasting.

As the lovely Easter lilies lift their heads in peaceful splendor and radiant glory of life renewed, so Easter time comes sweeping triumphantly down the avenues of life, lifting hearts oppressed and bringing healing to the wounds of strife and the words, *He is risen!*, resound the world around. Our hearts rejoice knowing because He lives, we, too, shall live!

Hymn: "Jesus Christ Is Risen Today".

Benediction: May we look at our hands, and think of Your hands. May our feet walk true, because Your feet went stumbling, but willingly, to the cross. May our eyes hold pity, because Your eyes held concern and love. May our hearts forever hold a song, because You died to set us free. Amen.

MAKE CHILDREN'S CHOIR ROBES

Make simple choir robes from a yard square of cotton material. Cut a circle in the center about two inches larger than the child's head. Hem this circle cutout and insert elastic in the hem of the cutout. Hem edges of the robe.

As the need arises, make a bow for each robe from a 4"x36" strip of colored cloth. Change colors of bows according to the need. Use pastels for spring; brown and orange for fall programs; red and green for Christmas, etc. The bows can be either pinned on the robe or snapped on.

—Evelyn Witter





The Reverend Wm. W. Richardson.

SPACE-AGE CIRCUIT RIDER

by
Shirley E. Jipp

Rev. William W. Richardson has been preaching his way across the country by foot and on the back of his faithful horse since 1966. The 6-foot, 5-inch, 250-pound pastor seems to thrive on the rigors of his annual, but often lonely, trek. He strikes an imposing picture with his wide football shoulders, western-style clothes, the ruggedness of a cowboy, and the sincerity of a sturdy, hard-working pastor. He is a modern-day circuit rider who has committed himself to "unconventional evangelism" by traveling on horseback.

Each summer during his vacation, this modern circuit rider uses the old-time method of traipsing around the country to answer his calling. His pulpit is wherever his legs or those of his horse will carry him. With "Traveler Six", a bay gelding, Billy walks nearly as much as he rides. At night, when he retires under the stars somewhere along the trail, the horse lies down beside him. By day, the animal can often be seen walking beside his master or behind, gently nudging him along with his nose.

Sporting a cowboy-type hat, and often attired in old-fashioned garb including a double-breasted suit, boots and sparkling gold-sequined tie, the Rev. Billy says his fondest memories while traveling are the faces of the children. Besides many children, his congregation has also included cowboys, prisoners, hitchhikers, discontented youth, alcoholics and just about anyone else who will stop to listen to him.

This unusual minister is a former football player who graduated from Missouri State College in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, with a pre-law degree. During the Second World War,

Billy joined the Naval Air Corps and flew with a carrier group in the Pacific area which included Tyrone Power, Robert Stack and other movie stars. On Okinawa, he observed much suffering among the children and from this experience he vowed to become a minister of the gospel instead of a lawyer and do something about the spiritual and physical needs existing in our world.

In 1950, while studying at Northwestern University, he married Rose Graf of Georgetown, Florida. Billy and Rose served a church in Mountainair, New Mexico, for three years and found the experience most rewarding in this Mexican-Anglo community. In 1956, they spent a year in Cuba as missionaries before being banished by Castro. In spite of the short duration of their stay in Cuba, they felt this was one of the highlights of their ministry.

At the present time, Rev. Richardson is minister of the Greeley-Bartlett-Ericson United Methodist parish in central Nebraska. Rose, also a minister, is pastor of a "yoke parish"—the United Methodist Church of Elgin, Nebraska, and a country Congregational church at Park, some twelve miles west of Elgin.

The Bicentennial Celebration of American Methodism was held in 1966 and Billy rode 1200 miles from Omaha to Baltimore dressed as a circuit rider and preaching all the way. This he found to be such an amazing experience that he decided he would try to continue such a horseback ministry during the summers. It was after he returned from Baltimore that Billy became the founder of SACRA—Space Age Circuit Rider's Association, Inc. With its blending of old and new, it now has members from all over the United States.

In 1968, during a long cattle drive from Buffalo Gap, South Dakota, to Crawford, Nebraska, Billy became aware of the needs of the American Indians. In 1969, Billy moved with his family to Crawford. At the church there, he and concerned friends found ways to assist the Indians in knowing their heritage and to feel wanted and important in our world today. With the Indian's deep regard for ecology and nature, Billy hopes, someday, that they can construct an Indian village and present a drama such as the Cherokees do at the beginning and at the end of their Trail of Tears. It could give the Cheyenne and Sioux added dignity and meaning in this area of Nebraska and the Dakotas.

Each time Billy rides or walks across this great country, he is reminded of three things: 1. America was built on work. 2. Here there is a glorious expenditure of life, and we are all put here to do God's will. 3. Old America was great. Rev. Billy was especially reminded of these points in 1976 when he was part of the Bicentennial Wagon Train that went

across Nebraska.

Though riding horseback or walking are not the most comfortable ways to travel, Rev. Billy admits he enjoys himself. With his special interest in the American Indian, any funds raised during his missions go toward helping them improve their lot in life, increase their schooling opportunities and provide chapels. Billy feels no group has been treated more unjustly, so he is doing what he can to rectify past mistakes.

Last fall, the Wesley Chapel in London, England, was reopened and Rev. Billy attended the ceremonies. On October 26, 1978, he began a six-day, 120-mile journey from Bristol to London, following the trail of the 18th century founder of Methodism, John Wesley. Although dressed in his typical circuit-rider clothes, Billy was not permitted to ride the distance due to the traffic and lack of available horses for hire. So, he walked. Each night he stayed in Methodist homes, and preached in church halls along the way. He met many dignitaries as well as the common people of England.

Though the BBC covered his walk, the Nebraska preacher's greatest thrill during his English journey was not the network coverage, but rather preaching to twelve tar-covered road workers near Bristol, and eight sweepers at Heathrow Airport.

Although Billy's story is a modern one, it really began over 1900 years ago when Christ was crucified. On that first Good Friday, and subsequent Easter Day when Christ rose from the dead, He gave us His greatest gift of eternal life in God's kingdom. Rev. Billy has spent his life witnessing as Christ admonished the disciples in Acts 1:8, *Ye shall be my witnesses*. In the future, Brother Billy hopes to witness in other continents to the graciousness and wonder of that gift.

I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give.

The water pure that bids the thirsty live, I want to help the fainting day by day; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears, The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.

Beauty for ashes may I give always; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er, And into angry hearts I want to pour The answer soft that turneth wrath away; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith, I want to do all that the Master saith; I want to live aright from day to day; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you on a new electronic typewriter with a "brain". I am having to learn to use a typewriter which has a far better memory than I do. I sometimes think that it remembers to write words which I forgot to use! For days, I have been studying the instruction manual which came with the machine. I have learned that after I write this letter to you, I can duplicate it by just pushing one key and then letting the machine take over.

After the accident Betty and I had a few weeks ago, I am fortunate to have enough brains left to master a typewriter like this one. Some of you probably heard us telling about the accident when we spoke of it on the Kitchen-Klatter broadcast. We had driven to a little church in the state of Connecticut to show some pictures of our trip to the High Arctic, and we were on our way home when the accident happened. When it appeared that the car directly ahead of us was being driven in an erratic manner, we slowed down so that we would not be too close to what we assumed was a drunken driver. We saw the car strike a steel railing down the center of the turnpike, and then we saw the driver shoot back to the right and hit the railing on the outer edge of the turnpike. Amazingly, the car did not turn over.

While holding back from that bit of chaos, another automobile came from our rear at a high rate of speed and slammed into our car. The impact knocked our car up into the air and forward about fifty feet, striking so hard that the dashboard almost came off into our laps. Both Betty and I thought our necks were broken, and perhaps even our backs, but such was not the case. The x-rays in the emergency room showed no bone damage. Thank God! Miraculously, we came through the accident with nothing more than muscle strain, the kind which is called "whiplash". Our car was so badly damaged that I am getting a new one. We are so grateful to be alive!

Every time we show pictures of our trip to the High Arctic, people come up to us and say, "You Driftmiers should not take such risks when you travel. Perhaps you should stay home this year where it is safe!" Well, the only severe accidents we ever have had have been within a few miles of home. On the Sunday before the accident, I had said from the pulpit, "We should live each day

with the thought in mind that we might not have another day. We never know when a day begins just what that day will bring forth." Our accident reconfirmed that truth.

Each spring my Associate and I put on an oyster stew supper for our Men's Club, and it is always a success. How the men do love the stew, and we serve them all they can eat. Before the supper, we set out a buffet with a hot mixture of well-seasoned orange and tomato juice, platters of smoked oysters, Norwegian sardines, cheese bits, hot Chinese eggrolls, and assorted crackers. For the supper itself, the men had a first course of tossed salad which they made themselves at a salad bar. The salad plates were as large as dinner plates and



One of the special joys of the ministry is to administer the sacrament of Holy Baptism. During the Easter season, many babies are brought to the altars of churches across the country for this symbolic ritual of dedication. The adorable baby which Frederick is baptizing is Kelly Phillip Smith, son of Lt. and Mrs. Phillip Clifford Smith. (Kelly's father is a Lieutenant in the Coast Guard.)

you should have seen how much salad some of those men could eat! After the salad, the stew was served in soup dishes which held two full cups of stew. Then they had for dessert a large helping of baked Indian pudding with vanilla ice cream. Nuts and coffee finished the meal. It was a real New England oyster stew feast!

The church installed an elaborate burglar alarm some years ago for the protection of the parsonage. When the alarm sounds, a *very loud* bell rings inside the house and a screeching, wailing siren blows outside. Just having the alarm installed has discouraged thieves; most of the houses near us have been robbed, but not our house. Unfortunately, our home looks like the kind of house which would ordinarily be occupied by wealthy people, so robbers would not realize it is actually a church parsonage. That is why three flood lights were installed around the back of the house. These are lights which come on

automatically at dusk and then go off at dawn.

At exactly three o'clock this morning, Betty and I were frightened awake when the bell and siren started to alarm us and the entire neighborhood. I leaped out of bed and tried to turn on a light so I could see to dial the police on the bedroom telephone, but there were no lights. My first thought was that the burglars had cut the electric wires coming into the house so the floodlight would go off and the alarm not sound. Our burglar alarm is made in such a way that if the wires are cut, the alarm will still function on battery power. As I finished calling the police the lights came on, and this indicated there had been a power failure of some kind which had been corrected. In minutes, the police had surrounded the parsonage, but no burglars were found. Almost immediately, a call came on the police car radio saying an automobile had struck a light pole a short distance from the house, and this was what had caused all of our alarm activity. All's well that ends well, but what a fright for all concerned.

Sleep did not come soon, and before I did sleep, I said a prayer of gratitude to God. I thanked Him for our wonderful police protection for only three minutes were needed for those lawmen to reach our house. When they arrived, they were so efficient and so courteous. I was grateful because we had no burglars.

As I drifted off to sleep, I remembered one of our friends who had his alarm go off the other night. When he leaped out of bed, he was confronted by a man holding a gun. The man said, "One move, and I kill you!" He held my friend at gunpoint while two other people grabbed the silver and a television set. In three minutes, they had taken the loot and fled before the police got there.

How wonderful it is to hear the birds singing again. Many times this past winter I actually found myself wondering if we would ever hear anymore birds around here. Never in all of my years of feeding wild birds have I seen so few through the winter months. I must say that we do not have as many birds this spring as we had last spring, but at least we do have some, and the cardinals and robins are singing their hearts out. Each morning when I walk out to the garage to get the car, I stop for a few minutes just to listen to the birds, and when I do, I find myself wondering if I am listening to some of my old friends of former years, or if I am listening to some of their children. Hopefully, I am listening to both, but after the past hard winter, I am not sure.

We remember all of you in our prayers, and we ask that you so remember us.

Sincerely,
Frederick



THE TULIPS' AWAKENING

A Children's Play

by
Evelyn Witter

TIME: Early spring.

SETTING: A house yard with a garden designated by five or six feet of 12-inch picket fencing, or by cardboard or other material made to resemble a low garden fence.

CHARACTERS: First Tulip, Second Tulip, Third Tulip, Other Tulips, Spring Sunshine, Spring Rain. (Any of these parts may be taken by as many boys or girls as desired.) Bob and Barbara.

COSTUMES: No costumes are required. However, it would be pretty if the Tulips wore flower-colored clothing and crepe hats resembling blooms.

As the scene opens, the Tulips are behind the garden fence facing the audience. They are motionless on the floor in a crouching position with heads down. They are not wearing their hats—the hats are in their pockets or otherwise concealed.

First Tulip: (Raises head and yawns.) It's been a long sleep.

Second Tulip: (Raises head.) I feel rested enough now, too. (Yawns.)

All Tulips: (Raise heads and yawn.) (Enter Spring Sunshine stage right, skipping over to the garden, smiling brightly. She raises her arms and moving back and forth in front of the garden moves her fingers, as if she were playing the piano, directly above the Tulips' heads.)

Spring Sunshine: Wake up, dear Tulips! It is spring! This is part of Nature's plan for you. Come out of your bulbs in the spring sunshine and grow and bud and blossom. You will bring so much joy and pleasure to all who see you. Wake up!

First Tulip: Oh! The earth around me is getting nice and warm.

Second Tulip: It must be Spring Sunshine sending us the news that spring is here. It is time for all growing things to wake up!

All Tulips: We heard! We heard! It is part of Nature's plan.

(Spring Sunshine stands stage left in profile to the audience, but still twinkling her fingers in the direction of the Tulips.)

(Spring Rain enters stage right, walking gayly and saying: "Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, pitter-patter", as she walks.)

Spring Rain: I have a drink for you! (Moves back and forth before the Tulips, holding a sprinkling can over their heads as if watering them.) I have gathered this drink from rivers and streams and



Children and flowers have a natural affinity for one another. Isabel Palo, granddaughter of Frederick and Betty Driftmier, especially appreciated this beautiful arrangement of mums which was used recently as decoration in the front hall of the Driftmier parsonage.

oceans. It is Nature's plan that I give it to you.

First Tulip: (Raises head a little higher and holds out hands as if feeling rain gratefully.) I didn't realize I was so thirsty.

Second Tulip: (Same motions.) How good the rain feels to my tender leaves!

Third Tulip: (Same motions.) What a blessing this rain is for us!

All Tulips: The rain is part of the plan for growing things.

(Spring Rain stands stage right holding sprinkling can high.)

All Tulips: (Begin moving and squirming and stretching. Then they begin rising very, very gradually. Finally they are all standing erect.) We are very happy.

(Enter Bob and Barbara stage left.)

Barbara: Oh! Look! The tulips are up!

Bob: Seems as if they like the spring breeze, too, the way they're waving back and forth.

Barbara: Soon they'll have buds, and then they'll bloom.

Bob: Their leaves will stay a pretty green all summer. In the fall, they'll wilt. Then they go back to sleep for the winter.

All Tulips: We are part of Nature's beauty!

Barbara: I'll be anxious to see what they look like when we come back after spring vacation.

Bob: Me too!

(Exit Bob and Barbara stage left. Spring Sunshine returns to garden, skipping back and forth with twinkling fingers, then returns to stage left. Spring Rain returns to garden, using sprinkling

can, saying: "Pitter-patter, pitter-patter." Returns to stage right.)

All Tulips: (Put on crepe paper hats to indicate that the flowers are now in bloom. Spring Sunshine and Spring Rain come forward and stand together stage center.)

All: (Sing a spring song.)

(Enter Bob and Barbara stage right.)

Barbara: The tulips are all in bloom!

Bob: The tulips are in bloom!

All Tulips: When tulips are in bloom all Nature hums a springtime tune.

(All hum a springtime tune as play ends.)



COVER STORY

The picture on the cover of this month's magazine is from a painting made by artist, James Chapin. We borrowed the painting from our Shenandoah Public Library so that we might have a print made for this issue. In this way we can share with you something that means a great deal to our family.

The little boy in the painting is Elliott Chapin, the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Chapin. Mrs. Chapin is our cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin, daughter of Uncle Frederick Fischer and Aunt Helen Field Fischer.

James and Mary were living in New York City when they notified us that a baby was on the way. Russell and I were living in Hollywood at that time. From then on, Mary and I kept the letters going fast and furious between Hollywood and New York. It was the only way we could find out how everything was coming along with both of us. Everyone was delighted when the news reached us that Elliott had arrived.

When Elliott was age two or three, the family left New York and moved about 60 miles away to an old, old house built before the Revolutionary War. They stayed there a number of years and then moved to Toronto, Canada. The family home is still in this Canadian town.

Little Elliott, like all the children connected in any way with our family, "took to" books very early. Untitled, Elliott reading a book has become one of James Chapin's most popular paintings. James, who achieved an international reputation as an artist, died a couple of years ago. How much I would love to see the remaining members of the family!

As I said at the beginning, a copy of this painting hangs in the Shenandoah Public Library. Underneath is a plaque which reads:

*"In Memory of
Frederick Fischer
and
Russell Verness"*

Needless to say, it means a great deal to me. —Lucile

BREAD

by
Katherine Epperson

Bread has been called the supreme symbol of agriculture, and since time immemorial has been man's chief food. Today we speak of bread as the "staff of life" and refer to our money as "bread" or "dough". The word appears more than three hundred times in the Bible. Jesus called himself the *bread of life*, doubtless using the figure because it represented a familiar commodity that was most important in the lives of the people. *There was no bread in the land* told the story of famine in Egypt. Revolutions have been started because of the scarcity of this food. History mentions a bread dole in Rome before the birth of Christ. Roman legions carried milling and baking equipment with them wherever they went. Pagans had a special diet for ovens. Bread is used as a symbol in one of Christianity's most sacred ordinances.

In earlier centuries, grain was preferred to money in international trade. Peasants paid their rents in grain. They were forbidden to own ovens, or mills to grind their own grain. The lord of the manor owned the mill; the miller paid a toll of grain for using it. The tenants were exacted a toll by the miller; the miller paid the lord; and the lord of the manor paid the Church. The clergy collected the grain in huge tithe barns which can still be seen in some European countries today.

Because of the importance of grain to the economy, strict limitations were placed on the processing of it. Most baking was done in communal ovens. Heavy penalties were imposed upon individuals who risked grinding in secret and baking in ashes. Bakers were regulated as to the size of their loaves and the ingredients they could use. Spice cakes and buns could be made only for certain occasions, such as Easter or Good Friday. Certain other kinds could be made only for use at wakes and for meals following burials. If a baker made any bread not designated by law, the loaves were confiscated and given to the poor. In Germany, the murder of a baker was one of the most serious crimes that could be committed!

Trencher bread consisted of slices of coarse bread and was used as a plate. A "sop of meate" was taken with two fingers from a bowl and laid on the bread to soak up the drippings, then the meat was eaten. Persons of "quality" did not eat trencher bread. It was fed to the dogs or given to the poor or the servants, whose only taste of meat probably came from the juices that the bread had soaked up.

Until after the 19th century invention of the roller mill which could produce



Lynn and Al's Grocery in Norfolk, Nebraska, has a fine bakery department. Almost anytime of day a customer can stop in to buy a choice of unusual and varied baked breads. It is a far cry from the early days of bread making described by Mrs. Epperson.

refined flour, bread was heavy and dark. The grain from which bread was made was largely a matter of geography. In Scotland, the principal grain was oats. Other areas grew rye, barley, millet, or wheat. Hazelnuts, acorns, potatoes, certain types of bananas, and many kinds of seeds and roots were pounded into flour in various parts of the world. Corn, as we know it in America, was unknown to the civilized world until after 1492. The word "corn" meant the edible seeds of any of several cereal plants.

In Paris, the monks had a monopoly on public ovens. Bread was sold by hawkers in the street who were sent out with a dozen loaves at a time. An extra loaf was added for his commission, hence the term "baker's dozen". In Scotland, soldiers going to war carried oatcakes called "havers" in a bag hung by one strap from the shoulder. We still use the term "haversack" today.

It once was believed that bread baked on Good Friday had magic qualities and would never mold. Such a loaf suspended from the ceiling would bring good luck to the household. If unbaked bread dough was cut with a knife, it meant that a ship would sink at sea. Burnt bread was a sign the preacher was coming to visit. Bread baked by a woman whose maiden name was the same as that of her husband would cure whooping cough. A loaf of bread under the house was thought to keep ghosts away, and a cross in the top of buns would let the devil fly out.

In America, a grist mill was one of the first establishments to be set up in a pioneer community and became a gathering place for visiting. In Europe today, the village bakery is still a central part of every day. Sadly, the pleasant practice of meeting neighbors while waiting for the fragrant loaves to come out of the oven is giving way to buying a wrapped loaf of sliced and uninteresting white stuff from the grocer's shelf.

Much of the bread through the ages was unleavened. Yeast from the froth of beer was once used as a leavening agent, as were fermenting milk curds and wheat bran soaked in wine. Dried yeast is said to have been invented by Max Fleischmann, a Hungarian. Many people, however, knew how to make a wild yeast preparation of hops, cornmeal and water. Until not many decades ago, most housewives kept a jar of "lightbread starter" which they had to use regularly in order to keep the leavening agent alive. Miners in Alaska developed the "sourdough" bread starter, carrying the jars under their shirts to keep the yeast alive. For today's commercial mass production of bread, yeast alone is not fast enough. A pre-fermented brew, consisting of many ingredients, is mixed at high speed with flour and fat and enables modern bakeries to turn out as many as 16,000 pounds of bread an hour.

Stone mills, used until the invention of roller mills, could crush only the whole kernel, bran and all, but with the roller mills came a process that could separate the white center from the bran hull. For centuries, a finer flour had been made by sieving or "bolting" it through cloth. This was expensive, and only the wealthy could afford bread made with this kind of flour. When flour could be made that not only was fine in texture, but also white in color, a sort of snob attitude developed toward dark bread which continued until Harvey Kellogg and Sylvester Graham in America, and some doctors in England, began to point out the benefits of bran to the body and started a controversy which still goes on today. The food purist would say that one should use only bread made from stone-ground grain and free from chemical additives. White bread defenders reply that modern technology is able to put back into flour the vitamins and trace elements lost during the milling process. And so the argument goes on, with each person resolving it for himself to suit his own personal taste.

Regardless of whether one prefers his bread white, brown or black, fine-textured or coarse, it remains the one most common element in the daily diet. *Bread strengtheneth a man's heart*, the Psalmist said, centuries ago.

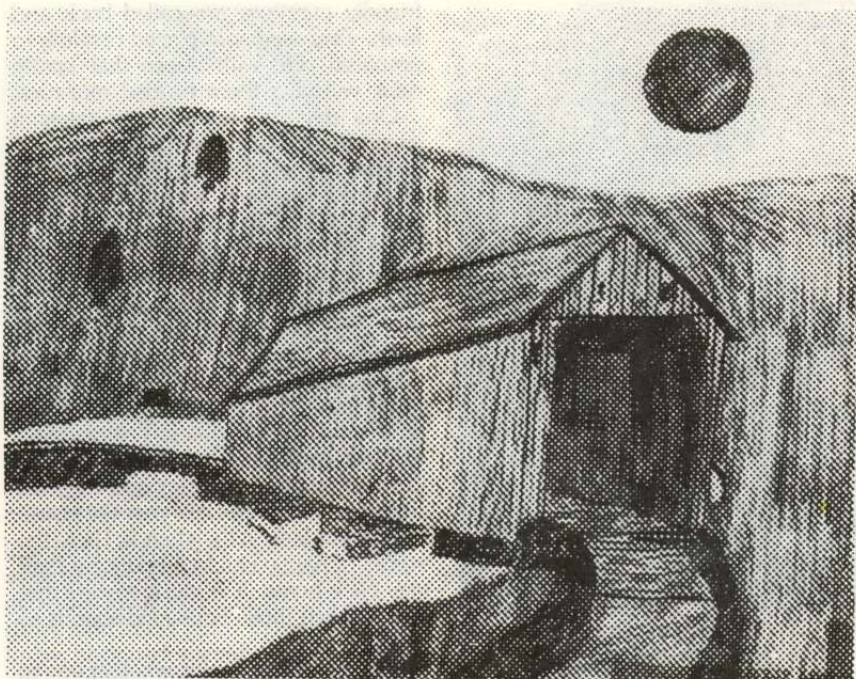


SPEAK TO ME, GOD

Speak to me, God, I'm listening
With my ears, my mind, my heart;
Guide me in this decision,
Show me the way to start.
Steady my feet on life's pathways,
Familiar or newly learned,
Help me to do the correct thing,
The best for all concerned.

—Inez Baker

A YOUNG SHENANDOAH ARTIST



So many complaints are made about the young people of today that we like to compliment those who are hard working, dependable and creative. Scott Brush, a 9-year-old, fourth-grade student at the Broad Street School here in Shenandoah, entered a pencil drawing in a nation-wide contest sponsored by the Youth Publication of *The Saturday Evening Post*. As one of the winners, he was awarded the honor of having the drawing published in the *Post* Company book, "Poems and Pictures By Our Kids". In the photograph on the left, Scott is presenting a copy of the book to Mrs. Ed McDonough, principal of the Broad Street School. The book is now in a place of honor in the school library. On the right is a print of the pencil drawing which was Scott's entry in the contest which attracted thousands of entries from all over the United States. Our congratulations to Scott and to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Brush.

—Photos used by permission of *The Shenandoah Evening Sentinel*

APRIL PARTY FAVORS

Easter Hat Favor: Supplies needed are: miniature colored marshmallows, flat, round, pastel-colored party mints and matching narrow ribbon. Choose a marshmallow for the crown of the hat and use icing to fasten it to a matching mint (brim). Add a tiny bow and streamers or a hatband of ribbon. If preferred, use a cake decorator and colored icing to add the decorations instead of the ribbon.

Butterflies to perch on glasses are lovely. Use construction paper, cutting each butterfly from a fold of paper. Use pinking shears for this. Make a diagonal slit from the center fold near the center, about 1/2 inch in length. This depends on the size of the butterfly. Decorate with paint or glued-on decorations as desired. Unfold and slip point of slit over rim of glass so butterfly will perch there.

Daffodil Nut Cup: Make nut cups by using light orange crepe paper to cover small paper cup, fluting the top edge with the fingers. Cut petals of yellow crepe paper. Gently pull petals with fingers to "cup" them slightly. Glue four or five of these petals to the bottom of the covered nut cup, gently shaping petals to get the daffodil effect.

Flower Fantasy Favor: Cut a circle of construction paper in a bright color for

the center of the flower. Make the circle about the size of a quarter. Use yarn in contrasting color (or make it a two-tone posy) to make large overlapping loops (petals) which are glued to the center. Glue a second circle to the back of the center to conceal the glued-on loop ends, inserting a pipe-cleaner stem between the two circles before gluing together. Use scraps of yarn in many different colors and have very pretty posies to brighten a tea table or a tray. The guests can wear them later as corsages.

Living Favors for a Spring Luncheon: Plant blooming pansy or petunia plants in small paper cups or nut cups. Cover the "pots" with florist foil in pretty colors, tying with contrasting ribbon. These look pretty on the table and each guest has something to take home and watch grow.

Soap Favor: Have you ever thought of giving small bars of fragrant soap as favors? Women will love them—they smell so nice! Cut squares of nylon net in pretty spring colors. Place the soap in a square of net and bring up the corners and tie with pretty ribbons. Fluff out the corners so that they almost resemble perky corsages or flowers. If place cards are used, they can easily be tied into the bow or pinned to one corner of the net.

—Virginia Thomas



PERSONAL BOOKMARKS

When we went to Europe, recently, my mother asked me to bring her some bookmarks as souvenirs. While we were in the bookstores, I was so busy trying to remember how to say "dictionary" in the language of the country we were in at the time that I forgot her bookmarks.

Rather than disappoint Mother when we got home, I made some bookmarks that turned out more personal than any we could have purchased.

I cut small pictures of places we had seen from the travel folders and postcards, and glued them to 6- to 8-inch long strips of ribbon that came from around potted flower plants. (This ribbon can be purchased in a variety store or a florist shop and is about 1½ inches wide.) I framed the pictures with scraps of lace and ribbon and some lace cut from a paper doily. Glue the frames to ribbon along with pictures. I typed the identification of the place or thing pictured directly on the ribbon. (This should be done before gluing on picture and frame.)

Personal bookmarks need not be limited to vacation material. Small pictures of favorite hobbies, animals, birds, famous people, or even a cutout from a small snapshot can be used. They add a great personal touch tucked inside a greeting card.

—Eva Segar



Kristin Brase's ten-year-old son, Aaron, took this delightful photograph of his mother. The Brases live in Chadron, Nebraska, so the winter just past was especially difficult. The bushes behind Kristin are showing enough green growth to make us realize that spring is really coming at last.

FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING

by
Jean Holt

The seed catalogs have arrived. To me, the first promise of spring, even with snow still on the ground in places, is the arrival of the colorful garden catalogs. From the flowers in the front of the books to the vegetables in back, I savor each one, knowing that soon being housebound will be in the past for another year.

A colorful crocus bed is visible from the window near my favorite chair. Every year these tiny flowers grow prettier, it seems. Glancing up from reading my current favorite book, I see my faith in nature rewarded by bulbs pushing up through heavy sod. It never seems possible, when planting the ugly, bulbous crocus, tulips, daffodils, and iris in the fall, that lovely blooms will grow from their dry-looking interiors. Knowing that when spring finally arrives, my faith will be rewarded with bursts of color, signifies once again that the order of nature is still right in the universe.

A sudden warmth fills the air and a walk through the garden is a sudden necessity. If I don't get outside, I'll simply burst! Anticipation builds. Pleasant days are now coming closer together. Shoots of asparagus begin to poke their heads through the black earth, a welcome sight, to be sure.

Neighbors begin calling greetings to one another over garden fences as forkfuls of dirt are turned. Winter frowns are replaced by spring smiles, and

friendly greetings are called back and forth. Tiny seeds are placed carefully in prepared soil, with hopes that spring rains will give them needed moisture.

One day the temperature takes a surprising turn upward and coats and jackets are gleefully abandoned. Little children gather on sun-warmed sidewalks, playing jacks together in bunches of two, three, or four. Sometimes a child is seen alone, waiting for Janie or Susie or Kathy to finish chores so they can begin play together in earnest.

Little Darrells and Johnnies and Bills gather in play clothes to dig in dirt or sand or to play marbles. Yo-yos come out of storage, along with hula hoops and sidewalk skates. Bicycles and tricycles reappear. Children walk past the house with basketballs in their hands; I hear the voices of happy children bouncing their way back home. It is music to ears that have missed those happy kid-sounds all winter.

It's a time to be young, whether you're one or one hundred. Aged hearts turn romantically to beautiful times remembered from the past. Some girls hope fondly that this will be their big year to march down that aisle in white.

Signs of spring are everywhere. It's a beautiful time. Even on days when it's not nice enough to be outside, the spirit of springtime can be nurtured in your heart.

"APRIL"

by
Harold R. Smith

The month of April invariably brings showers which are, indeed, welcome. We prefer the gentle soaking rains but moisture often appears in what local people term "gully-washers", for then the rain simply runs off the earth's surface. Fields erode in spite of contouring the land and rich soil can be washed away and lost forever. Friends on a farm often place heavy bundles of newspapers, securely wired together, in ravines and hollows to prevent erosion. They report some success with their method.

An unexpected gift is always a delightful surprise. A friend stopped by one early April morning last year to bring us some multiplier onion sets. She suggested we just "tuck them in here and there." I did and they grew well. I remember her whenever creamed onions appear on our menu.

A heavy freeze was predicted recently and we rushed out to cover the roses, peonies, lilies and other plants. We used plastic cones, a bushel basket, metal buckets and several paper sacks. The following morning the yard looked as if pranksters had littered the lawn, but the plants were saved!

As April nears and we think of Easter, I remember one Easter Sunday which

dawned bright and clear and reasonably warm. Following church, we were guests for a luncheon with friends who live nearby. The hostess cooks like her ancestors did in the Deep South: two (and often three) meats, many hot and cold dishes, pies and cakes. As I looked at the array of foods lining the buffet, I told my hostess that with so much food I never know what to eat.

Later that afternoon, we drove down to our family cemetery which some of the guests had never seen. Reached by a long, narrow lane, the cemetery sits in isolation with scarcely a sound heard from civilization. Suddenly, from a farm nearby, a man called to us. He needed assistance to help keep his herd of sixty Black Angus from going down the lane. Indeed we could help. One of the ladies flailed her arms as those huge animals came near. She later remarked that her friends in the city would never believe that she stood on a dusty road in her Easter finery helping herd Black Angus cattle.

April is a month in which we plan to drive out to the River Road to gather wild violets which grow rampant near the roadside. Returning home, we will arrange the lovely flowers in a small Waterford crystal urn. I do not remember when we started the habit of gathering wild violets in April, but it is of several years standing. A warm afternoon comes and we decide it is time to gather the dainty, fragrant, bluish-purple flowers.

Beyond the middle of April, the old Virginia creeper vines begin to thrust out small leaves and the lilies of the valley bloom in a protected spot near the house. When this occurs, I plant patio tomatoes as well as geraniums in flower beds nearby. Whenever a frost warning is issued, I am forced to admit I'm rushing the season!

The Indians had a story for the moon of each month. April's was called the pink moon, for fruit trees dared to bloom when frosts might yet come. Perhaps it is my imagination, but I do think that in our valley April's moon has a pink tint. After the brilliant cold months of the winter, perhaps it only appears that way. I do know the moon shines with a fullness and glow to complement a perfect April evening. Walking Checquers II to the basement where he sleeps, not a sound breaks the silence of the evening and I wish to hold the moment longer. At such a time, April reigns and lends enchantment to the night.



THE CHILDREN'S TRAIN

by
Evelyn Birkby

An item in a September, 1904, Sidney, Iowa, newspaper stated: *Last Thursday evening, seventeen orphan children were brought to Sidney from the state of New York and the work of finding them homes in suitable families is going on. Friday morning a meeting was held at the Methodist church and two men with the children gave talks explaining the situation. The church was crowded with people anxious to see the children. The little ones were placed up in the front where all could see them. They are all bright, intelligent-appearing children and some of them are beautiful singers. It is indeed a sad sight to witness when the children begin to be separated. Some of them have been together some little time and have formed ties of friendship. But these children are fortunate to be taken into good homes.*

L. V. Birkby, my father-in-law, remembered the incident vividly. "I saw some people look the kids over like they were animals," he told me. "It was kind of like putting slaves on the block for sale." He finished speaking and shook his head at the memory.

My first contact with the orphans' story came when I met a farmer living near Sidney. He and his two sisters had been among those orphans sent out of New York and he gave me a few details of the experience. Later, I learned more about what happened during that difficult time from one of his sisters.

The years around the turn of the century were desperate ones for many people. The money panic of 1896 had created a depression of acute proportions, and New York City was especially hard hit. Families were near starvation. Parents left their babies any place they might receive care: fondling hospitals, orphanages, homes for destitute children, churches, rectories—any sheltering institution. When all else failed, the babies were simply left on the streets, along alleyways, and in tenement hallways with the hope that some charitable passerby would save them. Though the police gathered up those they found and made them wards of the city, 90% of these street babies died.

Thousands of people pressed into the close, unsanitary rooms of New York's teeming tenement areas. In a second-story back room, lived the family whose children eventually came to be my friends. The mother and father and three children lived as best they could, though it was very hard. The girls were older and remember the sounds of horse-drawn carts and carriages and the shouts of children on the crowded street below, also, a large, loving woman in calico who stood next to the stove stirring and

tasting a pudding, and then shaking in a pinch of nutmeg. Five decades later, whenever she eats custard or tastes nutmeg, one of the girls still thinks of that woman in the haze of her earliest memory, and still does not know if it was her mother or, perhaps, her grandmother.

All her other recollections of the tiny, dim room and of the people who lived there were blotted out of her mind by an attack of scarlet fever. Her illness was also the final, catastrophic blow in a year of disaster for the family, for the money normally used for heat and clothing had gone for the last of the medicine needed. Work was no longer available for the father. The small wooden box on the kitchen shelf contained all the money the family had left—four dollars.

Before this money, too, disappeared, the parents decided to try to buy some kind of security for their children. They dressed the youngsters in neat, mended clothing, washed their faces, buttoned threadbare coats around their thin shoulders, and took them down the street to the Five Points House of Industry, a private home for children.

No one could enter who did not pay. The father handed the proprietor the four crumpled dollars. He would bring more, he promised, just as soon as he could, and said goodbye to his children. Though in later years they would try to find some trace of them, the children never saw or heard from their parents again.

The Five Points House of Industry kept the children for a year, but when it became apparent the father would not return, the three were moved to the Children's Aid Society for Destitute Children.

The depression deepened. More

children came into the home until, in 1904, the institution became chronically overcrowded and the officials of the home began searching for a solution to the problem. Then word came from the Midwest of a need for children to help with the chores on the farms and in homes in the small towns. Though hard times stretched across the land, at least the rural families had food. Most lived in large houses. Sunshine, fresh air and open space were plentiful.

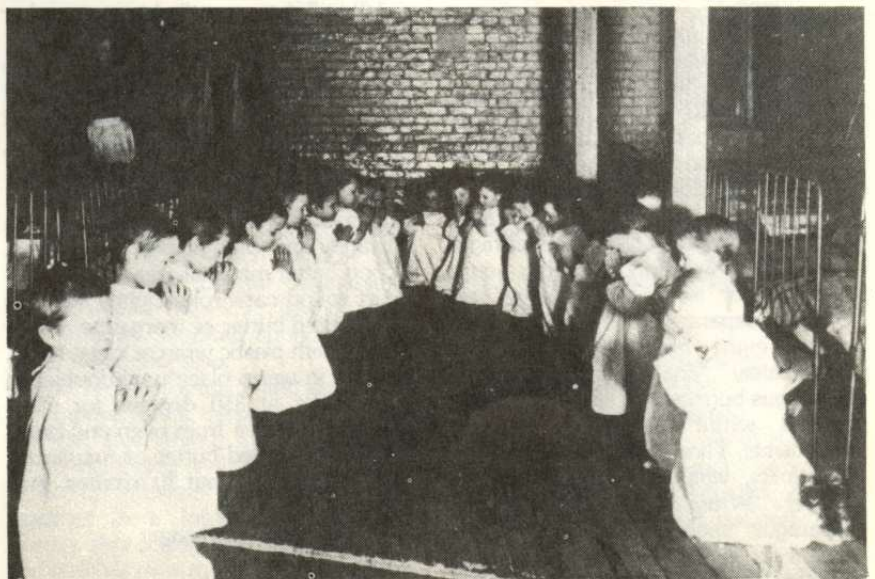
With the help of church organizations, the Children's Aid Society prepared a group of orphans to leave New York City by train, destined for mid-America. The boys were given Buster Brown outfits and the girls wore blue sailor dresses. Each child's hair was cropped short to alleviate scalp infections, a trying experience, especially for the older girls.

As the train crossed the Great Plains, it dropped off its child-cargo as it went—a few here, a few there. Seventeen were left in Sidney and stood in the church and then on the courthouse square while their futures were decided. Fortunately, the three with whom I became acquainted as adults were taken by families who lived in the immediate vicinity, and thus did not suffer the complete separation of many of the brothers and sisters on the train.

Some of the "new" parents chose children to take home because they had lost children of their own. Some wanted household and farm help.

A number took children out of love and compassion for the needs of the youngsters. While some of the families legally adopted the children, others kept them as foster children. Once a year, the welfare agents came to see if the arrangements were working. The children were

(Continued on page 19)



Prayer time in the nursery at the Five Points House of Industry, an institution in New York City at the turn of the century which tried desperately to cope with the thousands of needy children.

—Photo by permission from
The Museum of the City of New York (Jacob A. Riis Collection)

RECIPES

CLUB RASPBERRY SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen raspberries
- 2 cups applesauce
- 2 cups commercial sour cream
- 4 cups miniature marshmallows

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the raspberries and applesauce and blend well. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan and let set. Mix the sour cream and marshmallows together and refrigerate overnight. Spread the sour cream-marshmallow mixture over the top of the gelatin layer. —Dorothy

RHUBARB CRUNCH

- 4 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin (dry)
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1 2-layer size yellow cake mix
- 1 cup water

Combine rhubarb, marshmallows, gelatin and sugar. Spread in bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Combine the melted butter and cake mix. Sprinkle on top of rhubarb mixture. Pour the 1 cup of water over all. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

—Donna Nenneman

HAM-ASPARAGUS AU GRATIN

- 16-24 fresh asparagus spears, 6 inches long
- 2 large eggs, plus 2 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 cups whipping cream
- Salt and freshly ground pepper
- 4-6 slices baked ham, cut into 4- by 6-inch slices, 1/8 inch thick
- 2 Tbls. grated Swiss cheese
- 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 7- by 11-inch baking dish. Tie asparagus spears into three bundles. Bring 4 cups salted water to boiling in large pan. Drop in asparagus bundles and cook about eight minutes. Drain and immediately cool asparagus. Untie asparagus bundles and spread on paper towels while preparing rest of ingredients. Thoroughly blend the eggs, egg yolks, whipping cream, salt and pepper. Wrap ham slices around asparagus spears using about four spears for each roll. Place in prepared pan in single layer. Pour egg-cream mixture over all. Sprinkle cheeses over top. Bake about 40 minutes in preheated oven. Serve immediately. —Betty Jane

FRYING PAN SPINACH

- 1 10-oz. pkg. chopped, frozen spinach
- 1 Tbls. diced onion
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup cracker crumbs

Cook spinach according to directions on package. Drain. Saute onion in butter or margarine. Add drained spinach, butter flavoring and cracker crumbs. Stir until bubbly hot and serve immediately.

Canned spinach may also be used in this recipe. Drain well and continue as directed. Bits of chopped bacon, ham and/or hard-cooked eggs can be added for a heartier dish. —Evelyn

HOT-CROSS BREAD

- 1 pkg. active dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water (110-115 degrees)
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk, undiluted
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. good quality salad oil
- 1 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 1/2 to 5 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup currants
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup candied orange peel or citron

In large bowl, dissolve yeast in the water. Blend in 1 Tbls. of the sugar. Let stand in warm place until bubbly (about 15 minutes). Stir in the remaining sugar, milk, salt, oil, spices, egg and flavorings. Gradually beat in flour, one cup at a time. This makes a heavy, stiff batter. Stir in currants and orange peel (or citron). Spoon batter into well-greased 2 1/2- to 3-quart round casserole. Lightly coat top with melted butter or margarine. Cover loosely with plastic wrap or clean towel. Let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk. Bake at 350 degrees for 60-65 minutes. Remove from oven and brush with more melted butter or margarine. Cool in pan for about 30 minutes, then turn out. Combine:

- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

With pastry brush, paint a 2-inch wide cross on top of bread with the frosting.

VERLENE'S CLUB DESSERT

Crust

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup oil
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. milk

Mix all ingredients together with electric mixer. Press into 8-inch square or pie pan. Bake 15-20 minutes at 400 degrees.

2nd Layer

- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, partially drained
- 1 13-oz. carton prepared whipped topping
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine all ingredients until well blended. Pour over cooled crust. Refrigerate. Recipe can be doubled and put in a 9- by 13-inch pan.

BLENDER SALAD

- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can apricot halves, drained
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1 pint orange sherbet
- 1 3-oz. pkg. apricot gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water

In the blender, put the pineapple and flavoring; blend. Add the apricots and blend again. Break cream cheese in chunks and add to blender along with sherbet; blend again. Remove mixture to bowl. Dissolve the two packages of gelatin in the one cup boiling water. Combine with first mixture and pour into 8- or 9-inch square pan. Chill until firm.

—Dorothy

BARBECUE STEAK WESTERN

- 3 1/2 lbs. top round steak, cut about 2 inches thick
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. prepared horseradish
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 bay leaves

Combine all ingredients except steak. Place steak in pan or bowl with a tight-fitting lid. Pour the marinade over the steak. Cover and place in refrigerator and let set for several hours or overnight. Turn steak over occasionally. Broil steak 2-3 inches below heat. Turn every 10 minutes. Cook to desired doneness. May also be cooked on an outdoor charcoal grill. Slice to serve. —Betty Jane

SOUR CREAM CAKE

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 8-oz. carton dairy sour cream
- 1 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts or pecans

Cream butter or margarine. Add sugar and beat well. At low speed with mixer, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in flavorings. Combine the dry ingredients and add to mixture alternately with the sour cream. Blend well. Fold in the raisins and nuts. Pour batter into greased and floured 12-cup bundt pan and bake for about one hour at 350 degrees. Cool for 15 minutes in pan on wire rack. Loosen cake and invert pan; finish cooling.

We served this with sweetened whipped cream. —Lucile

GLAZED ONIONS

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

8 small frozen onions, cooked

Melt margarine in small saucepan. Add brown sugar and flavoring. Stir and heat until sugar is dissolved. Add cooked onions and turn to coat on all sides.

—Betty Jane

STREUSEL CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 cup light molasses
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour, unsifted
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 2 eggs

In large mixing bowl, combine the sugar, oil, molasses, flavorings and boiling water. Combine the dry ingredients and add to first mixture, blending well. Beat eggs until light and lemon colored and add to batter, mixing well. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle with the following topping:

- 1/2 cup brown sugar, packed
- 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour
- 2 Tbls. melted margarine or butter
- 1 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Combine topping ingredients until crumbly. Sprinkle on top of batter and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Cool and cut in squares. Serve with whipped topping if desired.

ANY KIND OF CRISP

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- 1 can fruit pie filling (your choice)

Combine flour, brown sugar, oats and margarine. This will be crumbly. Place pie filling in bottom of greased baking pan. Sprinkle with first mixture. Bake 35-40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream or topping.

—Betty Jane

CRESCENT CASSEROLE

- 1 7-oz. can salmon, drained and flaked
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 can cream of onion soup
- 1 can crescent dinner rolls (8-roll size)
- 1 6-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1/8 tsp. thyme
- 1/8 tsp. basil

Mix salmon, eggs and onion. Blend in 2 Tbls. of the undiluted soup. Unroll crescent rolls and spread each with salmon filling. Roll up each crescent roll and place on greased cooky sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes. While baking, combine remaining soup, milk and seasonings. Heat. Spoon over rolls just before serving.

For variation, try tuna and cream of mushroom soup. —Verlene

HONEST-TO-GOODNESS CHICKEN PIE

- 4 cups cooked, diced chicken or turkey
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can mixed vegetables, drained
- 1 can peas, drained

Favorite recipe for 1-crust pie dough

Combine first four ingredients. Place in a 9- by 12-inch baking dish or casserole. Top with layer of rolled-out pie dough. Cut vents in top of crust to let steam escape. Bake at 400 degrees until mixture is hot and bubbly and pie crust is nicely browned—30 to 45 minutes.

When I tested this recipe, I did not have mixed vegetables on hand, but had a can of peas and carrots. I added this, along with a can of peas. It was delicious. It is a basic recipe which could be used with your own favorite vegetables—canned ones in the winter, fresh in spring and summer. Cooked cubed potatoes could be added, also.

This recipe is a quick and simple way to prepare a fine casserole for freezer storage. Everything, including the pie crust, will freeze well. When chicken or turkey come on sale, buy a quantity, put together in a foil-lined baking dish. Freeze thoroughly and then the "pie" can be lifted from the dish and kept in the freezer until time to remove, unwrap, place in dish and bake. Allow for additional baking time when a frozen mixture is used. —Evelyn

MEXICAN CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. ground beef or veal
- 1 8-oz. can enchilada sauce
- 2 4-oz. cans taco sauce
- 4 ozs. green chopped chilies
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup diced longhorn cheese
- 1 pkg. tortillas

Brown ground beef or veal; drain. Add all the remaining ingredients except tortillas. Make a layer of the tortillas in bottom of greased 9- by 12-inch baking dish. Cover with the beef mixture. Bake 45 to 60 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Hallie

**BLACK WALNUT SPECIAL
(A drop cooky)**

- 1 cup homogenized vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 Tbls. molasses (or honey)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 Tbls. hot water
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped raw apples
- 1 1/2 cups chopped black walnuts

Cream shortening and sugar together. Beat in eggs, molasses (or honey) and flavorings. Dissolve soda in hot water. Blend into first mixture. Sift dry ingredients together. Beat in. Lastly, blend in fruits and nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes, or until brown. Do not overbake. Makes a moist, delicious cooky which keeps well.

If you do not have black walnuts, use English walnuts or pecans and add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring. —Evelyn

MOCK RUNZAS

- 1 small head cabbage, shredded, cooked and well drained
- 1 lb. ground beef, browned and drained
- Salt to taste
- 1 to 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Large hamburger buns
- Sliced processed cheese

Combine cabbage, ground beef, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Spread on buns; top with one slice cheese. Wrap in foil. Heat immediately in moderate oven to serve.

May be wrapped in foil and frozen. Allow 15-20 minutes at room temperature before heating in oven for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Hallie

SWEDISH JELLY COOKY

1 cup butter, room temperature
 1/8 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1/2 cup white sugar
 1 large egg yolk (or 2 small)
 2 3/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
 Apricot preserves or currant jelly
 Move oven rack to top position and preheat oven to 375 degrees.

In mixer bowl, cream butter, salt and flavoring. Beat in sugar and then add egg yolk. At lowest speed, gradually blend in flour, scraping sides of bowl. Mix only until dough holds together. Using about one tablespoon of dough, roll in hand to form balls. Place one inch apart on ungreased cooky sheet. Make a shallow

depression in each ball. Fill depressions with preserves or jelly. Bake one sheet of cookies at a time for 14-17 minutes. At the end of half the baking time, reverse cooky sheet. Prepare the following glaze:

1 cup powdered sugar
 2 Tbls. boiling water (possibly more)
 Mix until smooth. Brush on cookies just as soon as they are removed from the oven. Chopped nuts may be sprinkled on top.
 —Betty Jane

EMERALD MINT SAUCE

1 cup vinegar
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
 1/4 tsp. green food coloring
 Boil the vinegar and sugar together for three minutes. Remove from the fire. Stir in the mint flavoring and the green food coloring. Let cool. This should be just the right consistency, but it may be cooked a little longer if you want a heavier syrup. Served with lamb, this makes a delicious and colorful sauce.

VEGETABLES WITH RICE

1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 1 small onion, chopped
 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1 cup raw rice
 1 8-oz. can tomatoes, undrained
 1 8-oz. can small onions, undrained
 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn
 2 Tbls. catsup
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1 can chicken broth
 Sauté green pepper and small onion in the butter or margarine until transparent. Add the rice. Cook, stirring, until golden. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into casserole and bake about 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 8. Chopped leftover chicken, turkey or tuna may be added.
 —Dorothy

HALLIE'S HAM LOAF

2 lbs. ground beef
 2 lbs. ground cooked cured ham
 2 lbs. ground pork
 4 beaten eggs
 4 cups crushed graham crackers
 2 1/2 cups milk
 Combine the above ingredients. Shape into three loaves. Put in large baking pan. Bake at 325 degrees for about one hour. Remove from oven and poke holes in top of loaves. Pour sauce (recipe below) over top. Return to oven and bake about one hour longer or until done. Baste occasionally.

Sauce

1 can tomato soup
 1/3 cup vinegar
 1 cup brown sugar
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 Combine all ingredients and pour over ham loaves.

We have had many requests to reprint this recipe.
 —Lucile

GLAMOROUS HAM GLAZE

1/4 cup plum jam
 1/4 cup raisins
 1 tsp. white vinegar
 Dash of Tabasco
 1 Tbls. prepared salad mustard
 1 clove garlic, or 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 cup brown sugar

Prepare ham for baking by cutting shallow grooves into the top surface. Stud with whole cloves. Roast at 325 degrees until almost done (or hot through if a pre-cooked ham is used—plan 15-20 minutes per pound for pre-cooked ham, or for un-cooked ham, time must be longer to cook thoroughly). The last hour of baking, use the glaze. Prepare the glaze by combining all the ingredients in a saucepan except the brown sugar. Simmer, stirring, until jam is melted and mixture becomes syrupy. Cover surface of ham with the glaze, then coat with the brown sugar. Continue baking, basting several times, for about one more hour. This makes a delicious-flavored meat, and adds a glamorous brown glaze which is different.
 —Evelyn

PEANUT-BUTTERSCOTCH BARS

1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, packed
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 cups all-purpose flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. salt
 2 1/2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats, uncooked

Filling

1 can sweetened condensed milk
 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
 1 cup cream-style peanut butter
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Cream the shortening and brown sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and flavorings. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add to the first mixture. Stir in rolled oats. Divide mixture in half. Spread one portion into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Reserve remaining portion for topping.

For filling, melt milk, chips, peanut butter, butter or margarine and salt in heavy saucepan over low heat until smooth. Stir in flavoring. Spread over layer in pan. Sprinkle reserved topping over filling. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes. Cool and cut into small squares. Rich and delicious! Wrapped, these freeze well.
 —Dorothy

**THE SEARCH IS OVER**

Where do you turn for help when there are menus to plan, lunches to pack, party to give? There's one place, right close, where help is always at hand.

It's your kitchen cabinet—the one where the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** are stored. Whatever you prepare—salad, main dish or dessert—they'll be improved by these delightful flavorings. They add snap to any recipe, whether it's one you've used for years or new from this month's magazine. They're delicious in flavor and aroma, economical, and best of all, there are sixteen to choose from:

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LATEST NEWS FROM KATHARINE DRIFTMIER

Dear Friends:

I imagine we all have our favorite forms of retreat. Some have a sunny garden where busy hours can keep hands and minds filled with warm and sunny occupations away from urban concerns. A private study may serve as a harbor for one's thoughtful hours. As can a shaded walk. A grassy patch behind the barn. A special bench away from the happy thoroughfares on a college campus. I often need retreats. During the past few years of busy life at school, I've often needed a place of easy access where I can pause and sort my thoughts. I have found and remembered several spots that have earned my special confidence, like trusted friends. But now that I am a newcomer on the University of Wisconsin campus, working in the research lab at University Hospital, I haven't found many deserving spots.

Life is busy these days, full of duties to my work, responsibilities to my friends and campus activities, and many, many happy adventures with my new-found comrades. I am lucky to have such an abundance of activities, lucky to have found so many ways to contribute to this microcosm in Madison. Occasionally, however, I must get away from all this busyness. On Saturdays, such as today, I resist all urges to "tend to business" and drive the sixty miles to my family home in Delafield. I share some time with my parents whose sympathetic ears seem tireless, cook them dinner perhaps, and indulge in 24 hours of removal from Madison life. A pleasant worship on Sunday at church with my family and a quiet afternoon with pen or books satisfy my need to unclutter and unkink.

So here I sit, smiling over a cup of coffee, gazing contentedly across the spacious lawn behind our house creating a perfect time to share a moment with my Kitchen-Klatter friends.

This unusual winter has served as my re-initiation into Wisconsin living. The mountains of snow and the ceaseless periods of sub-zero temperatures have all helped me remember the highlights of life in the North. I love outdoor activities and all the time I lived in Texas I missed winter and the dazzling effect of a day of exertion in the snow. This winter I've especially enjoyed my adventures with "Hoofers", the outing club on the campus. There are many young members in this group which takes many trips and learn numbers of new, exciting activities. We have been cross-country skiing almost every weekend and have learned much about comfort in spite of the elements. Two of the more experienced outdoorsmen offered a series of instructional lectures about winter camping before we attempted any



Katharine Driftmier

camping ourselves which proved invaluable in guiding such novices as I. A generous fostering exists with the group: those who know teach those who don't know, beginners are encouraged, leadership is cultivated among new members through the steady, kind example of experienced "Hoofers".

When the group learned how enthusiastic I am about cooking, they urged me to "volunteer" to be in charge of meal planning for the BIG TRIP to Spider Lake, Wisconsin. The week is an annually celebrated event where twenty "Hoofers" travel to the northwest corner of Wisconsin. It is a week of extremely cold nights, brilliant days, snowy treks on skis or snowshoes, and long, drawn out evenings spent enjoying supper and games around the fire. The days are full of hilarity and camaraderie. It is a week of fast-made friendships.

I know I never could have planned a week's worth of balanced and interesting eating had cooking not been "bred into my genes". With a great heritage of successful cooks behind me, I've always enjoyed and understood meal-making. Because I had worked in the kitchens of the Faculty Club at school and hired out as a private caterer while in Houston, I decided planning the food for twenty shouldn't be too difficult. It turned out to be great fun!!

The Sunday morning that we left Madison, the rations for the trip were wedged carefully between sleeping bags and ski poles. Included were twenty dozen eggs I had procured from the poultry research laboratories on campus at a wonderfully low price, sixty bagels in bulk from a bakery here in Madison, and cheese, butter and milk I had arranged to buy directly from the dairy since our quantities were so large. I'd worked alone on most of the planning since the time for such activities had to be spaced around my 9-5 working hours. When the rest of the group heard a report that I was planning to prepare only six three-pound meat loaves for one of the dinners, they

began to voice their fears that they would be miserable with too little food on the trip. And so, when the first whole day of skiing and eating came to its end, I was especially happy to see contented faces on everyone and even fat, stuffed bellies over the belts of many of the satisfied guys!

Our breakfasts were hot and tasty: oatmeal and raisins, pancakes, eggs, grits, French toast, and gallons of orange juice and coffee. Lunches we packed on our backs with wedges of cheese, fruits, chocolate bars and bagels the most easily compacted foods. For the trail, we had a delicious, crunchy mixture of oats, dried fruits, nuts and other high-energy munchies called "Gorp". The days on the slopes would usually end as the sun sank below the tree tops, so there were a couple of hours for our team of "dinner people" to work away preparing the evening's feast.

Every night, after the lot of us had spent our energies on skiing and laughing and singing and eating throughout the day, I could see that none of the feared cases of starvation were going to occur. "Oohh!" my friend, Cliff, quietly groaned as he leaned far back in his chair after having successfully polished his plate clean of a third large helping of spaghetti. Such groans were thanks enough. The meal-plans were a success. The trip itself was a success. Now I wonder who will "volunteer" to organize the food next year for the annual trip to Spider Lake?

I think that more time in Madison will reveal additional interesting events and experiences, so I will certainly be writing to you all again.

Until then . . .
Katharine

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa
51601**

Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



Lust for Life is a brilliant biographical novel depicting the extraordinary life of Vincent Van Gogh. It is difficult to believe that the priceless Van Gogh originals, which today are reproduced in mass and are frequently recognized on stationery and wall posters, were once considered worthless and unmarketable. Only one of more than eight hundred paintings was ever sold during Van Gogh's poverty-stricken lifetime.

Author Irving Stone found exemplified in Van Gogh's story the determined struggle of a man against poverty, illness, rejection, and defeat. Van Gogh's absolute nonconformity isolated him from his family, his friends, and his teachers. He was a man overcome with emotion, and this passion he sought to express in his painting.

Van Gogh had not always been such an eccentric artist. As a young man, he followed the family tradition and sold prints in a London shop, then radically changed his life by living as an evangelist with Belgian miners. There, sketching the poverty-stricken peasants and expressing their sorrow with his pencil, he discovered his love for art and his potential as an artist.

In two years' time, Van Gogh was studying painting seriously, and within the next six years he produced nearly eight hundred paintings and over seven hundred sketches. Living in Paris in the late 1800s was very expensive, yet Van Gogh felt he must stay in that city, as Paris was the mecca of the art world. Gauguin, Toulouse Lautrec, and Rousseau became his friends as they discussed art and learned from each other in the bistros and cafes. Financially dependent upon his younger brother, Theo, he continued to experiment with his oils and his palette knife in an unprecedented style.

It is practically impossible to remain detached and uninvolved when reading *Lust for Life*. The characters and events seem exceptionally real because they were real; every detail has been carefully studied and researched by the author. Stone brings to life the fierce drive of Vincent Van Gogh which kept him creating when neither money nor fame were his immediate rewards.

The Agony and the Ecstasy is another of Irving Stone's masterpieces. This, too, is a biography written about the sculptor and artist, Michelangelo. Stone has created for us the life of the world's most versatile artist, set in the turbulent and violent era of the Renaissance.

Michelangelo was born in Tuscany in 1475, the son of a low-ranking civil servant. He began his artistic career when he was only thirteen years old, and

his father apprenticed him to the workshop of the famous painter Ghirlandio. Michelangelo quickly decided that his aspiration was for sculpture. Under the instruction of Bertoldo di Giovanni, he developed the skill which later would create the remarkable statues of "David" and the breath-taking "Pieta".

Most of Michelangelo's creativity was commanded by the whims of the Popes. An order to come to Rome in 1505 was only the first of many he was to receive. For Pope Julius the Second, he painted more than three hundred figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. For the Medici Pope Leo the Tenth, he designed and sculpted figures for the Medici Chapel. Pope Clement the Second commissioned the fresco "The Last Judgement".

Michelangelo worked continuously from 1488, when he was first apprenticed, until six days before his death in 1564. He lived a stark and simple life, never marrying and never developing any serious friendships until he was over 60 years old. He cared little for material things and sent most of what money he earned home to his family.

Irving Stone spent many years living in Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Carrara researching and living in the towns where Michelangelo did his major work. In this novel, as in *Lust for Life*, the reader emerges feeling he has lived through much that Michelangelo experienced: the intolerance of the Popes, the jealousy and rivalry of other artists, and his driving passion to free figures from the bondage of stone.



OUR MEASURE

Is anybody happier because you passed this way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to them today?
The day is almost over and its toiling time is through;
Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word to you?
Can you say tonight in parting with the day that's slipping past
That you helped a single being of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does the man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead?
Did you waste the day or lose it; was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness, or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think of what God will say?
Have you earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?

—Unknown

**SPRING has come, and with it
the blessedness of Easter.**

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DOG OWNER: BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

by
Joseph Arkin

In days gone by, the local "dog catcher" was considered a heartless and cruel person. Today his reputation, rightfully, has changed for the better. In most communities today, he is known for the humane and considerate way he carries out his duties. Even his title has changed. Often he's called the Dog Warden, Poundmaster, or Dog Control Officer.

The new respect for the dog control officer, and his modern attitude, places an equal responsibility with pet owners. It's up to you to know and observe your local dog-law regulations—to be a "good dog neighbor".

By doing so, you'll not only help the officer, but you'll actually enjoy your pet more. A well-trained, properly handled dog allows you to achieve the maximum satisfaction and pride of pet ownership.

What are the most frequent complaints against dogs?

A national survey of dog control officials by a leading pet food manufacturer reveals that *running loose* tops the list. Dogs which roam the neighborhood usually do so because they are ignored by their owners. They get bored, form the habit of running about, and once the habit is formed, it is hard to break.

Even the friendliest of neighbors will be resentful and angry if the dog next-door wanders unchecked all over their lawns, soils their yards and tears up their grass or flowers. After all, a dog isn't born with yard manners and probably has no idea the neighbors object to his activities. Or, if he knows from painful experience that they do, the pet doesn't understand why.

The solution is to walk him, don't let him roam! Follow some simple rules when you take your dog for his walk.

One rule is to curb the dog. It's an easy matter to draw a dog to the curb when he's about to relieve himself. (In some cities it might get you a summons if you don't follow the curbing rule—and in some communities even that isn't enough—you have to carry a litter bag and clean up.)

Many cities have laws which claim public right over the space between the sidewalk and the street, an area usually called the "tree lawn". The property owner is required to keep the area neat and clean. Dog owners who allow their dogs to soil the "tree lawn" may be within the letter of the law, but they certainly aren't within the spirit of good neighborliness.

A second basic rule is to teach your dog to walk quietly at heel on a loose leash. Teaching your dog to walk quietly by your side eliminates all sorts of trouble—it means your dog won't



Dogs would undoubtedly rate number one in any pet popularity contest. Emily (Driftmeyer) DiCicco chose a Lhasa Apso breed when she was looking for a puppy. It has proven to be an excellent dog—cuddly, affectionate, a good watchdog, not too large and with a beautiful, silky coat.

scratch, frighten or jump on people. It means he won't lunge at other dogs. Once this training is accomplished, the daily walk will turn into a treat instead of a chore for you and a disciplining session for your dog.

Chasing cars and bicycles may seem like a game to your dog—but it can be a deadly game. His very life is at stake, and he can easily cause serious accidents. Teach your dog not to leave the yard, regardless of what temptations beckon in the shape of a passing car, running child or bike. Since there are times when you and your dog will be away from home, and the yard limits won't hold, teach him that he must never, never chase any vehicle.

To train a dog to stay within the yard, it's best to start when he is a puppy. Put a

strong, lightweight cord on the dog and ask someone to call him from outside the yard, or to walk another dog past him. Then, when your dog leaps in pursuit, let him reach the yard limit, then pull back hard on the cord and cry "NO!" Repeat this procedure again and again on all boundaries of the yard.

When you are sure the dog understands his yard limits, remove the rope and repeat the same procedure. This time, when he goes outside the limits, scold him and chase him back into the yard. Once he is back in the yard, pet him, saying "good dog" to teach him that he will have your approval as long as he stays within bounds.

A similar method works in teaching your dog not to chase cars. Again, use a long rope, and enlist the cooperation of someone with a car. As the car goes by and your dog starts to chase it, yank him back and scold him. Remember, scolding or light punishment will do your dog no harm; a car may kill him.

A few hours training a pet will add years to your enjoyment of each other's company—and you won't have to worry about the "dog catcher".

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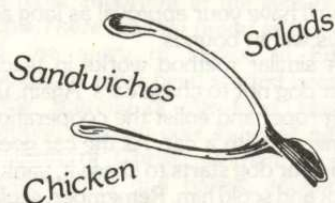
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your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your
dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on
your dial — 9:30 A.M.

THE DAY OF THE MAPLE

A few weeks ago the old maple tree south of the house and east of the barnyard budded and leafed out again, even though it had blown down a couple of years ago and lay near the fence line. Every twig was green despite the tree's unsubstantial connection with the earth. Some roots still must have brought a bit of nourishment to the tree.

Today the men are cutting that maple into fireplace lengths of wood.

I know there was dry rot near the hollow place where squirrels made their home below the place where we made a shelf for them on which to enjoy the graham crackers and other goodies we put out occasionally. Because of the decay, the tree couldn't have gone on much longer even if it hadn't blown down. But still my heart weeps, for that tree had lived for more than a hundred years, stalwart and brave against the snow and sleet, the wind and storms, the heat and dry spells. Finally, it succumbed to the elements and old age.

I hear the axes cutting through the budded twigs and the strong branches and I'm thinking that it is perhaps exactly fitting that the maple should now serve to warm us during the chilly spring nights. The maple has always served other living things—birds and squirrels and bees. Once the Indians enjoyed its tall beauty; it gave shade to the mighty pioneer who broke sod in the fields nearby.

The maple's elegance and age once gave the farm the dignity of heritage. In summer her green coolness beckoned; in autumn it dazzled the eye with flame. The maple was a tree to ease the heart.

The saw buzzes and I realize the landscape will never be the same without the maple. I remember the tree in the winter when it wore a lacy white dress of snow and ice. The maple always looked dramatic in the winter, its arms stretching skyward, often holding a pair of performing cardinals.

BUZZ-Z-Z, the saw works on. Then I hear the axe again. I can see the maple quiver beneath the axe, as it never bowed to the four winds that always sought to shake it when it stood erect.

The axe and the saw have stopped now. The men are carting the wood to the shed. The maple tree is gone, but as I look about me I see that everywhere this morning the air lies rich with the smell of the blossoms of new life.

—Evelyn Witter

Adv. — "I have used the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine for many church programs. I hope you never stop printing it. It's right up my 'alley'. I've had many nice compliments on programs I've given. I wrote up my family tree and referred to helps in the magazine. I cannot thank you enough." —D.C., Franceville, Ind.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by Eva M. Schroeder



A reader writes that she loves coleus but cannot grow the plants from seed. "Each spring I plant two or more packets of coleus seeds and often do not get even one plant to grow. I end up buying boxes of small plants from a plant stand, but seldom get the kind I want for a shady bed near the house. What is the secret of starting coleus from seed, and can you tell me where I can obtain seed of a variety called "Rose Wizard" and a coleus that has huge blistered or quilted red leaves? I do not know the names of the coleus but saw a few plants growing in a park. I've searched through all my seed catalogs and cannot find any coleus seeds that answer the descriptions of these beautiful plants."

Coleus seed will germinate in ten days from planting, but require light. Perhaps you have been covering your seed pan. Use a sterile planting medium such as milled sphagnum moss or "Jiffy-Mix". Soak the medium in tepid water for at least two hours. Fill your container to within an inch of the rim. Level the medium but do not press too firmly as you exclude air. Sow the coleus seed thinly on the surface and press gently so that the seed comes in contact with moisture. Cover the container with a glass pane or slip into a clear plastic bag. If you have a grow-lamp, set flat under it. If not, set in good light but out of direct sun. Seedlings will appear in 10-12 days. None will show color at first. Pot each seedling individually as soon as the plants can be handled or space two inches apart in growing flats. Water coleus seedlings only when the soil is dry and then generously. Always use lukewarm water.

There are literally dozens and dozens of different coleus varieties. In fact, Stokes Seed Catalog has almost three pages devoted to coleus alone and in it you will find the two varieties you wanted—"Rose Wizard" and a large, spinach leaf-type called "Red Monarch". The address of this firm is Buffalo, N.Y. 14240. You might like these varieties, too, for shaded or semi-shaded situations: "Fiji Series", "Dragon Series", and "Saber Series". Unless you have unlimited funds, coleus seed, purchased each color separately, is rather costly. Luckily, all varieties come in "blends" or mixtures. Last year we planted a packet of "Extra Large Fancy-Leaved Mixed" and only six plants grew, but these were delightful. Some of the huge blistered leaves measured over ten inches wide and none of the six plants had the same color contrasts. Give coleus seeds and seedlings a little care and they will reward you generously.

THE POWER OF A KNOCK

by

June Bohannon Brown

Knocking on wood, according to the old-time superstition, actually does have power. In fact, any kind of knock does!

A few weeks ago, my husband called for help because our refrigerator was ailing. The service man, who is an old friend, inspected it carefully, then suggested a knock if the mechanism acted up again. Later, when it seemed to be ailing, we gave a particular part a good rap and our refrigerator has behaved perfectly ever since. The refrigerator is metal, so it doesn't go along with the wood theory; maybe we've discovered powerful metal spirits.

Primitive man worshiped nature, especially trees, so it was their custom to tap on trees in order to summon spirits who would favor whatever was planned.

I discovered long ago that a stubborn jar lid will usually open with ease if given exactly five knocks. My married daughter traditionally goes along with this.

In Ireland, people knock to give thanks to leprechauns for bits of good luck.

Clocks will also start ticking if given an authoritative knock. Blurry televisions clear up, radios begin again, and erratic lamps become dependable—for a while, at least.

Leon Friedrich of Suffern, New York, wrote that the practice of knocking on wood originated around 1490-1493 in Spain during the Spanish Inquisition of Torquemada. Jewish people ran away from persecution during that time. They would knock in signal code on the doors of temples, synagogues, and churches for admission. This resulted in lives being saved. Since these places of worship were built of wood, it became the custom then to knock on wood for good luck, or to indicate that a recent event came out well.

Many other "knocking" experiences can be verified.

Grandfather regularly knocks his pipe, a knock on a pot will release a plant for rotting, gophers move away if the ground above is knocked with regularity, a knock on the wall or floor will bring silence in numerous cases. Pieces of household equipment begin to function: toasters pop, bells chime, heaters heat. Knocking advantages seem to be endless.

One theory holds that the practice started with the touching of the cross on which Christ was crucified. It then became common practice to touch a wooden cross when taking an oath.

However it began, knocking on wood has been a superstitious gesture of man for many centuries, but from my own personal experience, it seems that a knock on any type of surface can be beneficial.



Hanna Tilsen, Betty Jane's youngest daughter, looks glum here because she had just returned from the hospital where four very badly impacted wisdom teeth had been extracted.

THE HELPFUL ONE

"Hello! come in, I need some one —
I have a little task,
I just can't do it by myself.
For help I hate to ask.

I know you're such a busy one
And seldom ever rest.
You're always helpful any time
And do your very best.

If the task is just a simple one
Or even if it's greater,
I've never heard you say one time,
'Be back a little later.' "

—Verna Sparks

TRUST IN THE LORD

Trust in the Lord when you're lonely,
Trust in the Lord when you're sad;
Give Him your troubles, your burdens
Then they won't seem quite so bad.
Let His arms gently enfold you,
Lay your tired head on His breast,
Cry if your tears will relieve you,
Sleep in His care and you'll rest.

—Inez Baker

CHILDREN'S TRAIN — Concluded

never consulted, only the adults. In spite of the lack of safeguards, most of the children received good care.

The lives of many, so randomly chosen, have become part of the Midwest. Just as was true with the friends I knew, a large number of these children grew up, stayed, married, raised their families and passed along a sturdy heritage to their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

It is saddening to think of the days when the economy was so insecure that it created a situation where infants were abandoned and large numbers of children were left in institutions. My heart aches when I think of the parents

who took the last of their meager dollars to find shelter for their children. It aches when I realize the traumatic experiences the children suffered as they were uprooted, shipped off to a strange part of the country and, in most instances, separated from everyone they knew.

But courage is involved in this story, also. Courage is a father and mother who made the decision which literally saved their children's lives. Courage is the love and compassion of the institutions where the children stayed, it is the interest and effort of the church people who sponsored the train trips, cared for the orphans and saw that they found new parents. Courage is the willingness of families to take unknown children into their homes. Courage is a small boy dressed in a Buster Brown outfit and two girls in blue sailor dresses moving bravely into an unknown world.



ADD OR SUBTRACT

You can add or subtract just about anything in your pursuit of the perfect salad. Starting with lettuce, you can add just about anything: other leafy greens (even weeds), tomato, sieved eggs, onion, carrots, cheese, slices of meat, fowl or fish.

No matter. The important thing is the dressing. And thousands of homemakers have discovered that **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** add so much to even the simplest salad. That's because our dressings are lovingly blended of finest ingredients in spotless kitchens. And from three great recipes: **Country Style, French and Italian.**

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THE MARK OF QUALITY

From Our Family Album

The one thing in our home that Dad spoke sharply to Mother about was a daily hope that **SOMEHOW** she would learn to put on diapers so they would not keep falling down. This picture is an excellent example of Dad's reason for his great concern. Everyone in the family tried to keep a sharp eye out for the condition of Wayne's diapers. I am holding Wayne, who happily does not seem to care how his clothes are arranged. Dorothy is riding on the tricycle to your right.

—Lucile



THE ART OF SUBSTITUTION

by
Lillian M. Keahey

Every time a neighbor comes over to borrow an egg or two, a cup of flour, or detergent, some coffee, or a postage stamp, none of which she ever pays back, I am reminded of Mother. I am not against borrowing or returning the same, and have borrowed a tray of ice cubes or a quart of milk when visitors came in unexpectedly, for instance. However, for the most part I substitute.

If Mother decided to make cookies and there was no egg, she just leafed through her recipe file and used another recipe that didn't call for an egg. Or if a recipe called for vanilla and she was all out, she just added some cinnamon instead, or a bit of molasses, or some fresh lemon or orange juice, depending on the recipe and what she had on hand. Often she discovered a new recipe this way and used the new version on purpose because her family liked it best.

Mother was making me a new blouse once when she ran out of white thread. She had completed the inside stitching but the pattern called for stitching around the collar edge and down the front. Did Mom rush off to town or the neighbors? No, she didn't even get disgusted and fold it up. She just thought for a minute, threaded the machine with red thread, and did the required stitching. Then instead of using white buttons, as originally planned, she substituted red ones. This was one of my most-complimented blouses and won praise for Mother, such as, "How do you think up these original ideas?"

I remember one rainy day I wanted to make paper doll clothes, but my crayons and water colors were at school. Mother suggested I try pasting some colorful scraps of cotton material to paper, then cut out the paper doll dresses after the paste dried. This idea was much copied

by my girl friends.

There was a time we had planned a picnic for the first sunny day after a winter of unpleasant weather. Everything was ready and the day was perfect, but the car developed trouble that could not be fixed in time for picnicking. Mom was as disappointed as the rest of us, but she didn't figure pouting would help. We ate our picnic lunch in the back yard.

Then Mother re-made and tinted some curtains. She starched, ironed, and hung them, then said, "I've been wanting to get that done for a long while."

We kids admired the pretty new curtains and Dad admired Mom and the curtains.

Yes, Mother really made an art of substituting and she seemed very near today when I received a check for a recipe in the mail. You see, recently I decided to make a pie and discovered I lacked 1/4 cup flour to make the crust. Remembering Mother, I substituted 1/4 cup cornmeal to the flour mixture. The crust was exceptionally flaky and pleasing, so I decided to send in the recipe to a magazine for others to share. I know Mother would have liked that.



LITTLE BROWN BULBS

The little brown bulbs went to sleep in the ground.
In their little brown nighties, they slept very sound,
And Winter he raged and he roared overhead,
But never a bulb turned over in bed.
But when Spring came tip-toeing over the lea,
Her finger on lip just as still as could be,
The little brown bulbs at the very first tread
All split up their nighties and jumped out of bed.

—Author Unknown

It's a Skyrocketing Pillar of Fruit!

NOW! GIANT MAN-HIGH STRAWBERRIES

AS BIG AS PLUMS (just like this)
...STARTING IN JUST 60 DAYS!



ACTUAL SIZE:

HOW'S THIS FOR A FISTFUL OF MOUTHWATERING GOODNESS? SAY NO MORE — JUST PASS THE CREAM!



Developed by U.S. Plant Scientists... spectacular super grower soars forth to a man-high column of fruit — loaded top to bottom with clusters of huge sugar-sweet berries — the size of luscious plums — all starting in just 60 days!

GROWS SO FAST — SO TALL — SO HEAVILY CLUSTERED WITH GIANT BERRIES FROM TOP TO BOTTOM!

From a patch of earth no bigger than an outspread handkerchief, you get Heaping Bowfuls of giant strawberries!

Here it is! The garden sensation of the 70's. The Champ himself... 'SUGAR-TOWER'... the all-time biggest, easiest-to-train man-high strawberry you or your friends have ever seen in your lives.

Think of it! Super-soaring MAN-HIGH wonder-plants that you'll actually grow in giant cluster-packed pillars of fruit... loaded top to bottom with masses of strawberries... huge, meaty berries SO INCREDIBLY BIG, you actually eat them like hand-fruit. That's right, just like sugar-sweet plums! And that's only the beginning!

BERRIES SO HUGE YOU CAN'T PUT MORE THAN ONE IN YOUR MOUTH AT A TIME!

So big are these 'SUGAR-TOWER' berries — so breath-takingly enormous — and so heavily clustered — you will want to tie the plants to your walls, trellis or fence to support the overwhelming weight of the plant and the fruit!

And if that isn't startling enough — just wait 'til you see your neighbors gasp in amazement as these 'SUGAR TOWER' berries decorate your grounds with huge berry-packed towers of fruit... SO FAST... in virtually no time at all you'll reach out of your dining room window and pick dessert right off the vine from these magnificent man-high wonder plants!

And that's still only a mere hint of the wonders that await you, when you are among the first in your neighborhood to grow these sensational GIANT man-high STRAWBERRIES.

ZOOMS FROM CHILD-SIZE TO MAN-SIZE IN JUST WEEKS!

Because, when in your life did you ever hear of strawberries so eager to grow... they'll actually drape your walls, trellises, fences in cascading fountains of fruit... each man-high beauty a festival of strawberries from top to bottom from just a 2 foot wide patch of earth... and all starting in just 2 months time! And remember, not just ordinary, puny berries... but sugar-packed giants:

- SO BIG and juicy, you eat them like hand-fruit.
- SO HUGE and meaty, just 3 sliced-up berries top a cereal bowl!
- SO FAST-growing you'll see it surge into a man-high "berry factory" this very season, starting in just 60 Days!

AND THEY MULTIPLY — SO YOU GET TWICE AS MANY MAN-HIGH BEAUTIES EACH AND EVERY YEAR!

— AND REMEMBER — because 'SUGAR TOWER' is a self-multiplying perennial, for every berry-laden man-high vine you get this year, you'll get twice as many GIANTS next year... and new plants for years to come.

Meaning: HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF BERRIES year-after-year!

THINK OF IT! YOU PLANT THIS SPRING — PICK BERRIES BY THE BASKET STARTING IN JUST 55 TO 60 DAYS!

And remember — because they're winter-hardy (to -30°F) they're one of the sturdiest, easy-to-grow strawberries imaginable. Simply plant them next to fence, trellis, wall or even a pole... follow the instructions, fertilize as directed just twice a season... tie for support... and be thrilled by the most incredible parade of fruit, flowers, and foliage. There's just nothing else as spectacular in all of nature.

ACT NOW! THE SOONER YOU PLANT THEM, THE SOONER YOU'LL ENJOY THESE PLUM-SIZE BERRIES!

Here's the best news of all — the amazing price of these wondrous MAN-HIGH 'SUGAR TOWER' Strawberries. Not the \$1.00 per plant you might expect for such a remarkable super-bearer... but less than 50¢ apiece for thickly-rooted nursery-grown plants... and each one all set to grow high as a man and bear fruit starting in just 60 days. All 'SUGAR-TOWER' Strawberry Plants are separately grown for shipment east and west of the Rocky Mountains.

But one word of caution — with an incredible berry like this, demand is bound to be overwhelming. To avoid disappointment act now!

GUARANTEE

'SUGAR-TOWER' man-high strawberries are guaranteed to reward you with luscious fruit starting in just 60 days — with berries so big you eat them with a soup spoon — or money refunded (except postage & handling) anytime within the next 6 months!

'Sugar Tower' — A.C.I. trade name for Fragaria Cultivar, Ft. Laramie.

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Yes, I want to grow MAN-HIGH STRAWBERRIES, with fruit the size of plums. So please rush me the number of 'SUGAR-TOWER' Strawberry plants I have checked below.

- ☐ 6 'SUGAR-TOWER' plants \$2.98 plus 35¢ postage & handling.
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- ☐ 18 'SUGAR-TOWER' plants \$6.98 plus 75¢ postage & handling.
- ☐ 24 'SUGAR-TOWER' plants \$8.98 plus \$1 postage & handling.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED WITHIN 6 MONTHS OR MONEY REFUNDED (except postage & handling).

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HERE ARE THE OFFICIAL FACTS

Illustration depicts several Sugar-Tower Strawberry plants, tied to trellis for support, fertilized only twice after just one growing season.

TYPE OF SOIL REQUIRED: Grows best in organically rich soil, full sun. Naturally, berries will vary in yield and size. Most productive in areas where nights are cool.

FEEDING AND CARE: For super-size berries and super-size crops simply see easy-to-follow feeding instructions that accompany each order.

DECORATIVE MERITS: Green foliage, white flowers and masses of red fruit.



EASTER SUNDAY

The date of Easter Sunday, which this year falls on April 15, was fixed back in the early days of the Christian church.

In 325, the Council of Nicaea decided that the celebration should fall on the same day throughout the church. The Council set the Sunday after the first full moon following the spring equinox, which was fixed as March 21, as the day Easter should be observed. It was provided that if the full moon appeared on that date Easter should be the next Sunday. Consequently, Easter moves between March 22 and April 25.



May Flowers

May flowers aren't the only things brought by April showers. How about tracks on the tile, and puddles on the parquet? Spots on the wall, where muddy gloves were flung. And more . . . much more.

Every April, more and more Midwestern homemakers are reaching for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It comes in powder form, but becomes a hard-cleaning solution the minute it hits water. No rinsing or wiping. And biodegradable, too, so there is no soapy buildup in sewage systems. And it's economical. If you haven't given us a try, this mud season might be a good time to get acquainted.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



THE MARK OF QUALITY



Lucile tells an interesting story about this bassinet in her letter.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

necessity: a huge dining room table, chairs and buffet. When he came back to see his Shenandoah relatives, he spotted our big old pieces and right then and there he walked in and bought them. So that's where the family dining room furniture is. Now I can pass the antique store and not get a painful twinge—that table, buffet and the chairs have a good home with an old friend.

On this page of the magazine, you see the bassinet that has been all over the country and has comforted countless babies through the years. Russell, Dorothy and I were in a store together when we spotted that wicker baby bed—the only one they had for sale. Its great appeal to me were the fine large wheels because we had Chinese matting on our floors. All the other bassinets we saw had small casters which would have caught on the matting.

The picture you see was printed on our daughter's birth announcement. Russell used fine, heavy photographic paper to make the announcements so when you opened it you read:

"This bassinet has been waiting patiently in our home since September, so at long last we are happy to tell you that it will be occupied by Juliana, 7 pounds, 8 ounces, born February 25, 1943, Cedars of Lebanon Hospital."

Before Juliana's birth, I wrote all the words on each announcement but stopped at the name Juliana, because we didn't know, of course, if the baby would be a boy or a girl. After her arrival, I added the necessary information and put the announcements in the mail.

The bassinet was passed from one family to another and, eventually, came back to Juliana.

During a recent phone call, Juliana began to laugh and said that she had

something very funny to tell me. A few months earlier she had loaned the bassinet to a good friend. Naturally, Juliana wanted it back safely to keep as an heirloom for future babies who might in any way be connected with our family. When Juliana called the friend to tell her she would be over to pick up the baby bed, the girl said nervously that she'd appreciate it if Juliana would wait and come the following day.

Well, the next day Juliana got a phone call from her friend. She had just come from the doctor who had told her to get ready for a *third* baby. (And they had planned on only two!) Of course, Juliana assured her friend that the bassinet could be used under such circumstances, but after *that* baby gets through with it, Juliana will pick it up and wrap it carefully to store as an heirloom.

MY! How good to report that the wind has died down, the last of the ice is melting and NEXT MONTH I'M POSITIVE I'LL GREET YOU WITH TIDINGS OF SPRING!!

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

THE HOLIDAY NOT TO FORGET

In order not to miss the victim's compromising fun, one has to remember April first with its relaxed attitude toward pranks and jokesters. This amusing tradition was brought to the New World by some of the early English settlers.

Although April Fools' Day is of undetermined origin, some think perhaps it was derived from France, following the Georgian calendar change when the new year was moved from March 25 to January first in 1582. Others suggest the source is the new year festival noted at vernal equinox about March 21, which averaged several days with a gift exchange on the closing day. With the date change, some thoughtless persons continued gift-giving at that time only to be pressured by ridicule into remembering a change had been made in the calendar.

Possibly the holiday has an independent origin, but wherever the day started, it comes when nature fools us with her whimsical play from sunshine to showers in minutes. April first assures some speculation on the weather.

Not confined to any peoples or places, All Fools' Day is observed by individuals for fun. It is a day which does not reach the status of a school, church, or government holiday.

Watch out on April first for that practical joker who may be lurking around the corner waiting just for YOU.

—Marjorie Misch Fuller



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 30¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

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

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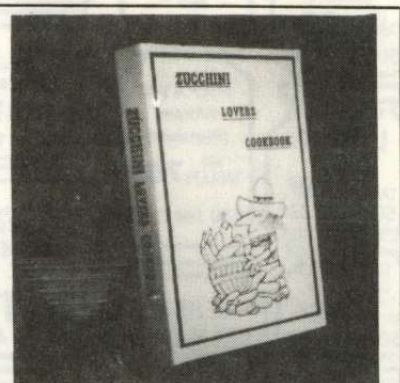
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