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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:

Yes, it is Sunday afternoon again, a very windy late April afternoon, and time to sit down and visit with all of you.

Only a few minutes ago I hung up the telephone after my usual Sunday call from Juliana. (I count myself as very, very fortunate to be able to talk with her every Sunday and to receive, as well, a good long newsy letter during the week that fills me in on all odds and ends.)

In the call today, she reported on their trip to Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico—this is approximately 250 miles west, give or take, from Albuquerque. The prime purpose for going at this particular time was to deliver to Alison Driftmier Walstad and her husband, Mike, the old wicker bassinet that will be used for a new member of our family in early August.

If you save your back numbers of this magazine, you will find some information about the bassinet in our April 1979, issue. Alison spent the first three months of her life in that bassinet when she was right here in Shenandoah, so it was only fitting and proper that she should have it for her own first child. Fortunately, it could be delivered in the Loweyes' van because it would have been far too expensive to ship to Washington, D.C., where Emily Driftmier DiCicco lives—her baby is due in the same week.

Juliana didn't want to make that long a trip alone with James and Katharine (Jed is always "plugged into the office", as she puts it), so a good friend and her two children went along. They shared all of the car expenses, carried food in portable coolers, and lugged along sleeping bags even though they knew they were going to spend two nights in a mountain cabin which Mike's parents maintain for guests.

As Juliana said: "We didn't want the hassle of tearing to a laundromat with sheets and towels and then going back up the mountain to leave the cabin in perfect order, so the sleeping bags eliminated that problem."

The only sour note in this trek was driving through extremely high winds the



When Abigail and Wayne of Denver, Colorado, were here in Shenandoah recently for a very brief visit, we all sat down for a family get together. On the left is Abigail Driftmier and next to her is Howard Driftmier. Lucile Verness is at the end of the table and on her left are Mae Driftmier and Wayne Driftmier. This has been such a shut-in winter that we realized the table had not been set for company since Christmas when Betty Jane's family of St. Paul, Minnesota, spent a few days with us.

—Lucile

entire time, plus some fits of snow. But, as Juliana said on the phone today, "At least we didn't have anything remotely comparable to the terrible storms in western Nebraska and Kansas." All in all, it was a very happy trip to Ruidoso Downs and they found Alison in high spirits except for one annoying note—her doctor was unhappy with her because she had already gained fifteen pounds!

On another page in this issue, you will see a picture of Mrs. Ruby Treese. In the photograph, Ruby is wearing the lovely flower because the picture was taken when she attended the wedding of her granddaughter, Karen Lynn Harms, on November 30th, 1979, at St. Mary's church in Shenandoah. Karen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Harms and she was married to Greg Norton, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kaye Norton. It was a very beautiful wedding and Ruby was good enough to come soon after the wedding and bring over an exceptionally lovely "Wedding Book" of color photographs so that I could see all of the details.

Ruby stopped by to visit with me a couple of weeks ago and brought along two adorable knitted sets that she had made for Alison's and Emily's babies. One set was yellow and white; the other set was green and white. Each one had a lovely little blanket, sweater, cap and booties, the kind so many, many of you Kitchen-Klatter friends ordered from her until she became overwhelmed with the backlog of work and had to call it quits.

While we visited together that afternoon, Ruby told me that on a number of occasions people have said to her: "Well, now that Mrs. Driftmier is gone I don't suppose you ever see any of the family." This always amused her, she said, since no member of the family EVER comes to Shenandoah without going to see her, and they all know that if Howard, Marge or I have company to fill our empty beds, they have a standing invitation to stay with her.

Every single one of us feels deeply indebted to Ruby because she was in our old family home for thirteen years, and thus enabled Mother and Dad to spend their final years in their own familiar surroundings. Any of us would have been happy to have them, of course, but their one fervent wish was to remain in their very own home . . . and Ruby made this possible. Do you wonder that she seems like genuine "family" to us?

Yesterday I was extremely overjoyed to open the front door and greet Betty Jane and her mother, Mrs. Lu Rice, back safe and sound after Betty Jane's two weeks in St. Paul. They had planned to drive directly from St. Paul, but then decided that they'd better go northwest (around 150 miles) and check up on the family's summer home at Lake Ottentail. In this day and age, you never know what to expect if you leave a place for several months, so it was a tremendous relief to find everything in perfect condition—not even one window broken out! All of the plantings they had put in last August when I was there had weathered the winter beautifully, so they took several breaths of great relief before starting out on the road again. They spent that night at Marshall, Minnesota, and the next morning listened to the Worthington, Minnesota, station to hear the Kitchen-Klatter radio program as they headed towards Shenandoah.

Betty Jane brought back some extremely interesting material about the Minnesota Zoological Foundation, and it looks to me as if it would be a fascinating place to visit if you're going to be in the vicinity of Minneapolis-St. Paul sometime during this coming summer. She suggests that before you start exploring the incredibly wonderful sections where they have an unbelievable collection of wild animals, tropical gardens, etc., that you take the thirty-minute monorail train that glides right over the treetops. This gives you a wonderful overall view of what you can expect to see on the

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

A month can make a lot of difference in how many birds are around here. I said last month in my letter that we hadn't seen any robins yet, but last week Frank came in and said he had just seen between two and three hundred in the pasture east of the house. Apparently they were migrating and stopped for a while. The meadow in front of our house has been full of blackbirds, just like it is in the fall, but I have never seen big flocks of robins like Frank saw.

All kinds of wildlife have been nearby the past couple of weeks. Frank saw between forty and fifty wild turkeys at one time just a few yards from our big shed. A couple of days later, at about the same time in the late afternoon, he saw some more and came to the house to get me to come and see. There were only ten this time, but we watched them for a long time. I'm determined to save my pennies and purchase a telephoto lens for my camera. With a regular camera lens, it is impossible to get close enough to take a picture before wild birds spook and fly away.

One day this past week Frank called me to come quickly and look out the window toward the duck pond. Two enormous birds were sitting at the edge of the water about six feet apart. Frank was so happy because he thought our blue herons were back. Many nested around here a couple of years ago but last year we didn't see very many. These two birds were different. They had white heads, were dark blue with a greyish cast to their wings, and when they flew we saw that they had long necks and long legs. The bird book identified them as herons alright, but *great blue herons*—much bigger than the regular blue herons usually seen.

The duck pond has been dry all winter but the last snow runoff and a little shower have put water back into it and the ducks are enjoying it again.

I have now lived on the farm for 34 years and have never been afraid of any of the cows, or had reason to be. Even our bulls have always been very tame. Yesterday brought a real surprise. One of the cows was gone in the morning and Frank said she had gone off into the timber to have her calf. Later in the day he asked me if I would like to go with him to bring the cow and calf back closer to the shed since it was starting to rain and getting chilly. We knew approximately where the cow would be so it was no trouble finding her. To say that she was not happy to see us is putting it mildly.

She has always been a real timid cow, but having a baby to protect certainly changed her disposition in a hurry. Frank told me to walk behind her and he would walk in front and call her. When she saw me, she whirled around with fire in her eyes and started to charge. She went only a few steps, then stopped, but I decided to keep my distance. We finally got her home and shut up in a large pen, but she wasn't a bit happy because Cricket, the horse, was in an adjoining lot. Everytime Cricket would come over to the fence the cow would have a fit. She wouldn't even let Frank in to feed her. This morning he decided to turn her out again. She immediately took her baby and hid it, then came back to eat, acting like her old timid self.

Joe Knapp, one of our old neighbors, came to call on us today. Joe and his wife had a small piece of ground that joined our place when we lived on top of the hill. He moved a small house out from town a little while before we moved to the home place where we live now. He used to come in for coffee about every day, and was always ready to help Frank if he was needed. Joe had a sawmill and it was mighty handy to have him so close if a few boards were needed. When the Knapps sold out and moved to another county to be closer to some of their children, we really missed them. We were awfully sorry to hear from Joe that Mrs. Knapp is not well and is in a hospital in Des Moines.

It was a coincidence that our friend, Glenn Dyer, was here at the same time. Glenn also has a sawmill, and he was telling Joe that he understood when he bought his mill that it had been owned at one time by Joe Knapp. They had quite a visit.

Yesterday we had a couple of loads of much-needed gravel brought out for our driveway which leads from the road up to the house. Glenn came today to spread it for us. Since the frost went out of the

ground, our drive has been terrible; now with the new gravel it's like riding on the highway. The gravel came just in the nick of time because it has been raining ever since Glenn got it spread.

A few weeks ago, I finally got up to Des Moines to see the beautiful Des Moines Botanical Center. It was in construction for two years, completed and opened to the public the middle of December. The Center is located on the east bank of the Des Moines River, just off University Avenue. If you are an Iowan and visit Des Moines once or twice a year, or if you are just passing through on Interstate 80, it is easy to locate and wouldn't be much out of your way to stop and visit the Center, and certainly well worth your time. Since it is located in a 14-acre park site, there is plenty of parking space. I might add there isn't a single step going into the Center, so it is very accessible for wheelchairs. This is also true of the restrooms.

The big dome is 150 feet wide and 60 feet tall at its highest point, and is constructed of Plexiglas panels and aluminum. Before we went into the dome room, the hostess suggested we might like to take off our coats and showed us where to hang them, since the atmosphere of the dome is controlled and very comfortable. The brilliant floral displays are a beautiful contrast to the many tropical plants from all over the world. There is even a waterfall and mountain stream. Five major seasonal floral display changes are made during the year. One of my friends saw the Center during the Christmas holidays and said the poinsettias were magnificent. When I saw it, the tulips, hyacinths and daffodils were gorgeous.

Besides the exhibit, the Center's support facilities include three greenhouses, a classroom, library, kitchen, meeting and exhibit rooms. Also available is a multi-purpose room with a kitchen that can be rented for meetings,

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By rights this photograph, taken in the Des Moines Botanical Center, should be reproduced in color. Dorothy is shown standing in front of a beautiful display of red and white flowers with the green of the grass and tropical plants framing the scene.



What A Woman!

Mother-Daughter Banquet Ideas

by
Mabel Nair Brown

A color scheme of lavender and yellow is lovely for a mother-daughter party and pansies are appropriate because pansies are for thoughts. Violets would also be sweet to use in the decorations if preferred.

DECORATIONS & FAVORS

Pansy Blossom Centerpiece: Pot up several blooming pansy plants in small matching clay pots, or in a collection of dainty little ceramic pots. Group these plants on a large, round tray or plate and tuck white lace paper doilies under the outside ring of pots to frame the posies with a lacy frill. Swirl lavender and purple or lavender and yellow ribbon around the tray.

Potted Pansy Favor: Make a small flowerpot by wrapping a large empty thread spool in foil, fluting it out around the top. (Most florists will sell colored foil for a nominal fee.) Tie a narrow ribbon around each pot. For the flowers, cut the pansy blossom shapes from construction paper in pansy colors. Cut the flowers in pairs, using crayons in a darker shade of the blossom color to outline the faces and to mark pansy faces in the center. Using green chenille-covered wire, cut short stems and glue between two blossoms. Cut green leaves in pairs and glue to the stems. Insert three of the stems holding the pansy blossoms into the hole at the top of each spool-pot. A name tag may be tied to each pot if desired.

Pansy Lady Favors or Decorations: For the body, use a length of white chenille-covered wire folded in half. Glue on a paper pansy flower (described above) for the head. Fold a small, lace paper doily in half, then wrap it cone-shape around the wire body below the pansy head to make the skirt. Chenille arms may be attached below the head. Tie a narrow lavender or yellow ribbon below the arms as a sash with streamers. A ring of these pansy ladies is attractive encircling the centerpiece.

Pansy-face Mint Patties would be pretty instead of the usual nut cups.

Using large, round, patty mints in pastel colors, outline a pansy face on each with icing.

The Program Booklet might have a yellow construction paper cover. Tie the booklet with lavender ribbon into which you tie two or three pansies or silk violets. If preferred, instead of the violets, the face of a woman (cut from magazine) can be glued to each cover. The title of the program theme, "What a Woman" should be printed across the bottom of the front cover.

Recognition: If you plan to recognize certain honored guests, present each with a potted pansy plant or a packet of pansy seeds. Tie a ribbon bow around the packet for a more festive look.

PROGRAM

Welcome:

Welcome to you loved ones, all,
Old or young, short or tall;
Mothers, daughters—you're all here
Because someone holds you very dear.
Our program's not formal; it won't make
you sad

'Cause this is a fun time, a time to be glad!
Welcome to home folks and those who've
come miles,

May all of your faces be wreathed in
smiles!

Music: "Smiles".

Salute to Mothers: Mothers are such wonderful people! Now I have been thinking a good deal about this salute to mothers and I began to wonder—just what is a mother? Believe me if one believes everything one reads about a mother—wow! what a woman, a true miracle-worker.

A mother is someone who can soothe a crying baby which she is carrying on her hip while she stirs the gravy with the other hand all at the same time while telling Junior where to find his misplaced baseball glove.

A mother is someone who makes cookies by the bushel, fruit drink by the barrel, sees all of it vanish in seconds and then hears the phrase, "When are we gonna eat?"

She is a preacher, a teacher, a diplomat, an entertainer and a taxi driver without pay. She is expected to have the gentleness of a dove, the patience of a saint, the strength of an elephant and the vitality of a mountain goat.

Most mothers would fight a den of wild cats to protect their young and the next minute might jump on top of the kitchen counter in one giant leap at the sight of a mere mouse.

A mother may welcome a stray dog or cat but has been known to draw the line on snakes and bumblebees.

A mother reads child-care articles faithfully, helps with homework and can always be talked into an extra dime after an allowance is spent; but, remember, daughter, if you've gotten into her makeup or lost one of her good earrings,

you'd better run for cover—when she gets to the boiling point she spansks first and reasons later.

Mothers love a smudged, homemade valentine, a bouquet of wilted dandelions, the wings and backs of chicken and the rolls that get a little burned on the bottom.

Mothers almost never cry except at weddings or when you bring home good grades on your report card or when Dad surprises her with a special gift.

Mother is—well—WHAT A WOMAN! And we love her more than any words can tell.

Salute to Daughters: To our daughters—God bless them—daughters who, from the moment of their birth, are someone very special.

A daughter is precious and sweet, a burper and a bawler, a schedule-breaker, an angel, a beggar, a witch, a tease and a cuddler.

She's a monkey with tricks, a lady in Mom's high heels and gloves, a splasher in puddles, a baker of mud pies and a generous, sticky kisser.

She's a doll in ruffles and lace one moment and a tomboy in jeans climbing the old apple tree the next.

She's a nuisance to a brother, gets into a sister's lipstick, borrows Mom's perfume and Dad's shaving soap.

She's a whiz on roller skates, swings a mean tennis racket, is like a bouncing yo-yo on the basketball court, and can run like an Olympic sprinter in a shopping mall.

Overnight she becomes a dreamer, a stargazer, a moonstruck victim of the love bug.

She's a cool cat, a darling, a perplexing sprite, a whirlwind of action, and a loving puzzle.

She is a wearer of dirty sneakers, disreputable jeans and pullover T-shirts; long on phone calls, short on patience and hooked on loud phonograph records, pizza and Coke.

She rapidly goes through grade school, junior high, high school, college—becomes a career miss and possibly a starry-eyed bride. Lovable, special, unpredictable, beloved and precious—our daughters—our joy and our pride.

Music: "A — She's Adorable", or any appropriate song.

(Your group might wish to have a speaker, put on a skit, or present special musical numbers. Refreshments might follow the program.)

A HAPPY DAY

Mother's Day is a happy day for everyone because doing special things for your mother, or the mother of someone else, with love and understanding in your heart, will not only bring happiness to a mother but you yourself gain so much.



This wedding reception table was planned by the author and used by her daughter, Sherry Hosman, for her wedding to Jack Mallary. The sheet underlay appears to be a pale orange (or peach) as are the bows and flowers fastened where the lace is gracefully gathered. The attendants' gowns are of forest green with trim of white with tiny flowers of the same shade of soft orange. Completing the setting, the punch bowl, candleholders, silverware, etc., are all in gold tone.

A PRETTY SETTING

by
Joan Hosman

So you're planning a wedding. The hustle and bustle of preparation can sometimes hinder the enjoyment of the wedding celebration—for Mom especially.

First, the important decision is the date of the ceremony. Then, there are the dresses, the invitations, choice of the colors to be used, and on and on, extending into a long list.

The bride's table is something that has to be set up the day of the wedding but preparations and supplies for the table can be prepared long before the last-minute rush.

Things needed for the table:

1. Two sheets, the color of your choice
2. Lace tablecloth
3. Net skirting (white or off-white)
4. Bows, bells, flowers for decoration
5. Straight pins and safety pins (fairly large ones)

Most churches have tables that are of uniform size. Take the two sheets and pin them together in the middle of the table. Be sure the bottom of the sheets are even with the floor. With a right-angle fold, fold all four corners up and again pin. The table will have the appearance of a covered box.

For the net overlay, purchase nylon netting of a width to reach from the edge of the table to the floor. Measure the table. Purchase netting a length and a half to twice the length sufficient to allow for the gathers. Gather the netting and place bias tape over the gathers at the top and machine stitch in place.

Next, pin the netting in place around the top edge of the table so it neatly hangs to the floor. It does not need to cover the entire back of the table, just extend around the corners.

The lace tablecloth is now placed on the table. With your fingers, gather up one corner of the cloth so it lays gracefully on the closest front corner of the table. Pin in place with a safety pin. Repeat with the other corner. Pull up the center of the cloth and pin it in place.

Fasten the decoration of your choice over the safety pins: real or artificial flowers, bows, cupids, bells, etc. The use of silk lilies of the valley, along with other silk flowers, makes a decorative table.

Now the table is ready for the punch bowl, napkins, silverware, wedding cake, whatever. With a little extra preparation, all done ahead of the final rush, the bride's table can look very exotic and yet be budget-priced.

After the wedding is over, carefully store the nylon net overlay and bring it out for other special occasions when a pretty table is planned.

COVER STORY

Julian Brase is the youngest grandson of Dorothy and Frank Johnson and the youngest of the three sons of Art and Kristin Johnson Brase. Julian celebrated his fifth birthday in March in his home in Chadron, Nebraska. He is presently attending the Child Development Day Care Center at Chadron State College. Julian is enthusiastically anticipating kindergarten this fall.

SPRING SPLASHES

Red tulip goblets
Are filled with the champagne of
Sparkling spring sunshine . . .

Pussy willows stretch,
Curl into contented balls
And nap in the sun . . .

Our lawn, like Fort Knox,
Overnight mints bright golden
Coins of dandelions . . .

—Mildred Grenier

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR PARENTS

(For Family Life Week)

by
Virginia Thomas

THOU shalt teach thy child by example, not by precept. Religion and morality are caught, not taught.

THOU shalt make clear what you expect of thy child, then never bribe, plead, ridicule or threaten to achieve that expectation.

THOU shalt not command love and respect from thy child, but win it.

THOU shalt always be honest with thy child even if it means admitting you are wrong or have made a mistake.

THOU shalt respect thy child's rights as an individual.

THOU shalt allow thy child to practice making decisions, being free to make his own mistakes so that he may learn by the consequence of his errors.

THOU shalt not break thy promises to thy child so that, by respecting thy word, he will grow to respect the words of others and the promises he himself makes.

THOU shalt always be ready to listen to what thy child hath to say, according him the same respect for his right to speak as you would an adult.

THOU shalt help thy child to accept and appreciate all mankind, as brothers and children of God regardless of color or creed.

THOU shalt look to thine own heart and be sure thy child grows up in a home where God's name is held in reverence, and where His guidance is sought in all decisions and His love expressed through every action.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

So much has happened since last I wrote to you, that I hardly know where to begin the story!

You know that we took a deluxe cruise on the Holland America Line ship, the *SS Statendam*, but I don't think that you know where we went. From Miami, the ship went to the island of Jamaica where we spent an entire day and a good part of an evening. It is a fascinating little sugar cane island. I haven't seen such vast sugar cane fields since we lived in the Hawaiian Islands. Everywhere were either sugar cane fields or a roadside stand marketing souvenirs.

You would have laughed to see our ship's passengers coming aboard after a day of shopping in Jamaica! Every other person must have been carrying a wood carving made from the native mahogany. Betty and I didn't weaken to the point of buying a carving, but we did buy some small pieces of pottery. We learned many years ago that it is terribly difficult to bring home any souvenirs that cannot be carried easily in one's suitcase. My goodness! one of our ship's party came aboard carrying a wood carving that was nearly as big as he was! How on earth would he manage to get that home with a suitcase in each hand? I never buy a souvenir that cannot be carried in a jacket pocket, and that means that most of the things I buy are made of some kind of cloth.

Just off the coast of Venezuela in South America there is a little bit of Holland called Curacao, a part of the Netherland Antilles. When our big Dutch ship sailed into the city of Willemstad, it was breathtaking! The ship sailed right through the middle of the town almost as though it were in a large canal. It was thrilling! It was beautiful! It was unforgettable! To get through to the pier, the ship had to maneuver through an opening in the Queen Emma Bridge, an enormous pontoon bridge that has to swing open to let at least thirty large ships a day in or out of the harbor. As a matter of fact, the chief entertainment in town is that of just watching the ships come and go. While Betty went along with some friends to visit the parks and shops, I stayed down by the water photographing ships and boats of all kinds.

The local natives tell an interesting story about that pontoon bridge. When the bridge was first built to join the two sections of the city, most of the people had no transportation other than their own two feet. The government charged

all those who wore shoes the sum of two cents as their fee for using the bridge. Those who wore no shoes, that is, the poorest of the poor, did not have to pay to use the bridge. What do you suppose resulted from that? You are wrong! I, too, thought that probably the people with shoes simply took them off while they crossed the bridge so that they could avoid paying the two-cent toll. That is not what happened. The poor people went without food in order to save up enough to buy shoes. No one wanted the stigma of being counted among those too poor to pay a two-cent bridge toll! But the American tourists, at that time, had to be different. They were the only ones crossing the bridge without shoes, doing it just for the fun of saving the cheap toll.

Although the official language of Curacao is Dutch, it isn't like any Dutch you



Frederick poses beside the mailbox which is located in front of their house at Pawcatuck, Connecticut. The painting of waterfowl on the box fits in with the beautiful wildlife which lives near the Driftmiers' home.

and I ever learned in school. It is a mixture of Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and English with a little bit of an African dialect thrown in. It was amazing how much of it I could understand. I did not know, until I saw his statue on the outskirts of Willemstad, that the noted Peter Stuyvesant, who bought Manhattan from the Indians, used to be the governor of Curacao way back in 1643. The island now has a college named for him.

We had one very exciting day in Caracas, Venezuela. Taxis whisked us from the port city of LaGuaira up to the capital city. Actually, it is 3,000 feet up into the tropical highlands. Along the way we saw the countryside painted with wild orchids, jasmine flowers and poinsettia plants even larger than those that used to grow in our garden in Honolulu. Of the city itself, I had just one overwhelming impression: it is big, and crowded, and noisy, and terribly exciting.

When I lived in Cairo, Egypt, many

years ago, I used to say: "If a person ever gets bored, just go to the window and look out; something will be seen which has never been seen before!" It was true in Cairo, and it certainly was true in Caracas. Everywhere could be seen something unusual in people, or animals, or automobiles, or architecture, or food, or something. We saw so much of beauty and wealth, and so much of ugliness and poverty. Our one full day there was just enough to give me an appetite for another and longer visit.

We left South America at five o'clock in the afternoon, and after a night and a full morning of sailing on our luxurious *SS Statendam*, our group arrived in the nutmeg capital of the world. Are you as fond of nutmeg as Betty and I are? We love it, and as our ship dropped anchor in the harbor of St. George's on the island of Grenada, a big sign greeted us which said: "The Isle of Spice". As we walked through the narrow streets of that quaint and beautiful town, the aroma of nutmeg and other exotic spices was quite noticeable. We actually saw the nutmeg groves where women were picking and sorting.

We loved this picturesque island; one of the great appeals it had was in the way it reminded us of Bermuda—the tropical hues of the water, the pastel colors of the buildings, and the many neat, English-type gardens surrounded with flamboyant foliage plants. There is an unspoiled quality about the whole island of Grenada which was perfectly delightful. It was hard for us to believe that so many thousands of American and European tourists visit it each year. Betty and I will never forget our many happy months in Bermuda, and any island that reminds us of Bermuda is bound to be a favorite.

One of the highlights of our cruise was the island of Martinique. Many of my church people have come back from Martinique to say: "There is no city in all of the Caribbean more fascinating than Fort de France on Martinique." Although I never have been to the French Quarter in New Orleans, after having been to Fort de France, I think that I know what the French Quarter must be like. Many writers have drawn comparisons between the French flavor of the entire island of Martinique, and the flavor of New Orleans. The French artist, Paul Gauguin, lived on this island at one time and he was enthralled with its tropical beauty. The one descriptive term which comes to mind is the word *lush*. Everything about Martinique is lush!

When our ship stopped at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, it was a very happy and nostalgic moment for me. Just before we moved to Springfield, Massachusetts, back in 1955, I made a trip to St. Thomas; I was amazed to discover how much I remembered about it. After that first visit so long ago, I always have wanted to return, and to

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A VISIT WITH KATHARINE DRIFTMIER

Dear Friends:

This is such a beautiful day! I rose early this morning, heart filled with anticipation for the activity to begin. I am certainly lucky—most days have been like this lately, packed full of worthwhile things to do and blessed with a real sense of purpose and direction.

Mornings are where the days begin, and for me they are the most important; a morning well used can put the rest of the day in proper motion. First, I found that sixty minutes reserved for preparation for the day could work wonders, now I am allowing two hours before I go to work for my own quiet time, and I've become an addict! The space of time I commit to Scripture study and prayer and planning my schedule of activities for the day before me rather than floating through to that latest limit of sleep, rewards me with refreshed enthusiasm and focus for the tasks at hand. It's my spiritual breakfast. And because there's a certain amount of self-discipline involved in winning the daily battle between mind and mattress, my body is becoming more conditioned to the demands I make on it during the day. With a defeat of that appetite to sleep late, comes the assurance that I can defeat some of the other bad habits I have allowed to take root; I am improving!

This is a special day. It's a double birthday in our family and as soon as I finish this message to you I'm off to spend the rest of the day celebrating with the Delafield Driftniers. Mother's birthday falls one day after brother Paul's, and, for the first time in years, we are celebrating together with a big birthday dinner. With Paul living at home again and Adrienne home for a holiday from school at Northwestern University, we are happily all together for this special occasion.

I'm so lucky to be living close to home for, next to my loving Heavenly Father, I count my family as the most cherished part of my life. I love them wholeheartedly and, when counting my blessings, I always count them first. I often contemplate who I am and who I am to become, and I'm awed to realize again and again how my parents have met my many needs in making me Me: their loving sacrifices, their guidance and discipline and encouragement, the ways they have denied me some things and invited me to rise to other challenges, their tireless efforts to instill in me high standards of morality and a love of God, of character, truth, intellect, individuality and heritage. God certainly knew what special requirements my development would demand, and He put me in a family which had the potential for filling those needs and putting me on my way. So,



Adrienne, Katharine, Katharine's Siamese kitten, Paul and Mary Beth Driftnier shared a jolly laugh as Don took this snapshot of his family.

whenever I get to feeling happy with my life and the challenges which have been put before me, I thank Him for the family unit into which I am placed—it is perfect for me.

When I was a little girl I remember that my parents always organized activities the family could do together. Meals were eaten with us all present. We helped prepare the food according to our ability. We attended church, drove to school for years, sang songs, played summer games and every winter spent many hours skating on the ponds near home all as a family. And I don't recall one vacation that Mother and Father took that we were not included. We are a family. And our strong feelings for each other have grown out of these reinforcing times spent together.

I am saddened when I hear young people boasting that they can bend the rules and cheat outside their parents' codes. But it saddens me even more to hear young adults my age boast that their parents imposed no code at all! Some children grow up without lessons taught that might give them some understanding of the rights and wrongs of life. I know that it is best for each individual to search each situation and decide upon the best mode of action, but without an ethical code upon which to weight and compare the problems and solutions, the searching can be torturous. The answers can be disastrously wrong, both for the investigator and for those he will influence.

I like to meet families who are loving and growing in their responsibility as a family to commitment to God's laws. Last night I spent the evening with my friends, the Camerons. Monday nights are special in Kim and Melinda's home, for this is the night they come together for their "Family Home Evening" of close sharing. It is such a nice idea that I wish I had a family of my own that I might begin a similar program with my own children. Someday I will!

After supper, the Camerons gathered in the family room and focused the children's attentions with happy songs

which each child requested. There was a quiet prayer. Then everyone had a chance to contribute a brief lesson with each child's interests and abilities reflected in his part of the presentation. Asher, who is four, chose to ask his questions about Christ's life as a young man. Six-year-old Tiara had cut paper coins and bills to illustrate beautifully the idea of tithing and Carter, almost eight, read page after page from a book of Scripture stories. Cheyenne is just a baby, and she soon fell asleep, but she will soon have a part to play. Everyone was involved and interested and spirits were high, for they were having fun and feeling pride in their contributions. I could see how comfortable they were with the ideas presented in the lessons. Their love for each other and our Heavenly Father is strengthening their unity as a family.

God has taught us the need to walk together as families within His commandments, that parents should teach the gospel to their children so they may be equipped to choose good over evil. I look at my loving Christian family and smile, for we are happy with ourselves and the fruits of our labors. I pray that you enjoy this same happiness too!

Sincerely,
Katharine

HEAVEN

Some search for heaven in far-off lands
In Southern seas, and balmy climes
Where bloom exotic flowers and fruit,
And the wind is tauntingly sublime.

Here on the windowsill is foliage,
Leaves, fluted cups of violet and green,
Leaning, straining to catch the sunshine
Amidst teapot and glasses, shiny clean.

A spring breeze ripples filmy curtains,
A redbud bush taps at the window's
brink.

Could it be that instead of far away,
Heaven is here at my kitchen sink!

—Marcia Schwartz

INSECTS

Can you identify these insects?

1. Green as grass. (Grasshoppers)
 2. Beauty on the wing. (Butterfly)
 3. Appears to be praying. (Praying Mantis)
 4. The gardener's friend. (Ladybird Beetle)
 5. Always busy. (Bee)
 6. Provides for winter. (Ant)
 7. Carries its own flashlight. (Glow-worm)
 8. Likes to spin. (Spider)
 9. Stings. (Wasp)
 10. The males sing, but not the females. (Katydid)
 11. Big one-horn. (Hornworm)
 12. Also an English game. (Cricket)
- Annette Lingelbach



"Grandma has a Japanese camera," exclaims grandson as he is shown the shutter blunder of Granny.

GRANNY GETS A CAMERA

by
Joan Hosman

"Yes, I understand."

That's what I told the camera salesman. Sure I understood all the details on how to run this new contraption. I had told the man I wanted a good camera and then I purchased my very first roll of film from him too. As I walked out of that camera shop, I was the most elated grandma you ever did meet.

"Sure, I understand now to load it sir," was the last thing I said. "Sure, I do," and you know I thought I did. I could hardly wait to get out and start shooting, taking those priceless pictures. And who does Granny usually think of first when she thinks of pictures? You're right, the grandchildren.

So I loaded my camera, just as I had been instructed. Then I headed to the home of my pride and joy, my grandson. I finished that roll of 24 pictures in nothing flat. And thus the only thing to do was to buy another roll of film. By this time I felt as if I was becoming a professional and I really did like the performance of my new camera.

The anticipation and excitement of sending those films off made me feel elated. Now I just couldn't wait for the mailman to return my pictures. I surely missed the picture of the day by not getting a mug shot of myself when I opened the package with my prints. As I glanced at the very first picture, I exclaimed out loud, "What in the world happened?"

I had purchased a Japanese camera, but the salesman never said a word about the film having a Japanese message written across each and every picture I took. As I shuffled through the pictures, across every one of them was the same saying, not only in Japanese but in English—the words had even been translated for me: "Do not touch, pick or press." You're right, by this time there was a questioning session going on in my mind. Yes, I did remember seeing that saying over the back of the shutter, but it

did say not to press, touch or pick and thus I left it alone.

By this time, my second roll of film was finished. Same story.

When I opened my camera, there it was—the plastic tag which marked my photographs. It did not say anywhere that it should be removed. Thus, I tried to reconcile myself that the error was not all my fault. It was then that a pro-camera friend stated that, "Anyone buying that good a camera would be considered to at least know to remove that tag." I quickly exclaimed "Gee, thanks."

Another fact I learned—a person has to be brave to take a brand-new camera on a sightseeing vacation. There I sat, on the shore of Kingsley Dam, reading my camera instruction book. Some bright guy passing by said to his friend, "I believe she's got more camera than she is a photographer." No matter how painful, there is just one way to learn and that is by experience.

Still another photographer error which I have committed is reloading a roll of exposed film that had already been taken. You wouldn't believe the double exposures that came out of the gesture!

By now, this old granny has been educated and "braved" up a bit. I have now taken some good pictures to add to the bad ones. So grannies, don't let a new camera scare you; buy a good model and be ready to shoot at anything that makes you want to click your shutter. You'll be nervous, you'll make mistakes, you'll learn and eventually, you'll enjoy becoming a real photographer.

ARE YOU PLANNING A CLASS REUNION?

If you are on a committee to plan a class reunion this year, here are a few suggestions to start the committee's work.

Some classes hold a noon picnic followed by an afternoon program and visiting. Others prefer a formal dinner, while some decide to make the event a two-day weekend affair.

If a two-day observance is planned (this is especially nice if it has been many years since your graduation and your class is widely scattered), start off with a dinner, a dinner dance, or a dance and a program on Friday evening. Punch, party sandwiches and mints served from a beautifully appointed buffet table (with the class flower used in the centerpiece) could be the refreshments to serve if you were just having a dance and a program.

At the Friday evening party, after all have been greeted, the program presented might include a skit in which four of the "girls" from the class, dressed in cheerleaders' costumes of that graduating year (or at least in dress of the year) lead the group in singing the school song, or some school yells of the old days.

Another skit might be one duplicating the crowning of the homecoming queen of your class, with a couple of the fellows who were on the football team—perhaps her actual escorts for that occasion. If the queen still has her crown, use it in the skit.

Are there many among your class who married another member of the class? These might be recognized with a red rose or the class flower presented to each one.

If you are having a banquet, the table centerpiece might be simply a large replica of the number of your class year, with the numbers done in the class colors. A picture of the school building is a fine favor to put at each place. For a favor, mount the picture on heavy white paper. Below the picture, write the date of graduation and the date of this year's reunion. You can add a tiny ribbon bow in the class colors at the top, if you like. If you have program books for a more formal dinner and program, such a picture might go on the front cover.

Be sure to ask members to bring old autograph books, pictures and other mementos of high school days which will be displayed on a table. It will prove a most popular spot at the reunion as classmates recall days gone by.

As part of the program, award a class flower to: the one coming the greatest distance, the one who has been away from the home town the longest, the one who has (or had) the most children go to the home town school, the one who came closest to fulfilling the class prophecy, the one who has been married the longest, the one best remembered by other classmates, the last one to marry, etc.

The main event the following day could be a picnic which can include all members of the family. Decorate the picnic tables with bright, checkered cloths and pretty garden flowers. Visiting and outdoor games can provide all the entertainment needed.

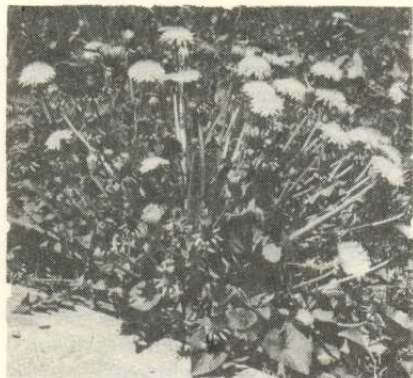
—Mabel Nair Brown

MAY SONG

May song is a bird song—spendthrift notes

Of surging joy from feathered throats,
A silver testament to spring
By every bird equipped to sing;
Small bustling wren, a raucous jay,
A robin's twilight roundelay,
The slanted spill of blackbird glee,
A bluebird nesting in a tree.

May song is echoed in the heart
That sees the lovely season start
With lilac blossoms on the air,
Like chords of music everywhere,
And tulips like staccato sound,
And apple-blossom choirs. Found
Is symphony for eye and ear
In this, the lilting time of year.



—Photo by Shenandoah Evening Sentinel
Dandelions might be considered a beautiful flowering plant if they were not such pests. The tender, young leaves do make delicious greens for eating. Cut them when they are small, before the bright yellow blooms are produced. Along with other wild and home-grown greens, they provide variety and nutrition to the menu.

SPRING GREENS

by
R.G.B.

We loved them! When I was a youngster on a farm in southeastern Nebraska, we eagerly anticipated them for weeks. And when at last on a bright and early morning in late May, Mama suggested that if we'd all hurry and get the work done, we'd go and gather some greens, we needed not another word. In jig time, the morning chores were done and the three of us, sunbonneted, were ready to start on this happy excursion.

Wild mustard was our favorite green, so we headed toward the mustard patch first—across the drive, past the scales and silo, through a fence and then into the gently downward-sloping pasture toward the timber-lined creek. Then, across the creek, and we were in another pasture and nearby was the mustard patch that Papa had fenced in so the cows wouldn't eat the leaves.

We squirmed through the fence and fell to work. We'd run our knives under the plants, turn them upside down, pull off any blighted or poor leaves, give the plant a quick, strong shake or two and add it to the pail. Every minute or two, Mama repeated the admonishment: "Look them—be sure and look them!" (We were also taught to look garden lettuce, etc., thoroughly as we gathered it.)

After ten or fifteen minutes, when the pail was half full or a little more, and we children were beginning to tire under the warm sun, Mama would declare that we had enough mustard, so we'd start back. After we'd crossed the bridge and trudged up the pasture a ways, we'd swing to the right and squeeze through the creep space into our ample garden. There, growing along the fence, were curly dock, wild lettuce, and lamb's-quarters. We'd snap off these tender

plants, shake them, look them, and add to the mustard. Mama would go to the horseradish plants and pick several of the large, choice, tenderest leaves, while we girls pulled a few of the green onions from their row. We'd peel them and snip off the roots, and add the tops and all to the pail, which by now, was about full.

At last we reached the yard again, and settled near the well for the next step—washing the greens. Mama sent one girl into the house for two large containers, usually the dishpan and the largest stewing kettle. The dishpan was filled with water. We each took a "pinch" of green leaves and swished them rapidly through the water a few times, flipped the water off sharply and placed them in the kettle. When the water needed changing, it was emptied and a pan of fresh water appeared (usually as the result of a busy pump handle). After all the greens had been through this process, it was repeated, and again, and sometimes again, until the water in which they were washed looked clean. Then Mama packed the greens into the kettle, added two or three cups of water. We took them into the kitchen and set them on the stove to cook—it took from 30 to 45 minutes, or until all stems were tender. While they were cooking, Mama got out her large iron skillet, filled it full of bacon or ham and fried it. When that was done, the meat was placed on a platter and put in the warming oven. When the greens were done, they were lifted out of the kettle, draining off the water, forkful by forkful, and placed in the fat in the skillet (it was fairly hot) and allowed to cook for ten minutes or so until most of the liquid had evaporated. Mama used salt at this time and then turned them over once or twice as they cooked, and would take a large fork and knife and cut squares through them about an inch and a half in size. They were good warm or cool. Papa and we children liked to drizzle our greens with vinegar, but Mama preferred hers without.

There are many other edible plants, but those mentioned are the ones we preferred. If you try them, cook them well; they're so much more appetizing than if just wilted or undercooked. And I must caution you when you're cooking them, the smell can be pretty strong. But after you've learned to like the taste, you won't mind. They're simply loaded with vitamins and iron. The season is at its prime in late May and early June, so get yourself some greens and enjoy!

A postscript: As wild mustard is almost a thing of the past, one may use tame mustard very successfully. The best comes from our own gardens, although I have used commercially grown a few times. In fact, the mustard and two or three green onions makes a very good combination.



Geraniums are bright, blooming plants which can be successfully grown in pots on a porch or patio as long as moisture level is kept high. This picture of a geranium planted in a beautifully shaped pottery container was in Juliana's folder. Although it probably is at home on her Albuquerque patio, a similar plant and holder would look beautiful in any setting.

MY GARDEN

by
Verna Sparks

I never thought of having a garden this year, for I have just moved and it seemed rather late to start one. However, after I was partly settled and the warm spring days appeared, the fever hit, I just had to get outside and survey my surroundings. The yard and lawn were in bad condition. The soil was poor and needed fertilizer and tending. There were too many shade trees for such a small area.

I visited a greenhouse late one afternoon where I spied some petunia plants and suddenly thought of my old black kettle. The plants I chose were called *Sugar Daddies* in a lovely magenta shade. I brought two boxes home with me, along with a box of fertilizer, some topsoil and sand. In a short while the kettle was filled with soil and six hardy plants. It wasn't long until my old kettle was running over with large, ruffled petunias which seemed to love to bloom as long as I remembered to pinch off the fading blooms every day.

Other pots and containers were added to my "garden". Miniature zinnias, *Thumbelina*, were set out in three, round, ten-inch molds. Three pots of hen and chickens managed to grow beautifully in sun or shade. Last, but not least, two wooden boxes, one-half bushel size, are growing cucumber vines for me. Container gardening is satisfying for anyone. It saves time, work, space and energy. I'm quite sure I'll stay with this way of gardening from now on.



A PENNY SAVED IS TAX-EXEMPT

by
Sue Peeler

The saying used to be, "A penny saved is a penny earned," but with inflation and taxes, a penny-pinching homemaker's time should be worth more than that now. Let's see what the fringe benefits are when you spend time to save money.

In the normal course of commerce, someone in the household goes out to earn money, investing his or her time and labor. There are expenses involved in the earning: transportation, clothes, lunches, etc. Social security and income taxes are deducted from pay checks leaving a reduced amount to take home. There can be the intangible frustration of not being able to find what you want or finding only inferior quality.

When you save money by doing your own sewing or growing a garden, for instance, you are in effect earning money by being self-employed because you are stretching the buying capacity of each dollar brought home. In addition to the face value saved, though, consider this: the dollar you "earned" at home may actually be worth more than twice as much as the dollar earned at a job, because there were no labor expenses in earning it, and no taxes to pay either on the income or purchase of a product—plus there is a definite probability that your product is better quality than you could have bought.

There are a few ways to save money, and how to decide if they will produce worthwhile savings for you:

Growing Food: Farm families should be able to produce their own milk, meat, eggs, vegetables, fruits, yet I am continually surprised to learn of farmers who don't even have a small kitchen garden! Anyone with a back yard can grow a few vegetables among the flowers, or even grow enough to can or freeze some for winter. If zoning allows, suburban homesteaders can grow a major part of their food with the addition of rabbits, chickens, and/or goats. While a large amount of money can be saved this way, the big question is, "Do I enjoy the work?" If you don't enjoy gardening, canning, or animals, the whole project will probably fail and undoubtedly cost you money instead of saving it.

Cooking: Most convenience foods cost more, but not all of them. Frozen orange juice costs less than buying fresh oranges and squeezing them; frozen potato products are a good choice when the "fresh" ones in the store are so bad you end up throwing half of them away. Some "convenience" foods do take almost as long to prepare as working from "scratch". Usually, when you fix foods from fresh ingredients, your family gets an added bonus of better flavor and



Many children enjoy the delights of having their own money-raising venture. Julian and Aaron Brase (sons of Kristin and Art Brase of Chadron, Nebr.) chose a sunny spring day to set up a lemonade stand in front of their home.

nutrition.

Sewing: If you enjoy sewing, this can range from most of the family's clothes (blue jeans are impractical to make at home, but home-stitched patches can keep a pair in service a lot longer!) to making just the quick-and-easy garments. If you don't enjoy sewing that much, pajamas, play clothes, etc., don't require as much tedious detail as a tailored suit. For real money saving, buy fabric on sale, get remnants or glean left-over scraps big enough to make children's clothes and accessories.

Arts and Crafts: Decorate your home with a "lot of yourself" and just a little cash. Gift problems can be solved and people appreciate the personal touch. The key question here is, "Will I spend so much for supplies and tools that resulting costs are more than buying the item from a craftsman, or will I use them enough to justify the initial expenditure?"

Swapping: This is perhaps the most fun of all. Trading goods and services goes back a lot farther in history than using money. There is something satisfying about trading an article you have for some item you want without going through the impersonal medium of cold cash. Be creative in this category: homemade items, home-grown produce, services (baby-sitting, ironing, typing, etc.) or garage-sale-type castoffs, all make good trading stock.

If in doubt about whether something you are doing at home to save money is really worth the time involved, ask yourself these questions:

1. Is money readily available to buy this item, or are we on such a tight budget that we can't afford to buy it?
2. How much am I saving?
3. How long does it take me to do the work myself?
4. Could I use my time more effectively by saving in another area?
5. Do I enjoy what I'm doing, or is it

drudgery? (If you don't enjoy it, refer back to No. 4.)

6. Is the home-produced item better than "store bought"? If it is, then even marginal savings are worth a great deal (as in home-baked bread).

Several advantages are obvious to working at home: you save money, you can give your family better quality products than many things you could buy at the store, and you have the satisfaction and enjoyment of actually creating the projects yourself.

HINTS FROM OUR LETTER BASKET

Try drying the delicious morel mushrooms. String the mushrooms on heavy thread using a darning needle. String through the heaviest part of the stem. DO NOT WASH before stringing. Hang up to dry in a warm, dry place. Leave for several weeks. They shrivel as they dry. When they seem completely dry, put into a coffee can or similar container and cover with a plastic lid. To use: soak in hot water. Drain gently and rinse until water is clear—but use hot, not cold, water. Drain on paper towels, then cook as desired. Roll in cracker crumbs or coat with flour and then fry in a small amount of shortening or deep-fat fry. These can also be steamed in just a little beef broth. —S.K., Lincoln, Ne.

When getting ready for gardening, sew a pocket over the knee of the slacks or overalls usually worn. Cut foam sponges to fit inside pockets. This is good to pad the knees for a person who likes to get on his or her knees to scrub as well.

A good idea to use with children's pants if they are of the age that like to run tractors and cars on the floor or the ground. —Mrs. C.H., Brookings, S.D.

Attach a screw hook or a cup hook to one end of a yardstick and use it to retrieve items which fall behind the dryer, washer, sofa or other heavy pieces of furniture. If a person is confined to a wheelchair, this might be an idea to help pick up things from the floor.

—J.S., Shelby, Iowa

To remove fat from the top of soups and stews, wrap an ice cube in a piece of paper towel and swish across the top of the mixture. The fat clings to the cold towel. —T.J., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

To keep fresh-cut flowers blooming longer, mix 2 Tbls. vinegar and 3 Tbls. sugar to 1 quart water (100 degrees F.). Put flowers into water about 3 to 4 inches up on the stem. This allows flow of nourishment. —A Radio Listener

OLD CEMETERIES TELL STORIES

by
Evelyn Birkby

The clouds had been hovering overhead all morning long. My sightseeing had taken me in and out of stores and shops in Georgetown, District of Columbia. At noon a friendly native had directed me to one of the Vietnamese restaurants where I enjoyed a delightful lunch. As I stepped through the narrow door and back out into the street, the air felt heavy and damp.

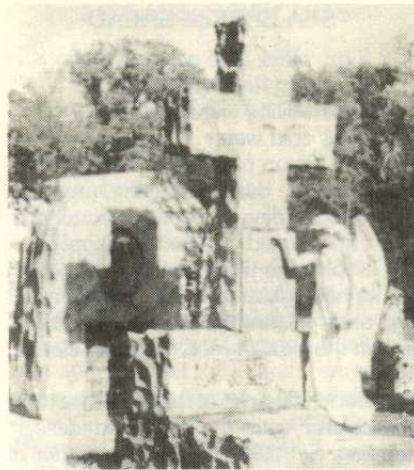
Several blocks of walking had to be traversed before I came to the next place of interest I wished to visit. It was not until I reached the small iron gate at the edge of the Oak Hill Cemetery that the moisture in the air turned into droplets and a soft rain began. The fold-up umbrella I had carried during the preceding days of my visit to Washington finally needed to be brought out from the depths of my bag and raised to shelter me as I pushed onto the grounds of one of the most interesting cemeteries in our country.

Besides being old—established in 1848—and containing the graves of a number of famous people—William Corcoran, who gave the city one of its great art galleries, Edwin Stanton, Lincoln's secretary of war, and John Howard Payne, who was the composer of "Home Sweet Home"—the Oak Hill Cemetery is reported to be the home of several very unusual ghosts.

As my footsteps took me up and down the steep ravines and gullies, past unusual monuments marking some of the more than 17,000 graves, I moved toward the Van Ness mausoleum which is located on the highest ridge of the cemetery. It is circular with a ring of marble pillars holding the round roof in the classical Roman manner. In fact, the design was copied from a Temple in Rome. It is the tomb of John Peter Van Ness, once representative in Congress from New York, and other members of his family.

The story of Mr. Van Ness is both interesting and tragic. He built a mansion in Washington (then Federal City) in the year 1816. It was reported to be the first house in America with indoor plumbing supplied with both hot and cold running water. John married lovely Marcia Burns and the mansion became one of the social centers of the city. One daughter, Ann, was born to them. She married Arthur Middleton, son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

After these happy, prosperous and successful years, came tragedy. Ann died giving birth to a still-born baby. Marcia tried to ease her grief for her dead daughter with charitable activities, but



The McKee stone is located in Arlington Cemetery near the old Custis mansion.

finally failed in health and literally died from sorrow.

It was then that Van Ness decided to build a mausoleum of fine brick and marble so his two beloved women would not be forgotten. As he grew older, living in the lonely mansion, his grief began to prey upon his mind. Whispers circulated that ghosts inhabited certain rooms of the house.

When John Van Ness died in 1846, his body was carried to its resting place on a bier pulled by his own six white horses. During the committal service, some of the mourners saw the horses grazing behind a rise in the ground giving them the appearance of being headless. And to this day, persons who visit the mausoleum at Oak Hill insist they often see six headless white horses galloping around the Van Ness memorial.

Incidentally, the discrepancy in dates of the establishment of the Oak Hill Cemetery and the death dates of the family are explained by the fact that the mausoleum was first erected in a small cemetery and then moved, in 1872, to Oak Hill. It does make the appearance of the ghostly horses even more amazing.

(If you wish to read more about these famous ghost horses, as well as other scary stories from our nation's capital, John Alexander has written a fascinating book called *Ghosts, Washington's Most Famous Ghost Stories*—published by Washington Books.)

The rain continued, but my little umbrella kept me dry as I read dates and inscriptions and marveled at the sculptures and beauties of this unusual burial ground. I took a number of flash pictures, knowing the greyness of the day would make more light necessary, only to discover later that I had stupidly put my finger over the flash part of the camera ruining all but one of the photographs. It was a costly lesson in how not to hold a camera even while juggling an umbrella.

If a person is going visiting, sight-

seeing or to trace a historical trail, sooner or later the path will inevitably lead into a cemetery or near a gravesite. This was especially true during my visit in and around Washington, D.C. Sizes of burial grounds varied from the single lonely grave near the road and the small churchyards to the great national cemeteries.

What trip to Washington would be complete without a visit to the Arlington National Cemetery? Fortunately, the day I chose for this tour was bright and sunny, showing clearly both the beauty and the pathos of this hallowed place. Along with many other tourists, I took the Tourmobile which started at the base of the Washington Monument and moved west along Constitution Avenue and across the Arlington Memorial Bridge. The sense I had of having been this way before came only from my television viewing of the funeral corteges of some of our most famous men.

Fortunately, we arrived at Arlington just in time to reach the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at twelve noon. Our group walked quickly to the steps of the amphitheater and soundlessly watched the changing of the guard. It was a momentous and emotion-filled experience.

The bus then drove us to the top of the hill and let us out near the old Custis mansion, built as Arlington House in 1804. I spent most of the allotted time roaming the old-old part of the cemetery, although I did take a few minutes to tour the restored sections of the mansion.

The first burial in this area was a private one, as happened often in those early days; in 1828, a Custis relative was buried not far from the house. Later, other members of the family were interred in the same plot. The first public burial took place in the cemetery in 1864 when a private who had been killed in the Civil War was interred.

Many mass graves are located within Arlington boundaries, but the one which affected me most was near the Custis mansion. It is a large monument to the Unknown Soldiers of the Civil War. It marks the mass grave of 2,111 unknowns whose remains were recovered from the battlefields of Bull Run and Rappahannock. I stood looking at the large marble block trying to comprehend the grief in the thousands of homes to which these young men never returned, and whose parents never knew what became of them. An incredible monument to the waste of war.

Not far away was another nostalgic war memorial. A copper statue of a soldier, depicting the young man's death on a Civil War battlefield, was placed in front of the larger, marble marker of the tomb of his father.

(Continued on page 18)



UNUSUAL RHUBARB PIE

Crust

- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- Milk

Sift and measure the flour; combine with baking powder. Put the 1 Tbls. vinegar in a cup and fill to half full with milk. Stir into flour mixture. This will be about the consistency of heavy cooky batter. (A bit more milk can be added if needed.) This makes enough dough for two double-crust, 8-inch pie shells.

Make one unbaked, single crust to use with the following filling:

- 4 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 4 Tbls. flour or cornstarch
- 2 egg yolks
- 3/4 cup juice from rhubarb
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cut rhubarb into fine pieces and measure 4 cups into a bowl. Cover with the boiling water—about 1 1/2 cups. Let stand until cool. Combine sugar, flour or cornstarch, lightly beaten egg yolks, and 3/4 cup of the juice drained from rhubarb after it has cooled. Cook this mixture for five minutes over low heat, stirring constantly. Add flavoring. Spoon rhubarb into unbaked pie shell and pour the cooked custard mixture over it. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes, then at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Top with the following meringue:

- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat egg whites until stiff, then gradually beat in sugar, cream of tartar and flavoring. When fluffy and sugar is all dissolved, pile on top of rhubarb pie and return to oven to bake until nicely browned.

Variation: Press crust into 7- by 11-inch baking pan. Continue with rhubarb, custard and meringue as directed. To serve, cut into squares.

The friend who sent this recipe says that she often combines the rhubarb with the custard before turning into the unbaked pie crust. —Evelyn

SEA BREEZE SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups cold water
- 1 can lemon pie filling
- 1 envelope dessert topping, prepared according to package directions
- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple

Dissolve the three packages of gelatin in the boiling water. Add cold water. Let set until gelatin just begins to thicken. Stir in the pie filling and whip with electric mixer.

Remove one cup of the gelatin mixture and blend with the prepared dessert topping. Set aside. To the remainder of the gelatin mixture, add the pineapple. Spread in a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill until set. Spread the dessert topping mixture over top of first layer. Refrigerate. —Donna Nenneman

HONEY-CREAM DRESSING

- 1 cup sour cream or plain yogurt
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 2 tsp. honey
- 2 tsp. lemon juice

Combine the above ingredients and blend well. Refrigerate in covered container. If the yogurt is used, this makes a low-calorie dressing.

CLUB RASPBERRY DESSERT

1st Layer

- 6 egg whites
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups crushed saltine crackers
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans

Beat egg whites until foamy. Add cream of tartar and sugar and beat until stiff. Add flavoring. Fold in crackers and nuts. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for about 25 minutes. Cool.

Filling

- 1/2 lb. marshmallows
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries and juice, thawed
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Whipped topping

Melt marshmallows in milk. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Set aside. Combine sugar and cornstarch and blend with thawed raspberries and juice. Add raspberry flavoring. Cook until thickened. Add lemon juice and let cool.

Pour cooled marshmallow mixture over first layer; then pour the raspberry mixture over top. Cover with a thin layer of whipped topping. —Dorothy

FILLET OF SOLE WITH ASPARAGUS

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 lb. fillet of sole, cut into 1- by 3-inch strips
- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 large clove garlic, minced or pressed
- 1 lb. fresh asparagus, cut into 1/2-inch slanting slices
- 2 Tbls. regular-strength chicken broth or water

Combine cornstarch, soy sauce and the 1 Tbls. oil. Dip fish fillets in the mixture, coating all pieces. Put the 3 Tbls. oil into heavy skillet or wok over medium heat. When pan is hot, add garlic and stir-fry for 30 seconds. Add fish fillets and brown on both sides. Remove fish from pan and set aside. Add asparagus and stir-fry for 30 seconds. Add chicken broth (or water), cover and cook, stirring frequently. Cook for about four minutes. Return fish to wok or pan and stir-fry just to heat through. Makes three or four servings. —Betty Jane

CHICKEN-RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 6-oz. pkg. Uncle Ben's wild rice mix
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 3 cups cubed, cooked chicken
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/2 cups buttered soft bread crumbs

Cook rice according to package directions. Stir in soup. Add all but bread crumbs and mix well. Turn into a 3-quart casserole. Sprinkle buttered crumbs on top. Bake at 350 degrees about one hour.

—Donna Nenneman

PEACH-SOUR CREAM PIE

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/3 cup powdered sugar
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- Combine the above ingredients and press into 8-inch pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Cool. Prepare the following filling:
- 1 3-oz. pkg. peach gelatin
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 21-oz. can prepared peach pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Stir in pie filling and flavoring. Chill until partially set. Spoon into baked, cooled crust. Dab sour cream over top by spoonfuls. Cut thru filling and sour cream lightly with knife to marbleize. Chill until firm.

Chopped, drained maraschino cherries could be added to gelatin mixture for color. —Juliana

OATMEAL-JELLY COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 cup walnuts
- 1/2 cup wheat germ
- 1 cup unsifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup jelly

In mixing bowl, cream butter or margarine at high speed. Beat in sugar. Add egg; beat until light and fluffy. Stir in flavorings, rolled oats, walnuts and wheat germ. Sift flour with soda, baking powder and salt. Stir into batter until well blended. Shape into balls, using thumb to make a depression in the middle. Fill with jelly of your choice. Bake at 350 degrees until delicately browned, about 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from cookie sheet while still warm; cool on rack. Makes about five dozen. —Betty Jane

CHICKEN PUFF BAKE

- 1/4 cup margarine or butter
- 1/4 cup packaged biscuit mix
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 10³/₄-oz. can chicken broth
- 2 cups diced, cooked chicken
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 4-oz. can sliced water chestnuts, drained
- 1 2-oz. jar diced pimiento, drained
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen French-style green beans, rinsed and drained
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup packaged biscuit mix
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. salad oil

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a 7- by 12-inch baking dish.

Heat margarine or butter in saucepan over low heat until melted. Stir in 1/4 cup biscuit mix, 1/2 tsp. salt and pepper until bubbly. Add the 1 1/4 cups milk and chicken broth. Heat to boiling, stirring. Boil and stir for one minute. Stir in the chicken, cheese, water chestnuts, pimiento and beans. Spread in prepared baking pan.

Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. In another bowl, beat the egg yolks until thick. Combine the remaining biscuit mix, salt and paprika. Add combined mixture to the egg yolks alternately with the 1/2 cup milk and salad oil. Fold in the egg whites. Spoon over the chicken and bake for about 20 minutes, or until golden. Let stand about five minutes before cutting into squares and serving.

—Betty Jane

MOLASSES BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour
- 4 Tbls. softened shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2/3 cup milk
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 cup water
- 3/4 cup molasses

Make a soft dough of the first five ingredients. On a floured board, roll out the dough into a jelly-roll shape and cut it in 1-inch thick slices. Grease a small cake pan and pour into it a mixture made of the water and molasses. Lay the slices of dough in the pan and bake at 425 degrees for about 20 to 25 minutes.

This is a popular Maine recipe and dates back to the days when Maine sailing ships brought back molasses from the West Indies. —Mary Lea Palo

ONION SOUP

- 2 cups sliced onions
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 quarts beef stock or bouillon
- Salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 4 thick slices French bread
- 1/2 cup grated Swiss cheese

In large pot, saute the onion in half of the butter until transparent. Add the beef stock or bouillon and boil for 15 minutes. Season with the salt and pepper. Pour into large casserole. Put the bread slices on top and sprinkle with the cheese. Dot with remaining butter. Bake at 400 degrees until cheese melts. —Juliana

STACK-A-ROLL STROGANOFF

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1 3¹/₂-oz. can French-fried onions (reserve 1/2 cup)
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 can refrigerated buttermilk biscuits
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Brown ground beef; drain well. In an ungreased 2¹/₂- or 3-quart deep casserole, combine the browned beef, mushrooms and French-fried onions; toss lightly. Bring undiluted soup to a boil; stir in 1/2 cup sour cream. Pour warm soup mixture evenly over meat in casserole. Separate dough into 10 biscuits. Cut each biscuit in half crosswise forming 20 half circles. Immediately arrange biscuits, cut-side down, in a circle around edge of casserole. Sprinkle reserved French-fried onions between biscuits. Combine remaining 1/2 cup sour cream, egg, celery seed and salt and pour over biscuits. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes until biscuits are golden brown.

—Donna Nenneman

RHUBARB COBBLECAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
- 5 cups raw rhubarb, cut in 1-inch pieces (or 20-oz. pkg. frozen)
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans

Combine the 1 1/2 cups sugar, flour, pumpkin pie spice, rhubarb, orange juice and flavoring in a heavy saucepan. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly, then simmer five minutes. Pour into a 9- by 12- inch glass baking pan. Combine biscuit mix and milk in small bowl; stir with fork until just moistened. Spoon dough into 12 even mounds on top of rhubarb mixture in baking dish. Drizzle the 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine on top of biscuit dough. Sprinkle the 2 Tbls. sugar and chopped nuts over top. Bake at 425 degrees for 20 minutes or until golden brown. Serve warm with whipped topping. —Verlene

BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE WITH PENCHE FROSTING

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup Crisco shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 cup milk (divided)
- 2 eggs

Sift the cake flour, baking powder and salt in mixing bowl. Add the brown sugar, shortening, flavorings and 2/3 cup of the milk. Beat well. Add the remaining 1/3 cup milk and the eggs. Beat well again. Pour into greased and floured layer pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool and frost with the following:

- 2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup Crisco shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Combine frosting ingredients in heavy saucepan. Bring to full, rapid boil, stirring constantly. Boil for one minute, or until 220 degrees are reached on a candy thermometer. With wire whisk, beat until frosting is lukewarm and loses its gloss. Continue beating until it is of spreading consistency. (This takes a lot of beating.) Use to frost between layers and top and sides of butterscotch cake. Frosting may be thinned with a little milk or cream if it becomes too stiff. —Betty Jane

BROCCOLI BAKE

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
1 cup packaged biscuit mix
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease a 5½-cup souffle dish or casserole.

Cook frozen broccoli as directed on package. Drain. Combine the biscuit mix, milk, eggs and salt and beat until smooth. Stir in broccoli and cheese. Pour into prepared baking dish. Bake for about one hour, or until knife inserted in center comes out clean.

Other cooked vegetables, such as corn, chopped spinach, etc., could be used. —Betty Jane

FRUIT SALAD

1 small package macaroni rings or shell macaroni
2 cups crushed pineapple
2 cups chunky-style mixed fruits
1 cup Mandarin orange sections
1 small package miniature marshmallows
1/2 cup sugar
1 Tbls. flour
2 eggs, beaten
1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
2 cups whipped topping

Cook the macaroni and rinse in cold water; drain well. Drain fruits, saving juices. Combine the drained fruits with marshmallows. Combine the drained fruit juices, sugar, flour and eggs and cook until thickened. Add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool. Combine the cooked mixture with fruit mixture. Refrigerate for 24 hours. Fold in the whipped topping just before serving.

—Verlene

CHOCOLATE-CHERRY BARS

1 box (2-layer size) devil's food cake mix
1 21-oz. can cherry pie filling
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
2 eggs, beaten
Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a 9- by 13-inch baking pan.
Combine the above ingredients and mix by hand. Pour into prepared pan and bake for 30 to 40 minutes, or until it tests done. Cool and frost with the following:

1 cup sugar
5 Tbls. margarine or butter
1/3 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

16-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate chips
Combine the sugar, margarine or butter, milk and flavoring. Bring to boiling, stirring constantly. Boil for one minute; then remove from heat. Stir in chips, mixing until well blended. Spread over the cooled cake. —Juliana

HONEY-YOGURT DRINK

1 8-oz. carton plain yogurt
1 cup unsweetened fruit juice
3 Tbls. honey
1 egg (optional)
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring (or flavoring of your choice)
8 ice cubes
Combine all ingredients in blender and mix well.

Various fruit juice and fruit flavorings can be used in this delicious and easy-to-prepare, low-calorie drink. —Evelyn

POLISH PORK MEAT PIES

1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/4 cup chopped onion
1 Tbls. margarine or butter
2 cups diced, cooked pork
3/4 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup applesauce
2 Tbls. Dijon or prepared mustard
2 8-oz. cans refrigerator crescent rolls
1 egg, slightly beaten
Poppy seeds

In skillet, cook green pepper and onion in the margarine or butter until tender. Stir in pork, ginger, salt, applesauce and mustard; set aside.

Separate rolls into 8 rectangles. Firmly press perforations to seal. Spoon about 1/3 cup of meat mixture on one end of each rectangle. Fold dough in half over filling and press edges to seal. Brush each with beaten egg and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in oven preheated to 375 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown.

To make ahead, prepare, cover and refrigerate up to two hours. Bake as directed. —Betty Jane

PECAN-FUDGE PIE

1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell
1 12-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate chips
1/4 cup half-and-half
4 eggs
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 cup light corn syrup
2 Tbls. butter, melted
1/2 to 3/4 cup chopped pecans

In saucepan over low heat, melt the chocolate chips in the half-and-half, stirring constantly. Set aside. In another bowl, beat eggs, salt, flavorings, syrup and melted butter. Mix well. Slowly add the chocolate mixture. Fold in the pecans. Pour into pastry shell and bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes, or until center tests done. Cool. Serve with whipped topping. —Betty Jane

CARROT-RAISIN-PEANUT SPREAD

1 cup ground carrots
1/2 cup ground raisins
1/2 cup ground peanuts
Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Combine with enough Country Style dressing to moisten. Use as a sandwich spread. This can also be placed on lettuce leaves and served as a salad. Mixture keeps well in a covered jar in the refrigerator. A nutritional and tasty spread. —Evelyn

ENCHILADA BAKE

2 lbs. ground beef
1 medium onion, finely chopped
2 cloves garlic, minced
1/2 cup flour
2 to 4 tsp. chili powder
1 1/2 to 2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. leaf oregano
4 cups hot water
12 corn tortillas
1 cup sliced pitted black olives
2 cups grated Cheddar cheese

In large skillet, brown beef, onion and garlic. Drain excess fat. Add flour, chili powder, salt and oregano; mix well. Stir in water. Simmer until mixture thickens slightly, about five minutes, stirring occasionally. Place tortillas in ungreased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Cover with half of the beef mixture. Top with half the olives and half the cheese. Repeat with another layer. Bake at 300 degrees for about 20 minutes or until heated thru. —Donna Nenneman

CORRECTION

The recipe for the Fish Batter in the April issue should have included 1 egg. The egg is combined with the ice water, beaten well and added to the remaining ingredients.

Good News
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MARY LEA SHARES A MOVING EXPERIENCE

Dear Friends:

Greetings from the Gulf Coast! It's a warm, breezy day, and the sounds of people enjoying the swimming pool just outside our door have fortunately not woken Isabel and Christopher from their naps.

As you may know, my husband Vincent decided last year to pursue computers as a career and joined the Air Force in November to work in that field. For twelve weeks, broken by an eight-day leave at Christmas, he attended Officers' Training School in San Antonio, Texas. Upon receiving his commission as a second lieutenant in February, he came to Keesler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Mississippi, for thirteen more weeks of schooling.

During this time, I literally kept the home fires burning in Maine, then supervised the removal of most of our household into storage, packed all I could into our big car and headed south with the children.

Leaving Maine was hard. The friends we left behind are some of the finest people I've ever known. I was deeply touched by the hospitality, the offers of help, and the phone calls just to see if we were all right, which marked the weeks before our departure. I probably would have been miserable about going if I hadn't been so excited about bringing the family back together and looking forward to a Dixie adventure.

There had been no snow all winter until the day after the moving van took our household goods. Then eight inches fell and we holed up with friends an extra day. The same snowstorm had held my parents up in Florida so they were not home when the kids and I drove to their home in Connecticut. Mom and Dad arrived the next day. I didn't say a word, but Mom knew I was champing at the bit, so thirty-six hours later, she was seated in the car with a road atlas in front of her and we were off to Mississippi.

I did all the driving, which I didn't mind; the kids are excellent travelers so they were no problem. Yet I couldn't have made the trip as easily without Mom to talk to and share decision-making with, and for her to ask me, "Are you sure you're awake?"

Two days of driving brought us to Rocky Mount, North Carolina. We could have gone farther, no doubt, but driving around cities like New York, Baltimore and Washington is a draining experience. I haven't had much practice lately with urban freeways.

When we called Dad from Rocky Mount, we learned that he had had the flu—the kind that makes you violently ill for a few hours, then leaves you weak for a couple of days. That very night Mom



The Palo family is delighted to be reunited after the circumstances which made it necessary for them to be separated for a time. This is a loving picture of Mary Lea's husband, Vincent Palo, and their two children, Isabel and Christopher.

got it. I'm afraid I'm the culprit who gave it to them—although the children and I never had it, we were exposed to the flu in Maine and must somehow have brought it with us. I felt terribly guilty and was prepared to let Mom rest as long as she wanted. But like the trooper she is, she drank a huge glass of cola for breakfast and climbed into the car. That night found us still east of Atlanta.

The last day's drive would be long, so when I woke at three a.m., I decided we should hit the road. We drove in fog much of the day; I never even saw enormous Mobile Bay when we crossed it on a causeway. It was a real pleasure to get into Biloxi by mid-afternoon and find the nice apartment Vin had rented for us.

We're living in a town house apartment: two floors, two bedrooms, one-and-a-half baths, wall-to-wall carpeting, sliding doors onto a patio. For the first time in my life, I have a dishwasher and I can't use it. I didn't bring enough dishes for more than one meal at a time, and the ones I brought are not dishwasher-proof.

It is just as well that I spend as much time standing at the sink as I do, because I use the window above the sink to monitor the children's activities. The outdoor pool is fenced but with warmer weather the gate is often open and I really have to keep a close watch. The patio outside the fence is where the kids usually ride their bikes.

For all of us except Vin, this is a three-month vacation. And like vacationers everywhere, we frequently look for things to do. In a situation such as this a person sometimes has to reorder priorities. I am a conservationist and a top priority of mine now is to save gasoline; while here I'm willing to pay the exorbitant price charged to put it in my

car so we can have freedom. We go to the beach or to a nice playground almost every day. We also took out library cards right away and make frequent stops to pick up books. We picnic on weekends or enjoy delicious seafood in local restaurants. All this and warm sunshine, too. I'll trade in snowstorms or desert sandstorms for this kind of spring any year!

When you next hear from me, we hope to be at Offutt Air Force Base outside of Omaha. In the meantime, I hope your spring is off to a good start.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea Palo

ALL ABOUT GARDENS

1. The value of a diamond is measured by it. (Carrots — karats)
2. Describes a skinny person. (String bean)
3. How the drummer plays his instrument. (Beets — beats)
4. Describes a short nose. (Turnip — turned up)
5. Cute girls are called this. (Tomatoes)
6. Slang name for an ocarina. (Sweet potato)
7. Describes auburn hair. (Radish — reddish)
8. The slang name is "spuds". (Potatoes)
9. Found in the middle of the alphabet. (Peas — p's)
10. To do away with. (Squash)
11. A piece of burnt wood. (Chard — charred)
12. A favorite at Halloween. (Pumpkin)

—Evelyn Lyon



GARDEN PSALM

The garden is my refuge
I shall not tarry.
I shall arise early each morning
And hurry out where toil awaits me.
I shall never cease to care.
I shall take my time
While I till and hoe my vegetables.

I shall be patient,
Where I find pests I shall destroy them.
I shall mulch generously.
I shall gather fresh flowers and vegetables daily
And be grateful for them.
I shall thank the Lord always
For sun and rain.
Surely after the growing season is over
And the harvesting finished,
I can rejoice and be glad
That I am a gardener.

And I shall keep pleasant thoughts
In my heart about gardening
All the days of my life.

—Verna Sparks

A Hat for Every Month

by
Ruth Snider



This "Hat Parade" program could be used as entertainment for a mother-daughter banquet, a May breakfast, or any other time women get together for a program.

The favors could be little hats made from pastel-colored nut cups, tiny lace doilies, small flowers and frilly ribbons. Have one of your talented women bake a hat cake for the table centerpiece and use it as part of the refreshments later.

Ask the guests to wear hats; the program and serving committee should most certainly wear hats. Add interest to the tables or room decor by displaying old hats borrowed from attics. Have models walk around the room during the serving time wearing everything from old, old hats up to the most modern hat available.

This program can really make for lots of laughter if you have models who make funny hats and do a little acting on the side as they model their creations. Each hat should be designed to represent the holiday or event common to a particular month. For instance, September could be designed around a football helmet.

Select a Mistress of Ceremonies to introduce each model. It will be much more effective if she is able to present each number by saying rather than reading the script. Now for the script:

Welcome:

We welcome you to our annual party today,

We hope you will have a really fun stay.
A parade of crazy hats you are about to see

If you see one you like—shout with glee.

THE HAT PARADE

January:

The first hat today will make Father Time run,
For the dawning of a new year is time to have fun.

This is when folks stay up all hours of the night

Consequently, the next day they look mostly a fright.

February:

(Model's name) is our valentine miss so sweet;

This creation of hers simply can't be beat.

February 14th is a day we all very much adore

For usually we receive candy and flowers galore.

March:

(Name) is modeling an appropriate hat
With the white and the green—not a shamrock she'll lack.

Did you ever see such a pretty Irish colleen?

When there's a job to do, on (name) we can lean.

April:

April brings to mind a new spring bonnet
Which gives me a chance to write this small sonnet!!

(Name) is the name of this dear little girl.
We can see her hat better as she gives a twirl.

May:

What could be more welcome than the month of May?

(Name) manufactured this chapeau without very much pay.

Don't be green with envy over this hat for long

For she'll make one for you for simply a song.

June:

One couldn't think of June without thinking of a bride.

Come on in, (name), and we'll look at you with pride.

A bride is the subject for a lot of "ohs" and "ahs"

And her hat is really exceptional—now it's added to our cause.

July:

July is referred to as the firecracker month;

Now this gal will have to pull off just the right stunt.

This red, white, and blue hat is the proper thing to wear —

Be careful in a windy parade, so it won't tear.

August:

This month of August brings us a bright, little snooper,

The hat she has come up with is simply super-duper.

What can you do in August but vacation and rest?

So we'll rank her hat among the very best.

September:

September is the month to stand up and cheer

For the kids are back in school for still another year.

(Name)'s hat represents what is most popular in the fall.

If we support the (local school colors), we'll really have a ball.

October:

October is the month kids go out after dark.

They yell "trick or treat" and really have a lark.

October is also the month for witches to roam.

What does this old witch have atop her fancy dome?

November:

November is the month for which we give thanks.

(Name) plans to carve the turkey without any pranks.

It is also the time we all eat and eat
And realize again Thanksgiving's a treat.

December:

On Christmas Mom tiptoes around in her little nightcap

To distribute the gifts without even a map,

To be sure that each person will have a just share

And the day will be happy and Mom has been fair.

Closing:

Now you've seen our parade of hats . . . one for each month of the year.

You're sad it's over? Do I spot a few tears?

Perhaps if you'll applaud we can bring the models back—

Let them really hear it if you enjoyed their act.

Goodbye and God bless and we'll see you next time

When someone else might come up with a rhyme.

Thanks for coming for there is more fun in numbers.

We're glad you didn't stay home and be content to just slumber.

SILENT MOMENTS

There is quiet in the silence
Of a gentle, falling rain.

It will bring a glad assurance—
Give a soothing soft refrain.

There is melody in music
That falls gently like the dew

To release the strain of tension
And fulfill our hearts anew.

There is melody in silence
That is quiet and serene.

It will let you be a dreamer—
Think of God who is supreme.

Yes! I love my silent moments
That will purify, make whole,

Still my mind and let me listen
To the music in my soul.

—Kaye Wayne

HOW COULD YOU FORGET HER?

by
Dixie Jean Ray

You can be a Scrooge at Christmas, an atheist at Easter, French on St. Patrick's Day; however, there is one holiday everyone of us must acknowledge, whether we observe it or not. That is Mother's Day. How could you forget her?

Although relatively new on the calendar of national holidays, the celebration of Mother's Day existed as a part of ancient pagan customs. The rites and ceremonies of Mother-Worship are recorded in stories of Asia Minor at least 250 years before Christ. With the coming of Christianity, the festivities were altered to honor the "Mother Church". These were held on the mid-Lent (or fourth) Sunday in Lent. On this day, people attended the church where they were baptized and brought gifts for the altar.

How "Mothering Sunday" derived from the "Mother Church" celebration is uncertain, although *Chamber's Book of Days* tells us that mid-Lent Sunday was set aside for children who were bound out as servants to visit their parents. This was referred to as going "a-mothering".

Besides the giving of gifts, special foods originated. One prominent dish was of wheat grains, sugar, and spices boiled in sweet milk. This was called *furnety*. In Scotland and northern England, pancakes of steeped peas fried in butter with salt and pepper were known as *carlings*. Locally, the day became Carling Sunday because of this speciality. A *simnel* was a kind of fruitcake with an outer crust of flour and water, colored yellow with saffron and decorated. These were considered appropriate "mothering presents" in Yorkshire, Shropshire, and Herefordshire.

In 1908, Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia originated the idea of a special "Mother's Day" in the United States. A memorial service for her own mother brought out her sense of the need for children to outwardly demonstrate gratitude, appreciation, love, and respect for their mothers. Various states proclaimed Mother's Day observances as early as May of 1910; on May 8, 1914, Woodrow Wilson, then President of the United States, by a joint resolution with Congress, proclaimed the second Sunday of May as Mother's Day for the nation.

In September 1920, Margaret Hill McCarter's book, *Paying Mother: The Tribute Beautiful*, was published. This novel dealt with Mother's Day in a small Kansas town and stressed the religious customs and depth of human emotions felt on Mother's Day.



Mrs. Ruby Treese, Shenandoah, Iowa
(See Lucile's letter.)

Church services for Mother's Day are now deeply religious experiences. Often members are invited to bring their mothers or some other mother who can't make it without assistance. This is usually followed by a luncheon buffet or dinner in a restaurant or at the home of one of the children. This saves Mother from laboring over Sunday dinner on her special day. Somehow, mothers have managed to survive the delights or

disasters of this day. They can cope with peanut butter kisses, dandelion bouquets, odd or unnecessary gifts, and even breakfast in bed.

Perhaps one of the nicest things about the Mother's Day celebration is its general lack of commercialization. It's true that the card shops and florists do a bountiful business, but this holiday seems to retain more of the self-giving aspects than other celebrations. The important fact is to remember to say, "I love you," and "Thanks, Mom, for being my mother."

White carnations, the floral emblem of mother love, are often given to those whose mothers have died. Red carnations or other colored flowers are usually used to denote living mothers. The "Carnation Salute" is a beautiful feature of some church services on Mother's Day, when a lovely flower is given to each mother present.

Whether you send flowers, make a phone call, or go "a-mothering", the second Sunday in May is a special day. The Congressional Bill of May 1914, says: "The American mother is the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration..." And, for the gift of life alone, if for no other reason, you owe your mother one day out of the year. How could you forget her?

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

A devoted *Kitchen-Klatter* reader from Storm Lake, Iowa, remembered my mentioning some time ago the variety of interesting clippings found in my mother's scrapbooks. One is of the photograph of the elderly man saying "Grace". The reader wanted more information about it.

It was in the war year of 1918 that a bearded man, with foot scrapers to sell, stopped at the photography studio of Eric Enstrom, in the mining town of Bovey, Minnesota. Enstrom was working on a photo portfolio for the Minnesota Photographers Association convention. He sensed the old man would make a good photographic study, and posed him with head bowed over a meal of bread and gruel, with a family Bible and spectacles ready for use. Strangely enough, the famous masterpiece caused little stir at the photographers' convention, but a few years later it drew warm acclaim. Enstrom's first orders were sold in the early '20s. Now, Augsburg Publishing House, which acquired the copyright in 1947, issues the picture in a variety of colors. Prints have been bought for homes, restaurants, and foreign missions throughout the world.

Although Eric Enstrom is no longer living, the photo of the elderly peddler, Charles Wilden, saying grace has become Enstrom's legacy. The picture seems to say, "This man doesn't have much of earthly goods, but he has more than most people because he has a thankful heart."

A reader in Des Moines, Iowa, was also interested in the picture, "Grace". She wrote that the gentleman saying grace looked so much like her elderly father, she wondered if he had posed for it.



Mrs. Anna Carlson stands by the picture "Grace" which was her Christmas gift to her daughter and husband, Armada and Frank Swanson, back in 1964. The pictures next to "Grace" are homemaking scenes of another era.

In our family, the picture hangs in our dining area and we are reminded daily of those things for which we are thankful. We find that it makes an appreciated gift, also.

Welcome the Birds to Your Home (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$5.95 paperback) by Jane and Will Curtis tells how one family created a thriving bird habitat. Typical city dwellers, they moved to an old home away from the urban scene. There they heard the red-winged blackbird sing *ok-a-lee* and that began their hobby. The Curtises began by making their place attractive to birds, learning how to prune, plant and develop their few acres until they became a bird sanctuary. The birds in their book became real—a pair of catbirds that nested and raised a family in a lilac bush; the just-hatched cedar waxwing that fell from its nest. There's a good deal of helpful information in *Welcome the Birds to Your Home*, written in warm, narrative style.

Browsing in the bookstore, I heard one lady say to another, "Have you seen that book about hugs? It is so clever." I knew the very book she meant and I agree with her! *A Book of Hugs* (Thomas Y. Crowell, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$5.95) by Dave Ross contains big cartoon drawings and short descriptions to every kind of hug a kid—or grownup—can give or get. Let me quote from the book:

"You can never hug a Mommy too much. Daddy hugs are best when he first walks in the door. Grandma hugs can be found anywhere, but are especially nice in the kitchen. A birthday hug is a present anyone can afford. Hurt hugs make the pain go away. Never hug tomorrow someone you could hug today."

A Book of Hugs should warm the hearts of huggers—and hugges—of all ages.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
social events, or commercial purposes. Information can be obtained by calling or writing the Center. There have already been many weddings and many more are booked for the future. The day I was there I saw several women coming in with beautifully wrapped packages, so there was either a shower or a wedding taking place that day.

A school bus load of children and their teachers came while we were there. The children were soon on their hands and knees writing down the names of the flowers and trees, all a part of a learning experience.

I took a lot of colored pictures and can hardly wait to show them to Juliana. If she gets back this summer, I hope she can take the time to see the Botanical Center since she seems to be the flower and plant "specialist" in our family. I am anxious for Lucile and Betty Jane to see it, also. In fact, I guess I shouldn't stop there—I hope everyone can visit the Center. When Kristin and her family come to visit us this summer, it is one place I plan to take them.

My cooky jar is almost empty so it's time to go to the kitchen and stir up something to go with coffee. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

OLD CEMETERIES — Concluded

A stone nearby was one of the classical sculptures of the middle and late 1800's, a life-sized marble angel is shown knocking on a closed door. A large carved cross serves as the background. This angel knocking is a symbol of death used often in those early days.

Naturally, I stopped with the other tourists at the graves of John and Bobby Kennedy, feeling all of the despair of the days when the two brothers were assassinated. Then, with what little time I had left, I searched and found the grave of Admiral Richard E. Byrd, one of my early childhood heroes.

It was a worthwhile pilgrimage—a trip into the past where memories were freshened, lessons relearned and some of the important stories of history remembered and treasured.

Adv. — "My grandmother of Ridgecrest, California, subscribed to your *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine in 1940 or 1941 and since then it has helped us give successful showers, parties and dinners. We have shared your joys and sorrows through your letters. Grandmother gave my mother a gift subscription and then, when I was grown, I subscribed also. I realize now how much substance there was and is to your magazine. I feel I know each member of the family intimately even though I have never met any of you. Congratulations on a job well done."

—C.S., Iowa

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A friend stopped in to chat not long ago and said, "You will never guess what Jake and I are trying again. We said when we moved to town to retire, that would be it—no more gardening and we sowed the garden plot to grass. Last week he got the man who plows gardens in our neighborhood to stop in and work up our old garden plot. To help out on our grocery bill and to keep occupied, we are putting in a vegetable garden. I'm glad we didn't sell our garden tiller, hoes and rake. Do you think we'll remember how to plant and grow a garden?"

"Of course," I replied. "Gardening is like bicycling, once you've mastered it, you never forget."

Many folks who gave up gardening for a life of so-called "ease" are getting back into the harness. Growing one's own vegetables not only helps with the food budget but it provides healthy exercise. My friend pointed out that the high cost of gas now prevented them from driving any distance and that it would be good to dig in the earth again. She wanted a list of good vegetables that might be planted in their small plot. "I know there are some new and better varieties available since we quit gardening a few years back. What are the best peas, tomatoes, bush beans and squash for our garden?"

The wise gardener goes through seed catalogs and selects varieties recommended for his particular area. Old standbys, such as *Little Marvel* pea and *Blue Lake* bush bean, should be included as all good gardeners know they are still unsurpassed for yield, flavor and tenderness. Many of the new vegetables have been bred to save space, a boon to those who have limited garden areas yet need to grow extras for freezing, drying and canning for winter use.

The following vegetables have high productivity, great flavor and vigor: *Tenderpod*, *Greensleeves*, and *Brittle Wax* snap beans; *Maestro*, *Green Arrow*, and *Burpee's Blue Bantam* are excellent green peas; *Spring Giant Hybrid*, *Ultra Boy Hybrid*, and *Flor-america* are all great tomatoes; *Burpee's Butter Boy* is a short-vined squash as is *Sweet Mama Hybrid*. There are a great many more excellent new vegetable introductions for gardeners to try this year. Study your seed catalogs.

Adv. — "I enjoy the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine so much. It means a great deal when a person is home a lot. You give such good ideas, recipes, etc., and many helps which make a home a happier and better place in our changing world of today. I even enjoy reading about some of your troubles as well as the good things that happen to all of you." —C.S., Ne.

My Feet Were Killing Me ...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted — see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Élysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs*.

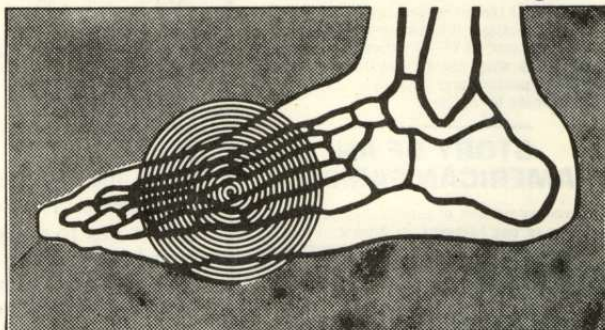
This wonderful invention was a custom-made foot support called Flexible Featherspring. When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes my pain disappeared almost instantly. The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that women also can wear them — even with sandals and open backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Germany with my own countrymen.

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Sister Mary Patrona C.S.J.

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THE MARK OF QUALITY

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

Spring is here! Besides love and hayfever, spring brings a new worry—will the mini-skirt really make a comeback? When the mini first came out I was still in school and my mother was still master of my wardrobe. She refused to let me wear jeans to school, let alone buy me a mini-skirt! It's a lucky thing, too, my family has a hereditary defect—pudgy thighs!

No, the mini will not make a grand resurgence. The reintroduction of the mini is just to make the shorter lengths (just below and at the knee) a bit more palatable and desirable. Like the baggy pants which instantly put five to ten pounds on your hips (in appearances only—but appearances do count!), women won't wear something unless it suits their figure and life style. The mini conjures up visions of cold, red legs and runs in pantyhose.

But good things are ahead in spring and summer fashions. The variety of looks and styles guarantee something for everyone.

Texture is going to play an important role—raw silks and hand-woven wools abound in the new suits. They are not only exotic, but comfortable as well. If you do decide to invest in a silk suit, do choose a neutral shade, suitable for all seasons. It will be a timeless classic to enjoy for years to come.

Fine silk and silk crepe de Chine are featured with the emphasis on soft shaping combined with bright colors and prints. Soft shoulders and tucking are still part of the current fashion trend, but with a new twist—horizontal tucks. Delicate tucks are carried across the upper bodice, tapering into slightly puffed sleeves, a style destined to become a new classic.

While vibrant colors and prints will be important, black and white prints and geometrics will be sharing the fashion scene. The emphasis here will be on classic and streamlined tailoring, the simple A-line dress with jacket, or the narrow skirt, either pleated or slit. These are the office looks, sleek and classy, yet businesslike. Save the silks and bright colors for evening fun.

Sweaters will remain stylish in the coming fall with great importance placed on uniquely designed hand-knits. Shiny Lurex threads, embroidery, texture, collage designs, cottons, chenilles, wools, mohairs, angora, buttons, feathers, any combination can be found in a sweater! Prices for these hand-knit originals range from \$100 to \$400 in specialty shops. So knitters, it's your turn to shine. I suggest you start now on your fall "designer" sweater. You can



From Our Family Album

This very good picture of Dorothy Driftmier Johnson was snapped by my husband, Russell, on an unusually beautiful spring day in June of 1951. Dorothy had come down from the farm near Lucas to participate in the quiet home wedding of our sister, Margery, and Oliver Strom. After the ceremony, Dorothy rested a bit in the corner of Russell's garden and that was when he took this picture.

—Lucile

duplicate the look of expensive mohair or angora with a good quality brushed acrylic, incorporate some shiny threads and enjoy high fashion at a low price!

I have not gone into detail on the new graphic dresses, personally I do not feel this style will be an enduring trend. If you like the graphic fashions, sew or buy one now, don't wait until they are almost out of vogue.

A fashion that I feel will last longer and be more flattering to the average individual is the use of crocheted or detachable lace collars. Now is the time to rummage in flea markets or old trunks to find old lace to dress up a round neckline or wear over a plain collar. Accentuate the laciness by wearing a white or ecru collar over pastels. If you are handy with a crochet hook, this is a marvelous time to show your talents.

So take your sweaters out of mothballs—especially those lovely ones Grandmother made. Shine with color, be subdued with classic black and white, but leave the mini-skirt where it belongs; in the attic wrapped around Aunt Elly's good crystal.

Only love within the family makes a house a home.

Without it, the house remains an address.

"MAY"

by
Harold R. Smith

As we awaken to the first day of May, light rain slants in a steady rhythm against the old windows of Greystone. The sky is slate in color and the distant horizon has vanished from view. Rain is always welcome during spring for the ground needs additional moisture to insure a bountiful harvest in the coming months.

Those of us who live in rural areas have differing opinions about weather. We hear various conversations in our village and no one seems to agree on weather topics. "Too much rain and it will make planting late," one farmer expressed himself to a group of farmers gathered nearby. Another farmer replied, "Might be and then again, it might not be." I thought of this conversation as I walked up the road and decided the latter statement was pure diplomacy!

When temperatures soar into the 50's, we wander about the yard and make plans for planting an assortment of seeds. With regret, I pruned back a large forsythia which had winter-killed in its top branches. New growth was easily seen in the lower portions but the aesthetic effect of the shrub was lost to the pruning shears. Nature recovers all that it can and the month will come when the forsythia will slowly grow back into a handsome shrub again. I think we all can learn a valuable lesson when we see nature replenishing according to its defined laws of growth and rhythm as the seasons dictate.

The usual rosebushes are planted to replace those that were lost during the cold of the winter. The lawn will soon be given its first mowing after which I love to sit on the retaining wall to observe its greenness in the early dusk. The afterglow of the sunset is sometimes far more interesting than the sunset itself in the play of lights as shadows slowly recede and the last rays fade beyond the horizon.

After our potted plants are hardened by setting them outdoors daily and returning them to the basement at night, the day arrives when frost danger is over and they can reside permanently in flower beds next to the house. I consider it a minor miracle when new growth forms and the plants welcome the early-morning sun to grow lush in this new season. And I like to think all the flowers are compatible sitting next to their former neighbors as they did last year. Before May is over, the old-fashioned lily will thrust up pink-lavender blooms and new leaves will form on the five-foot poinsettia that retains its usual corner. Ferns will cluster between the pots; geraniums will add a brilliant dash of red

and the Russian lilies will splash their orange color overall.

A brick garage built in 1918 was razed recently in our village to make room for a new bank. My mother, Frances, and I drove by to see the four thicknesses of brick which composed the walls, and the heavy wooden beams which supported the massive flat roof. Frances reminisced on the way home: she and her family attended the grand opening of the garage with a dance and refreshments to add to the excitement.

Several days later, when a bulldozer arrived to tear up the cement floor of the old garage, the phone rang and a friend exclaimed, "They found a heavy cast-iron safe buried beneath the floor!" I rushed down to view this latest development. The old safe was carefully set upright and various opinions were being offered as to how to open it safely. When the door was opened, protesting on screeching hinges, the safe was found to be empty! All hopes of finding treasure of any kind were quickly dashed. An old gentleman told me later that years ago a jewelry store had the old safe and since it was no longer needed, pushed it down to the garage, buried it in the earth and later cemented it over.

The bricks from this demolished garage were carefully cleaned by groups of youngsters and will be used again as

"antique" bricks in new homes, garden walls and patio floors.

This is the month of Decoration Day and we always pick the choicest peonies, roses and iris and fill in the backgrounds of bouquets with fern and mock orange. Some time is required to visit the various cemeteries and the day often vanishes quickly during our preparations, driving and decorating the graves.

The Indians called May the Flower Month and I think they were right. We are grateful for Flower Month with its multitude of flowers and for the honeybees and hummingbirds which visit the wild rose that bends in the May evening as if bidding us goodnight.

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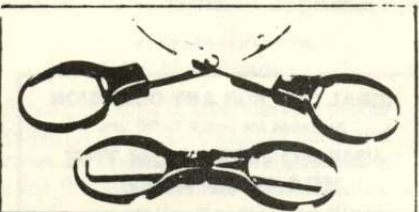
JES OBSERVIN'

When we take responsibility on our shoulders, there isn't much room left for chips.

Many people might have attained great wisdom had they not assumed that they already possessed it.

For most of us, the most aggravating thing about the present generation is that we no longer belong to it.

Nothing annoys a woman more than having her friends drop in unexpectedly to find the house looking like it usually does. —MNB



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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

ground. One member of a volunteer corps of more than three hundred people will give you full guide service to any area, and will be able to answer any questions. For some reason, I've always been very interested in beluga whales (extremely rare), and I'd almost make the trip just to see the ones on display.

It's always risky to make plans several months in advance and doubly so these days when everything seems to be hanging suspended in midair, but it now looks as though James and Katharine won't be coming back to Shenandoah until August. After their time around these parts, they want to go to the farm to visit their Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank, and we're *hoping* that Kristin and her boys can make it at the same time. Betty Jane and I would like to go with them, and then from the farm we'd like to take them to Lake Ottetail where they could fish in a lake rather than in dashing mountain streams. That would be a genuinely different experience for them. Then, after the Lake Ottetail stay, we'd like to drive to Minneapolis-St. Paul and take them through the Minnesota Zoological Foundation that I've just told you about. This would be of tremendous interest to them.

Just how they are going to get to Shenandoah hasn't yet been settled. They've always gone back and forth by plane, so

for the sake of variety I'd like to see them take the train. Amtrak actually stops in Albuquerque, but the big hitch here is that it reaches Omaha at 3:00 A.M. and that is a perfectly terrible hour to meet anyone if you must then drive to Shenandoah. Well, if getting here is up in the air, at least I know how they will return to Albuquerque because Juliana and Jed are driving back to get them. They have to be "plugged into school" by the last week in August. And they are not looking forward to it—for some peculiar reason!

There were several other things that I wanted to mention, but this is the last item due for the May issue and I know they are expecting it at 7:45 tomorrow morning. I'll just have to make notes on what I failed to mention this month and try to get it covered in June.

I hope for each and everyone of you a wonderful, faith-renewing spring. Please write to me when you can even though it has to be stretched out between spring jobs. I love your letters.

Faithfully yours,

Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

have Betty with me when I finally did return, was a great joy. At last she could see why I have spoken so highly of the American Virgin Islands through all these years. She now has the same sentiments for the islands that I have.

The very pinnacle of satisfaction for me in all of this cruise experience was the privilege of serving as the Protestant Chaplain of the ship. The Palm Sunday service which I conducted was well attended; and everyone was most attentive and devout. On a large cruise ship carrying enough passengers to populate a good-sized town, there are bound to be some troubled, heartbroken people, and as Chaplain, I was able to comfort some such. Again and again, I found myself saying to someone: "Just remember that God loves you. He wants you to succeed. He wants you to be happy. Trust Him, and you will see."

Another time I shall tell you more about the ship and the friends we made.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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