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Kitchen-Klatter

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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Newsom Heirloom Portrait Center

James and Katharine Lowey

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

By the time you read this I'll be firmly settled in my usual Shenandoah routine, but today I'm writing to you from Albuquerque, New Mexico, where I've spent the last month. At least the calendar says it has been a month even though I find this mighty hard to believe.

We've had winters when it was no trick at all to get across the country by car, but this winter has surely not been one of them. Howard and Mae, Eula and I and our little Chihuahua, Abe, were a day late in leaving because of vicious-sounding weather forecasts, and once on the road we moved along in a state of stimulating insecurity due to snow flurries that looked as if they could turn into a full-fledged blizzard.

These conditions pursued us every mile of the way and had Howard watching our gas supply like a hawk. We were going through long, lonely stretches where service stations are few and far between, and if you're caught low on gas in such an area it could be catastrophic. Fortunately, we made it into Albuquerque without running into heavy snow and ice, but we had been here only a few hours when they closed the canyon that we had just come through.

It had been almost a year since I'd traveled on our particular route and the one major change I noted was the greatly increased number of big cattle-feeding operations that weren't there a year earlier. We saw countryside black with cattle as far as the eye could see, enough cattle, seemingly, to supply meat for every person in our vast country.

Although I had seen James and Katharine briefly in July I noted at once a tremendous change in them, both physically and in personality.

Katharine had always been a very shy child who shied away from much contact with you unless she knew you very

well indeed, but when she got up from her nap on the day we arrived and found us in the living room she came running to greet all of us with outstretched arms. This was in such marked contrast to earlier days that we were surprised and delighted.

Physically she had changed very little. She is small for her age (Eula and I both wonder how Juliana ever finds shoes to fit her tiny feet) and extremely agile and active. No project is ever started that she doesn't race to participate in.

At two-and-a-half it seems to me that her speech is amazing. We hadn't been in the house for a half-hour until she looked at a scratch on my hand and said with deep concern: "Oh Granny Wheels, how did you get that wound?" I wasn't quite prepared to hear this!

I think that one reason her speech attracts attention wherever she goes is because she looks like a very little cherub with her long golden hair and brown eyes. You just plain don't expect such a small child to speak so very, very clearly and to use a wide variety of words correctly.

My first realization of this came when we went out for dinner and the waitress approached our table to take the order. Katharine spoke up first and said eagerly: "Do you serve Mexican food here?" Upon being assured that they did she said: "And do you still have banjos and guitars?" She sounded like a seasoned five-year-old.

James has changed tremendously too and I attribute some of this to the fact that he has been in a pre-school three mornings a week. He is in a challenging frame of mind a great share of the time — is "feeling his oats" to use a homely old phrase. He used to move with great alacrity to do anything you asked him to do, but this is no longer true. He does what he is instructed to do, but only after some arguing and stalling.

He and Katharine now play together much, much better and it's apparent that he feels a certain degree of re-

sponsibility for her. If she isn't right in the room where he can see what she is doing he starts through the house calling: "Katharine, what are you up to?" If it's something forbidden he takes action immediately, and if Juliana is out of the house and Granny Wheels is responsible he says with ringing authority: "My mother has rules and laws and we have to pay attention."

I had never fully realized how much children learn from each other until James and Katharine came into the orbit of my life. For instance, 99 times out of 100 James refers to Jed as "Dad", not Daddy. Katharine does the same. "Mama" is now "Mother" from both children. They say "My father" or "My mother" if they are telling you something. I think James brought this home from school and Katharine picked it up immediately since she imitates everything he says and does.

Since Juliana was an only child I simply missed out on discovering how swiftly brothers and sisters learn from each other. I think it's one of these life experiences that you must live at first hand to understand.

We've really been quite a household during these holidays. After Howard and Mae flew back to Shenandoah we greeted Jed's mother who arrived from Woods Hole, Mass., to enjoy the season with her family. James and Katharine are her only grandchildren too and circumstances had never before permitted her to spend Christmas with them. She is still here and will fly back home on the same day that Dorothy, Eula and I start driving back to Iowa.

There have been seven of us at the table through this month and Mary Lowey, Eula and I are constantly dumbfounded by the quantity of food that is purchased, prepared and consumed. Mary lives alone now that Jed's father is gone and frequently after a big roast has disappeared like the proverbial snow under the sun she will say, or I will say: "My goodness! That amount of meat would keep us supplied for three weeks or a month." And it's the truth.

Christmas day itself was just about the nicest I can ever remember. Jed knocked on our guest house door about 7:00 and told us that the children were up, so Eula and I flew into our clothes and went down to the main house. The big Christmas tree was blazing with lights, a pinon fire was snapping and crackling in the fireplace, carols were on the phonograph and the children were wild to see what Santa had left. The night before they had fixed a plate of decorated cookies for him and a glass of milk and they were delighted that he had found them — all of the

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Has this terrible cold virus hit your area yet? I hope somehow you can escape it, for it just hangs on and on. I've been having my second bout and hope this is the last. It particularly affects the bronchial tubes and vocal cords which has made broadcasting difficult for me, and the first time around, I had to spend a few days in the hospital. This cold doesn't seem to be as severe, but is lasting longer. Mother, who has hardly ever had a sick day, is down with it now.

Martin came home for a week during the Christmas holidays. He had just wound up his last end-of-the-semester papers and was ready for a good rest. He used to come home with an enormous sack of laundry, but lately he has been able to keep up with it. This time he had a little sack of dirty clothes, but that was because his last week had been so crammed with study and research that he hadn't had a moment to spend washing clothing.

We survived all the holiday ball games. Did you? By the time the last one of the last day was over it was hard to separate them all in my mind, but I stuck it out till the final whistle. Sometime it would be fun to attend a bowl game, for I do enjoy the bands and all the pageantry that goes on.

On our Christmas cards we noticed a few new addresses again this year. My old address book had had so many changes in it that I hinted for a new one for Christmas. Every few years it is necessary to start afresh. For people who are so used to a permanent address, it is sort of surprising to read about friends moving.

From time to time Oliver and I discuss moving into a newer house with wonderful modern conveniences like all kinds of closet and storage space, an out-of-this-world kitchen, etc., and then we decide we can't imagine living anywhere else but here in this old house even though it is 75 years old and has so many shortcomings. We'd miss the family jokes about its inconveniences, I guess! And whenever we do anything in the line of decorating or remodeling, we have a lot of fun wrestling with the problems — and some of them are challenging.

I enjoy magazine articles and books on remodeling old homes. I'll have to say, though, that some of our difficult walls, windows, etc., haven't yet been tackled in anything I've read to date. Maybe no one else has the same problems, but that's hard to believe.

One thing about a big old house is that often there are odd little rooms such as the one we've used for sort of an office. (I say "sort of" because it



This home in Dow City, Iowa, is on the National Register of Historic Places.

seems to catch all the things that we don't know what to do with.) When the carpenter was here this fall, we asked that something be figured out for lining the walls with built-ins. I'm still waiting for them to come up with some attractive ideas. This would certainly solve the lack of storage space we have.

Oliver and I've decided this would be a good month to entertain friends for dinner. We hoped to get underway earlier, but these colds put a damper on our plans. Eight for dinner is an ideal number when we eat in the dining room. If we have more than that, I prefer to serve buffet style from the dining room and set up card tables in the television room and living room for eating.

February 2nd is my birthday — Groundhog's Day, and no one ever lets me forget *that!* When I was a child one of my friends used to lead me to school blindfolded so I wouldn't see my shadow.

The first party I remember well was on my 10th birthday. In our big old family home we had the wildest game of hide-and-seek you could imagine. Dorothy and Lucile helped hide us in perfectly marvelous places. I can hardly pass the pantry without remembering Clara Jane stretched out on the third shelf behind pots and pans and big boxes of cereal. And Alyce was up on the top shelf of the linen closet in the upstairs hall under a heavy comforter that must have weighed a ton. What fun!

The next big party that I remember well was on my 16th birthday. (I probably remember that one because there were boys too!) I think the next one was the surprise party. (I may have my years mixed up a bit, but that's a small matter. I'm getting older so I can be excused!) This one is remembered so well because they had a hard time getting me home where all my friends were waiting for me. I really had to be

tricked into showing up! I wonder if my friend Betty remembers that. We didn't have parties for every birthday back in those days, so the ones we did have are not to be forgotten.

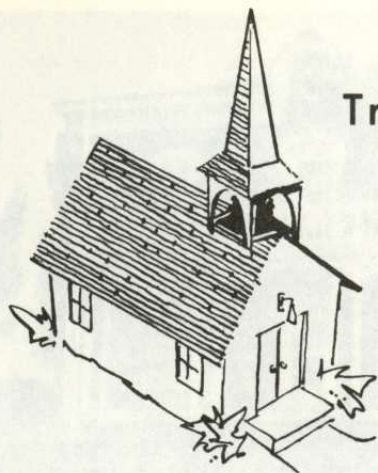
Last fall I mentioned on the radio visits about the trip Oliver and I made to Dow City, Iowa, to see the Dow mansion which is being restored and will be preserved as one of our fine examples of historic homes in the state. A number of you expressed an interest in seeing it too, and I hope that you can find the opportunity when spring comes. Perhaps by then more work will be completed on the interior. I thought you might like to see one of the pictures I took that day in return for the many pictures and newspaper articles you friends have sent us about fine old homes in your towns. We are fortunate that more interest is being taken in preserving historical buildings all around the country. We'll be grateful in the future for the action taken today to save these fine examples of beautiful structures of the past.

Next month you'll have Dorothy's usual letter. She'll be telling you about her trip to visit Kristin and her family. We also expect a letter from our niece, Mary Leanna, telling about her activities. Wayne and Abigail had a perfectly marvelous trip to South America over the holidays when they got to see their daughter Emily and their son Clark. Right after that they had to travel to California on business, but when they get caught up with things, Abigail will write a letter telling you all about their exciting trip.

Now I must run down the street and stay with Mother while Ruby, her nurse-companion, does the grocery shopping.

Until next month,

Margery



Try Living Brotherhood

FOR BROTHERHOOD MONTH

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Upon a small table place three articles such as a school textbook, a child's coat, a pair of eyeglasses; or it might be a plate of food, a pair of shoes, and a crutch. As you read through the program you may think of other objects you would prefer to use.

Song: "America the Beautiful".

Scriptures: *Teacher, which is the great commandment in the law? And He said to them, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the first commandment. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself, On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets."*

Let love be genuine; hate what is evil, hold fast to what is good; love one another with brotherly affection.

Have we not all one father? Has not one God created us? Why then are we faithless to one another, profaning the covenant of our fathers?

For this is the message which you have heard from the beginning, that we love one another. (Matthew 22:36-40; Romans 12:9-10; Malachi 2:10; I John 3:11.)

(Note: The Bible readings are from different parts of the Bible and are given here that they may be read smoothly. Give sources before or after reading.)

Prayer: We thank Thee, our Father, for Thy great love which enfolds all peoples. Help us to become more like Thee, and to feel that we are one great family of mankind. Help us, O God, to become more sensitive to the needs of people, especially those right around us, for through them we will become more aware of those in need who are beyond our seeing and hearing. Help us to answer to the need of those who are hungry, those who are friendless, those who are lonely, with a special tenderness to the elderly, the underprivileged, the handicapped. O Lord, teach us to be kind, to share, to show Thy love in our actions. Amen

Leader:

Our need is the same;
Our limits and our capacities,
Our desires and our destinies,
Our colors and our music —
These are different.

But our need is the same:

Each other! —Church paper

Let's start out by asking who is my neighbor, my brother? One dictionary says a neighbor is "one who dwells near another", and a brother is "born of the same father, member of the same family". Another definition for neighbor is "a fellow man".

Whom do you first think of as your neighbor? To me they are the people next door, in the next block, on the next farm. Then I think of them in the city blocks next to me, those around a farm section of land.

Some people I know well, see often, share interests and activities with; others I know only when I see them though they live quite close. Many, many I know by name only, though they live in the same town or neighborhood.

Actually it isn't just the people next door, but everyone in town who is my neighbor; or, as the Bible tells us again and again, our neighbors are all people; that God is father of all; therefore we are all brothers.

And how does God say we should feel and act toward our neighbor and brother? Yes, there's that big word LOVE. God doesn't want us to know our neighbors just to speak to, or by name, but to know them in love.

It's a trite way to say it, but I think that loving our neighbor "begins at home", and if we do that, all other love will be added; that as we practice living brotherhood right where we live everyday, we will be bound to reach out and grow toward a broader neighborhood, toward world-wide brotherhood.

Living Brotherhood: How and where do we begin? Are you one of those who remembers the "good old days" of the party line, the neighborhood sharing of the harder jobs (butchering, shelling corn, quilting) the sharing vigils in

sickness and in death as well as the fun times of a neighborhood sing or country dance?

Somewhere along the line we seem to have lost this closeness of concern, of sharing, of compassion, of enjoying our neighbors. Why, we've even gotten to the place where we're afraid to assist the injured; we shy away from going to someone who is grieving, lonely, or in need, because we fear a rebuff for being "nosey", or intruding; or we just don't want to get involved. We caution ourselves we mustn't get "emotional".

Well, I challenge you to live brotherhood as God intends for us to do and not to get involved or emotional! That's what living, real living, is all about. And when you begin to live lovingly right where you are now, you'll find it will be as if blinders were removed from your eyes!

You won't pass off the lonely in your town or your neighborhood, or the elderly, or the shut-in by saying, "Oh well, people like their privacy. I wouldn't want to intrude", or "There are agencies to take care of those cases", or "I'm just one person. What could I do about it?" You won't be having a lesson in the Ladies' Aid about the needs of people and remark, "My, that was a good lesson, wasn't it?" or hear your club's program on brotherhood and say, "My, those people certainly have a hard life over there. I'd hate to live like that." Get those blinders off; practice what you preach and YOU WILL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. You will be involved, emotional — and how!

You will make it your business to know if there is death or illness among your neighbors, and you'll be there with a dish of food, a get-well card, a telephone call, a comforting handclasp, a shoulder to lean on. You will instigate, or follow another's suggestion, and get back of a plan whereby contacts are made on a regular basis to shut-ins, transportation provided for those who need it, provision of some type of "meals-on-wheels" plan.

If you truly practice brotherhood, you'll be in there pitching when it comes to helping provide better housing for low-income families. You'll contribute furniture and equipment you no longer need and urge your friends to do likewise to such agencies as "Home Inc.", who will see that it goes to those in need.

You will help "set up shop" in your town where there can be an exchange for used clothing, furniture, etc., or where it can be purchased by needy families at a small cost. Often an agency is already set up in your county to assist with this, but it needs volunteers to find a building, to run the shop, to solicit supplies, to give publicity.

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Our church and another one have just done what hundreds of churches ought to do; we have merged! Believe it or not, we have! A smaller Congregational church a few blocks up the street voted to sell its building along with its beautiful organ and bring its membership into our church. It was all done in a matter of a few weeks, and in a few days the property transfers will have been completed. This is the second time that our church has had a successful merger, and each time the Lord has blessed the churches involved. If all small, struggling churches could see the benefits of merging with larger and stronger churches, it is our observation that the coming of the Kingdom would be hastened.

My Betty has been busy entertaining some of the new members of our church. We had a dozen people here at the parsonage for lunch a few days ago, and tonight we are having a dinner party for ten more. Everyone expects to find at least one or two servants in a house the size of our parsonage, but they soon learn that Betty is a wonderful housekeeper and cook with everything so efficiently planned and executed that the biggest dinners go off in a delightfully smooth way.

When the children were home over the holidays, things were hopping around here! David entertained his friends: Mary Leanna entertained a house guest and several local friends, and when they were not entertaining they were traveling about New England calling on relatives and college chums. What fun it was to have young people in the house for a few days. Each Christmas we wonder if both of the children will be able to get home another year. David flew back to Victoria, British Columbia, and Mary Lea drove her little red car back to New Mexico Highlands University. We don't expect that either one of them will get home next summer.

By the time you receive this letter Betty and I will be in southern Florida visiting her parents at Pompano Beach. Each time we have been in Florida we have had bright sunny weather most of the time, and I hope that our good luck holds out. When we go to Florida we do not try to drive all over the state. We just settle down in Pompano Beach making only an occasional short trip to visit members of our church living in the vicinity of the Pompano-Lauderdale area. Sometimes I do a bit of fishing with my father-in-law, but more often I simply lie on the beach and soak up the sunshine.

No doubt we shall meet some Kitchen-Klatter friends while in Florida. We



This lovely picture of Frederick and his family was used for their 1972 Christmas cards. We think it is especially good of all of them.

meet them wherever we go! One day last winter I was walking along the beach stopping now and then to look for a beautiful seashell, when a man and his wife started a conversation with me. In a matter of minutes the woman asked: "Are you by any chance a person I hear on the radio back in Iowa? Your voice is so familiar." When I told her who I was, she laughed and said: "Why Frederick Driftmier! I have been listening to you on Kitchen-Klatter since you were a little boy — and to think I would first meet you down here in Florida." More and more the people here in New England are recognizing me by my voice. I have been on the radio out here every Sunday for eighteen years, and now I am somewhat of a household fixture in thousands of homes. If you are in Florida before we leave to fly home, and if you should think that you recognize my voice in some restaurant, shopping center, or what have you, don't hesitate to speak to me.

One of the things I enjoy doing in Florida is watching the beautiful boats moving up and down the canals. Some of our favorite restaurants are near marinas where hundreds of boats come and go daily. One of my ambitions is to have a beautiful boat when I retire, but of course it is just a dream. I never will be able to afford the large boats, and the small ones are too cramped for comfortable living. A good friend of mine retired from the ministry of a large Methodist church a few years ago, and he sailed his big boat down to Florida where he hoped to live on it all winter. He soon learned that the cost of keeping a boat in Florida is greater than the cost of renting a comfortable house or apartment. It isn't

the cost of gasoline and oil that makes a boat expensive these days. It is the cost of berthing it at night. It costs several dollars a day to anchor in most harbors, and it costs much more than that to tie up to a pier.

Betty and I love to watch the birds at our feeders, and this winter we have been experimenting with new types of feeders. Always we are looking for the feeders that will be "squirrel proof". We are willing to feed the squirrels too, but we don't like to have them eat all the birds' food. Four different times I have purchased feeders guaranteed to be squirrel proof, and each one has failed in its purpose. If a feeder is made of wood, sooner or later the squirrels will ruin it. Now we are experimenting with all metal feeders, but the trouble is that the birds are much slower to use them. When we do put up a new feeder, we have to wait several days before a bird of any kind gives it a try. I am happy to say that our most recent experiment seems to be working. The squirrels are still around to get the lion's share of what we put on the ground for the ground-feeding birds, but at least they are not tearing up the feeders.

When we observe the reluctance of birds to try something new and different, we are reminded once again how much like birds we humans are. Just as birds miss much opportunity when they refuse to try a new feeder, so do we humans miss much in life when we refuse to try something new and different. For more than one half of my life I absolutely refused to eat cheese — any kind of cheese — and then one day I got up my nerve to try a bit of Dutch cheese and I loved it! Now I eat every

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"I love to sew, but there's such little time for it. If I could only sew faster! Then I could sew an outfit today and wear it tomorrow."

Does this sound like you? In this day of instant everything, it seems natural to dream of instant sewing. You really can speed up the amount of sewing that you do in any given time, by careful planning, and by using reliable shortcuts.

Your first time saving takes place when you choose your pattern. Look for styles that are simple to sew, with few or quickly made details. Choose collarless necklines, or uncomplicated collars. Avoid elaborate sleeves — in fact, styles that are sleeveless or that have a sleeve cut in one with the bodice of the dress are faster to construct than any sort of set-in sleeves. Styles to make in a hurry usually have few seams, and often have no collar or sleeves either. Many skim the figure lightly, with definitive fitting only at the shoulder and neckline area. Styles for knits, particularly, fall into this category. Shell blouses are "quickies", as are the peasant blouses whose gathers are formed by elastic. Dirndl skirts are quick, easy to fit, and team perfectly with the blouses. A-line and flared skirt styles present few fitting problems, as do wraparound skirts. You may want to try today's popular wrap dress or a wrap jumper or tunic, in a variety of fabrics for several new looks. Suits and coats generally take a good deal of time and skill, but — for fun and fashion — try your hand at the simple ponchos or capes that immediately add interest and flattery to your wardrobe. Pants suits vary in time needed to make, but most of the styles for knit fabrics are both simple and quick to stitch up. Elastic waistbands on knit slacks are one of the greatest time-savers to be found, too.

Pockets take extra time, so you may wish to omit them. The exception, perhaps, may be for novelty pockets on an otherwise simple style; they can create that "designed-just-for-you" look, yet need not be difficult to make. It's all in the planning!

You often want the season's "fad

fashions" without spending either much time or much money. Fortunately, this can often be accomplished by imaginative use of fabric and color, sometimes with those added novelty details.

The vital point is to choose the right pattern size. Take your measurements accurately, and select the pattern that offers perfect fit through the bust, shoulders and neckline. Any necessary alterations are far easier to make in the other areas to be fitted.

Once you've chosen your style, plan for swift sewing by choosing easily handled fabrics that require little finishing. You'll probably want to avoid sheers, since they need linings and time-consuming seam finishes, in most cases. Cottons are generally easy to sew and work up well into many fashions, as do some of the cotton-polyester blends, linen, and wool flannel. Firm, closely woven fabrics, such as poplin, broadcloth, gingham, and sailcloth, don't fray and need little seam finishing. You can often fingerpress the seams on these materials, saving trips to the ironing board. Felt is simplicity itself to work with, if it suits your needs. And do be sure to try the new bonded knits; they need no lining at all, and, if you've had even a slight amount of experience, you'll find that they help you to "sew like a pro". Some declare allegiance even more firmly to the doubleknits, which have body that makes them firm and easy to work with. In fact, most of the modern knit fabrics are marvels of a sort; their flexibility means that less time-consuming fitting is required, and the best patterns designed for knits (as we've previously mentioned) are cut quite simply. The very nature of the fabric requires fewer darts, seams, shaped panels, and so on. Each simplification, of course, speeds your sewing just that much.

Solid colors require no matching, but to cover tiny errors caused by inexperience or superspeed, choose small all-over prints, small checks and stripes, tweeds, linens, and homespuns, or the heather-patterned knits. These and similar designs all take less time to cut, less time to sew, than any design that must be matched in any way.

Use your imagination, too — on many of today's fabrics you can use them as their own trim. Plan before cutting the garment, and try unusual placement of border prints, diagonal stripes, use of contrasting fabric — any eye-catching detail that can be done with the goods itself. The "Far East" look, always a distinctive fashion, is easily achieved by purchasing an India-print bedspread or imported tablecloth, rather than conventional yard goods, for an outfit that's distinctively yours. For the perfect finishing touch, use heavy cotton

drapery fringe. Heavy fringe also makes stylish edging for a wool poncho.

You want ruffles? Then buy some commercial pre-ruffled trim — so much quicker than doing it yourself. One of the latest trends is for a smocked gingham ruffling that is exactly matched to the small checked gingham fabric by the yard. Sew some summer fun clothes in no time flat!

Other trims that lend fashionable zest, yet require little additional time, are the purchased braid trims with their exciting multicolor or metallic designs. Or the woven braids and bindings. Or rows of gleaming buttons (for looks, not for use).

Machine-made buttonholes, when needed, require the least time, and are suitable for a good many of the things you'll make. On the other hand, many garments fasten with zippers and need no buttonholes. Or you've chosen a style with elegant buttons used just for trim, with no buttonholes at all. An example is the elegant coat-dress look that is achieved with buttons, topstitching, and a pleat — but the dress itself actually zips in the back.

Since any buttonholes whatsoever do require both time and patience, I'm sure you'll agree that on speed sewing you'll be wise to avoid their use. You can fasten the garment with Velcro tape, snaps, hooks, Buttonsnapps, or with a zipper. Incidentally, the invisible zippers — once you've mastered the original technique — are much quicker to insert neatly. In fact, it's just impossible to get them in with crooked stitching; the special zipper foot is made in such a way that a child could stitch them in quite straight and expertly.

Now that you've chosen both pattern and fabric, you're ready to begin sewing. Organize all your sewing supplies; keep them together in a sewing cabinet, basket, box or drawer — whatever you have that's convenient and available. You've sewn before, so you have the necessary equipment. Make sure those scissors are really *sharp*, to save time and annoyance. Lay out the pattern on the fabric, following the chart, and begin!

There's another shortcut that is often overlooked. When you'd like two garments made the same style, lay the fabric out together, and save time by cutting both at once. If they both require the same color thread, you can sew two-at-a-time and noticeably shorten the time needed at the machine.

Then, when you begin to sew, shorten your work time still further by pin basting wherever possible. Use a unit method of sewing, doing as much as you can while the garment is still in flat sections, before you join them or sew the side seams. When you're sure

of the fit, or on lightly-fitted garments, you can even set in sleeves before sewing the underarm seams; this method is extremely quick once you've become acquainted with it. Other steps you'll want to do before joining side seams are to insert back zippers, make button-holes, and sew on any pockets. You'll sew much more quickly by using a plan than if you sew in haste and repent while ripping!

Belts often take nearly as long to make as does the dress itself. There's a speedy solution: don't make the belt, simply buy one! The gold chain link belts are still a preferred fashion accent, as are the bold, bright, extra-wide vinyl belts to accent your pretty waist. Three or four well-chosen belts can co-ordinate stylishly with a dozen dresses, so the final cost is no higher than making your own for each of them — and much quicker.

Firm fabrics can often be finished at neckline and armholes with a self-bias binding. For a fast, professional-looking finish, cut bias the right length of the armhole, sew ends of the bias together, then pin neatly in place with the bias on outside of garment, right sides of the fabric together. Machine stitch, then trim neatly and narrowly. Turn under edge of bias, turn neatly and evenly to inside, and slip stitch in place. This is extra effective on heavy linen-look fabrics. Once you've mastered the method, try using boldly contrasting binding on a dress or blouse, for a style touch.

Another tip: Always save and study the special instruction sheets that come with the "quickie" patterns you buy. Many of these techniques, once learned, can be used on other outfits as well, and can forever after help speed your sewing. Watch for speed-up hints from other sources, too, and incorporate them into your sewing. Save clippings from magazines, ideas to try, and keep them in a special notebook for easy reference.

Meet the challenge of sewing crisp, becoming clothes on your limited sewing time. To do so is a great satisfaction, but that's not all. I'll let you in on a secret:

Fast sewing is more fun!

PLAN . . . STUDY . . . WORK

Abe Lincoln was a great man, not because he was born in a log cabin, but rather because he planned, studied, and worked himself out of it.

What is failure? It's only a spur

To a man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To get up once more and fight!
If you have never failed, it's an even guess

You have never won a high success.
—Unknown



At a birthday party such as the one below, Margery Strom would be sitting at the February table, for her birthday is February 2nd.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

by Mabel Nair Brown

(If your group is planning a birthday tea, you might cue decorations to this old rhyme. Type up the verse given for a particular month and place on the table decorated for that month.)

JANUARY

By those who are in this month born
No gem save Garnets should be worn;
They will insure your constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care.
If they an Amethyst will wear.

MARCH

Who, on this world of ours, their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL

Those who in April date their years,
Diamonds shall wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet, flowery month of May,
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her happy birth,
With a ring of Agate on her hand
Can health, wealth, and peace command.

JULY

The glowing Ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Thus will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST

Wear a Moonstone, or for thee
No conjugal felicity.

The August born without this stone
'Tis said must live unloved alone.

SEPTEMBER

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure disease of the mind.

OCTOBER

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast,
And hope will lull the woes to rest.

NOVEMBER

Who first comes to this world below
With dull November's fog and snow,
Should prize the Topaz's amber hue,
Emblems of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow, and ice, and mirth,
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue —
Success will bless you if you do.



RAISING FUNDS

Dear Members:

Since "taxes" seem to be in style,
We've come up with a dilly,
We'll make some dough
You'll have some fun
For our "tax" is a silly.

So figure up the things you own
And gladly pay your fee,
For you'll see that we are taxing
Your "Dearest" property.

Then when the "tax" is finished
And you know just what you owe,
Send the form right back to us
And don't forget the dough.

Item	Tax
I live in a house	.15
I live in an apartment	.10
I have _____ T.V. sets	.10
I have _____ radios, ea.	.05
I have _____ cars, ea.	.04
MY FAMILY CONSISTS OF:	
Mother	.10
Father	.10
Children	.05
Husband	.15
Brothers	.05
Grandchildren	.05
Sisters	.05
Wrist watches, ea.	.02
Diamond rings, ea.	.05
Fur coats, ea.	.05
MY AGE IS:	
Under 75	.20
Over 75	.00
My name has _____ letters, ea.	.01
My address has _____ letters, ea.	.01
I've been a <i>Kitchen-Klatter</i> reader for _____ years. ea.	.01
MY NAME IS _____	
TOTAL TAX PAID _____	

SOME EASY-CARE HOUSE PLANTS

by
Gretchen Harshbarger

If you're like me, you're always searching for handsome house plants that will glamorize the appearance of your home, but be tough enough to survive casual care. My kind of care is loving and well-intentioned, but sort of absent-minded and not truly dependable.

Over the years we've lived in different houses, with different light and temperature situations. Plants that grew well in one house did poorly in another. We gradually discovered that the secret to seeming to have a green thumb was to discard the plants that didn't like our current conditions, and keep only the ones that thrived and grew exuberantly! This gave the impression of total success!

So what are we growing now? Our present plants are in the living room, in a floor-to-ceiling picture window that faces east. The window is shaded by trees in summer, but well-lighted in winter. Because the room is large, and the ceiling a high studio type, the major plants must be dramatically big.

Featured is a huge monstera (also known as split-leaf philodendron). It sits alone at the left side of the window, stretching from floor to ceiling and rambling on across the top of the window. It's in a big standard clay pot (with hole in the bottom) that sits inside a jardiniere. The pot rests on a layer of rocks, so any excess water can drain away. To support such a tall, heavy vine calls for ingenuity. No stake was tall enough or strong enough. So we put screw eyes in the ceiling and ran heavy cord from jardiniere to ceiling. The vine is tied to the cord. We let the long, dangling aerial roots grow, unless they get in our way — they're collecting moisture from the air. From time to time we prune back branches of the vine that become too long, cutting just below the stem of a leaf. These cuttings, either individual leaves with a segment of the branch attached to the stem, or a group of leaves, are rooted in water to start new plants. These young plants make highly appreciated gifts.

Next, in the center of the window is a group of plants, some common, and some quite unusual.

Familiar, sturdy and dependable is the jade plant (*Crassula arborescens*). Ours arrived as a small rooted cutting grown in a tin can by a friend. Now it is about six years old, stands 27 in. above its pot, and spreads 36 in. wide! Handsome! While it appreciates water when it is growing rapidly, its succu-



Monstera is a favorite house plant.

lent nature means that it can withstand long periods of drouth. Indeed the surest way to kill it is by overwatering and causing rotting.

Bougainvillia, the same tropical vine that blooms in southern Florida and California, likes our window! Ours is the variety "Barbara Karst", whose flower-like bracts are coppery pink indoors, or red if grown outdoors in sun. We've had it about seven years, and it is still in its original pot. It blooms long and profusely several times a year. Since it is basically a "short day plant", setting flower buds when nights are long (similarly to poinsettia

TO BE, BE SUFFICIENTLY

1 — Be sufficiently wise to recognize your faults and to do something about them.

2 — Be sufficiently brave to take what's coming to you and to try again.

3 — Be sufficiently strong to bear the burdens of life and to help carry the weight of others less fortunate than you.

4 — Be sufficiently prosperous to meet your wants plus a little more to help a needy brother.

5 — Be sufficiently humble to admit your shortcomings and to learn from those who know.

6 — Be sufficiently kind and gentle to understand and love the very young and the very old.

7 — Be sufficiently patient to keep at it if you have decided to complete a specific project.

8 — Be sufficiently educated to judge the worthwhile from the trash.

9 — Be sufficiently independent and optimistic to believe in your own abilities and in the possibilities of the future.

10 — Be sufficiently religious to obey the Golden Rule.

and Christmas cactus) it has its first major display in time for Christmas and another in March. After each blooming, I prune the side shoots back to about two nodes. This keeps the plant compact and also encourages new growth on which the next crop of blossoms will develop. It can stand drouth and neglect. Ours is potted in a fast-draining sandy soil. It is watered generously and then not watered again until soil on top is thoroughly dry.

Another exotic flowering plant that thrives under our conditions is the Chinese hibiscus shrub, the one that flourishes in tropical climes. Ours has brilliant red, double flowers, and blooms almost continuously. Each blossom remains open only one day, so you can generously pick and share them, without sacrificing additional days of bloom. This is the only plant in our living room that needs attentive watering. But fortunately it shows you when it is desperate for water by going conspicuously limp and droopy. It revives quickly when you rush a rescuing drink. Flower buds form at the tip of branches, and thus get farther and farther from the main trunk as the branches extend. Periodically one must prune the branches way back, leaving only two or three nodes from which new growth will arise. The cut-off parts can be rooted in water to start new plants. I brought back from California this autumn, cuttings I snipped from the hedge adjoining the yard of our son Fritz. They're rooted, so I'll soon have a double pink plant. One's plant can be kept small by constant pruning, or let become enormous.

Last on my list of current dependable favorites is the spiral-leaved form of beefsteak begonia. This is grown primarily for its decorative foliage, glossy deep green on top and coppery red beneath. It grows in either sun or shade. I water it by setting the clay pot in a container of water, and letting it soak until thoroughly wet through.

Perhaps you'd like to know my general rules for watering and feeding all of these plants. This past year I've gone to the trouble of collecting rain water, catching it in a plastic dishpan placed under one of our downspouts. The water is stored indoors in gallon jugs or half-gallon milk containers. It is at room temperature when applied to the plants, which is the way they like it. Almost no plant food is given during the winter months. But when the sun becomes stronger and growth becomes more active, I try to remember to feed about once a month, using Rapid-Gro or some similar product. For repotting, I think it pays to buy potting soil prepared especially for house plants.

From this account, you'll see why I need durable house plants!

How Do You Know You Don't Have Talents?

by Cecile Moore



You do, too, have talents! Maybe you don't have the same ones your neighbor or friends have, but you have some special God-given abilities or skills, and it's up to you to start finding out what those abilities are; then start to use and enjoy them.

With the children in school or gone from the home, time hangs heavy, and it's awfully easy to feel lonely and unneeded. Remember the many times back then, when you were so busy rearing your family that you often wished you might be free for just a little while to do some of the things you always wanted to do? Well, now stop feeling sorry for yourself and get busy doing some of those things you always planned to do. Try your hand at that secret desire of yours.

"In the beginning God created!" The greatest satisfactions in all of life come from creating something with our own hands, if it be painting a masterpiece, writing a book, or baking a good apple pie. (Not everyone can bake a good pie.)

My mother was endowed with enough talents for ten people. But like Grandma Moses, she was getting on in years before she finally began developing and enjoying them. She painted, carved, wrote, and even had a recording made of one of her compositions — after seventy! She could cook, sew, build . . . you name it, and she could do some of it. As for me, mine came the hard way. But the results seem all the sweeter when we have to work for them.

Failure has been the pathway to nearly every success. The difference lies in the manner in which we handle

our failures. Let them be our teacher. Thomas Edison failed ninety-nine times on one experiment. He said, "Now we know ninety-nine ways in which this thing can't be done." We all know that Babe Ruth made seven hundred home runs, but did you know that he struck out one thousand, three hundred and thirty times at bat? So . . .

Your public library has a wealth of material on almost any subject you might want to pursue. There are books on creative writing, flower arranging, cooking and others too numerous to mention. In most cities there are hobby shops and various clubs where crafts are taught. Experiment! Try doing just the things you've always dreamed of doing. You may surprise yourself, and become expert enough to realize a few dollars from it. There's a great demand these days for hand-crafted work of any kind.

I work at creative writing and flower arranging, and now sell some of both. I started out by doing the flower arrangements for our church, and over a period of about eight years have learned enough to make them for the public. I have enjoyed every minute of it. Writing, my first love, was a dream of mine since childhood. Oh, I didn't have the privilege of having journalism in school. I've always written little poems and cheery things for my friends and loved ones over the years. And now I have time to study, and pursue it in a real way. The knowledge I have gained is a great satisfaction to me. But when an article is published, my joy knows no bounds. How marvelous to be able to communicate with others the things I have learned, to share with them the

joys, satisfactions, and lessons from life!

There is time now, also, to make someone outside our own family happy. A lesson we should all learn is that nothing in this world lifts one up as much as doing something nice for those less fortunate than we — someone sick, or in distress. Or just being especially kind or complimentary. The joy of seeing their faces light up, their shoulders lift, is worth all the effort. When I send get-well cards to the sick or shut-in, I enclose some small thing — an emery board, gum, a tract, or something. I especially try to send to those who I feel will not receive a card from anyone else.

I read somewhere that if you try being kind to just one person each day, at the end of ten years you will have brought cheer to three thousand, six hundred and fifty people! Staggering, isn't it? But it takes effort. This I work at daily. A phone call, card, compliment, or a book shared.

A frail little elderly lady in our Sunday class confessed one day that she kept thinking, "Someone should take poor old Mr. Fisher a pie or something good to eat, since he is ill and lives alone." And she added, "One day I decided I was that someone, so I got busy and baked him a pie."

As you explore, and enjoy, may you be like one of the two little frogs who fell into a churn full of milk. They paddled to stay afloat, when finally one gave up and sank to the bottom of the churn. The other said, "I won't give up; I won't give up," and he paddled and paddled till finally the cream turned to butter and he climbed up on top of the butter and hopped out. We can do anything we want to, if we want to do it badly enough!

"Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The Bible: Galatians 6:9.



WHO ARE THEY?

There is a question I would like to ask —

To find the answer maybe quite a task, But if you know, please tell me. I pray —

Just who in this old world are THEY? I am sure that you, as well as I, Have oft been asked the question why Did THEY do this, that or the other. And did THEY call on an ailing brother, Are THEY still having church across the way,

And do THEY still meet each week to pray?

Busy, illusive, nameless people THEY must be.

I wonder — Should THEY and YOU and I be WE? —Anice Nancy Taylor

MARY BETH'S LETTER FROM WISCONSIN

Dear Friends:

I had to hunt and dig for the typing paper this month when I got down to the business of writing to you. One morning early last month, before we went to school, I had a quick bit of typing to do for Katharine. She entered the VFW Voice of Democracy contest, which is conducted annually, with the final national award being a \$10,000 scholarship. She knew she was going to enter an essay, but she did not get the final copy completed until the morning it was due. (Apparently in my haste to leave for school I did not put my typing supplies away where I am accustomed to finding them.)

The title of this year's essay was "My Responsibility to Freedom", and I am happy to report that she won the top award from our school. This amounted to a Government Savings Bond, and then she had to go downtown to tape her essay in the form of a speech at one of the local radio stations. Under normal conditions I think she would have been paralyzed with stage fright save for the fact that she had been in front of a microphone once or twice when she broadcast with her Aunt Marge and Aunt Lucile in Shenandoah. She felt very confident when she made the tape, and enjoyed the visit with the gentlemen from the VFW who came to school to take her downtown. In the district division she did not win first place, but the experience was good for her.

One of the interesting things that has happened to us since I last wrote came as the result of a Christmas open house that Don and I attended. We were introduced to a young man who is a psychotherapist. This means he counsels with young people in some of the Milwaukee city schools who come to him or are directed to him for counseling. The evening we met we were exchanging views on the relative merits of voluntary versus compulsory "giving". This young man said that he personally believed in the "hurt theory"; that there were many people who would not help themselves until they began to hurt, and that much of our money being spent in the form of compulsory taxation given as welfare payments was defeating the purpose, because many of these people would not get out to help themselves so long as they did not "hurt", and they never would "hurt" under our present system.

I told him about Katharine's essay on her feeling of responsibility to freedom being her obligation to do everything to take care of herself and not be a financial drag on anyone, but to stand ready to help those persons who were



You can see why "Morris, the freeloader" stays on with the Wisconsin Driftmiers. He has a nice soft bed with Paul, enjoying his new residence.

unable to help themselves. He in turn told us about a large family he was working with where the mother was raising eight children without the aid of a father. He commented that the biggest difficulties were their great need for a man around the house and the truly poverty conditions they lived under because the mother was kept at home with several preschool-age children. She was not receiving enough money from welfare to live even comfortably, and he was counseling with them on his own with no fee because these boys looked forward to, and enjoyed, his visits so much. He mentioned that three of the boys slept together with cats and dogs in order to keep warm as they did not have enough blankets to cover them.

Before the evening was over I told him I thought that in my closets at home I could undoubtedly find some blankets which were not in use and perhaps we could make up a Christmas basket for these people. During the following week the children and I turned out our drawers and found all the warm winter clothes which were unused, and I found several winter coats that the children had outgrown. The young man asked the mother of this family if it would be all right if we were to bring them some of our outgrown winter things, and this delighted her. My own children are growing up in many hand-me-down clothes, and I surely did not mind my years in hand-me-down clothes from my cousins.

There was plenty of need for needle and thread on missing buttons and loosened zippers and frazzled seams, so we were busy. Much of our outgrown clothing is taken to church for rummage sales or I stuff it into the Good Will stations. Incidentally, this was the first time that my children knew exactly

whom they were helping. However, we were unable to take the boxes of warm winter clothes and blankets because of a very severe ice storm. The young man who had been instrumental in getting our two families together was making a trip into town to deliver some blankets, too, so he took our contributions in his car. It was nice to think that in one small way we were able to make someone else a little more comfortable.

There is not much more new to report. Katharine is planning to spend some of her days of March spring vacation visiting at Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa. My cousin and her husband are associated with the college, and very much want her to visit them before she makes her final decision. I hope she has possible bus connections, because that is no time of the year to start out in a car for Iowa. It often seems to be the time when winter weather sets in with real determination.

I must run and warm up some leftovers for dinner.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

FRIENDS

I'd like to be the sort of a friend that you've all been to me,
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be,
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day.
As you have meant, good friends of mine, to me along the way.
And that's why I am wishing now that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way.
And could I have but just one wish this only would it be,
I'd like to be the sort of a friend that you've all been to me.—Anonymous

DRAW A CIRCLE

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is very, very dark outside. I awakened early and was so completely alert I decided it would be a fine time to tip-toe into the study, close the door tightly and get "crackin'" on my February visit with you friends.

The study is a warm, cheerful room. The carpet which has been newly installed on the floor adds to its sense of comfort. When we built our home we started with just a finished hardwood floor and an area rug I had made from bright colored rug samples. That rug eventually went off to college. A friend of mine gave me a small braided rug which we used here for a time. Moving my rolling desk chair and the movement of the piano bench when the boys played that instrument soon put too much pressure on the handmade rug so it was moved out.

The decision was finally made to put down a wall-to-wall carpet to both protect the wood floor and to make the room have a more finished sense of warmth. Winter is a good time to make such a move, for it does create a fine place for me to write.

I do not feel alone this morning even though I am the only one in the house who is awake. The houses along the road have the dark, quiet look of still slumbering families but a car occasionally rushes by on the street, or a truck. It makes me aware of the people who need to be up and about their work very early. Also this small room seems to be filled with you dear Kitchen-Klatter friends who keep me company as I work.

It will not be long until the community in which we live begins to stir. Most of our neighbors are early risers. One drives a delivery truck and is usually the first to have his light aglow — except when the weather is bad and the man who works for the highway department beats everyone up and out the door. Sometimes this friend is up all night getting the roads in safe condition for the rest of us.

The family at the end of the row of houses has a young son, so when we see an early light in that home we wonder if Marty has decided to rouse his folks, or if his dad has to be off for his thirty-some-mile drive to the college where he works as a guidance counselor.

My good neighbor Dorothy gets her husband off for his work at the schoolhouse at a very early hour, too, before she finishes her preparations to leave for the downtown office where she works. A number of the wives in our block do the same, for they have various jobs in town. Does this sound like



Helping in our community are a number of energetic and devoted young people. This group of Boy Scouts, from Robert Birkby's Troop 77 of Sidney, is gathering used items to be sent to Goodwill Industries to help that fine service organization.

a typical, normal, American neighborhood?

Although we live close it seems so difficult for any of the people in our neighborhood to get together. The old visiting back-and-forth patterns of the "olden days" seem to be fading. Each person seems so busy with so many demands on his time that opportunities to be together grow farther and farther apart. Too often it takes trouble or sickness or death to get us to the place where we visit each other. This trend seems to be increasing even in our small towns and rural areas, although many feel it has become commonplace in the cities to ignore even the people who live right next door.

We do have many activities which bring people together in our community. Perhaps we have fewer people who move from one place to another, although even a town the size of Sidney has a surprising number who live here for a short time and then are gone. Our school and churches still provide opportunities for friendly community activities. But it is more and more difficult to hold the strands of neighborliness firm in the confusion seen in the world today.

Progress can be so costly! Thinking of some of the lovely small churches which have closed their doors is a sad experience. More than just the end of a building, it is also the conclusion of a close knit fellowship and a sense of neighborhood. The same has been true as country schools and small-town schools closed their doors. Is it possible the value of these loving neighborhood groups was of more worth than the increased efficiency gained by consolidation? When you take away a sense of community you lose a part of a vital, strong foundation that is very

difficult to replace.

As the first light of dawn begins to creep across the sky I can hear the rest of my family stirring in the other part of our warm and comfortable house. Very soon, now, I must go to prepare a hot breakfast for them before Robert goes off to his work at the ASCS office and Craig leaves for high school.

Even the comfort of our home is hard for me to accept today. My thoughts are saddened as I think of the many disruptive influences the families of our world face in so many places. How on earth can a family which has been bombed out of its home, had its village completely eradicated and many of its relatives killed ever put enough together to feel like a secure unit again? How can people who live in the extreme poverty areas of the city without relatives or friends around upon whom they can depend and without neighbors who care develop the kind of home life which is so necessary for raising loving, outgoing youngsters.

Margaret Meade and Ken Heyman have put together a beautiful and very meaningful book called *Family* (A Ridge Press Book published in 1965 by the Macmillan Company, New York.) In the chapter on the family is the following statement: "A society imperils its own future when, out of negligence or contempt, it overlooks the need of children to be reared in a family — their own or another where they can have a sense of absolute belonging. (They need) the opportunity to grow to full adulthood as people who can care for and cherish other human beings like themselves."

Later in the book is a marvelous chapter on grandparents and how important it is for children to grow up

(Continued on page 20)

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

DEEP SOUTH CHERRY CAKE

- 1 8-oz. jar red maraschino cherries
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg

- 1 1/3 cups buttermilk

Drain cherries, chop and drain on paper towels. Grease and flour three 8- or 9-inch cake pans.

Cream butter or margarine and sugar in large bowl, and when very fluffy add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add chopped cherries and beat until well blended. Add cherry flavoring.

Sift together dry ingredients and blend into egg mixture alternately with buttermilk, beating well after each addition. Pour into prepared pans and bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 or 35 minutes, or until cake tests done.

Any favorite powdered sugar icing or boiled icing is good for this cake, but we put it together with whipped cream to which 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring and 3 Tbls. powdered sugar had been added. It is an exceptionally delicate and delicious cake. —Lucile

RASPBERRY-APPLESAUCE SALAD

- 1 1-lb. can applesauce (or 2 cups of thick, smooth applesauce)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup lemon-lime carbonated beverage

Heat the applesauce to boiling. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot applesauce. Add the remaining ingredients. Pour into a pan and chill until firm. This has a delicate and delicious flavoring you can't put your finger on. Try it.

—Dorothy

THREE BEAN AND FRANKFURTER CASSEROLE

- 8 franks, cut in 1-inch pieces
 - 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen lima beans, cooked according to package directions
 - 1 1-lb. can baked beans
 - 1 1-lb. can kidney beans, drained and rinsed
 - 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 - 1/4 cup chopped onion
 - 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- Combine all ingredients and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. —Margery

QUICK FLUFF ROLLS

- 1 pkg. yeast
- 2 Tbls. lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 5 cups flour (about)

Combine yeast, water and the 1 tsp. sugar. Set aside. Scald buttermilk. Remove from heat and stir in the 1/4 cup sugar, salt, shortening, soda and butter flavoring. When lukewarm, combine yeast and buttermilk mixtures. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured breadboard. Knead until smooth and elastic. Roll dough to 1/2-inch thickness. Spread with a light coating of melted butter or margarine. Cut into strips about 1 1/2 inches wide. Place strips together in layers of three. Cut into 1 1/2-inch pieces and place, cut side down, in well-greased muffin tins. Brush tops with melted butter or margarine. Cover and let rise until double. Bake in 400-degree oven about 20 minutes or until nicely browned on top.

As you can see, this is a quick method because the dough only rises once. These may be made in shapes other than the butterflake, so use your own ideas for shapes and baking pans. Delicious as parkerhouse rolls or simple dinner rolls. —Evelyn

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of celery soup
 - 1 14 1/2-oz. can evaporated milk
 - 1 cup uncooked rice
 - 1 frying chicken, cut up
 - 1 pkg. dry onion soup mix
- Mix soups, milk and rice in buttered large oblong baking dish; arrange chicken on mixture. Sprinkle with soup mix; cover dish tightly with foil. Bake for about 2 hours at 325 degrees. Yield: 6-8 servings. —Margery

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT SQUARES

- Your favorite graham cracker crust patted into bottom of a 9- by 13-inch baking pan
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 cups boiling water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2/3 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 pint heavy cream, whipped
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Combine gelatin and 1/2 cup sugar and dissolve in boiling water. Then add lemon juice and frozen strawberries and stir until berries are separated. (You may have to return pan to heat to get the berries separated.) Chill until slightly thickened.

Combine cheese, powdered sugar, salt and vanilla flavoring. Beat until smooth. Then fold in the whipped cream, 2 Tbls. sugar and strawberry flavoring mixture.

Spread a layer of this cheese-cream mixture over crumb crust and refrigerate until firm. Then add half of the gelatin mixture and let it get firm. Repeat cheese-cream layer and when it is solid, add the other half of the gelatin mixture.

This will serve 18 to 20 people, and because it is rich you will want only small portions. It is highly attractive with the red and white layers and is even more delicious. —Lucile

CARROT CAKE

- 3 cups grated raw carrot (about 5 medium)
- 4 eggs, unbeaten
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped pecans

In the electric mixer bowl combine the carrot, eggs, sugar, oil and flavorings and beat until ingredients are well mixed. Add the remaining ingredients and beat well. (The nuts and carrots do not interfere with the mixer blades.) Pour batter into either a 9- by 13-inch pan, or two 9-inch layer pans which have been well greased. Bake in a 350-degree oven 40 to 50 minutes, depending on which size pan you use. When cooled you can either ice it with your favorite icing, or serve with whipped cream. —Dorothy

SCRUMPTIOUS CHERRY ANGEL DESSERT

- 1 angel food cake — a commercial 8-oz. loaf cake is convenient
- 1 regular-sized pkg. *instant* vanilla pudding mix
- 1 cup sour cream or whipping cream, whipped
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 21-oz. cans prepared cherry pie filling

Butter a 9- by 13-inch glass baking dish and then make a layer of the angel food cake torn into bite-size pieces. (For appearance's sake rub off brown crust with fingertips before tearing.)

Prepare the vanilla pudding mix according to directions. Fold in the sour cream or whipped cream to which the cherry flavoring and sugar have been added. Pour over cake. Place in refrigerator until firm. Then top with the prepared cherry pie filling and return to refrigerator.

This simple-to-make and extremely delicious dessert is ideal for company since it **MUST** be made in advance and should stand at least 24 hours before cutting into squares and serving. I topped it with tiny swirls of whipped cream just to add contrast to the red cherry layer.

If not used at one time, the balance **MUST** be kept refrigerated. Don't try to keep it more than three or four days (at the most) because the cake becomes soggy. People who've gotten the recipe after they've eaten it cannot believe that it is so very, very simple. —Lucile

LIMA BEANS AU GRATIN

- 1 lb. dried large lima beans, cooked
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- 3 Tbls. diced pimiento
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- Paprika

Cook the lima beans and drain well, reserving 1/4 cup of the liquid. Sauté the onion and celery in melted butter or margarine. Stir in the flour. Gradually add the milk, half-and-half, and reserved cooking liquid. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Stir in one cup of the cheese and stir until melted. Add the pimiento, salt and thyme. Place the beans and sauce in alternate layers in a large buttered casserole, ending with the sauce. Sprinkle the remainder of the cheese over the top, and sprinkle with paprika. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for one hour. —Dorothy

FANCY COCONUT BARS

- 2 cups crushed graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. white sugar
- Mix and pack firmly into 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in 350-degree oven for 8 minutes.
- 1 7-oz. pkg. flake coconut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- Mix together thoroughly and spread over first mixture and return to oven to continue baking for 15 more minutes.
- 1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 2 Tbls. peanut butter

Melt the chocolate chips over very low heat and blend in the peanut butter. Spread over the baked mixture when removed from oven. Cool. Place in refrigerator to harden the chocolate. Cut in bars. —Margery

PARTY DESSERT

- 1 lb. marshmallows
- 1 cup hot coffee
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup black walnuts, chopped
- 1 cup dates, cut up
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- Melt the marshmallows in the hot coffee and cool. Spread about two-thirds of the graham cracker crumbs in a 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Add nuts and dates to the marshmallow mixture and then fold in the whipped cream. Spread on the cracker crumbs and top with the balance of the cracker crumbs. Refrigerate until set and chilled. Cut into squares to serve. Makes at least 12 servings. —Mae Driftmier

RICE AND LIVER CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. beef liver, sliced
- Flour
- Fat (bacon drippings are good)
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 cup raw rice, cooked
- Salt and pepper
- 1 1-lb., 13-oz. can tomatoes, including liquid
- Shake liver slices, one at a time, with a small amount of flour in paper bag. Brown lightly in a little fat. Drain on paper towels and cut into narrow strips about one inch long. Add onion to drippings in pan and cook until tender. Drain.
- In 2-quart casserole, put a layer of liver strips. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste. Combine tomatoes with onions and pour part of it over liver. Continue to make layers, using the rest of ingredients. Cover with tight-fitting lid or foil and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. (One diced green pepper, or less, may be added with the onions.) Makes 6 servings. —Margery

MEAT LOAF WITH SAUCE

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground round steak
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup cubed white bread
- 1 1/2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/2 of 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- Place meat in mixing bowl; add salt, pepper, bread cubes, onion and tomato sauce. Mix together; form in long flat roll in shallow pan.

Sauce

- 1 1/2 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1/2 of 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 cup water
- Combine all ingredients; pour over meat loaf. Baste. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes, basting frequently. Yield: 6 servings. —Margery

SOUR CREAM-CHOCOLATE BIT CAKE

- 6 Tbls. softened butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar, plus 1 Tbls.
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups flour, unsifted
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- Cream butter or margarine and 1 cup sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add flavorings. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and cinnamon; blend into creamed mixture. Mix in sour cream. Pour batter into greased and floured 9- x 13-inch pan. Scatter chocolate bits over and sprinkle 1 Tbls. sugar over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Serve warm. —Margery

CORNEBEEF AND NOODLES

- 4 oz. noodles, cooked and drained
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 1/4 cups milk
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. horseradish
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, thawed
- 1 12-oz. can corned beef, cut into slices
- Cook the noodles and drain them. While the noodles are cooking, make a white sauce of the butter or margarine, flour and milk. Add the salt, pepper, horseradish and mustard. Add the cooked noodles, thawed peas and turn all into a flat baking dish. Arrange the slices of corned beef over the top and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Makes 6 to 8 generous servings. —Margery

BURGER-BEAN BAKE

- 2 strips bacon, cut into small pieces
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 lb. ground chuck
- 2 1-lb. cans pork and beans
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt to taste

Saute the bacon and onion together. Add the ground chuck and cook until brown. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour into a casserole and bake in a 375-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

SPEEDY GROUND BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 3 1/2 cups hot water
- 1 12-oz. pkg. Oriental-flavored rice mix
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed cream of chicken soup
- 2 medium tomatoes, cut into eighths
- 1 small green pepper, diced

Cook and stir ground beef and onion in a 10-inch skillet until meat is brown and onion is tender; drain. Stir in water, rice, sauce mix and soup, heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Reduce heat, cover and simmer about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in tomatoes and green pepper and cook 5 minutes more, just to heat the vegetables. This dish is very good warmed over. However, warming it will cook the tomatoes and pepper more and they will not be quite as crisp.

—Mae Driftmier

PINEAPPLE CHICKEN

- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. rosemary
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2 frying chickens, cut up
- 10 small white onions (or 1 large onion, sliced)
- 2 cups pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. water

Combine salt, rosemary and pepper. Rub well into chicken pieces. Place, skin side up, in 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Cook onion in lightly salted water until just barely tender. Drain and arrange around chicken. Combine pineapple juice, flavoring and ginger. Pour over chicken. Bake at 350 degrees, uncovered, until tender — about 1 hour. Remove chicken and onions and arrange on hot platter. Combine cornstarch and water and stir into pan juices. Boil for 1 minute, stirring, or until desired thickness is obtained. Serve over chicken or in gravy bowl. Include hot, fluffy cooked rice on the menu for a truly delicious and easily prepared variation for chicken. —Evelyn

SPEEDY CANDY

- 1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 2/3 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 4 cups tiny marshmallows

Melt chocolate chips and peanut butter together in top of double boiler. Add flavoring. Stir well, and then add the miniature marshmallows, stirring just to coat them. Pour into a buttered 9-inch square pan. Refrigerate until firm. It hardens very quickly.

—Margery

LEMON SUGAR COOKIES

- 2 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in flavorings and juice. Gradually stir in dry ingredients blending well. Stir in oats. Chill dough. Make into small balls. Place on greased cookie sheet several inches apart. Flatten with bottom of glass dipped in water. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool one minute before removing from cookie sheet carefully. If small, makes about 6 dozen. —Margery

FRUIT DUMPLINGS**Batter**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- A dash of salt

Combine all ingredients in bowl. Beat until well blended and smooth. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fruit sauce.

Fruit Sauce

- 1 1-lb. can fruit with juice
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 to 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

A few drops of food coloring

Combine in a large saucepan or stew kettle (a large surface is needed to accommodate dumplings). Stir and bring to a boil. Drop dumpling batter into hot sauce. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream or plain cream.

The original recipe used cherries — the red tart pie cherries. But other fruits may be used. Use the Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings which corresponds to the fruit used — blueberry flavoring for the blueberry fruit sauce, raspberry flavoring with raspberries, etc. A delicious and very simple to make, economical dessert. —Evelyn



You won't find the words "variety" or "imagination" or "adventure" on your grocery-shopping list. But you're adding all those when you write "Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings." Because even the simplest recipe starts to sparkle when you reach for one of these bottles. All sixteen are concentrated, for economy and easy of use. All have delightful aromas and real true-to-life taste. And they never steam out of anything you make or bake. Here's the list:

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EMILY WRITES FROM BRAZIL

Dear Friends:

In the past few years I have written several *Kitchen-Klatter* letters from places far from home — Costa Rica and Mexico — so it probably doesn't surprise you to see this one coming from Brazil. The other letters were written while I was a student. Now that I have finished my BA degree in Latin American Studies, it seemed as if I had good preparation in studies and living experience for a couple of years in the Peace Corps.

I requested the location of Brazil and the work in community development. Both requests were offered in a program beginning January, 1972. After an orientation conference in Chicago, we met in Washington for shots and government form-filling, then to Rio de Janeiro, and finally Salvador, Bahia. The total trip time was about 24 hours, during which I suffered chills, fever, and an aching arm from the shots.

An excellent training program lasted three months. All of our training was done "in-country" in contrast to the earlier Peace Corps years.

Portuguese is the language spoken in all of Brazil. Having a solid Spanish background facilitated my learning it, as they are similar languages.

The state of Bahia is probably one of the most culturally interesting areas in the world. It is the oldest settled area in Brazil, and was the heart of slave trade. Unlike the horrors of US slavery, the Portuguese masters were much more relaxed in their treatment. Many more of the tribal cultures were permitted to continue, and thus many of the African customs mixed with the Portuguese to form the Brazilian way of life. Salvador, the capital of the state of Bahia, is where this mixture is most evident.

After training, I chose to spend my two-year period in the interior of the state. My town is Miguel Calmon (population 7000), about seven hours by bus from the capital. Miguel Calmon is basically an agricultural community. However, a drought has been hindering any hopes of good crops for several years. The area looks like the deserts of the southwestern US, hardly fulfilling a tourist's dream of Brazilian jungles. The most traditional farming methods are used. There are few attempts to irrigate, and there is only one small tractor in the region.

"Community Development" is a term I am still waiting for someone to define adequately. It is a catch-all expression for anything that helps people to get together to do whatever they want to do for the general benefit of the community.



Hipias waits patiently in Denver for Emily to return from her work in the Peace Corps.

As such, "CD" is a very delicate job for any outsider to undertake. Certainly results in numerical terms are impossible to expect.

Now, having completed my first year, my experiences have been satisfactory. I began working initially with youth groups and church organizations. In August and September a group of community leaders and I gave a series of leadership courses to neighborhood groups. These are the basic groups from which we hope to develop leaders who will be able to carry on the community movement.

My life is probably what the "typical" volunteer leads. My house is located in a poor area of town, and constantly filled with children (fat-bellied from worms) if I leave the door open a minute. Water is delivered in a gasoline drum by a horse-drawn cart. All the other women on my street carry oil-can loads on their heads, but I just thought that would be too much for me. There are street lamps in my neighborhood, but only a couple of houses have electricity. As I am writing this, my light comes from two glass bottles filled with kerosene and lighted cotton wicks.

The house has a built-in cement wood-burning stove, but I was quick to find a used gas stove. The other pieces of furniture I was lucky enough to have offered on loan, or bought second-hand. The back yard has the dried leaf remnants of 50 tomato plants I set out. There is an outhouse with a cement-floored hole, and a tank for water storage.

Adjusting to life here was not difficult. My biggest problem was simple ignorance. The weekly market on Saturday proposed new challenges that as a normal supermarket shopper I had never faced. Knowing how to buy vegetables is a skill I had not acquired while picking up boxes of frozen peas while in college. I found numerous new fruits and vegetables that I had no idea how to cook, not to mention choose for quality. I have yet to learn all the names for the varieties of bananas available.

The staple foods here are rice, beans

and "farinha". The latter is a manioc flour simply poured onto the entire plate. It is like tasty sawdust and cheaply fills an empty stomach. I buy meat weekly, storing it in the freezer compartment of a friend's refrigerator. A little girl brings me daily a liter of fresh milk. Of course it is not pasteurized, but it keeps well without refrigeration if it is boiled in the morning and in the evening.

My life in this small Brazilian community is probably not unlike what many of you farmwives experienced several years ago. I have learned a good many lessons in common sense. The friendships that I have made in these few months have crossed barriers of language, customs and distance that formerly existed.

As you know, my brother Clark is in Brazil this year as a Rotary exchange student. We've had the opportunity to see each other on one occasion but we'll be together again shortly. We will meet in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and head by bus to Bolivia. There we will meet our parents for almost three weeks of traveling the Andean countries of Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. I will then return for another year in Miguel Calmon, and they will return to Denver.

I promise that I will send you a progress report on life as a volunteer in Brazil in a few months.

Sincerely,
Emily Driftmier



FAITH

Under the storm and the cloud today,
And today the hard peril and pain,
Tomorrow the stone shall be rolled
away,

For the sunshine shall follow the rain.
Merciful Father, I will not complain,
I know that the sunshine shall follow
the rain.

—Anonymous

QUIET THINGS!

A splendor lies in quiet things;

A grandeur may be found

In daily little kindly deeds

That lie so close around —

The little tender helpful tasks

Which everywhere await,

And bring such measure of content,
So small they are — yet great!

A beauty lies in quiet lives

That yet are not apart

From words of comfort, peace and
love

That lift and cheer the heart.

The loveliest things are silent
ones —

A sunset glow is still

And yet, the earth and sea and sky
Its glory seems to fill!

I Remember Toys We Used to Make

by
Eva Segar



In the '30's none of the children in our farming community had many toys. Still, we had all we wanted by making them, and if they didn't look like the real thing, we just did a lot of pretending. Pencil, paper, cardboard, string, sometimes wooden boxes, and the ever popular flour paste were our main materials.

I discovered paper dolls in the first grade. A classmate had already made a cardboard doll named Betty. The rest of us traced her onto paper, colored her, cut her out, and pasted her onto cardboard from a cracker box. We made her dresses from wallpaper catalogues. I fell so in love with Betty that I vowed someday to name one of my daughters Betty. (I have two daughters now, Sue and Wanda.)

Of course not all our dolls were two dimensional. My two sisters and I each had a rubber baby doll. Plastic had not been invented yet. Their arms and legs moved, but their eyes were painted on. After several baths with the all-purpose soap we used, the eyes washed off. We drew them on after each bath. If we forgot and sometimes left the dolls in the water too long they became soft and sticky. The dolls came without clothes, so we made them turtle-necked, sleeveless knit dresses by cutting armholes on each side of the top of an old sock.

Dolls need furniture. An oatmeal box, cut into half lengthwise, made a wonderful cradle. A larger square box of stiffer corrugated cardboard could be cut to turn upside down and make a doll table. We used empty spools for anything that needed wheels.

Now, I am reminded of our doll dishes when I see the TV dish-washing commercial where the woman sees her reflection in the plate. We had a set of tin doll dishes which soon rusted because we sometimes left them in the dish water too long. We longed for some real china, so we saved the white glass from old zinc fruit jar lids. It didn't take much pretending to convince ourselves that we had fine china, for, although it was distorted by the

grooves, we could see our reflections in our plates.

No proper mother would think of furnishing her baby with fine clothes, fine dishes, but no roof over its head. We hastily corrected this by throwing a blanket or sheet over a broomstick with each end resting on the back of a chair. Under the sheet was our tent-like house.

Even then, we sensed that it wasn't good for a mother to stay at home all the time, so when we got the urge to travel we packed for our babies and quickly converted all the kitchen chairs into a train that took us to places we hoped to see when we grew up.

Now there are some very small dolls advertised to be carried in little girls' purses. When we were children, we made little dolls to carry to town. We made twins in a cradle by folding our handkerchief into a triangle, and then rolling the two longest points towards each other until they met. Then we separated the two other points until they made a cradle.

We made another little doll by drawing a face onto a prong-type clothespin. Our dad smoked a pipe and bought tobacco in a cloth sack with a draw-string top. One of these sacks, washed, made a wonderful bunting for our clothespin doll.

Our boy city cousins were our heroes in more active play. When they came, we suddenly acquired a huge stable of stick horses. Mostly we ran around playing cowboys, sometimes armed with slingshots, which of course were homemade. In our eyes it took a pretty strong boy to whittle a forked tree branch big enough to make a good slingshot. The rubber that provided the power when released was cut from an old inner tube. In fact, all our rubber bands were cut from inner tubes; how big depended on whether they were cut from a car or a bicycle inner tube; how strong depended on how wide they were cut.

Some of the hero things we watched
(Continued on page 19)

OLD-FASHIONED IS A GOOD WORD

by
Mary E. Javens

I have said many times that the word "old-fashioned" sells many a product, and I thought perhaps it sold more soup than anything else. Invariably we find the menu in a fashionable eating house listing the soup of the chef's efforts as Old-Fashioned beef, or bean or chicken, whatever the case might be. And when the dish is set in front of you, it compares favorably with the kind you warm up in your own kitchen after you open the can.

But looking about me, I am forced to change my mind. The word is used to sell everything from soup to clothing to bread to salami, and to practically anything used in home furnishings. In fact, the word creeps into most descriptive advertising. Flowery words set forth the extreme qualities of a product, but when all else is exhausted, "old-fashioned" is resorted to. And it does have pulling power.

For quite some time I have been looking about for dining room drapes. I have a mental picture of what I want, but fail to find, although I thumb the mail-order catalogues through and through. There are altogether too many to choose from. It was much more simple years ago when the selection was not nearly so wide.

I can still remember when I was a girl that all "dress-up" curtains were white. White lace curtains were the usual parlor curtains, and these were washed by hand and carefully mended from time to time. Sad was the day when they were no longer decent enough for the parlor and were moved to the dining room to make room for the new lace curtains to be used in the "front" part of the house.

Then came pretty tan scrim curtain materials and pongees; and remember the colorful cretonnes? They were almost too gay for the parlor. But full, colorful drapes on either side of a lace panel were attractive, so in due time gay cretonne took the place of the heavy, solid colors that had constituted drapes up until then.

Now the trend is, and has been for several years, to emulate as close as possible the "old-fashioned" effect in your present-day home. Old-fashioned this, old-fashioned that until the movement is almost out of control. Any piece of cloth that is composed of a wild conglomeration of colors is "old-fashioned", but nothing could be farther from the truth. Grandmother was conservative in all things, even colors.

The old-fashioned decorating scheme in a recent home magazine was almost
(Continued on page 19)



Easy-To-Do Ideas for a Valentine Party

by
Mildred D. Cathcart

A fun Valentine's party may be given with a minimum amount of preparation. The room can become festive by decorating with red and white balloons, red and white streamers, or strings of red and white hearts. Any type of food one chooses to serve becomes appropriate by carrying out the heart or the red and white theme. Sandwiches or cookies could be heart shaped, cupcakes might be decorated with red and white frosting or with red and white sugars or candies. Ice cream with strawberry topping, red gelatin salads, or even red-tinted popcorn balls may be served. Punch or other drinks could also carry out the red theme.

Write invitations on plain white notes that are decorated with a heart and perhaps the envelope flap could be secured with a gummed heart seal. Red ink on white paper or white ink on red paper could be used for the invitations. You might prefer writing your invitation on a heart and then cutting it into a fairly simple jigsaw puzzle.

If you have extra time for preparations, pipe stem cleaners can be shaped into hearts and used to decorate place cards. Plain nut cups can be given a party air with a few hearts added.

Here are a few suggestions for games that can be varied to suit various age groups:

Heart Race: Choose teams and have the same number of bowls of candy as you have teams. Each team lines up; the first player takes a knife, scoops up as many red hearts as possible, runs to a designated spot, and returns and empties his candy into his team's empty bowl. The next player continues until all have participated. The team placing the most candy into its bowl is winner.

Finding Broken Hearts: On separate little paper hearts, print the letters to

spell VALENTINE. Hide enough letters so each player will be able to find several letters. The object is to see who can find letters to complete the most VALENTINES in a given time. Letters may be traded, too.

A Geographic Heart: Using the letters H-E-A-R-T, have players think of a city, country, river, and mountain beginning with each of the five letters. The one with the most complete list by a given time is winner.

Famous Pairs: Finding famous pairs may be planned according to your age group. Find pictures of famous pairs, mix them, and see who can match them correctly. You might have famous pairs of people such as Liz and Burton, The President and Pat, or such pairs as salt and pepper, stars and stripes, coffee and cream, etc.

A Heart Hunt: Smaller children, especially, enjoy hunting either candy or paper hearts. Different points might be allowed for various colored hearts and a prize given to one with the highest number of points.

If you find yourself pressed for time, you will find a Valentine party an ideal way to entertain without too much effort. Just put your HEART into it, and you will have fun!

CONCERNING VALENTINES

Far back in the days of ancient Rome, young people drew names from a bowl to learn who their beloved of the year would be. This drawing was always held in February and is believed to be the true origin of St. Valentine's Day.

In the legend of St. Valentine, Valentinus was imprisoned in Rome for assisting Christian martyrs. While awaiting execution he became friends with the blind daughter of his jailer whose sight he was able to restore.

On the eve of his death he wrote her a farewell note and signed it "From Your Valentine." This was the origin of an expression which has been used millions of times over the centuries.

The widespread use of Valentines began sometime during the 18th Century. These were all made entirely by hand and delivered to the lady's doorstep. Through the years their popularity has increased enormously and Valentines have progressed to the expressive sentiments and beautiful cards of today.

DATELINE: FEBRUARY, 1973

Feb. 2 — GROUNDHOG DAY.
Feb. 8 — 63rd ANNIVERSARY, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.
Feb. 12 — LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.
Feb. 14 — ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.
Feb. 18-25 — BROTHERHOOD WEEK.
Feb. 19 — WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

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Catalogue 25¢

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Reach for Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner instead of a paintbrush. You'll be amazed at how the room brightens up when stains, grease and dirt have been wiped away. And that's just how you do it, too: Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner solution cleans the first time over, with no suds to rinse and wipe away.

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Kleaner**



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Picture a cozy country kitchen with flaming logs in the fireplace, Danish blue Christmas plates on the mantel and an inviting dining table and chairs. Add pleasant talk, delicious food, and friends. There you have the ingredients for a gratifying visit at friend Vera's home near Rutland, Iowa. Mother, Aunt Elizabeth, Vera's mother, and friend Vivian and I spent an afternoon there recently. Most delicious rolls were served.

The talk got around to books. Vivian mentioned *Miss Willie*, the story of the dedicated school teacher in the Kentucky hills, by Janice Holt Giles. *The Enduring Hills* used the characters of Mary Hogan, Hod Pierce and the Pierce family clan, which were continued in *Miss Willie*. Mrs. Giles is a successful author, having nineteen books published. She and her husband live in Knifley, Kentucky, in a log house described in their book *A Little Better Than Plumb*. Vera especially likes books by Gladys Taber. Her new book is called *My Own Cook Book* from Stillmeadow and Cape Cod. Mrs. Taber, who prefers recipes that are not too time-consuming, writes: "... any simple meal, well cooked and seasoned with imagination, makes dining a pleasure." I want to read more about Olive's Gourmet Beef and Gladys Glover's Cherry Salad.

Yes, talk, food, good friends, and a congenial atmosphere make a precious memory.

Making Things Grow A Practical



Andrew Brase was all smiles, and even wearing a "smile button", because his Grandma Johnson was coming out to Colorado for a visit.

Guide for the Indoor Gardener (Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher \$5.95) by Thalassa Cruso is the answer to an indoor gardener's dream. Here is a book for everyone who has ever wanted to grow beautiful houseplants and shows you exactly what to do — winter, summer, spring and fall — to make your potted plants, window boxes, and hanging plants flourish and give delight. This is a down-to-earth approach to plants, a practical guide that starts with basic care. She gives you the why behind every what-to-do. There are season-by-season instructions on a wonderful variety of plants for every kind of house, apartment, climate and effect.

Mrs. Cruso writes, "The idea that it is necessary to possess a mysterious power in order to grow good plants is ridiculous. The only secret power the indoor horticulturist really needs is a true interest in plants. This will lead you to work a great deal around and among them. As you do so, you will breathe out carbon dioxide; this is a

great stimulant to all plant growth and is probably the origin of the legend about the green thumb. Neither humans nor animals can thrive if basically they are unwanted. They sense this from the attitude of the people around them. I suspect that plants have something of the same capacity, for it is always obvious when they are grown only as part of the decor and not because the owner cares about them. If, at heart, you think plants a bore and a nuisance, throw them out and go back to plastic imitations. You'll be more comfortable with them!"

Making Things Grow by Thalassa Cruso is both pleasurable and practical to read. Now I must go talk to my plants so they'll continue to grow and and not feel neglected.

I KNOW SOMETHING

Wouldn't this old world be better,

If the folks we'd meet would say:
"I know something good about you,"
And then treat us just that way!

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,

If each handclasp warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance:
"I know something good about you."

Wouldn't things here be more pleasant

If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall!

Wouldn't life be lots more happy

If we'd praise the good we see,
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me!

Wouldn't it be nice to practice

This fine way of thinking, too —
"You know something good about me,
I know something good about you!"

—Unknown

I AM

I am.

This is my moment
A greater power gave me,
A thread, in that Master design
Woven through many eons of time.
My moment, so short,
Slips through my fingers
As rain through the trees.
I count the yesteryears and cherish the
morrors
Ere I return.

I am.

This is my moment
For what? To adorn, to garner,
Or only to know by the stir in my heart
Compassion, love, and service?
No! Far better to bind the wound,
Love the unlovely, see hope in troubled
eyes.
Who but Cavell knew better the price?
My moment, so short, I humbly give my
tomorrows
Ere I return.

—Ruth E. Jensen



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makes a lovely Valentine gift.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



Hooking rugs is a pleasant pastime for Mother. The one she is working on is made of yarns left over from other rugs. Using a simple diamond pattern, she works out color combinations as she goes along.

OLD-FASHIONED IS A GOOD WORD — Concluded

too much. Sheets in bold colors were used as an "easy, low-cost way to spark a room with dust ruffles, curtains, cushions, spreads". And they were tacked on the ceiling, the walls, stretched over furniture, and I was about to say the floor, but a closer look told me it was a rug to match. All this in sheets that were a riot of squares, stripes, and flowers in a wild assortment of colors. Every little nook and cranny was covered with a tacked-down, glued-down, wild-colored sheet. The effect was overpowering, to say the least. Enough is enough, and for Grandmother, this would have been too much.

But as I say, the word "old-fashioned" has a certain pull, for haven't I been sitting these last few days making pillow tops and a round tablecloth from an "old-fashioned" print? Truly, man is a weak creature!

I REMEMBER TOYS — Concluded

our cousins make were a willow whistle that would blow higher and lower as we slid the loose piece of bark up and down; a tractor that would run, made from a spool, a rubber band, a match stick, and a sliver of soap; and kites.

Anyone who saved anything had an abundance of material to make kites. Merchandise used to be wrapped in heavy brown paper and tied with string. Paper and string along with wooden strips cut from orange crates, flour paste, and rags for a tail were all that was needed for a kite.

Some of the things we made and played with as youngsters would never fire our children's imaginations, but they are doing their own thing. As a child I made a simple chain by linking and pasting strips of paper together; my daughter makes hers by linking and folding gum wrappers together.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Isn't "Sprinter" an unusual name for a geranium? It was given to a 1973 Fleurselect and All Britain Winner because it is earlier and "dwarfer" growing than any seed geranium to date. Sprinter has flowered 2 to 4 weeks earlier than other seed varieties on plants 3/4 as tall. Young plants have attractive leaf zonation. In our trials, Sprinter produced many more flowers than other geraniums but the flower heads were not as large. We especially liked its dwarf growth habit as it was more wind resistant. You should be able to buy Sprinter geranium plants in packs where bedding plants are sold. Seed is available from Stokes Seeds Inc., Box 548, Buffalo, New York 14240. Sprinter is said to bloom in five months after planting seed if grown in ideal conditions.

Last spring we grew the Elfin impatiens for our customers as the plants are so uniform and they bloom so freely. This year we will try a packet of Zig-Zag impatiens which are claimed to be taller than the Elfin. The unusual feature of this new introduction is that the blooms open up in solid colors and then the plants start to produce bicolors after ten days. The bicolors are scarlet, orange, pink, rose, salmon and white combinations. They are claimed to be earlier and more vigorous and will thrive in partial shade as well as deep shade. Impatiens are easy to grow from seed if you do it in this manner. Sow on the surface of damp sphagnum moss and do not cover the seed except to place under clear plastic. The seed must have light to germinate. After the seedlings appear, raise the plastic at least 8 inches over the plants for better air circulation. Temperature should be about 70 degrees.

The new spring seed and nursery

catalogs make such interesting reading and there are offers so tempting that we have a hard time keeping within the budget of plant materials. Last summer we added a new wing to our old farm house with a half circle sidewalk from the front door to the back entry, a perfect place for flowers, I thought, but the "boss" vetoed the idea. "Do you want water in the basement? You will have to settle for container-grown flowers," he said. Heavy plastic will be spread over the surface and this covered with crushed rock. I know this is the sensible solution but the area would be so picture-pretty if planted to snaps, zinnias, marigolds, stocks, petunias and whatever is left of the annuals at the end of the selling season. On the other hand "container gardening" does have its merits. It might be just the answer for you if you have a drainage problem area.

TO SUCCEED, KEEP AT IT

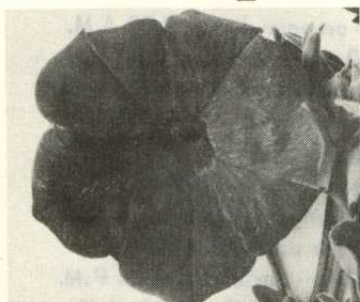
Recall what Benjamin Disraeli said when a friend asked how he kept going despite unceasing opposition: "Have you ever watched a stonecutter at work? He will hammer away at a rock for perhaps 100 times without a crack showing in it. Then, at the 101st blow, it will split in two.

"It is not alone that blow which accomplishes the result," he commented, "but the hundred others that went before as well."

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Valentine Treasures

by
Julia Bates

Over the years I have accumulated my treasures in a small cedar box with a golden lock. As I look through my valentines each one marks a milestone in my life.

There are small childish cards with simple grade school verse, then the comical ones with funny remarks about size, looks or personality. How cutting and deflating many of them were!

This one is from my first boyfriend. I can still see the freckles on his nose and the cowlick that insisted on growing straight up. To me he was beautiful! How heartbroken I was when he traded my picture for some marbles and a skate key.

The shiny red candy box with golden letters was a gift from my first teen-age crush. The next year I received the satin heart surrounded by roses; it declared his undying devotion. Then he moved to another city and writing *does* grow tiresome at that age.

Next is the packet tied with a ribbon; they are sweet and serious. First they say "To My Sweetheart"; then gradu-

ally change to read "A Valentine for My Wife". As we grew older and more prosperous the valentines grew smaller and were accompanied by a gift.

Young valentines continue the cycle. Handmade in school, each said "I Love You, Mom", signed Ron. This year I am adding eight more to my treasure chest; they too are handmade. The words written in bold black crayon say, "Please Be My Valentine, Grandma."

Simple treasures, but I wouldn't exchange *even one* for a palace or a king!

DRAW A CIRCLE — Concluded

where they can know people of various generations. It is heartwarming reading and the pictures are as meaningful as the text.

Speaking of words which have important meanings, a little verse which Dad used to use frequently just came to mind. He credited it to Edwin Markham.

"He drew a circle and shut him out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win.

We drew a circle and took him in."

It still is the only solution which makes sense: draw a circle of love which is large enough to include others!

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

kind of cheese and wonder why on earth I deliberately deprived myself of cheese for so many years. Talk about "bird brains"! I confess to having a "bird brain" on that score.

When our David Lloyd was a little boy, he would not eat any green vegetable except artichokes. Now artichokes are not always available, and his refusal to eat any other vegetable often was an embarrassment to us. Today at the age of twenty-two, David is the one member of the family who will eat anything. When he goes abroad, he tries all the odd foods that the rest of us would not dream of eating except when politeness required it. In India and in Japan I have seen David try some of the most exotic foods the very thought of which made me ill. And that was the boy who once would eat no green vegetable except artichokes.

If there is a moral in the story, I guess that it is: "Never give up hope with the stubborn eater." Sometimes it requires the utmost of patience, and never does it pay to make an unhappy scene. As our family doctor used to say: "If the child won't eat, don't let it bother you. When he is hungry, he will eat!" It really is true. One day I was hungry enough to try a bit of cheese, and I liked it. My cheese-loving father had to wait twenty-five years for me to take my first bite of cheese, but he won in the end. Oh how strange we mortals are.

Sincerely,
Frederick



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WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.

FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS - Concluded

YOU can be the one to stand up in your aid or club meeting and say, "Let's do something. I will be on a committee. Who will help me?" (Better have a glass of water handy to revive the president. She won't ever have had anyone volunteer to head a committee, probably!)

Two of the blessings of living brotherhood are spiritual and mental growth. As you reach out to touch the lives of those near to you, you're sure to be brought into the lives that touch theirs; and as you really work at showing compassion and concern for the needs of others, you will find horizons broadening to include the needs of your brothers around the world. As God shows us every day, love knows no bounds. The more you give away the more you have. This is your God-ordained task!

Conditions won't all be changed at once, but if each of us does her part, truly walls of prejudices and bars of misery will begin to crumble. Listen to these lines by Barton Hunter:

God would clear out our world-wide slums;

He's makin' way, He's makin' way,
He's tearin' down the ancient haunts of men,

The tenements and the shacks
That house that part of humankind
That lives across the world-wide tracks . . .

He smashes flat without regrets;
He's knocking down ancient halls
Of privilege and caste.
He's blasting out masonry
Of empires from the past;
He's cracking up the rugged walls
Of prejudice at last.

He's clearing ground for brotherhood;
He's sweeping out the rubble sure and fast.

Let us not forget the great truth that love and joy go hand in hand. As we meet the needs of others and come to love them in brotherly concern and compassion, we will find we also share their joys and they will share ours. God must love a joyful heart, for we read of it so often in the Bible! We will learn the wonder of bringing joy into the lives of others.

I'd like to close with this thought on brotherhood:

Have faith in yourself this morning;
Start out to reach the goal;
Be attentive in your actions;
Be understood in your soul.

Reach out for new horizons;
You can conquer fear with good.
You are not alone in life

If you're LIVING BROTHERHOOD.

—Sunshine

Song: "It's Love, It's Love So Pass It On to Everyone" (found in many contemporary song books, especially those used with youth groups) or some



This winter Frederick took two young boys for their first airplane ride. How excited they were when the pilot flew them over their homes, schools and the church. It was a big day for them.

INSPIRATION FOR FEBRUARY

by

Mabel Nair Brown

"The name American . . . must always exalt the just pride of patriotism . . . The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes."

—George Washington

"We Americans are very fortunate: While people in other lands are worrying about finding living space for themselves, all we have to worry about along that line is finding a parking space for our cars."

—Farm Journal

"Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked in his moccasins for two weeks."

—Sioux Indian prayer

"Your country is all that surrounds you, all that has reared and nourished you, everything that you have loved. That land you see, those houses, those trees, the neighbor waving a greeting across the street, that is your country. The laws that protect you, the bread which rewards your toil, the words you exchange, the joy and sadness which come to you from men and things amid which you live, that is your country . . . You see it, and you breathe it everywhere! Imagine your rights and your duties, your affections and your needs, your recollections and your gratitude, all united under one phrase, for which you are most grateful, that phrase will be 'MY COUNTRY'."

other song of love, joy and brotherhood.

Benediction: O God of love, lead us into ways of loving, of compassion, of understanding, and grant that we may find the joy that comes in living brotherhood each day of our lives. Amen

THINKING

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,

It's almost a cinch that you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost.
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise.

You've got to be sure of yourself before you can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go to the stronger or faster man;

But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

—Unknown



**"The salad is, ah,
good, dear."**

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BUTTONS



Howard, the oldest of the seven Driftmier children, is the only one of the four sons who makes his home in Shenandoah. He and Mae live about two blocks from Mother.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded
cookies were gone and the glass was empty.

After all of the gifts had been opened we had a delicious breakfast. Juliana had made a Santa Lucia loaf that was absolutely spectacular . . . and equally tasty. She had never made up that recipe before and had been a little uncertain, but it turned out wonderfully well.

We had Christmas dinner at night by candlelight and were joined by an old friend who had written a beautiful prayer to serve as a blessing. Even the children joined us in repeating the responses for peace, brotherhood and love. There was a stunning centerpiece

of red and white carnations, and never has anything looked more inviting than the big golden turkey and goose on their respective platters. We lingered at the table for more than an hour enjoying the warm fellowship of people united by the bonds of love.

Eula and I have been very comfortable in our snug little guest house. All of the remodeling and redecorating that had been done in preparation for us proved to be totally successful. We can go back and forth to the main house whenever we please, but it isn't necessary to do this for any reason concerned with meals since we have a kitchen equipped with a refrigerator-freezer, new stove, etc. We usually have breakfast and lunch here, and then go down in the afternoon when James and Katharine are up from their naps. James rarely sleeps, but he plays quietly in his room for an hour or so.

All in all, it has been a refreshing vacation that was marred only by a siege of virus to which we all fell victim along the way. No medication seems to subdue this particular virus and everyone who's had it (which means about half the population) agrees that you just have to wear it down.

I realize that by the time you read this my holiday report will seem belated, to say the least, but it was the first opportunity I had to report on my trip to Albuquerque.

Now if ONLY the weather stays good and we can get back to Iowa without being stormbound, I'll be grateful and relieved. I'm anxious to pick up my regular Shenandoah routine and get my teeth into 1973.

May it be a good year for you and yours and may we share together all kinds of experiences in these months that lie ahead.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

COVER PICTURE

We were so delighted that this new picture of James and Katharine arrived in time to share it with you on the cover this month. For those of you who are new readers of the magazine, they are the children of Juliana and Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and are Lucile's only grandchildren.

I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something
that I can do.

—Edward Everett Hale

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The winter sky is patched with huge dark clouds.

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Name _____ Address _____ Zip _____

POST CARDS

by
Erma Reynolds

"Don't forget to send me a post card." This reminder to friends and relatives leaving on a trip is what got me started on my hobby of deltiology (Greek word for small, illustrated tablet), or what is more commonly known as collecting picture post cards.

At first it was fascinating to receive and accumulate gayly colored cards from far-off places, but where I made my mistake was asking folks not to throw away the cards *they* received, but to give them to me. Another mistake was putting an ad in the Barter and Swap column of a newspaper for a time, which resulted in a deluge of cards. Now, a few years later, my collection has grown to such proportions I have got to put a halt to my hobby, or find a larger home!

When I started collecting I stored some of the cards in boxes and drawers, sorting them by categories. Others went into loose-leaf scrapbooks, tucked into snapshot pasting corners; the kind used in photo albums. Some of the cards were so outstandingly attractive I felt they should be given special treatment and displayed for all to see.

One way I accomplished this was to make a wastebasket, using post cards for decoration. A large square cardboard carton was painted inside and out with bright-colored enamel. When the paint was dry I glued on cards in attractive placement. Finally, a coat of clear shellac was added to protect the cards from dirt and wear.

A four-panel screen held more post cards in an interesting collage. I painted the screen, and when it was thoroughly dry a thin coat of glue was spread over the surface. I had planned beforehand where the cards would be placed and these were pressed into place quickly, before the adhesive could dry.

To decorate one wall in the den I used cardboards that come with shirts from the laundry. With pinking shears I scalloped the edges of each cardboard, then post cards were mounted on each cardboard, fastened into place with white glue. Two holes were punched near the top of the cardboard and ribbon strung through them for hanging.

Post cards collected on a cross-country auto trip by my son made an interesting decoration for his room. On the wall I thumb-tacked a large road map showing the traveled route, and then fastened the post cards acquired on the trip around the edge of the map, giving it a frame of cards.

While pursuing my hobby I became acquainted with the history of post cards.

Picture post cards came into vogue in Europe in the latter part of 1870 and early part of 1871, with the scenic and comic designs of the new cards making a hit with millions of people. America adopted the post card in 1873.

At first postal regulations permitted only the name and address of the recipient to appear on the face of the card, restricting the message to the illustrated side which marred the picture. In 1907 the law changed, allowing the face of the card to be split down the middle to provide for both the address and message.

Now began the golden era of post card collecting. In living rooms throughout the land the post card album occupied a place of honor. Travelers took time to mail home innumerable picture cards to collector friends and relatives. Some hobbyists went in for sheer bulk in their collections, while others preferred to specialize, limiting their collection to a few categories. Subject matter covered every imaginable theme from the silly to the serious, the bizarre to the beautiful.

Novelty cards, bedecked with feathers, leather, silk, birch bark, metal, and other weird gewgaws, appealed to

some collectors. These varieties annoyed the Post Office Department to such an extent it finally decreed that these adornments must be eliminated and post cards be printed in a plain and standard size.

After the First World War, post card collecting went into a decline, and the album vanished from its place of honor in most living rooms.

Today manufacturers have substituted glossy color photographs for the original crude lithographic techniques, and feathers and silks have vanished from post cards. But folks still like to receive cards with "wish you were here" scribbled on the back, a pictorial communication letting them know where their tourist friends are and what they are doing.

It is the deltiologists who really appreciate post cards as they happily follow the pastime of collecting and exchanging the cardboard missives of today and the vanished past.

The saddest words of tongue or pen May well be "It might have been", Especially silence left unbroken And healing words we might have spoken.



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