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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

We're supposed to be in winter and no two ways about it, but yesterday afternoon it was actually warm enough to sit on our little porch for a spell (no sweater or coat involved) and it reminded me that one year Russell picked a beautiful white Victoria rose; and on the back of the print it says "December 6th", so we haven't set a new record by any means.

It's been a peculiar year in these parts all the way around, and everyone is a little wary about discussing it for fear we'll see another winter comparable to 1936-37 when farmers drove teams right over their fences — not a road open to make a trek to town or to anyplace else. That's the winter an old friend of mine and I rented an ancient cutter and a feeble old horse so at least we could get out and see one thing a little bit different.

Mother is usually in pretty fine fettle, but these last weeks have kept her completely tied to the house with an "ailing" foot. Everyone who's had any contact with paralysis knows that once any kind of a pressure sore has developed it is an uphill job to get it healed. Thus she has had her foot and leg bandaged daily for quite a long time, and this keeps her chained right to the house. I'm sufficiently chained to my own house to be totally sympathetic with her situation. She calls and commiserates with me and I return those calls for the same purpose, so at least we can talk most frequently without toll charges.

And this reminds me to tell you about my annual Christmas gift to Mother; it might give someone else an idea just when he needs one badly. It surely is hard to think of something when people get on in years — as Mother says: "I'm trying to clear out my stuff, not add to the collection." This automatically eliminates buying anything in the line of a material object.

I knew that Mother loved to make long distance calls to her absent children and old, old friends, so I hit on the idea of giving her a check to be used exactly for this purpose — not one penny of it to go for anything else. Along with the check I gave her a small notebook to keep track of the calls.

Well, she called me yesterday sounding very triumphant and pleased: she'd just run up the figures for 1975 on her adding machine and missed the total amount of the gift check by only \$4.00! I told her I was astounded that she had come that close to hitting the nail on the head. (That's a lot better than I could ever do!)

Once I'd stumbled on such a successful gift I concluded it would be very foolish to switch around in any way, so that is what I am doing again this year. Those of you with an aged parent may find this a helpful idea. I had to laugh when Mother said that she could really put in those long distance calls if the notion struck her, but it was just so nice to think that it didn't cost anything!!!

Usually we go into considerable detail about Thanksgiving, but this last one was so skimpy that it scarcely seems worth going into. When I think of those great Thanksgivings we knew in years gone by I looked around the dining room and could scarcely believe that it was the same outfit!!!

Mother was able to get to her place at the end of the table (I believe that's the last time she's left her house) and I made it back from the Omaha hospital just in time to take up my place at the other end. Marge had gotten out of the local hospital only the day before, so you can see what a frail collection we constituted. Of course Oliver, Howard and Mae were here, and Wayne and Abigail flew here from Denver so we celebrated Thanksgiving on Sunday rather than on the traditional Thursday. Not a single member of the younger genera-

tion around the table, so all in all, it surely wasn't our usual Thanksgiving.

By the time you read this we will just be getting over Christmas, and after our peculiar Thanksgiving no one has the courage to make final and customary plans for Christmas!

Our Wisconsin Driftmiers will all be together again just as they have been in the past, so that's a good and steady thought to cling to! Our Denver Driftmiers will be at home together for the first time in three years since Emily is now living in the United States and isn't off to some wild spot in Brazil. Howard and Mae will no doubt have their usual Christmas in Omaha so they can be with their only children (Tom and Donna) and their two grandchildren, Lisa and Natalie. Dorothy and Frank will be at home, and there are so few of them that Dorothy says they could almost have their Johnson family reunions in a phone booth! Frederick and Betty will have tremendous commotion in Springfield what with the usual big celebration of Christmas, PLUS two weddings. (There were details about this in Frederick's letter last month.)

I won't get off on to the next generation (partly because I don't know what they'll be up to) but I know that I'll be right here in my own house with Betty and anyone we can stir up besides Mother, Margery and Oliver, who will be right here in town. We'll just have to see how things work out. Believe me, when you have a big family to account for it gets to be genuinely complicated.

Emily is driving back from Denver at the end of December to see her Driftmier relatives. Juliana, James and Katharine will fly back from Albuquerque at the same time but can be here only four or five days — they'll ride back with Emily.

This year I felt that my grandchildren had reached the age where they should be in their own home and with their father for Christmas. Until now it hasn't seemed genuinely important *where* they spent the big day, but they are old enough now for it to make a real difference.

I was hard-pressed to figure out what in the world to have Santa bring the children this year and finally solved the whole thing by sending a check and turning the problem over to Juliana and Jed. They know what the children want and that's surely more than I know. Checks seem extremely impersonal, but sometimes it simply seems to be the only solution.

There never was a question of Jed's coming because he's at his desk endless hours and can't go hopping and skipping away for any reason aside

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IT WAS A HAPPY VISIT FOR MARGERY AND OLIVER

Dear Friends:

Happy New Year to all of you! And what a happy year this will be for Oliver and me, for our son Martin is getting married this month! His bride, Eugenie Davis, is a dear, charming young lady, and we couldn't be happier for him.

Although we had visited with Eugenie's parents, Christine and Gene Davis, on the phone, we hadn't met them yet, so when the church planned a shower for Martin and his bride-to-be, we decided to meet in Maple Lake that weekend. We were all anxious to see the new parsonage where our young people will be living.

Martin met us at the airport in Minneapolis early on a Thursday afternoon. We drove to a shopping center on the north side of the city to meet Eugenie for lunch. She had driven down from Cambridge to do a little shopping that morning, and stayed long enough to eat with us. It was exciting hearing about the lovely shower her co-workers had held for her that week. Then Martin, Oliver and I drove the 50 miles to Maple Lake.

The new parsonage is lovely, and how fortunate Martin and Eugenie are to start their married life in such a beautiful home. It is almost furnished, and will be as soon as Eugenie's household goods are moved there from her apartment near the hospital where she has been working.

Martin was very busy at the church on Friday, so Oliver and I pitched in to get the house vacuumed and dusted. We even picked up some branches of evergreen and did a little decorating. Our son had hoped to have these things done before our arrival, but Eugenie had sent boxes and boxes of books and things back with him on his last visit to Cambridge and he had his hands full trying to get some semblance of order with those, which didn't leave him much time to clean.

Eugenie, her parents and her brother Chris, a freshman at Golden Valley College in Minneapolis, arrived around noon on Saturday. They had driven to Cambridge from their home in Silver Bay, Minnesota, the evening before. They picked up Chris Saturday morning before driving on to Maple Lake. There was time for touring the house and visiting before we walked next door to the church for the shower.

My! The ladies really outdid themselves, and what a delightful time we had! Eugenie and Martin received many lovely gifts. The tables were beautifully decorated and the refreshments were delicious. Later, while we were



Martin Strom and Eugenie Davis, at the shower the church held for them.

visiting, Martin slipped home to light a fire in the fireplace in his recreation room, so when we arrived it was burning nicely and we sat around the fire and had a relaxed visit.

One of the highlights that evening was singing Christmas carols around the antique organ in the recreation room. The Davis's are a musical family, so when one of them got tired pumping and playing, another could take her place. We wound up the song-fest with a lunch, and then they were on their way.

Sunday morning we were up early, for Martin's service starts at 9:30, followed by the Sunday school hour. Martin doesn't give a children's sermon during the regular worship, but gives one to the children downstairs before they go to their classes. I believe he does this once a month. Oliver and I stayed with him so we could hear his little story, and then we went to the adult class.

That evening the youth fellowship met at the parsonage and had Christmas cookies and pop around the fireplace after their meeting.

Monday was departure day for us. Martin drove us into Minneapolis early enough so we could do a little shopping before plane time.

We were so pleased that we could make this trip for we can't fly up for Christmas. If the weather is favorable, Martin may drive to Silver Bay after his Christmas service, for Eugenie will be there with her parents and brother. But Silver Bay is north of Duluth, making it a long drive and certainly not one to chance if the weather is severe. Indeed, Oliver and I will be keeping a sharp eye on the long-range weather forecasts in case we need to plan a sudden departure to make the wedding. It would be a sad thing for us if we couldn't make it. I won't dwell on such an unhappy thought. I'll think positively!

This week Oliver and I have been decorating the house for Christmas. We bring things up gradually — the creche, candles, then the tree decorations. We like to put up the tree just before Oliver's birthday, which is the 20th. A group of youngsters go door-to-door taking orders for evergreen and holly early in the fall. Our order arrived early in December, so we stored it in a cool room in the basement until we wanted to make our centerpieces for the coffee tables and dining room table. I save the bases and clever ornaments from previous arrangements, so it doesn't take long to make the new ones.

There has been precious little time to do much Christmas baking this year. I was in the hospital for a week when my back "kicked up". I knew I had been over-doing and should have known better! I'm fine now, but the doctor advised me to limit my activities for a few weeks. My baking will get done a little at a time this year.

Mother and Ruby spend several hours a day making Christmas cookies and candy, so they've been sharing some of their sweets with us. In the next few days I hope to have some of mine ready to share with them.

When we were in Minneapolis, Oliver bought a new cookbook to add to my collection, and this evening I'm going to try two new cooky recipes. I'll add some to the box I'm preparing to mail to Martin.

I missed the Christmas party of one of my clubs while we were gone, but we were home in time to attend the Lions holiday dinner, which was lovely. For the program they showed old Charlie Chaplin movies which were very entertaining.

Now I must leave for the office.

Until next month . . .

Margery

JANUARY 1976



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Setting: On a small table make an arrangement by placing a vase holding a spray of artificial peach blossoms on it, and beside it place a clock. Above and behind these hang a large 1976 calendar. On a placard which stands to the left, or at the base of the vase, print the title word and year: "NOW — 1976!"

Leader:

Before us lies another year
Which seems a long array
Of all the seasons of the months
And weeks that pass away.
But years are made of days, you know,
And days are made of hours;
The longest walk is made of steps
As raindrops make the showers.
And great things come from little things;
From seeds the forests grow,
From drops of water come the brooks
And then great rivers flow.
And God can take our little tasks
And multiply the seeds
Of loving kindness and of toil,
To great and mighty deeds.

—Author Unknown

Someone has said that on the great clock of time there is but one hour — now. It is true that we can live only in the present moment; the past cannot be retrieved, and the future cannot yet be grasped. So today I am asking you and myself, what are we doing with our most priceless possession, that tiny atom of time — now?

To help us be more aware of this very moment, of ourselves and of those about us who share this moment, let us sing "Happy New Year to You, My Friend" to the tune of "Happy Birthday to You", and as we sing it let us turn and shake hands and smile at those friends about us.

All: Sing the song as the leader has directed. Perhaps the leader will need to have them sing it two or three times before everyone really joins in the happy mood of friendship desired.

Leader: Doesn't your heart feel warmed because we grasped this moment, this now, to share with others? Mine does. Today, as we begin this new year in our club (or women's society), some of us are going to share some thoughts about our use and enjoyment of this year 1976. NOW —

NOW — 1976!

A PROGRAM TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR

by
Mabel Nair Brown

First Speaker:

NOW IS A TIME TO REMEMBER

I once read lines, I know not by whom,
But I thought them all too true;
They spoke of the things we leave undone,
As well as the things we do.

There were the kind words left unspoken,
The letter we did not write;

The visit we promised but did not make,
The forgotten prayer at night.

Perhaps the gift of a single rose
Would have gladdened the heart of a friend.

We never can measure, really, the joy
That is ours to share without end.

How sad but true that many a life
Could sparkle as noonday sun,
Were it not for the loneliness often caused
By deeds that are left undone.

—Sunshine

The old year is gone and with it go memories of happiness, of successes, of failures, and of disappointments. It is beautiful to have wonderful memories, yet we must not be one of those who constantly look backward in life. The past cannot be relived. It is gone forever.

Yet the past does have a contribution to make. Someone has said, "Successes are like iron with which to build tools for conquering the future, and the failures are the fires that temper the iron and make it steel so that it will not bend or break." Both success and failure can be used as the stepping stones for today, for NOW.

But it is the deeds we left undone which are most important to remember (as the poem said) as we begin this new year, and resolve to do them NOW!

Let us acknowledge that we may not always be strong enough to lift our own burdens, let alone another's. But we can always try! And strangely enough, we often find our strength far greater than we expected. Not only that, but in sharing another's load we often find our own troubles and problems have been magically lightened, just as our little "Happy New Year" song and the smiles and handclaps

brightened this day for all of us.

All of our good intentions, all of our better impulses, all of our plans for sharing — let us do them NOW.

For it isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache

At the setting of the sun.

—From Grandmother's autograph album

Second Speaker: Now — 1976 is the time to forget and forgive. How often has your visit to someone's home been spoiled because your hostess kept apologizing for the appearance of her house, for the food she served, for her "hair that is in such a mess — so wild I can't do a thing with it", or for the behavior of her mischievous children? If she felt an apology was necessary, she should have made it, then forgotten it and given herself up to enjoying your visit.

Just so, too many of us spoil our new year because we cannot REMEMBER TO FORGET AND FORGIVE. We continue to harp on old grievances, old grudges, and drag out old prejudices, old injustices, old angers, and old jealousies. Like a festering sore, we allow them to continue to annoy and frustrate us at every turn of the present just as they did in the past. We have all had these disagreeable experiences, to be sure, but do we need to hang on to them forever? Cannot we accept them as a part of life and growth, learn the lessons that are to be learned from them — tolerance, understanding, forgiving, love, wisdom — and then forget the heartaches and anger and pain?

We must break ourselves out of the prisons of "old patterns, frozen points of view, looked-in ways of responding to one another, the twang of tensions", as writer John Carr puts it, and welcome the New Year as a glorious opportunity to begin anew.

The New Year came to my door and knocked

In a gentle, hesitant way.

And when I answered the knock it said,
"If you please, I have come to stay."

I have come to visit your home and heart,

And to share your joy and pain."

But I peered at the New Year's face and asked,

"Will you bring me loss or gain?"

The New Year smiled such a tender smile,

And it said, "I do not know!

But whether the road is rough or smooth,

I will go the way you go."

"We will be comrades," the New Year said,

"And now may I come inside?"

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A COUNTRY CONCERT

by
Mary Victor

During those years when we were too old for fancy-dress frolics and not old enough to go out alone, the mid-winter concert was the highlight of the year's entertainment. As the time for the concert drew near, the sense of expectancy was almost too much to bear. And on the long walk to the hall we traversed twice the distance, running ahead of our elders and turning back to urge them on to a faster pace.

But of course, in the end, the concert began just on time, after a preliminary "warm-up" of the stringed instruments. The cello's deep, plaintive notes blending with the thrilling, thrilling sweetness of the violin, with the pianist's patiently striking the correct note for tuning, until all were ready to play "The Song of Australia". Everyone settled down (with rugs across the knees to combat the icy blasts that pirouetted around the hall whenever the door was opened) to enjoy the remarkably good talent.

Because some of the children were very small, the school item was to be put on quite early in the first half of the program, and, arrayed in a weird assortment of costumes, we waited in the wings to perform "The House That Jack Built". Very reluctantly I clutch a live, half-grown rooster, and we eyed each other with the utmost suspicion. However, I preferred to face the hazards of holding the rooster to the displeasure of the teacher.

We listened as the rather portly tenor began wistfully, tenderly, to sing "O, Little Mother of Mine", and little Teddy, hidden by his cow costume, whose recent loss had been somehow overlooked, began to sob. Without missing a beat, singer and players lopped off a couple of verses and swung into a lively rendition of "Excelsior!" The applause was thunderous.

The next item was punctuated by Teddy's prodigious sniffs (for cows don't carry handkerchiefs), so the M.C. wisely decided to put us on next. When my turn came, gingerly holding the rooster in front of me, I began, "This is the hen", and seemingly quite overcome at this arbitrary rearrangement of his gender, the bird gave a pathetic, dispirited croak, and hid his head under my arm. "Well done!" the teacher said when it was over, and I sighed with relief, but, apart from a few muffled mutterings, the rooster's thoughts were never determined.

The elocutionist used the names of well-known people in the audience to highlight his comic verses, choosing his targets with kindly skill. Then the

magician confounded all with his tricks, and Shaun Casey played a Scottish medley on the bells.

The second half of the program was to open with a one-act play, and during the intermission the stage had been set by an artist's hand. The whole atmosphere of the scene told of a woman who had, moments before, chosen the finishing detail of her appearance and left the room, ready at last. But, forgotten in her haste, her evening bag lay among the jewels spilling from an open box. Soon light, hurrying footsteps were heard in the hall; the door opened; she crossed the room, picked up the bag, and turning, saw something that had not been there when she left. There are some things, a dripping tap, a crying baby — a body on the boudoir floor — that just cannot be ignored. "Oh, Randolph!", cried Lady Felicity, clasping his lifeless hand; and "The Mystery of Castle Crag" was well under way.

The mixed quartette gave a fine bracket of old-fashioned songs, and the applause was enthusiastic, but the soprano could be heard scolding the baritone as they left the stage. "Harry, you definitely went wrong at 'the gar-ar-den gate!' "

And then, sadly, the concert was over for another year, and we stood to sing the National Anthem. All except old Pierre Robinet, who, because the concert coincided with Bastille Day, undaunted by his solitary state, cheerfully bellowed a fine rendition of "The Marseillais".



TWO SAYINGS FROM NEW YEAR'S DAY

Did you know that two familiar sayings, ones we use all the time, actually originated because of New Year's customs?

The terms "pin money" and "start with a clean slate" came to us from England.

In old England husbands gave their wives "pin money" on New Year's Day to buy enough pins to last through the coming year. Pins were made by hand of wire and were expensive household items. After machines were developed to make pins cheaply "pin money" for pins disappeared.

And in old England most roofs were made of slates. The good and conscientious housewives in those early days never let a New Year's Day pass without calling in a chimney sweep to clean the soot from the chimneys and the slates of the roof. They were sure it would bring good luck for their homes to "start with a clean slate."

—Evelyn Witter



From this example of quilts at the "Guest Day", don't you wish you could have been there?

A LETTER FROM A READER

Dear Friends:

Enclosed is my check to renew my subscription to the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* for two years. I cannot imagine getting along without it when making plans for any special event. It was worth the subscription price for an entire year just for the ideas for our Guest Day last fall. We used Mabel Nair Brown's suggestion of a Quilting Party for our theme. We asked our church members to bring their quilts which we displayed around the room. There was a wide variety of patterns and it was most interesting for our guests to walk around to look at them before the program. We did as Mabel suggested in attaching a card to each quilt with information about the quilt and the owner of it.

There was a great range in the ages of the quilts. The newest one was a Friendship Quilt, behind lady in picture seen above, made for a bride last year with each square embroidered by a friend or relative. We had several that were made about 100 years ago. We used much of the material from the program in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and everyone agreed that it was one of our most successful Guest Days we had had in years.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Donald Hood

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The *happy* old wish has become trite with repetition. Still, it is our prayerful wish that 1976 be a year filled with the good things in life — not material things necessarily, but good things — things like good will, good mornings, good days, good thoughts, good friends, good humor, good news, good luck, good deeds, good reading, good times, good company, good taste, good health and a good many more happy new years!

May there, then, be many things good for you in 1976.

THE PARSONAGE GETS SOME REDECORATING

Dear Friends:

As I write to you from my study on the second floor of the parsonage, I am listening to a rather sophisticated hi-fi system. I write all of my sermons while I am standing up listening to beautiful music. I cannot read well with a musical background, but the music seems to help my writing. When I am showing some of our church people through the parsonage, I always explain that I play music while writing sermons so that I won't fall asleep! I say it as a joke, but I am afraid that some of them believe me. My son David keeps reminding me of the fact that when he was a boy in school I would not let him listen to music while he did his homework, and he is right about that. Well, today I am older and wiser!

It is snowing tonight; the first snowfall of the winter. To help prevent theft, we have our back yard flood-lighted all night long, and tonight the snow looks so beautiful coming down through those lights. I don't think that this snow will last, and for that I am grateful. It is so expensive keeping our long driveway and the sidewalks free of snow, and the snows present our church with serious parking problems. We not only have to clear the snow off of three large parking lots; we must have the snow hauled away in a truck. I have a feeling that before this winter is over we are going to have an enormous snow removal bill. Sometimes I wonder if it would be fair for me to tell the Lord that if he would keep away the snows, our church would be able to give an additional \$4,000 to missions over and above the many thousands it gives now. Then I have to think of the many, many New Englanders who make their living running the ski resorts who are praying for snow. If the resort owners get no snow, they will have much less to give to their churches to support missions. Perhaps we had just better leave it to the Lord. I have a feeling that that is the way He intends to handle it anyway.

Please be patient! You will just have to wait for my next letter to get the whole story about the weddings we are having this month. If *Kitchen-Klatter* didn't have to go to press so soon, I would have all the details in this letter. We are now counting the hours before we fly to Calgary for David's big event, and then we shall return to Springfield for Mary Lea's church wedding.

A couple of weeks ago I received a letter from a certain Eloise who did not give her address. There was no way I could give her a personal reply to the



The men of South Church appreciate the conveniences of their fine, modern kitchen, too, as they prepare their annual Gourmet Dinner.

questions she asked in her letter, and so I want to say something here. Eloise, be patient! Betty and I know exactly what you are talking about. Perhaps you heard us read your letter on the radio when we pointed out that the reason people like you and like us have a different degree of tolerance or intolerance than our children have is the fact that we are older and have lived longer. I am sometimes amazed at the way my ideas on various subjects have changed with the years. When I was a teenager I was positive that I would never have some of the same attitudes that my father had, but here I am at fifty-eight thinking just the way my father thought when he was fifty-eight. As a matter of fact, on certain subjects I am even more conservative than my father was, and I cannot believe it. I am confident that that will be the case with my son and daughter, too.

It was just eight years ago that Betty and I moved into the lovely parsonage where we are now. The good Lord blessed us that day! It was in the middle of January and the temperature on moving day was 68 degrees! The next day after the move we had a blizzard. At that time we had our kitchen painted and new flooring put down, and now that eight years have passed, we have decided it is time to do a little redecorating. We had an interior decorator come in this morning and make some recommendations, and we have to have all the work done before Christmas. Being a true member of the *Kitchen-Klatter* family, Betty spends a great deal of time in the kitchen and I think she ought to be in the nicest kitchen possible.

Our kitchen is unique in that it has

three pantries — one for food storage and refrigeration, one for dishes and crystal with a sink and dishwasher, and one for flower arrangements with a special sink and storage for vases. We also have a large sink in the kitchen itself. Having three sinks in three different rooms is very convenient when we are cleaning up after large parties. After we saw Margery's new kitchen, we knew that we had to have one, too.

The other day Betty and I attended a church supper in a little village church not far from Springfield. We simply could not believe our eyes when we saw the miserably small and poorly equipped kitchen the church women had to use to cook a perfectly delicious meal. I don't think that the men in a church should permit their women to cook for the church in miserable kitchens. You know as well as I do that the women do most of the work around a church, and they should not have to work in poor kitchens. Most church kitchens are used to earn money for the work of the Lord, and those kitchens ought to be worthy of the work they do. If you don't have a decent church kitchen with good electrical equipment, do something about it. Women's liberation ought to begin in church kitchens! I am so grateful that our women have a marvelous kitchen on the first floor, and that they have a perfectly lovely kitchen on the second floor. They also have an old-fashioned one on the basement floor.

Recently I was flying home from a church convention when a businessman in the seat next to mine said: "I see that you are a minister. Well, I am one of those millions of persons who simply do not know what to believe these

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

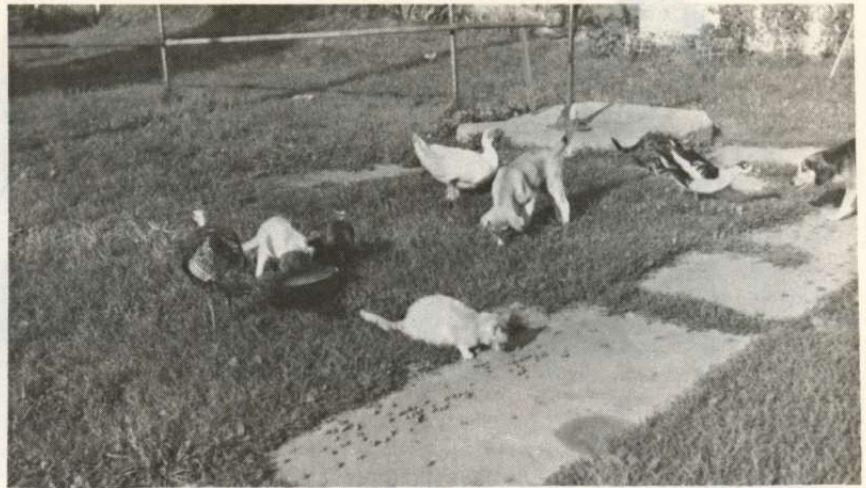
Dear Friends:

As I sit here at my desk and look out the window I can see a snowflake now and then. We have a little snow on the ground but not much; I can still see the blades of green grass sticking through it. This has put a stop to our fence mending for a while. We had just a little more to do, and the weather was still warm and beautiful when I had to go to Shenandoah for my work week. While I was there we had a drastic change in the weather, so unless it warms up a lot once again, the fence will probably have to wait until spring.

Where we have been working in the timber the terrain is quite steep in places, and you almost have to be a mountain goat to keep your footing in the slick leaves. I asked Frank not to work on the fence unless I was with him, or unless he could get someone to go with him. Not that I could prevent his falling and hurting his arm again, but at least I would be there to help him, or go for help if he needed it.

Every time Frank goes out to grind feed, I worry. Although he wasn't grinding feed when his accident happened, I don't think I will ever have an easy moment again when he is doing anything that entails using the power take-off. This is probably true for all people who have ever experienced a serious accident or near accident. Once, several years ago, a freakish thing happened when Frank was plowing a field near the creek. He made his turn at the end of the field and came back to the other end and a huge tree that had been there on the creek bank just moments before was no longer there. The piece of ground he had made his turn on had slid into the creek, tree and all, and his tractor tire marks were down at the bottom of the bank. That was really a close call, and I never pass that spot in the field but that I say a silent prayer of thanks. After that, whenever I knew he was going to be working near the creek side of the field, I would frequently go outside and listen for the tractor. If I didn't hear it, I took time to go and investigate.

We have lost a few more pets this month. Several years ago, when Aunt Delia Johnson had to give up her apart-



Dorothy ran across this picture recently — one that she took this past summer — and thought you might like to try to count the different kinds of "pets" she and Frank feed besides their usual livestock.

ment and go into a nursing home to live, we brought her little dog Petey out here to take care of. Petey was getting pretty old and when she got sick recently, although we faithfully gave her the medicine the vet gave us, apparently she just didn't have the resistance to fight back, and she died. Frank buried her in a corner of the yard and our friend Peggy made us a wooden marker to mark the spot.

One of the ducks had been setting on a nest between the corncribs. Frank checked on her every day because, although it was still pretty warm, it could be too cold for little baby ducks, and he wanted to put them in a more protected shed if any of the eggs did hatch. (He was doubtful they would.) We were sitting at the kitchen table having a cup of coffee and I was facing the window. Here came the old duck with two babies running along behind her. We got them shut up in a nice warm place, but before the day was ended she had stepped on both of them and killed them. She did the same thing the last time she hatched. I guess this is why people let old setting hens hatch the duck eggs if they want to raise ducks.

Our corn was so good this year that we didn't have any chopped for silage. One day when the young man who farms our ground was here talking to Frank, he asked him if we had ever considered having the corn shucks stacked for feed this winter. He said he had some last year and had really liked them, and if we were interested in trying it, he would speak to the fellow who had made his stacks for him. We decided to try just a few until we found out for ourselves just how well the cattle would clean them up, and now we wish we had gone ahead and had more stacks made, because they really seem to love them.

Our biggest problem, we thought, was going to be getting the stacks moved off the field so the boys could get the fall plowing done. The man who made the stacks loaned us his stack mover, but it really is a ticklish job because there are no strings around the stacks to hold them together as there are on the large hay bales. I rode on the tractor fender while we brought them in, and found it very nerve-racking. We did pretty well, though, and lost only one stack.

Norma Pim and I entertained the Birthday Club this month with a luncheon at her house. Norma raises a lot of sheep and always has lamb in her freezer, so she fixed a delicious leg of lamb for the meat. She really has a knack with lamb, and I have never eaten any that was better. Her daughter and family live across the road in a mobile home, and Mary Ann makes as good a cinnamon rolls and regular rolls as I have ever tasted, and she made a big batch of these for our meal. I furnished everything else except the coffee. It gave me the opportunity to do a lot of testing while I had twelve women for guinea pigs. I made two salads, three vegetable casseroles, and a cake. I will be sharing these with you on the recipe pages eventually.

It had been Norma's and my turn to have club for two months, but we had all been so busy this fall that it was hard to find a day when we could get everyone together. Norma is the curator for our Lucas County Historical Museum, where she spends a good deal of her time, not only in the summer months when it is opened for visitors. She inaugurated something for the school children that I think is most interesting. One of Lucas County's one-room rural schools was moved in to town and put on the grounds near the

(Continued on page 19)



How to Help Your Schoolchild

by
Joseph Arkin

Those grades on your youngster's report card indicate more than his intelligence and ability. They also reflect your interest and knowledge.

While a lion's share of the credit for "A's" and "B's" belong to the child and his teachers, much is due to the wholesome backlog of home and family experiences which his parents provide, according to the National Education Association.

Every parent wants his child to do well at school and wants to help, but few are sure how best to go about it. Here are some practical ways:

1 - Health: A healthy youngster is the primary requirement for a successful student. One of your most vital health tasks - providing proper nutrition for your child - can also be one of your simplest. Give him plenty of basic foods in a relaxed mealtime atmosphere; serving that hearty breakfast recommended by experts won't help much unless you also see to it that the child has enough time to eat leisurely. After-school snacks should consist of wholesome foods like enriched bread, sardines, cheeses, without "supper spoilers" such as cake and pie to pad the menu.

Many parents are confused about their children's vitamin requirements. Vitamins are not food, but they help the body to convert food into energy. All youngsters (and adults, for that matter) need vitamins in the proper proportions - but not in massive doses. A little goes a surprisingly long way. Ask your doctor whether or not your child needs to take a daily vitamin supplement.

2 - Reading: Your "I'm from Missouri" son who thinks that all books are sissy and stuffy can be shown that there is reading for a real he-man. How about a book of magic tricks that any youngster can perform; or books on

puppetry, soap carving, or weathercraft that teach how to forecast rain or shine? Lead your child to good books by way of other interests close to his heart.

Comic books? Don't make a big issue about them, the National Education Association advises. Quietly help your child see the difference for himself in the quality of art work, paper, printing, and language between comics and other books. Show him tactfully how the situation and stories in comic books are apt to be very unreal - lead him to the magic world of good reading by family visits to the local public library. Manage all this with the light touch and subtle approach and you'll find him eventually setting a higher standard for his reading material.

3 - Spelling: Give your child a sense of adventuring with words. Encourage him to keep a written list of new and interesting ones he comes across. Play word games such as Ghost, Junior Scrabble, Hangman, and the games you find in magazines and newspapers.

4 - Arithmetic: Children are practical souls - they like to put new-found knowledge to immediate use. So encourage your child to double check your grocery tape to see that it adds up correctly; encourage him to keep the mileage and gas records when you take an automobile trip.

If it is within your budget treat him to one of those pocket-size calculators. You can purchase these for as low as \$29.95 and these new useful machines add, subtract, multiply, find square roots, etc., and except for some courses in basic mathematics, they are permitted to be used in most school courses.

Start him early on an allowance and stress the idea that it's not a handout, but a share of family money for his needs and pleasures that is given to

him to manage. Let him spend it! Don't be a snoop or a dictator, but you can very carefully point out certain follies of foolish spending in a way to let your child "discover the error of his ways".

5 - Science: Encourage him to be a "collector" of rocks, insects, shells, etc. Provide a place for his collections, even if it's just a dresser drawer, soapbox or a shelf that you affix to the wall in his room.

Help him to develop the scientific attitude, bringing the scientific approach to bear on everyday events. When someone makes a broad general statement, challenge it in your youngster's presence with questions like, "How do you know that's true?" "Where did you get those statistics?" "Can you prove what you are saying?" Your child will learn not to accept everything at face value and will take to your example by tracking down facts instead of just accepting them.

6 - Social Studies: On trips, provide your child with notebook and pencil. Encourage him to draw pictures, and make notes of things that interest him along the way - state capitols, factories, waterways, animals. Such travel diaries help him to get more out of travel and provides for a sense of observation. Give your child a camera to record places of interest visited and highlights of the trip. Spend some money in picking up local-interest booklets sold in souvenir shops of the places you visit.

Find out if foreign exchange students are attending schools in your community. Perhaps you can invite some of these interesting visitors to family dinner some night to hear about their homes, foods, customs, games, and the life they live in their native lands.

Check with organizations in your area to find out if they have a "pen-pal" club; this will give your child an opportunity to correspond with someone overseas - to exchange ideas, stamps, newspapers, personal and school experiences.

7 - Homework: You can help by giving your child a quiet, well-lit corner that can be his homework island of peace and concentration. You may need to be firm, too, in eliminating some of the distractions that interfere with getting homework done - including TV watching and annoyances of younger brothers and sisters.

And if you don't understand the school's homework policy, and cannot help with actual homework because of the "new math", ask the teacher for guidelines on how much homework is expected and in what way you could possibly help.

8 - Report Cards: Let your child
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Turn Back the Clock

A BICENTENNIAL NEW YEAR PARTY

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Invite your guests to come costumed to represent some period in our country's two-hundred-year history; decorate the house gaily in red, white, and blue; turn back the clock for decoration and game ideas, and you are sure to come up with a long-to-be-remembered party.

INVITATION: Cut the invitation from a double fold of white construction paper in the shape of our country's shield. Decorate the front cover like the shield with red stripes, and add a sprinkling of blue stars in the upper part. If you like you may make a blue field across the top portion and use white stars. On the inside write your invitation with red ink: In the "Spirit of 1776" join us for a party on New Year's Eve. Come costumed in a period costume of somewhere down through Uncle Sam's years, and a warm welcome receive. The time to arrive is right about eight. We have lots of fun planned, so don't be late. (signed)

DECORATIONS: Use red, white, and blue streamers running from the ceiling corners of the room and from the tops of windows and doors to center ceiling light fixtures to get an old-fashioned setting. Suspend paper "Liberty Bells" from these streamers — the bells might be of old-fashioned honeycomb red tissue, such as were once used at Christmas. Tie a pair of these bells to the front door with a big bow of ribbon in the patriotic colors. Tables and windows might be draped in the red, white, and blue bunting. Use old lanterns and kerosene lamps as part of decorations, along with candles in antique holders.

Add a few clocks about the party rooms to help carry out the theme. These can be a variety of real clocks, or you can use styrofoam and make decorative ones by outlining the face of the clock with glue and sprinkling on sparkle and glitter, or adding sequins and pretty beads. Large foam balls can be cut in half and the flat sides of each half decorated as pretty clock faces with glitter and sequins. They can have pipe cleaner legs so they will stand upright. Smaller balls may be cut in half and fastened to the top of the foam clocks as the old-fashioned "bell" of the clock. One of

these clocks might be used as part of the centerpiece decoration for a tea table, perhaps with an arrangement of small American flags. "Yankee Doodle" hats, folded from paper into cockade shape with a feather stuck jauntily on one side, can also be used in the decorations.

FAVORS: From red construction paper make old-fashioned sleighs or toboggans with a candy, gum, or mint treat "going along for the ride".

For the toboggans use a slim, rectangular piece of the paper and curl one end on a pencil. If you roll it tightly and hold it a moment, you will find it curls into toboggan shape nicely. A large mint patty, a roll of Lifesavers, or a stick or two of gum may be fastened to each toboggan (glue it to the paper) and a touch of glue will attach the curled end of the toboggan to the gum or candy to help hold it in shape.

For the sleighs, do a little experimenting and cut the sleigh from light posterboard, gluing sides to back and bottom and covering with red paper, or paint with poster paint. An easier way is to use small paper boxes, if you can find them, and cut out the top and sides, back, and front to sleigh shape. Use short lengths of blue chenille-covered wire as "legs" to attach chenille wire runners to the sleigh. Fill the sleighs with popcorn and peanuts for an old-fashioned touch.

ENTERTAINMENT: It is hoped that the guests will raid the attic for old-fashioned costumes to wear to the party. Make it a rule of the evening that everyone must talk and act like the old-timers whom they represent. Thus those arriving in mustaches, silk hat, and swallow-tail coat, or crinolines, hoops, silks and satins, and gloves and bonnets, will have the courtly manners and formal speech of that era. Perhaps others will locate the garb of some ancestor who joined the gold rush and thus add a Western flavor to the party. Buffalo hunters, fur traders, sun-bonneted pioneer women — there are endless possibilities which will all become part of the entertainment.

Try to choose games to fit the costumes — Charades, Wink'em, Old Dan

Tucker, Captain Jinks, Blind Man's Buff, Pass the Thimble, and Spin the Bottle are just a few suggestions for the games that can be used.

Music played an important part in these old-fashioned parties of long ago. So in addition to some of the old singing party games, you might have a sing-along with everyone joining in on "Clementine", "Yankee Doodle", "Oh, Susannah", "Billy Boy", "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage", and other such old-time favorites. It would add to the fun if you could contact someone ahead of time to be prepared to do a solo of one of the old melodrama-type songs, complete with all the exaggerated gestures and vocalizing of that era. Of course, an old-time barber-shop quartette would make a hit. You may have to do some inquiring around, but you are sure to come up with some old sheet music and songbooks stashed away in someone's attic, and the results will be well worth the effort.

This is the time, too, to search for some latent talent in the neighborhood to haul out the long-unused ukulele, banjo, harmonica, jew's-harp, and fiddle to add to the musical fun at your party.

Do match guests for supper partners. What more appropriate way than to have men draw slips of paper containing ridiculous riddles, while the women draw the answers?

1. Why is January 31 not the last of January? (Because January comes back every year.)
2. Why does Bob call his old car "Baby"? (Because in never goes anywhere without a rattle.)
3. How can a soldier move all day and move only two feet? (That's all he has!)
4. What goes up and yet never moves? (A hill.)
5. What can you place in your right hand and not in your left? (Your left elbow.)
6. Take away my first letter and I remain unchanged; take away my second letter, there is still no change; take away my last letter and I am still the same. What am I? (The postman.)
7. How do all former presidents of the country travel? (By ex-Pres.)
8. Which name is easier to write, Tweedledum or Tweedledee? (Tweedledee, because you write it with more e's — ease.)
9. Why do they have knots instead of miles on the ocean? (They couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots.)
10. If you owned two ducks and a cow what would you have? (Quackers and milk.)
11. What did the dog do when he

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1976 IS HERE

by
Bob Birkby

(Since we are now into the official celebration of our nation's 200th birthday it seems appropriate to begin the new year with a report on one of the great celebrations. Our son Bob attended the Bicentennial flag presentation at Anderson, Iowa, recently and this is the report he wrote of that event which is being repeated in both large and small cities across our country.

—Evelyn)

Anderson, Iowa, is a town of 49 people which, like thousands of rural villages, has seen its original purpose evaporate through the years, leaving a residue of boarded-up store fronts, peeling paint, rutted streets, and lingering nostalgia. On the west edge of town, assuming a town so small can have edges, stands the Anderson schoolhouse, a tall, brown brick reminder of the childhoods of those who migrated through its high-ceilinged rooms before consolidation bused the remaining few pupils off to more populous towns. At the back of the school is a small concrete gymnasium with "W.P.A." inscribed over the doorway. The putty around the windows long ago dried and cracked away, letting the wind and rain whistle in.

But the windows of Anderson, and those of many tiny towns gradually succumbing to neglect and desertion, are suddenly receiving the attention they need. The old paint is being scraped from the abandoned community church in preparation for a fresh white finish. Weeds in empty lots are being mowed. Trash is disappearing from view, and flowers are growing in yards where flowers haven't bloomed for years. The school yard is filled with the shouts of a dozen boys and girls in crimson *Anderson Eagle* t-shirts, and the residents of Anderson proudly announce where they are from rather than mumbling the name of some other southwest Iowa community.

In short, Anderson is one of the many tiny hamlets finding itself in a renaissance of pride and spirit. The massive Bicentennial celebration, most often characterized by giant parades, historical pageants, museum trains, and an avalanche of lapel pins, tie tacs and bumper stickers, is seeping down into the rural bedrock of America, causing people who haven't thought about their town's unique heritage for years to suddenly realize how important the sense of place really is. Their understanding of the American past, which was long limited to the Bunker Hills and George Washingtons of social studies books, begins to take on



Evelyn Birkby presents certificate from the ARBC (National Bicentennial Commission) to the mayor of Anderson, Iowa, Linda Lorimor, Miss South-west Iowa is on the left with several "Anderson Eagles" standing behind her. Richard Miller and Bob Birkby (author of this month's article) are to the right of the mayor.

the immediacy of the weary schoolhouse across the street and the ailing church building down the way, and with that new awareness comes a strong need to understand it better and protect it for the future.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, the citizens of Anderson hosted their first Annual Bicentennial and Old Settler's Reunion in the gymnasium. A row of tables down the center of the basketball court sagged under the potluck offerings of the area's finest cooks — giant bowls of salads under the home basket blended into heaps of fried chicken and meatloaf at midcourt which, in turn, wandered into countless pies and cakes at the opponent's end of the gym.

Several hundred people came and ate, then ate some more, the veteran potluckers armed with plates the size of hubcaps, the novices struggling along with paper plates folded in the middle under triple helpings of creamed cucumbers and hot biscuits. Some came because they had always lived in Anderson, some because they had been born there and then moved east, or vice versa. They came because they were cousins or nephews or grandsons of Anderson and they came with no reason at all except to see and enjoy. They walked and drove, and came in wheelchairs and bassinets.

All through the gym, people visited, and always they talked of Anderson. "Do you remember when . . . ?" "What ever happened to . . . ?" "Did you know that when I was a little girl here . . . ?" They talked of Anderson, and in the joyful noises of eating and reminiscing, its past lived again and its heritage grew in strength.

By midafternoon the eating subsided a bit, and the small stage at the salad end of the court became the center of attention. Flanked by the Anderson Eagles, the village historian, and what dignitaries and pretty girls a town of 49 can muster, the mayor and the chairman of the Anderson Bicentennial committee received the flag and citation pronouncing their town a recognized Bicentennial community. To earn the awards, the citizens had pledged not only to recognize the importance of Anderson's past in the flow of American events and to celebrate the present, but also to plan and implement projects of lasting importance as a gesture to the future of the community.

The past, the present, the future. For a moment everyone, from the oldest surviving settler in the corner wheelchair to the youngest of the Anderson Eagles hauling the flag to the top of the schoolhouse pole, seemed to feel a unity not only with one another but with the little town itself. It had provided them with an anchor to their own past and to that of America. For eight decades it had given them something solid to grasp, and until recently they'd never even thought about it.

But now they had, and they had realized a responsibility they'd not known before, for the town depended as much on them as they did on the town. The past was gone and secure only in memory and the cramped script of the village historian, but the future, ah, it was only beginning.

The afternoon faded toward evening as the ring from the horseshoe pits drifted through the school yard. Laden with empty pie tins and dirty plates,

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PAUL LEARNS THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

Dear Friends:

The chicken is in the pot stewing and blending itself with some noodles and herbs so when this letter is composed I shall drop myself into a kitchen chair and eat. We have come to the end of a term at school, and to wind up things we always give final exams. This year's exams have about wound me up, too.

Not only did I have the comfort of teaching very little children in the past five years, but during the past three years I had all manner and variety of final exams tucked away in my filing cabinet at school labeled "Finals". This year the filing cabinet was bare, and I found myself with the overwhelming prospect of writing up eight exams, in addition to which I had to put my thinking into higher gear and accommodate fifth graders instead of second graders. Well, I finished typing them about an hour ago, and my mind and brain are exhausted. Thank goodness for sleep and its wondrous powers, because tomorrow when the children in my class settle down to write their exams I shall begin grading the tests they completed last Friday, and post their grades on their report cards.

The nicest thing that has resulted from this press of school work is the fact that I had to complete a book which the children were reading for their Classics program. The title of the book is *Lone Journey* by Jeanette Eaton. It is the biography of Roger Williams, who just happens to be one of my favorite people from history. I managed to finish the book this morning over breakfast, and from that point on I could mentally arrange the test I would work up for the class.

This tied in very nicely with our history chapters, because we're just well launched into the study of the original thirteen colonies. We hit Thanksgiving time in a timely manner, too, and were able to note and mark the anniversary of the signing of the Mayflower Compact. This being the Bicentennial Year, there are calendars galore with all kinds of historical reminders ranging from those of the most major kind to those of little-remembered facts.

Last week was also a red letter day for the class because, after what was only five weeks but seemed considerably longer, they recited their four-page poem. It was "The Ballad of Benjamin Bones" by Christopher Ward, and when I first read it I was caught by the easy sway of the lines' rhythm. However, what I didn't consider was the time which would be involved in listening to eighteen students recite



Isabel, Mary Leanna's little daughter, is developing rapidly with an ever-increasing attention span. She enjoys watching *Sesame Street*.

132 lines of poetry on an individual basis.

It tells of the famous sea battle of 1779 when John Paul Jones, Captain of the *Bon Homme Richard*, defeated the bigger naval vessel, the *Serapis*. I was totally unaware of the explosive nature of many of the lines. (Forgive the pun!) These lines absolutely screamed for shouts and dialects and other forms of expressive delivery which I am not equipped to teach. I called on another teacher for help, and in less than two weeks he had these children absolutely transformed. Their presentation was quite remarkable.

We have assembly each morning at the flag pole, and as good fortune would have it, there was a beautiful gentle snow falling, which created all the atmosphere anyone could wish for. They were really good, and everyone applauded soundly in spite of the muffling of heavy gloves.

The play at school is also over after many weeks of preparation and a few emergencies thrown in for good measure. Contrary to my expectations, Paul did not wear a furry, hairy-type costume, but did, instead, wear a blue gingham dog suit which, considering the title, should have been a natural conclusion for me to reach. In case you've forgotten, the play was "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat", and of course the cat was a cute, yellow, calico lady. During one of the rehearsals, after they had begun practicing with make-up on, Paul was all made up with his dog face, which, contrary to my imagination, was no simple head to fit over his, but a dramatically drawn-on dog face. When I finally saw the play in its entirety, I was stunned to see Paul. He could have passed me on the street, and save for his long, gangly shanks, I would never have recognized my own son.

Anyway, they were practicing one of their chase scenes with the wicked witch's doing all manner of crazy up-and-down movements to the accompaniment of a strobe light for even more effect, when Paul and the boy playing the part of the sweet, green dragon collided. Paul took a nasty blow to his head, but was momentarily more concerned with the fact that his contact lens had literally popped out of his eye. He yelled for everyone to stop until he found it, but they stopped instead to stare at his made-up face with the blood streaming copiously from the area of his upper eye. The poor dragon was nearly senseless from the blow, and Paul had to be whisked off to the emergency room of the hospital in Brookfield. He had laid his face open along the ridge of his brow right down to the skull, and in spite of the discomfort (!) he was all set to quip with the nurses.

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Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

ITALIAN CREAM CAKE

- 1 stick margarine
- 1/2 cup solid vegetable shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 egg yolks
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 small can coconut
- 1 cup finely chopped pecans
- 5 beaten egg whites

Cream margarine and shortening together with electric mixer. Add sugar, beat well. Add egg yolks one at a time. Sift flour and soda together; add alternately with buttermilk or sour milk. Add flavorings, coconut and chopped pecans. Last, fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into 3 greased and lined baking pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes until sides shrink from the pans. Set on wire racks to cool before removing from pans.

Filling and Frosting

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 stick margarine
- 1 lb. box sifted powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Chopped pecans

Cream cheese and margarine. Add powdered sugar and flavoring and mix well. Fill and frost cake. Sprinkle chopped pecans over top and sides.

—Dorothy

WIENERS AND SAUERKRAUT

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 lb. wieners, sliced
- 1 1-lb. can sauerkraut
- 2 tsp. caraway seed

Melt butter or margarine in skillet. Add sliced wieners and saute for a few minutes. Put sauerkraut in a colander and rinse with cold water. Add to wieners. Sprinkle with caraway seed. Heat thoroughly.

—Margery

MACARONI, CHEESE AND BEEF

- 1 cup elbow macaroni
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes, drained
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Cook macaroni as directed on package. Drain. Melt margarine in a large skillet; brown beef and onion lightly. Pour off excess fat. Stir in tomatoes, salt and pepper. Combine with macaroni and pour into 2-quart casserole. Top with shredded cheese. Bake in 350-degree oven for 25 minutes.

—Margery

RUTH'S MEATLOAF

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups toast crumbs
- 3/4 cup catsup
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1 envelope onion soup mix
- 3 strips bacon
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce

Combine all but last two ingredients and place in loaf pan. Put bacon strips over top of meatloaf. Pour tomato sauce over all. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

—Margery

MAPLE SWEET POTATOES

- 4 large sweet potatoes
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Salt to taste
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Large marshmallows

Peel sweet potatoes and quarter. Boil until tender. Drain. Mash. Stir in butter or margarine, butter flavoring, salt and milk enough to make of mashed potato consistency. With a large ice cream scoop or tablespoon, make into round mounds and place in a greased baking dish. Combine corn syrup and maple flavoring. Pour around sweet potato mounds. Push a marshmallow into each. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 20 minutes.

If you have your own Kitchen-Klatter maple syrup made you may use it in place of the corn syrup and maple flavoring. Just be sure enough of the maple flavor comes through to add that special touch to the sweet potatoes. Excellent for a holiday meal.

This can be made ahead and refrigerated until time to bake. It could also go in the freezer for 4 to 5 weeks. Add baking time to accommodate the frozen quality of the sweet potatoes, at least 30 more minutes.

—Evelyn

BANANA-SOUR CREAM COFFEECAKE

- 1/2 cup softened butter or margarine
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup mashed bananas (about three)
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Add the mashed bananas, sour cream and flavorings. Beat. Sift together the remaining ingredients and gently stir into the creamed mixture. Do not beat. Grease and flour a tube cake pan.

Topping

- 1 cup black walnuts, chopped
 - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- Combine above ingredients. Alternate topping and batter in layers in tube pan, starting with topping and ending with batter. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool 5 minutes. Remove from pan. Serve cold.

—Margery

POTATO SOUP BREAD

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 5 1/2 to 6 cups flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed cream of potato soup

Combine yeast and 2 1/2 cups of the flour. Heat together the milk, butter or margarine, butter flavoring, sugar and salt until shortening is melted and mixture is blended. Remove from fire. When lukewarm add to flour and yeast mixture. Beat with mixer at low speed until smooth and creamy. Let stand about 5 minutes to be sure the yeast is warm. Beat in potato soup. Beat about 5 minutes at medium to high speed. Remove from mixer and add enough flour to make a moderately stiff dough. Turn out on lightly floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, turning once. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Punch down, cover and let rest 10 minutes.

Divide dough in two portions. Knead and shape each portion as desired. Makes two nice loaves, or excellent rolls. Place in greased pans. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake at 400 degrees about 30 minutes for loaves, less for rolls depending on the size of the pans. A light, delicious bread. —Evelyn

SCOTCH BARS

- 3/4 cup shortening (part butter, part lard)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Cream shortenings; add sugar. Cream. Sift soda with flour. Add to creamed mixture. Stir in flavorings. Mix with hands if needed to blend well. (The heat from the hands help combine the ingredients.) Pat into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 40 minutes or until just done. Cut into bars. Cool. Top with caramel topping and sprinkle with nuts if desired.

This is an old, old recipe brought from Scotland by pioneer settlers to Minnesota. Note that no egg is included in this recipe. It is really called Scotch Cake but it does end up being more like a bar cookie, hence the change in name.

—Evelyn

CASSEROLE POTATOES

- 6 cups grated raw potatoes
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1 cup minced onion
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley (do not substitute dried parsley)
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika

Mix everything together, put into a well-buttered two- or three-quart casserole, and bake 1 hour in a 375-degree oven. This will serve 8 to 10 people. If there is any left over it can be frozen and reheated later.

—Dorothy

PENNSYLVANIA CORN FRITTERS

- 1 17-oz. can whole kernel corn
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

3 to 4 Tbls. butter or margarine

Place all ingredients except butter or margarine in blender. (Can beat well with mixer, also.) Cover and blend until thoroughly mixed. Heat butter in heavy skillet. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls into hot butter. Fry until nicely brown, about 3 minutes on each side. Serve with hot syrup or molasses. Makes about 30 2-inch fritters. This can be adapted for your own freezer corn. If creamed corn is used add a bit more flour to compensate for added liquid. 2 cups of home-frozen corn may be used in place of the canned corn given. A delicious way to use the familiar vegetable.

—Evelyn

SPICY CRANBERRY MUFFINS

- 1 cup cranberry-orange relish
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups packaged biscuit mix
- 3 Tbls. white sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine the cranberry-orange relish, brown sugar and flour. Spoon 1 Tbls. of mixture into each of 12 greased muffin pan cups.

Stir together biscuit mix, white sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Stir together egg, milk and flavoring. Add to dry ingredients, stirring just to moisten. Fill muffin cups 2/3 full. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees) 15 minutes. Remove from oven and invert pan immediately. Makes 12 muffins.

—Margery

DAIRY SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup water
- 3/4 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled

Sift the dry ingredients into your large mixer bowl. Add all the rest of the ingredients and mix 1/2 minute at low speed, scraping the bowl often. Beat 3 minutes on high speed, scraping bowl often. Pour into greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan and bake in a 350-degree oven approximately 45 minutes. Or, it can be baked in layer cake pans 30 to 35 minutes.

Sour Cream Chocolate Frosting

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 3 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
- 3 cups powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Mix the butter or margarine and cooled chocolate thoroughly. Blend in the powdered sugar. Stir in the sour cream and flavorings and beat until smooth and of spreading consistency.—Dorothy

LOUISIANA CHICKEN GUMBO

- 2 cups okra, sliced
- 1/2 cup onion, diced
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 4 Tbls. salad oil
- 2 frying chickens, cut up
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1 large stalk celery, sliced
- 2 large onions, diced
- 1 large green pepper, chopped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen Bouquet
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. red pepper
- 8 green onions, sliced
- 1/4 cup parsley

Combine chopped okra, 1/2 cup onion and 1 green pepper with 4 Tbls. salad oil in shallow baking pan. Place in 320-degree oven and bake, stirring occasionally, until vegetables are tender and okra has dried. (This eliminates the gummy quality of the okra.) Meanwhile, brown chicken in 1/2 cup salad oil. Remove chicken to large kettle. (Do not use a cast iron kettle for this, it darkens the okra.) Make a roux with the drippings by measuring and adding an equal amount of flour — probably about 4 or 5 Tbls. Stir over moderate heat until mixture is a lovely warm brown. Add celery, onions and green pepper. Stir in 4 cups water. When well blended, add to chicken in kettle. Add enough water to cover generously. Add remaining ingredients including the okra mixture from the oven, with exception of the green onions and parsley. Simmer, covered, about 2 hours. The flavors blend, the mixture thickens somewhat, and the chicken will become tender. Just before serving, toss in the sliced green onions, tops and all, and fresh parsley or parsley flakes. Serve over hot cooked rice. A truly delicious, authentic Louisiana Cajun Country gumbo.

—Evelyn

BREAKFAST BARS

- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup chunky peanut butter
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups quick-cooking oats
- 2 cups regular granola
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate bits

In a large bowl combine all ingredients except chocolate bits. Pat evenly into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Remove from oven. Sprinkle chocolate bits over top and return to oven to soften chips enough to spread. Cool before cutting.



SONG OF THE SHIP'S COOK

I've looked the whole world over,
A hundred times or more
For things to bake or barbecue
When the crew comes back
for more.

I like to make things hearty,
I like to make things good.
I want my foods to smell nice,
And taste the way they
should.

I've shopped this old globe over
From London to Shanghai.

I've sampled every flavoring
From yak to chutney pie.

I've come to this decision:

I'd sacrifice them all

But **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**—
They make a meal a ball!
My galley's stocked with all
sixteen

When this old ship puts out;
From Mint to Orange and Lemon
There's not one I'd do with-
out!

Why, I've used **Kitchen-Klatter**
On all the seven seas;
For flavor and economy

You can't go wrong with
these!

Mint, Raspberry, Almond, Cherry,
Blueberry, Strawberry, Coconut,
Burnt Sugar, Maple, Pineapple,
Banana, Butter, Vanilla, Orange,
Lemon, Black Walnut. If you
can't find them in your favorite
store, send us \$2.00 for any
three 3-ounce bottles. Vanilla
comes in a jumbo 8-ounce bot-
tle, too, at \$1.25. We pay the
postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shen-
andoah, Iowa 51601.

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

FRUITED JELLY ROLL

- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sifted cake flour

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add 1/2 cup of the sugar. Fold in with long strokes. Beat egg yolks until lemon colored. Add remaining 1/2 cup sugar, flavorings, juice and salt. Beat until thick. Gently fold egg yolk mixture into egg white mixture. Gently fold in flour. Line 10- by 15-inch jelly roll pan with brown paper. Dust lightly with flour. Spread batter over top. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool slightly. Turn out on clean tea towel which has been sprinkled with powdered sugar. If the edges are crisp, trim off. Roll up, then unroll and keep covered until filling is ready.

Fruit Filling

- 3 cups fresh or frozen blueberries or
raspberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 to 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup juice or water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring

Combine all ingredients. (For blueberry filling use blueberry flavoring, for raspberry filling use raspberry flavoring.) Cook over medium heat, stirring, until very thick. Cool. Spread on jelly roll. Roll up. Slice. Top with whipped cream and a few berries if possible.

MINCEMEAT BARS

- 1 pkg. prepared mincemeat
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
flavoring
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 cup quick-cooking rolled oats

Place the mincemeat and the water in a saucepan and simmer over low heat for three minutes. Remove from fire and add the orange flavoring, mixing well. Let this cool. Cream the shortening and sugar until fluffy. Mix in the sifted dry ingredients and the rolled oats until it is crumbly. Pat half of the crumb mixture into a greased 9-inch square pan. Spread the mincemeat evenly over this and sprinkle with the remaining crumb mixture, patting it down lightly. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 35 minutes. When cool cut into squares.

Instead of serving these as cookies, you might like to cut the pieces a little larger and serve with whipped cream.

BAKED

BROCCOLI AND CAULIFLOWER

- 2 pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1 pkg. frozen cauliflower
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup cheese, cubed
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
- 1 cup cracker crumbs

Cook broccoli and cauliflower according to directions on package. Drain. (Or cook 2 cups broccoli and 1 cup cauliflower in 1 cup salted water until tender. Fresh vegetables or your own frozen vegetables are excellent for this recipe.) Put drained vegetables in greased baking dish. Combine soup and cheese in saucepan. Heat, stirring. When cheese is melted and mixture is smooth, pour over vegetables. Combine melted butter or margarine, butter flavoring and cracker crumbs. Sprinkle over top of casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, or until bubbly and lightly brown on top.

This dish may be made ahead and refrigerated or frozen until time to bake. Frozen casserole should be taken out of the freezer about one hour before baking.

SOPAIPILLAS

- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. melted shortening or oil
- 1/2 cup water
- 3 cups flour, about

Combine yeast, water and sugar. Let dissolve about 4 or 5 minutes. Stir in lightly beaten egg. Add salt, shortening and water. Add flour, stirring, until dough is thick and still sticky. Put about 1/4 cup flour on breadboard. Roll and knead dough until springy and not sticky. Take 8 or 10 minutes to knead well. Place in greased bowl, turning once to grease all sides of dough. Let rise, covered, for 1 hour or until double in bulk. Punch down. Place on lightly floured board. Knead a few times and then roll out with rolling pin until about 3/4 inch thick. Cut into oblong pieces about 2 by 3 inches in size. (2-inch square pieces work nicely, also.) Let rise right on the board about 15 minutes. Drop, top side first, into hot shortening. (365 degrees on deep fat thermometer.) When brown on one side, turn and brown on the other. Drain on paper towels. Serve hot with honey.

These puff up on the inside so they are as nearly like the Mexican sopapillas and as tasty as any we've ever eaten. Bob found the recipe when he was teaching Mexican cooking at the Philmont National Scout Ranch in New Mexico.

—Evelyn

KRISTIN HAS A NEW, EXCITING JOB

Dear Friends:

The last time I visited my parents (Dorothy and Frank Johnson) I noticed Mother's address book had so many addressed for the Brases scratched through and added to, that she had not only used all the space under "B", but under "C" and "D" as well. I think Santa Claus should bring her a new address book for Christmas!

Those of you who were reading the magazine twelve years ago, probably recall that Art and I began our married life in Laramie, Wyoming, where we were attending the University of Wyoming. We moved to Thermopolis, Wyoming, for two months when I did my student teaching, and we lived in Saratoga, Wyoming, for about ten months. Otherwise, we were in Laramie until 1971. Both Andy and Aaron were born in that town. Still, Mother's address book shows five different addresses just for Laramie.

In 1971 we settled in Durango, Colorado, for two years, and in 1973 our address changed to Livingston, Montana. We had two different Livingston addresses, as we occupied two different houses there before moving to Billings, Montana, in February 1975.

If you've had trouble following this account of the Brase "moves", then perhaps you can appreciate my mother's frustration in keeping an up-to-date address book! And, to top it off, just this September we moved from Billings to Busby, Montana, where I am currently employed as the Guidance Counselor for grades K-12.

Busby is a small community located on the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation. The school is a dormitory school which used to be managed by the Bureau of Indian Affairs but is now tribally operated. Approximately 95 students attend high school at Busby. Not all of the students live in the dormitory; some are bused from rural areas and from the nearby community of Lame Deer which has only a grade school.

The 444,157-acre reservation was established in 1884. The rugged semi-mountainous area is suitable mostly for livestock grazing, but there are some lumbering activities. A paved highway now crosses the reservation, but this was not built until 1955. The reservation headquarters town of Lame Deer (16 miles from Busby) is 45 miles from the nearest railroad or bus station. The reservation's isolated location has been a major factor in the slow pace of its economic growth and in some of the social problems that have confronted the Northern Cheyennes, who call them-



Kristin Johnson Brase.

selves the "Morning Star People".

Ten years after the defeat of Custer at the Little Bighorn in 1876, the Cheyennes, under Chief Littlewolf and Chief Dull Knife, surrendered at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. They were reluctant to leave the northern plains of the Montana Territory, but under military escort they were taken to the reservation of the Southern Cheyennes in Oklahoma.

After a year of broken promises and deplorable treatment, the decision was made to escape back to their homeland in the North. Two hundred and seventy-eight Cheyennes, under Littlewolf and Dull Knife, escaped and fled 1,500 miles through bitterly cold weather. The survivors of this journey were settled in the early 1880's on what was then known as the Tongue River Reservation, and is today known as the Northern Cheyenne Reservation.

The youngest member of our family, Julian Brase, was born in Billings, but he didn't seem to mind moving to Busby as long as he was surrounded by such familiar objects as his crib, bottle, blanket, "Lulu", and "Bear", as well as familiar parents and big brothers.

Perhaps because we've moved so frequently, Andy and Aaron seem to adjust remarkably well to new surroundings. However, I can sympathize with parents and children who are uprooted by a move after living for a long time in the same place. Unlike his mother, Andy is a conscientious letter writer and corresponds regularly with friends he has left behind.

As much as I enjoyed classroom teaching, I find I enjoy counseling even more. Actually, I still am a classroom teacher (part-time), as I am responsible for instruction in Career Education, a course that is offered to juniors and seniors each semester as an elective.

Some interesting additions to the Busby High School curriculum this year are Home Gardening, Rodeo, and Consumer Education. Of course, it is too

soon to evaluate the success of these courses, but student response appears to be enthusiastic at this point.

In my next letter I would like to share more with you about the daily adventures here in Busby, Montana.

Sincerely,
Kristin



EVERY KITCHEN NEEDS ONE!!

Bucket of tools. This old-fashioned "Bucket" inspired by Colonial woodworkers holds 3 spoons, meat tenderizer, masher fork, pastry cutter. 14" high x 3 3/4" \$6.99 plus .60 postage (Virginia residents, please add sales tax.)

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We're great experimenters at our house, as you can imagine. But it wasn't until lately that we started mixing our salad dressings. We liked our **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** just the way they were. **Italian, French or Country Style**, they were all rich and creamy, with just the right combination of spice and sweetness.

But somebody got daring, and the result was four brand-new taste combinations. Good ones, too. You might not like the mixtures as well as you do your favorite **Kitchen-Klatter** dressing straight, but live dangerously! You might find a new favorite.

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Success or failure is caused more by mental attitudes than by mental capacities.

JANUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded

So I murmured this greeting, "Welcome, Friend."

And threw my portal wide. —Anon.

NOW is the time to FORGIVE AND FORGET and to remember that SOMETIMES YOU GET ONLY ONE CHANCE To put aside your pride and say, humbly, "I was wrong."

To listen to what someone very much needs to tell you.

To explain a misunderstanding that, if ignored, may sour a friendship. To find laughter in the joy of living and share it with another.

To defend some person when gossip or slighting remarks are being spoken against her (or him).

To accept the offer of a friendship. To stand up and be counted, even if it means going against the crowd. To tell a loved one how much that love means to you.

To thank God for the opportunities that will come to you in the year ahead, and for blessings given and still to come.

Leader:

Life itself can't give you joy
Unless you really will it;
Life just gives you time and space —
It's up to you to fill it.

Third Speaker: Now is the time — to grow some new wood! A poet was asked on his eightieth birthday how he kept young in spirit. In answer he pointed to a beautiful peach tree in full bloom, and asked, "Where are the blossoms?" The answer was, "On the new wood." The tree keeps its life by growing new life.

My thought for us as we begin this new year is that we "grow some new wood".

If we want to enjoy this new year to the fullest, then we must busy ourselves with seeking new, wholesome, stimulating, and worthwhile interests. We must seek more knowledge in various areas of our lives, and seek new friendships and new experiences. We must dream new dreams. We must renew our faith in God. Thus we will grow some new wood, growing into a new life for 1976.

Too tall an order, you are thinking? Take one day at a time! The basic unit of a lifetime is a single day. A single day is made up of certain acts which each of us must perform in this arena of life. You need, then, only to make the right choices to have a successful, worthwhile day — a happy day. Repeat this for seven days, and you have a happy, worthwhile week. Life is nothing more than a collection of days. Make *this* day a good one, and you are started on your way. Grow some new wood every day. We only become dull, discontented, bored, and unsure of our-

selves and others, when we shirk and shrug aside what we know full well needs doing today — now.

There are many ugly things
Crowding along life's way;
Such as gossip, hatred, envy, strife,
Deceit and quarreling; nay,
I cannot let my life be spoiled
By them, for well I know
That each day of my earlier life
Is what old age will show

—Paraphrased from an unknown author
"Dream a new dream?" you ask. We must remind ourselves that the greatest wonders of the centuries are merely dreams which have reached fulfillment. How do we know what we can accomplish until we dare to dream — and do? Yes, there must be dreams as we grow new wood.

And we must ever grow the new wood of faith. This clipping from a church paper expresses it so well. Let it be our prayer of faith for 1976:

When there is need for teaching,
Teach through me.
When there is need for a message,
Speak through me.
When there is need for love,
Love through me.
When there is need for music,
Sing through me.
When there is need for understanding,
Listen through me.
When there is need for counseling,
Advise through me.
When a gift is needed,
Give through me.
Whenever prayer is needed,
Pray through me.
Whenever a helping hand is needed,
Reach through mine. Amen.

Leader: In closing may I sum up our thoughts with this poem by an unknown on "The Way to a Happy New Year"?

To leave the old with a burst of song;
To recall the right and forgive the wrong;
To forget the things that bind you fast
To the vain regrets of a year that's past;
To have the strength to let go your hold
Of the not worthwhile of the days of old;
To dare to go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of a year that's new;
To help your brother along the road,
To do his work and lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
Is to have and to give a Happy New Year.

Anyone is successful who makes another smile.

Help another over the rough spots and you, too, will pass over them.



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39,02

COME READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

"While we live forward, we understand backward," is a statement that defines the attitude of those who completed a study of mid-Iowa's history called *A Common Beginning*. Written and illustrated by Damon Ohlerking, director of planning for Area V's regional historic resources, *A Common Beginning* was developed as a means of identifying mid-Iowa's rich and significant history preceding future planning. The thought was that if the common bonds of heritage could be identified, perhaps the people in mid-Iowa (Calhoun, Hamilton, Humboldt, Pocahontas, Webster and Wright Counties) could understand more readily what they want from the future.

To Mr. Ohlerking's knowledge, no similar studies have been undertaken. Beginning from scratch, conversations were held with fellow mid-Iowans interested in historic preservation and with the State Historic Preservation offices. Survey forms were completed within the counties of sites that individuals felt were historically significant. From that start, we have this fine study *A Common Beginning*.

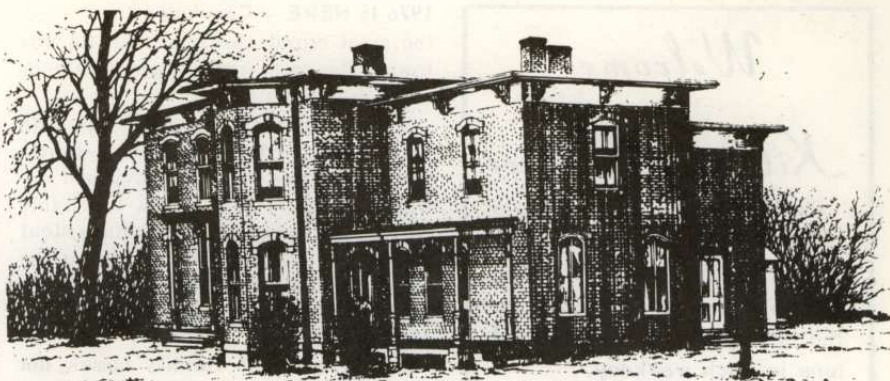
Mid-Iowa comprises 2,213,760 acres and, according to the U.S. census for 1970, in the communities and rural farmsteads there are the homes of 123,603 people. The mid-Iowa land helps feed our country and our world.

The author says there is justification to stand back a moment and consider with pride the roots of our beginning. He writes, "From the days of Henry Lott's trading post, we have become the agri-business heart of America. A sophisticated system of railroads, highways and mile-for-mile secondary roads crisscross the landscape linking our communities. Airlines and bus depots have become the hubs of mass transit. Every family's private auto is mobility unthought-of at the advent of the area's history."

As to the mid-Iowa landscape, it has changed considerably in the last 120 years, and mid-Iowa has become the "heart" of America's Heartland, the "middle" of Middle America.

Breaking the prairie and building a crude cabin was the way the earliest settlers of mid-Iowa came to know home. Soon there were communities. Country schools, churches, and cemeteries are the visual legacy of the original citizens. Now, towns are centers of commerce and culture, education and service. Landmarks tell the story of a town. They should remain as focal points of our heritage.

One section of *A Common Beginning*



Cory Brown Mill House

A fine example of preservation is the Cory Brown Mill House, home of the Humboldt County Historical Association, near Dakota City, Iowa. Sumner Heman, Fort Dodge artist, here portrays the red brick house, built in 1879 by Cory Brown, Sr., who operated the mill on the East Des Moines River. The home and surrounding land were donated to the Association in 1966 by Mr. and Mrs. Art Kunert and Mrs. Clarence Kunert. The stately home has a walnut central stairway, rooms furnished with Victorian appointments, a nursery with doll collection, and mementos of famous residents. On the grounds are restored Willow School, Norway #6, built in 1883, a red barn with farm equipment displays, and recently a log cabin has been rebuilt and furnished. Once again, the Cory Brown Mill House is a beloved landmark, thanks to people who cared.

deals with the maps and histories of the six mid-Iowa counties in 1875 and is a good reference source.

Another section deals with natural features, transportation systems, rural and urban housing, and community developments. Some of the natural features of the area include Swan Lake, Kalsow Prairie, and Hunter's Rock. Transportation systems show the dragoon trails, stagecoach stops and inns, historical bridges, and railroads and depots.

Regarding rural and urban housing, we are reminded that each house is a man's castle and shows his hopes and adjustments to reality. Some of the farmsteads and urban dwellings mentioned are: *The Glen Farm*, Humboldt County, was the first frame house built in northwestern Iowa. Built in 1851, it served as an Indian trading post. The

first stagecoach route crossed the Des Moines River at the Glen Farm. *The Knut Frandsen Farmstead*, Webster County, originally served as a residence for Mr. Frandsen and his sisters in the early 1900's. The gingerbread beneath the gables and several colored glass windows add to the structure's interest. *Hait House*, Pocahontas County, the first frame house in the county was built by W. H. Hait in 1867, mostly of native walnut timber. The location marks the area of the original town of Rolfe. Mr. Hait promoted the first schools, county government, and the town of Rolfe.

There are many more individual stories and line drawings of towns, businesses, churches and schools, mills, as well as societies, parks and government buildings. *The First United*

(Continued on page 20)



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 Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:35 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



1976 IS HERE - Concluded

the great crowd slowly visited its way toward the cars, and the gym was once more quiet and empty.

The Bicentennial movement, as with most nationwide volunteer efforts, seems at times too top-heavy and unwieldy to be of much good. Inevitable confusions and misunderstandings steal headlines, and many people ask if the meaning of the celebration isn't being lost through over-organization and commercializations.

But the greatest validity comes, not from the massive, patriotic displays and expenditures, but from the small, out-of-the-way places like Anderson where the initiative of a handful of neighbors sparked by the Bicentennial ideals can produce a wonderful new affirmation of not only their town and nation, but also of themselves.

HELP YOUR SCHOOLCHILD - Concl.

know that you expect him to do his very best at school, but don't harp too much about report cards. They don't represent the last day of judgment, although too much emphasis is placed on grades to determine college entrance requirements. However, with colleges not having vacancies there is bound to be a new set of "requirements" established in the near future. At any rate, impress upon your child that the process of thinking out a problem is a lot more valuable than committing things to memory - the old theory of rote.

The aim of all education is to enable a person to continue his learning.

Each man must earn his own dignity.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

January is a good month to give a preview of all the new flowers that will be available to gardeners when the planting season arrives. You may want to go through your seed and nursery catalogs and make selections now. Get the orders off as soon as possible because there may not be enough seed to go around. This is especially true of the new and desirable introductions.

This spring, for the first time, one can get a new extremely dwarf Salvia or Scarlet Sage. It is called Salvia Carabiniere and grows to a height of 9-10 inches. The bright fiery-red stocky spikes are held on sturdy stems above deep green foliage. It is the earliest of the deep-leaved salvias and shows color when the plants are only 5-6 inches high. Salvia Carabiniere is a fine choice for the front of the border or for the red in a patriotic garden depicting the Bicentennial theme.

A bed of Sunnyside Mixed Potulaca planted around the base of a tree lilac near our kitchen door brought a great deal of comment from visitors last summer - "I've never seen such brilliant colors" and "Every bloom is double - what variety did you plant?" Sunnyside Mixed moss rose is a blend of seven basic colors - cherry red, flame gold, light yellow, orange, pink and yellow, with limited quantities of deep rose, white, and variegated rose. The plants grow well in full sun and in relatively poor soil.

A new Fleurselect Winner for 1976 is a bright pink companion to Zinnia Scarlet Ruffles (introduced last year). The 2½ inch ruffled blooms are produced on long stiff stems in great abundance making it an excellent cut flower and a fine choice for flower beds. Its hybrid vigor makes it more resistant to mildew.

A bed of Browallia attracted many visitors last summer. Blue Bells Improved was the variety we used and interspersed it with plants of Dusty Miller, variety Silver Lace. The combination of bright lavender-blue bells and the delicate silvery leaves of the Dusty Miller made a lovely mass of color in the shady area west of the house. A nice feature of Browallia is that one can use it in hanging baskets indoors or outside, in beds outdoors and as a windowsill house plant in winter. It is easy to start from seed. Sow on damp sphagnum moss but do cover the rather fine seed. It germinates best if exposed to light at 70 degrees temperature. Place a pane of glass over the seed pan or place it in a plastic bag during germination.

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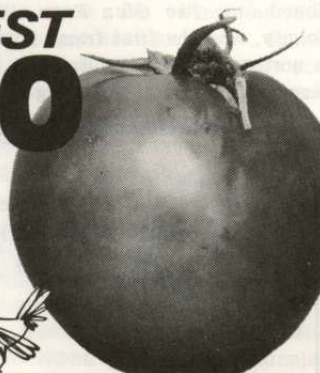
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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded
 museum. It is completely furnished, including the pot-bellied stove, books, and desks. After school opens in the fall, fourth-grade teachers can make reservations ahead of time, bring their pupils, and hold school for a day in the schoolhouse, so that the children can see what it was really like to attend country school. The children bring their lunches, play the old-fashioned games at recess, and use slates to write on.

When this project was first started and the invitations sent out to the teachers, it wasn't limited to any specific grade, but after talking it over with the superintendents and principals as to which age group would benefit most from this day in a rural school, they settled on the fourth grade, because this is the grade where they start teaching Iowa history. Norma said they have a very old, large dictionary in the room, and the teachers have a list of words the children are all familiar with, such as skyscraper, airplane, and automobile, to name a few, and they are told to look these up in the dictionary. They are so amazed when they can't find them.

This program was worked out originally for the children in the Lucas County schools, but it has proved to be so popular that for the last couple of years some of the fourth grades from towns in the surrounding counties have also been coming.

Since I first started my letter, the occasional snowflake has turned into a real snowstorm. If I don't hurry, I might not get this in to the post office. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
 Dorothy

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

days."
 I looked at him for a moment, and then I said: "Don't tell me that! Of course you know what to believe, and you are just kidding yourself when you say that you do not know. You know what to believe about right and wrong. You know what to believe about your own family and what is right or wrong with those you love. You know what to believe about yourself, whether to believe that other people have made you what you are or whether you and God should get all the credit. Furthermore, you know what to believe about America. You know lots of things to believe about the Church and whether or not you are helping the Church or hurting it."

The man to whom I said that looked at me for a moment, and then turning to look out of the plane window, he said: "You are right. I do know many things in which I believe. Thank you for setting me straight." I was telling Betty

about this experience, and she said: "Most people believe far more than they want to admit. Too many people are only trying to make excuses for themselves when they say: 'Oh, I just don't know what to believe!'"

In World War I there was an English army chaplain by the name of G. A. Studdert-Kennedy who wrote something that I have found to be so true. Speaking about what he as a Christian believed, he said: "How do I know that God is good? I don't. I gamble like a man. I bet my life upon one side in life's great war. I must, I can't stand out. I must take sides. The man who is neutral in this fight is not a man."

"I know not why the Evil, I know not why the Good, both mysteries remain unsolved, and both insoluble. I know that both are there, the battle set, and I must fight on this side or on that. I can't stand shivering on the bank, I plunge head first. I bet my life on Beauty, Truth, and Love. I bet my life on Christ - Christ crucified. Such is my faith, and such my reasons for it, and I find them strong enough. And you? You want to argue? Well, I can't. It is a choice. I choose the Christ."

Many times I have quoted these lines to my students. If I had had them with me in the plane that day, I would have read them to the businessman who said: "I don't know what to believe." Belief like life is a matter of choice, isn't it? As for me, I choose Christ. And you?

Sincerely,
 Frederick

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

Said he, when he walked into the room to be stitched shut, "You won't believe this but, I'm playing the part of a dog in a play, and I ran into a green dragon." The nurse looked at him and said, "You're right! I don't!" and the doctor said, "Is this boy a minor?" At which point all the people with him, including the teacher, broke apart with laughter. Of course, he must have looked like something unbelievable, and the story about running into a green dragon would be pretty hard to accept in this day and age of wild tales.

This happened three days before opening night, so they put a sturdy bandage over his stitches, painted both bandage and brow out with white paint and painted on a false eyebrow in its place. And the show went on without any further hitches (or stitches).

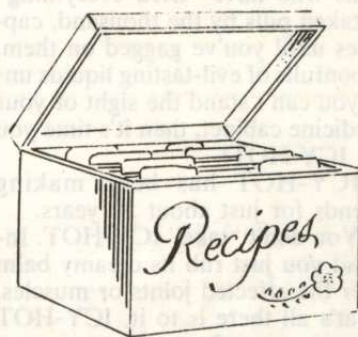
Adrienne played a difficult part because it had considerable dancing in it, and the only dancing she knows is what these modern kiddies call dancing, but hardly prepares one for stage dancing.



One of the Lowey's late fall projects was planting more bulbs for additional spring blooms. This was one project Juliana and Jed could turn over to Katharine and James after some instructions.

They are giving the play again in December for the Alumni's Annual Children's Party. I know they will love it, and I think perhaps I shall steal some time to go with the kids and sit through another performance.

Until next month,
 Mary Beth



just add water.

That's the recipe for a clean, clean house . . . when the other ingredients is **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

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Juliana writes that Katharine is wild about attending kindergarten in the neighborhood school. Now she feels like "one of the gang".

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SEND ME ICY-HOT QUICK!



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COME READ WITH ME - Concluded
Methodist Church, Fort Dodge; Hartzell Spence, author of the book *One Foot in Heaven*, wrote of his father and events involved with his pastorate there. *The Rutland Cemetery*, Humboldt Co., was platted in 1872. Finding it in a state of abandonment, the Humboldt Future Farmers class began improvements. Today a honeysuckle hedge rings the cemetery and markers are laid flush atop the graves.

A *Common Beginning* is a general overview of the history of mid-Iowa. Mr. Ohlerking and all who contributed to this fine study are to be commended. The publication was endorsed and sponsored by the MIDAS Council of Governments, the State Historic Preservation Office, the Iowa American Revolution Bicentennial Commission and the Iowa Title V to the Rural Development Act of 1972. For those interested in preservation of historical features, this book should be a valuable guide. Many groups are mentioned that could be of help. The mood of the study is set by the 40 superb sketches by Sumner Heman, a native of Fort Dodge with a keen interest in mid-Iowa's history. His concern for preservation is shown through his sketches.

(A *Common Beginning* can be obtained from Mid-Iowa Development Association - MIDAS - Council of Governments, 12 South Tenth St., Fort Dodge, Iowa 50501. \$5.00, plus 50¢ postage and handling.)

TURN BACK THE CLOCK - Concl.

went to the flea circus? (He stole the show.)

12. What can you hold without touching it? (Your breath.)

13. Why do sailors wear white hats? (To cover their heads.)

14. I went walking one day and met three men; to the first I gave ten cents, and to the second I gave ten cents; and to the third I gave only a nickel. What time of day was it? (A quarter to three.)

15. Why is a baker a very foolish person? (Because he sells what he kneads himself.)

REFRESHMENTS: Pumpkin pie, apple cider, and doughnuts have been traditional American foods for generations. Then there is the taffy pull to become part of the refreshments as well as the fun. "Snow on the Mountain" (a pudding-like dessert) and delicate, layered cakes also were traditional party foods of days gone by. As hostess, you can have a great deal of pre-party fun, looking through some old cookbooks for authentic food ideas, and testing them in your own kitchen.



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Just picture this scene a few short months from now: Outside it's a solid blanket of snow. Yet inside your home it looks like a carnival of Carnations, as these incredible winter-blooming flowers add a splash of Summer to each and every room of your home. Yes, fresh carnations **ALL YEAR 'ROUND FOR:**

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Now the price of these magic WINTER-BLOOMING CARNATIONS is not the \$4.00 or \$5.00 apiece you might expect, but a mere \$2 each . . . and each one all set to burst into bloom starting in just 90 days **OR EVEN LESS.** Think of it. A mere \$2 each for the most unique plant in all of nature . . . **EVERBLOOMING CHRISTMAS CARNATIONS** that come to you in their own starter pots for your windowsills, endtables, or plant stands . . . and guaranteed to reward you with bouquets by the armful starting this **VERY CHRISTMAS!**

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festival, as these miracle WINTER-BLOOMING Carna-
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Lucile's daughter, Juliana Lowey, is having some exciting times working on the nearby archaeological "dig". Not only is she learning a great deal from the experience, but she finds the other volunteers very interesting people and has made some new friends.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

from a death in the family - (God forbid). Juliana is now tied down four mornings a week assisting with classes in archaeology at the University. She isn't paid for this - it's strictly volunteer work - but she says she's learning a tremendous amount in a subject that fascinates her.

My health doesn't justify taking space to discuss, so I'll simply say that the other night when I couldn't sleep I thought of a couple of features to have in this magazine in the new year that we are now entering. I hope the ideas take your fancy and you can contribute to them.

Betty and Hanna had a wonderful two weeks in San Francisco, and now that Betty is home we've launched into a big spree of cooking.

The sun is shining, there are birds at the feeder, and it really doesn't seem possible that Christmas can be so close at hand.

May it be a happy and blessed New Year for you and yours.

Faithfully always,
Lucile

COVER PICTURE

Dorothy and Frank Johnson recently received this new picture of their son-in-law, Art Brase, and their three handsome grandsons, Andrew, Aaron and Julian. Art had planned the trip to the photographer in secret - no simple job when three youngsters are involved - so the children's mother, Kristin, was completely taken aback. Dorothy and Frank parted with the photograph long enough for us to use it on our cover this month. The youngsters' other grandmother is Mary Brase of Hardin, Montana. Leanna Driftmier of Shenandoah, Iowa, is their great-grandmother.



LET THE SUNSHINE IN

Time was (not so long ago) that midwinter washdays were pretty grim. White things just kept on getting grayer and dingier, colors wilted, and everything smelled, well, stale. Worst of all, if we dared use bleach, we never knew whether it would yellow things or eat 'em up.

How times have changed! Modern washers and dryers have taken much of the work out of washday. And those Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins, Blue Drops Detergent and All-Fabric Bleach, have taken the gamble out. Now you can safely wash every washable fabric in your wardrobe, and bleach them, too - without fear of failure! Even filmy synthetics and new wash-and-wear fabrics look fresh, feel clean and smell heavenly . . . wash after wash after wash, even in the dead of winter.

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DETERGENT**

**ALL-FABRIC
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