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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

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-Sentinel Photo



# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom.



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

On this frosty January morning I have settled down to my old typewriter at my old desk to get off this letter to you, the first letter I've written to anyone in 1972.

Although the typewriter and desk are very familiar, their setting is another story altogether. This big, sun-flooded room in Juliana's and Jed's new home is called the breakfast room, but lunch and dinner are also eaten here unless there are to be more than six people at the table, and then the regular dining room is pressed into service.

After being firmly anchored in Shenandoah for almost fourteen months it still seems a little unreal to me that I am actually here in New Mexico once again. Probably being in a new house in a section of Albuquerque that I'd never before set foot in has a great deal to do with this sensation of novelty.

Probably Dorothy will mention something about our trip out here since she was the driver, so I'll only say that my foolish fretting about bad storms was a remarkable waste of time. We had fine traveling conditions until we reached the outskirts of Albuquerque, and at that point we ran into extremely dense fog that obliterated almost everything. Furthermore, it hung on for several days, the worst fog-smog ever to hit the city. But this unusual weather made no earthly difference to me for I was back again with Juliana, Jed and my two darling little grandchildren. (I make no apologies to anyone for sounding like a typical doting grandmother!)

My eyes were dazzled when we arrived by the huge and gorgeous Christmas tree in the living room, many arrangements of fresh greens and holly, and a blazing fire of pinon and cedar. Jed referred to the big tree as "Juliana's folly" because she miscalculated the height of the living room ceiling and consequently three feet had to be sawed off the top before

it could be made to stand upright. Almost every inch was covered with tinsel and ornaments, many of them the ones that Juliana had grown up with in her childhood home. James and Katharine had been great helpers by placing things on the lowest branches, so I understood why it had been a half-day project to decorate that tree.

Although Juliana and Jed had lived in this house less than two months when I arrived, I was astounded at the very "settled" feeling they had managed to achieve. If I hadn't known better I would have said that they had lived here for a long, long time. But my! the work that has gone into this big move. They kept track of the mileage put on the car between the old places on Chapala Drive and this new place, and it was well over 2,000 miles when the last load had been transported.

Although they had sent me a drawing of the floor plan and some pictures, I was really surprised by the house because I'm not much good at visualizing dimensions, square feet, etc. All of the rooms are considerably larger than I had expected and the entire place is so spread out in genuine Spanish fashion that for a couple of days I was confused and kept turning the wrong direction to get to my room.

In countless details this new home reminds me powerfully of the place north of Santa Fe that Russell and I bought so happily . . . and that I sold so reluctantly about three years ago. All of the rooms (with the exception of the kitchen and breakfast room) have beamed ceilings, and the living room has many big windows that give us a gorgeous view of the Sandia Mountains.

I know right now that we're never going to be able to get satisfactory pictures of this place. Even with all of Russell's photographic skill he could never get shots of our old place north of Santa Fe that gave you any idea of what it was all about. This house presents the same problem; it is simply too spread out.

Incidentally, this place is not within the city limits of Albuquerque but is in Bernalillo County. Since it is a corner property there are old-fashioned dirt roads on both sides, they have their own well rather than a city water system, and Jed furnishes their trash disposal by loading up the station wagon once a week and driving to the official dump for this area — about four miles distant. It really has the feeling of being in the open country even though there are neighboring houses scattered here and there.

I've gone into all of this in an attempt to give you some kind of an idea where daily life is carried on by the Loweyes and where I'll be staying when circumstances permit me to make the trek to New Mexico. But now I want to say something about James and Katharine because so many, many of you friends say that you like to know how they are developing in comparison to your own children and grandchildren.

James is past 3½ — he'll be 4 years old on April 12th. He seems to me an amazingly obedient child, by and large, and has a great capacity to entertain himself. This is a genuine blessing, for as yet Juliana hasn't found any youngsters approximately his age close at hand. Twice a week she tries to have his playmates from the old neighborhood come here to play or she takes him there, but it's a long freeway trip in heavy traffic and would become a heavy burden if tackled more frequently.

The two major gifts that Santa Claus brought to James were a tremendous success. He works energetically filling his new red wagon with firewood and stacks it neatly outside the door. His goal is to have a neat pile of wood every day by 4:00 o'clock when the living room fire is built. I'm surprised by his perseverance and his ability to lug really big pieces of cedar and pinon.

The other successful gift was a set of tools, well-made things with wooden handles and actually good for real jobs. Several pieces of lumber came with these tools and he has spent countless hours hammering, sawing, drilling, etc. It is creative and constructive play in the best sense of the words.

Right now he is teetering on the verge of giving up his nap, but every day immediately after lunch he must go to his room and "read his books" for a while. He always says that he isn't going to take a snooze, but about half of the time he drops off to sleep. We grown-ups have mixed feelings about this. If he doesn't snooze he is totally worn out by night, but if he does

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## MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Like the lines in an old popular song, "The snow is snowing, the wind is blowing----". When we talked to Martin on the phone yesterday, he said his church services had to be cancelled as everyone was snowbound. Considering the wind direction, we figured that Montana's weather would soon reach Southwest Iowa and sure enough, we awoke to a blanket of white this morning. It hasn't let up yet and is beginning to drift. I was planning to attend a state church committee meeting in Des Moines later in the day, but it was cancelled after the early morning weather reports.

Foolishly, I left the car out all night and no one will be around to scoop until the snow ends, so I'll just stay snug and cozy in the house and use this time at home to write my letter to you.

Frederick arrived after New Year's to spend a few days with the family. Howard and Mae had flown to Springfield, Massachusetts, for Christmas and New Year's and Frederick decided to fly back with them for a short mid-winter visit. He brought colored slides of his recent trips so we gathered at Mother's house in the evenings and he entertained us with his slides and commentaries. My! how we all enjoyed seeing his pictures and hearing about those exciting trips. I hope someday Oliver and I can visit some of the countries he and Betty have included in their travels.

I told you last month that our son Martin was planning a big adventure this winter. We had seen a tour listed in our church magazine that was to take in the Holy Land and although Oliver and I knew we wouldn't be able to go, we didn't dream that it would be possible for Martin to take it. When he mentioned that a group was being made up from the seminary he attends, we began to give serious consideration to his going. He might never have such an opportunity again — at least not for many years. An arrangement has been worked out whereby he'll do a paper on the trip and receive some credit hours in his studies. This experience will certainly be of tremendous value to him as he prepares himself for the ministry. He leaves for Cyprus about the time this issue is put into the mail, and for several days he'll be touring in Israel, Lebanon and Turkey.

Do any of you have a program in your community to take hot meals to shut-ins? In some cities it is called "Meals on Wheels". (Frederick has made references in his letters to this service in Springfield.) For the past two months several of us have been



Margery took the visiting relatives on a tour of the plant while they were here. Fritz snapped this picture as she was explaining how the magazine is put together.

taking a hot noon meal to one of our church members. It is prepared by a woman who boards several elderly people. As the word has spread, others have volunteered so I'm going to work out a schedule this week. In some towns even smaller than ours several shut-ins have a hot meal brought to them each day. If you are involved in such a project I'd appreciate hearing details as to how it is handled.

We were delighted to have recent visits from our cousin Gretchen Harshbarger, her husband Clay, their son Fritz and his wife Linda. Gretchen and Clay had spent Thanksgiving with us and at that time we asked them to try to come sometime during Christmas vacation. They were hopeful that Fritz and Linda would be coming from their home in California, but would see how things worked out. Word came later that Fritz and his wife had flown to Washington, D.C., and, having to make a stop in Missouri, could meet them in Kansas City. Clay and Gretchen stopped briefly at Mother's before meeting their plane and in a few days they all came back for a visit. We hadn't seen Fritz for many years and hadn't met Linda as they were married only three years ago. Linda is a teacher, but currently is a

### COVER PICTURE

These children could scarcely wait for the snows to end before heading for a hill near our new high school building to try out their new sleds. We noticed a variety of coasting equipment, and what looked particularly fun were the large round disks for they had to be "on their toes" to keep them under control! I mean that literally, for some youngsters were actually coasting down the hill standing up!

full-time student in graduate studies. Her field is working with students with learning problems and also training tutors. Fritz's work in the scientific field and in his hobby of photography have taken him to exciting places around the world. He's entered amateur movies in international film contests and has received some awards on his efforts. We wish their stay in Shenandoah could have been longer, but Clay had to get back to his teaching at the University of Iowa and Linda and Fritz were on a tight schedule. They promised that their next visit to Shenandoah would be longer.

I didn't get this letter finished yesterday. The snows finally ended, the boy came to scoop the walks and driveway, the snowplows came down our street so it was possible to get moving again. I missed a day at the office, so there was a big accumulation of mail to read last night.

The children didn't waste any time getting out with their sleds. A section of the street that I normally take to the office is barricaded during good sledding weather, so when I reached that hill I made a detour. As I passed the corner there must have been several dozen youngsters having a marvelous time. I assume many of the sleds were Christmas gifts, and how fortunate for them that we had such a heavy snowfall! It is a disappointment to get a new sled and have to wait weeks and weeks to use it as is sometimes the case. But not this year!

Martin had his first experience with snowmobiling when he visited friends at Yellowstone after Christmas. The parents of his friends live at the park headquarters year around and he was invited to spend several days with them. Martin has vacationed in Yellowstone a number of times, but always at the height of the summer season. He said it was fascinating to see it in the winter. The park was closed, of course, but a few roads were open for the use of the permanent staff.

These are busy days for me as I'll be entertaining a club at our house next week as well as my church circle. No matter how I try to keep things up, there are always a few jobs to tackle before guests arrive.

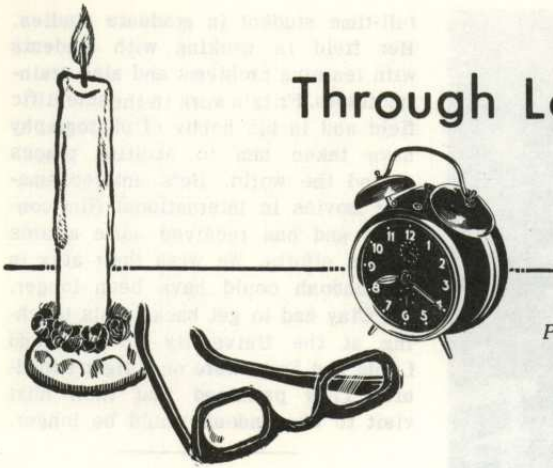
The Friendly Service group meets at the church this week. We hold those sewing sessions in the basement as our projects create quite a bit of litter. Currently we are tearing old sheets into bandages which will be sent to a leprosy hospital.

Now I must hurry on to the office with this letter so it can get on the press.

Sincerely,

Margery





## Through Love-Colored Glasses

Program for Brotherhood Month

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** On a small table arrange a large candle (which is lighted just before program begins), an alarm clock, and a pair of "love-colored" glasses. The latter might be the frames of large sunglasses with the lenses removed, or you might cut a pair of out-sized glasses from heavy poster board.

I'm suggesting mostly contemporary music and the use of guitar or autoharp accompaniment. If necessary, hymns on the themes of brotherhood and service from your hymnal might be substituted.

**Leader:**

Is it a dream — and nothing more — this faith

That nerves our brains to thought — our hands to work

For that great day when wars shall cease, and men

Shall live as brothers in a unity

Of love — live in a world made splendid?

Is it a dream — this faith of ours — that pleads

And pulses in our hearts — and bids us look,

Through mists of tears and time, to that great day

When wars shall cease upon the earth, and men

As brothers bound by Love of Man and God,

Shall build a world as gloriously fair  
As sunset skies, or mountains when they catch

The farewell kiss of evening on their heights?

—Unknown

Song: "The Impossible Dream".

**A Responsive Reading:** (Leader reads part in small print and two or three readers read bold type in unison.)

What creates walls between men and between nations — between neighbors, between you and me?

**Fear!** For many reasons we humans fear one another, and to fear people is to be separated from them.

**Pride!** When we are confronted by the truth about ourselves, the consequences of our acts, our pride keeps us from facing our inadequacies and withdraw from others that they might not (we

hope!) see us as we really are.

**Power!** We want to control lives and governments. We build walls of concrete — ideas and prejudices — and lock ourselves in as well as lock others out.

**Hate!** We are unwilling or unable to love each other. We hate people we don't even know, reject persons sight unseen, refuse to listen to views other than our own.

**Selfishness!** We are unwilling to share cheerfully and equally. We want to save the best for ourselves, place security above need. We want to share only the leftovers, the "over and above" our own wants and desires.

How can we break down these walls, overcome these barriers?

**Trust and faith** must come first. We must have faith that if we try hard enough we can overcome all barriers, and we must trust others and know that they, too, are wanting to break down the walls that separate us.

**Humility** will break down those walls of pride so that we see ourselves and our nation as others see us. It is only after we truly see and know ourselves as we really are that we can build a genuine relationship of understanding and goodwill with others.

**Love** is the real wall breaker-down-er. When we look at another person, or at another nation, through the eyes of love, we see them in a completely different light. Sharing becomes a generous doing thing, not just a glibly uttered word — meaningful because it comes through genuine concern and understanding. It is then we see how often we, ourselves, are on the receiving end.

When trust, humility, and love really fill our hearts, what can happen as we begin to look at people through love-colored glasses?

We'll be jarred, but hard, out of our comfortable ruts! We'll begin to evaluate our jobs as homemakers, professional people, laborers, in terms of service to humanity and to our faith.

We'll not just think and pray for those

who are sick, hungry, in need of clothing and shelter, those in prison, the underprivileged, the discriminated against, but we will bend every effort to right these wrongs as we remember Jesus' saying "As you did it unto the least of these my brethren, you did it unto me." The alcoholic, the refugee, the drug addict, the war victim, the lonely, the handicapped, the aged all become not statistics, but brothers to be given a helping hand, a shoulder to lean on, and love and concern to encourage and bolster in every way.

Song: "Blowin' in the Wind".

**Meditation:** New worlds of understanding open up when we look through love-colored glasses, for then we see: Life through the eyes of a Negro woman — Life through the eyes of a child picking cotton — Life through the eyes of an Indian man struggling to make a living on arid, rocky acres — Life through the eyes of an ADC mother and her children — Life through the eyes of a coal miner — Life through the eyes of a hopeless father and mother in Appalachia — Life through the eyes of a child of the ghetto — Life through the eyes of the unskilled migrant worker as he travels wearily across country to follow the crops — Life through the eyes of the youth growing up across the railroad tracks in a tar paper shack — Life through the eyes of the senior citizen, watching day after lonely day pass with no telephone call, no transportation to get to drug store or grocery, or just out to visit with an old friend, or to church — Life through the eyes of those in high office who must sift, sort, seek, and evaluate among an appalling stack of needs, antagonisms, and injustices striving to bring order and understanding out of chaos — Life through the eyes of a trailer child — Life through the eyes of those near and dear to us in our own home — Life through the eyes of our milkman, our postman, our children's teacher, the paperboy, the garbage collector.

As I try to look through love-colored glasses this poem comes to mind:

Who is so high that I am not his brother?

Who is so poor that I may not feed his hunger?

Who is so rich that I may not pity him?

Who is so hurt I may not know his heartache?

Who sings for joy my heart may never share?

Who is in God's heaven where I may never fare?

May none, then, call on me for understanding?

May none then, turn to me for help in pain

And drain alone his bitter cup of sorrow  
Or find he knocked upon my heart in

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# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

When Frank just came in to have a cup of coffee and get warmed up a little, he reported it was getting very treacherous under foot. We had a freezing mist last night and now it has begun to snow a little bit, so a person really has to watch his footing. I'm always afraid Frank will fall and break a bone, and I don't know what he would do if he ever had to be confined to the house and couldn't take care of his own livestock. He would be a nervous wreck.

My last letter to you was written before Christmas and this is the first opportunity I have had to tell you about our activities around the Holiday season. This was one year I couldn't postpone my shopping until the last minute because I had to get the bulk of it completed, the tree up and decorated, and our presents wrapped and under it before I drove Lucile and Eula Blake to New Mexico to spend the holidays with Juliana and family. I knew I wouldn't have time to get it all done after my return home.

Since this was Lucile's first trip down there in over a year, I hoped the weather would cooperate with us so she could enjoy every minute of the drive (a factor you can never depend upon during the winter months). I drove to Shenandoah the afternoon before we were to start so I could help load the car and we would be ready to get under way the next morning. Lucile wanted to spend two nights on the road so we wouldn't have to make any long drives, and had made reservations ahead of time at motels she was familiar with. We drove only as far as Salina, Kansas, the first day, and got in there early in the afternoon. After we were all settled and had rested a little we decided we would like to see more of the town and got back in the car and drove around for an hour.

Except for a strong wind we had beautiful weather all the way. The coldest temperatures we experienced were in Tucumcari, where we spent the second night. The wind was so strong there you could hardly walk against it, and IT WAS COLD. Late in the evening I walked over to the office of the motel to mail some letters for Lucile, and spent a little time browsing around in the gift shop. I struck up a conversation with the clerk in charge, and



Katharine "got away with" occupying James' fire truck and looked like the cat that ate the canary!

found out she was a "rockhound". She told me of some interesting experiences she has had in that territory, digging for the bones of prehistoric animals. She sends everything she finds to the state geology department to be classified, and she has some rare specimens that are several thousands of years old. I was happy I had started the conversation with her because she was so enthusiastic about her hobby that she was interesting to listen to, and I learned a lot.

Our only bad driving conditions came just a few miles out of Albuquerque, when we ran into dense fog as we entered the pass through the mountains leading into the city. Everyone was driving slowly, and we were on a four-lane highway, so it wasn't too bad. Since we were going to Juliana's new home for the first time, I hoped we would be able to see the street signs so we would make the right turns, and by the time we had to make our first turn, we had run out of the fog. We found the house without a bit of trouble and have Jed to thank for this, because he gave us clear and concise directions.

I'm sure Lucile will tell you all about our arrival, the house, and the children, and since I was there only overnight, I will skip all of these details and tell you about my return trip by plane.

Since my plane reservation was for 8:25 the next morning, Jed was going to take me to the airport before he went to work, but when I walked into the kitchen at 7:00 with my bags packed and ready to go, Juliana told me I might as well relax because I wasn't going anywhere. She had called the airport when she got up and saw the dense fog outside, and they said everything had been grounded, and they didn't know how long it would be before planes could take off. She called back again before Jed left the house and the situation hadn't changed; however, they suggested I should

come to the airport to wait because the minute the fog lifted travel would resume.

Although my plane didn't take off until 10:15 I didn't mind the wait. I had plenty of time to eat a good breakfast and I love to look around in the big gift shop in the terminal building. The Albuquerque terminal building is beautiful, and the time really didn't drag. I had connections to make in Denver for Omaha, but this was also no worry because my plane there didn't leave until 2:00, and I knew I had plenty of time to make the connections. One girl I talked with wasn't quite so lucky. She also had connections to make in Denver for Los Angeles, and she was supposed to be at work at 12:30.

Had my plane been on schedule I would have had four hours in Denver, and had planned to spend that time with Wayne and Abigail. As it turned out, by the time I had contacted them and they drove through the heavy Christmas traffic to the airport, we had exactly ten minutes together — time to say "hello" and "goodbye". Mike and Alison were with them and it was nice to see them. Oliver met me at the Omaha airport and took me to Shenandoah. I spent the night there with Mother and drove home the next morning. After a quick trip like this it hardly seems real that one has covered so much territory in so short a time. Right now I am waiting for word from Lucile telling me she is ready to come home. When I go after her I plan to spend a couple of days in Durango with Kristin and her family, and also spend a day or two with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls, in Roswell before we start back to Iowa.

We enjoyed our annual visit with our friends from Kanawha, Iowa, who come every year for the deer-hunting season. Considering the fact the season was cut to two days this year instead of the usual three, they were lucky. Three of the five went home with a deer. According to the newspaper reports, deer weren't as prevalent this year in our county as they have been in the past, and many hunters were disappointed.

The days are so short now that Frank has to spend most of his time just doing the chores. He has a few traps he has to check every day, but trapping is such a time-consuming job he doesn't have time to do very much with it.

I hear Frank out in the kitchen again, and I think he just brought in the mail. There should be a letter from Kristin, so I will say goodbye until next month.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy





## One of the Family

by  
Don Beckman

Are you one of those fortunate people who have a little dog in your care? If so, do you give him the time, attention, and devotion that he so rightfully deserves? Dogs are most assuredly man's best friend, and they remain steadfast and loyal even when the feelings are not always mutual. In many homes, however, they are accepted as one of the family and are made to feel that they are wanted and needed, which is just as it should be. They are entirely deserving of every consideration that we can give them, and we are made to feel the better for it.

My current living arrangements will not allow me to enjoy the companionship of a dog as I once did, and the absence of an animal in the life of anyone who likes them certainly creates a void, but I can read about them as much as I please . . . and I can remember.

All the years that I was growing up in a small rural hamlet, we had a large, faithful, and somewhat overly protective collie, Buster, who felt it his duty to be constantly at our heels, which was a full-time job. He provided protection as well as companionship and I think now as I look back that perhaps we sometimes took him too much for granted. Yet he was persistent in his dealings with all of us, and I am confident now that he knew far more about what was going on than we did. If we ventured far from the house he was sure to follow even though we urged him back at times, and for no reason other than we did not think he should come along, his only purpose for accompanying us in the first place, of course, being to see that we got home safe again. It never occurred to us once, I think, that he might rather be resting beneath a tree than following us on one of our countless and often senseless expeditions.

His ability as a watchdog was unmatched in our neighborhood for he was large and his bark was fierce, but as far as any of us can remember he never bit a soul. He didn't need to. His very appearance was enough to make all visitors take extreme precaution when venturing toward our gate. Many a time we were summoned by the cry of a stranger who dared not cross the dog who stood there firmly of his own free will, carrying out his self-

appointed duty of patrol.

Did we, as I say, take him too much for granted and consider him as just a dog who had always been an important part of our lives, or did we consider him as something more? No, we considered him as one of the bunch, whose presence we would truly have been lost without. As one of the bunch he knew he was entitled to share in whatever good fortune came our way, and he shared with us in all of our sorrows. What animal, I wonder, enjoys a good time as much as a dog, especially when he is playing with a group of happy children? And what animal expresses such deep sorrow when tragedy befalls those whom he is a part of? All of them do, I am sure, for all animals are sensitive and have feelings, but none more than a dog. I have seen the sparkling eyes of our own Buster as he frolicked in our midst, and I have seen his tears and have heard his cries when death came to our household. Animals do grieve. I know, for I have seen and heard them.

The purpose for my writing this article, however, is to inquire into the living conditions in which your household pets exist. We here in the Midwest

have our winter season of cold weather, when outdoor conditions will at times be unfit for either man or beast. We should then take it upon ourselves to see to it that our animals, especially the smaller and more helpless ones, are as warm and comfortable in their quarters as we are in ours. Dogs that are fortunate enough to live on a farm can, of course, seek shelter in the warm straw in a barn loft, and little house dogs can find their place curled at the foot of someone's bed, but in addition to these are those who are selfishly left to shift for themselves, an act that is totally uncalled for. True, nature provides them with a winter coat, but there are times when even this cannot possibly be doing them much good. There are people who hide their eyes from the sad plight of animals, and even from those of other people, feeling that if they are not aware of misfortune or suffering, that it doesn't exist. And yet they are always the ones who expect the deepest sympathy for themselves. Do not let yourself be in this inferior company, for nothing good ever comes to them, and they are rightfully deserving of whatever ill rewards they get.

Always see to it that your dog (and your cat too, if you have one) has a warm diet at least once a day, that he has free access to fresh water, and that his shelter, even if it is in a garage or stable, is clean and warm and comfortable. Our Lord chose a stable as his birthplace, and the animals, bless them, were the first to greet Him. It is, therefore, our duty to care and protect them for this very reason.

# Good News!

## Now you can hear the Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

program every day,  
Monday thru Saturday  
on KMA — Shenandoah, Iowa  
960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.





# Only Child

by  
Gladise Kelly



Being an only child doesn't seem to carry the stigma these days that it did when I was small and most of my friends were members of large families.

It didn't seem to bother any of my friends that I was the only child in my family. Adults were the ones guilty of "rubbing it in". All of them seemed to think then that "being an only child" was synonymous to "being a spoiled brat". When anyone questioned me about being the only child in my family, this remark almost always followed: "My, I guess you are spoiled rotten!" How many times I have heard that expression! If people thought that, why couldn't they keep it to themselves?

During my early years, I was led to believe that being an only child was a terrible handicap and that every one would grow up selfish and greedy, with never a chance of amounting to anything. All through my teen years I carried a chip on my shoulder, waiting for someone to knock it off by saying, "Spoiled rotten!" I never seemed to find any verbal defense to summon to my rescue.

It rankled inside, however, and I vowed I would show people a single child could be as normal and unselfish as anyone else — if not more so! I worked hard at it. Because of that I probably became a much stronger person than many of those that had no reason to put up such a struggle.

I vowed though I would never raise an only child if I could help it. (I lost a daughter, but was able to raise two strong healthy boys to maturity.)

As I look back on my childhood today, however, I realize there are some advantages as well as disadvantages, to being an only child in the family. I was often lonely and missed sharing the joys and sorrows of my school days with brothers and sisters. I matured

more quickly, I think, because I associated with adults more. I learned to depend on myself for amusement. I read a great deal, learned to sew, embroider, crochet and took long bicycle rides and walks by myself (I lived in the country during my teen years). I found myself turning to nature more — loving the outdoors with its wild flowers and animals. I never lacked for hobbies in my spare time (which I probably had more of than those who had younger brothers and sisters to be responsible for and more work in the house to be done).

I had lots of overnight company, as there was no shortage of beds and about half the time I brought girl friends to spend the night with me. My parents seemed glad to have my friends there.

After marrying into a large family, I began to realize that each member of that family seemed to demand lots of noise and crowds milling around to keep them amused. (I'm not saying all large families are that way — but the family I married into must not have been an outstanding exception.) Some of them were almost panicky if they had to spend any length of time alone.

I realized that having to cultivate resources with one's self can be a big advantage. Now I find myself living alone and those resources I cultivated in childhood are standing me in good stead now and I hope will in the years ahead.

Today's children should no longer be faced with the problem I had when a child. They won't have a chip on their shoulder ready for someone to knock it off by saying, "spoiled brat!"

Help somebody in some one way every day.

After a year, you will have performed 365 good deeds.

## BE GUIDED IN BROTHERHOOD

A guide for an understanding to the idea of Brotherhood is stated in simple terms from the world's major religious beliefs:

**BRAHMANISM:** "This is the sum of duty; do naught unto others which would cause pain if done unto you."

**BUDDHISM:** "Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful."

**CHRISTIANITY:** "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

**CONFUSIANISM:** "There is one maxim of loving kindness: do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

**ISLAM:** "No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself."

**JUDAISM:** "What is hateful to you, do not to your fellow man. That is the entire law, all the rest is commentary."

**TAOISM:** "Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain, and your neighbor's loss as your own loss."



A friend of Frederick's who for many months was in the famous hospital at Warm Springs, Georgia, sent him a little prayer that was written by her physiotherapist. He wants to share it with you.

"Teach me, my Lord, to be sweet and gentle in all the events of life —

in disappointments

in the thoughtlessness of others

in the insincerity of those I trusted

in the unfaithfulness of those on whom I relied.

Let me put myself aside

to think of the happiness of others  
to hide my little pains and heart-aches

so that I may be the only one to suffer from them.

Teach me to profit by the suffering that comes across my path.

Let me so use it that it may mellow me  
not harden nor embitter me

that it may make me patient, not irritable

that it may make me broad in my forgiveness

not narrow, haughty and overbearing.

May no one be less good for having come within my influence, no one less pure, less true, less kind, less noble for having been a fellow traveler in our journey toward ETERNAL LIFE.

As I go my rounds from one distraction to another, let me whisper from time to time, a word of love to Thee. May my life be lived in the supernatural, full of power for good, and strong in its purpose of sanctity." Amen



## THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS HAVE AN EXCITING ADDITION TO THEIR AQUARIUM

Dear Friends:

Since I wrote you last, Christmas has come and gone at our house, and with it the addition of a "tire-track" eel to our aquarium. I was telling you about it in my last letter. Since then we have had several fish pass on to their great reward. We were not sure what species of fish we wanted to complete our aquarium with, but about a week before Christmas Paul was in Frank's Aquarium where he spotted these exotic eels. They are called "tire-track" because of the reticulated markings on their sides, which resemble the track left by a heavy automobile or truck tire. I was curious about this fish since I had not seen it, not having been along on this particular trip with the family. Paul described it as being between nine and twelve inches long and just a typical eel. His father denied this size and indicated that it was a much smaller beast.

So as a Christmas surprise for Paul we determined to bring this tire-track eel into our aquarium. Well, it was a delight for our Paul on Christmas morning to find his favorite fish freak in the aquarium, but it was a far, far greater shock to me to see this enormous writhing eel in this tank with these considerably smaller and gentler-looking fish. Paul had been right! It was every bit as long as he said. The eel has since quieted down and is lying down in a manner between utter fright and a borderline case of retardation. He shocks my sensibilities in the morning hours when I am fixing breakfast (before coffee), and I can find little about him to be curious about. Surely his mother must have loved and appreciated him, but I must learn considerably more about him to appreciate his full value.

Along this same line of things of nature I must suggest a book (another one Katharine has read and has passed on to her still-learning mother) which is of such interest that there is not one among you who would not be wiser for the reading, and entertained by its amusing quips. It is entitled *King Solomon's Ring* by Konrad Z. Lorenz. It was written in 1952, so it is not new and is, in fact, in paperback print. It is all about the observations made by a naturalist about the animal life about him, and it is simply fascinating. Katharine used the facts in it to help her set up her aquarium and terrarium in her advanced biology course at school. For a backyard naturalist it is good reading.

While I'm talking about books, there is one more that I must tell you about



Mary Beth teaches telling time to her class of six-year-olds.

which I now own, and which gave me hours of good, deep, belly laughs. The title is *Just Wait Till You Have Children of Your Own* by Erma Bombeck and Bil Keane. Bil Keane is the creator of *Family Circus*, which I'm sure you have chuckled over in your newspapers. Erma Bombeck writes a syndicated column entitled "At Wit's End". Well, this book is a light-hearted account of what goes on in the day-to-day living of a normal family. My various children were curious about my sporadic laughter. They began to read over my shoulder and finally walked off in disgust, declaring that they didn't see anything funny about that! But it is so true to life from a parent's point of view that it does one's heart good just to see that other homes operate like ours, and that it isn't a freak of nature but rather the norm.

Want to know how we solved the repugnant-music-from-the-younger-generation problem? We bought a music system of our own, Donald and I, which has so many watts that we can overpower anything that they choose to tune in on their radios. Katharine has her own wake-up radio which runs right along with her desk light whether she is in the room or not. Adrienne likewise has a wake-up radio-clock combination which she does not run quite so much as Katharine does, and since they share a room I think I can understand why. Now Paul has a digital clock-radio in his room, which I surely hope will aid me in getting him out of bed on school mornings. I do not enjoy the role of mother-alarm! However, now we can tune up our woofers and tweeters and fill the house with beautiful stereo music from the numerous FM stations in this area.

Adrienne is busy this day with her

doll house refurbishing. She and her neighborhood friends are still at an unsophisticated stage, and they derive hours and hours of pleasure from this doll house. One set of doll house people lasts about two years at best, and this year the doll house has created a new spark of interest by having a new family move into it. There are more children than usual in the family now, and the girls have been busy constructing enough beds for everyone.

Fortunately the German company that makes these scale-model dolls doesn't change their faces, so the new additions year to year look the same although their clothing may change. I surely do recommend a doll house for any of you with little girls. They will need only the simplest rudimentary doll house for a long time until they are eleven or so, when they can move into more elaborate furnishings. The girls, with my mother as an assistant, have made curtains and bedspreads and a myriad of other little gadgets which their ingenuity can come up with. We were given ours when Katharine was not yet one by a neighbor whose daughter had outgrown her interest in it. We kept it in the various attics of the houses we have lived in, and I can truthfully say we have had more than ten years of use from this simple toy. It is one of the few toys left which give youngsters a chance to use their imaginations and be creative.

Paul is now counting the days until it is warm enough to get back to his favorite sport, fishing. He has a lovely new fiberglass pole with some kind of special reel. The ponds and lakes have been frozen over a distressingly long time, and he doesn't have the equipment to do the ice fishing that

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## DECORATIONS

Use cupid figures, cut from bright red paper, profusely in decorating the party area, along with plenty of red and pink paper hearts. Fasten the cupids to door frames, mirrors, drapes, lamp shades, and to the overhang of tablecloths. Cupids may be suspended on lengths of red satin ribbon as wall hangings, or from doorways or ceiling fixtures. Fasten a large cupid to the front door.

A charming cupid centerpiece can be made by cutting a cupid from heavy red posterboard, and standing it up in the center of a large white styrofoam heart. Decorate the heart with a ruffle of lace or satin ribbon around the edge. Place a cluster of ribbon or plastic roses at cupid's feet.

You can make a pretty table runner by laying a strip of the bright red shelf paper down the center of the table over a white cloth. Strew white or pink paper hearts on the red runner. Perhaps you would prefer a lacy silhouette effect made by cutting hearts from the red runner so that when it is placed on the tablecloth you get the "cut-out" effect. The red cutouts can be used on white napkins, or strewn around on the white tablecloth.

Another pretty centerpiece is a "skating cupid" arrangement. Use a mirror for the lake, placing cotton around the edge as a snow-covered lake edge. Fasten posterboard cupid cutouts to small candy cane skates. Place on the mirror lake. You may need to anchor the candy canes in place with a bit of modeling clay. Perhaps you'd like to combine the cupid skaters with heart skaters. To make the latter, use two matching paper hearts for the body of each skater. Glue them together with short lengths of pipe cleaners taped to one heart before the two are pasted together to make the legs and arms. Fasten a smaller heart to the body as the head. Bend arms and legs into shape. Fasten the heart skaters to candy cane skates, or to pipe cleaners bent to cane shape for the runners. I made my skaters appear to be playing a game of ice hockey by fashioning hockey sticks from pipe cleaners and fastening them in the

# Cupid Hosts a Leap Year Party

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

skaters' hands. Thus the heart players seemed to be at their game as the cupids attempted to pierce them with their bows and arrows.

## ENTERTAINMENT

**Fortune Heart Tree:** Cut small hearts from various fabrics and materials. These are fastened to a small tree made by anchoring a nicely shaped tree branch in a flowerpot. The hearts are supposed to symbolize the sort of heart one will win, or has won, in the case this is a married couples' party. A red woolen heart means a warm-hearted mate; a sandpaper heart is labeled "rough but useful"; hearts decorated with feathers are "light hearts"; cold hearts are those white hearts which have been sprinkled with artificial snow; sweethearts are candy ones. Some hearts are thin and "stingy"; plump ones are "generous"; blue hearts are sad hearts; and green ones are jealous hearts. A heart decorated with a slice of lemon is a sour one, and a cotton heart is a soft one. The guests are blindfolded in turn and then pluck a heart from the tree to learn their fortunes.

**Cupid's Shooting Gallery:** Stretch a small rope or heavy cord across one end of the room, or tie between two chairs. From the rope, by strings, are hung five posterboard hearts, varying in size from three inches across to ten or twelve inches across. Each heart has a number on its face — 5, 10, 20, 25 — with the smallest heart having the smallest number. Each player stands six feet away from the string of hearts and, with a ping-pong or other tiny ball, tries to hit the hearts and make them swing, each player having five chances. Add numbers on hearts hit to find each player's score.

**Love's Old Sweet Song:** On slips of paper write the titles to love songs, writing the same title on two slips of paper, and put the slips in two containers so that you have the same titles in each container. Divide the guests into two groups — or boys and girls each in a group. Each person chooses a slip of paper. At the leader's signal each guest starts humming the song written on his slip of paper. Guests wander around the room trying

to locate their partners humming the same tune. A prize may be awarded the couple first finding their partner.

A clever way to find "It" for a game is to provide as many marshmallows as you have guests. Beforehand you will have slit one of the marshmallows on the bottom with a sharp knife and inserted a small cinnamon red heart candy. You pass the marshmallows and announce that "It" is the one who has the red heart. Or you could award a prize to the lucky person. By having more than one heart concealed in marshmallows, you might say that everyone getting a heart must do a stunt to entertain the others.

**Choosing Partners:** Cut hearts from heavy red construction paper. From each heart cut a key, the keys being in different shapes and sizes. Give the keys to the boys and the hearts to the girls. Tell each girl to find the boy who holds the key to her heart. (Since this is leap year, let the girls take the initiative!)

**Leap Year Proposal:** Have the guests find partners. Then announce that music will be played, and when the leader calls a girl's name, she must kneel before her partner and propose until the music stops. There will be great merriment as some proposals will be very short while others are long drawn out. Award a prize to the girl who made best use of her time!

**Where's Your Heart?** Players sit in a circle, and the first player says to his right hand neighbor, "Where's your heart?" The neighbor replies, saying anything that comes to mind such as, "I hid it high in a tree." The one who asked the question must then add a line in rhyme, as "Well that sounds a silly place to me." Then the one who gave the first line of the jingle turns to his neighbor and asks "Where is your heart?", etc. The more nonsensical the rhymes, the funnier it gets.

**Cupid's Soft Soaping:** At the beginning of the party give each guest a supply of white hearts and a pencil. Throughout the evening as they think of something nice about another guest, they write it on one of their hearts, writing the person's name on the heart also. Then they "mail" the heart in a Valentine box provided by the hostess. At the end of the evening, read all of them, and give a prize to the guest having the most nice things said about him!



## FACING THE FACTS

Abraham Lincoln was once accused during a debate of being two-faced.

Replied Abe: "I leave it to my audience — if I had two faces, would I be wearing this one?"





## WHITE HOUSE FIRSTS

by  
Margaret E. Wilkes

Thousands go each year to inspect the property to which all of us who are United States citizens can claim joint tenancy, property however that is never listed in the inventories of our individual estates, property "we own", yet to which for obvious reasons we have no particular title of record, nor can we exercise the usual property rights of complete ingress and egress, but property in which we have bubbling-up pride. I'm speaking of our property located at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. — our White House.

I have relinquished the thought that I shall ever personally inspect this property; still I am vitally interested in it, and have nailed down some relevant "firsts" concerning the various "renters" who have claimed this dwelling as their residence through the years, such as:

Although George Washington never had "tenant's rights" to the property, he was instrumental in choosing the location, and was present when the cornerstone of our house was laid in 1792, three hundred years after Columbus's successful venture.

In the late eighteenth century a contest was open to architects to submit plans for a President's Palace, the prize being all of five hundred dollars. A man by the name of James Hoban was the victor, and he proceeded to supervise the building of this palace, both initially and again in 1814 after the fire.

Our property has a frequent turnover of tenants, which we consider satisfactory. Looking back at the lives of those who have lived within the portals of our house, staying from one month to twelve years, it is interesting to recall how they have all left their imprints, some faint, some positive, many creating mentionable firsts.

Somehow I feel very close, simply through history and voracious reading, to John Adams, the *first* man to occupy our property. His deeply loyal and delightful wife Abigail is a *first* in her own right, being the *first* and only woman to have both a husband and son qualify as occupants of this our White House by becoming presidents of the United States.

Through reading and TV we are almost as familiar with the East Room

as we are our own living rooms, this historic room where most official functions of our nation abound with glamour; some not so official but impressive, such as the not-too-long-ago wedding of the first White House bride in fifty years, Lynda Johnson. These official and dramatic occasions are far removed from the first uses of the East Room, its then being a drying room for two of the ladies who moved in with their husbands, the aforesaid Abigail and her successor, Dolly Madison. Abigail and Dolly were sanitizing their white starched caps there at the time the Federal Government had only one hundred thirty-six employees!

A family by the name of Jefferson moved in about 1801 and still called their temporary residence "The President's Palace". The term White House was not to be used officially until the exciting tenure of Theodore Roosevelt's family. The connotation of President's Palace hardly includes the vision of a lowly hen house, but such a structure was an appurtenance of our property at the time the Jeffersons lived there.

A band of dissidents from a country, which in this account shall be nameless, destroyed our house by fire, leaving it a roofless ruin. But we had no thought except to rebuild, and when this was accomplished some people by the name of Monroe, James and his wife Eliza who, with their family, would have been a reporter's delight. This *first* family since the fire were positive people.

The Monroes were the *first* family to bring their own furniture which, however, the government purchased from them for an unusual sum of \$9,071.22½. When the lease of the Monroes expired, they repurchased this furniture for the exact sum the government had paid them — exact, I presume, meant down to the half cent.

There is in all of us a desire for gracious living, and a forerunner of that began when the *first* running water became available in our house when Andrew Jackson lived there.

Improvements were not too fast, but constant, and in 1848 James K. Polk began using the *first* gaslight instead of candles.

Not long after that the *first* cookstove was carried in, replacing for all time hearth cooking. The cook was completely overwhelmed by the complexity of this new-fangled gimmick. Finally Millard Fillmore, who was then head of our house, personally visited the U.S. Patent Office to obtain instructions as to its operation.

The Fillmores deplored the lack of a library in the house, as at that time the establishment didn't boast of a dictionary or even a Bible on the premises. President Fillmore prevailed upon Con-

gress to grant an appropriation of five thousand dollars for this, and Mrs. Fillmore chose the books.

The progressiveness of the Fillmore administration was again apparent when the *first* bathtub was installed in what President Fillmore called "a temple of inconvenience".

The *first* telephone upgraded communication with our house in 1887 when Rutherford B. Hayes used the Pennsylvania Avenue address as his own. It seemed good sense to go "whole hog" and include the *first* telegraphic equipment at the same time, which was done.

We were really on the move when the *first* electric lights brightened the rooms when Benjamin Harrison was incumbent. However he had misgivings as to this addition and feared electrical shock, so despite the availability of this new wonder, the gaslights continued to glow.

The *first*, and perhaps only, cows to pasture on the sweeping grounds around our house were of the Jersey breed and graced the premises during the administration of President Johnson — Andrew, not Lyndon — insuring fresh milk, cream, and butter for the family.

There was another batch of livestock on the magnificent grounds — this time *first* sheep — during the tragic days of the Woodrow Wilson tenure. It was World War I, and these sheep proved lucrative. Ninety-eight pounds of wool was auctioned, netting \$100,000 for the Red Cross.

Grace Coolidge was the first woman to have her husband Calvin's inaugural speech go all over the country on the fast-becoming-popular gadget called radio.

A couple of elections later a man moved into our house with his rollicking three-generation family, and a wife who was a *first* in many areas, the most outstanding being that she revolutionized future First Ladies' roles, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the *first* president to serve more than two terms.

Next we leased our house to a nice, small, unassuming family from the Midwest. This family found the White House in need of extensive renovation; therefore the Harry S. Truman family was the *first* family to live outside the White House for most of his term. The family resided at Blair House across the way, convenient to the President's work.

We didn't have an edict of "No Children", but from the applicants available we chose an older couple, the man having been a revered war hero; this man, Dwight D. Eisenhower by name, was the *first* White House resident to use the helicopter as a usual means of transportation.

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## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

How difficult it is for me to remember that this is 1972! We are well into our annual trip around the sun. Don't you find it almost impossible to believe that we are flying around the sun at a speed of twenty miles a second, or 7,200 miles an hour? While I like to think of myself as a rather experienced space traveler — I have been around the sun fifty-four and one-half times — I can honestly say that I know good friends who have been around the sun forty more times than have I. This business of traveling through life with a trip around the sun once a year can be quite rough at times, but generally speaking the travel is smooth. Some of us have gone first class all the way, while others of us have been riding second class, but whatever the class, we have liked the traveling well enough to stick with the ship, our good old *World Ship Earth*.

When my brother, Howard, and his wife, Mae, were out here in Massachusetts for Christmas, we had so much fun remembering all of the many good times we had in our youth. What a marvelous thing memory is! Filed away in the millions of cellular storage spaces of the brain are memories of pleasant and comforting moments of the past, and filed there, too, are the pictures of beautiful things we have seen. While not as plentiful and not as detailed as the visual memories, there are recordings of sounds we have heard — the laughter of a child, the singing of a bird — and with a little concentration we can even call to mind the sound of a favorite stream, or the sound of waves beating on the rocks at some lovely spot we have visited. Perhaps it would be correct to call the brain the original electronic computer.

One interesting thing about the conversations I had with Howard and Mae, and with Janice Pitzer, a childhood friend who has spent Christmas with us every year for at least twenty years, was the way some of us could remember certain incidents and some of us could not remember those same things even though we all experienced them. We marvel at our memories with their capacity to remember, and then again there are days when we are baffled by them. Why can't we remember some things? How can four people live through the same events and then forty years later some can remember those events while others cannot? I never have understood this.

Psychologists tell us that there are some things we forget because we don't want to remember them, but on



Frederick's church provides a neighborhood recreation room for the use of underprivileged boys in the downtown area. About 55 boys turn up each day.

the other hand how about all those things we want to forget and cannot? It just doesn't make sense to me, but I do know there are some things that all of us should try to forget. For years I tried to forget some of the terrible experiences I had during World War II, but without success. As I sit here writing this to you, I suddenly realize that at long last I have forgotten some of those experiences, particularly the ones that used to give me nightmares.

Last month when so many people were writing or speaking about New Year's resolutions and New Year's predictions, I found myself thinking that it is a good thing we cannot see into the future! Really, I don't know any form of mental torture worse than the torture of knowing in advance the suffering that lies in wait. I am convinced that only a loving God could have planned in His creation of the world to save us from such dread.

I suppose that in your churches you will be observing Boy Scout Week in this month of February. Our church no longer has a Boy Scout troop, but we do provide facilities for all kinds of Boy Scout dinners, exhibitions and educational meetings. It is not an unusual thing for me to come into the church on some night during the week to find our parish house with Boy Scouts and their leaders in every room. I did not know until just the other day that before we had Boy Scouts in America, we had two organizations for young boys. One was the Woodcraft Indians headed by Ernest Thompson Seton; the other was Dan C. Beard's Sons of Daniel Boone. Later these were both incorporated into the Boy Scout movement with the President of the United States as its honorary head. There are now several million Boy

Scouts in this country, and millions more all over the world.

On one of my recent trips to England I saw in Gilwell Park a bronze statue of a buffalo, the gift of the Boy Scouts of America. It is inscribed "To the Unknown Scout whose faithful performance of the 'Daily Good Turn' brought the Scout Movement to America."

After all my promises to Betty and to the Springfield Police Department, I once again found myself grappling with a couple of thieves. Twice before I have attacked robbers that I have caught in the church, and both times I was told by the police that I must never do that again. "You are lucky you were not stabbed or shot," said the Chief Detective, and I guess that he was right. I had made a solemn vow that the next time I saw thieves at close range I would walk away and call the police, but I forgot myself yesterday. I was leaving the church by the back door when I spotted two men in their early twenties trying to break in the door. I grabbed for them and missed! Then as they ran like mad to get out of there, I ran like mad to catch them. One of them dropped his hat, and the other dropped some mail that they had stolen from a mailbox, and like a fool, I stopped to grab the hat and the mail. They got away! When the police came, they told me once again that I was lucky not to have been hurt. One of the officers said: "Dr. Driftmier, it is a good thing you stopped to pick up what they dropped. Had you kept running after them down that dark side street, they would have let you have it!"

Actually, I am not a brave person, but there is something about seeing robbers that makes me lose my head.

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## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family



### PINEAPPLE GINGERBREAD

- 1 1/2 cups crushed pineapple
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup sorghum
- 1 2/3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Drain the pineapple well, saving the juice. Spread this over the bottom of a buttered 9- x 13-inch pan and sprinkle with the brown sugar. Cream the sugar and shortening. Beat in the egg and sorghum. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately to the creamed mixture with the pineapple juice and flavoring. Pour batter over the pineapple and brown sugar. Bake approximately 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Turn upside down onto a large platter and serve warm with whipped cream or other topping. —Dorothy

### FRENCH HAM SANDWICHES

- 2 cups cooked ham, ground
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- Bread slices
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup milk
- Butter or margarine

Combine ham, butter or margarine, flavoring and Country Style dressing. Spread on 4 or 5 slices of bread. Top with another 4 or 5 slices bread. Cut sandwiches in halves or strips. Combine slightly beaten egg and milk. Dip sandwiches into egg mixture. Brown in butter or margarine which has been melted in skillet. Brown on both sides. Serve hot for a delicious luncheon or supper dish.

### SCRAMBLED EGGS A LA EMILY

- 8 large fresh eggs
  - 1/4 cup yoghurt, commercial sour cream or regular cream
  - 1/2 cup sharp Cheddar cheese, shredded
  - 1 or 2 tsp. butter
  - 1 Tbls. onion, chopped fine
  - 1 Tbls. green pepper, chopped fine
  - Salt and pepper to taste
- Beat eggs and yoghurt (or cream) together thoroughly with a fork, then mix in shredded cheese.

In a skillet, preferably Teflon-lined, melt the butter. Add the chopped onion and green pepper and cook over medium heat until soft but not browned. Stir in the egg mixture and salt and pepper and continue cooking, stirring constantly, until the eggs are set but not cooked dry. Serve immediately.

### SPECIAL HONEY COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup uncooked oatmeal
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 cup chocolate chips (optional)

Cream shortening, egg, flavorings and honey together until fluffy. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in. Lastly, add oatmeal, nuts, raisins and chips. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet and flatten with a fork. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes, or until light brown on top and golden brown around the edges. Baked goods made with honey brown quickly, so check often. Note that *no sugar* is included in this delicious cookie. Makes about 5 dozen fine cookies. These keep well and are fine to freeze.

—Evelyn

### NORWEGIAN RICE PUDDING

- 8 cups rich milk
- 1 cup uncooked rice, washed
- 4 tsp. sugar
- 2 tsp. salt

Heat 4 cups milk in top of double boiler. Add rice. As this thickens, add another 4 cups hot milk. Cook uncovered 2 to 2 1/2 hours, stirring frequently. Remove from fire when all milk is absorbed by rice and mixture is fluffy and creamy in texture. Stir in sugar and salt.

This is best served warm. We like it with just a little sugar, cream, cinnamon and raisins added.

BUT, if you want to really glamorize this dessert, make the following cream sauce:

#### Cream Topping

- 2 1/2 cups cream
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup cream
- 1 tsp. salt
- Raisins, sugar, cinnamon

Heat cream in skillet. Combine flour and remaining 1/2 cup cream and stir into hot cream, stirring constantly as mixture thickens. Add salt. Pour over rice. Dot with raisins and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Melted butter may be poured over the top of this if desired. Keep warm until time to serve!

The friend who sent this obtained it from a Norwegian restaurant. It is truly spectacular and *well worth* the long cooking time. I have made this in the oven, stirring and adding milk just as one would in double boiler cooking. It is creamy and *rich*!

—Evelyn

### GLAZED APRICOT CAKE

- 1 lemon-flavored cake mix (2-layer size)
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup apricot nectar, heated
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 4 eggs

Combine cake mix, sugar, nectar, salad oil and flavoring in large bowl. Beat until creamy and smooth, about 2 minutes at medium speed. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Pour batter into well-greased Bundt cake pan or 10-inch tube pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour, or until cake tests done. Cool in pan about 10 minutes. Turn out and glaze with the following glaze while still warm:

#### Lemon Glaze

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine ingredients. Thin with a tsp. water if needed. Pour over top and sides of warm Apricot Cake. —Evelyn



**FAVORITE CRANBERRY SALAD**

- 1 1-lb. pkg. cranberries, ground
- 1 orange, ground
- 3 apples, ground
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Grind cranberries, orange (peel and all) and apples. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in remaining ingredients, including fruit. Pour into mold or 9- by 13-inch dish and chill. Makes a large salad.

This may be varied with other flavors of gelatin and flavoring. For example, I like it very much made with lemon gelatin and Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Cherry is delicious, as is orange. A fine make-ahead salad for any season of the year.

—Evelyn

**BANANA PANCAKES**

- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. melted margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 large diced banana

Sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar. Add beaten egg to milk and stir into dry ingredients. Add melted margarine and flavorings. Do not stir batter too much — only enough to blend. Fold in diced banana. Spoon onto ungreased griddle. Turn only once.

—Margery

**GOLDEN PUFF FISH FILLETS**

- 2 lbs. fish fillets, thawed
- Cooking oil
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley (or equivalent dried parsley)
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiffly

Cut fish into serving size portions and place on well-greased broiler pan and brush with cooking oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Mix together mayonnaise and egg yolks; blend in onion, parsley, pimiento. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.

Broil fish about 3 inches from source of heat about 4 minutes. Turn fish and brush with oil. Broil about 4 minutes longer or until fish flakes easily with a fork. Spoon mayonnaise mixture on top of fish. Continue to broil about 2 minutes or so until color is golden brown. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

—Abigail

**WIENERS — FONDUE-STYLE**

- 1 lb. wieners
- 1 can biscuits
- Hot oil

Cut wieners into four sections. Cut biscuits in two. Wrap each half biscuit around a section of wiener. Drop into hot oil in fondue pot or in oil in deep saucepan on stove. If they do not turn over by themselves, flip over when brown on one side. When brown on both sides, remove from oil with long fondue fork.

This makes a delicious quick luncheon or supper dish. The biscuits fluff up and bake nicely and the wiener warms as the biscuit cooks. Could be done with small precooked sausages or cubes of precooked ham.

—Evelyn

**CARROT CASSEROLE**

- 2 lbs. carrots
- 4 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 14 soda crackers, crushed
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 cup cheese, diced
- Buttered cracker crumbs for top

Cook peeled and sliced carrots in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain. Mash and combine with onion and crackers. Set aside. Melt butter or margarine, stir in flour and butter flavoring. Gradually add milk and seasonings. As it begins to thicken, add dressing and cheese. Continue stirring until cheese melts and the mixture is smooth and thick. Fold cheese sauce into carrot mixture. Spoon into casserole. Top with buttered crumbs as desired. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

**APRICOT BISCUITS**

- 1 pkg. canned biscuits
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup apricot nectar (or puree)
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted (optional)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients, with exception of biscuits, in round 9-inch pie tin. Take each biscuit, punch a hole in the center and arrange on apricot mixture. Bake at 425 degrees until golden brown. Remove from oven, let stand about 5 minutes, then invert the pan on plate so biscuits will slip out and apricot mixture will become the topping.

This is wonderful for morning coffee, for breakfast, or for a simple meal.

—Evelyn

**CHICKEN CANTONESE**

- 3 cups celery, thinly sliced
- 2 cups onion, sliced
- 2 cups green pepper (optional)
- 1 quart chicken broth
- 1 4-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, sliced
- 1/2 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 cups cooked chicken, diced
- 6 cups hot, cooked rice

Boil celery, onion and green pepper in chicken broth about 5 minutes. Add sliced water chestnuts, mushrooms and soy sauce. Dissolve cornstarch in cold water. Stir into vegetable mixture and cook, stirring occasionally, as it thickens, about 10 minutes. Add chicken. When hot through, serve over hot cooked rice. Serves 8 or 10.

This is a versatile recipe which may be used with leftover roast pork or beef as successfully as with chicken.

—Evelyn

**ITALIAN SLAW**

- 1 medium head cabbage
- 1 medium onion
- 7/8 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 cup vinegar
- 3/4 cup salad oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 2 tsp. sugar

Shred cabbage. Slice onion thin. Place in bowl in layers. Stir in the 7/8 cup sugar. In saucepan boil mustard, vinegar, salad oil, salt, celery seed and the 2 tsp. of sugar. When boiling, remove from heat and pour over cabbage. Stir and store, covered, in refrigerator at least 6 hours. Better after 2 or 3 days! Will keep about 10 days or 2 weeks.

—Margery

**BEEF STROGANOFF**

(Using yogurt)

- 2 lbs. lean sirloin steak
- 2 medium onions, sliced thin
- 1 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- Dash cayenne pepper
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup plain yogurt

Cut beef across grain into narrow strips. Heat heavy Teflon-lined skillet and add meat and onions. Cook over high heat a few minutes, turning meat to brown on all sides. Lower heat and add mushrooms and cook, covered, for 10 minutes. Sprinkle the flour and seasonings over and cook, stirring with a Teflon-covered spatula, for 5 minutes. Pour in yogurt slowly, blending to keep smooth. Serve over buttered broad noodles. Serves 6.

—Abigail



**DATE-PINEAPPLE CAKE**

- 1/2 lb. dates (chopped)
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Put the dates, soda, and butter into a mixing bowl, pour the boiling water over them. Let stand until cool, then add the egg and mix well. Sift the sugar, flour, baking powder and salt together and add to the date mixture, stirring thoroughly. Stir in the pineapple, nuts and flavorings, then pour into a greased 9- x 13-inch pan and bake 45 to 50 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This can be served with a whipped topping or a sauce.

—Dorothy

**DRESSING FOR CABBAGE SLAW**

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
  - 1/4 cup milk
  - 1/4 cup heavy cream
  - 3 tsp. sugar
  - 1 tsp. dry mustard
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 tsp. pepper
  - 1/4 cup boiling white vinegar
  - 2 eggs
  - 1 to 2 Tbls. cider vinegar
- Melt butter or margarine over low heat and then add all ingredients other than eggs and cider vinegar. (The hot white vinegar should be added one spoonful at a time, stirring well.) Simmer for 5 minutes. Beat the 2 eggs until light and then add 1 to 2 Tbls. vinegar. Pour this into the other ingredients, stirring vigorously until it begins to thicken. When cool, stir into 6 cups of shredded cabbage.

We found that this slaw was greatly improved upon standing — don't try to serve it until it has stood at least overnight in the refrigerator. In such a recipe one's personal tastes can be satisfied — some people may want to add quite a bit more sugar.

—Lucile

**ORANGE DIP COOKIES**

- 1 cup raisins, cooked and drained
  - 1 cup sugar
  - 1 cup vegetable shortening
  - 2 eggs
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 2 3/4 cups sifted flour
  - 1/2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/4 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. soda
  - 8 Tbls. raisin juice
  - 1/2 cup nutmeats
- Cook the raisins until tender and drain, reserving 8 Tbls. of juice.
- Cream together the sugar and shortening. Beat in the eggs and the flavorings. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add. Stir the soda into the raisin juice and add. Fold in the raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 8 to 10 minutes in a 400-degree oven, being careful not to overbake. Remove from the oven, and while still hot drizzle a spoonful of the following mixture evenly over the top of each cookie:

**Topping**

- Juice of one orange
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup sugar

—Dorothy

**OLD-FASHIONED BURGEO**

- 2 lbs. stewing beef
- 1 stewing hen
- 8 potatoes, diced
- 1 lb. carrots, sliced
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- 2 onions, diced
- 4 cups tomatoes
- 1 quart green beans
- 4 cups corn
- 2 green peppers, diced
- 1 tsp. thyme
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt

Put meat in large kettle and cover with water. When it comes to a boil, skim off any foam. Add 1 Tbls. salt and simmer until tender. (This process may be shortened by cooking in the pressure cooker. Follow directions for stewing chicken.) Remove meat from broth and when cool remove from bone and cut in bite-sized pieces. Skim excess fat from top of broth, return meat to broth and add potatoes, carrots, celery and onion. Simmer until vegetables are tender. Add seasonings as needed, including thyme and seasoned salt. Add tomatoes, green beans, corn and green peppers. Continue cooking until just done.

This is a marvelously rich stew which makes a full meal.

—Evelyn



**We don't use  
Grandmother's  
recipe.**

When asked how she cooked something, Grandmother usually replied, "Oh, I put in a pinch of this and a dab of that." She cooked by "feel", and I've often seen her reach back into the flour bin for just a tiny bit more.

But we can't make flavorings like that. Our recipes were arrived at after long, exacting tests . . . tests to determine the perfect blend of ingredients for flavor, color and aroma. We must be certain that every batch meets our high standards, so that no flavor will cook or steam out.

There are sixteen; all distinctly different, all alike in quality and dependability:

**Maple, Butter, Raspberry, Mint, Almond, Burnt Sugar, Vanilla, Lemon, Blueberry, Pineapple, Banana, Strawberry, Cherry, Coconut, Orange and Black Walnut.**

**Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**

**ASK YOUR GROCER FIRST.** However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.



## DON'T OVERLOOK SESAME SEEDS!

by  
Marjorie A. Lundell

The unique, almond-flavored sesame seed we frequently see topping various breads, rolls, and crackers, is actually the fruit of a beautiful tropical herb. It is particularly fascinating, when one considers its innumerable uses or delves deep into a long and colorful history.

Records reveal the sesame plant dates back 4,000 years where drawings on an ancient tomb portray an Egyptian baker kneading the small oval seed into batches of dough. The famous Greek physician, Hippocrates, (460-350) B.C., is credited with giving "sesame" its name.

Today this seed is still used extensively in Oriental countries, especially China and India. Here it is a vital, staple food of considerable value, similar to our soybean. When crushed, the seeds are made into a kind of paste and used as a spread for bread, much the same as we use butter. Oil of sesame, as well, is used for cooking, anointing, and in several types of medicine. To the African slave, centuries ago, it represented good fortune and was used not only as a nourishing cereal, but also for the lighting of their homes.

The renowned Queen Scheherazade of India, in telling Sinbad an exciting tale of "Ali Baba", used the now-famous expression, "Open Sesame!" as the magic password to open the secret trove.

Most of the sesame seed we now use (reported to be millions of bushels) is imported to the United States from the Orient and from Turkey. A new variety can, with some effort, be grown in sections of our own country where the season is long and warm.

High in nutritive value and containing essential protein, sesame seed-filled cakes and cookies can be found at our popular health food stores.

Nut-like in flavor, it is used in recipes much as we use nutmeats. Sold untoasted, the small pearl-like seed turns golden brown when baked as a topping. If used in place of nuts, sesame seed should be carefully toasted to bring out the rich, distinctive flavor of finely chopped almonds.

To toast sesame seed, spread out in a shallow pan and toast in a moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes; or, oil pan slightly and toss seed over low heat on top of stove until evenly browned.

The versatile sesame can be used in any number of ways. Sprinkle a small amount over chopped broccoli, fresh green beans, or tender asparagus. Serve it over buttered potatoes, noodles, or



Several of Margery's clubs have been enjoying salad luncheons recently. This was taken at one of them.

as topping for any kind of creamed soup. Try a small amount in waffle batter just before baking; or coat your next fried chicken with a flour-sesame mixture. Sesame seed can also be used instead of bread crumbs, as a topping for casserole dishes. And, for a special gourmet touch, place several seeds over unbaked pie crust just before adding a cream filling, or over the top crust when baking a fruit-filled pie.

Breads of all kinds lend special interest if two to four tablespoons sesame seed are lightly added to each loaf. When toasted, the seed can be sprinkled over breakfast oatmeal or other cooked cereals at serving time. Remember to use sesame (or any herb seed) sparingly if it is a new unfamiliar flavor for your family.

Try experimenting with the distinctive sesame seed to enhance an ordinary dish, or to simply add an interesting nut-like flavor to an otherwise everyday meal!

## LAMPLIGHT OF YESTERYEAR

by  
LaVerna Hassler

Lamplight! It has such a cozy, homey sound. Somehow the amber glow of lamplight flickers in memory down through the years of history to let us know it, too, had its place. I was thinking of this the other evening when our own lights began to flicker because of a thunderstorm . . .

There was the polishing of the chimney glass and the filling with kerosene just before dusk. Its beacon flame shone from the window ledge and beckoned home the weary husband man or led the jubilant members of an ice-skating party to the warmth of the house in midwinter. Or when a newborn babe cried through the still of night, its luster seemed to spread a silvered span to heaven. There was a time, too, when lamplight soothed the tears of a young mother as she sat looking upon the face of her fevered child. The faint glow shed her only ray of hope and

made a golden halo around an angel face until at last, when dawn broke through, she blew out the light and crept silently from the room. The crisis had passed.

Schoolboys sat around the round oak table and worked from their grammars while the shimmer of light seemed to offer encouragement. In delicate pinafores schoolgirls sat with braids and bows bobbing as they learned to knit and sew a fine seam. Sometimes when the homespun tasks were done, a game of checkers or Old Maid was played.

The man of the house sat reposed in his rocking chair with his favorite newspaper in hand, not so far away as to be outside the circle of light. Over the shoulders of Mother fell the caressing, light drawing the family together within its arc of serenity and peace. Her inner glow matched that of the soft lamplight as she worked with a ball of yarn in her lap, visioning a new stocking cap.

There was a time for gaiety, too, when the lamp was set upon the parlor organ. Neighbors and friends came to sing and dance to the lilting tune of a waltz.

Young swains with their sweethearts moved to the far corners of the shadowy room, where they were less conspicuous. There they made plans for their future and tapped out the message with the organ music. Sometimes it seemed the lamp almost upset as a lively square dance took place while the wood floor squeaked its defiance.

Yes, the old lamp made a place for itself in the dreams and affectionate hopes of the pioneer. Its glow was the light of the world, and as essential as the family album and Bible.

Gone is the light of other years; yet it sheds an afterglow that lingers. Now it burns brightly . . . now it flickers in a soothing, shadowy arc . . . but never quite going out.

## WELCOME, NEWCOMER!

I have a darling neighbor friend  
Who comes to visit me;  
She's every bit of six years old  
And very wise is she.

Her first remark is, "You know what?"  
And then some news from school;  
Or she may bring a gift for me,  
A colored rock that's "cool".

I hope she never moves away,  
I'd miss her just a lot;  
I hope that she comes by today  
To tell me, "You know what?"

—Irene Rose Gray

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone.

Who is powerful? He that governs his passions.

Who is rich? He that is content.



## FOR UNDERSTANDING

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Who would have imagined a typhoon, a night in a Buddhist Temple, or a stay at a Japanese army base as part of a trip to a World Boy Scout Jamboree? These are just a few of the unexpected incidents which our son, Craig, experienced during his journey half way around the world.

Since February is Scout month, it seemed an appropriate time to give you a report on the activities which took place when Craig, along with over 21,000 Scouts from almost 100 countries, met on the western slopes of Mt. Fuji near the center of Honshu Island, Japan.

The theme of the event was "For Understanding" and all of the Jamboree activities presented opportunities for learning about the lives, customs and Scouting in the countries represented. Sharing food, laundry facilities and showers, participating in friendship campfires, parades, pageants and sports demonstrations, and trading gifts, patches and uniforms with other Scouts, gave many opportunities for learning about fellow human beings. Language proved to be no barrier; a gesture, smile and extended hand were all that was necessary for understanding.

Since each of the participating Scout councils brought to the Jamboree its own unique contribution in the form of distinctive uniforms, national skills, crafts, music, folk dancing, art, and cooking with an international flavor, the Skill-O-Rama section was especially exciting. Craig particularly enjoyed watching Japanese boys weaving tatami mats (the rice straw mats used on the floors of most Japanese homes). The Scouts held the rice straw with their toes as they worked.

Mt. Fuji towered above the camping area, apparently watching over the hundreds of brightly colored tents arranged in areas, each with the name of some historical Nipponese location or event. Climbing to the top of the sacred mountain was a dream held by a great many of the Scouts, Craig among them. Only four boys from each troop could go, for the number who could make the climb was limited.

Starting at 2:40 A.M., Craig's group of Scouts was transported as far as possible by buses. Then the real hiking began. The incline was steep and the footing precarious because of fine volcanic rock on the slope. As the hike progressed, a storm moved in — fore-runner of the typhoon. Mist, sleet and fog surrounded the boys.

At each rest station along the way a Japanese symbol was burned into each hiker's walking stick. How proud Craig



Scouts Gilbert Carr and Craig Birkby were entertained at a dinner in the home of Toyonori Yagi family in Shizuoka, Japan, during the recent World Boy Scout Jamboree. The boys are wearing kimonos which were among a number of gifts given them during their visit.

was when his stick received the final mark at the summit!

The following day the weather cleared enough for the boys of the Mid-America Council group to go to Shizuoka, Omaha's sister city. A welcome banquet was preceded by a parade, speeches from city officials, gifts of kimonos and slippers, and a traditional cleansing and refreshing bath. Craig and one of his fellow Scouts, Gilbert Carr of Council Bluffs, Iowa, visited a kindergarten class in the school, were entertained at a tea ceremony in one home, and taken by Toyonori Yagi to his home for a sukiyaki dinner (the finest meal of the entire trip, according to Craig).

When the buses returned to the Jamboree site from Shizuoka what a sight met them! *Forty inches of rain and typhoon winds* had flattened and ripped their tent city of 21,000. They met buses evacuating the Scouts who had been camped on the slopes of Mt. Fuji.

Without even allowing the boys off the buses to collect any of their belongings, the Mid-American troop was sent to a Buddhist Temple. Since shoes are forbidden in shrines, the boys removed their now-muddied boots and had their feet washed, as is the custom. Each boy was issued a blanket. The night was spent sleeping on tatami mats in a very crowded space in the Temple.

The following morning a little food was handed out — crackers, orange juice and one hard-boiled egg for each boy, all that was available. They were then evacuated to a Japanese army base where space and food were more plentiful.

As the weather cleared, it was discovered that the Japanese love to play baseball and a game was soon in progress. Sleeping in the barracks and enjoying another Japanese-style bath made the second night away from their

campsite an interesting one.

The Scouts returned to their sodden Jamboree location once the storm had completely passed. It was a mess! Everything was wet, much was torn, and some things were beginning to mildew in the high humidity. But this was an adventure, so the boys soon had their area cleaned up, tents repaired and back in place and activities of the Jamboree resumed.

Craig attended a Buddhist worship service on Sunday morning. Then the closing campfire with the brilliant fireworks glowing through a low-lying mist, the candlelight service in which each boy from the many nations around the world rededicated himself to the Scout standards, concluding with the poignant moment when SAYONARA flamed in the sky with fireworks to signal the final goodbye to the Jamboree.

Following the Jamboree, the Mid-America Scouts stayed in the Olympic Youth Center in Tokyo. Craig found it tremendously impressive. It was here a mild earthquake struck, much to the delight of the boys. The Assistant Scoutmaster was thrown from his bed by the earth's motion. What his comments were are not recorded!

Craig reports that other exciting high points included a ride on the 130-mile per hour bullet train — a fantastic way to see the Japanese countryside!, visits to many shrines and temples, including the one with the world's largest Buddha and the tiniest deer. Beautiful mountains, waterfalls and landscaped gardens abounded in the areas visited.

On the last day of their stay in Japan, the boys were in Kyoto where the Bon Festival was being celebrated. This is a kind of Memorial Day or All Soul's Day. The spirits of the deceased ancestors are believed to return to their homes on a short visit. In the evening

(Continued on page 22)





## Two Great Men

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



We see many paintings of George Washington, yet I've often wondered how his contemporaries really saw him, so I was interested to find this description written by a Captain Mercer. It was written at the time Washington took his seat in the House of Burgesses at the age of twenty-six.

"He is as straight as an arrow, measuring six feet, two inches in his stockings, and weighing 175 pounds. His head is well shaped, though not large, and is gracefully poised. He has a large straight nose; blue-gray, penetrating eyes which are widely separated and overhung by heavy brows. A pleasing, though commanding countenance; dark brown hair, features regular and placid, and a large mouth, generally firmly closed."

And how did such a young man come by such dignity and to such a responsible position? Well, it seems that George Washington was a "dutiful and upright son", even in that day when children were taught to be most respectful to their parents. Then his mother was left a young widow with five children after only twelve years of marriage to handsome Augustine Washington. George, as the eldest son, assumed the honors as the "man of the house", which made him even more "mannerly and dignified", especially for one so young. At fifteen he was described as a "fine specimen of young manhood". Life in the open air, healthy exercise, and clean living added their charms to the splendid physique and graceful manners he had inherited from his father. At fifteen he was head of the household at Ferry Farm, read family prayers night and morning, presided at the table, was obeyed by his brothers, worshipped by his sister, and consulted by his mother.

The young Washington always had a passion for things military, and learned all about French military tactics from Lord Fairfax's bodyguard, Lance. This Lance also taught him to fence. George was also a natural woodsman and hunter. It is said no art or craft of the woods known to white man or Indian was unknown to him. How much use all this knowledge was to benefit him in the days of the Revolutionary War, the

young Washington little realized at the time.

At sixteen he became an explorer and surveyor, making charts of the wild, trackless forest of the Alleghenies — a job older men shrank from doing. But not the fearless young Washington!

At nineteen, Washington was made adjutant general of the Virginia militia in one of the border districts, his first real post of distinction in military leadership, which was to lead, decades later, to the command of the Continental Army.



While Washington was blessed with wealth, education, and social prominence, Abraham Lincoln, on the other hand, was uncouth, self-educated, and poverty-ridden — truly a "self-made man". Washington became the "Father of his country". Lincoln became its preserver.

Just before Lincoln won the presidential nomination in 1860, the *Chicago Tribune* came out with an editorial giving some facts about "Honest Abe".

"Mr. Lincoln stands six feet, four inches high in his stockings. His

frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not unreasonably so for a person of his height. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly, almost always with his head inclined forward and his hands clasped behind his back. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless, but not solvently.

"In manner he is remarkably cordial and, at the same time, simple. A warm shake of the hand and a warmer smile of recognition are his methods of greeting his friends. At rest, his features, though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man; but when his fine, dark gray eyes are lighted up by any emotion, and his features begin their play, he would be chosen among a crowd as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which women love, but the firmer metal of which full-grown men and Presidents are made.

"In his personal habits Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner and eats with the appetite which goes with a great brain; but his food is plain and nutritious. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort, not even a glass of wine. He is not addicted to tobacco in any of its shapes. He never uses profane language."

There were more details in the editorial, but never once did it mention Lincoln's great sense of humor and his talent as a storyteller, traits that were to help him keep his sanity during the heartbreak of the Civil War.

His most admirable trait? Probably his refusal to be "defeated by defeat".

Turn to page 20 and read "Biography of a 'Failure'".

## Thank You



It hasn't been very long since we asked you to try your first bottle of our salad dressing. We knew it was good; after all, it was the result of test after test. We had tried for the perfect balance of sweet and tart, oil and vinegar, smooth tomato flavor and exciting spices. We believed we had the dressing that would make a bowl of garden greens into a salad masterpiece. But we still weren't prepared for what happened. You, and thousands of housewives like you, discovered our dressing . . . and kept coming back for more. We can't keep all the grocery shelves stocked, and we're working as hard as we can to keep up. And we thank you.

## Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing



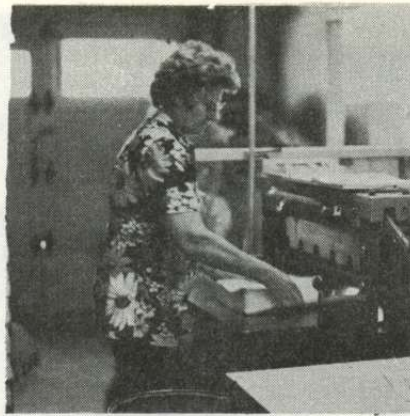


## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Amelia Earhart flew from Boston Harbor to England in a monoplane; Mercedes Gleitz swam the Strait of Gibraltar in 12½ hours; and women finally got the vote in England. In sum, sisterhood was making it — even back in 1928. These are a few of the fascinating facts and events recalled in the pages of a nostalgic new book — the facsimile edition of *The 1929 World Almanac and Book of Facts* (American Heritage Press, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036, \$7.95, \$3.95 paperback). It presents a complete record of the year 1928, a time that can be called "the last of the good years," a happy, prosperous period before the Crash, the Great Depression, and World War II altered our world. In terms of women's progress, the times were changing. A decree was issued in Germany requiring all post office and telephone employees to wear skirts reaching at least eight inches below the knees.

The facsimile edition of *The 1929 World Almanac and Book of Facts* includes a collection of period photographs showing politicians, sports heroes, and Broadway stars of that era.



Many of you friends have visited our plant here in Shenandoah and have seen our printing operations, but in case you haven't, here is Rosa Jaekel trimming magazines.

The thousands of facts, foibles, and events make interesting reading.

The last big earthquake in the United States came at 5:13 A.M. on April 18, 1906, in San Francisco. The book *The San Francisco Earthquake* (Stein and Day, Publishers, \$7.95) by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts is a spellbinding moment-by-moment account of the devastation. The real heroes and villains of the earthquake are exposed in the book. Fire became a major problem after water pipes were broken by the quake. Dynamite was used widely to create open spaces to stop the flames from spreading. The military used drastic means in their efforts to stop looting. In the struggle for survival, Caruso, John Barrymore, and

Jack London are mentioned, as well as thousands of less famous people. The helplessness felt by people caught in the holocaust is easily conveyed to the reader. If you like exciting reading, try the never-before-published accounts of *The San Francisco Earthquake*.

A study of the workingman philosopher, Will Rogers, is found in the book *Imagemaker: Will Rogers and the American Dream* (University of Missouri Press, \$10) by Professor William R. Brown.

In Watts, California, at the Will Rogers Memorial Park, visitors read the legend at the foot of the flagpole, "There ain't but one word wrong with every one of us, and that's selfishness." This is just one of the many sayings of the cowboy philosopher who seemed to exemplify in detail the character and the world of the ideal American and so emerge at "the richest possible elaboration of the American dream."

What was it that made Rogers, the comedian and homespun philosopher, so believable? Professor Brown answers the question by relating the American dream in Rogers to the beliefs of Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, Jefferson and other earlier Americans.

Rogers was born in 1879 and died in 1935. During his lifetime he got a respectful hearing from the nation's people. His niece believed he symbolized the triumph of the common man. Novelist Clarence B. Kelland said that he was Uncle Sam, minus costume and beard. His wife Betty wrote of his never-ending zest for life that he either worked at something or he rested, that worry was unknown to him. He had extreme faith in the little people of the nation because of their powers of stamina.

Through selections of his speeches and newspaper columns, his philosophy comes through.

Although I was a very small girl having my piano lesson at Mrs. Maach's home back in 1935, I can recall the sorrow and consternation we all felt when the news was given that Will Rogers and Wiley Post had crashed with their plane at Point Barrow, Alaska.

Professor Brown has done fine work in locating the source of the charisma that endeared Will Rogers to the nation in the book *Imagemaker: Will Rogers and the American Dream*.

### DOING YOUR OWN THING

At ten below some folks I know  
Are filled with sudden vigor;  
While rivers freeze, on skates and skis  
They cut a fancy figure.

To join such gay athletic play  
I've not the least desire.  
My favorite sort of winter sport  
Is sitting by the fire.

—Unknown



## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE makes a lovely VALENTINE'S GIFT.

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues  
\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER,  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



## Get-Well Messages

by  
Erma Reynolds

Sending get-well cards or letters is my favorite "prescription" for perking up friends when they're sick or convalescing.

Choosing and sending an appropriate card calls for thought, based on consideration and inspiration.

Don't just sign your name to a get-well card. Take time to include a chatty cheerful little note. Mention the illness casually and paper talk about other things. To encourage a convalescent, make reference to his future activities or work, which is a subtle way of taking it for granted that he is making improvement.

Do not seal a card sent to a sick person, but tuck in its flap. This does away with the task of slitting open the envelope, which is sometimes difficult for a weakened invalid.

Do not send a card bedecked with glitter, because sparkle is easily dislodged, and when scattered among the bedding, can cause discomfort for the patient, and extra work for a nurse.

Enclose a "tuck" with the get-well message — small sachet, bookmark, or pretty handkerchief.

Although there are many clever, gay, and beautiful manufactured get-well cards, why not send one you create yourself? There are numerous ways to originate get-well messages, and the following suggestions should be all you'll need to start your own ideas to hatching.

Send a rebus letter. To make this, sketch little pictures, or cut out small illustrations from magazines, or old greeting cards, to substitute for some of the words in the message. For example, picture of a deer would substitute for the word "dear" in the salutation. Or, you might say, "I'll be blue until you are in the pink again," and paste a bit of blue paper as a substitute for the word "blue", and the picture of a carnation for the word "pink". Get the idea? It's easy to do and fun to decipher.

Rather than sending a single get-well card, or letter, mail a post card each day for a week or so, with one or two words of your message printed on each card. This will give the bed-bound person something to look forward to each day. Decorate the cards with a gay sticker in the upper corner.

If you know the patient is a crossword puzzle fan, create a simple puzzle, including clues that feature your sick

friend, his activities, and, of course, a wish for his speedy recovery.

Buy a roll of adding machine tape. Then contact a group of mutual friends, neighbors, business associates, or club members, who know the patient, and have each person write a short get-well note on the strip. Mail the roll in a box. When the invalid unrolls the tape, there's a message that goes on, and on, and on, and on.

To cheer up a convalescing teenager, place a shopping bag with handles in the youngster's homeroom at school. Class members are asked to write a get-well note to their ailing school-mate, and drop it in the bag. The receptacle is then carried to the teenster who will have a wonderful time reading the bonanza of messages.

For a younger child, make a jigsaw puzzle card. Buy a large-sized card, or print a get-well message on bright-colored cardboard. Then cut the card, or cardboard, into jigsaw puzzle pieces. Mix up the pieces, place in a small cellophane bag, then mail in an envelope. The little invalid will have fun putting the puzzle together in order to read the message.

If the patient is a little girl, fold a long strip of paper, back and forth, accordion fashion. Then draw a doll on the top side, having it reach from folded edge to folded edge. Cut around the outline, making certain to leave a tiny piece on each of the folded edges uncut. Spread out the strip and print a get-well message on the strung-together dolls, placing a few words on each doll.

### DATELINE: FEBRUARY, 1972

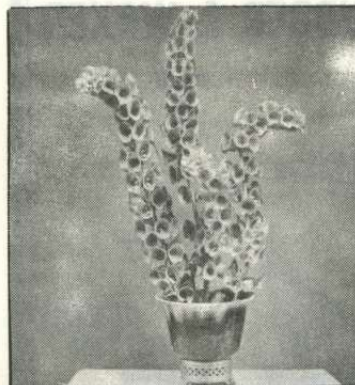
Feb. 1-29 — HEART MONTH.  
Feb. 2 — GROUNDHOG DAY.  
Feb. 12 — LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.  
Feb. 12-19 — NEGRO HISTORY WEEK.  
Feb. 14 — VALENTINE'S DAY.  
Feb. 21 — WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.  
Feb. 28-April 2 — EASTER SEAL CAMPAIGN.  
Feb. 29 — LEAP YEAR.  
Remember these important dates this month. It is a good idea to circle them on your calendar as reminders.



Telephone a friend TODAY and remind her to listen to KITCHEN-KLATTER.

We visit with you each week-day over the following radio stations:

KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 2:05 P.M.



JUMBO  
50c PACKET  
ONLY 10¢

## BELLS of IRELAND

Gracefully branching 2-foot stems are covered with little green bells. Makes wonderful arrangements when combined with other flowers. Retains its true green color for a long time when dried, for fine winter bouquets. One order per family, please.

Earl May Seed & Nursery Co.  
2139 Elm St., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

I enclose 10c for my Bells of Ireland seed and free catalog.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

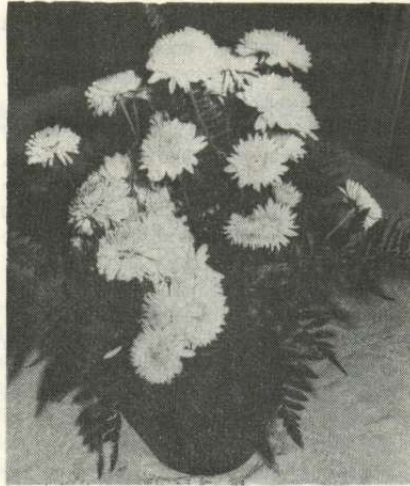
"We are planning on building a small greenhouse this spring," writes Mrs. D. F. "We have been told that a lean-to type is the most economical to build and maintain, but would like more information. The only place we could add a lean-to greenhouse is either on the north or the east side of our house. I know the north location would not be good at all, but what about the east side of the house? Would you advise a glass-enclosed building, or would we be happy with fiberglass? Any help you can give will be greatly appreciated."

The lean-to would be the least expensive to build because the roof has but one slope and the wall of the house provides one side. Most plants require all the sunlight available, so a south exposure is best. If there are no trees to shade your greenhouse, you might get by with building it along the east wall where the south end would get maximum light all day.

Glass would be my choice if the greenhouse is a lean-to as it could be a show place and enjoyed by all who enter your home. If you must build a free-standing greenhouse at some distance from the house, the fiberglass would probably be the most practical as it is hailproof. Some of the better grades are as transparent as glass and make an attractive covering.

Heating and ventilation are of utmost importance in a home greenhouse if one is to maintain plants in good health. A small greenhouse for home use can easily be heated with a gas, electric or oil burner. An electric fan will move the air through vents in the end of the building. An automatic control is a convenience feature but not a necessity in a small greenhouse.

A home greenhouse can provide hours



Many beautiful flowers and plants can be grown in a small greenhouse built onto a house.

of pleasure for any gardener and one can grow nearly all the vegetable plants and bedding plants for the yard and garden. For the new home greenhouse owner, there are several helpful books available. One I have found to be excellent is *Greenhouse Gardening as a Hobby* by James Underwood Crockett. It is published by Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York.

### BIOGRAPHY OF A "FAILURE"

- 1831 Failed in business.
- 1832 Defeated for the Legislature.
- 1833 Again failed in business.
- 1834 Elected to the Legislature.
- 1838 Defeated for Speaker.
- 1840 Defeated for Elector.
- 1843 Defeated for Congress.
- 1846 Elected to Congress.
- 1855 Defeated for the Senate.
- 1856 Defeated for Vice-President.
- 1858 Defeated for Senate.
- 1860 Elected President of the United States.

The "failure"? Abraham Lincoln!

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

All I can think of is an attack! I just have to go after them. Not far away the owner of a shop shot in the legs two burglars as they robbed his store for the third time, and now the poor shopkeeper is being tried in court for shooting a man! How do you like that? People tell me they are surprised that a clergyman in my position would be so harsh on criminals, and I just tell them that I cannot help it. Five different elderly ladies in my church have been beaten, their hips broken, and then robbed, and when I think of it I go crazy with rage. Any man that would attack a poor, old lady ought to be beaten himself. You may not agree with me, but that is the way I feel, and nothing can change me. I shall settle this matter with my Creator on Judgment Day, and He will do to me what He will.

Oh how I do wish that you could see all the wild birds that eat at our feeders. I now have ten feeders in operation, and the birds are so plentiful and so much fun to watch. A few minutes ago the most gorgeous cardinal sat right outside my window and sang to me while I sat here writing to you.

Remember, "He who feeds a bird on a snowy day is a host to God." I believe it! I find some of my most inspirational moments to be those when I sit watching these little creatures of God eating the food that through me God has provided.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

### WHITE HOUSE FIRSTS - Concluded

Our alleged prejudices disproved the adage that it was impossible for a Roman Catholic to gain a four-year lease, so the John F. Kennedy family was the first of that faith to move in.

Romance has abounded from time to time in the lives of the people who have experienced the prestige of our house, the wedding of President Nixon's daughter Tricia, being the first to occur on White House property proper, having the first presidential wedding in the Rose Garden, rather than in the historic East Room.

Every time an incumbent's lease expires, it is a matter of deep concern as to who shall be entitled to occupy the White House next. A recent perusal of applicants who have desired but did not receive the use of our property makes me feel that in certain instances we didn't choose the right tenants, but for the most part all who have used this property have done so to the best of their abilities, and I swell with pride sharing ownership of this awe-inspiring edifice, even though my said share will never be part of the probate proceedings of my estate.

## KENDO (self-wringing) SCRUBBER & WAXER

YOU'VE SEEN THEM DEMONSTRATED  
AT YOUR STATE FAIRS FOR YEARS

RUBBER MOP HEAD OUTLASTS  
ALL OTHERS. REPLACEMENTS  
ALWAYS AVAILABLE BY MAIL.

WALLS- FLOORS- WINDOWS- RUGS

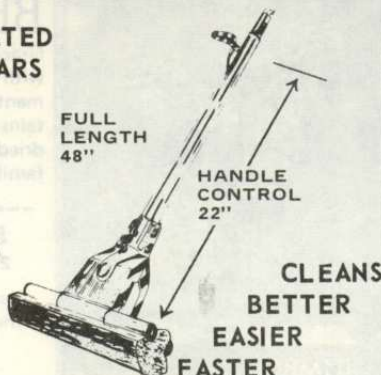
MOP HEAD ABSORBS A PINT  
OF WATER.

HANDS STAY DRY & CLEAN

SEND ORDERS TO:

**\$6.95**

THE SAME PRICE AS AT  
THE FAIRS AND WE PAY  
THE POSTAGE.



**Green Home Products**

Dept. K2 Versailles, Mo. 85084



## FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded

vain? —Selected

Michael Harrington, in his book *The Other America*, says that the poor people in our communities are hidden by the loops of our super highways, the faces of tenement buildings, or rows of glaring billboards. Human beings struggling with poverty, loneliness, or other needs may be only a few blocks away from us geographically — even next door! — yet we have allowed them to become light-years away from us in our awareness and concern. From this moment forward let us be resolved that we will see all peoples through love-colored glasses. If we will, I think it will lead us to new frontiers in brotherhood.

**Song:** "I Believe"

**Leader:** I think these words from the teachings of Martin Luther King speak to us on the joys of true brotherhood: "When we allow freedom to ring — when we let it ring from every village and city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, 'Free at last, Free at last, Thank God Almighty, we are free at last.'" When that time comes when we can really see each other through love-colored glasses, responding with kindly thoughts and deeds, what joy we can know! Let us begin right now by joyfully singing together the lovely folk round, "Let Us Sing Together". (Here let someone direct the group in singing this as a round.)

**Leader:** Isn't it a good feeling to sing together in friendship? It gives us just a sampling of what real world brotherhood might be like. But it must all begin with each one of us individually. We must put on our love-colored glasses and then hold high our candle of friendship and understanding that we might see and know our brother better, taking TIME to really love and care. I'll hold my candle high, and then Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men Above the sordidness of life, Beyond misunderstandings, strife. Though many deeds that others do Seem foolishness, and sinful, too, Were I to take another's place, I could not fill it with such grace. And who am I to criticize What I perceive with my dull eyes? I'll hold my candle high, and then Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men.

—Anonymous

**Song:** "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands". (Have everyone stand to sing this together and have all clap out the rhythm on the last chorus or two.)

Love the land, keep it well, and all will thrive.



When Lucile's husband, Russell Verness, passed away several years ago, a fund was established in his memory at the Shenandoah Library. Lucile has derived much pleasure in selecting outstanding books for the public to enjoy. Patrons of the library were especially excited over the recent purchase of the book these children are displaying. It is a geological survey published by the United States Department of the Interior and is the most complete study of its kind, many years having gone into its preparation. This picture was printed in our local newspaper, the Shenandoah Evening Sentinel, and we thank them for letting us share it with you.

### AN IMPORTANT LESSON

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly.

—Thomas Huxley

### PLANT YOUR DEED SEEDS

Today, he planted a seed that would become a tree.

Some far tomorrow, the tree would spread upon the land full grown and green.

And though he pass from earth, that land is forever his.

Good deeds, like good seeds, must ever grow and be yours.

WON'T YOU  
BE MY  
VALENTINE?



Oh, Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner, I love you! You make my windows sparkle and my mirrors shine. You keep my walls so clean, and my woodwork free from fingerprints. You make my bathtub rings go down the drain, and you work so quickly and efficiently, even in cold, hard water, with never any scum or froth to rinse away (and mess up my drains).

Won't you be my valentine?

## Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



**Remove Tarnish INSTANTLY!** **JUST WIPE OFF WITH "SILVER SECRET"**

Quick, easy...no work, no messy chemicals, pastes, liquids or polishes. Safe, won't scratch. Use on silver, gold, coins, jewelry, etc. 4 "SILVER SECRET" CLOTHS (in gift box) \$2.98 postpaid. Money back guarantee. FREE BROCHURE.

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**KIT:** Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes. 15" tall \$7.25 p.p.  
**Assembled:** Undressed; with patterns for clothes 15" \$13.45

**P.P.** Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style 15" \$17.99 p.p.

Catalogue 25¢

**EVA MAE**

Doll Co., Box 331  
San Pablo, Calif. 94806



As they appear clockwise are Robert Wakins, his daughter Wendy, Linda and Fritz Harshbarger, his mother Gretchen, and our mother, Leanna Driftmier, in the center.

### LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

snooze he gets up cross as a bear and it takes quite a while to get him back into his usual sunny humor.

When I've talked to Mother on the phone I've told her some of the funny, funny things that he's said since I've been here. His observations about Katharine's behavior are hilarious, partially because he raises his eyebrows and makes his comments in a very dry tone of voice.

For instance, the other day when she was throwing a fit about something he said to me: "Just listen to that performance!" When she put her hand in a glass of milk he said: "It's just maddening, isn't it." And when she upset her milk he commented: "It never fails." Juliana says it's like living in an echo chamber for she hears herself all day long!

James and Abe are great friends and tear around wildly outside. He assures me frequently that Abe is quite a per-

son. I will say for Abe that he traveled across the country, his first experience in the car, without giving us a second's trouble. And he surely hasn't been any trouble out here.

Katharine is now 19 months old and a very vocal member of the household. Her favorite occupation is eating, and she can't get so far away in the house or so absorbed in playing with anything that she doesn't hear the slightest rattle of pans in the kitchen. Like a shot she comes tearing out and paws at her highchair, wild to get into it and settle down to a meal.

Juliana said that the first words she put together were these: "We're ready to eat!!!!" If there's anything she won't eat I have yet to see it.

We have a very comfortable routine that goes very smoothly most of the time. Eula and I have enjoyed giving Juliana some breaks from her unfalling three meals a day, and when I'm not fooling around with making a fancy dessert or something comparable, I like to tackle big baskets of laundry that must be folded, or darling little dresses that really need ironing even though the label says: NEVER NEEDS IRONING. In short, I have simply loved being of help with all of these homely jobs that are part and parcel of daily life.

Before you read this letter I'll be back in Shenandoah, and it will be such a pleasure to greet old and new friends over radio station KMA. I am much looking forward to it and I feel great enthusiasm for all of the activities that 1972 will hold.

Faithfully yours . . .

Lucile

### FOR UNDERSTANDING - Concluded

huge bonfires in the shapes of religious symbols are lit on five mountains around the city to light the way back for the departing spirits. It proved an exciting farewell for the Scouts as well!

Craig was delighted to be able to stop at Anchorage, Alaska, for refueling of the huge airplane with its load of over 250 Scouts. Robert has always wanted to visit Alaska and now his son set foot on its soil first! Low-lying clouds kept Craig from seeing much of this forty-ninth state, but he has several colored slides taken of Alaskan airline planes and rugged mountain peaks lifting above the clouds.

Now that he is home, Craig is enjoying showing his slides and souvenirs to groups in southwest Iowa. His concluding comment usually stresses how glad he is he spent the two years' preparation and money-raising projects to make it possible to go. "It was a great experience, even the mud and the rain!"

## The BLACK GLAD "Ataturk"

The **BLACKEST** Glad You Ever Saw!

"Ataturk" is as black as a flower can be—not dull but a warm, glowing black!—velvety with maroon overtones. Vigorous, robust plant with spikes 2 to 3 feet tall, bearing 16 to 18 buds. Opens 6 to 8 flowers at a time, each 3 to 4 inches wide.

"Ataturk" is so very different

that your friends will ask you about it right away.

To win you as a new friend, we send you big bulbs (1 1/2" to 1 3/4" across) at this special low price. Our supply is limited so we can't repeat offer this year. Sorry, we must limit orders to \$1 per person. Get yours now!

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**25¢** PPD.

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I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ bulbs of "Ataturk," the BLACK glad, each bulb to measure 1 1/2" to 1 3/4" across, sent postpaid. Also send big new Spring Catalog FREE.

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SINCE 1892



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If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ 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.

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May ads due March 10  
June ads due April 10

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

**CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD** — Jewelry, gold teeth, watches, diamonds, Silverware, spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

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**WILL YOU TEST NEW ITEMS** in your home? Surprisingly big pay. Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money, just your name. KRISTEE 153, Akron, Ohio 44308.

**\$6.00 DOZEN PAID** lacing baby boots! Cowboy, Warsaw 74, Indiana 46580.

**100 No. 10 ENVELOPES**, 100 8 1/2 x 11 Letterheads. Your name and address, \$3.95. Jack Armstrong, 52724 Francis Road, South Bend, Indiana 46637.

**HOMEWORKERS WANTED:** Possible earnings \$100.00 weekly and up utilizing mail service opportunities. We'll send you circular listings from which you select. Send 25¢ and stamped, self-addressed business envelope to WJR Enterprises, Box 44068, Dept. I-14, Cincinnati, Ohio 45244.

**RAG DOLL PATTERNS!** Free list. Write: Farag Patterns, 310K Sanford, Columbia, Mo. 65201.

**LADIES TOWEL JACKET** pattern and instructions 60¢. Mildred Huffman, Box 280, Hoopeston, Ill. 60942.

**LEARN ABOUT TURNING BOXTOPS INTO CASH.** Over 125 offers listed alphabetically by expiration date. 50¢ sample (none free). Treasure Chest, Box 1132-KK, New Brunswick, N. J. 08903.

**HONEY BREAD RECIPE:** Unusual recipe that should win you a prize. The longer you keep it the moister it gets. PLUS 8 more honey recipes for \$1.00. Cookies, popcorn balls, apple crisp, toast topping, bars & natures cough syrup. Vivian Bonema, Dept. KK, Prinsburg, Minn. 56281.

**FREMONT FAMILIES FAVORITES.** Cookbook compiled by Farm Bureau Women — \$2.85 postpaid. Mrs. Lloyd Lorimer, Rt. 2, Farragut, Iowa 51639.

**CHURCH WOMEN:** Will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

**MACHINE QUILTING:** Stamped envelope for new information. Mrs. Margaret Waltz, R. 2, Red Oak, Iowa 51566.

**FOR SALE:** Polished agates for jewelry, flower arrangements aquariums — \$2.00 per pound PARKERS, 937 West Cedar Street, Cherokee, Iowa 51012.

**SHELLED PECANS,** Black Walnuts, Brazils, Cashews, English Walnuts, Hazelnuts \$2.00/Lb. Dried Mushrooms, Sassafras \$5.00/Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago, 60624.

**COLLECTOR'S PLATES:** Danish, German, Norway, Hummel, Venito Flair, Andrew Wyeth. Stamp for list. Maude House, 8009 Freeman, Kansas City, Kans. 66112.

**EARN EXTRA CASH,** addressing envelopes. Write and enclose self-addressed envelope to: D. Sundling, 550 Walnut St., Oakdale, Ca. 95361.

**OIL PAINTINGS** made from any photograph. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 353, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

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**WIN PRIZES CONSISTENTLY!** Read how "anyone can win sweepstakes". Reveals prizewinner's methods — how to win. Free details. Services, Box 644-KA2, Des Moines, Iowa 50303.

**RUGWEAVING:** Balls 1.50 yard; unprepared \$2.30. SALE: 50" rugs — \$3.40. Rowena Winters, Peru, Iowa 50222.

**GET HEAD START** on "Tomato Blight" control. (80 year lady told me) 50¢. Stamped envelope. Sister's Shop, Box 335, Falls City, Nebr. 68355.

**50¢ BRINGS 40 PAGES OF DIET** information, boxtop cash refunds, homey pen pal letters, contest sweepstake helps, patterns galore, oodles of other features. JB-KK, Valley Park, Mo. 63088.

**PIN MONEY OPPORTUNITIES!** (up to \$200 possible each issue). \$1.00. Pin Money Tree, Box 388kk, Manchester, Mo. 63011.

**FREE NEEDLEWORK** patterns for stamped envelope. Box 39-kk, Valley Park, Mo. 63088.

**OUT OF PRINT** Bookfinder. Box 663-KK, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send Wants.

**MAKE MONEY SELLING RECIPES.** Complete instructions \$1.25. House of Saam, Box 5525MK, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

**DAINTY FLORAL TATTLING** hand decorated note cards, envelopes. 8 for \$1.25. Esther Gommels, Manson, Iowa 50563.

**DRESSES, GOWNS** for wheel chair patients — send measurements. Boutique, 116 W. Cass, Osceola, Iowa 50213.

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**SERVICE!** Money-back guarantee. ORDER NOW!  
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Enchanting patterns & designs, Vals, edgings, insertions, braids, etc. in beautiful colors & full widths. For women's, girls', babies' dresses, pillow cases, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. None small. **FREE! 100 New Buttons!** Beautiful quality. All kinds, all sizes, ALL colors. ALL NEW. Many complete sets. 100 Buttons FREE when you order the LACE — none without LACE. Only 98¢, but pls. include 27¢ extra for postg. & hdlg. or \$1.25 in all. **SPECIAL! 20 new ZIPPERS in assorted lengths and colors, only \$1.00** Money-back guarantee. Order NOW!  
**LACE, Dept. n1-249, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo.**

**FREE 100 BUTTONS**

**MARY BETH'S LETTER** — Concluded we see so many of the local people doing.

It won't be long now before we have our spring vacation from school. We only got a two week plus vacation in December, but the one coming up in March will be a long, restful one.

The time has flitted by and I must be thinking about some supper for the family. So until next month I remain very sincerely,

Mary Beth

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Chicago, Ill. — A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone answering this advertisement.

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**FOR MOTHERS***(Valentine Alert!)*

by

Jean Jones

On my desk lay 28 valentines, one from each of my first graders. Only one was really special . . . not because of who had given it, but because it was the only one that had been made by little hands at home. Our class art projects had been based on valentine making for two weeks at school, but what about home? Are the days of homemade greetings disappearing? Are we neglecting this opportunity to allow our children the pleasure of creating their own expressions of love?

Valentines are fun to make and they can be simple enough for preschool children to enjoy as well as grade school youngsters. For little folks keep the project simple and brief. Put the work away while the child is still fresh so that it will be a fun activity for several days.

When our son was four he enjoyed tracing around a large heart shape that I had cut from heavy cardboard. He could then cut out this simple shape. We used red and white construction paper and sometimes pasted the hearts on folded square and rectangular shapes. I did the printing, and these imperfect, but precious, valentines were given to Grandma and Sunday school classmates.

You will need to work with and help your small children. Kindergarten and first graders also need assistance, but the older the child the more independently he can work. Consider the age and ability of your children when making suggestions and help them assemble the necessary materials. Red and white construction paper, paste, and scissors are all that is needed. However, older children will be more original and creative with scraps of lace and material, buttons, gayly colored tissue paper, or versatile crepe paper. This may be all the encouragement that is needed to give your child's imagination a whirl.

If you feel that suggestions are in order here are some ideas to jog your own imagination so that you can be ready to give needed encouragement and inspiration to your children.

*Catalog Valentines.* From seed and flower catalogs cut out pretty pictures and print a message to complement the picture. The word in parenthesis should be omitted and a picture used to supply the meaning.

U R the (berries).

You make my heart (beet) faster.

What a (peach) U R.

You are the (rose) of my heart.

Won't you be my (daisy)?

U R the (apple) of my eye.

*Puzzle Hearts.* Cut out a large red heart. Paste an envelope on each one. Cut a white valentine into puzzle-like pieces and put the pieces in the envelope. On the envelope write:

Please, won't you be my valentine

And mend this broken heart of mine?

*Candy Hearts.* Using red crinoline cut out two hearts. Pinking shears make a pretty finished edge. Using white yarn put the hearts together with a running stitch of white yarn 1/2 inch from the edge. When about 3/4 the way around fill the valentine with candy and continue the running stitch. Tie with a bow at the top.

A telephone shape can be cleverly used with the message, "May I call you Valentine?"

Using a variety of sizes and shapes, valentine animals or people can be made. Remember, hearts can be long and narrow, or round and plump. They can be large enough for a body or tiny enough for ears or hands.

These suggestions are simple and can be enlarged upon according to the age and ability of the child, plus the

time they have to spend on the project. Mothers, you will be surprised at how enterprising your children are! Relax and enjoy the fun!! Let the inventive minds of your youngsters put heartfelt warmth into their valentine giving in 1972.

**CAPITOL BY WASHINGTON**

Though George Washington never lived in the city that bears his name, it certainly bears his mark. He selected the site for the city, chose its design engineer, personally laid the cornerstone of the Capitol building, and directed that the new capital " . . . equal in grandeur the great capitals of Europe."

George Washington was also an original incorporator of the company that built the C&O Canal, today a pleasant park used for ice skating in the winter and boating and hiking during other seasons.



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