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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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**Frederick and Betty Driftmier's
home.**

Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month I didn't get off my usual letter to you—only a note explaining about radio stations and the reason we'd fallen through the fabric of some of your lives. Not getting to you for my regular letter left me feeling dislocated for a long spell, so today I'm glad to be back in the harness.

The very first thing I want to say is that I am deeply grateful for the cards and letters that you friends sent to me in December. Holiday messages have always meant a lot to me, but this year I was particularly happy to have them, even though some of them gave me a peculiar feeling. A peculiar feeling? Yes, and this is the explanation:

I had told you in my last real letter that I was going to spend the holiday in New Mexico, so when I read these words on your cards, I felt a genuine jolt: "I hope that you have a wonderful Christmas season with your daughter and your grandchildren in Albuquerque." You had no way of knowing, of course, that Albuquerque might just as well have been on Mars when the date rolled around to carry through on plans that I'd been churning around in my head for almost a year!

As a matter of fact, I seem to be what they call a "slow learner" because I'm a great one for looking far down the road, and many sad disappointments haven't knocked this out of me. And that's just the way it is.

Two things combined to keep me right here at old home base; health and the weather. I don't want to get off on a tiresome recital of physical ailments, so I'll just say that I am a victim of osteoporosis, a form of arthritis I'd never heard about until it hit me like an eighteen-wheeler truck six years ago. Since that time, it's been kept at bay by medication—primarily highly concentrated vitamins. As we brought down luggage, began wrapping presents, etc., it never occurred to me that I'd be heading

for the hospital instead of Albuquerque. But that's the way it worked out.

By the time I felt well enough to be thinking about taking to the highways, we had moved into the worst winter experienced in these parts for quite a few years. We're still in it. As I write this to you, I'm looking out over a garden so deeply drifted that it reminds me of pictures snapped in Switzerland or the Colorado Rocky Mountains. I haven't had my head out of the door for weeks, and from the weather forecasts it will be some time before I do. But the house is warm, there is wood for the fireplace, food on the shelves, radio and TV, your letters, magazines, books, Betty Jane's faithful companionship . . . well, I could be a lot worse off.

And now for the biggest and brightest news of all—tomorrow afternoon (IF the weather permits) Juliana is arriving here for a week's visit. Since I couldn't make it out there, she has everything lined up so she can fly home from Albuquerque. I don't need to spend any words telling you what her visit will mean to me, you know.

Juliana told me on the phone the other night that she had just enjoyed a wonderful visit with her Uncle Wayne and Aunt Abigail from Denver, plus her cousin, Alison Driftmier Walstad and little Lily of Ruidoso Downs, N.M. Wayne and Abigail had extremely rough driving until they hit the Raton Pass near the Colorado-New Mexico borders, and at that point the highways became clear and they drove on into Albuquerque without trouble.

Juliana said that they all went out to dinner (Lily included, since she goes everywhere) and had a wonderful time even though there was a hint of nostalgia because the restaurant where they went was the same place where that group had gathered for the wedding dinner of Emily and Rich DiCicco a few years ago. All in all, it was a delightful time. Even bedding down Lily was no problem because Juliana has Katharine's old crib set up in the guest house and thus can take care of any visiting babies.

(Incidentally, I told Juliana that they were lucky to be able to go back to the same restaurant for that evening because about ten years after she and Jed were married, I wanted to go back to the restaurant where about eighteen of us had their pre-nuptial dinner—and the building had been knocked down.)

Yesterday afternoon, I was astonished and delighted to get my first glimpse of little Cassandra Palo when Mary Lea, Vincent, Isabel and Christopher seized a few hours between storms to drive down from Offutt Air Force Base. It was a hasty trip to see the Shenandoah Driftmier relatives, but I had a chance to hold my little great-niece long enough to see that in real life (as opposed to any black-



Lily Walstad, daughter of Mike and Alison (Driftmier) Walstad, loves playing out-of-doors. She cannot often romp in snow in their New Mexican winters, but when it is possible, she finds it delightful fun.

and-white picture) she is a beautiful baby with lovely coloring and a smile that invites you to spoil her half to death—as the old phrase goes.

Down in our basement, we have an old portable baby crib which I plan to bring upstairs for Cassandra to use. Once we have some good, dependable weather, I'm anxious for the Palos to come and spend a day with us. This will take some scheming at their end because they have a daily schedule that is jammed full. Juliana will have a chance to see them because she will be spending the night at their home in Bellevue, Nebr., when she starts her return trip to Albuquerque.

Those of you who keep track of us every month know that Betty and Frederick had a real honest-to-goodness visit with us just before winter moved in. After they left the Midwest, they went to visit Betty's relatives in the South, and after they returned to their home in Connecticut, I had a letter from Frederick with an account of this hair-raising experience:

"We had good weather all of the way until our last day up in the mountains of northwestern Maryland as we crossed over from West Virginia. Then, we had the worst driving I ever have experienced in all my life.

"After we were safely home, we read in the New York papers just how dangerous the driving was 'in the mountains of northwestern Maryland'. We went very steeply down 3,000 feet in ice
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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Old Man Winter has certainly put on a show for us today. We have had snow, freezing rain, more snow, more rain, mist and fog, none of which made it very easy, or enticing, to go outside to do the chores. The cattle didn't even want to come out of the shed to get their corn when we took it out to them, and there were times today when the big hay bales didn't have many customers. Fortunately, we didn't have to haul any bales out to the livestock.

Since writing my last letter to you, our friends from northern Iowa came for the deer-hunting season. These are the same men who have been coming for thirteen years. There were seven of them and they got just two deer. They didn't even see very many. Now that there is snow on the ground, Frank says the timber is just covered with deer tracks. Frank doesn't hunt anymore but a lot of his friends do, and we have heard the same story from all of them—they just didn't see any deer.

Before George Beukema started back to Kanawha, he came in and had a cup of coffee and visited awhile. It was surprising to hear him say he was going to cook a big Christmas dinner for ninety people when he got home. In all the years he has been coming here, he had never mentioned his fondness for cooking. I asked him if he had ever had a restaurant, or been a chef. He said he hadn't, but for years it had been a tradition in his church for the men to cook and serve the food for the Mother-Daughter Banquet with about 250 in attendance. (The women do the same for the Father-Son Banquet.) The man who formerly was in charge was an excellent cook and a good teacher. When he no longer did the cooking, George stepped in and took over the job.

While George loves to cook, his real occupation is farming. He has a big farm and also does custom work. We are always happy when George and his wife, Colleen, come to see us in the summer because we enjoy having them for friends.

In December, I was in Shenandoah just at the right time to see my nephew, Clark Driftmier, when he stopped overnight on his way to Denver from Kankakee, Ill. He has finished his months of basic training in all phases of the nursery business, and is now working in the Wilmore Nursery with his father, my brother, Wayne Driftmier. Clark had had a wonderful weekend in Delafield, Wis., with his Uncle Don Driftmier and family. Paul and Adrienne were both home that



On a bright, sunny day, Dorothy Driftmier Johnson and her fifteen country school pupils posed at the front of the simple rural building to take this delightful pictorial record of their presence.

weekend and Clark had a good visit with them. He went to visit Adrienne again when she got back to her studies at Northwestern University, where Clark also attended college. He said the cousins of their generation plan to get together for a house party sometime soon, and are going to start making arrangements for such a reunion.

Margery and Oliver Strom spent Christmas in Maple Lake, Minn., with their son, Martin, and his wife, Eugenie, and visited with other relatives while they were there. They took an extensive trip in late October and November, stopping first in Denver to visit Wayne and Abigail. From there, they went for a weekend with some friends to their mountain cabin in New Mexico, then on to Albuquerque to visit Juliana and her family. They drove to Green Valley, Arizona, to spend a week with friends. Tucson was their next stop to visit friends and relatives, then back to Albuquerque for a few more days before coming home. They were home about a week, then went to Rockford and Elgin, Ill., for a few days with two of Oliver's sisters. Marge and Oliver are really enjoying their retirement.

Kristin and her family had a nice Christmas, and Kristin appreciated her two-week break from school to get a few things done at home. She likes her teaching job very much, but a break in routine, especially when you have a home to look after, is deeply satisfying.

I had mentioned in one of my earlier letters that Kristin's and Art's son, Andy, had decided when the family moved to Torrington, Wyo., that he wanted to stay with friends in Chadron and finish his senior year. In spite of the fact he was with the family almost every weekend,

after the football season was over he decided he wanted to be at home with them all the time. He is very happy in school in Torrington, and promptly began taking part in many activities. He has a part-time job, and is also giving drum lessons for the band director. At the high school Christmas concert, Andy played a drum solo and also played for the swing choir.

Our Christmas here was very nice. The weather cooperated so Frank's sister, Bernie, and her friend, Belvah, were able to come out for both Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. While they were at our house, we made phone calls to family members living away from here so we all got to talk with them. Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, recently had very serious surgery and was in the hospital a long time, so it made our Christmas happier to know he was home and getting along slowly, but fine.

When we have a cold, stormy winter day like we have today, I appreciate staying in our warm house. My thoughts go back to 1949 and 1950 when I taught a rural school five miles north of our home. For two years, I had to get out and make that trek every morning. The schoolhouse was very nice and in excellent condition, but it was still cold.

The first year I taught, our heat was from a big coal stove and I knew absolutely nothing about coal or wood stoves. Frank drove me over every morning, got a good fire going, and came after me every evening so he could bank the fire. We had to go early so I could have the schoolhouse warmed up a little before the children came because they all walked long distances. My how I hated to go on Monday morning after the schoolhouse hadn't had any heat over the

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"Hands Around the World"

A Skit for Brotherhood Month

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: The leader stands in the center stage holding the globe of the world. Four others, representing the races of the world, stand two on either side of the leader. One wears black gloves, one wears red gloves, one wears yellow and one wears white. (Note: If you live in a community where you could find a member of each race to speak, this would be wonderful. In that case no gloves would be needed.)

Leader: True brotherhood is comradeship

Of heart and soul and lip;
True comradeship by day and night
With brown and yellow, black and white.

—Quote from Stidger

Brotherhood is a word with a deep meaning. Brotherhood challenges us to love our neighbor, more than just to tolerate him or acknowledge his existence. We need to recognize his problems, then work to find a way to be helpful in solving those problems. Let us seek to open our eyes and look with vision and open our hearts to feel with compassion and open our arms to act with sympathy. In the world around us, we need to be aware of the needs of others. Let us listen as spokesmen speak for the races of the world.

Speaker I: (Holds up black-gloved hands while speaking.)

God, let me be aware.
Let me not stumble blindly down the ways,

Just getting somehow safely through the days,

Not even groping for another hand,
Not even wondering why it all was planned,

Eyes to the ground unseeking for light,
Soul never aching for a wild-winged flight.
Please, keep me eager just to do my share.

God—let me be aware!

Speaker II: (Holds up red hands.)

One man's ground grows harvests,
And one man's store grows trade,
And one man's hand grows service
By which things must be made.

One man's mind grows wisdom
For which the student longs,
One man's skill grows progress,
And one man's heart grows songs.
All gifts and skills are varied
But each one has its call—

The God who also labors
Has uses for them all.

Speaker III: (Holds up yellow hands.)
God, let me be aware.

Stab my soul fiercely with another man's pain.

Let me walk seeing horror and stain.
Let my hands, groping, find other hands.
Give me the heart that divines, understands.

Give me the courage, wounded, to fight.
Flood me with knowledge, drench me with light.

Please, keep me eager just to do my share.

God—let me be aware!

Speaker IV: (Holds up white hands.)
We drew a chalk mark, when we were six and eight,

Down the middle of our room, a wall without a gate.

"That side is your half; this side is mine!"
And heaven help the helpless who stepped across the line.

Then we drew a color line, with comrades at our back,

And tossed a dare at anyone who lived across the track.

Each year more lines, dividing town from town,

Boss from worker, church from church,
nation from neighboring nation,

Separating life from life, regardless of its worth,

Until the lines were battle lines, dividing up the earth.

My brothers, God made it ONE WORLD,
wide and glad and free—

Let's erase the chalk marks between you and me!

Leader: Let us bow for a prayer for brotherhood. "Help us to learn to love one another, remembering always, that we are much alike. Let us forget the different languages we speak and the different ways of doing. Help us, God, to love one another that we may live in worldwide brotherhood. Amen."



A SNOWMAN FOR THE BIRDS

My snowman's special as can be:
He suits the birds as well as me.

Two prunes for eyes, a carrot nose,
An apple mouth, seed teeth in rows,
A string of popcorn round his waist,
Some peanut buttons neatly placed,
A suet hat atop his head,
Ten tiny toes of old dry bread.

My snowman offers birds a treat—
If you make one, your birds can eat!

—Ruth Townsend

WORLDWIDE SCOUTING

by Mabel Nair Brown

February is the month we honor the Boy Scouts.

Centerpiece: For each centerpiece, use a globe of the world. Place a Scout cap at a jaunty angle atop the globe. Tie a Scout neckerchief around the base. If you cannot find enough globes to borrow, use large styrofoam balls, gluing paper cutouts of the continents to it to make your own globe.

Name Tags or Place Cards: For each tag, cut a circle of bright blue construction paper. Decorate each tag with one of the Scout knots, using heavy gold cord. Glue knot to the tag. Print the name with a felt-tipped marker.

Nut Cup Favors: Cover each nut cup with blue paper. Cut the paper in strips of the proper width, then gather each strip (or pleat) on the sewing machine. After pasting on the blue covering, tie a piece of gold cord around the middle (covering the stitching) and tie in a Scout knot. For each nut cup, you will need a tiny, silk, United States flag (or a United Nations flag). Using a toothpick and white paper, make another flag to match the other in size. Write the correct Scout anniversary year on this flag in blue. After the nuts are in the cups, stick a flag of each kind in each cup.

Program Booklets: Make the covers of blue construction paper with inside pages of white typing paper. On the front cover, sketch a globe "face" and have it wear a Scout cap on its "head" and kerchief at the "neck". In a semicircle across the bottom in gold letters print WORLDWIDE SCOUTING or SCOUTING IS WORLDWIDE. Tie the booklet together with gold cord tied in one of the Scout knots. On the first page of the booklet, this poem might be typed: There are things to cherish:

A seed and a dream and a child,
Else must the nations perish

And earth fall away to the wild.

These are the things for wonder:

The leaf and the flower and the grain,
Earth that roots browse under,

And skies for the sun and rain.

These are the things to nourish:

The budding of trees and youth,

So shall the grown things flourish,

Manhood and beauty and truth.

These are the things to cherish:

A seed and a dream and a child.

Program: The program can be built around stories of Scouting in other countries. Pictures of World Scout Jamborees would be especially interesting. If any local Scouts have attended either National or World Scout Jamborees, ask them to talk about the Scouts from other countries they have met.

Contact your local Scout office for material which can be used.



Groundhog Day

by
Erma Reynolds

February 2 will be Groundhog Day, when the old myth will be dusted off. According to legend, on this date the groundhog comes out of his burrow, and if skies are sunny and he sees his shadow, there'll be six more weeks of winter, and back underground he scoots for more sleep. But, if the day is cloudy and he casts no shadow, the furry fellow knows spring is just around the corner and stays outside.

The groundhog is really a woodchuck, known also as rock chuck, whistle pig, whistler or marmot. For those who want to get Latin about it, his scientific name is *marmota monas*.

He's a heavy-bodied, short-tailed member of the squirrel family, measuring about 23 inches in length and weighing eight to ten pounds. He wears a long, coarse coat of brownish-yellow fur. His short, powerful legs and claw-equipped feet are just right for burrow digging. And he does a lot of digging, excavating well-constructed underground burrows complete with several forked tunnels that serve as living quarters for his family. About four to six groundhog babies are born in the spring in the underground bedroom. Here they stay until big enough to leave their mother and go out to find food for themselves.

The groundhog feeds on young grass, alfalfa, clover, fruit, and green vegetables; a choice of diet that has made him a great pest to farmers who grow these crops.

When the weather starts getting nippy, the groundhog begins to stuff himself with food, storing fat under his pelt in preparation for a long hibernation period ahead. Then, when cold weather really sets in, he goes to his burrow, curls up, and goes into a long sleep. During this state of suspended animation the furry sleeper's heart beats only some eight times a minute, instead of the usual twenty to thirty times. His temperature drops from 97 degrees down to 37 degrees.

Eventually, the groundhog awakens, but don't waste time looking for him on February 2 because naturalists say the tradition of Groundhog Day is all nonsense. According to them, "chuck", being a true hibernator, is probably still in

a deep sleep in February. Chances are likely he won't poke his nose out of the burrow until sometime in mid-March.

Just how did this Groundhog Day idea get its start? The legend is very old, dating back to ancient days when animals were believed to be privy to weather secrets. Any creature in a trance, or hibernation, was believed to be in communication with the Divine Being. Why February 2 was chosen as the day for prophecy is not clear—it may tie in with Candlemas Day, which also falls on February 2. An old rhyme tells the story: "If Candlemas Day be fair and bright/Winter will have another flight. But if it be dark with clouds and rain/Winter is gone and will not come again."

Some believe that the Pilgrims brought the Groundhog Day tradition to America. Others trace it to early German settlers of Pennsylvania. Still others claim the legend originated in the Negro culture of the southern United States.

In 1898, seven men in Punxsutawney, Penn., decided to pick up on the groundhog tradition by forming a Ground Hog Club. Each year the club has held a celebration on February 2, with groundhog predictions on the weather the featured part of the festivity.

At the start of this century, not to be outdone by the Punxsutawney club, a group of men in Quarryville, Penn., organized the Slumbering Groundhog Lodge. Each February 2, they don a traditional regalia of white nightshirts and high silk hats. Carrying canes, they head for the fields, looking for a groundhog to give them a prediction as to whether to expect six more weeks of winter.

Naturalists may debunk the groundhog as a weather predictor, but nevertheless he's the only animal that has a special day named in his honor—GROUNDHOG DAY.

"Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable. It is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise."

—Abraham Lincoln

FEBRUARY

by
Fern Christian Miller

Hal Borland tells us in his fine book, *Sundial of the Seasons*, that the name February comes from an ancient word meaning, "a time that tries the patience". I agree. Although February brings us the love and frolic of Valentine's Day, and the holidays of Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, it also brings many long, icy dark and snowy days. It seems to be the very heart of winter here in the Midwest.

February is the time to see that the farm animals, the winter birds and wildlife have plenty of warm water and feed (including birdseed, suet and table scraps) so none will starve. Remember, birds can eat soft snow for moisture but they cannot handle ice.

Dark, stormy, February days are the perfect time to get out hobby materials and enjoy the hours in a snug, warm room doing something creative. I like to stitch away at my sewing machine on my 18th grandchild's baby quilt. The soft colors of the materials are so pretty. Once I have the top pieced, I will face it with white cotton flannel. The inner lining will be a piece of soft, old, clean, lightweight blanket. Using a small darning needle, I'll tack it with scraps of white yarn. I always make a small quilt long enough to tuck in well at the foot of the baby's bed.

If you are one of those clever, creative hobby-craft folks who can make beautiful, useful articles from gift cards, pretty pictures, cardboard, scissors, glue and lacy paper, you are the ones who can make the prettiest valentines. No time is more suitable than St. Valentine's Day for nice remembrances for children, neighbors and elderly folks.

It is pleasant in midwinter to have a sentimental, happy, loving celebration to break the winter's monotony. Remember the homemade valentines and boxes at school when we were children? Is this holiday such a happy looked-forward-to occasion today in our bigger, more modern schools?

It is fun to remember that in ancient times the people of Europe believed that birds chose their mates on February 14, and that young people should do the same. So, the leaders in the community planned many good times for the young unmarried folks to get acquainted and have a merry time. They held parties, parades, singing, dancing and encouraged gift-giving.

February's long hours go by rapidly if they are filled with loving projects to help others less fortunate and by doing projects you simply enjoy doing just for yourself. I could never do without February—it is a month which is needed to fulfill my goals for winter.

SITTING BY THE FIRE

by Evelyn Birkby

It is a cold, blustery day and snow is piled in deep drifts outside the windows and down the length of our lane. Even though our evergreen windbreak to the north of the house is wide and thick, the snow still swirls through the branches.

As long as I can stay inside by the fire, I am more than content. The small oak table which served my mother as her sewing table for many years is perfect for my typewriter. I place it near enough to the fireplace to garner heat and yet have it positioned so I can look out through the windows and into the backyard. The bird feeders and heated birdbath are in that view, so feathered friends keep me company.

Not long ago, I saw five, big, black starlings perched on the edge of the birdbath. Suddenly, as if by a signal, all five hopped into the electrically warmed water and began splashing about. I'm not certain what happened when they hit the cold air with their wet feathers, but for a considerable length of time, those birds enjoyed their very own *hot tub*.

Robert frequently brings Attu up from his doghouse to have a romp in the drifts by the back of the house. Probably no creature enjoys winter snow more than this Alaskan husky of ours. He is showing his 11-year age and arthritis makes his first movements slow and laborious after he has been sleeping long. Once on his feet, however, Attu can leap and jump and run with the best. When the snow is blowing and the drifts are deep, Attu can gambol about like a young puppy.

In the evenings, if we are softhearted, we'll bring Attu inside the house to lie on the rug in front of the fireplace and warm his old bones and provide us with his loving companionship. When the boys were all home for the holidays, they began bringing Attu inside every evening. Surrounded by his beloved family, Attu acted as if he could almost purr, he was that happy.

The time spent with our sons was a great delight and stretched out longer than we had any right to expect. At this writing, Bob is still home doing some research which he can do best in the Midwest. The other two managed, just barely, to arrive back at their respective residences.

Jeff had planned to return to Helena, Montana, by bus. The morning he was scheduled to go we awakened to sleet and freezing rain. Since the changes he needed to make along the way were a scarce 20 to 30 minutes in time, the only way he could manage the trip without long layovers was with clear roads and no delays. So, he stayed home one more day and then flew out of Omaha. Late that very afternoon, another storm

moved into this area to stop some of the normal plane travel. We were all relieved when Jeff phoned that he had arrived at his house, his travel neatly sandwiched between the two winter storms.

Craig had a similar experience in that he delayed his trip back to Iowa City for one day due to ice and snow. He finally got his little car onto the highway and safely drove east to his apartment although it did take several hours longer than normal to go the 300 miles.

So, as I sit by the fire today, I am grateful that our sons could all be home, and glad that the two who needed to return to their work and studies have done so safely.

Now that we are fewer around the table, cooking has become far more simple. Right now, I have a big kettle of navy beans simmering away in the kitchen. On the counter next to the stove are the ingredients to make up some rivils to add to the beans for a hearty, delicious, old-fashioned supper.

And therein lies a story—or several stories, to be exact. In the January 1981 issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, we had an interesting article entitled, "Please Pass the Beans". Author Charlotte Seamann told about a recipe from her childhood called *rivils*. Made from flour and eggs, the mixture was dropped into bean soup in little hunks for a depression-day special. (A regular recipe for the rivils was printed in the March 1981 recipe page of the magazine.)

I had never before heard of rivils, so, one day when I was broadcasting, I mentioned on the radio program that I wondered if any of the listeners remembered such a soup ingredient from their childhood.

You would not believe the number of letters which arrived telling about the simple, noodle-like food. And the variety of ways to spell the name was only matched by the different kinds of soups people suggested using for a base.

The spelling included RIEBELE, RIVVEL, RIVEL, RIVIL, RIPPLES and

RIWWEL. One writer stated the word meant "lumps" and said the soup was filled with lumps that looked like rice. Another called the bits of dough "wiggles"; another likened them to small cherry pits.

One friend copied information from a Pennsylvania German cookbook which called them *riwwelsupp* and stated the dish was really "rubbed crumb soup". This source also said the recipe originated in the country of Palatinate, a former division of Bavaria. The Palatines, wherever they traveled, even across the ocean to Pennsylvania, USA, took the recipe with them. Their *riwwle* (plural) were rubbed through the hands and into hot milk or broth.

A Mennonite cookbook mentioned putting *dry rivels* into potato soup. A German cookbook made *riebele suppe* by mixing the noodle-like dough until crumbly and then dropping the crumbs into hot beef broth to cook until tender. Served hot as a first course, they were followed by boiled beef, vegetables and bread for a mighty fine winter meal.

I appreciated the comment one writer made: "My father-in-law came to Iowa from Pennsylvania. Although his wife was not Pennsylvania Dutch as he was, she learned from his mother how to make *rivels*. She never called them by that name, however, just called them 'thickening'. They were always dropped into a beef-vegetable soup. She showed me how it was done, but my husband says that even after fifty years of trying, I still cannot make them right.

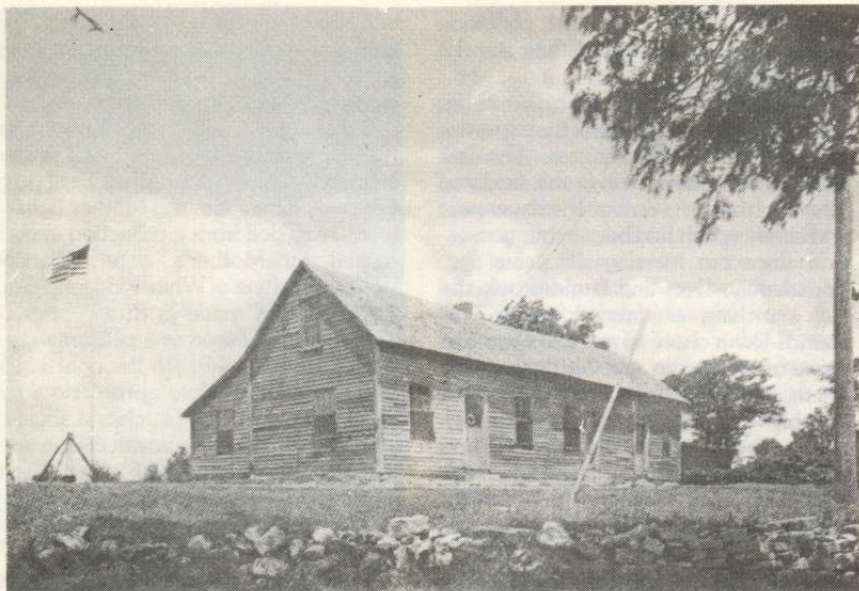
"My mother-in-law made hers by beating a small egg and a little salt into enough flour to make a crumbly mixture. This was rubbed between the thumb and index finger as it was dropped into the soup. It made very thin, small pieces."

Which brings me back to my own experimenting. The first time I made rivils, I made them like little dumplings and they were tough. Since then, I've used my favorite noodle recipe, made the

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Evelyn and Robert Birkby enjoy quiet evenings sitting by the fire in their pleasant family room.



—Photo courtesy of Floyd Severin, Museum Curator
The Hollenberg Ranch Pony Express Station near Hanover, Kansas, is the only unaltered Pony Express Station in the United States still standing in its original location. It is now a very interesting museum open to the public free each day.

THE PONY EXPRESS *by Evelyn Witter*

Although much has been written about the Pony Express, it was in existence only a year and a half.

Even though Pony Express riders have often been portrayed as big, tough men of the West, records show that most of the riders were young, small and robust. No man weighing more than 120 pounds was accepted for the job. Also, to be entrusted with precious mail, his character had to be excellent.

As for the horses used to carry the mail over mountain passes, hard-to-get-through swamplands, snow-packed ravines, and hot deserts, they were not big either. They were strong, almost wild, mustangs and thoroughbred racing ponies.

Despite the innumerable stories, movies and TV presentations about holding up the Pony Express, the truth is that only one pouch was ever actually lost. This is an outstanding record considering that the Pony Express covered 650,000 miles during its eighteen-month existence and carried over 30,000 pieces of mail. Charges were originally set at \$.50 for each letter of one-half ounce or less, and \$.60 for a ten-word telegram. Some of these charges were later reduced. These rates were in addition to regular U.S. postage.

Stories about the Pony Express are also partly responsible for the misconception that the relay stations were few and far between. The fact is that there were some 190 relay stations between Sacramento, Calif., and St. Joseph, Mo., and about eighty riders. Most relay stations were ten to fifteen miles apart. At these stations, the riders found fresh

mounts which would carry them on to the next station. It was this system of providing fresh horses which enabled the riders to travel the great distance of between 100 and 150 miles a day.

At every third station a new rider would take over—these places were called home stations and were larger than the regular relay stations for they had room for the riders to sleep and eat. Spare horses, supplies and equipment for the use of the young mailmen were available at the home stations.

Almost everyone knows that the reason the Pony Express started was because the mail was so slow across the continent that Congress had to find a faster way than by stagecoach. They gave the job to a well-known firm of stage and freight operators (William Russell, Alexander Majors, and William Bradford Waddell) who agreed to deliver the mail by horses and riders. The first horseback rider to start on the historic mail run left St. Joseph, Mo., on April 3rd of 1860.

The popular misconception is that the Pony Express was put out of business by Indian raiders and "bad men". Nothing could be farther from the truth. Progress put the Pony Express out of business. In 1861, when telegraph wires linked the East and the West, the need for the Express was almost nil. Then, with the joining of the rails in Utah, the Pony Express was not needed at all.

For the brief time the Pony Express was in operation, it became the most colorful and exciting mail delivery system our country has ever known.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Mix ground beef with onion, egg and seasonings as if making meat loaf. Shape into loaf. Brush with Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing. Coat with cracker crumbs and bake in moderate oven until done.
 —V.L., Iowa

A half teaspoon of your coconut flavoring added to an envelope of whipped topping mix in place of vanilla takes away from the "artificial" taste some such mixes have. Make up a few hours in advance and chill well and the flavor will be especially good. I've served this on a variety of desserts from baked goods to gelatins to fresh or frozen fruits and had an enthusiastic response.

—Mrs. V.S., Callender, Iowa

When I take a cake some place, I cut a piece of heavy cardboard from a box a little larger than the cake. Put a piece of aluminum foil, shiny side up, on the cardboard. Cut pieces of waxed paper and put under the edges of the cake before frosting so the icing will not get on the foil. After frosting cake, and it has set long enough to be firm, pull the pieces of waxed paper out very slowly. The cake will look neat and you won't have to be worried about a cake plate to bring home.
 —Mrs. H.B., Council Bluffs, Ia.

I was always finding my sewing tape measure tangled with thread in my sewing drawer until I wound it around an empty adhesive tape spool.

—J.C., Collinsville, Ill.

I like to walk in the winter as well as in the summer but my feet get cold. I found if I pull on a pair of cotton socks first, then put on a woolen pair, my feet are warmer than with just the wool.

—Mr. J.M., Lincoln, Ne.

Emptying my vacuum cleaner bag is a job I really hate. It is easier, now, since I began sprinkling water on the newspapers into which I shake the dust. It seems to keep the dirt from scattering.

—M.A.M., Onawa, Iowa

**Take
 Special Note of the
 RENEWAL DATE
 on the label of your
 magazine. Renew in
 advance. Only one
 notice will be
 sent.**

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

The past four weeks have been busy ones for our family and especially delightful because of the presence of our whole crew in town at the same time. With Adrienne's graduation imminent and the truth of the adage floating through my subconscious about nothing being certain except change, I could not help but be appreciative that this year every bed was bulging with a long figure under the mounds of down quilts and dense wool blankets.

The added presence of my mother made it possible for me to accomplish a chore which I have mulled around in my head for years. My cousin (Paul Knies of Ridgewood, N.J.) recommended, as we reminisced over his photograph albums, that whenever a family gathers, picture taking is a must. Time and nature have a way of separating the members so that the identical group may never be together again. Since one family member usually is the operator of the camera, I decided to throw caution to the hindmost and hire a photographer to come to the house and take formal pictures. Today was the day and the chap taking the pictures was excellent.

Taking this family group photograph reminds me of the lady who bought a handbag and then, because it made her coat look shabby, had to buy a new coat which meant a new pair of shoes and on and on. This completed picture is going to necessitate a good expanse of wall because, although I do not expect a reproduction which will be life size, I do plan to have a finished product which will about fill the space over my living room fireplace mantel. I have wanted to get rid of the large tavern-type mirror which has graced that entire area ever since we moved into this house. I have nothing against mirrors over fireplaces, but this one has no graceful frame around it. It is simply a big, bare mirror held onto the wall with slightly ornate screws.

My spring projects shape up in the following order: First, buy a tasteful frame for the family portrait which will hang over the fireplace. Second, remove (before hanging this framed picture) the unattractive mirror, which will undoubtedly—third—necessitate a paint job to cover the difference between the mirror and picture sizes. This means—fourth—that the walls abutting this repainted section will look as though they had not been touched by a paintbrush since we have moved into the house. This brings us to the one wall of the living room which is entirely covered with draw drapes. These are very shadowy looking now and I feel certain that freshly painted

walls will accent their sad condition which might mean—fifth—they stand a chance of being replaced.

The primary trouble with this entire plan is that I do not possess the expertise to redecorate with success. The last occasion our family had in this field was when we had to recover the davenport and chairs which had been in our possession since our marriage 28 years ago. Fortunately, Don and I undertook the task of picking out fabric together. This sounds like a chore to get two people to agree upon how to recover three different major pieces, but it worked out quite amiably. We pondered several combinations, finally made our choices and when the chairs and couch returned with their new covers neither one of us was saddled with the total blame for the results.



Katharine Schneider, Mary Beth's mother, and Mary Beth admire an unusual doll. Mary Beth tells more about the doll in her letter.

In any individual room, the newly covered pieces of furniture were lovely; all of them in the same room were pathetically funny. I was simply stunned at the appearance of those pieces—I could not believe that we had deliberately not intended to be discordant. Fortunately, the living room is large enough that we can keep the most disagreeable pieces separated from the large-print couch. I shall surely have to consult someone every inch of the way from the selection of the mirror's replacement picture frame to the color of the drapes which will ripple across the length of that one side of the living room. An entire wall of a monstrous mistake would be untenable.

All of this redecorating may be a pipe dream because we may be forced to dig up our yard to hook into a sewer which we do not happen to need. Our septic system is perking along, thanks to the sandy condition of the Wisconsin soil our house sits upon, and as a result we have been reluctant to change our status quo.

Happily, the pictures are taken, and with or without the accouterments, Mary Beth is going to have her portrait-size picture of her entire family.

Speaking of pictures, my mother, Katharine Schneider, and I had several snapshots taken during her visit here. One was taken showing Mother holding a tea cozy doll from a collection of dolls owned by Mother's sister, Blanche Weaver Walters of White Pidgeon, Mich. This doll was made in Russia prior to 1920. She is dressed as a peasant with a long, dark blue skirt (to the right in the picture), a large white apron and a red top. In her arm, she clutches a sheaf of wheat (the stalk of this wheat can be seen between the fingers of Mother's right hand). The entire skirt is padded and fits snugly over a hot pot of tea. Mother said the doll is named "The Reaper Woman".

Several new members have joined my indoor garden family since I last wrote. The grocery store was having a reduced-for-quick-sale of four beautiful Christmas cactuses. I had wanted to get a start from my mother's very old plant (it had been given to her by one of her sisters), however, the plant had grown so large that she gave it to a nearby florist so that it could grow larger and older with no fear of damage from moving indoors and outdoors. When I stopped there last year, the plant was no longer living so I could not continue the traditional family plant. Now, these four little unwanted Christmas cactus plants have been combined in one pot and are responding well to the brilliant sunshine which floods our kitchen all but the summer months.

My wax plant, which takes about thirty years to mature enough to produce a bloom, was started from a very beautiful plant. It is also reacting to the warm winter sunshine by sending forth quite extraordinary numbers of new leaves.

I have had to find plastic domes to protect fragile young plants because my three cats, who think every surface area in the kitchen is part of their domain, do not respect tender, delicate, new shoots. They do, in fact, munch on my spider plants at regular intervals during the night. This proves to be no problem to me because the plants are so prolific in my southern-exposure windows that I get new little plants faster than they are chewed and pruned back. However, I cannot report that the cats' stomachs present no problems. The tender little blade-like wings from these attacked plants always make return appearances on the kitchen or bathroom floors. I suspect the cats instinctively eat the greens on purpose to cure upset stomachs because they are too smart to continue to do it if they did not want such a result.

The newest green and growing treasure in my kitchen is a magnificent blue

(Continued on page 17)

BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

by
Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

Many old-time articles have been recently rediscovered and brought out to take their rightful places in the sun. Among these are beautiful old quilts, followed by a great revival of quilt making. Some of these old quilts are signature or autograph quilts.

And that brings me to the popularity of autograph albums of many years ago and the rediscovery of my album, prompted by a display of ancient autograph quilts. The verses in the album stretch over two years, 1906-08. A percentage of the same verses no doubt appeared in other autograph albums of the day, for just as certain songs are popular in a given era, so were autograph verses. However, I suspect that a number of them were thought up on the spur of the moment to fit the person or occasion.

The verses of folks who wrote in my little album covered a wide range of emotions—humor, regard, advice, devotion, good wishes, and the recurring hope of being remembered.

My little red book, whose cover is ornamented with fancy lettering, raised flowers, and a pastoral scene, was "Made in Germany" and was one of those presented to her pupils as Christmas gifts by Miss Anna Bayless, teacher at Amity, a small, rural, Missouri school.

Her literary contribution was:

"My dear, kind pupil:
Some may wish you pleasures,
Others golden store,
But I wish you Heaven after death;
How could I wish you more?"

This fine teacher departed this life many years ago, as have too many others who wrote in my book.

At the beginning I wrote some lines that were popular for launching those small volumes:

"My album is a garden spot
Where all my friends may sow,
Where thorns and thistles flourish not,
But flowers, alone, may grow."

Page by page the other verses follow, omitting salutations and dates but including signatures in the hope that some who wrote would be remembered:

"When you are old and married
And your fellow gets cross,
Come over to my house
And eat applesauce."
—Your Cousin Verna

"May your life be long and happy
May your troubles be but few,
May your friends be just as many
As the glittering drops of dew."
—The wish of your friend, Emma



Frederick Driftmier and a school days' classmate, the former Margaret Maddex of Shenandoah, reminisce over old pictures.

"May your joys be as deep as the ocean
And your sorrows as light as its foam."
—Your sister, Eva

(Across one corner she also wrote, "Fond Remembrance". On another page the same verse appeared and was signed "Tomie Ball".)

"My pencil is bad, my writing is worse,
But God bless the one who reads this
verse."
—Your friend, Nettie

"When you get old and cannot see,
Put on your specs and think of me."
—Jessie Harris

"When in this book you turn to look
The names of friends to find,
It's my request among the rest
That you remember mine."
—A.J. Frieze

"When Heaven lifts its curtain up
And pins it with a star,
Remember that you have a friend
Though she may be afar."
—Ethel Shockley

"May your cheeks retain their dimples,
May your heart be just as gay
Until you hear some manly voice whisper
'Dearest Flo, name the day.'"
—Your friend, Bertha

"May your love not be like the rose to
sever,
But like the evergreen, may it last for-
ever."
—Margrette M.

"Verses, I write them by the dozen,
So here is one to my big cousin."
—Your cousin, Sharon Metz

"Long may you live on sauerkraut and
pickles
And marry the boy that has the most
nickels."
—Guess Who

"When in my grave I lie asleep
And the weeping willows o'er me weep,
'Tis then and not before
That I shall think of you no more."
—Your friend, Pearl H.

"When you get home from a party
And it is very late,
Remember it is bedtime
And don't swing on the gate."
—Your friend Minnie Hedges

"In memory's golden chain
Regard me as one link."
—Nellie Harris

"Love is a funny thing shaped like a liz-
ard.
It wraps its tail around your heart and
jumps into your gizzard."
—Your friend, Gertrude Walker

Many good examples of penmanship stand out in the book. In our mechanical age, unfortunately, less emphasis is placed upon penmanship. Typewriters and computers can never express the love and friendship as betoken in the personal handwriting of the foregoing verses.

BEDTIME HOUR

I love to see a country town
With houses in neat rows
Bedded down for peaceful sleep
When day draws to a close.

I love to feel the rising mist
That tucks it in so tight
As drowsy windows close their eyes,
Lulled by the sounds of night.
—Kay Grayman Parker

COVER PICTURE

Frederick and Betty Driftmier's house on the shores of the Pawcatuck River in Pawcatuck, Connecticut, is particularly lovely this time of year.

This is the first home these two have ever owned. A minister and his family are usually provided a house by their congregation and this was true during the years of Frederick's professional service in the Congregational Church (United Church of Christ). Now that he has retired and they are enjoying being settled in one place, both he and Betty are finding home ownership a joy and a challenge.

More and more retired people are moving into this beautiful area, so the Driftmiers have a growing group of congenial friends as neighbors. —Lucile

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends:

I have just come in from feeding my ducks, and oh but I am cold! It will probably take at least one full hour to warm up. How do the ducks stand it? There were about 250 of them this morning (give or take a few) and when they landed on the snow, they immediately dropped onto their abdomens and tucked their feet up under their wings. Because their feet are wet when they arrive, the feet freeze to the snow. It is painful for them to walk, and so they just lie in one spot until they have eaten all the grain around them, and then, without standing up, they wiggle and twist their way further along the hard-packed snow to where there is some more grain. It is quite a show to watch.

The garden birds don't have the problem of wet feet because they roost in trees instead of on ice-strewn water, but they are just as cold as the ducks. As a matter of fact, most of the garden birds can be even colder than the ducks because they do not have the layers of fat that a duck has.

Looking out of the breakfast room window this morning to see how the garden birds were doing, I noticed that there was not a single bird to be seen. They were hiding from one of their worst enemies, the sparrow hawk. I looked up into the trees and saw Mr. Hawk sitting in the sunlight with his eyes intently watching my bird feeder. That rascal! He was hungry too, and he had his feathers puffed up the way a bird puffs feathers on a cold winter day. All of a sudden, he dived toward the ground just missing the frozen snow by a fraction of an inch before he shot back up into the air. He did not get his prey, and I was glad, and yet I was sad, for he had missed a needed meal. The sparrow hawk is a beautiful bird, and a proud bird, and he was created by God, too. (Predators are a necessary part of nature's plan.)

I called to Betty, "What can I feed a sparrow hawk?" "I knew the answer—nothing. A hawk wants live food, and that I did not have.

I am sure you can guess which of the birds was the first to come back to the feeder after the hawk left—the daring and darling and dippy little chickadee. The chickadees started to dive to the feeder even before that hawk had left. Somehow, they just knew that old Mr. Hawk was too frustrated to continue his useless attacks.

When I fed the ducks this morning, the feed contained the last of the good, yel-



Mae Driftmier and Betty Driftmier snapped by Frederick here in Shenandoah at Mae's and Howard's home.

low, Iowa corn that my brother-in-law, Frank Johnson, gave me last Thanksgiving. When Frank put at least 100 pounds of corn into my car, he said, "Here is what your Connecticut ducks need. Mix it in with your other duck feed and just see how they will thrive on it." Frank was right; the ducks love it. I mix Frank's corn in with the other cracked corn, using just a little bit of it each day. One would think that the wild ducks would not prefer the big, uncracked Iowa kernels to the cracked Connecticut corn but no, only after they have eaten all of the Iowa corn do they start in on our New England variety.

When we were driving from Shenandoah to Omaha one day last November, a few miles from Sidney, Iowa, a large coyote ran directly in front of our car. He was a beautiful specimen of that much maligned animal, the prairie wolf. Because I like all animals (snakes included), I hate to see the coyote hunted and killed the way it is done in so many parts of the West. However, it is true that the rascal is a pest to many farmers. More and more, we are finding coyotes here in New England, but for the most part, they are protected here in the same way we protect the bears and the lynxes, for predators of this kind keep many damaging creatures in check.

The one animal I do not like is the ordinary rat! White rats I can tolerate, but gray rats, never. My hatred of rats goes back to the days of World War II when I was living a part of each week in a prison camp in the Egyptian desert and having to fight off the rats every night! The memory of it still gives me nightmares.

One of my favorite creatures is the common octopus. I became interested in the octopus when I was living in Bermuda right after the close of World War II. Betty and I lived in a delightful cottage with a beautiful waterfront. Near our diving board was a little rock shelf where, at high tide, a small octopus (it was about the size of a turkey platter when his arms were outstretched) would come to feed. I used to sit on the diving board

and watch that marvelous little sea creature by the hour. He would wait patiently for me to give him a small fish to suck. When obstacles were put in his way, the brainy creature would show an amazing ability to reach his food.

In 1968, when Betty and I were taking our children around the world, we spent several days cruising on the Inland Sea of Japan. Men were fishing for octopuses as an important food item to be sold in the Japanese markets. Some years after that, we watched ten- and twelve-year-old boys catching octopuses along the rocky shores of the Canary Islands off the northwestern coast of Africa. The boys agreed to pose for pictures, each boy holding a squirming octopus in each of his hands. We laughed until our sides ached as we watched one of the boys try to catch an octopus that he had dropped in the photography process.

If you ever have eaten everything served you at an Hawaiian luau, the chances are that you ate octopus. Most tourists discover that the sucker-equipped arms of octopus or squid are quite tasty when dried and salted. Betty and I prefer to eat them fried in deep fat until golden brown, but however they are prepared, they are quite good. As a matter of fact, I have yet to discover any kind of sea life that I could not eat if it was properly prepared.

We saw a curious item listed on a restaurant menu in Little Rock, Arkansas, when we were there right after Thanksgiving—NEW ENGLAND CATFISH. That's a laugh for we do not have catfish in New England. That is the fish we New Englanders sometimes eat when we go south of the Mason-Dixon Line or west of the Mississippi. It is doubtful if a catfish ever has been served in any restaurant in New England.

To our taste, we especially love the trout and bass caught in our mountain streams and lakes. There is nothing I would rather have for breakfast than pan-fried bass caught that very morning at the crack of dawn, and my second choice of breakfast delicacies would be a fresh speckled or rainbow trout.

I started this letter by stating my sympathy for my feathered friends out in the cold and the snow. It can be said that life has its hard and cruel moments for every living creature. Did anyone ever tell a baby in a crib that life was going to be easy? My friend, Tom Fitzgerald, who is New England's noted epigrammatist, likes to say: "Everyone has to die. It's the timing most of us are working on."

Any strength you and I have—physical strength, moral strength, spiritual strength—has come to us only as we have been made strong by the strain of overcoming. I hope this year of 1982 is a year of overcoming for you.

Sincerely,
Frederick



KATHARINE DRIFTMIER WRITES TO US THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

I am writing you this month from my parents' snug home in Delafield, Wis., where I am in the same bedroom which I formerly shared with my sister, Adrienne. We each have big, puffy, down blankets heaped on our beds and I have this one pulled up cozily around my nose as I send you my thoughts.

For a long time, I have known that there was plenty of independent spirit in me, and the journey I just completed proved it once again. This spirit has carried me into many adventures during what have been 26 years of horizon-expanding events, and I am able to look back and smile gratefully as I have been spared the unfortunate experiences endured by many.

My winter vacation was intentionally planned as a trip home to Wisconsin to spend the time off with my family in Delafield. Realizing that it came at the height of the blizzard season, my usually reliable streak of confidence faltered for a moment. My parents prompted me to exercise caution and travel by airplane but I really wanted to drive my trusty small car across the Appalachians and into the Midwest.

The drive from Washington, D.C., to Wisconsin is quite beautiful so you can imagine my torn feelings. Because my life in D.C. is filled with the normal routines associated with a business career, the solitary time offered by a trip alone in my compact car was especially appealing. Just to be on the safe side, I bought a plane ticket as a back-up safety precaution in case a sudden winter storm forced me to surrender the plans to drive. As the hour of departure drew nearer, I mustered my courage, made the decision to cancel the flight, and began the job of packing the car.

Traveling alone is a great experience. There is no conversation. Mile after mile of rural scenery move past the car windows to provide an enjoyable peek as one drives along. However, one ought to plan ahead for this solitariness with more than the proverbial ounce of prevention.

My preparations began with considerable attention to my car's internals. I have always felt a bit like a victim when pitted against my automobile because I don't understand much about the mechanics of my car, nor am I experienced in handling road emergencies. Hence, the car was



Katharine Driftmier and her father, Donald, enjoy playing with the cats at their family home in Delafield, Wis.

equipped with new snow tires, complete tuneup, brake work, new shock absorbers and a call to Triple A to check on the condition of the mountain roads which I would be driving across. In case the fifteen-hour trip was extended into days of isolation spent in an unexpected drift of snow, I had included a down sleeping bag, matches, a first-aid kit, and, as food supply, a case of Florida oranges and grapefruit. I had bought the fruit as a gift for my family but it served double duty as being both snacks for me and ballast for the car on the snowy roads.

As load after load of cargo was carried out of my house to the waiting car, I was certain that the neighbors must have considered that I was moving out. I was prepared to meet any situation with clothes changes to meet various events, coats for different weather conditions, plants that needed transferal to a plant sitter, skis, crafts to keep my fingers busy during long hours of leisure at home, a tape deck with specially selected tapes, an extra spare tire (in case I had need for two!)—that little car was really loaded when I was ready to leave.

The initial eight hours of the drive west carried me quickly across the mountains almost to Toledo, Ohio. The journey was starlit and frosty-clear.

I was absolutely exhilarated by the chill of the night air and the peaceful, lovely darkness. Near midnight, I grew weary and knew that soon I would need to find a place to sleep. True to the promise made to my parents, I resisted the urge to camp out and pulled into a tiny, roadside motel for some modestly priced sleep.

Upon arising in the early hours the following morning, I faced a terrible, howling winter storm which had moved in as I slept. There were drifts blowing across the now-glazed turnpike and travel was extremely treacherous. As I drove on, I wished I had not stopped driving but had continued when the night road was clear and the sky bright. Feeling very much like a lone pioneer on a trek to the West, I drove slowly mile after mile, finding few other travelers on

the roads.

It occurred to me periodically that I might have to stop driving and wait out the blinding storm, but I persevered and soon, by mid-afternoon, I had driven out of the storm and onto the well-groomed toll road of eastern Illinois. Some of my fellow travelers had not been so fortunate—I saw many cars abandoned and empty along the side of the road. One enormous, cold, eighteen-wheeled truck carcass lay on its side deep in the snow in the ditch, evidence that the experience had been quite an ordeal for its driver.

The prospect of my return trip to Washington still lies two weeks into the future and I hope to continue my lucky streak and find the weather clear and crisp but, above all, safe. Perhaps the winter furies will pass me by again.

Until next time,

Katharine



FEBRUARY IS SCOUT MONTH

It is time for freeze-outs, soap-box derbies, banquets and Scout exhibits.

It is a time when the members of your family (whether in Scouting or something else) get involved in activities which result in more laundry.

Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Products can be your best helpers in seeing that everything comes out clean, fresh, sparkling white or colorfully bright. Lifts the soil out of the dirtiest clothes the kids can bring home. Use **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** and **All-Fabric Bleach** in every load of laundry.

Remember, too, the **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is an all-purpose cleaner for every cleaning job around your house and office.



Look for all 3 products in your grocery store.

RECIPES for February

STUFFED GROUND BEEF LOGS

- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 3/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 6 strips bacon
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 6 strips Cheddar cheese (3 to 4 inches long, 1 inch wide, and 1/8 inch thick)

Combine beef, crumbs, onion, egg, salt and 6 tsp. of the Worcestershire sauce. Divide into six portions. Shape each portion around a strip of the cheese. Wrap a strip of bacon around each beef log. Place on rimmed baking sheet. Brush with some of the remaining Worcestershire sauce. Bake at 400 degrees for about 30 minutes. About every 5 minutes, brush with additional Worcestershire sauce.

The logs may be prepared ahead and then frozen before baking. Allow more baking time for the frozen ones.

—Dorothy

VELVET SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1/2 lb. large marshmallows
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1 cup whipped topping
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce

Dissolve lemon gelatin in 1 cup of the boiling water. Melt marshmallows in 1 cup of the boiling water. Combine the lemon gelatin with the melted marshmallows and let cool. Mix the pineapple, cream cheese, salad dressing and whipped topping together and add to cooled mixture. Spread in a 9- by 13-inch pan and let set. Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in the remaining cup of boiling water. Combine raspberry gelatin with the cranberry sauce which has been whipped. Chill until syrupy and spread over the firm first layer.

I ate this at the Covenant Women's Church of Stanton, Iowa, when they held their Windows of Christmas Guest Night Dinner, and it was delicious. —Verlene

HAMBURGER & CABBAGE CASSEROLE

- 1 small head cabbage, chopped
- 1/2 cup uncooked Minute rice
- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 small onion, sliced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 soup can water

Place chopped cabbage in greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Brown ground beef and onion; drain excess fat. Stir the uncooked rice into the meat mixture and spoon on top of the cabbage. Salt and pepper to taste. Combine tomato soup with water and pour over cabbage-meat layer. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour or until cabbage is done.

—Verlene

LEFTOVER STEAK

- 4 slices bacon, chopped
 - 1 onion, diced
 - Garlic powder or minced garlic clove
 - Salt and pepper
 - 1 can small green peas
 - Chopped, cooked steak
- Fry bacon; add onion, garlic, salt and pepper. Saute lightly. Add the peas and steak. Cook until heated through.

—Robin

JELLY ROLL WITH PLUM FILLING

- 4 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 3/4 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Powdered sugar

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Line a 10- by 15- by 1-inch jelly roll pan with waxed paper. Grease the waxed paper. It is important to do this.

Combine the eggs, salt and baking powder. With an electric mixer at high speed, beat until foamy. This will take a lot of beating. Gradually add the sugar while beating constantly. Continue beating until very thick and triple in volume. Fold in the flour and flavoring. Spread in the prepared pan. Bake for 13 minutes. Remove from oven and let cool for a few minutes.

Dust a clean towel with powdered sugar. Turn cake out onto towel and roll cake and towel together. Let set while preparing the following filling:

- 3/4 cup plum jam
- 1/2 cup marshmallow creme
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

In a small pan, combine the filling ingredients and place over low heat. Heat, while stirring, until marshmallow creme is melted and all ingredients are well blended. Cool. Unroll cake and remove towel. Spread filling over cake and reroll. Dust cake with powdered sugar.

—Juliana

SCALLOPED CORN

- 2 eggs, beaten slightly
- 1 pkg. (8 1/2 ozs.) corn muffin mix
- 1 cup cream-style corn
- 1 cup whole kernel corn
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1 cup shredded Swiss cheese

Mix all the ingredients except the Swiss cheese. Place in an 8-inch square baking pan and bake for 30 to 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven and top with the cheese. Bake an additional 10 to 15 minutes.

—Verlene

HOMEMADE CORNED BEEF

- 1 full brisket (5 to 6 lbs.)
- 1 cup coarse salt (Kosher salt)
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. cracked peppercorns
- 2 tsp. allspice
- 2 tsp. thyme
- 1 tsp. sage
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 4 bay leaves
- 1 cup chopped onions
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup chopped carrots
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 Tbls. nitrate (optional)

Place brisket in a heavy medium-size trash can bag or other clean plastic bag. Combine the remaining ingredients. Sprinkle half the mixture on one side of the brisket, turn over and sprinkle remaining mixture on other side. Pour in a little water to moisten. Close bag securely. (May be placed inside another plastic bag.)

Place in refrigerator for 14 days. Turn over every day. After 14 days, remove brisket from bag and soak in water for 24 hours. Change water several times during soaking period. After soaking, rinse in clear water and simmer in covered kettle for 6 hours. Do not boil hard. Chopped onion, cloves, bay leaf and pepper could be added while simmering.

—Juliana

RUBY'S CHOCOLATE CHIP- MARSHMALLOW PIE

- 26 large marshmallows
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate, grated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell
- Additional grated chocolate for garnish

Place marshmallows and milk in top of double boiler; heat until dissolved. Cool. Fold in the grated chocolate, flavoring and whipped cream. Spread in the baked pie shell. Sprinkle grated chocolate over top and refrigerate.

This is one of the pie recipes that won at the Corning, Iowa, Pie Contest that I helped judge back in November.

—Verlene

DIFFERENT SUGAR COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup oil
- 5 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cream of tartar

Cream the butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. In a separate bowl, beat the eggs with the vanilla flavoring and oil. Add to creamed mixture. Combine the dry ingredients and work into the mixture. Chill dough for several hours or overnight. Shape into 1-inch balls and then roll in granulated sugar. Place on ungreased baking sheet and bake for 10 to 12 minutes in 350-degree oven.

—Lucile

SKILLET LIMA BEANS & BEEF

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 cups (or more) cooked lima beans
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Brown ground beef in a large skillet. Pour off excess grease. Add onion, celery and butter or margarine. Stir in remaining ingredients and blend well. Cover and simmer for at least 20 minutes on low heat. Approximately six servings.

I used green lima beans. You may put the mixture in a casserole and bake, covered, in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes.

—Hallie

CORNMEAL SOUFFLE

- 3 cups milk
- 1 cup white cornmeal
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. bacon fat
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 small can green chillies, chopped
- 1/2 cup grated Monterey Jack cheese
- 3 eggs, separated

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Put milk in saucepan and place over heat. When bubbles begin to form around edges, add cornmeal slowly while beating constantly and scraping bottom and sides of pan with wire whisk. Cook and beat about 5 minutes. Add salt, fat and sugar and cook several minutes longer. Remove from heat and add cheese, green chillies and beaten egg yolks. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into cornmeal mixture. Grease a casserole with bacon fat. Spoon souffle mixture into casserole. Bake for 45 minutes, or until puffed up and brown. Serve warm with butter.

—Robin

SOUP STICKS

- 1 1/2 cups crushed crisp rice cereal
- 2 Tbls. caraway or celery seeds
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tube refrigerator biscuits
- Milk (for dipping)

Combine the crushed cereal, caraway or celery seeds and salt in a heavy plastic bag. Cut biscuits in half and roll each half into a pencil-thin stick. Dip the sticks in milk. Place in bag and shake to coat. Bake on greased baking sheet at 450 degrees for 10 minutes or until light brown.

—Betty Jane

CHICKEN PAPRIKA

- 1/4 cup butter
- 8 medium onions, sliced
- 2 Tbls. sweet Hungarian paprika
- 2 3-lb. chickens, cut in serving-size pieces

Salt and black pepper

1 cup chicken broth

3 Tbls. flour

1/2 cup light cream

1/2 cup sour cream

Heat butter in large, heavy skillet. Brown onion until golden; stir in paprika. Salt and pepper chicken pieces and add to skillet. Cook over medium heat about 15 minutes, turning once. Add broth, cover and cook for about 20 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Combine flour with the light cream. Add a little of the hot broth from skillet to flour-cream mixture, blend well and add all to skillet. Cook and stir until thickened. Remove from heat and stir in the sour cream. Reheat, but do not allow to boil. Serve with cooked noodles.

—Robin

HAMBURGER SOUP

- 2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. basil
- 1/4 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1 pkg. onion soup mix
- 6 cups boiling water
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 cup diagonally sliced celery
- 1/4 cup chopped celery leaves
- 1 cup sliced carrots
- 1/3 cup dry split peas
- 1 cup elbow macaroni

Grated Parmesan cheese

Brown the beef and drain excess fat. Add the salt, pepper, oregano, basil, seasoned salt, soup mix, boiling water, tomato sauce and soy sauce. Bring to boiling; cover and cook over medium heat for 15 minutes. Add the celery, celery leaves, carrots and peas. Cover and cook slowly for 30 minutes. Add the macaroni and cook about 30 minutes more or until macaroni and all vegetables are tender. Serve with a sprinkling of Parmesan cheese over top.

—Juliana

TOASTED ALMOND PIE

- 3 eggs
- 2/3 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 cups toasted almonds
- 1/2 tsp. grated lemon peel
- Dash of nutmeg
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Beat the eggs. Add brown sugar, corn syrup, salt, flavoring and butter. Beat well. Blend in the almonds, lemon peel and nutmeg. Turn into pie shell. Place on low rack in 350-degree oven. Bake for 50 to 55 minutes, or until pie jiggles only slightly in center. Cool completely before cutting.

—Robin

FISH BAKE

- 2 lbs. fish fillets
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 5 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 tsp. dill weed
- 1 cup sour cream or yogurt
- Bread crumbs (1 1/2 to 2 cups)
- Lemon slices

Combine flour, salt and pepper. Coat fish and lay it in a flat baking pan. Pour milk around fish and bake at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes—until it is flaky and cooked through. Combine melted butter, dill weed and sour cream or yogurt. Mix 1 cup of the bread crumbs into this mixture and spoon over fish. (Drain off milk if too much remains after baking.) Top with 1/2 to 1 cup bread crumbs. Bake 5 more minutes or until mixture is hot through. Serve with slices of lemon.

—Evelyn

ARTICHOKE & CHEESE SQUARES

- 1 6 1/2-oz. jar artichoke hearts, coarsely chopped
- 3/4 cup minced onion
- 2 cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 4 large eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/4 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. pressed garlic
- 1/2 tsp. parsley flakes
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. oregano
- 1/8 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Drain the artichokes and reserve half the liquid. Place the artichoke liquid in skillet and add the minced onion. Cook a few minutes until onion is transparent. Cool. Add the remaining ingredients, including the artichokes. Mix well. Spoon into greased 7- by 11-inch baking pan. This will make a thin layer. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool slightly before cutting into small squares. Serve warm or cold.

—Robin

HEARTY WINTER BREAD

1 cup bulgur or cracked wheat
 2 cups water
 2 Tbls. molasses
 2 Tbls. honey
 1 Tbls. salt
 1/4 cup shortening
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 cups whole-wheat flour
 1/4 cup wheat germ
 2 pkgs. yeast
 1/4 cup lukewarm water
 1 tsp. sugar or honey
 2 cups warm water
 1 cup whole-wheat flour
 1/4 cup cornmeal
 1 cup rolled oats
 3 to 4 cups unbleached white flour

Combine bulgur or cracked wheat and 2 cups water. Cook, stirring frequently, for about 5 minutes (just as you cook hot breakfast cereal). Stir in molasses, 2 Tbls. honey, salt, shortening, butter flavoring, 2 cups whole-wheat flour and wheat germ. Set aside.

Combine yeast with 1/4 cup lukewarm

water. Stir in the tsp. of sugar or honey and let mixture blend until bubbly—about 5 minutes. When yeast is dissolved and first mixture is lukewarm, blend the two together. Add 2 cups warm water. Beat well. Add 1 more cup whole-wheat flour and beat well. Stir in cornmeal, rolled oats and enough white flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured breadboard and knead well for 8 to 10 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease all side. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Punch dough down and let rise again for another 15 minutes. Turn out on breadboard. Knead well and shape into loaves. Place in greased bread pans and let rise until double. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 to 55 minutes, depending on size of loaves. (When the bread is done, it makes a hollow sound when thumped.) Turn out on racks to cool.

All molasses or all honey may be used with this recipe if desired. Also, bleached white flour can be used rather than the unbleached. Freezes well. —Evelyn

CHICKEN CONTINENTAL

4 chicken breasts, boned, skinned and cut in half
 8 slices bacon
 4 ozs. chipped beef
 1 cup commercial sour cream
 1 10½-oz. can mushroom soup, undiluted

Roll a slice of bacon around each portion of chicken breast. Spread chipped beef in bottom of 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Lay the bacon-rolled chicken breasts on top of the chipped beef layer. Combine the sour cream and soup and spoon over all. Bake, uncovered, in 275-degree oven for 3 hours. Could be served over cooked rice. —Dorothy

BEEF LIVER IN LEMON SAUCE

1/4 cup flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1 lb. beef liver, thinly sliced
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 1/2 cup salted soda cracker crumbs
 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
 3 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 tsp. sugar

Combine the flour, salt and pepper. Lightly dredge the liver pieces with the flour mixture. Dip each piece of liver in the beaten egg and then coat with the cracker crumbs. Melt 4 Tbls. of the butter in a heavy skillet. Over medium high heat, saute the liver pieces on each side for about two minutes. Remove liver from pan and keep warm. Melt the remaining 2 Tbls. butter in small saucepan. Add the lemon juice and sugar. Heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Pour over liver slices and serve.

—Betty Jane

MINT-CHOCOLATE BARS

1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 egg
 2 Tbls. milk
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
 1 1/4 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup miniature marshmallows

Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add the egg, milk and flavoring and beat well. Stir in the flour, soda and salt which have been combined. Lastly, fold in the marshmallows. Spread in greased 9-inch square pan. Bake at 375 degrees for about 20 minutes. Drizzle with the following glaze:

1 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate
 2 Tbls. butter
 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 Tbls. boiling water

Melt the chocolate and butter over low heat, stirring constantly. When melted, remove from heat and stir in the powdered sugar and flavoring. Lastly, blend in the boiling water. (A little more boiling water may have to be added to make a thin glaze.) Drizzle over the baked bars.

TOFFEE BUNDT CAKE

1 pkg. (2-layer size) butter brickle cake mix
 3 eggs
 1/3 cup oil
 3/4 cup water
 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 tsp. instant cocoa mix (dry)
 3 regular-size toffee candy bars (like Heath), coarsely crushed

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a 12-cup bundt pan. Measure out 2 Tbls. of the crushed candy and set aside.

Put cake mix in large mixer bowl. Add the remaining ingredients in order given, blending well after each is added. After all ingredients have been blended in, beat at high speed for two minutes. Put batter in prepared pan and bake in the preheated oven for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool cake for about 30 minutes and then turn out onto cake plate. Glaze with the following:

1 cup powdered sugar
 1 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate, melted
 1/4 tsp. instant coffee (dry)
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 Tbls. water

Combine the glaze ingredients and beat until smooth. Drizzle over the cooled cake. Sprinkle the reserved 2 Tbls. crushed candy over top.

—Juliana

*Your Valentine
 deserves
 something
 special —*

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Edible Valentines

by
Virginia Thomas

A surprise treat from my kitchen has become a Valentine tradition at our house. There's always something special for the wonderful man in my life and when our children were all at home, they eagerly awaited Valentine's Day dinner and their surprises. Edible Valentines have gone to school through the years and have been fun to give to neighbors and friends. The following ideas for such treats are some of the ones that were big hits at our house.

Strawberry Cream Heart Puff: Make up a recipe for cream puffs. (I like to use the one in the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook* on page 271.) Drop the batter by small spoonfuls on an ungreased cooky sheet, dropping it to form a heart-shaped ring. When baked and cooled, place the heart puff on a large glass plate, then slice through it horizontally and lift the top off carefully and lay aside. Make up a filling of your choice: vanilla pudding, whipped cream or a cream cheese-whipped topping mixture. Spoon the filling on the bottom puff layer, then spoon on a thin layer of strawberries (can use frozen halves, thawed). Place the top layer on and garnish with small mounds of whipped topping; add some strawberries. Serve on your prettiest dessert plates.

Cherry-Chocolate Torte: Using one of the two-layer chocolate cake mixes (or your own favorite recipe), bake cake in two layers. When cake is thoroughly cooled, slice each layer in half horizontally so you now have four layers. Place bottom layer on a pretty serving plate. Spread a layer of whipped topping (thawed) then a layer of cherry pie filling. Continue with topping and filling as you stack the other layers. For the top layer, drop small mounds of the whipped topping to shape a heart around the edge of the layer. Drizzle this heart with some of the cherry filling. When ready to serve, cut white lace paper heart doilies in half lengthwise and tuck these halves under the bottom edge of the torte to form a lacy frill around the dessert.

Sweetheart Cake: Mix up your favorite white layer cake and bake in two heart-shaped cake tins. When the baked cake is cooled, place the bottom layer on

a serving plate, then cut thick slices of strawberry ice cream and cover this layer. Place the top layer on the ice cream. Wrap the cake tightly in saran wrap and freeze. When ready to serve, frost the cake with whipped cream which you have sweetened with powdered sugar and tinted pink. Using the rosette tube of your cake decorator and the pink whipped cream, make a circle of large rosettes around the edge of the top layer. Set a whole fresh or frozen strawberry between each rosette, or place the strawberries over the rosettes. Encircle the heart cake with a lacy paper doily frill (as described above) before taking it to the table.

Personalized Heart Cookies: Use your favorite cutout sugar cooky recipe and make into large, heart-shaped cookies. (If your heart cutter is too small, make a pattern from heavy cardboard and cut the dough with a sharp knife.) Use white icing and ice the cookies. Make a shell-like border using the cake decorator and pink icing. Then, with the writing decorator tube, use the pink icing to write a person's first name across the cooky. If the cookies are quite large, you may want to add a rosebud and leaf as a decoration. Sometimes, instead of the name, I write little phrases similar to those on the heart motto candies—phrases such as: "Sweetie Pie", "I Love You", "O, You Beautiful Doll", "Cupid Calling", etc.

Gelatin Heart Blocks: Make up any of the red gelatin flavors but use only half the amount of water called for on the package. Pour the dissolved gelatin mixture into a flat pan so you will have a one-inch thick layer. Chill several hours so it is very firm. Cut the gelatin with a small heart-shaped cooky cutter. These are pretty used with slices of fresh fruit on a bed of lettuce on a salad plate; or, for dessert put a mound of whipped cream on top of a gelatin heart—or the heart on top of the whipped cream.

Quickie Valentine Cake: (Simple enough for children to make.) Bake a simple cake (or cake mix) in a loaf pan. Ice with powdered sugar icing and write "I Love You" across the top with cinnamon red-hot candies. Use the candies to outline a smiling face (the face can be heart-shaped) in the corners for an extra touch.

Flower Decorations: Blossoms from African violets, or any other pretty blooms, can be placed around a dessert on a doily frill for an extra-special Valentine look. To use on top of cake to stay fresh longer, dip each flower in melted paraffin. (Paraffin melts at a very low heat so the flowers are easy to coat without wilting. Just remember to place paraffin in container over hot water and never over direct heat.) Granulated sugar can be sprinkled over the coated flowers for a sparkly effect.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

It seems logical that with the worsening economic conditions, more people will be spending more time at home. They will be taking a simpler, less-expensive approach to recreation and gardening with an expected benefit from this belt-tightening.

Now is a good time to study seed and nursery catalogs to make a list of the new and improved varieties in vegetables and flowers, to compare prices, and most important of all, to get your order made out and in the mail. You will get the most return for your seed dollar if you select wisely.

An old complaint made by gardeners used to be "Seed packets contain too many seeds—I need only a portion of the seed and what do I do with the remainder?" Most seed is viable for a year and longer so the surplus can be stored in a covered container in a cupboard until spring rolls around again. I don't think many of us will have that complaint this spring or in the near future. It seems packets contain less and less seeds and inflation has made the cost more. Some seed catalogs state the specific number of seeds in a given variety packet and that can be a guide in your favor.

If you have leftover seed from previous years, test the seed for germination. Place seeds between damp layers of paper towels. Press together, place on a tray and cover the whole with a clear plastic bag. Set in a warm place and check after four or five days for sprouts. If germination is minimal, discard the seeds. If it is fifty-fifty or better, plant the seed twice as thick.

By now most gardeners have tried the edible-podded peas, especially the All-America winner, SUGAR SNAP. While many liked it extremely well, some hated the thought of having to make a trellis for this vigorous climber. This year a new edible-pod pea with the long-lasting and delicious flavor of Sugar Snap will be available to gardeners. Its redeeming feature is that it grows only eighteen inches high and can be harvested in rows just like other peas. The name of this new short-vined snap pea is SUGARAE. Seed will be available in the catalog of Henry Field Seed & Nursery Co., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We tried Sugarae in our test garden last year and though a bit later than Sugar Snap, the long-keeping quality and flavor was equally as good. Remember to order early as seed will be offered on a first order-first delivery basis.

YOU OUGHTA BE YOUNG!

by
Gertrude Perlis Kagan

"Can you stay with the children for a few days—or maybe a week?" pleaded my daughter. "I have to deliver a lecture out of town."

"Alone?" I asked, a little uneasy at the prospect.

"I'll get another grandmother to help. How does that sound?"

The first day was a ball. Kids are fun. They are uninhibited, lively and cheerful. The second day the two youngsters weren't quite as fond of each other. "That's mine!" "No, it's mine!" Grandma Eunice and I turned into referees. The third day was a nightmare. The youngest awakened with a sore throat. Should we or shouldn't we send him to school? What a momentous decision to make.

"I feel okay," he reassured us smiling. We got out his warm coat, but we couldn't find a scarf or cap. He hiked eight blocks to school, snuggling his face into his warm coat collar. About 12:30 a phone call came from the nurse's office, "Curtis is running a temperature of 101, he's on his way home."

Eunice and I panicked. What should we do with a sick child? Years had gone by since we had one. We both strained our eyes to see if he was coming up the hill. After about five minutes, we spotted Curtis.

"How do you feel?" we asked in unison as he approached.



Isabel Palo is proving to be a very helpful big sister to little Cassandra, and keeps a protective arm around her when she is wide awake and enjoys attention. The girls' parents are Vincent and Mary Lea Palo of Bellevue, Nebraska.

"My throat hurts. I'm dizzy and I'm hot."

Eunice and I hustled him into the house. I quickly consulted my daughter's notes. We found the doctor's phone number and the address of the clinic. After dialing the wrong number, I finally got the right number but found it would be an hour before the doctor could return my call.

"Heavens!" blurted Eunice. "We're not waiting a full hour. The child is sick. Call back and talk to the nurse." I dialed again.

"Twenty minutes before she can return my call," I gasped.

"That's better," Eunice nodded approvingly as she sank into a chair.

We tried to make Curtis comfortable. We put him to bed, covered him with a blanket, sponged his forehead with a cool, damp cloth. Then each of us felt his head at least six times. It was comforting to know that Eunice and I had each other for moral support.

Eunice was elated that Curt's temperature had dropped "one line" on the thermometer. Fluids—lot of fluids with a temperature—I remembered. Eunice and I both raided the refrigerator and kept Curtis supplied with fruit juices.

Finally, the long-awaited call came. "Bring him in for a throat culture. Give him aspirin to bring down his temperature. In the meantime, he should have plenty of fluids."

We searched frantically for the children's aspirin, but to no avail, until it was time to take Curtis to the clinic. We hurried him into the car. Once at the clinic, the nurse took the throat culture, and then she asked us to call at 9 A.M. the next day for a report. I leaned on the pharmacy counter and consulted with Curtis as to what flavor aspirin he preferred. He decided on orange.

I had trouble reading the fine print on the aspirin box, and shoved the carton

toward Eunice. Eunice peered through a magnifying glass which she pulled out of her purse. "I can't see any instructions," she said perplexed. "Let's take it to the girl at the desk." The young girl with sharp eyesight stated: "Five every four hours."

"Five!" I exploded. "That many will kill him!" I grabbed the bottle, Eunice and Curtis trailing after me, and retraced my steps to the pharmacy.

"How many and how often?" I asked dramatically. "He's only eight years old."

"Four every four hours," he replied. Eunice planted her elbows heavily on the counter eyeing him skeptically.

"But he's only eight," she echoed, reaching for the carton.

"One is equal to only one-fourth of an adult aspirin," he replied, his exasperation mounting. "Make it three every four hours if you will feel better about it," he added, disappearing from sight.

Suddenly, I realized that bottle of aspirin had a safety cap and I would never be able to open it.

"Sir," I called loudly to the pharmacist, "this bottle has a safety cap and won't work for me at all. The more I twist the tighter the cap clings to the bottle. Will you please come out of your hiding place and open this bottle for me?"

"Better yet, give us a different cap," shrilled Eunice, supportively.

The pharmacist approached us unsteadily, and looked as if he would welcome a six-week vacation.

"Good grief!" Eunice exclaimed, cramming her magnifying glass into her purse. "How things change over the years. Orange-flavored aspirin, a bottle snuggled in a carton on which you can't read the instructions and a lid that won't come off!"

"Come Curtis," we called, almost leaving him behind in our confusion. In our haste to leave the building, I just about walked through a panel of glass, thinking it was a door.

"I guess it's not only the aspirin packaging that has changed," I sputtered. "Everything has changed, including the architecture. I'm not even sure I know the difference between a panel of glass and a wooden door."

P.S. The culture revealed Curtis had a strep throat. The doctor prescribed penicillin. Curt's temperature dropped and he recovered in a day, but Eunice and I were sick for the rest of the week. She had a regular headache and I had a migraine. Fortunately, we found a bottle of adult aspirin in the medicine cabinet, but *unfortunately* neither one of us could unscrew the safety cap.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy; but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things money can't buy.

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Can be heard each weekday (unless specified differently) over the following radio stations:

KFAL	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
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KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.



A MEMORY JUG

by
Vern Berry

I have found an inexpensive way to display old jewelry treasures or family keepsakes, while making a real conversation piece. It was a jug of distinction which gave my precious things a new life.

I used a very old earthen jug. It belonged to a family friend and was used to take drinking water to the field. Any jar, tall bottle, crock or clay pot will do nicely as well. Before you begin, lay all of the pieces you will be using in some kind of an arrangement on the table. Have plenty of paper towels on hand.

Completely cover the jug with regular window putty, then simply push the pieces directly onto the putty. The putty will take about three weeks to dry, so you can move the items about until you have a pleasing arrangement.

I solicited several treasures from other members of my family, and gathered things that belonged to my parents and grandparents. Also used were long-hidden bits of this and that which were remindful of trips and memories of days gone by which were important to me.

My jug is edged with tiny shells from a locket sent to me many years ago from Cuba. I found a place for both my mother's and grandmother's watch fobs, the necklace my daughter wore at her wedding, bracelets from bygone years, a golden thimble, a tie clip of my dad's, favorite old rings, earrings bought on vacation trips and Great-granny's tiny scissors. Any of the pieces can be easily picked off at any time without damage with the tip of a knife.

After the putty has dried completely, it can be set under a faucet to wash off dust.

For a new enjoyment of old treasures—and a new conversation piece—get out your treasures and create a memory jug.



TRY "NON-FRAMING"

by Ruth Townsend

Have you ever thought of displaying your art work or pictures without using a conventional frame? Most of us think of frames as an essential part of any picture but there are times when it can be very effective to "non-frame" a work of art.

For example, I like to do embroidery and had made a small piece which I thought was pretty. I wondered what to do about a frame. Material from the Extension Service of Iowa State University suggested using embroidery hoops for framing fabric pieces. The screw on the top hoop can serve as a hanger. It made an interesting way to display my embroidered picture. Hoops can be purchased in different sizes and shapes (either round or oval) to give choices as to style for a hoop-frame.

Another suggestion for "non-framing" is to use a canvas stretcher for batiks or fabric panels. You can glue a mat board of the exact size to the front of the assembled stretcher to prevent the frame from showing through. Then stretch and staple the fabric at two-inch intervals along the back of the stretcher. Cover the staples with plastic tape so no frame shows at all.

A sandwich frame can be an effective way of displaying a picture or pictures. Use a piece of wood or masonite as the backing. Put your picture or pictures on it and use a piece of glass as the top layer. Hold together with long clips or bar clamps. We have all the photographic Christmas cards showing our family as they grew displayed in this fashion and it's quite a conversation piece. Children's art, small posters, trip snapshots, etc. can be quite effectively prepared in a sandwich setting.

Use a laminating machine to laminate and preserve large posters or prints that would be very expensive to frame. Clear self-adhesive plastic covering (like Con-Tact) can be used.

Acrylic boxes, that can be purchased at many stores, are ideal for pictures that you want to change frequently. Such a box would be especially good for seasonal art, postcards, or children's school pictures.

Fiber and textile art can be displayed by placing it on top of a layer of quilt batting. Fasten to backboard. The edges of the art piece can then be folded over the sides and laced across the back with carpet warp or heavy thread.

To hang rugs or fabric panels, use a curtain rod. A stiff heading or drapery rings can be fixed to the rug or fabric panel to slip over the rod. You can also fasten a tack strip (such as is used for carpet installation) on the wall and then attach the rug.

For a change, a "non-frame" can be an attractive way to display many different kinds of art work.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

juniper bonsai tree which Paul presented to me for Christmas. It is many, many years old as evidenced by the size of the tree and its master branches. I first saw and appreciated a bonsai tree in Donald's Aunt Bertha Field's kitchen in Shenandoah many years ago (the same time she showed us with pride the potato-tomato combination she had growing in her garden). This year Paul found a florist who stocked the miniature trees and now I am the fortunate owner of one of these beauties. They are very tricky to grow, so I know Paul and I shall hover over it with loving Bertha Field dedication.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

That which was has been. Benefit from the experience.

That which is must be. Accept the experience.

That which will be depends on those experiences.

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Today the world is white and clean as I look outside. The snow that began this morning has stopped the "wafting down" as poets are wont to say. The stone crock on the deck, usually full of apple blossom geraniums in summer, sports a two-inch snow cap, and Tiger, our beagle, makes tracks which form an odd design in the backyard cover. This is probably the kind of day Gladys Taber often experienced and wrote of in her *Stillmeadow* books. *Stillmeadow*, you recall, was her vintage 1690 Connecticut farmhouse. This is a day to read again about her favorite cockers, her very personal cat, Amber, and her home on Cape Cod, *Still Cove*.

Author Gladys Taber, who especially appreciated the beauty and wonder of words, died on March 11, 1980, at Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis, Mass. She was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., in 1899, where her father's life as a mining engineer had taken the young family. Traveling with her family, she learned to call many places home, but when her father finally settled down as head of the geology department at Lawrence

College, Mrs. Taber spent happy years at Appleton, Wis.

She was married to Frank Taber in 1922, and her daughter, Constance Colby, survives. She contributed articles for years to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Family Circle* magazines, and taught creative writing at Columbia University. The Cape Cod Oracle, Orleans, Mass., published a series of weekly articles in 1978-80. Her daughter helped her to cull from the columns the very best material and completed its assembly into *Still Cove Journal* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$10.95) shortly before Gladys Taber died. Mrs. Colby has also contributed an Introduction which tells of her mother's final days, burial in Connecticut, and the memorial service in Orleans.

Still Cove Journal is divided into twelve chapters, each representing a month of the year, starting in April. How typical of her thinking that the year started with April, "the true beginning of the yearly cycle." She had a feeling for finding something special about each day.

She writes about February, "To me, February is like standing in the middle of a bridge. December and January are behind, but it is a long journey to the other side where daffodils scatter gold on the greening shore. On the other hand, I

would never want to go away to the summer ease of Florida or the mellow skies of California. Instead, I check the woodpile to be sure I don't need to call Stu and Russ Crosby."

She reminds us that homemaking is never dull, and writes, "But when housework suddenly seems unbearable—as it sometimes does, especially in February—the homemaker has a freedom of choice seldom possible in an office routine. One can choose an hour in the fantasy land of seed catalogs and plan for spring. Let the washing go—it will keep. Or go out to cut juniper branches for the ironstone jug. Take an extra pan of bird food out and watch the quail come bobbing along."

Her *Still Cove Journal* is the long-awaited successor to *My Own Cape Cod* (Harper & Row, \$9.95) in which she tells of living on the Cape with the tides and fogs, and "the people who sweep pine pollen from their doorsteps in season, carry a pot of home-baked beans to a neighbor, knock themselves out finding a home for lost kittens, feed crippled seagulls, and fight fiercely at town meetings." *My Own Cape Cod* was published in 1971 and is still available.

Especially Father (Pine Street Press, Box 302, Baileys Harbor, Wis. 54202, \$11.95) originally published in 1948 and now back in print, was reviewed in this column. Gladys Taber suddenly realized she didn't want the family forgotten. *Especially Father*. It has become a Door County, Wisconsin, classic and is filled with the heritage that made the author one of the best-loved of our times.

Another Path (Harper & Row, \$8.95) was written when her friend, Jill, died and she was obliged to make a new life. She found a great guide was friendship. She shared the lives of friends and concentrated less on her own. The world opened out for her. Also, in the midst of change, some things always remain, and she wrote, "If I learn to accept the changes that come, but center my spirit in what is eternal, I shall weather any number of storms."

Part of the Introduction by Constance Taber Colby in *Still Cove Journal*, in which she writes of her mother's final days, burial and memorial service was a help to me. My mother, Anna J. Carlson, died on November 30, 1981, and her services were held on December 3, 1981, carried out much as she had planned. This is what Mrs. Colby wrote, "Gladys herself had often faced the death of someone close to her; she had learned to walk the lonely path of grief. In the end, she had found faith and, with faith, peace. It was in one of her descriptions of this experience that I came across a sentence that spoke directly to us all:

'As for me, I believe we never lose those we have loved.'"

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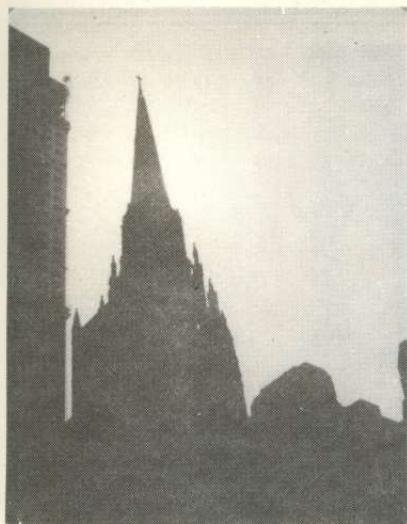
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When the Chicago Temple was built in the early 1920s, its spire lifted far above most of the buildings in the loop area. Gradually, tall skyscrapers surrounded it. Visitors who go to the Chicago civic center can look across the street to the south for an excellent view of the spire. This picture shows the tower silhouetted against the early afternoon sun.

TOWERS

by
Annette Lingelbach

The study of towers is fascinating, unusual and rewarding. It can become a travel hobby for the entire family which continues to be of interest for years, for there are many towers in the world today. Some are internationally famous, while others are known only locally. No two towers are ever alike. Even if you visit some more than once, you will usually observe something new and exciting about them each time you view them.

The world's tallest building is in Chicago, Illinois. It is the 110-story Sears Tower. As a person looks at it, it is difficult to imagine the Las Vegas stunt man who climbed it on Memorial Day of 1981. All he had to help him along were metal clips and suction cups.

Chicago has many famous towers—the Wrigley Tower, the Tribune Tower, the new John Hancock building and the church spire of the Chicago Temple (the First United Methodist Church) which lifts over 568 feet above street level.

Many church towers enclose carillons and this can be a fun part of the research on towers. The aforementioned Chicago Temple has a section set aside in its spire which contains chimes which are played either manually or by electronic equipment. The sound carries far out across the Chicago loop. It is a joy to hear these, as well as other church carillons as various cities are visited.

Bell towers are to be found in other locations. The Singing Tower and Mountain Lake Sanctuary at Lake Wales, Florida, could well be called after that

popular musical play, "Music in the Air", for it contains 53 bells (weighing from 17 pounds to more than 11 tons) which play music all day long. This Singing Tower, on top of Peninsular Florida's highest point, is surrounded by 128 acres of azaleas, magnolias, camellias and includes a bird observatory. Both the tower and the sanctuary were a gift from Edward Bok, a famous writer and publisher.

Music of Stephen Foster can be heard daily from the over 700 bells of the 200-foot carillon tower at the Stephen Foster State Folk Culture Center at White Springs, Florida.

It would be impossible, as well, to list all the bell towers which ring out their beautiful music across college campuses in many countries.

Prisons and castles often have towers. What castle has the most towers? It would be fun to find out.

The list of towers one can visit while traveling abroad is tremendous: the Tower of Delhi in India, the Leaning Tower of Pisa in Italy, the Tower of London in England, the Eiffel Tower in France, to name just a few.

Even if you cannot travel to many of these places, spires and towers are in all parts of the country. It would be a fine family project to make a scrapbook of pictures of towers of the world. Start with those close at hand and go from there. Maybe, someday, you'll be able to see some of the ones which you decide are very special.

QUEEN OF THE KITCHEN

My kitchen is my castle,
And I'm the ruling queen.
My pots and pans are subjects
Whose shining armors gleam.
And as I plunge my hands into
The warm, soft suds for dishes,
I dream I'm soaking fingernails
As my manicurist wishes!

—Louise Simms

HOW DO I LOSE WEIGHT?

How do I lose weight?
Let me count the weighs.

I lose by checking all I eat
And never, never turning cheat.
I lose by weighing every bite
And being hungry every night.
I lose by picking carrots, fish,
And lots of lettuce for my dish.
I lose by using my will power
And keeping at it every hour.

How do I lose weight?
In a hundred little weighs.

—Ruth Townsend

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
weekend. The second year I taught, the director got an oil burner and we were all more comfortable.

But winter provided for fun times, too. The children brought their sleds so at recess and during the noon hour everyone, including the teacher, had a good time coasting. The only time school was closed was when the teacher couldn't get there, and that wasn't often because I had a Jeep with four-wheel drive.

My years of teaching were easy compared to Frank's sister, Ruth. In the early thirties, she taught a rural school a few miles from here. There were times during the winter months when the snow was deep, and with no road maintenance in those days, the only way she could get to her school was on horseback.

Sometime in a future issue I'm going to talk more about the rural schools and my feelings about them, but my space is gone and I'll just close by saying I will always be grateful that Kristin got her educational start in a little one-room school. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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MEANS OF SURVIVAL

by
Evelyn Lyon

Those of us who were fortunate enough to grow up during the depression learned early in life the value of some very basic survival measures. My mother had an old adage that took her through the depression and became her guideline for life. I have passed it on to my children. "Eat it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without." Believe me, I have experienced to the fullest all four of these phrases.

I've never known what it was to throw away food—even a spoonful. It can always be used as seasoning or bulk in some other dish. Small bits of meat, gravy, or broth, add zest to an otherwise bland casserole of potatoes, noodles, or spaghetti. Leftover vegetables can be saved in a soup crock, kept in the freezer and added to the next cooking of vegetable soup. The variety of vegetables used can be very tasty. Leftover noodles, macaroni, spaghetti and rice can be added for bulk.

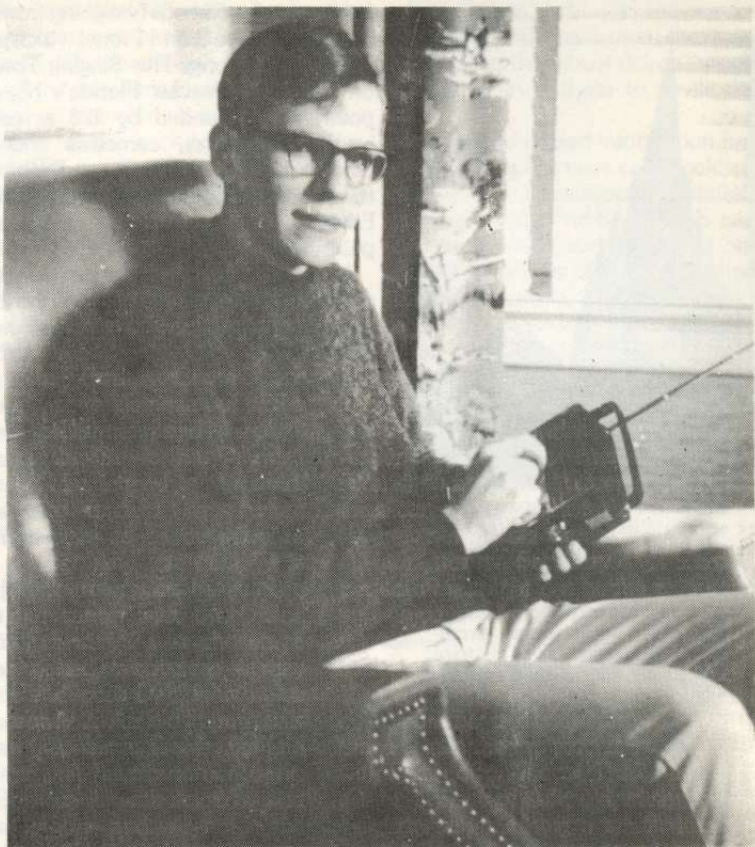
Small bits of jellies, jams, and preserves can be mixed together to make a cupful, and you have the beginning of an applesauce cake, as the jelly mixture is substituted for the applesauce. Even crumbs from the cookie jar can be added to a pudding mix, thereby giving a different taste and texture.

Now, the "wearing it out" can last over several years, as clothes are made over and remodeled. Children's clothing can be made from good parts of adult's wearing apparel, such as slacks, shorts, and skirts from men's trousers. Girls' blouses can be made from men's dress shirts. Little boys' shirts, girls' blouses, skirts and dresses can be made from ladies' dresses. The skirts of cotton dresses too faded to make a pretty garment can be cut and hemmed to make very practical, soft dish towels. The upper part of the garment makes serviceable scrub rags for floors and windows.

The "making it do", is a matter of mind over matter. Discourage fad-consciousness in yourself. When making a purchase of clothing, furniture, or home furnishings, consider a long time before buying. Never buy on the spur of the moment or on an impulse. Consider the serviceability and practical side of your choice.

Shop during sales, but remember bargains are not bargains if they call for added expenditures in order to be useful. For instance, sale curtains, no matter how cheap, are never a bargain if one has to paint or paper a room in order to use them. If time is no problem, shop thrift shops, Goodwill centers, and the ever-popular garage sales. However, keep in mind—shop with a disciplined mind.

The last part of the adage is the



From Our Family Album

This photograph of David Driftmier, the only son of Frederick and Betty Driftmier, was snapped in our old family living room here in Shendoah. It was David's first trip alone to Iowa, and all of us wondered if his ancient, beat-up van would actually get him to his destination in Victoria, British Columbia. It did!

He was headed to the Northwest to put in a year as an exchange student at the University of British Columbia in Victoria. A Canadian student filled in as a senior at the University of Massachusetts as his counterpart in this country.

This experience as an exchange student proved to be the great turning point in David's life, for in Victoria he found the opportunities to do what he really wanted to do. Today both he and his wife, Sophie, live and work in Calgary, Alberta; the years in British Columbia are behind them.

—Lucile

hardest, "do without"—but it pays off. Take a quick mental inventory of the things you have bought which you did not need. Learn to do without. Life does not stop because you do not have everything or even a small part of what you want. Learn to say no to yourself and your family. Get your values straight, learn what should be top priority and what should not. Feel the satisfaction that comes from knowing that you have control over your decisions and are not tossed about by every whim or fancy.

These recommendations may not be easy to follow, but they can be rewarding and exciting. I know, because I have had over sixty years experience—I am a survivor.

SITTING BY THE FIRE — Concluded
mixture as full of flour as possible and then rubbed it in my hands to drop into the soup. The dough can also, I learned, be pushed through a colander or a ricer. We like rivils with potato, corn, French onion and bean soups.

Which reminds me to go stir the beans, set the table, put another log on the fire and be ready to "rub the rivils between my thumb and index finger as they are dropped into the soup" when my two hungry men come through the door ready for supper.



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APPETITE ATTITUDES

by
Evelyn Witter

Authorities agree that children's eating habits can be the result of the parents' attitudes. Here are some helpful suggestions:

Don't show irritation over your child's slowness in eating when he's learning the difficult technique of self-feeding. Don't try and hurry up the process or he may become discouraged and quit. Eating with implements is a difficult skill to acquire. Remember how clumsy you felt the first time you held a pair of knitting needles in your hands? Remembering this "all thumbs" feeling will help you appreciate the fact that your child can't learn to eat without messiness, spilling, awkwardness, and the slow, tedious proves of trial and error.

An attitude that promotes scenes is definitely taboo. Why? Children love scenes. So don't get angry over some eating idiosyncrasy your child may have at present. Confrontations won't cure, they usually only create an undesirable habit. Your child may repeat what you don't like just for the exhilaration of a scene. If correction must be done, do it quietly, or remove the child from the table until he is ready to cooperate.

Insisting that your child clean up every crumb on his plate is bad policy. His appetite varies from one meal to the next, from one day to the next, much as yours does. A child's appetite is a good guide for the amount of food he needs, unless he is too tired, over-stimulated, sick or emotionally upset. Serve smaller portions and then give more if requested.

Don't acquire the dangerous attitude that eating between meals is good practice because approved nursery schools serve in-between-meal snacks. These

are really fourth and fifth meals consisting of fruit or fruit juice and a cracker, and not served close to another mealtime. If your child requires extra food, scheduling fourth and fifth meals is good practice. Snacking on rich foods at any time is bad practice because it spoils the appetite for a good, substantial meal.

Insistence on regularly scheduled and "on time" meals is necessary—this tends to discourage in-between meal snacking.

The idea that any member of the family can make disparaging remarks about certain foods and not affect the child is sheer folly. For example, you naturally expect your child to consume his allotted amount of milk so don't permit adults at the table to sneer at the beverage or say, "Can't go for the stuff myself. Give me a good cup of coffee anytime." The child will understandably refuse the food on this basis. After all, he is by nature a little copycat and if his companions don't like certain foods he'll acquire their dislikes in his processes of imitation.

Attentiveness at mealtime is good unless this is the only time you are willing to give extra attention. A child quickly learns that eating is a device he may use to get your interest, and he could easily fall into problem habits as a result. So, give him extra attention at various times through the day—while he's bathing or playing, for example.

Good eating habits deserve praise—except when overdone. Too much ado about eating may make it a main source of emotional satisfaction and could cause obesity. Many physiologists tell us that overweight in adults can often be traced back to this single factor from babyhood.

Being sure that your child is not too tired to eat is important. A nap before meals sometimes does more for your child's good appetite than any other

factor.

Attractive food is an appetite-getter. Novel ways of fixing common foods, an added bit of color, the addition of a few dishes that are not used every day, a change of centerpiece, all help to make your child's eating experiences interesting and satisfying.

With a pleasant and intelligent set of attitudes, there should be no eating problems at your home.

"MY BOY, BE SOMEBODY"

Many years ago, a sick woman laying on a crude pallet, with but a few days to live, dreamed a golden dream. Calling her only son, a lean, lanky lad to her bedside, she gazed into his deep dark eyes and communicated to him her glowing vision and hope.

Her own years had been few and unfavored. Her life had been occupied by the limitations of a pioneer life. Her castle, a log cabin, her hopes were bounded by forest-clad hills and mighty streams—there was no chance for their realization.

Her boy shall know no such imprisonment; he shall burn the barriers which enclosed her and crash the gates of her imprisonment. In him, her dreams shall come true.

Drawing his face close to her own, she whispered the magic words that held her dreams: "My boy, be somebody." Thus, Nancy Hanks planted a golden dream in the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The result is known to the world. Those magic words were the golden stairs upon which the son of Nancy Hanks climbed to fame and brought out of his mother's fears and disappointments the realization of a cherished dream.

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LUCILE'S LETTER — 'Concluded

and snow. I was afraid to put on the brakes for fear of going into a whirling skid, and there were trucks right on our tail. Then, in a place where I could not pass, and could not slow down, we came upon an enormous mobile home being trucked to a new location. I frantically honked my horn and the man crowded over to the railing giving me about one inch to spare as our car passed by. It was horrendous!"

Mountain driving has never been one of my great pleasures in any weather, good or bad, so I'm glad to have missed that nerve-shattering session. Incidentally, I'm wondering why that mobile home wasn't kept off the road until driving conditions improved? It doesn't seem logical that any delivery date justified endangering the lives and limbs of so many people.

Mary Lea told me yesterday that her parents had returned to their home in Connecticut after spending two weeks at Pompano Beach in Florida with Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Crandall, who are not in the best of health. Their children and grandchildren on the east coast take turns being with them.

Now it's time to bring in logs from the back porch to start a fire, and to have a cup of hot coffee with a sample of the fil-

bert cake that was baked earlier today to have on hand when Juliana arrives. There are all kinds of things I'd like to ramble on about, but space is space and I can see plainly enough that I've used what is available for me.

Devotedly, your friend . . .

Lucile

USE THE SUN'S HEAT

by
Mildred Grenier

Open all the window curtains and blinds and let the sunshine in on cold winter days. A warm surprise will greet you. The sun's warmth is comfortable and relaxing—and, best of all, all this extra heat is free.

However, you must cover up those windows when the sun is not shining. Pull the curtains at night. This is very important. Windows lose heat to the outdoors very quickly. They can rob you of heat two or three times faster than even an uninsulated wall of the same size. So when the sun goes down, pull the curtains over those windows and "tuck them in" for the night.

Good window curtains will help save you money. They reflect heat back into the house and keep warm air away from the cold windows. The curtains should be light-colored to reflect back more heat into the house. The curtain material doesn't have to be very heavy—just thick enough so air can't go through it easily.

You can make your own curtains inexpensively. Make them so they seal air out of the tops and sides when they are closed. Otherwise, the warm air at the ceiling will move down the walls and windows as it cools.

Here's how:

To seal in the top of the window, cut a length of curtain material and tack to the top of the window frame several inches above the curtain rod area. It should drape over the top of the curtain all the way around. It should lie flat on top of the curtain and drape about six inches down to make a good air seal. Also, put the tacks closely together at the top to make a good seal.

Next, tack one side of the curtain all the way down the side of the window frame. On sunny winter days, the curtain can be pulled and tied to this side. Tie it above center as this clears more of the window to let the sunlight in. The curtain must slide along the rod to do this, so make sure the curtain rod is smooth so the curtain can slide easily.

When you pull your curtain at night, to keep in the most warmth, you must "seal down" the other side, also. This can be done simply with a wood screw and a common lumber yard furring strip. The

furring strip is fastened to the window frame at the top with a screw so it can be swung out to release the curtain when you want to pull it in the daytime. When you want to close the curtain and hold the side down tight, the strip swings back over the side of the curtain, and is held down firmly at the bottom with a small block of wood. This kind of curtain will really reduce your heating bill.

Remember to use the free winter heat from the sun whenever you can. Close the curtains at night and keep the heat in your house. Whatever you spend to make good curtains as described above, will come back to you in one winter in money savings. In the summer, you can use the same curtains to keep the sun out and help keep your house cool.

(Reprinted from the *National Reporter*, Bixby, Okla.)

FARM SALES

Here in our Midwestern Corn Country we see many, many advertisements for "closing out" sales where the land itself, plus buildings, livestock, machinery and miscellaneous items are to be sold at public auction at such-and-such a date.

The next time you see such an advertisement, you might contrast it with a farm sale held at Glenwild, Mississippi, in 1866. These details come from a book titled *Mississippi* (a volume from The American Guide Series published by The Viking Press in 1938). It was compiled and written by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration.

"The contract for sale gives an idea of what a large Southern plantation included. The purchase price was \$40,000 plus \$25,000 for the stock and equipment. The plantation embraced 4,500 acres, 2,300 of which were in cultivation.

"With the real estate went 500 hogs, 200 head of cattle, 300 sheep, 9,000 bushels of corn, 30,000 pounds of meat, 15,000 pounds of cottonseed, and 4,000 bushels of Irish and sweet potatoes, all produced on the place in that year.

"In addition to the Great House, the deed of sale also listed: Meat House, Smoke House, Blacksmith Shop and Tools, Carpenter's Shop and Tools, Good Grist Mill, Hospital, Overseer's House, 25 Negro Houses, 3 Corn Houses, Ice House, Stable for 60 Mules, New and Complete Cattle Stable, Carriage House, Horse Stable, 2 Cotton Gins and Gin House, 4 Hen Houses, Large Fruit Orchard Bearing Apples, Pears, Peaches and Figs without limit."



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 45¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

April ads due February 10
May ads due March 10
June ads due April 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

PECANS: Quart each halves, pieces, meal. Three-quart sampler \$11.95 postpaid. Teneco, Box 638-K, Rutherford, TN 38369.

TAKE NO CHANCES. Deal with oldest, most reliable firm in old gold business. Established 1934. We buy Gold, Silver, Platinum, Diamonds. Highest Cash. Free Information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Pre-Cut Metal Patterns, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$1.50. Quilts, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

LOSE 15 POUNDS mixing two cooking ingredients! \$2.00. Recipe, 2060 East Second, Fremont, Nebraska 68025.

SALAD RECIPES to satisfy! Send SASE, \$2.00. Box 335, Dorchester, Ne. 68343.

COOKBOOKS FOR FUND-RAISING Church groups and other organizations. Your recipes. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

COOKBOOK — 750 recipes — Homemade Sausage Sections — \$5.75 postpaid. St. Matthew Lutheran Church Women, Mrs. Velda Quandt, Stewart, Minn. 55385.

GERMAN RECIPES—Includes beef rouladen. Money saving tips. Booklet \$4.00. Maria, 2950 Rosalind Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90023.

POLISH PRIZES: Grandmother's 18 favorite Polish recipes. Send \$4.00 to B. B. Recipes, Box 338, Hastings, NE 68901.

HAVE YOU TRIED Grandmother's salt rising bread, cream biscuits, fried drop cakes? Over two dozen of Grandmother's wholesome recipes. Delicious and no preservatives added. Send \$3.95 to Grandmother's Cookbook, Box 53, Oak Island, Mn. 56741.

BE THE BEST FUN-LOVING HOSTESS with Award-winning Party Season Books. 4 books—summer, fall, winter, spring. EACH has 12 complete parties, illustrated invitations, decorations, table settings, menus, over 60 recipes. Each book \$3.95 plus .85 postage per copy. Special Mail Order Offer. Set, \$14.95 plus \$2.25 postage. Party Season Inc., Box 231, York, Nebr. 68467.

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IDEAL FOR MEN. Best such report published for farmer-rancher. "Reducing Farm Energy Costs". \$5.00. Will return money many times. Townsend Associates, Box 1072, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

40 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

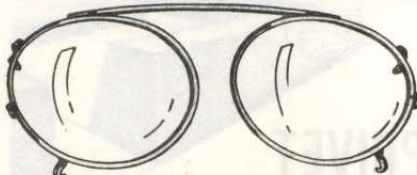
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40 TOWEL CO.
1602 Locust St.

Dept. B-565,
St. Louis, MO 63103

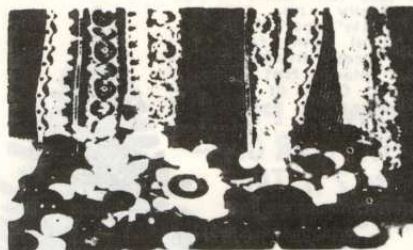
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200 recipes for every occasion using this favorite inexpensive hearty grain. Cookies, breads, entrees, desserts, granola and more. 64 pp. 5½" x 8½". \$3.45; 2 for \$6; 3 for \$9 postpaid. Penfield Press, 215 Brown St., Iowa City, IA 52240



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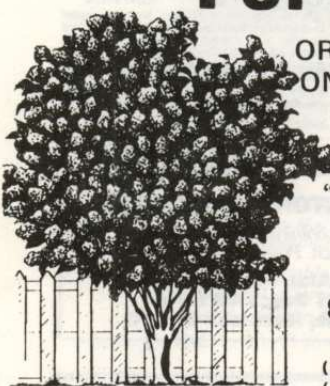
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In midsummer, this breathtaking, "color-changing" Hydrangea Tree (Hvd. P.G.) is covered with masses of snow white flowers. In August, they turn a beautiful bluish pink and finally in the fall, to a royal purple. An excellent tree for specimen or ornamental planting. Especially nice in groups of three. Easy to grow. Fast growing. Choice 1½ — 3' nursery grown trees.

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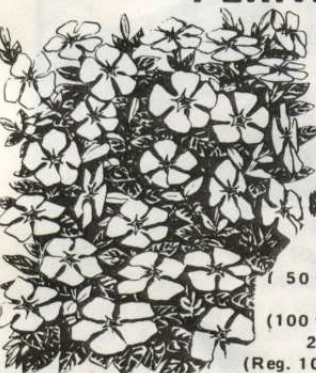
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The biggest most luscious-tasting strawberries you've ever tasted. Heavy-bearers, they grow big as tea cups! They're firm, deep red and a mouth-watering delight for deserts, preserves, freezing and eating fresh.

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Hardy, Permanent
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10 FOR \$1.98 40 for \$ 7.00
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Amur River North — most popular trimmed hedge in America. Can be maintained at any height, making a thick, dense hedge right down to the ground. The lustrous green leaves stay on till late fall. Lasts for generations. Requires practically no care. Plant 1½' apart for a beautiful living fence. You receive healthy 1' to 3' plants. Not shipped to Calif. or Ariz.

NOW ½ PRICE!

FIVE YEAR OLD—
1 to 2 ft. TALL
COLORADO
BLUE
SPRUCE

3 FOR \$1.95



Yes, now you can purchase the beautiful Colorado (7 for \$3.95) Blue Spruce (Picea pungens (16 for \$7.95) glauca) at amazingly low prices. Strong northern grown, nicely branched 4-year old, 10-18" seedlings that are nursery grown. Ideal transplanting size. Excellent for corner groups, windbreaks, or as individual specimens.

Masses of Color Early in the Spring!

CREeping PHLOX

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BARE SPOTS WITH BLAZING COLOR!

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