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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

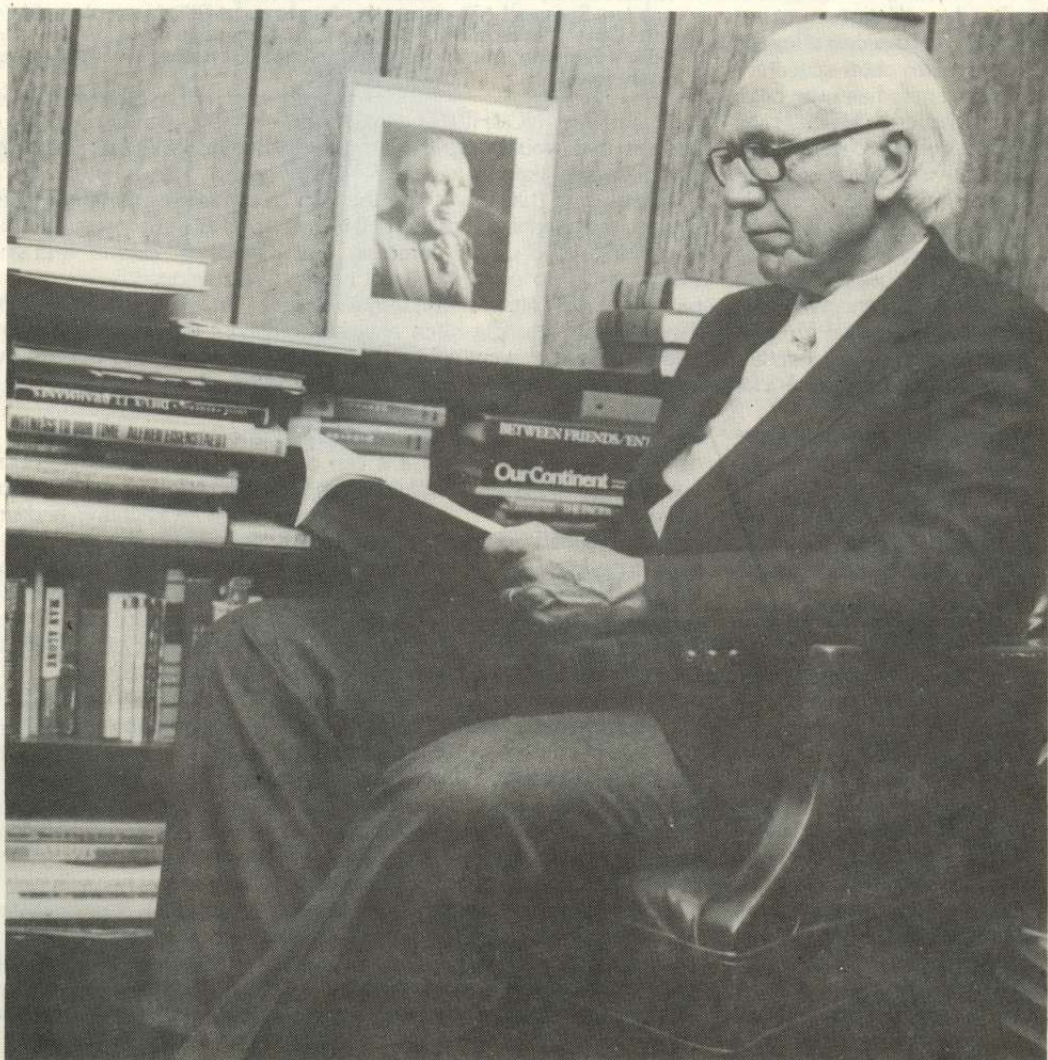
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 44

JUNE, 1980

NUMBER 6



JAN 81
W E PEARSON
302 HAMBURG AVE
ST JOSEPH MO 64505

Kitchen-Klatter

(USPS 296-300) (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$6.00.

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

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Do you ever feel as if you had been in orbit for quite a spell? Well, that's exactly the way I feel on this beautiful morning because so many, many totally unexpected things have happened since I last wrote to you.

I don't think I'll try to get this report in chronological order—I'll just start out and do the best I can to account for the things that put me into outer space!

No one in our family has ever been foolish enough to think that his exact age was a matter of speculation because all of our birth dates have been recorded in print for anyone to see if he reads this magazine or has read *The Story Of An American Family*. Consequently, it was no news to any of you that on May 3, I was seventy years old. The numeral "70" seems very emphatic because it represents the threescore years and ten that I've heard about as long as I can remember.

I hadn't dreamed that anything out of the ordinary would happen when my 70th birthday arrived, so perhaps you can understand how totally overwhelmed I was when the telephone rang about mid-afternoon on May 2 and it was Juliana telling me that she wanted to deliver my birthday gifts right away. She told me later that I said "What?" three separate times before I grasped that she was right up the street and would be down at once!

When I finally got it through my head that she most literally was at Marge and Oliver's house, I broke into tears—just couldn't talk at all. Those were tears of sheer joy and happiness, the kind of tears shed on very few occasions during a lifetime. I hadn't expected to see her until August, and here she was—right in town! Even when I put down the phone and wheeled hastily to the front door, I couldn't truly believe the good news.

There were quite a few people who knew all about this as long as two months ago when Juliana purchased her plane ticket, but not one living soul slipped and said a single thing that gave me any clues. I had said to someone not very long ago



Billie Oakley has been a friend of our family since she first arrived in Shenandoah to "strike out on her own", and her extremely successful career has taken her far and wide to build up a tremendous collection of devoted admirers. None of this activity has ever prevented her from being a wonderful mother—and now an equally wonderful grandmother. From left to right are Sara McNeilly, age three, Kerry Anderson, age eleven, Allison McNeilly (only six weeks old!) and Ross Anderson, age ten. Sara and Allison are the daughters of Billie's son, John McNeilly, and his wife, Diana, residents of Nebraska City, Nebraska. Kerry and Ross are the sons of Billie's daughter, Marcia, and her husband, Ed Anderson, who live here in Shenandoah, Iowa.

—Lucile

that nothing, NOTHING could ever happen that would surprise me, and I was 100% mistaken.

Juliana said that it was like the War Department planning World War II to get everything lined up at home so that things would go on in the usual hectic pattern of daily life in Albuquerque. But there wasn't a single hitch anywhere. Marge and Oliver were right there at the airport in Omaha when her plane arrived, and also took her back to make the return flight. No one does any extra driving around these days if it can be avoided, so both Juliana and I were grateful to them.

Well, we had such a glorious three days together that I'm still up in the clouds. We had ecstatically beautiful early-May weather. It was the first time Juliana had been to Shenandoah to see spring in all of its splendor since she first went to the Southwest in 1961 to enter the University of New Mexico. She marveled continuously at the exquisite beauty of the redbud tree, magnolias, weeping crab, Hopa crab—trees her father had planted so long ago. It was unseasonably warm, and this meant that all of the tulips put on a fine show too. And lilacs! Well, it was a gardener's paradise, and since plantings of any kind are the great passion of her life, it was the one perfect time of the year to be here.

I'll have to go ahead and say that when we weren't visiting together she was out in the yard doing some planting! Betty Jane has a dozen green thumbs and together they tackled the window boxes, the hanging baskets, the area beside the front door and the greenhouse. With all

of this planting activity going on, you might think that we didn't sit down to good meals, but extra good food appeared (seemingly from outer space) and all of us forgot that there was such a word as "calorie" and simply pitched in and enjoyed it.

I'm given to long, long thoughts at night when I finish reading and turn off the lamp, and after Juliana had gone I thought how incredibly fortunate I am to be able to say that my 70th birthday was the happiest birthday of my life. I had calls and gifts from all of my brothers and sisters, letters from friends whom I knew when I was young, and cards with heart-warming messages from you Kitchen-Klatter friends whose lives have been so closely interwoven with my own life. Do you wonder that I feel wonderfully blessed and fortunate? I'm just grateful that I know it.

Last month I told you what a joy it was to have Betty Jane and her mother, Mrs. Lucile Rice, safely back to Shenandoah from St. Paul. We had a very happy ten days together and then Lu (that's what I call her because it leads to confusion to have two Luciles in the house) started back to her home in high spirits with the expectation of pulling into her own driveway about 7:00 or 7:30.

About three hours later the phone rang and it was a doctor in Ida Grove, Iowa, who wished to speak to Betty Jane. Can you imagine Betty Jane's terrible shock when she was given the information that her mother had had an accident and was this doctor's patient in the Ida Grove hospital? Well, in ten

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EMILY DICICCO WRITES TO US THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

My sister, Alison Walstad, has already written about how the news was announced to our families on Christmas morning of *both* our pregnancies. You can imagine the happiness this brought our parents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier in Denver, as well as the DiCicco grandparents in Brooklyn, New York, and the Walstad grandparents in Hobbs, New Mexico.

After hearing the tales of morning sickness and other pregnancy woes, I was unprepared to breeze through my first two trimesters. I never experienced even five minutes of nausea! About the fourth month I felt a bit tired early in the evening, but by the next month I was back at my usual routine.

For over two years, I have been employed at the Overseas Education Fund in Washington, D.C. OEF is a private, nonprofit organization founded by the League of Women Voters. In over thirty years, it has assisted women's organizations in more than fifty countries. In recent years, OEF's focus has been on women in the developing countries of Latin America, Asia, Africa and the Middle East.

Most recently, I was the director of a project entitled "Child-Care Needs of Low-Income Mothers in Less-Developed Countries". This two-year project was funded by a grant from the Office of Nutrition, a United States agency for International Development. Household surveys were conducted by local researchers in rural and urban areas of six countries (Korea, Malaysia, and Sri Lanka in Asia, and Peru, Brazil and the Dominican Republic in Latin America).

The purpose of the project was to learn what the current child-care arrangements are for poor working mothers, and to investigate what impact the mothers' work has on children's well-being.

It was found that child-care responsibilities, lack of skills and jobs, and cultural factors are all important reasons why women can find only the most poorly paid jobs.

These constraints are true beyond just the developing countries, of course, they are common throughout the world. But so often it takes research reports and statistics to make government officials (who are usually men) respond to the need.

Thus, the most important part of the project was to bring the research findings and recommendations to the attention of public policy makers and program officers, both here and abroad. Workshops were held in several of the countries researched, and then a small conference was held in Washington with



Rich DiCicco is all set for a weekend camping trip.

fourteen international participants.

It was quite a job to coordinate all of these activities, particularly all the reports and documents such projects require. I was certainly deserving of the two-week vacation Rich and I took to Guatemala and Mexico when the project was completed. We went with Cousins Juliana and Jed Lowey and friends. (Juliana reported the trip to you in the February and March, 1980, issues of the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.)

Rich's schedule this year has been even more hectic than mine, if that's possible. After much soul-searching, he left Control Data Corporation to form his own business in "technology transfer". He assists companies in finding new products, and, vice versa, he assists inventors in finding a market for their inventions. One of the more interesting inventions he has encountered is a device which tests blood without taking a blood sample.

Rich is the principal person in his company "Technology Catalysts, Inc.", and he now has ten people assisting him throughout the country. He's even been able to do some work in the "Small Is Beautiful" appropriate technology field. He's pleased with the flexibility that owning a business involves, and so far is keeping his sanity under the pressures of fifteen-hour days, eight-day weeks he's been working.

As we ponder the changes in our lives that an infant will produce, the first effort has been a look at the space available in our house. We are fortunate to live in a neighborhood convenient to both our offices. But it is a small, two-bedroom house, with no attic, garage, basement, coat closet or any other storage.

Until now, we have used the second bedroom as a multipurpose room holding an extra mattress (for guests), the ironing board, sewing machine, large desk, household file cabinets, camping equipment, tennis rackets, snorkeling

gear, occasionally a chair waiting to be repaired, off-season clothes and boxes and boxes of "can't-throw-aways" that somehow accumulate.

Even with paring things down to the bare minimum, we are still left with no extra space to add a crib and assorted baby fixtures, or a hoped-for washer and dryer. There is no easy answer to our dilemma. Perhaps by the next letter to you, we'll have resolved this situation. (We may even be camped in the back yard!)

I mentioned that our house location is very convenient. Arlington, Virginia, is located west of Washington, D.C., between the Potomac River and "The Beltway" which circles the metropolitan area. Our house is in an older neighborhood, just three blocks west of Fort Meyer, the Pentagon and Arlington Cemetery. We have easy access to several major highways, and the new "Metro" subway.

I schedule a ride on the Metro as one of the "must do's" on the tourist circuit for any out-of-town visitors, particularly if they have had experience with other older subways in New York, Boston or Chicago. This system is modern, clean, efficient and enjoyable. Several years ago, Rich helped design the automated fare card system for the Metro. I recall this fact every time the machine lets me through the turnstiles into the station.

Our neighborhood is integrated with an interesting balance between the various ethnic groups. Arlington County has received the bulk of the Vietnamese population that has settled in this area. One avenue has even been dubbed "Little Saigon" because of all the prosperous shops and restaurants. I entered one Korean shop and had quite a time trying to purchase my first supply of alfalfa seeds for sprouting, since I had no idea what the seeds looked like, and not a word of English was printed on the packages, or spoken by any clerks in the store.

The shop which is most convenient to our house is only a short block away. It is owned by Peruvians and carries most of the imported ingredients I need for my Latin-American cooking.

There are also plenty of antique shops in our section of town, and nearly every one of them has a few treasures to be found at reasonable prices. There is also a large warehouse selling antiques near the Peruvians' market, and there we found a great, old wood-burning stove for Rich's brother-in-law, Tom.

The major antiques in our house are a Victorian walnut bed and chest of drawers I inherited from my Granny Leanna's home in Shenandoah. Sleeping on the mattress and springs originally on the bed felt like sleeping on potato sacks. At the first sale opportunity, Rich and I purchased a good mattress set. Imagine

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GUARDIANS OF THE FLOCK

Sunday School Bicentennial Devotions

by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: In the altar arrangement or on a display table, depict the aim of the church school, its history or its meaning in the growth of the church. For example, place the open Bible in the center, flanked on one side by a Sunday school student's book and a teacher's book and on the other by a church school hymnal. Another idea would be to have a large backdrop collage, using Sunday school artifacts: old primary picture lesson cards, covers of student and teacher books, Sunday school papers, photographs of actual classes, pictures of faces of children and adults of all ages, and pictures of class projects "in the making". An open Bible and lighted candle could be placed in front of the collage.

Prelude: A medley of familiar Sunday school hymns and choruses.

Call to Worship: *Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable. One generation shall praise Thy works to another and shall declare Thy mighty acts.*

Hymn: "Tell Me the Old, Old Story".

Scriptures: The references to be read by two readers, responsively: Proverbs 22:17, Proverbs 1:2-5, Luke 2:40 and 52, and Acts 20:28.

Hymn: "Standing on the Promises", verses 1 and 4.

Leader: In this two hundredth anniversary year of the Sunday school, it is good to think for a few moments on what the religious training of our church means to us and what it has accomplished through the years in the growth of our church.

We heard the Scriptures urge us to *incline our ear* to learning and instruction, not just in our youth but also in our years of wisdom and greater understanding. The church school today offers an opportunity to study, to learn and to grow in the knowledge of God and in fellowship of other Christians for all ages. As we read Paul's letters to fellow Christians, we know that he urged them over and over to gather together in Christian fellowship, to study and learn

together, find strength in each other, share their various talents. Paul wrote to the Ephesians, *be filled with the spirit, addressing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making a melody to the Lord with your whole heart.* Isn't that a fine motto for the Sunday school?

"Train up a child in the way he should go" begins with the child's first days in Sunday school.

Hymn: "Jesus Loves Me".

Leader: What memories we have of our childhood days in Sunday school: the Bible stories told and retold, Scripture verses memorized, and the singing of the beloved old hymns and choruses! Through the hymns of the Sunday school, we have learned to know many truths of our faith. Truly, "making a melody with the whole heart" is an important part of our heritage to be cherished. Let us now join in singing some of these favorites:

Hymns: "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam", "I've Got the Joy, Joy", "Jesus Loves Even Me", or choose others which are familiar to your audience.

Leader: The Lord has a special task for those of us who call ourselves Christian. We are to be the *guardians of His flock, to feed the church* as was read to us from the Scriptures. It is an old adage, but true, that out of the youth of today will come the church and society of tomorrow. So our children and youth must be ever in training, in study and learning so that they may be ready and worthy to become pillars in tomorrow's world.

But the Lord has said that the wise and the elders must also be instructed and seek wisdom. We are never too old to learn and there is no better place to study and become informed, to be nurtured in the Christian faith than in a class in our church schools. For those who are teachers, this becomes a learning process—as we teach, we learn and as we learn, we teach. And the way we live is also teaching; by our actions and examples we may be teaching the most important lessons of all.

Through the strength of our Sunday schools has come much of the growth to be found in our churches in the last two hundred years. I like to think that the challenge each of us has is to "brighten the corner where you are".

Hymn: "Brighten the Corner".

Leader: These words were written as an anniversary prayer for a women's society anniversary and they are especially fitting on this bicentennial of our Sunday school:

God give us growth—a deeper joy in serving,
A fuller understanding of Thy will;
A firm and constant faith that knows no swerving,
The courage our commitments to fulfill.

Give us growth in spiritual insight,
Make keener our awareness of the power
Of prayer to turn the darkness into daylight
And give us strength to meet each trying hour.

We would expand the compass of our thinking

To gather in its scope the whole world's need

To recognize the Christian interlinking
Of every race and color, class and creed.

God give us growth—each day in all our living,

That we may feel Thy presence over all.
Thy blessing on each service—ever giving,

God give us growth—till we be Heaven-tall! —Thanks to Helen Marshall

Closing Hymn: (Join hands in a circle of friendship, if possible.) "Blest Be the Tie That Binds".

Benediction: The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you, the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen.

FRUITS, VEGETABLES & GRAINS IN THE BIBLE QUIZ

1. And Saul tarried in the uttermost part of Gibeon under a pomegranate tree. I Samuel 14:2

2. And the dove came into him in the evening and lo in her mouth was an olive leaf. Gen. 8:11

3. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Matt. 7:16

4. We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions. Num. 11:5

5. And they (Ruth and Naomi) came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest. Ruth 1:22

6. And all countries came into Egypt for to buy corn. Gen. 41:57

7. But the wheat and the rye were not smitten; for they were not grown up. Ex. 9:32

8. And Barzillai brought earthen vessels and beans and lentils. II Samuel 17:18

9. If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed. Matt. 17:20

10. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold. Prov. 25:11 —Evelyn Lyon

COVER STORY

If you look closely at this June cover, you will find two fathers. Frederick Driftmier is shown in his study with its many books and comfortable chair. On the wall behind Frederick is a photograph of our father, Martin H. Driftmier. We thought this made a very appropriate picture to use during this month with its emphasis on Father's Day. —Lucile

200 YEARS OLD AND STILL GOING STRONG

by
Evelyn Birkby

Who do you know that is two hundred years old and more vital and alive than ever?

The Sunday school—that's who. (And don't scold because I said "who" instead of "what". To me the Sunday school is made up of individuals, people, WHO are responsible for its nurture and continuance.)

This year the Sunday school as we know it is celebrating its birthday in many ways: programs will be presented giving the early history of the organization and the reminiscence of the present members, covered-dish dinners will help entice many persons to return to the place of their early church experiences and ministers will be preaching sermons about the values of religious education.

A Gloucester, England, newspaper man, Robert Raikes, is given credit for developing the modern Sunday school, and the story of his involvement is an interesting one.

In the 1700's, the exploitation of poor children as laborers in factories was widespread. Working long, hard hours during the week, these same children were left to run the streets on Sundays. Mr. Raikes believed that early training was of utmost importance in the development of worthy adults. As he watched the ragamuffins getting into all kinds of trouble as they ran loose in the city streets, he grew in the desire to help them be something more than the criminals they seemed inevitably destined to become.

In July of 1780, Mr. Raikes hired four teachers (who taught reading and writing during the week to the children of the wealthier citizens) to instruct on Sundays the children who worked in the factories.

These Sunday sessions were long—from 8:00 in the morning until about 5:00 in the afternoon with an hour break at noon. Reading and writing were taught with the Bible, old prayer books, and a simple Scripture reading book used as texts. Moral values and church catechism classes were included and a church service was part of the afternoon's schedule.

The teachers were each paid a shilling (about 12 to 16 cents value) for each Sunday's work. They were encouraged to gather as many children as possible for their classes. Mr. Raikes energetically added more youngsters each week to the list of students until the community began calling him "Bobby Wildgoose" because of the "wild geese" he attracted to his school. Another nickname given to the educational experiment was "The Ragged School" because the students

were the ragged, neglected street children.

Since Mr. Raikes was a newspaper man, he used this media to spread word of his project. In only thirty years, the number of such schools in England grew to over three thousand. In many communities these were the only kinds of schools available to anyone.

Sunday school societies were formed, books were published, increased numbers of Bibles were printed, more people were taught to read, and the movement flourished. The teachers continued to be paid until, in 1785, a teacher in Oldham, England, refused to take payment for his weekly Sunday school teaching and thus started the volunteer teacher movement which continues to this day in most places.

One point needs to be mentioned: many religious teaching situations were a part of our heritage even before Robert



A statue erected to the memory of Robert Raikes, founder of the modern day Sunday school in July of 1780.

Raikes' experiment. For example, in the middle 1500's, the Archbishop of Milan organized a school in which children could learn their catechism. It met on Sundays with a clergyman and two laypersons as instructors for each class—sounds as familiar an organization as last Sunday's situation in some churches. Martin Luther was a great proponent of education for the masses and, after translating the Bible into the common vernacular of his day, he encouraged the development of schools so everyone could share the reading of the Scriptures. John and Charles Wesley traveled to the new country of America and, in 1736, conducted a Sunday school in Savannah, Georgia. The following year, George Whitefield, a friend of the Wesleys, came to Georgia and gathered up destitute children and started an orphan's school.

But it took the publicity and success of Robert Raikes' "Ragged Schools" to gain the attention of the general public and the movement was launched to eventually reach around the earth.

Once the colonies had won their freedom, the Sunday school organization developed rapidly in America. It was not long—1791 to be exact—until the educational work of the churches became the impetus to the legislature of the state of Pennsylvania to develop public schools. Thus, the first schools for the indigent became the touchstone which sparked the development of the modern school system of this country.

With the opening of the west, the pioneers, homesteaders and gold seekers moved across the country and with them went the need for schools. As had happened in England, the first such training in most settlements came in the form of the Sunday school.

By 1824, an American Sunday School Union had been formed which developed teaching and reading materials and led, eventually, to the creation of Uniform Sunday School Lessons.

Now the walking and riding missionaries and circuit riders of many denominations moved out across the land to bring comfort to the sick, marry the betrothed, bury the dead, exhort the living and set up Sunday schools for the teaching of basic educational skills and the moral values found in the Scriptures. In many locations, the Sunday school preceded the organized churches as laypersons helped develop class meetings and "bands" which met in cabins, in barns, groves and taverns and, eventually, schoolhouses, until actual churches were organized and a meeting house built.

Surprisingly, in the beginning, many ministers and church leaders looked with disfavor on the efforts of the Sunday school movement. Some thought it detracted from the serious side of the Sabbath Day. Some felt that training the poor and people of other races and children of immigrants would be destructive to "society". But eventually, the value of the religious and secular training given proved so great and the stability the movement gave to "society" as a whole became so evident it won over most of the critics.

The story of the Sunday school and its growth is really told in the lives of people. It is found in Robert Raikes who, when he died in 1811, was preceded to the graveyard by a large procession of children. It is found in John Wesley who started class meetings and small group learning situations even before the word Methodist was attached to his band of fellow students. It is found in Catherine Ferson who was born a slave in 1779 and followed the Presbyterian faith of her master by gathering children of all races into her house where she brought teachers to instruct them in reading and catechism. It is found in a circuit-riding

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THOSE GOLDEN BISCUITS

by
June Bohannon Brown

When I was first married, it seemed to me that the first real sign of a good wife and homemaker was a panful of light, golden-brown biscuits. She usually did this while her husband was still sleeping or showering.

So, as soon as the honeymoon was over, I jumped out of bed early, hurried into the kitchen, and followed the biscuit recipe in my most complete cookbook. The outcome was disastrous—a terrible blow to an eager, ambitious bride. Instead of being golden brown, mine were grey, and they certainly weren't light. You might say they were like little greyish rocks. My mind has, fortunately, blocked out the memory of my husband's reaction when he first saw and tasted my biscuits.

My in-laws are country people who have always and instinctively been able to throw together a quick batch of biscuits. I felt that succeed I must to carry on the Brown tradition. Even my husband's niece, at about the age of twelve, was making the most beautiful biscuits one could ever taste. I began begging recipes from the old-time cooks of the family. I tried their foolproof recipes one by one, but somehow the resulting quick breads all turned out just the same—grey and hard. Of course, the recipes were quoted to me in "abouts"—"about" this much milk and "about" that much flour, etc. Those kinds of cooks never measure. So because of these "abouts", I kept juggling ingredients and trying for years. None of the juggling changed things a bit. There seemed to be a hex on my biscuits.

I did learn to make corn bread, another traditional family must. I had to juggle ingredients for that too, but luck was with me. After a couple of tries, I had the recipe down pat. Still it wasn't like golden biscuits. Whoever heard of pulling out a panful of corn bread to serve with the bacon and eggs, and a fried chicken dinner just isn't the same with corn muffins—or at least not to me.

A certain popular biscuit mix was suggested to me once; no one would know the difference and success was infallible. I quickly added it to my grocery list and tried again. The results were the same—hard, grey rocks! It's a mystery to all how they turned out that way. Then I tried those little packages that explode uncooked biscuits, but using such canned ready-mades didn't contribute to a feeling of culinary pride.

I have learned through the years that we must accept what fate hands us, so I finally accepted the fact that I cannot make biscuits—and that is that. I've even convinced myself that those that do are serving their families poor nutrition, for it

is a known fact that white flour is a "no-no". Have you ever tried making whole wheat biscuits? For me that's even more of a laugh than my poor grey ones.

So I have finally resorted to wheat muffins, bran muffins, blueberry muffins, corn muffins, and the like. I shine as far as muffins go. My family seems content. I know I'm serving good nutrition too, but somehow, I just wish it was *my choice* to choose between nutritious muffins or a hot panful of light, golden-brown biscuits!

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

by Ruth Townsend

Give the devil his due when it comes to cooking! You can enhance many a menu just by giving the little man with the three-pronged pitchfork some consideration.

To devil (in cooking) means "to prepare with a hot seasoning". However some "devilish dishes" are not overly spicy.

Probably the first thought that comes to mind when it comes to deviled foods is deviled eggs. It is one of those dishes that goes with any meal, most especially with a picnic lunch. The seasoning in deviled eggs is not hot by most standards—but it can be. My mother always put a little "skiff" (as she called it) of paprika on her deviled eggs. It added to their attractiveness and put a little more "punch" into the filling.

Meats can be deviled with very tasty results. Recipes vary as to exactly how to do it but almost all recipes call for a mixture of several spices and the use of vinegar. Try being creative on your own or find ideas in almost any cookbook.

Crabmeat and clams are good deviled, especially in casserole dishes. Deviled shrimp is also good. Deviled ham is something you can buy or fix yourself for yummy sandwiches. Not so common is deviled goose, but it sounds interesting. It is listed in an old cookbook I have. Lobster and oysters are expensive but they can be deviled if you want to spend the money.

Corn is an easy-to-fix deviled vegetable. You do it by making a white sauce and adding mustard and paprika to taste. This sauce is put over the corn and then the mixture is baked in the oven like corn pudding or scalloped corn.

Last, but not least, there is devil's-food cake. I remember making my first one many years ago when I was very young. I know I felt slightly wicked, but the cake was fit for the angels. The recipe I used then (and still do now) calls for cocoa, but I have seen some cakes called "devil's-food" that use bitter chocolate.

Going to the devil is not recommended at any time—except when you want to perk up your meals. Then look in your cookbook under "D" and give the devil his due.



This is a recent picture of Betty Jane's son, Nicholas Tilsen, with his grandmother, Mrs. Lucille Rice—"Grandma Lu" to her family. Nicholas took a few days off from his successful catering business in San Francisco to spend a couple of days in St. Paul with the family, and this was snapped in Grandma Lu's dining room following a wonderful dinner.

"HORSE" NAMES

Each answer has the word "horse" in it.

1. Stiffness in your arm or leg (Charley horse)
2. A child's toy (Rocking horse)
3. A very loud laugh (Horse laugh)
4. A food named after a horse (Horse-radish)
5. A popular saying, "I got it right from the _____ mouth." (Horse's)
6. A large locomotive (Iron horse)
7. Strength (Horsepower)
8. Rough, but happy playing (Horse-play)
9. Practical, plain, good thinking (Horse sense)
10. Good-luck item (Horseshoe)

—Annette Lingelbach

GOD BLESS THIS HOUSE

God bless this house
And those therein;
Our family,
Our friends and kin.

Bless floors below,
And roof above;
And fill the house
With peace and love.

May friends who visit,
Linger long
And share our warmth
And food and song.

May laughter often
Make it gay
And pleasant while
We work and play.

Please help us keep it
Clean and bright —
And stay to bless us
Day and night. Amen.

—Unknown



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The weather is perfect here, and the tractors are busy in the fields, running day and night. At this writing, our renter hasn't planted anything yet but has been getting the fertilizer on and the ground ready.

The warm weather has been very good for the baby calves, and they are growing so fast they don't stay babies very long. The cattle love the first green grass. We have kept hay out for them while the grass is still short, but they don't eat much of it anymore.

Wildflowers are blooming in all their glory. I got my first bouquet of them from Frank a week ago. We rode around the edge of the hayfield today and where we were riding the ground was a carpet of beautiful violets.

Other sure signs of the season are seeing logs in the bayou covered with turtles sunning themselves. The little peeper frogs are in full voice at night, and what a loud racket their chorus makes. A sound we love at night is the call of the whippoorwill and we eagerly wait to see who can hear the first one. They were pretty scarce around here for a few years, but a lot of them have been heard recently. When Kristin was very small, and we first moved from California to our little house in the Iowa timber, a whippoorwill sat at night on the cave just below her bedroom window; his song was so loud it frightened her until she became accustomed to it.

We really had a wonderful surprise last weekend. Kristin's husband, Art, had been attending a two-week meeting in Lincoln in connection with his job, and before he returned home he came over to spend a weekend here. It had been a long, long time since he had been to the farm because every time Kristin and the boys were able to come, he didn't have his vacation at the same time. Of course, I have had good visits with Art every time I have been in their home, but it had been several years since he and Frank have had a chance to have such a good visit.

Art is one of these people who suffers with allergies that make breathing difficult. This was the first time he had been here during the time of year when he could actually enjoy getting out on the tractor with Frank to help him bring in the hay bales. During other visits, he had to spend all his time in the house away from pollens so he could breathe.

Bernie came out for supper one evening, so she also had a chance to have a good visit with Art. He had brought some pictures with him taken last fall of



"The Hat Lady", Alvina Sellers, models one of her hats.

Andy playing football and with the marching band, and some new ones of Aaron and Julian. I can't believe how much the boys have grown since I saw them last at the end of September.

Margery and Oliver Strom have been here twice since Easter for an overnight stay. They went to Rockford, Illinois, to spend some time with Oliver's sister and husband and this is a good place to stop and break up the trip so they don't have such a long drive in one day. When they stopped the first time, they got in on a birthday dinner we had for our friend, Roy Querrey. Marge and Oliver had never met Roy and his wife, Louise, and were happy they finally got to because they had heard us mention them so often. When they stopped on their way home, they arrived when our friends, Peggy and Glenn Dyer, happened to be here; it had been a long time since the two couples had seen each other.

At a recent meeting of the Chariton Woman's Club, the speaker was Mr. E. H. Scales of Albia, Iowa. His topic was "Sheltered-Earth Homes", a subject in which Frank and I have both been very interested. We don't plan to build such a house, but the idea is great and if we were younger, I'm sure we would consider the idea. Mr. Scales had done extensive research into all the different types of energy-saving construction and materials used. During his vacations, he has traveled extensively to see some of these homes and to talk to the owners. He found the one he says fulfills all the requirements he and his wife want in a home of their own, and intends to build one like it when he retires. One of the interesting statements he made was that in Oklahoma when schools have had to be built, many of them were earth-sheltered—not because of the energy crisis (they had been built years before we had to conserve on fuel), but because of bad windstorms in this state.

A year ago, Frank and I sold a few acres of timberland to a young couple. The husband told us the other day they plan to build an earth-sheltered home there someday. It will be interesting to be able to watch the progress of their house.

I was privileged to hear another very entertaining program recently when I was invited to the Farm Bureau Women's guest day salad luncheon. The speaker was Alvina Sellers, a farm woman from Clarion, Iowa, who is commonly known as "The Hat Lady". She is such a peppy, outgoing person, it is hard to believe that she used to be so shy that when a friend, who lived a little ways down the road from her, asked her to bring the few hats she had collected and show them to the ladies in her club, she thought she couldn't possibly do it. After the friend had asked her three times, she finally got up the courage to do it. Her talk to us made 1,032 times she has given the program on hats.

Mrs. Sellers now has 500 hats in her collection and storage is quite a problem. She can't begin to take them all when she goes out to speak, so she takes turns with them. I don't know how many she had with her at this guest day, but she modeled every one and had some cute little verse or an interesting story to tell about each one. Many of them have been gifts. She had a beautiful 1900 black Merry Widow hat that was a gift from a 90-year-old woman in Belmond. With the hat came a fancy long black hat pin. The only way to keep these hats on was with a hat pin, so the women used to save their pennies to buy beautiful pins. Mrs. Sellers says this is where the saying "pin money" came from.

Another interesting hat was a tiny, 135-year-old black mourning bonnet and veil. When she put the hat on, the veil hung down to the floor in back, then she showed us how the veil wrapped around the neck and up over the back of the head so that the veil covered the face and hung to the waist. She said the saying goes that if the widow didn't cover her face with the veil, then she wasn't very sorrowful. She displayed a Napoleon hat which had been a bride's "going away" hat in 1865; a Chantilly lace hat with parasol to match; a gay Gibson Girl hat with a wide plaid ribbon and bow; a Leghorn hat that was 96 years old. She also had a hat that one of my friends, Leona Polser, had given her. Mrs. Sellers modeled hats from several foreign countries, and closed her program by showing us replicas of our First Ladies' hats beginning with Martha Washington's. If "The Hat Lady" ever comes to your town with her hats, do take the opportunity to hear her.

I have more to tell you but since I'm out of space it will have to wait until next month.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

In my last letter, I told you about some of the interesting places we visited on our Caribbean cruise, but I waited until this month to tell you some of the unusual aspects of our eleven days aboard one of the world's most beautiful passenger liners, the *SS Statendam* of the Holland America Line.

When we sailed out of Miami, on a perfectly delightful afternoon, little did I know the surprise that was in store for me. After a magnificent dinner in the main dining room, the three chaplains—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—were to be introduced to the 800 passengers aboard. I say, "were to be introduced", because both the Catholic and Jewish chaplains did not appear when their names were called! The two of them had missed the ship when it sailed out of Miami; I was the *only* chaplain aboard. Everyone was put at ease when I explained that I was a former Navy chaplain quite accustomed to serving the religious needs of all persons whatever their faith. For the next eleven days that is just what I did, and it proved to be a very happy experience.

Our Palm Sunday service was one of the best attended religious services ever held on the ship. The ship's officers went out of their way to see that the theater looked just like a beautiful sanctuary. I invited the ship's commander, Captain C. A. Hoenderdos, to read the Holy Scriptures. He wore his white dress uniform, and I wore my white vestments. Although Captain Hoenderdos is a native of Holland, he read the Scriptures beautifully in English.

A very touching part of the Palm Sunday service was the blessing of the palm branches before giving them out to the members of the congregation. A splendid Indonesian member of the crew, one of the housekeeping supervisors by the name of Augustinus Saduk Tolamanu, carried the palms to the front of the auditorium on an enormous silver platter. He had been chosen for this honor because, of the several hundred Indonesian men in the crew, he is one of the few Christians. From an Islamic nation, this young man is a third-generation Christian. He told me that with so much pride, and I in turn told the congregation.

Before the cruise was over, many of the passengers and members of the crew made it a point to thank me for conducting the ecumenical services. I had reason, as well, to thank some of the



Frederick is being greeted by Capt. C.A. Hoenderdos, the commander of the Holland America cruise ship, the *SS Statendam*.

passengers and officers of the ship for the inspiration and help they gave to me. I want to tell you about three of those people.

First of all is Sharon Reed from the Lakewood section of Denver, Colorado. Sharon was terribly crippled by rheumatoid arthritis before she was two years old. She is able to move her head and her hands slightly, but that is about the limit of her physical dexterity. Now she goes to her job at the Social Security Administration offices in a wheelchair. Noticing the severity of her condition, I introduced myself to her and to her parents when they first came aboard the ship. It was a surprise to discover that Sharon Reed is a most experienced world traveler with a spirit which is simply great! In any group she immediately became the life of the party—so cheerful, so perceptive, and so qualified to tell about the various islands we were going to visit on the cruise. She was such an inspiration to everyone who had the good fortune to become acquainted with her. If one day I should write a book about some of the courageous people I have known in my lifetime, I am going to have one entire chapter about this very brave young lady. She even permitted herself to be lifted in her wheelchair into a ship's launch as it bounced up and down on the waves hitting the side of the ship. It was incredible!

If you know of some person restricted to a wheelchair who has never gotten the courage to travel about the world, get that person to write to Miss Sharon Reed, 6825 West Mississippi, Space 791, Lakewood, Colo. 80226. If Sharon Reed, badly crippled as she is, can do what she does, then the rest of we mortals can do much more than we do. If time permits, Sharon will surely dictate a helpful letter to anyone asking for her help.

There was another lady on the cruise whose life story is also one of great

fortitude. Because of one aspect of her experience, her name will not be used. Like so many other passengers on the ship, when she saw me seated in a quiet corner, she came to me with her problem. Briefly, this is what she said:

"Chaplain Driftmier, it has meant so much to me to attend your services here on the ship. I am not of your faith, but your prayers and your messages have touched my heart. You see, I have not been free to go to church for many years, and just before I came on this cruise, my pastor spoke critically of me to several of my friends, and to me personally. He said that there was no reason why I could not go to church, but I really do have a reason.

"My husband was killed in the war, and I have had to support myself and his aged mother. She was bedfast in my home for sixteen years. I would bathe her, get her breakfast, leave her lunch by the bed and then go off to work for the day. I would come home at night to care for her and care for my home. The week after she died, an elderly aunt came to live with me. She, too, is an invalid, and I have been taking care of her in the same way for twelve years. Sunday is my laundry day. Recently, I reached a point of total mental and physical fatigue, and some of my friends got together to give me this trip, and to care for my aunt in my absence."

Well, I don't have to tell you what I said to comfort her—you would have said the same thing. She wept as I read to her that part of the Gospel of Matthew where Jesus says: "You have my father's blessing . . . Come and possess the kingdom that awaits you. For when I was hungry, you gave me food; when thirsty you gave me drink; when I was a stranger, you took me into your home . . ." You know that passage, and you know, just as I know, that that lady will eventually have stars in her crown.

A cruise often has several persons who are there because of broken hearts, and this cruise was no exception.

There was a third person whose presence on that ship was especially interesting. One of the most important persons on any large passenger ship is the officer with the title of Chief Housekeeper. He is the man responsible for the cleanliness of the cabins, staterooms and passageways for 800 passengers and 400 officers and men in the crew. On the *SS Statendam*, the Chief Housekeeper is Mr. J. H. Noorderveen of Holland. He invited me to his stateroom, where the first thing I noticed was his Holy Bible. One of his delights is to visit different churches whenever his ship is in port. The officers are permitted to have their wives with them on the ship four months out of each year and he showed me a photo of his beautiful wife back home in Holland. Mrs. Noorderveen loves to go

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This beautiful wedding cake was baked and decorated by ninety-year-old Oscar DeMoney for his great-granddaughter's wedding.

PORTRAIT OF PAPA

by
Vern Berry

When I was a little girl, I called him "Papa". Over the years, he was "Pop", then "Dad" and, on occasion, even "Father". Whatever his title, among other things he was an artist cake decorator.

From my earliest memories, I knew Papa was special. On Sunday mornings he would say, "Let's go uptown and sport around some!" Mama would tie up my hair with my best hair ribbon and let me wear my tassel-topped patent leather shoes. Hand in hand, Papa and I walked to the drugstore on the court square to get the paper. He wasn't a church-going man, but worked hard all week in his bakery just across the court square. Sunday was for his family. He walked tall, looked every man in the eye, and lived a good man's life.

It was wonderful for a little girl to walk into his bake shop. Ceiling fans overhead stirred the warm fragrance to meet me at the door. To stand before the shining cases and pick a treat was a big decision: cinnamon rolls, big, fat bakery cookies, or sweet, oozing cream puffs. The eye-catching display in the window was always a fancy, high-tiered wedding cake. I was shattered when I learned it was made with frosting on a series of boxes for display only.

Dad, Oscar DeMoney, was born on a

farm in Missouri in 1880. His father died when he was very young. His young, widowed mother remarried, so he was raised in a large family. At fourteen, Dad left school to work as a flunky in a bake shop in a nearby little town. When eighteen, he went with an uncle in a covered wagon to Oklahoma where he cooked for harvest crews. This taste of seeing new places instilled in him a love to travel; from that first adventurous trip, far-away places always lured my dad. In his lifetime, he traveled by covered wagon, horse and buggy, Model T Ford (and a series of other family cars), and, finally, in big jet planes.

After Oklahoma, Dad went to Kansas with a wagon selling horses, then ventured way out to Seattle, riding the rails of a freight train, where he cooked and baked for a free-lunch bar. No matter what he did, he always returned to the bakery trade. With his roaming days finally past, he visited a brother in Illinois and opened the bake shop that I remember so well. He met sweet, brown-haired Jessie and married her in 1905.

Eventually, Dad sold the little shop in Illinois and moved the family to Iowa, where for many years he was master baker and creator of fancy cakes for a specialty party house. Many debutant brides of that time will remember Oscar's wedding cake creations. The delicate lattice, the realistic flowers, the unusual effects he could squeeze from a frosting tube, were pure genius. With a flip of his wrist, tiny winged birds settled on just the right spot. Children were often delighted to find a coin hidden under a pretty rose. What a far cry from the days of his youth!

Dad retired in 1940, but soon found himself a bakery union director. For twelve years, he strived to better working conditions for his fellow bakers. For special events though, Dad would get out his tools and a lovely cake would appear. Beautiful cake creations complimented the weddings of his four daughters and for the five of his grandchildren who lived close.

His greatest achievement, after thirty years away from the bake shop and when he was ninety years old, came when he once again got busy and baked and decorated a wedding cake for his great-granddaughter. How she cherished his masterpiece. The finished, towering work of art was a fantastic arrangement of details which would be hard for any young baker to duplicate. It almost outshone the bride.

Papa died in 1975. I'm sure if there are weddings in heaven, he will be turning out wedding cakes for the angels.



RECIPE PARTY

by
Erma Reynolds

Do you read cookbooks like novels? Do you pride yourself on your collection of tasty recipes? Are you always on the lookout for new recipes? How about adding recipes to your collection, and have fun at the same time by inviting your friends to a "Recipe Roundup"?

Invitation

To get toothsome recipes, we cooks read, beg, and bum.

So I'm having a "Recipe Roundup" to rope us some.

Please join our roundup, and bring several recipes—your best.

For fun and tasty recipes you'll share with each guest.

(Name . . . Place . . . Time . . .)

Games

Cooking Term Guess: As the guests arrive, pin a slip of paper to the back of each one on which is written a cooking term, but with the vowels missing in the spelling of each word. Supply paper and pencils. At a signal, the players set out to read the slips on each others' backs, trying to decipher each one. At the end of seven minutes, the player with longest, most correct list wins a prize. Suggested words for the slips are: K N D (knead), F R S T (frost), G R N S H (garnish), F L L T (fillet), F L K (flake), R S T (roast), S C L D (scald), etc.

Cooks' Utensils: Place on a table a collection of utensils used in food preparation. Hide these from view by covering with a tea towel. When ready to play the game, remove the towel and allow players three minutes to view the array. Replace cover and give players pencil and paper. Allow five minutes to recall and write down what was seen. Longest list wins a prize. Suggested utensils: Paring knife, Spatula, Egg-beater, Cooling rack, Measuring spoons, Melon ball cutter, Funnel, Tongs, Potato Masher, Grater, etc.

Recipe Interpretation: Before the party, check cookbooks and select unusual recipes, making certain the directions do not mention the recipe's title. Number each recipe, and put slips of paper in the book, noting the location of the recipes. At game time, players are given pencil and paper. Each one in turn opens to a marked section in the cookbook and announces the recipe's number but not its title. Then she reads the recipe aloud while the other players try to identify it, writing a title by the corresponding number on their papers. When everyone has had a turn, the player with the longest, most correct list wins a prize. Some unusual recipes might be: Guacamole, Schweizerschnitzel,

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Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

I would like to share with you an idea from last summer's Sew & Show at the Page County Fair held in Clarinda, Iowa. A young mother had made her toddler's swimsuit from one of her old ones. The material found in most swimsuits is extremely durable, often outlasting its fashionableness. Think about turning a bathing suit you have tired of into a new one for your child; it could prove a great saving in these expensive times. Your best chances of success with the least effort will depend on the size of your old suit, a one-piece is almost a must. If it is backless or a cutout style, you might consider making a pair of trunks for a boy or a bikini for a girl, instead of a one-piece suit.

To determine what can be made from your old suit, you will need to experiment with the pattern pieces. Rip out the seams of your bathing suit. Lay out the pieces and start by laying the pattern front on the front piece of the old suit, then lay out the corresponding back pieces. You may have to play around with the exact positioning, but it's a good starting point.

After you've made your young one a "new" suit, think about making one for yourself. So many of the new styles are easy to make at a fraction of the cost of ready-to-wear. I want to pass on some tips on working with the super-stretch materials:

When buying fabric for swim wear, check the two-way stretch, both a lengthwise and a crosswise fold must stretch out from four inches to five inches without straining!

If the material has only a one-way stretch, a crosswise fold must stretch from three inches to five inches. The stretch of the fabric is extremely important as swim wear patterns depend upon a minimum amount of elasticity for a perfect fit!

Knits do not have a grain line as wovens do, but most have visible lengthwise ribs. To lay out, follow the ribs as you would the lengthwise grain. Use sharp pins and scissors so you don't chew, run, or snag the material. Avoid stretching while pinning and cutting the material.

Use a stitch length of 12 to 15 stitches per inch on swim wear knits. Set your machine for a balanced, yet slightly loose tension. Try to use ballpoint needles or other needles especially designed for use with knits. Regular sharp ones in the appropriate size will also work. Needles should be changed after every three to four garments depending upon the finish of the material and amount of sewing involved in each garment. If your machine



Katharine Driftmier enjoys sewing her own clothes.

is skipping on these slinky knits, try changing your needle before calling the repairman.

Cotton-covered polyester, all-polyester or nylon threads are generally the best to use.

If you are using a straight-stitch machine, you can stretch the fabric slightly while sewing. This puts some stretch into the seam and prevents the stitching from breaking under stress. Hold the fabric with one hand in front and one in back of the needle plate, stretching with the front hand while stitching. Do not overstretch. Make a second seam 1/8 inch from the first and trim seam allowance close to the second row of stitching.

For those of you who are lucky enough to own a zigzag machine, follow your manual for any special stretch stitch or use a narrow zigzag, alone or as a finish for a straight seam.

The use of a roller foot, an even feed foot, or a special foot included with your machine for stretch fabrics can make the job even simpler.

For a fun project, try a patternless sundress! This is a one-size-fits-all dress made with 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch wide fabric. The fabric should be a fine weight; cotton or a blend of cotton and polyester can be used. You will also need one reel shirring elastic and from 1/2 to one yard of ribbon.

Fold material in half lengthwise; you should have a long piece of fabric 18 inches wide. Cut two pieces 30 inches long for the dress and three pieces 11 inches long to use for the ruffled bottom. There will be a little fabric left and, if you desire, you can omit the ribbon and use the extra material for the straps. Stitch the front of the dress to the back at the 30-inch long side-seam edges, right sides facing and using a narrow seam allowance. Press the seams open. Find the

high waistline by marking nine inches down from the top edge. Mark all the way around the material with a basting thread or a tracing wheel. Turn a narrow strip at the upper edge and topstitch two rows close together to hem. Shirr bodice from waistline to about 1/2 inch from the top hem with rows of shirring 1/2 inch apart.

To shirr: Wind the shirring elastic tightly by hand onto bobbin. Stitch, using a long stitch and working on the right side. Start stitching along waistline six inches before one side seam. Overstitch the first few inches of shirring to secure before going on to the next row without breaking threads. Keeping the rows about 1/2 inch apart, continue shirring up the bodice in a spiral until the final row, which should be approximately 1/2 inch from the top. Finish off by over-stitching a few inches of the final row. The over-stitching should fall on the right side back where it will not be noticed.

Join the three ruffle pieces along narrow ends to form a continuous strip, 11 inches wide. Run two rows of gathering around top edge of strip 1/4 and 1/2 inch from edge. Draw up to skirt hem measurement and distribute gathers evenly. Try on garment and plan length of skirt. Trim, where desired, adding 3/8 inch seam allowance. Turn up hem to right side for 3/8 inch and press; sandwich gathered edge of ruffle between skirt and turned-up hem fabric, right sides facing. Stitch 1/4 inch from fold. Press frill and fold downward into position and topstitch along second row of gathers through all thicknesses. To make neat, machine stitch a 1/4-inch double hem along lower edge of ruffle.

Stitch ribbon straps onto bodice by hand—or make of width desired from scraps, adjusting to fit over shoulders.

A long dress can be made in the same way using 3 1/2 yards fabric and cutting the front and back pieces 44 inches long.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

Since I wrote to you last, I have been to Anderson, Indiana, for a lovely visit with my mother. It seems as though winter in central Indiana ends much earlier than here in Wisconsin, so it was doubly nice to rest and be warm.

One of the unexpected bonuses of this trip was my debut into television. It all began when my mother took me on a clothes shopping trip to our favorite dress shop. (The owners have been friends of the family since our boys met in third grade.) Since I usually go to Anderson on our spring vacation, and my birthday falls during these weeks, a visit to this shop has grown to be my big treat! We ran into Arlene, the owner, while we were shopping. She invited me to come to her store the end of the week and assist as her advertising agency filmed a new series of commercial tapes. This sounded like fun to me. She was including people who came from all the cities around Anderson to shop in her store; I, being from Milwaukee, was apparently from the furthest distance.

On the appointed day, I did my best to make myself look good in one of the new outfits which had come from her store. When I arrived with butterflies aplenty in my stomach, I learned almost accidentally from another nervous lady that we were going to have to speak—*out loud*—while the camera was filming us. I was nearly paralyzed from that point on; I had myself mentally prepared to smile without a tremor when the camera panned across me in my lovely grey suit, but the thought of speaking was an entirely different ball game.

I had to quickly gather my thoughts together to explain why I had come all the way from Milwaukee to shop in Arlene's store. I felt like a kid having to write an essay with ten minutes preparation. Hidden darkly in the back of my mind was the image I had of people I had seen interviewed on television who came across mouthing nonsense and sounding dumb. I finally determined what I would say, but how to say it with no moisture in my mouth or throat was the next hurdle.

The television people finally arrived and began setting up their rolling camera and brilliant lights. Most of the women who were there to assist in the commercial were my age, give or take five years, so I wasn't feeling like anyone's mother for a change. I found a cup of water to sip to restore my dry mouth, then sat and watched as the various women took their places before a rack of



Mary Beth, Adrienne and Katharine Driftmier enjoy every moment when they can be together in their Delafield, Wisconsin, home.

clothes as though they were just caught in the act of shopping. They would then explain why they came so far from their homes to shop in this particular store.

After watching three ladies hesitatingly go forward to speak their pieces, I decided it was worse to wait and watch than to volunteer. So, when they asked who would like to come next, I felt my right arm go up and my nearly numb body follow. It was really worse to hang back than it was to get up in front of the camera and do my best. Immediately afterwards I saw a little piece of the film on a remote camera in another part of the store, but I have not seen or heard all of the commercial, what I said, or if I managed to come across with any smarts at all.

To give me a little extra experience, they had to retake my words of wisdom three times. It seems the cameraman had not adjusted the level of the lens to accommodate my height and the first two "takes" were unbalanced.

Mother reports that her friends have seen me on television. No important studios from Indianapolis have called begging me to share my newly discovered talent on their stations, but it was fun and I understand now why so many college people are studying "Communications". It was exciting to be involved in the actual filming as well as to see how a commercial is made—an unexpected part of my spring vacation!

The major subject of talk in Indiana is their monumental problem with unemployment. The city of Anderson has the distinction of having the largest percentage of unemployed workers in the nation! Since my visit, the auto industry has continued to put more people on standby and the situation has begun to be felt in the Milwaukee auto industry. Paul was given what he hopes will be only a four-week layoff. He has almost no seniority, in fact, it was not

until just before Easter that he was considered a permanent employee rather than a probationary one.

I am seriously doubting if Adrienne will be able to find work this summer. Her swimming instruction will be available, but it won't pay enough by itself to help her with her contribution toward next year's Northwestern University tuition.

The end of the school year is rapidly drawing to a close and once again I am stunned with the speed of its passing. Even the boys and girls in my classroom comment upon the swift passing of the weeks and finally the year. It must mean we are all happy; it is a cinch we're all occupied!

Next year's classes for fifth grade promise to be larger in number than this year's class. My room, with its cozy fireplace, will accommodate many more students, but the room where the other section of the fifth grade is located is filled to the absolute limit. In fact, the enrollment for the lower school, which encompasses the grades from preparatory half-day through fifth grade, is continuing to rise in number. The entire lower school is going to be hard pressed to distribute all of the children whose parents want them in our system. The next school year promises to be another interesting nine months.

There are many chores around the house which need my attention so I'll bid you goodbye for now. And until we visit again, let us all pray for a peaceful solution for our country's current heart-ache.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Prejudice is a heavy load for both mind and heart.

Get rid of yours and save yourself an unnecessary burden.

Recipes for June



SHRIMP-MACARONI SALAD

- 1 lb. shelled shrimp, cooked
- 1 1/2 cups shell macaroni, cooked and drained
- 1 cup process American cheese, cubed
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 3/4 tsp. salt

Dash of bottled hot pepper sauce

Cut up shrimp; toss with macaroni, cheese, celery, green pepper and onion. Blend in remaining ingredients. Cover and chill for several hours.

Before serving, stir salad. If desired, serve in lettuce-lined bowl and top with green pepper rings. —Robin Justiz

STRAWBERRY SUN PRESERVES

- 6 cups sugar
- 3/4 cups water
- 3 lbs. large strawberries (5 quarts)

Combine sugar and water. Cook until mixture starts to bubble. Syrup will be thick and white. Turn heat to high and add strawberries which have been washed and hulled. Stir gently to coat each berry. *Do not crush.* Stir gently, continue cooking, until sugar is dissolved, about 5 minutes. Pour into large, flat aluminum pan or roaster so that a single layer of the strawberries results. Cover with cheesecloth to keep clean and set in the sun for 4 or 5 days. At least 36 hours of full sunlight is needed to properly "cook" this jam. Stir occasionally to expose all sides of berries to the sun. Bring in at night. The syrup should evaporate to about one-half and the berries will be fat and plump. Place berries in sterilized jars, cover with syrup and seal.

Bring the pans inside if the weather turns threatening and also at night. They will keep even several days through rainy weather as long as they have had at least 4 or 5 hours of sun at the start of the process, but do get them back into the sun as soon as possible to continue the "sun cooking".

This jam is excellent used for ice cream toppings. Add either Kitchen-Klatter strawberry or raspberry flavoring, if desired, to enhance the good strawberry taste. —Betty Jane

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

- 6 thick loin pork chops
- Salt and pepper
- Lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup ground peanuts
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. chopped tart apple
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Dash of cayenne pepper
- Pinch of thyme
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- Salt to taste
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup milk

Cut pocket in each chop or have your butcher do it. Salt and pepper chops inside pocket and outside. Rub with lemon juice. Combine remaining ingredients, except milk. Add enough milk to moisten. Fill chops with stuffing. Bake in covered pan for about one hour at 350 degrees. Remove lid the last few minutes of baking time to brown.

—Robin

ROBIN'S BROCCOLI SOUP

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli, thawed
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 cups regular-strength chicken broth
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. mace
- Dash of pepper
- 2 cups half-and-half

In medium pan, combine broccoli, onion and chicken broth. Bring to boil. Simmer for about 10 minutes until the broccoli is tender. Whirl in blender until very smooth.

Melt butter in pan. Add flour, salt, mace and pepper. Slowly stir in the half-and-half. Add the broccoli puree. Cook, stirring constantly, until it bubbles.

DOROTHY'S ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

- 4 medium unpeeled zucchini, sliced 1/2 inch thick
- 7 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup shredded carrots
- 3/4 cup chopped onion
- 3 cups herb-seasoned stuffing bread cubes
- 1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
- 1/2 cup sour cream

Cook zucchini slices in boiling, salted water until just tender; drain. In saucepan, melt 5 Tbls. of the butter or margarine. Add carrots and onion and saute. Remove from heat and add 2 cups of the bread cubes and the remaining ingredients. Fold in zucchini. Spoon into 3-quart casserole. Melt remaining butter and add remaining bread cubes. Sprinkle over top of casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.

JEAN'S ONION PIE

- 1 10-inch unbaked pastry shell
- 3 large onions, peeled and thinly sliced (3 cups)
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup milk (divided)
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. seasoned pepper
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/3 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Partially bake pie shell for about 10 minutes at 325 degrees.

Saute onions until soft in the butter. Turn into partially baked pie shell. Combine 3/4 cup of the milk, cottage cheese, sour cream, salt, pepper and eggs; mix well. Blend remaining 1/4 cup milk with flour and stir into first mixture. Mix well and pour over onion layer in pie shell. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Pie should be firm in center. —Lucile

SPRING RAINBOW CAKE

- 1/2 gallon vanilla ice cream
- 1 small pkg. frozen strawberry halves
- 1 large angel food cake
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin (dry)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin (dry)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin (dry)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups chunk pineapple, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups Mandarin oranges, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

About an hour before preparing, remove ice cream and strawberries from freezer.

Tear the angel food cake into bite-size pieces and divide equally into three separate bowls.

Sprinkle the dry strawberry gelatin over cake in one bowl, the lime gelatin over another and the orange over the last one. Toss each mixture well so that gelatin coats all cake pieces.

Place the strawberry-cake mixture in the bottom of standard tube cake pan. Combine the strawberry halves which have been drained and the strawberry flavoring and spoon over cake mixture in pan. Spoon a third of the ice cream over this. Next, spread with lime-cake mixture. Toss pineapple chunks with the pineapple flavoring and spread over lime layer in pan. Spread with another third of the ice cream. Layer the orange-cake mixture over ice cream. Combine the Mandarin oranges with orange flavoring and spoon over cake layer. Spoon remaining ice cream over top. Cover and place in freezer. Just before serving, remove cake from pan and slice. (For easy removal, slide a warm knife around outer edge of cake.) —Verlene

STRAWBERRY-CREAM CHEESE DESSERT

2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1 cup melted margarine
Combine and press into 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Allow to cool while preparing the following layer:

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
1 cup sugar
2 cups prepared whipped topping
Combine and spread over the cooled crust. Top with the following:

2 cups pineapple juice
1 cup water
2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
2 10-oz. boxes frozen strawberries, thawed (or fresh)

Heat the pineapple juice and water. Add the gelatin and flavoring. Stir until dissolved. Allow to cool slightly. Add the strawberries and pour over the cream cheese layer. Refrigerate until set.

—Donna Nenneman

PEANUT SAUCE FOR RAW VEGETABLES

1/3 cup crunchy peanut butter
3 Tbls. firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 tsp. crushed red pepper
1/4 cup lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

2 Tbls. catsup
1/2 tsp. soy sauce

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Refrigerate for several hours in order to blend flavors. Remove from refrigerator and let set at room temperature for several minutes before serving.

We especially liked this on raw cucumber slices. Could also be used as a spread on crackers.

—Juliana

FRESH CUCUMBER MOLD
(A blender recipe)

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
3 cups cucumber puree (about 4 medium cucumbers)
3/4 cup sour cream
3/4 cup mayonnaise
2 1/2 Tbls. horseradish
2 Tbls. grated onion
1 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. white pepper

1 cup whipping cream, whipped

Soften gelatin in the cold water. Place over hot water to dissolve.

Peel cucumbers, cut lengthwise and remove seeds. Put in blender to make the 3 cups puree. Combine puree with the gelatin, sour cream, mayonnaise, horseradish, onion, salt and pepper. Chill until thick. Fold in the whipped cream. Oil a 1 1/2-quart mold and pour in the mixture. Chill 4 hours or more. Unmold.

—Robin Justiz

SNOW PEAS AND WATER CHESTNUTS

1/2 lb. fresh snow peas (or 1 pkg. frozen)

3 Tbls. peanut oil

3/4 tsp. salt

Water

1 small can water chestnuts, sliced

String fresh snow peas and crisp in ice water for one hour. Heat 2 Tbls. of the oil in heavy skillet or wok. Add peas, 1/2 tsp. of the salt and 2 Tbls. water. Stir-fry for two minutes. Remove peas from pan and set aside.

Heat the remaining 1 Tbls. oil. Add the water chestnuts, remaining salt and about 1/2 Tbls. water. Stir-fry for two minutes. Return peas to skillet or wok; reheat. Serve immediately.

—Juliana

SOUTHWESTERN PORK SKILLET

3 Tbls. oil

1 medium onion, sliced thin

1 cup diced celery

1/3 cup diced green pepper

1 tsp. salt

Dash of pepper

1 Tbls. flour

1 tsp. chili powder

2 tsp. sugar

1 1-lb. can tomatoes

3/4 lb. cooked pork, cut into thin strips

Baked cornbread

Heat oil in skillet; saute the onion, celery and green pepper. Add salt, pepper, flour, chili powder and sugar. Stir to make paste. Gradually stir in tomatoes; then simmer for 15 minutes. Add pork and simmer another 5 minutes. Serve over baked cornbread.

—Dorothy

OATMEAL COOKY MIX

(Makes 12 cups mix)

4 cups sifted flour

2 tsp. soda

2 tsp. baking powder

2 tsp. salt

1 cup firmly packed brown sugar

1 cup granulated sugar

2 cups vegetable shortening

4 cups uncooked rolled oats

Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder and salt. Mix in sugars. Cut in shortening. Add rolled oats and mix well. Store at room temperature in tightly covered containers. When ready to bake, combine:

2 cups mix

2 Tbls. milk

1 egg, beaten

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter

flavoring

Chocolate chips (or other flavors of chips), chopped dates, raisins, nuts, coconut and various Kitchen-Klatter flavorings could be added, as desired.

Drop and bake on greased cooky sheet at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

—Dorothy

CREAMY PEACH SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin

2 cups boiling water

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 1/2 cups cold water

1 1-lb. can sliced peaches, drained and diced

1 4-oz. container whipped topping, thawed

In two separate bowls, dissolve one package of the gelatin in each, using 1 cup boiling water for each bowl. Add 1/4 tsp. orange flavoring and 3/4 cup cold water to each bowl. In one bowl, fold in the peaches. Pour into mold and chill until partially set. In the other bowl, blend in the topping. Spoon over peach layer. Chill until firm; unmold.

—Dorothy

BEEF-CABBAGE CASSEROLE

1 lb. ground beef

Salt and pepper to taste

1/2 of medium-size head cabbage, thinly sliced

1/2 lb. Polish sausage, thinly sliced

1 cup grated longhorn cheese

1 medium onion, thinly sliced

1 8-oz. can tomato sauce

1/2 tsp. dry dill weed

Brown the ground beef and drain excess fat. Season with salt and pepper. Using one-third of the cabbage, browned beef, sausage, cheese and onion make layers in baking pan. Repeat layers two more times, ending with cheese on top. Combine the tomato sauce and dill weed and pour over all. Cover and bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes. Remove cover the last 15 minutes of baking time.

CHICKEN OVEN DINNER

1/4 cup dry bread crumbs

1/4 cup yellow cornmeal

3/4 to 1 1/2 tsp. curry powder

1/4 tsp. salt

1/8 tsp. pepper

3 to 3 1/2-lb. frying chicken, cut up

1/2 cup butter or margarine

8 medium carrots, peeled

8 small new potatoes

Chopped parsley

In small bag, combine the bread crumbs, cornmeal and seasonings. Shake the chicken pieces, a few at a time, in the bag. Set chicken pieces aside. Put butter or margarine in shallow baking pan. Place pan in oven preheated to 400 degrees. Allow butter to melt. Remove pan from oven and roll carrots and potatoes in butter to coat. Push to one side of pan and add chicken pieces. Roll to coat chicken pieces with the melted butter. Arrange vegetables and chicken in pan and return to oven, uncovered. Bake for about 35 minutes. Remove pan from oven and turn over chicken pieces and vegetables. Bake about 15 minutes longer or until done. Arrange on platter and garnish with parsley.

—Betty Jane

CHOCOLATE ZUCCHINI CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup margarine
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups grated zucchini
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 2 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup nuts (optional)

Combine sugar, margarine, eggs and flavorings in a large bowl. Beat until creamy and well blended. Stir in zucchini. Combine dry ingredients and add to batter alternately with milk. Fold in nuts if desired. Pour into large, well-greased and floured bundt cake pan or tube pan. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour or until cake tests done. Cool cake in pan. Turn out on rack or plate and drizzle with thin powdered sugar glaze. (1 cup powdered sugar, 3 to 4 tsp. milk and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring makes a nice glaze.)

—Evelyn

SPINACH SALAD

- 1 lb. fresh spinach
- 1/4 lb. raw young mushrooms
- 6 green onions
- 1 small red onion
- 2 Tbls. sesame seed
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. cider vinegar
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 1/4 cup crumbled fried bacon

Clean spinach leaves, dry and place in airtight plastic bag. Put bag in refrigerator to crisp spinach.

Thinly slice the mushrooms, green onions and red onion; place in salad bowl. Pound the sesame seed as fine as possible. Combine the pounded sesame seed, soy sauce, brown sugar, vinegar and black pepper. Pour over vegetables in salad bowl. Tear the spinach leaves into bite-size pieces and add to bowl. Toss well, being sure to coat all pieces. Sprinkle crumbled bacon over top and serve.

—Robin

GREEN CHILI DIP

- 1 or 2 4-oz. cans chopped green chilies, liquid and all
 - 1 cup sour cream
 - 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
 - 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- Put all ingredients in blender and whirl until well blended. (If using only one can of chilies, a little milk may have to be added to make easy spreading consistency.) Place in covered container and chill well. Serve with crackers or chips.

SANDWICH IDEAS

1. Slices of cooked turkey or chicken, strips of cooked bacon, Colby longhorn cheese, shredded cabbage, dressing to moisten cabbage.
2. Liver sausage, sardines, sliced onions, lettuce, mayonnaise.
3. Cooked bacon strips, chive cream cheese, tomato slices.
4. Sliced roast beef, Swiss cheese slices, tomato slices, pickles.
5. Tuna, sliced almonds, sliced water chestnuts, diced celery, dressing to moisten.
6. Sliced avocado, sliced tomatoes, strips of cooked bacon, Jack cheese (optional), mayonnaise.
7. Thinly sliced cucumbers, whipped cream cheese.
8. Deviled ham, sliced pimiento, green olives.
9. Whipped cream cheese, chopped nuts.
10. 2 cups ground ham, 1 8 3/4-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1/2 cup dairy sour cream, 1/4 tsp. paprika.
11. 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese, 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing, 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, dash of onion, garlic and celery salt.

—Evelyn

ORIENTAL PORK MARINADE

- 1/3 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup cooking oil
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. grated orange peel
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 tsp. ground turmeric

Combine above ingredients and blend well. Pour over pork chops and marinate several hours or overnight. Turn chops over occasionally. Cook chops on grill. This makes enough marinade for six 1 1/4- to 1 1/2-inch thick chops.

—Juliana

STIR-UP MEAT LOAF

- 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 6-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats (uncooked)
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. dill weed
- 1/4 tsp. Beau Monde
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup diced onion

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Form into one or two loaves. Bake in preheated, 350-degree oven for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Let stand 5 minutes before removing from pan to cut.

—Hallie

BEEF-NOODLE BAKE

- 2 lbs. ground beef
 - 1 medium onion, chopped
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 - 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and drained
 - 1/4 cup margarine
 - 1/2 cup flour
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - 3 cups milk
 - 8 ozs. noodles, cooked and drained according to package directions
 - 4 ozs. shredded Cheddar cheese
- Brown beef and onion in skillet. Drain excess fat. Sprinkle meat with the 1/2 tsp. salt, nutmeg and pepper. Stir in tomato sauce and simmer for 10 minutes.

In another pan, melt margarine. Blend in flour and remaining salt. Gradually add the milk and stir until thickened. Fold in the spinach.

Place half the noodles in greased 9-by-13-inch pan. Spread with two thirds of the meat mixture. Sprinkle with part of the cheese. Cover with spinach mixture. Make another layer of noodles, meat and ending with cheese. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes.

Partially cooked chopped broccoli could be substituted.

—Dorothy

HAVE A PICNIC

Don't take an empty basket on a picnic. Fill it up with good food made with the 16 **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**.

Each one of the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** is different in aroma and taste, but each has the excellent quality that will not bake out, will not freeze out, and gives the best results in all your food preparation needs. Just right to add to summer menus—especially when you fix something special for a family picnic. Choose from:

Vanilla (dark or clear), Butter, Raspberry, Pineapple, Orange, Lemon, Blueberry, Coconut, Black Walnut, Banana, Mint, Burnt Sugar, Almond, Cherry, Maple and Strawberry.

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A CHURCH BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

by
Vera Brooks

Slender young elms, willows and branching maples lined the plot. Wildflowers dotted the rich green lawn. In the lovely countryside, miles distant from village or town, stood our little country church, *Mound Chapel*.

The church was a wooden structure, painted a snowy white. The tall steeple tapered skyward to the cross at the top. Windows, true to church traditions, were arch-shaped and formed of brightly colored stained glass. Fresh morning air was the only air-conditioning for hot summer days and the black, potbellied stove in the corner furnished heat against icy blasts of winter.

A number of ministers served the little church through the years. One man, fairly small in stature, had a voice so big it fairly shook the rafters. His sermons were so full of dire predictions that we children nearly lost all hope of heaven; we heard so much more about the other place. Another minister, when he roared "dearly beloved", made me feel that he really meant each one of us rather than the persons standing in front of him at the altar. Once a single man was sent to serve as pastor of the church. At the end of his first year he moved on to another charge (at his request). There were several spinsters within the area and the minister undoubtedly felt the pressure of the competition for his attention. He seldom was without pie and cake for his meals. How he escaped their scheming I'll always wonder. All our ministers were sincere men dedicated to their calling. It could not have been an easy task answering the demands of that congregation and keeping the organization running smoothly.

New babies were born and baptized. Many grew up to be wed in front of the altar. When life's span ended, memorial services were held in the church and then the adjoining cemetery served as the final resting place. And so it was, in times of joy and in times of deep sorrow, each person looked to the little white church as a personal pillar of strength.

Good fortune came our way when a farm lad returned from the city with a lovely, talented bride. Her devotion to the music department of the church filled a worthwhile need which members and friends appreciated for many years.

The Ladies Aid met regularly to do quilting. While I'd hesitate to say those good women gossiped, I do recall that our mothers much preferred that we children keep busy at play—there could be some juicy bits of news passing around.

Rites and customs of religion were observed within the sanctuary, true, but



Many country churches, beloved by the members and friends, were similar to the one described in the story of *Mound Chapel*. No photograph of the church in the article is available, but this one of the Madison Methodist Church, which once stood and served the community ten miles south of Farragut, Iowa, depicts a building very similar in architecture.

the church also served as a gathering place for the entire community. At intervals, basket dinners were enjoyed after worship services. Delicious food and time spent in close fellowship resulted in many happy hours. Ice cream socials were happy events. Men turned the hand-operated freezers until they could turn the crank no more. Rich country cream made that dessert something to remember. Tall, light cakes were marvels of the women's culinary skills. Children played tag within the semidarkness of the single yard light. Young lovers paired off to steal kisses within the shadow of the sanctuary. Babies, sticky from tastes of the sweet ice cream, grew fretful and family groups began to drift away toward home as the long summer's evening turned into the black of night.

Memories linger of lighter moments. A gentle grey cat lived at a farmhouse near the church. She often slipped in the open door in warm weather and could be found sleeping in a pew at the back of the church. She was a pet of all the worshipers. One Sunday, two infants were being baptized when a soft, padding sound was heard. We children looked around just in time to see Tabitha carrying a new kitten by its neck. She was making steady progress towards the minister at the altar when one of the men quickly grabbed her, kitten and all, and gently placed her outside and closed the door. The coincidence of her timing made all we children insist that Tabby, being a church cat, wanted her baby baptized, too.

The old hymns were sung with rolling volume that made up for any lack of harmony among our rural congregation. One lady became so inspired when she sang that she rolled her eyes heavenward. As we children shook with stifled laughter, one stern glance from our

father had an immediate quieting effect.

The years have passed; older members have long ago gone to their reward. A younger generation sought education, found jobs and stayed in the city to establish homes. The membership of the congregation slowly faded away until the church could no longer be supported. The era of the little white church ended. The building was torn down, lumber was sold and the land left bare.

The church where I worship today is beautiful. Deep crimson of the carpeting, binders of the hymnals and worship books, contrast with the blond woods of the seats and woodwork. The building itself is the work of talented architects and artists. Many people find peace and comfort within its sanctuary.

Recently, I drove back across the miles to the site of that simple church of my childhood. Evening dusk was gathering. Trees are tall and stately now; wildflowers grow in clumps amid tall grasses. I reminisced, hearing in my mind the sound of the bell ringing out on a Sabbath morn calling the people of the countryside to worship, recalling lessons taught from the Bible in the Sunday school, thinking of loved ones and friends scattered now over all the world. I felt a deep sadness that the church was gone.

Then, suddenly, I realized that the little church has not vanished into nothingness. As I carry these deep, early impressions and memories in my heart, the many others who worshiped within its walls hold memories, too. The small church served its mission well. As I turned in the gathering darkness to leave, a quiet benediction seemed to fall over that precious place.



THE DOLLAR AND THE CENT

A big silver dollar and a little brown cent,
Rolling along together they went.
Rolling along the smooth sidewalk,
When the dollar remarked (for the dollar can talk),

"You poor little cent, you cheap little mite,

I'm bigger and more than twice as bright.

I'm worth more than you a hundred-fold,

And written on me in letters bold
Is the motto drawn from the pious creed,
'In God We Trust' which all may read."

"Yes, I know," said the cent, "I'm a cheap little mite,

And I know I'm not big, nor good, nor bright.

And yet," said the cent, with a meek little sigh,

"You don't go to church as often as I."
—Selected

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Since I last wrote to you, winter has come and gone and the great spring breakup has at last come to the North. Now the snow is gone; after so many months of winter "deep freeze" conditions it is a great feeling to have the snow beds melt and become bright, shining streams of water running down the hill-sides.

One of the best experiences of spring, however, was to climb onto a plane during our spring vacation and step out of the plane at the Vancouver International Airport. I have written to you about the Vancouver area before and so you know how I like it. On April first, I walked through a warm city where the daffodils were at their peak, the cherry blossoms in full glory and the grass green and being mowed. The end of my walk found me at my favorite place on the beach watching sailboats ply back and forth across the blue water. Of course, you don't have to come to the city of Vancouver to find these early spring conditions; anywhere along the north-west Pacific coast would do. Sometimes I think that I would be very happy working in the travel business being paid to promote the tourist trade in this area. Every bit of my enthusiasm would be honest and sincere.

Several readers of *Kitchen-Klatter* wrote and asked questions after I last wrote about the Alaskan Highway, where Sophie and I now make our home at Mile 300. I would like to answer some of your questions here:

Yes, people do drive the highway at all times of the year. The worst time to drive it is in the spring. Cars can't go for more than a few miles without getting covered with mud. Most people drive the highway through British Columbia, the Yukon and into Alaska in the summer months when the mud has become dust and the dust is churned up by the traffic and so is almost always hanging in the air.

In the great summer traffic, one of the worst hazards in driving north is that a rock thrown up from a passing truck will strike your car directly in the middle of your windshield. The rocks all seem to be so well aimed! I remember that during the summer I spent in Alaska, the local people always said that it was easy to tell which cars had recently driven the highway—everyone of them had a crack in the windshield where a rock had struck it!

Believe it or not, the winter, with its hard, frozen snow, packed and covered with sand from the sanding trucks, is a fairly good time to drive the highway. The conditions are favorable, that is, if your



Sophie Driftmier in Vancouver.

car is equipped with a block heater and an electric battery blanket to ensure that it will start in the morning and if your car's condition is good generally so that it doesn't break down somewhere fifty miles from the nearest habitation. No car is absolutely immune to that type of situation, and so every car must also be well-equipped with warm sleeping bags, food and materials needed to start a good fire. Things can be very cold indeed at -40 degrees Celsius and lower!

This leaves us with one more season. Fall is the best time to drive north. During the months of September and October, the great summer crowds are off the highway. Hence, the dust and the flying rocks are minimized. Also, another great villain that plagues us in the spring and summer is gone. If you have read that the northern mosquito comes in a size as big as a Canadian goose and that you must be equipped with a shotgun to finish off the ornery critter, you have probably heard an exaggeration! But most of the people that I know in Fort Nelson will tell you that such a description is not fabricated. The fact is that our mosquitoes are big and plentiful. It is also a fact that in September and October our insects are long past their prime. At the same time, the foliage of the aspen and birch puts on its intense, brief, colorful show between September 15 and October 15. If Sophie and I decide to spend one more year in our present location, it will be partly so that we can drive north to the Rocky Mountains and wander through our favorite mountain valleys in the fall of the year.

As you can probably sense, at any time of the year there is a romance and adventure in traveling the Alaskan Highway. Motels and campsites are being built each year; in towns like Fort Nelson you can buy all of the supplies needed whether you are camping or staying at motels. You can also go on bus tours that

take you over the "long, crooked road". You should come prepared to meet friendly people who are willing to lend a hand and help you on your way. You should also come prepared to feel what it is like to be in real wilderness, to stand looking over the woods to the mountains and know that there is nothing man-made, and quite possibly, no people as far as one can see. There is a real excitement in the quiet and peace of the land.

I have been living in Canada for seven years now. I have often written to you about how blessed we are in North America to have two great nations sharing the longest unguarded border in the world. I like the story of how the Alaskan Highway was built in World War II with both Canadian and American money and with Americans from the Army Corps of Engineers and the Canadians working side by side to build, in two years, a road that would protect Alaska and hence the whole continent from enemy invasion. Our latest example of the spirit of cooperation between the two countries came this year when the Canadian embassy in Iran helped to free several American diplomats and get them safely out of that country back to the United States. I feel very much at home in this great country so this spring I took a big step and became a citizen of Canada. I still love the United States, but Canada is now my home and I love this country too! From now on, when you read my letters, you can think of them as coming from the Canadian Driftmiers.

And the Canadian Driftmiers send our very best until the next time.

Sincerely,

David Driftmier

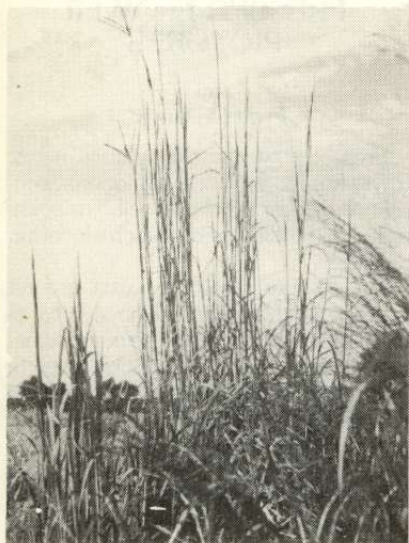
RECIPE ROUNDUP — Concl.

Spoon bread, Lord Baltimore cake, Blanc mange, Sauerbraten, Lasagne, Borsch, etc.

Ingredient Sniff: On a table in saucers, put a collection of ingredients used in cooking. A numbered card is by each saucer. Players look at and sniff contents of dishes, but no fair tasting. They note their guesses as to the contents of each saucer by the corresponding numbers on their papers. Possible ingredients: Sugar, Salt, Baking powder, Soda, Cream of tartar, Cinnamon, Cloves, etc.

For the final game, give guests a pencil and small pad, or several index cards. Instruct them to write their names on all the recipes they brought to the party. The recipes are circulated and guests copy the ones that appeal to them. At the finish, the recipes brought can be given to the hostess.

With so much attention having been given to food, guests will be ready for refreshments. The table centerpiece is a pile of colorful cookbooks.



—Photo by Joe Taylor
Only a few remnants of native prairie remain. This big bluestem is a reminder of the tall-grass prairie that once covered millions of acres in North America.

ONLY A LITTLE REMAINS

by
Joe Taylor

Tucked away near the railroad track close to where I live is a small patch of grasses and plants that, if anyone were even to notice, would probably be called weeds. But they are not. Standing about eight feet tall in that patch is a grass known as big bluestem. It was the predominant prairie grass that once grew throughout much of the Midwest. The prairie gave way in the 1800's to the settlers who farmed and tilled the soil.

Why is this grass, this weed which few seem to care about, so special?

It once grew throughout the middle of North America, growing from Lake Michigan northwestward into Canada and southward into Texas. It covered millions of acres and provided forage for millions of bison. It was the prairie.

Prairie is a French word which means "meadow". When the Europeans first came to the region now known as the Midwest, they must have been astonished by the vast grassland that stretched from horizon to horizon with only a few trees here and there.

In Illinois, for example, of the 102 counties in the state, all but nine contained prairie. While Illinois received the nickname "Prairie State", any state in the Midwest could also have been called that just as correctly.

The tall-grass prairie which covered the land created the rich, dark soils that make the best crop land in the world.

The environment which greeted the early settlers was a harsh one. There were dangers everywhere, including the cold winters and the threat of prairie fires. The prairie fires covered thousands

of acres, reaching temperatures of 400 degrees with flames leaping 30 feet high. While such fires were dangerous to man and his property, it was nature's way to revive and nourish the prairie, unlocking nutrients in plants, warming the soil, removing dead growth, splitting seeds open, and burning woody plants.

Wooden plows of the early days could not turn the soil laden with the deep roots of the plants and grasses. The land remained for the most part unbroken until use of the steel plow became practical in the 1840's. Then the virgin prairie was broken by furrows. Today, only a few thousand acres of true prairie remain, mostly in tiny, scattered parcels.

THE WINDMILL

No one doubted a century ago that wind was the cheapest known source of power. And on the wind-swept Great Plains, there always seemed to be much of it. Rural America, before the utility companies, relied on an inexpensive little power plant so simple that a child could understand it and learn to fix it—the windmill.

Never underestimate the humble windmill's role in settling this country. Three inventions were deemed essential to the homesteaders' and ranchers' survival here—the Colt revolver, barbed wire and the windmill. The arid West needed water—water for steam locomotives, water for cattle, water for people, water for irrigation and water to survive. Windmills pumped it from the ground.

Watered vegetable gardens greatly improved the diets of Westerners. There were wash houses for washing clothes and well houses where cold water kept food from spoiling. Sweating men chased the cattle away from barnyard tanks and plunged into them for a cooling bath. Children played in the tanks and prairie preachers baptized babies and saved repentant sinners in them.

It was a hard land, but windmills made

However, there is considerable interest in prairie restoration projects. Many seed houses and nurseries are now offering prairie seed so the do-it-yourselfer can convert his lawn or garden into a small prairie, a reminder of the once-large area that was covered with the rich, big bluestem.

Why preserve the prairie? It represents a part of our natural and historical heritage that, once destroyed, cannot be re-created. Its demise has diminished the richness of the land.

The few small remnants that are scattered in cemeteries, corners of fields, and along unused roads are all that are left; only a little remains.

it easier. In the early 1900's, the treeless prairie was spiked with such fine windmills as Eclipse, Halladay Standard, Eureka, Gem Steel, Aeromotor, Vaneless, Plymouth Iron, Star, Mast Foss, U.S. Wind Machine and Pump, U.S. Standard Wheel. Sears, Roebuck would even put your name on their rudder free of charge! Windmills were also an American export to other countries. In 1929, there were a hundred factories competing for the windmill trade. Some kept pace with progress and customer demand by also manufacturing wind-powered battery chargers.

Then came the rural electrification program of the 1930's and 40's, bringing government subsidized, low-cost electrical power to rural America and—alas for windmill lovers—windmills gradually become obsolete. Or did they? With today's research to find renewable sources of energy, a significant part of this country's energy may be supplied by solar and wind sources by the year 2000.

Sometimes we have to look back to see where we should be going!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: A friend from Rapid City, South Dakota, sent this story of the windmill to us. It brought back so many memories to us, we thought you might enjoy reading it also.)



This windmill is still being used to pump water for cattle, but the small house, long empty, is gradually deteriorating. Many a prairie homestead such as this continues to tell the story of brave people who built a house, struggled against difficult odds and finally felt they could not continue and moved away. —Photo by Jeff Birkby

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

"This is the third year I have failed with perennial baby's breath," writes F.R. "The roots I ordered from a nursery arrived in late June, and were completely dried out. I complained to the nursery and they replaced them the following spring, a bit earlier and in better condition. Still none of the plants grew. Last fall I bought two more divisions and set them in a different location from the previous plantings—still no luck. I love the dainty sprays to mix with other cut flowers. How can I get the plants to root and grow in my garden?"

Perhaps your soil is too acid for gypsophila which likes a sweet or limy soil. If you have no way of testing your soil, try adding a little commercial lime to the spot where the plants are to be grown. Did you wait until mid-June for your fall-planted divisions to come up? Baby's breath is notoriously slow to appear in the spring and I have sometimes forgotten where it was planted and hoed off the crowns of my plant. A packet of perennial gypsophila seed costs less than a dollar and with a little luck you can grow lots of seedlings. The plants will not bloom the first year but once you get clumps established, they will come forth each summer with billows of misty bloom. Good perennial kinds are Early Snowball, Pacifica and Single White.

One spring I planted a packet of mixed annual flower seeds that a friend sent me with a birthday card. I came upon it in late spring and planted the seed in a garden row because the flower beds were filled. One of the plants that came up was an annual baby's breath. It was delightful with larger flowers than the perennial type. After that, annual baby's breath became a standard for our garden as it supplies plenty of sprays for bouquets and we can leave our perennial blooms intact to make a display in the border.

Covent Garden is a white annual gypsophila that should be planted at intervals to give continuous cutting supplies. There is also a rose-pink variety that is lovely if you can get it to grow well.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

to church as much as he does and she enjoys shipboard life, but she seldom stays more than two months on the ship. He goes home when he can. Mr. Noorderveen has many problems on the SS *Statendam*, a ship recognized to be one of the cleanest cruise ships to be found anywhere. When the ship left Miami, there were ninety crew members assigned to Mr. Noorderveen's housekeeping staff. Just supervising those ninety men is quite a task. On each



Betty Driftmier is happily at work in the garden which is at the retirement home she and Frederick are enjoying so much. Betty has always had a great interest in gardening and much appreciates having fresh, home-grown vegetables for their summer meals.

eleven-day cruise, there are four washcloths and four towels for each of the 800 passengers each day. In addition, the passengers use 1000 beach towels at the two swimming pools each day, as well as a total of 4200 sheets and that many pillowcases, and 5000 bars of soap. In the main dining room, 400 linen tablecloths and 2000 linen napkins are used each day.

One of the big responsibilities Mr. Noorderveen has is running the ship's laundry 24 hours a day to keep the ship supplied with clean towels, sheets, etc. In addition, the laundry takes care of all of the personal laundry needs of the passengers and crew. Betty and I sent some laundry and dry cleaning to be done, and it was returned to our stateroom in 36 hours. We were delighted, for that was better laundry service than found in most hotels. Every single passenger on that ship spoke appreciatively of the way the housekeeping staff kept the staterooms immaculate at all times; I wonder how many of those same passengers knew all of these necessary housekeeping details.

Two very good friends were on this same cruise: Mrs. Jessie Woods of Portland, Oregon, and Mr. Richard Kirk Washburn of Springfield and Portland. Each had staterooms near ours and they each sat at our table in the dining room. All during the cruise they kept saying, "Now you must tell your Kitchen-Klatter friends about this special dish, and tell them about the dessert we had tonight." It is obvious that magazine space does not permit telling in this letter about all of the exquisite food we had on the cruise. I promise to tell you about Holland America cuisine in my next letter. Until then, Betty joins me in wishing all of you the best of everything.

Sincerely,
Frederick

PRESSED FLOWER PICTURES

by
Fran De Cook

Pressed flowers make beautiful items: trays, framed pictures, stationery decorations, gifts or articles to sell. The possibilities are endless and its such a lot of fun besides!

Since I now have only partial use of my left hand and arm, I have tried all kinds of handwork just to be doing something—crocheting, oil painting, sketching, crewel embroidery and sewing. For the most part, all these projects have been rewarding, but of all my projects none receive the acclaim that my pressed flower work does.

If you have ever pressed flowers in a book when you were a child, you will surely enjoy it now. The actual pressing of flowers hasn't changed much and it's still free. Start collecting as soon as there are flowers to pick and continue until frost kills them in the fall. I use the big phone directories to dry and press flowers because they are heavy and the paper absorbs the moisture. Pick only the brightest blooms after the dew has dried. Pansies press the best, with their flat faces, so keep this in mind when selecting flowers for pressing. Pick only the heads so that after the flower is pressed you will have a flat, smooth, colorful bloom.

Flowers that are especially fine for pressing are: sprigs of bleeding heart, violets, buttercup, columbine, cosmos, daisies, clematis, spirea, lily of the valleys, mock orange, Queen Anne's lace, wild roses and buds. Be sure to include some bright green leaves and grasses to add interest and contrast. I also press sprigs of goldenrod and colored leaves that I use in gay autumn scenes. Another fine addition is perfect fern fronds, as these press beautifully. In one picture, I perched a dried monarch butterfly from my son's prize collection which he, at length, decided to part with.

After the flowers are completely dried, carefully lift them with tweezers and store them in a flat box.

For a picture, get a frame with glass and cardboard backing (I got mine at a variety store). Glue a black felt background to the cardboard backing, then weight it down so it will dry perfectly flat. Form a mental image of how you want your picture to look, then place leaves and grasses to form a basic outline. This done, carefully pick up flowers with tweezers or pointed-nose pliers and put them in place. When you have arranged them to your liking, lift each piece carefully, one at a time, squeeze a dab of glue to the back, and gently press in place with your fingertips. Weight down the entire picture for a few days with a heavy

(Continued on page 19)

Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



After two years of college, one unfortunate truth has become increasingly evident—engineering students are not allotted nearly enough time for pleasure reading. A dog-eared copy of Dostoyevsky's *Crime And Punishment* has loyally followed me back to school after every vacation, but its many untouched chapters attest to those rare moments of escape from the facts and figures that saturate every sentence of every textbook I am assigned.

When I was home for vacation this spring, I looked through shelves of old books and chose three of my favorite classics to write about, three compelling and romantic adventure stories.

A stolen sapphire and three honorable brothers, each too eager to claim responsibility for the crime, make what seems to be an intriguing but standard mystery become an exciting and dangerous adventure as each flees to the same unusual hiding place—the French Foreign Legion.

Beau Geste, by Percival Christopher Wren, is the suspenseful and dramatic intertwining of plots. At the Brandon Abbas estate, a valuable sapphire (the "Blue Water") is stolen and, in order to protect their aunt, the Lady Brandon, Beau, Digby and John all swear that they are the criminal and escape before the real fate of the "Blue Water" is discovered. Chance and brotherly intuition bring the three men together in the French Foreign Legion, where a new plot unfolds. The green beauty of Brandon Abbas countryside is replaced by the cruel and ruthless African desert, and the Gestes struggle for their sanity and their lives against the Arabian nomads and their own villainous commanding officer, LeJaune.

The Count of Monte Cristo, written by Alexandre Dumas, is a tale of vengeance. Arrested at his wedding feast on charges trumped up by a jealous rival, nineteen-year-old Edmund Dante is sent to the notorious and impregnable fortress, the Chateau d'If. An ingenious escape ends his imprisonment and, following the clues of his friend and fellow prisoner, the Abbe Faria, he discovers a fortune hidden in the caves of Monte Cristo. Driven by his one overpowering desire for revenge, Edmund returns to Paris and begins a ruthless existence bent on exacting a terrible vengeance on his enemies.

Like *Beau Geste*, *The Count of Monte Cristo* contains two fascinating tales, one unbelievable account of Edmund's battle for sanity during his solitary confine-



Juliana Lowey and her life-long friend, Robin Justiz, take time from their busy schedules to pose for this lovely photograph.

ment, and the other, an amazing story of revenge.

Scaramouche, by Raphael Sabatini, is another novel set in the blazing period of the French Revolution. Although Andre Louis Moreau is the son of a noble family, when his best friend is murdered by the wealthiest marquis in Paris, he turns his back on his ancestry and joins forces with the lower classes and the students at the outbreak of the Revolution. Seeking the safety of anonymity in a group of vagabond actors, he becomes known as the clown, "Scaramouche", and few suspect his mask disguises one of the finest swordsmen in France. But there are many surprises waiting for the unfortunate "Scaramouche" when he discovered his most deadly enemy, and indeed the most villainous character in the book, is really his blood father, and that decorum will never allow him to win the woman he loves.

I hope you will enjoy these novels as much as I have!

TO DAD ON FATHER'S DAY

Thank you, Dad, for the memories
Of life at a slower pace,
Of carefree days and innocent times
In a loving, lovely place.
Thank you for caring and working,
For keeping me safe from harm;
I think of you now and remember
The blessings of life on our farm.

—Inez Baker

FLOWER PICTURES — Concluded
hard-cover book so the flowers will dry flat and stay in place. After the glue has dried, cover with the glass and insert into the frame.

The picture is now ready to hang on the wall—an extension of a summer garden to enjoy all year long. Just a word of caution though, hang it where the sun doesn't shine too brightly as the flowers might fade.



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- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
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- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SUNDAY SCHOOL!

(A Children's Acrostic)

by
Virginia Thomas

(Note: Children have large cardboard letters spelling S-U-N-D-A-Y S-C-H-O-O-L which they hold up at the proper time.)

In Unison: 'Twas two hundred years ago this year

That the Sunday school was founded—

And it's still here going strong,
In God's love it's firmly grounded.

S — SERVICE to others, Jesus taught,
Is a wonderful gift of love.

We also give that gift to Him,
Our Heavenly Father above.

U — UNDERSTANDING,
On my part,
Comes when I take Jesus
Into my heart.

N — NO one cares for me like
Jesus,

No one else so kind as He.
No one else has ever died to save me,
Oh, how much He cares for me.

D — DO unto others,
The Good Book does say,
As you'd have them do unto you,
At work, at school, at play.

A — ASSURANCE God is always near,
Wherever I may be.

Assurance I need never fear,
He'll always care for me.

Y — YOU may be only one,
But you are one,
You are God's own child,
Through whom His will is done.

S — SINGING time is a happy time,
Of Sunday school a special part.
We praise the Lord with gladness
As we sing with all our heart.

C — CHILDREN are very important
To the Sunday school
As they read the Bible, sing and pray
And learn the Golden Rule.

H — HAPPY the hours,
Happy the way
We learn about Jesus
The Sunday school way.

O — OVER and over
Our sins He'll forgive;
Over and over
As long as we live.

O — OUR hope in times of trouble,
Our help in times of strife,
Our comfort when in sorrow,
He's the mainstay of our life.

L — LOVE so great, love so wondrous,
Deep and mighty, so divine
Coming from our Heavenly Father,
Holding close your heart and mine.

In Unison: Yes, we think Sunday school is great

And so we want to say,
"Thank you, Lord, for Sunday schools;
Make this a happy birthday!"



From Our Family Album

For many, many years the month of June was graduation time for college students, and thus we wish to share with you this picture of Mother, Leanna Field Driftmier, when she graduated from what was then called "Normal School" in Los Angeles, California. The picture is dated June, 1906, and even though it has faded through the years, we wished to share it with you because it captures the strong sense of determination that was so characteristic of her entire life.

—Lucile

200 YEARS OLD — Concluded

minister named Thomas Jenkins who tucked his Bible under his arm in 1857 and rode his horse into Fremont County, Iowa, and started an "Old School" Baptist church. He became, in due time, the great-great-grandfather of my husband, Robert Birkby. It is found in the lives of people like my own father, Carl Corrie, who was influenced by another circuit-riding preacher to dedicate his life to the service of his God and became a minister in the Methodist church. And it is found in the life of every person today who has ever gone to Sunday school, who has ever taught a class or become involved in any way in its sharing, planning and loving service.

Happy birthday Sunday schools everywhere—may you have many more successful centuries.

❖ ❖ ❖

MAKE A MEMORY GIFT

by
Adena Clayton

Want to make an inexpensive, yet different and personal graduation gift? For the past few years, my family and I have presented friends who are graduating from high school with a plaque using the graduation announcement, name card and portions of the commencement program.

First item needed is a board. I prefer a board approximately 10" by 14". (I have made smaller plaques using only the announcement and personal card.) The board can be new or used wood, old barn boards, scrap pieces of plywood, etc. Cut to the desired size. A very light sanding will usually be sufficient to clean. However, if the board has to be washed, allow an extra day or so for the board to dry thoroughly before making the plaque. Each edge is covered with the sealer, so no additional sanding should be necessary.

An out-of-the-way area is needed to work on your plaques. Depending on the number being made, a counter top, small table, or any flat surface not needed for a few days is suitable. Cover the area with old newspapers. Then, for each board two jar lids, coffee cans, or something is needed to hold the board up off the paper. Now, place the board on the jar lids set on the flat surface. Decide what items will be included. Arrange until you get the effect you want, then remove papers and set aside. There should be areas of board showing between the clippings.

We use Mod Podge or similar commercial product to coat our graduation plaques. It is fast and easy to use, does not have an undesirable odor, and is nonflammable. Therefore, we can work indoors even on rainy days. Other products could be used if preferred. With a small paintbrush, spread a coat of the Mod Podge over the top surface and edges of the board. This seals the board and makes a smooth surface to apply the cutouts. Let dry for an hour or so.

While the board is drying, prepare the items to be applied. Our school provided a pretty, folded graduation program. From this, I've used the front page with an appropriate picture, as well as names of all the graduates from the back page. I really appreciate the program having GRADUATION, with the date, and the name of the high school printed boldly on the front. The name and year could be cut from a calendar, but often this paper is not as sturdy and does not look quite as attractive. Another hint—collect several programs before you start. I've had my children looking under bleachers, in trash cans, etc., as I tried to collect enough for several plaques. Also, don't wait a year to start this type of



Aaron Brase receiving trophy for high bowling average.

project unless you save plenty of the programs to use. Somehow they disappear from glove compartments and suit-coat pockets after a length of time.

Burnt edges make a pleasing effect with old-board backgrounds. This can be tricky, so have a small container of water and a damp cloth handy. Trim around the items you intend to use, but leave ample room to burn. (This is a trial method and you'll soon learn how much to leave.) I prefer using a lighted candle rather than matches. In a draft-free place and over a container to catch the ashes, carefully singe a small portion along the edge of each. Usually the flame can be blown out when the edge has been burned far enough. A precaution is to slightly dampen all the way around the clipping and the fire slows down when it reaches the moistened paper. Continue until all edges are burned. After the edges of each piece are properly prepared, the scorched portions should be gently brushed off. Be sure the surfaces are reasonably clean of ashes before gluing to board as this will cause a smudge. A tissue can be used to lightly brush off the blackened ashes.

Apply a thin coat of the Mod Podge to

the back side of each clipping. Set this in place on the board. With a pencil or a rolling pin, roll from the center toward the edge in every direction several times to remove any air bubbles. This takes a little time, but it is essential. If a small bubble appears and it cannot be rolled out, a pin prick can be made in the center of the bubble and a small amount of the Mod Podge placed in the hole. Smooth this down.

After each desired item is placed on the board in this same manner, apply a coat of Mod Podge to the entire top surface and edges of the board. Allow this to dry until it is not sticky to touch—several hours or overnight. Apply several coats of Mod Podge. Allow each coat to dry before applying the next one. Add a decorative hanger to the top center of the plaque. These can be purchased in a craft shop or hardware store.

These techniques can be used for wedding announcements, invitations, cards, as well as other celebrations. Our personal and homemade gifts have been appreciated by everyone to whom we've given this lasting memento.



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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

minutes Betty Jane was on the road in our old car and all I could do was to wait for her call when she found out exactly what had gone wrong. Believe me, that was a long afternoon.

So much happened so swiftly that all I can do is to condense it down to the bare bones. Lu's brand-new car had a sudden mechanical failure and she found herself in the ditch. An ambulance took her into the Ida Grove hospital where she had all of the routine x-rays, etc., and after three or four days of treatment the doctor dismissed her and said that she could ride as far as Shenandoah.



Naomi Tilsen, Betty Jane's daughter, left her own housecleaning business in San Francisco to be with her Grandma Lu in St. Paul, Minnesota, for a brief visit. Betty Jane's family is very closely knit in spite of living so far from home base in the Twin Cities.

During this period of waiting, Betty Jane's daughter, Hannah Tilsen, arrived from Tucson, Arizona. In these last six years or so, you've heard many references to Hannah because she's lived with us here in Shenandoah for sizable chunks of time; now she is anxious to get back to her family roots in Minnesota and consequently stopped here en route to the Twin Cities. The news about her Grandma Lu was certainly a great shock to her, needless to say.

And right here I want to say that all of us feel most grateful to the Ida Grove Kitchen-Klatter friends who were so kind to Lu when the news spread that her daughter, Betty Jane, was actually the Betty Jane they'd been listening to for a long time on our radio program! It reinforced once again my knowledge that if any of us ever get into trouble, there are always Kitchen-Klatter friends turning up to see what they can do to be of help.

After Lu left Ida Grove, she spent several days with us here at the house and then felt so much pain that she entered our wonderful new Shenandoah Memorial Hospital for further treatment. After a stint out there, she came back to our house, and then Hannah drove her up to the old family home in St. Paul. As I write this, the two of them are together and Lu is feeling better but still going for out-patient treatment.

Now we are looking forward to the arrival of Aunt Adelyn Rope and her husband, Uncle Albert. They are driving up from their home in Mountain Home, Arkansas, and we are most eager to have a family get-together with them. They are both 84 and I think it's wonderful that they can still drive back to their old family base in Clarinda.

I could write a full ten pages this morning with all kinds of odds and ends tucked in, but space is space and I'm just plain out of it. Until next month, I remain as always your devoted friend . . .

Lucile

EMILY'S LETTER — Concluded

our surprise to find that 100 years ago, beds were built four inches shorter than the smallest size double bed today. Of necessity, for three years we slept "hippie" style, with that mattress set directly on the floor. Finally, last month, we located an expert furniture repair shop and had the bed sideboards lengthened.

The bed is comfortable and looks so handsome now, particularly with the handmade appliqued quilt that my sister, Alison, made for us. A photograph of this bridal wreath pattern quilt appeared in *Kitchen-Klatter* in June of 1978.

Rich gave me a birthday present of a small, lovely Victorian table to match the bedroom set. He found it on a trip to Minneapolis, and was able to bring it home on the plane in the baggage compartment. He telephoned on arrival to say that he had a surprise, and I certainly was surprised.

Surely, by the next letter, I'll have news of our baby, and how our lives have been forever altered by this event.

Until then . . .

Emily

EVENING REVERIES

The golden sun sinks swiftly
Beyond the western hills,
The sky is bright and rosy-streaked;
Honeysuckle—its perfume spills.
Hollyhocks and roses vie for honor
In the color review,
Earth's green velvet carpet
Takes on an olive hue.
Residents of birdland extend their hours
of search,
Curious, half-grown rabbits, wily
and shy,
Nibble at the clover
Before darkness veils the sky.
Fireflies start their random twinkling
In the lingering afterglow
As shades of night are slowly drawn
And cooling breezes blow.
On a cloudless summer evening
As twilight gathers 'round,
There's a peaceful benediction;
Serene and hushed are daytime
sounds.
We pause in quiet reflection
At close of a busy day,
Thankful for these pleasantries
And that we've passed this way.
—Thelma M. Griffith

Adv. — "Recently, a guest at our resort had one of your cookbooks. I got a good look at it and decided I would like to have one also. (Years ago we lived in Nebraska so knew about Kitchen-Klatter.) For 15 years we have lived in Canada and had lost track of the Kitchen-Klatter family. So glad to know you have this fine cookbook for our use, now."

—V.W., Ontario, Canada

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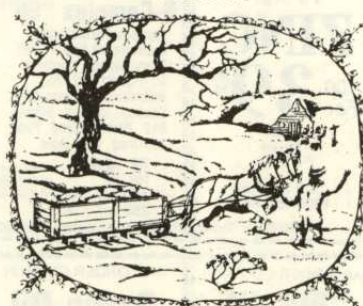
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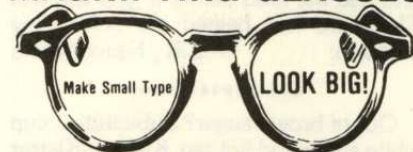
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HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

Have you ever heard of Belgium Waffles? I make up my favorite waffle recipe (page 59 in the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*). After each waffle is baked, spread on a spoonful of fresh, sweetened, crushed strawberries. Top with a scoop of vanilla ice cream and then sprinkle a little powdered sugar over the top. (I don't sweeten the strawberries much because of the sweet ice cream and powdered sugar.)

—Mrs. A.F., Wisner, Ne.

A small amount of milk added to the water in which cauliflower is cooked will keep the vegetable white.

At a children's party, give each child a brown paper bag with his name written on it. Plan games where all can win (even if one game ends with all children with brown eyes getting prizes, and the next with all children with blue eyes getting prizes). The paper bags can be used for the "loot".

I have found that recipes that call for melted chocolate chips can be made more economical by using the chocolate-flavored chips and then adding 1/2 to 1 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring, depending on the amount of chips called for. —S.R., Wymore, Ne.

When cooking carrots, add honey. What a difference it makes to the carrots. A large tablespoon of honey is right for a medium batch—more if larger. —Mrs. M.H.

Every time I cleaned out my refrigerator, I would find containers of molded leftovers that I had forgotten about. Considering the price of groceries and that people are going hungry, I couldn't bear to waste all this food, so I came up with a way of using all my leftovers. Now when I put leftovers in the refrigerator, I put a piece of masking tape on the top of the container and mark it in bold letters as to contents and date. Now I see the words and use the food before it gets too old. This sure has helped me solve my problem. —C.R., Faucett, Mo.

Out of brown sugar? Substitute 1 cup white sugar and 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring.

Camping Hint: A warm pull-over sweat shirt is an invaluable part of a camping wardrobe. No matter where a person vacations, such a garment is needed before the trip is over.

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