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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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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 MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Last month's magazine was going to press just as Oliver and I were leaving for Minnesota to attend our son's wedding, so it was necessary to wait until this issue to tell you all about this happy event in our family.

We made our plane reservations long in advance of the wedding date, which was January 10th, with a schedule to leave on Thursday. This was a date that had us all rather nervous, as last year we had that severe storm about then. Wouldn't you know it! The forecasts were predicting bad weather that week. On Tuesday we made a rather sudden decision to change our flight and get up there as soon as we could. I called Oliver at the office and he agreed with me — that we had better be getting underway right after lunch and at least get closer to the Omaha airport, stay at a motel Tuesday night and take a plane out Wednesday morning.

It was beginning to snow when we left our house. When we pulled into the motel, the streets were becoming hazardous. Temperatures crept downward through the night. I believe it got down to around 20 below zero, and someone said the wind chill index was about 50 or 60 below.

We really had a wild night of it, for there was a fire alarm during the early hours. Guests gathered in the lobby and firemen arrived to look for the fire, but not a sign of one could be found. They said the alarm must have gone off due to a malfunction somewhere, so we all went back to our rooms and tried to go back to sleep. That is the first time either Oliver or I had experienced a fire alarm in a motel — or a hotel either, for that matter.

We had a fine smooth flight to Minneapolis, and after we collected our luggage we headed for the car rental agencies, only to learn that due to a taxi strike all the cars were rented out and there was no hope of getting one!

We couldn't call Martin for he had a funeral service that afternoon. That is why we had planned to rent a car instead of having him meet us. We telephoned a close friend at his church, explained our predicament, and he said he would be right down to pick us up. We stayed at their house, enjoyed a lovely dinner and good visit until Martin could drive in to get us. Incidentally, the funeral service he had conducted had been in Minneapolis and only a mile from our friends, but we had no way of knowing that. Poor Martin had driven the 50 miles back to his home in Maple Lake, only to have to turn around and drive back that evening!

Thursday and Friday were busy days, doing all those last-minute things, meeting people arriving for the wedding, etc., but we did have some time for good get-acquainted visits with Eugenie's relatives. On Friday evening Oliver and I hosted the rehearsal dinner at a lovely restaurant in nearby Annandale. I believe there were 18 guests.

Saturday morning we woke up to a raging blizzard. We had no problems making it to the church as the parsonage is right next door, but some of the wedding party and out-of-town guests were staying at a motel some miles away, and others had to drive out from Minneapolis or even further. In spite of bad roads and blowing snow, everyone made it and once we were inside the church the blizzard was forgotten as we witnessed the service of worship celebrating the marriage of Eugenie and Martin.

The prelude music was beautiful and the processional was "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" by J. S. Bach. There was a printed order of worship with a Call to Worship, Invocation, Special Readings, Scriptures (Ecclesiastes 25:1 and Colossians 3:12-17), The Exchanges of Vows (Martin and Eugenie had written their own), The Exchanges

of Rings, The Declaration of Marriage, The Charge, Prayer, Benediction, Introduction of the Couple, and the Recessional, which was the Grand Chorus by Alexandre Guilmont. There were two solos during the service, "The Greatest of These Is Love" by J. Krause, and "How Can I Tell You" by Cat Stevens, a contemporary song favored by the younger generation.

Below is the write-up as it appeared in the newspapers.

Miss Eugenie Cecile Davis and Martin Erik Strom were united in marriage Saturday, January 10, at two o'clock in the afternoon in the Bethlehem United Church of Christ, Maple Lake, Minn. Officiating clergy were the Rev. Kristina Pearson, St. Paul, and the Rev. Clifford Dirksen, Kenwood Lutheran Church, Duluth.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie E. Davis of Silver Bay and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver A. Strom of Shenandoah.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride chose a gown designed in candlelight organza with a shadow neckline, wedding ring collar, full bishop sleeves with deep filled cuffs trimmed in imported Nottingham lace with touches of Venise lace, A-line front skirt with deep flounce hemline which flowed into an attached chapel train. Her shoulder length veil of Nottingham lace also held a strip of lace from her grandmother's wedding dress of 62 years ago. The bride's jewelry included her grandmother's wedding bracelets.

Maid of honor was Miss Jeanette Smith, Duluth, and the bridesmaid was Mrs. Jerry Theiss, Houston, Texas, both of whom are cousins of the bride. Their powder blue formal gowns were trimmed with navy blue velvet.

The bridal flowers were in shades of blue carnations with white mums and baby's breath.

The bride's personal attendant was Mrs. James Gerhardson of Cambridge, Minnesota.

Best man was Mathias Geiger, Minneapolis. Groomsman was Chris Davis, Silver Bay, brother of the bride.

Ushers were David Streit, Isanti, Minn., and Ross Wyman, Minnesota Lake, Minn.

Mrs. Nicholas Long, Minneapolis, cousin of the groom, was at the bride's book. Organist was Al Hopper and the soloist, Donna Kolles, both of Princeton, Minn.

The bride is a graduate of Alverno College, Milwaukee, and the groom a graduate of Doane College, Crete, Nebr., and the United Theological Seminary of the Twin Cities.

At the reception which followed, Mrs.

(Continued on page 22)



## I HOLD THESE TRUTHS

by  
Virginia Thomas

This is my country! This is my America, and I love it! As I look toward this bicentennial year, I ask myself, what does this bicentennial mean to me?

It means that I look back, that I look forward, that I take stock of the present, as I remind myself that it is the duty of every American today to feel a major obligation to the task of preserving the heritage that makes him free and that has provided him with such an abundance of the good things of life.

You cannot say what freedom is in a single sentence. Sometimes I think you cannot define it. You can only point to it.

It is lifting a gate latch and walking through the door of home. It is reading the evening paper in the porch swing while the children play in the back yard, and the neighbor runs his lawn mower.

It is feeling the dirt of the garden on your fingers, watching the first green leaves push through the soil, and gathering the harvest of what you have planted.

It is a bird's song at dawn, the noon whistle blowing downtown, the church chimes at eventide, and time to watch the stars overhead and point out the Big Dipper to a grandchild.

It is cans of food on the pantry shelves, flour in the bin, the clean smell of sheets as you fold the laundry.

It is reading whatever you choose, arguing over politics or the school board's action, sitting in the church of your choice on Sunday morning, taking a women's club tour, or going on a picnic.

It is cars on the highway, airliners overhead, telephoning a friend, and having a cooky ready for the paper boy.

It is having a job to do and doing it.

It is the joyful sound of warm, care-free laughter, visiting on a street corner, or going for a long walk just to think your own thoughts.

It is that clutch at your heart when see Old Glory at the head of a parade, or when the first strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" float out on the air.

It is all the things you do every day and want to keep on doing.

It is all the things about which you feel deeply but cannot quite put into words.

This is Freedom, and this is America. This is our heritage which our bicentennial is reminding us must be cherished and preserved; reminding us to take stock, to see where our coun-



Martin and Eugenie Strom, cutting their piece of wedding cake.

try is today. If we have "gotten off the track", then let us resolve to find our way back at whatever the cost to those "truths" which our founders bought so dearly for us, and for which others have fought and died through these two hundred years.

If we do not like what is happening to our country today, let us demand that the government do something about it, that the government be as it was spelled out for us two hundred years ago, a servant of the people; NOT we the servant of the government. The very soul of our America is its freedom of mind and spirit in man.

Once before when America knew troublesome times, Daniel Webster said, "God grants liberty only to those who live it and are always ready to guard it and defend it. Let our object be our country. And, by the blessings of God, may that country become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and liberty."

These are the truths I hold dear this bicentennial year for America, land that I love. These are the truths I want to be the heritage of my children's children, yea, for generations to come.

### COVER PICTURE

In case you hadn't guessed, the couple on the cover are the Reverend and Mrs. Martin E. Strom, who were married in Maple Lake, Minnesota, on January 10th. The wedding pictures were taken by Elwyn's Studio of Anandale, Minnesota.

We're so anxious to see the entire collection of pictures that were taken that day. So far, we've seen only the three that appear in this issue. We're hoping Martin will get the rest in the mail in time for our next issue.

## THOUGHTS WHILE WEAVING

by  
Mary E. Javens

I have spent time lately in the weaving house, occupying myself with the weaving of wall panels. The loom is threaded with bright warp and the work is most fascinating. The material used for weaving is farm twine and gunnysacks.

The first thing was, of course, to wash the sacks, for they were not new and had been used. Used gunnysacks are dirty things, and the material is coarse and rough. But after being washed, dried, and opened, the cloth is surprisingly nice. Preparing them for weaving is not for weaklings, for the bits of feed adhering to the coarse cloth is irritating to the skin; the wet sacks are not the nicest to handle; and a peculiar odor clings to the material when it is wet.

I am alone in the weaving house, and it is a comfortable kind of stillness. There is nothing to hear but the clack-clack of the beater and the faint rustle as the shuttle flies across the warp. And there has been time for quiet thoughts, time to think, and time to remember.

I think of the spring cleaning that must be done, not only outdoors but in the house as well. Clothes closets must be checked, old clothes sorted out, and many must be sent to the cleaners before putting them away for the summer. It seemed but yesterday that I sorted out summer things and aired heavy coats for winter use. Time passes swiftly.

I pause to take stock of the work so far. How amazing that anything so lowly as a gunnysack can look so fine! It took a bit of doing to pick out bits of straw, to suds, to rinse, to cut the cloth and sew it into long strips. Sometimes I wondered if it was a worthwhile thing to do, and was tempted to give it up. Perhaps I am stubborn, for having put so much effort into it, I refused to quit.

I reflect that there is much in life that resembles the weariness caused by the difficult work of caring for dirty gunnysacks. And I think back through the years to times when it would have been so much easier to turn aside from the worthwhile and follow the line of least resistance.

I look out into the orchard where the "Skipper" is gathering up broken branches and the dried tops of the peony bushes; he passes with a huge armful of dead asparagus tops. All winter the birds pecked at the bright berries on those branches and now there is nothing left. All the accumulation of

(Continued on page 22)





## A Jolly Joker Party

FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**INVITATION:** Cut the outline of a pig from heavy white paper. On it, with green ink, write the invitation: The Jolly Green Joker is givin' a party. Good Irish jokes we're a-lookin' for, so bring your best one and come wearin' some green — shure you'll laugh and laugh, and laugh some more. Add the time, the date and your name as hostess.

Upon arrival each guest is given a slip of paper upon which is written a specific time (such as "8:15 P.M." or "9 o'clock sharp"), and is told that when the alarm clock goes off at the time specified on the paper, the guest must tell his, or her, Irish joke. (Note: the hostess must be sure to keep the alarm clock set to go off at frequent intervals, judging how many have the same time specified, according to the number of guests.) When the alarm rings all games and conversation must stop so that the "jokers" may rise and "do their thing".

**DECORATIONS:** To the front door fasten a large smiling face cut from heavy poster paper. Mark the features with a green marking pen; then add a green top hat placed at a jaunty angle, and fasten a huge green bow as a necktie for your smiling "joker".

Of course the host and hostess must dress in costume — he with a green top hat, green tie, and perhaps a green vest; and she with a green bow in the hair and a bright green apron, or a long green skirt with white apron. It will add to the merriment if you greet the guests in Irish brogue and suggest the guests use the brogue in their conversation throughout the evening.

For room decorations use green candles in potato holders. Cut a slice off one side of the potato so it will stand upright. Use an apple corer to make the hole for the candle. The potato holder may be placed on a large green paper shamrock.

*Shamrock wreath-like decorations* are made by bending a coat hanger to sham-

rock shape. Using Lacelon tie ribbon (if you cannot get the green, use white or gold), gather it into a long, full ruffle which you fasten to the wire frame. A green wreath with tiny white ribbon bows attached here and there makes a pretty ring into which you can set the punch bowl; or it can form the base of a pretty potato and shamrock centerpiece; or candles can be placed in the potato holders which are then arranged in the center of the shamrock wreath. The wreath can hang above a door or be placed under a table lamp.

*Irish Potato Leprechauns* make interesting decorations. A large potato makes the body and a smaller one the head, with chenille arms and legs. Use scraps of felt to make tiny peaked green caps, bow ties, capes or jackets, and little pointed slippers. You can carve a face on the potato head, or use pieces of felt or raisins, red hots, etc., to glue on for facial features. Use these in a centerpiece arrangement along with shamrocks, Irish pipes, or a green top hat and small shillalah. (Just use a short, "knobby" length of a tree branch for this.)

Do not overlook the interesting decorative possibilities of sprigs of parsley or of small evergreen branches to add that touch of green — a few sprigs of parsley at the base of a potato candleholder, for example.

One of the prettiest and easiest ways to make *Nutcups* is by cutting a circle of green foil (I get mine at the local florist shop) and molding it around a nutcup, having the foil circle large enough so you have a ruffle effect around it, with a perky little bow. Perch a peanut pixie leprechaun on the edge of each nutcup to make it "special".

*Fortunes from a Shamrock Kettle* would prove interesting and provide more fun. Make the "kettle" by fastening together three large paper shamrocks to form a three-sided kettle, with a fourth shamrock used for the bottom.

Fasten three shillalahs (tree branches) together with green ribbon to form a tripod on which to place the fortune kettle. Write fortunes on slips of paper (these can be cut in shamrock, pipe, or pig shape) and place in the kettle. Each guest might be invited to draw out a fortune, after having told an Irish joke as suggested above.

**Favors:** Cut triangles from heavy white paper, a triangle with four-inch sides is about right. Fold up the triangle points to form a three-sided box or cup, tying the sides together with narrow green ribbon about half way up so that you can bend the points down to form an opening. Place tiny green gumdrops in the cup and perch a peanut leprechaun at the top. Tiny shamrock seals can be used to decorate the sides of the box. Another idea would be to use these as "blarney" cups. In that case write exaggerated compliments on slips of paper. Roll each paper and tie with green ribbon. Place one in each little box as a favor.

**ENTERTAINMENT:** *Road to Dublin:* For this stretch a string tightly across the floor from one end of the room to the other. Each contestant is given a pair of opera glasses or binoculars and told to look through the large end of the glasses while trying to walk the length of the string. Toes and heels must be kept exactly on the line, and touching the floor with the free foot is forbidden. If the player steps off the string, the player leaves the contest. Award a small prize to each one who reaches "Dublin" safely.

*Irish Art:* Give each person a stick of gum and a small index file card. Each one is to chew the gum and then use it as modeling clay to mold some object of special significance for St. Patrick's Day — a shillalah, a pipe, a pig, a snake, a top hat, etc. Put the "art" on exhibit (numbering each one), and have guests judge the best artist. The prize might be a whole package of gum.

Another "art" idea is to give each person a sheet of green paper. Then at leader's signal all players hold the paper behind their backs and try to tear out a shamrock. Award a prize to the best shamrock. Or players might be blindfolded and given a pencil to see who can draw the best shaped shamrock on a piece of paper — not as easy as it sounds!

*It's an Irish Melody:* (The clues given are to the titles of well-known Irish songs. Clues are phrases from the songs.) 1. "The sweetest flower that grows" (My Wild Irish Rose) 2. "Hush, now don't you cry" (That's an Irish Lullaby) 3. "Which I gaze on so fondly today" (Believe Me, If All Those 'Endearing Young Charms) 4. "She was  
(Continued on page 20)





## Carolina Wrens Chose Us

by  
Grace V. Schillinger

Do you talk to the wild birds that feast at your feeders? Or do you feel that it's not necessary — or just not the thing to do? Are you in one world and the birds in another?

The young kids nowadays say "We're all in this thing together", and I agree. Birds, animals, flowers, and trees — all parts of nature that have their places in the scheme of things. Without them, our own lives would be less pleasant.

"Oh, well, she's a nature nut!", I hear some of you saying. Maybe so, maybe not. It's all in the way you look at things.

Now, for instance, each evening when the red-brown Carolina wrens are settling under the upturned fishing boats beneath our north deck, I visit with them a little while. We live about 60 feet from the south bank of the Rock River in northwestern Illinois, and were surprised when these elusive birds chose to stay with us through the winter. A neighbor who raises Arabian horses told us that a pair of them stayed in one of his barns one winter.

The wrens roost on the underside of the wooden seats in the fishing boat. It makes a dry warm place to spend the night. They chase out the English sparrows and have the boat seats to themselves.

When I visit with the wrens I speak quietly just in case the neighbors might listen. And anyway, they'd not stay if a harsh-voiced woman scared them. "Maybe you'll be building your nest near us this summer?" I venture to say. They didn't answer me in so many words. But the last week in March they built a nest in our small greenhouse at the northeast corner of the house. We keep one small triangular-shaped ventilator window open all the time, and this is where they came in.

One morning I noticed a lot of dirt and vermiculite on the greenhouse bench, but I thought a mouse had made the mess. A few days later when I was busy watering plants, I saw a Carolina wren fly in the window with a brown leaf in her beak. She was surprised at seeing me and flew out. Could she be building a nest in here some place, I wondered. I looked around the place

but didn't find anything unusual, so got busy again with the watering chore. I was nearly finished and was almost ready to pour a cup of warm water into a planter I'd made from a black woven purse bought at a rummage sale. The nest was started inside this purse planter with the Swedish ivy hanging from it.

I kept out of her way for a day or two, and she finished her deep cave-like nest, using mostly soft, dry maple leaves. She lined it with tiny grasses and tufts of lint from the clothes dryer. Before the female laid her eggs, both she and the male slept in the nest.

The mother bird laid four eggs in the nest. When I worked in the greenhouse during the egg-laying sessions, she scolded me soundly. "You can plainly see, Grace, we're trying to raise a family in here!", I think she told me.

Carolina wrens raise as many as four or five broods in a summer. I imagine they thought they were lucky to find a warm place so they could get a nest going in March. We'll have to make a shelter over the basket so the sun won't bake the little birds, I assured the couple. Under the glass it gets steaming hot.

These wrens sing all year 'round. The male sings to his mate, and it sounds as if he's singing, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweet!" She answers with, "P-r-r-r" rolling the syllables so that it sounds like the commercial "R-ruffles have ridges."

We knew our greenhouse would be rid of lots of insects, especially spiders, because they're a favorite food of wrens.

In one of my bird books it said it took from eleven to twelve days for the eggs to hatch. As I worked in the greenhouse during her incubation period, transplanting impatiens, pansies, and painted daisies into individual pots, she stared at me with her beady eyes, and wasn't a bit afraid.

"How are you, Caroline?", I asked in what I hoped was a gentle bird voice. Sometimes my face was less than a foot from hers. She didn't answer. She didn't bat an eye. She got used to my being near her many times a day, and

grew accustomed to hearing my voice.

The four eggs hatched, and soon we saw four wide-open mouths with the yellow band around their beaks. Our greenhouse had lots of visitors, but they remained just at the doorway and peeked inside. Both parents fed the birds, and it kept them busy bringing in insects and worms and grubs.

The nestlings stay in their nest for two weeks, so when they were about ten days old I took pictures of the parents feeding them. I stood three feet from the reed purse. When I heard the soft whir of wings I knew without turning my head that she was inside the greenhouse. She skittered around on the rims of flower pots, then flew onto the frame that holds the little gas furnace, scolded me twice with the worm in her beak, then flew to the edge of the basket. It took only a second or two to feed the worm so she didn't have time to divide it as she sometimes did. She sort of swallowed as if she enjoyed the taste, too, so maybe she ate some of it.

When the fledglings left the nest, I felt lonely. I knew that the male bird cares for them for two weeks after they leave, but I kept worrying about cats. I couldn't bear it if a cat ate those little round-bodied wrens.

The female wren will be busy with another brood before long. We're hoping that she'll choose us again. Already her mate is serenading her with, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweet!" The little nest in the reed rummage purse would make a real good place for another clutch of eggs.

### LETTER FROM A LISTENER

Dear Lucile:

You wondered if it was possible to make refills for your mesh bird feeder. Here's the recipe I use. You can change it using type of meal and seeds you have on hand. I've even used dripings occasionally as part of the lard. Birds seem to like lamb fat also.

### BIRD BALLS

- 5 1/2 cups rolled oats
- 4 cups boiling water
- 1 lb. lard
- 12 oz. peanut butter
- 3 1/2 cups cornmeal
- 3 1/2 cups farina (or mixed bird seed)

Cook 2 cups of the rolled oats in the boiling water for 2 minutes. Remove from heat; add lard and peanut butter. Stir until melted. Add remaining ingredients, including rolled oats, and mix well. Cool. Shape into balls and place in mesh bags (like those onions come in).

—Mrs. J. R., Windom, Minn.



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Here in southern Iowa, as in many other sections of the Midwest, we have had beautiful winter weather so far. Many farmers are becoming concerned because it has been so dry, but it has been perfect for taking care of livestock. I don't know when we have had so little feed wasted since there is no mud for it to be tramped into, and the cows can clean up every bit that is put out for them. The temperature has also been wonderful for the little baby calves that have started to arrive. We had a little snowstorm yesterday, enough to make the ground white, but I doubt that it is enough to make the snowmobile owners happy.

Our grandson Andy made it safely home to Montana, and I decided not to make the trip with him at this time, as I said in my last letter I might do. Since I can't afford to make the trip out there to visit Kristin and family more than once a year, she and I decided it made a lot more sense to visit them when the weather is a little warmer and we can get out to see the country around Hardin and Billings. One reason for even considering it right now was to go with Andy to see that he made it home safely, and Frank and I spent several agonizing hours of worry when we very much regretted my decision not to go.

We knew that on his return trip he had to change buses in Cheyenne. Although he was familiar with the bus depot there, we didn't like the fact that he was to get in there about 3:00 A.M. and wouldn't leave until 4:00 A.M. for Billings, but he was confident that he could take care of himself and would have no problems. Having just spent ten days with him, we also felt he was quite mature and capable of getting home all right. Consequently we were completely shaken when Art called us three hours after the time Andy was due in Billings to tell us he had never arrived, although he had been there on time to meet the bus. There had been two buses in from Wyoming, but Andy hadn't been on either one of them, and he was checking with us to see if we knew anything about his whereabouts.

There wasn't anything that could have happened to him that I didn't think about. I don't know when I have ever been so scared. Art said he couldn't



Andrew Brase, the oldest of the Johnsons' three grandsons, spent several days with them this winter.

find out a thing at the bus station there, so I said I would start checking from this end. I called the Cheyenne station and found that the bus from the east had arrived on schedule, and the Billings bus had left on schedule, but had broken down outside Casper, and they had to send another bus out from Cheyenne to pick up the passengers, so it would be at least five hours late into Billings. I called Art back and told him, and when our phone rang at 1:30 A.M. and a little voice at the other end said, "Hello, Grandma, I'm all right," I almost burst into tears of relief. He was awfully tired and hungry, but he was safe with his dad and his Grandma Brase. I told him I thought he had done real well to travel that far by himself, and Grandpa and I were proud of him.

It was a day or two before Art and Andy got back to Busby from Billings, and Kristin said they were all so glad Andy was finally home that when he walked through the door Aaron just burst into tears of happiness, and Julian was so excited they thought they would never get him calmed down.

For several months I have been going to tell you about something our Chariton Woman's Club started doing last year that has been so successful I thought you might want to try it in your community, especially if you have a woman's club membership as large as the one here, which has 222 members this year. Five interest groups have been organized which meet once or twice a month, are open to anyone who is a member of the Woman's Club, and give the women a chance for a closer fellowship with one another while pursuing their own interests. With a group as large as ours, the women were apt to come to the regular monthly meetings with their own particular friends, and didn't really have an opportunity to get well acquainted with anyone else. Now

they can join a small group and make new friends with women who share their own interests.

The Antique group gets together once a month. The hostess plans the meeting and sometimes they have a guest speaker, or the members may just share their own antiques and knowledge with one another. They have taken several trips to visit antique shops just to browse around.

One of the really popular groups is the Bridge group. They meet once a month and give instruction to beginners, or just have a fun afternoon playing bridge.

The Needlecraft group meets twice a month, once in the afternoon and once in the morning, and they just get together to visit and work on many different types of needlework. There is no formal instruction given in this group, but they are willing to help each other when needed, whether it is in crocheting, knitting, needlepoint, or embroidering; and some women have even found it was a good time to catch up on their mending and patching, a necessary job at times which is made fun while doing it with friends to chat with.

Those who like to ride bicycles for exercise but don't do it because they have no one to ride with, can join the Cycling and Bowling group. During the months when it is warm enough to enjoy being outdoors this group bicycles. They start out slowly in the spring and increase the distances they can ride until by the end of fall, when it is time to put the bicycles away for the winter, they are able to ride several miles. During the winter months they get together and bowl. This is a group that interests me, but as yet I haven't joined it. Maybe this spring I can.

A group that I have attended calls themselves the Recipe group. They get together once a month at noon to eat together and share the recipes for the dishes they prepare and bring to the luncheon. They meet in the homes of the members. The hostess prepares the meat course (everyone contributes cash to pay for this), and each member furnishes a dish to go with it, being told whether to bring a vegetable, salad, dessert, bread, etc. They try to use a special theme for each month, and decorate the table accordingly. For instance, they have had a Pilgrim dinner, Irish dinner, fondue, and a low-calorie meal, while the one I attended was "Family Favorites at Christmas". I attended this one at the home of Von Gentry. She had her home beautifully decorated, and after the meal we sat around the fireplace fire and visited most of the afternoon. Such a pleasant time! The chairman of this group has

(Continued on page 19)



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM FLORIDA

Dear Friends:

The radio that I have by my chair has just said that New England is having the worst cold wave in a hundred years! Since I am writing this letter while sitting in the sun by the swimming pool, that weather report seems most unreal. The morning we took the plane for Florida it was a few degrees below zero in Springfield, and just three hours after take-off we were walking on the beach in the sun. This morning when we first got up, the temperature here was only 46 degrees, but already it is up to 68 degrees, and here in the sun I am very comfortable in my swimming attire.

For the past six years our church has permitted us to have two weeks of our usual summer vacation for a mid-winter trip to Florida. We could not afford to do it if it were not for the fact that in Florida we are the guests of Betty's parents. They have a beautiful condominium apartment right on the magnificent beach at Pompano Beach, Florida. This puts us about 50 miles due north of Miami Beach, and about the same distance south of Palm Beach.

I wish you could see how blue the ocean is this morning. Sitting here by the swimming pool, I can look across a wide stretch of sandy beach to the ocean beyond, and never have I seen the water more blue. The surf is very mild because the wind is from the west this morning. When the wind is from the east, the surf is high. A high surf means hundreds of young people with their surfboards are on hand to ride the breakers.

I never cease to wonder about the large number of young people that I see on the beach every day. Where do they come from? One gets the impression that schools are on vacation all the time, but that is not so. The youngsters drive up to the beach in automobiles bearing out-of-state licence plates. Sometimes I wonder if their parents know where they are.

There is one sad thing about my vacations, and that is the way I gain weight. When we returned from last summer's vacation, I went on a strict diet and took off 20 pounds. I have done very well keeping my weight down right up until now, but things are changing. You ought to see the food that is available in Florida! Fresh orange juice, squeezed while you wait, is my special weakness. Of course there aren't many calories in orange juice, but when one drinks a quart of juice a day, it makes a difference. We have fresh fish every day — sometimes for breakfast — and while there are few



From left to right, Frederick is holding his granddaughter Isabel, then Betty, the happy mother of the group, Sophie and David Driftmier, Mary Leanna and Vincent Palo. Since they are quite scattered, it will probably be some time before they can all be together again.

calories in fish, it is the way it is cooked, the use of butter, etc., that plays havoc with my diet. We love fish chowder made from fish we personally caught, but of course a good chowder has some potatoes in it, and that runs up the calorie count.

Last night we had a dinner party in a Japanese restaurant. Our table was by a large picture window overlooking a wide canal where lovely yachts moved by in a steady procession. It was just at sunset, and the water reflected the vivid reds and oranges of the sky. Driving home later in the evening, we commented about the fact that one seldom sees a fat Japanese. They are always on the slender side, and after eating Japanese food, one can see why. Their food always is low-calorie food. It is bountiful; it is delicious; it is very satisfying; but it is not fattening.

We look forward to going to church on Sunday. Like all tourists, we are impressed by the large congregations. The minister of one of the churches we visit each year told me that his congregation has eight tourists for every two persons who are church members. In other words, if it were not for the visitors, his congregation would be reduced by 80%. A typical congregation in our Springfield church has only 10% visitors. The minister of a Florida church is almost always preaching to a largely unknown congregation. How different is my situation where I preach to a congregation of persons most of whom I know by name.

Southern Florida has an amazingly high unemployment statistic. Seventeen percent of the employable persons are unemployed and looking for work. Isn't that a surprising fact? The chief reason given for their high unemployment rate

is the slump in the construction of homes and apartment houses. The slump is no surprise, for if ever an area were overbuilt, it is Florida. There are hundreds of big condominium apartment houses standing empty. One would think that the tourist industry would absorb most of the unemployed, for there is no end of tourists. The feeding of several million extra persons each winter ought to give jobs to thousands of persons, and it does, but that is not enough this year. Something more is needed, and just what I do not know. Surely there must come an end to building expensive apartment houses or the entire state of Florida will sink into the ocean.

While in Florida, I spend the first two hours after breakfast writing cards and letters. Would you believe it if I told you I write 50 postcards a day? That is just what I do, and I do it because I know how much pleasure I get from cards sent to me by my vacationing friends. After the card writing, I go to the pool or to the beach. After lunch, I take a walk along the canal where I can see all the beautiful boats. To measure the distance I walk each day, I purchased a little gadget called a "Manpo-Meter". Fastened inconspicuously on my belt it ticks away the yards walked in terms of tenths of a mile. The first thing it taught me was that I do not walk as far as I used to think I did.

If you are planning to come to Florida this spring, May I suggest that you be sure you know exactly where you will be staying. Have your reservations confirmed or you may be sleeping in your car. I have yet to see a "Vacancy" sign in front of any hotel or motel. Every room is taken every night. As a matter of fact, I am glad that we did not try to drive here. We flew and then rented a

(Continued on page 19)





## For Camp Fire Girls' Founder's Day

by  
Virginia Thomas

March brings the sixty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the Camp Fire Girls, and if you, as a parent or friend of a Camp Fire Girl, have a part in planning a celebration in observance of this birthday event, look over the following suggestions for an anniversary program. Some, or all of it, can be used in a church recognition service, or for a Camp Fire Girls' guest night.

**OPENING SONG:** "America the Beautiful".

**RESPONSIVE READING** — based on the Law of the Camp Fire Girls. (Let one of the older girls take the leader's part. Have mimeographed sheets for everyone so all can participate — or print in the church bulletin for a church service):

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl worships God. She is reverent toward God. She is faithful in her religious duties.

**People:** O come let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker. (Psalm 95:6)

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl seeks beauty. She sees beauty in the ordinary as well as in the great things of life.

**People:** Look at the birds of the air . . . consider the lilies of the field . . . (Matt. 6:26a & 28b) The heavens are telling the glory of God and the firmament proclaims His handiwork. (Psalm 19:1)

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl gives service. She shares home duties. She is helpful to others.

**People:** Beloved, it is a loyal thing you do when you render any service to the brethren, especially to strangers. (3 John 5)

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl pursues knowledge. She seeks truth wherever it may be found.

**People:** An intelligent mind acquires knowledge, and the ear of the wise seeks knowledge. (Proverbs 18:15)

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl is trustworthy. Her honor is to be trusted. She does not violate her honor by telling a lie or by cheating or by failing to do a given task.

**People:** Moreover choose able men from all the people, such as fear God, men who are trustworthy and who hate bribes. (Exodus 18:21)

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl holds onto health. She keeps clean in body and in thought.

**People:** Do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, which you have of God? . . . So glorify God in your body. (I Cor. 6:19 & 20)

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl glorifies work. She knows learning to work is a vital part of her development.

**People:** Remind them to be submissive to rulers and authority, to be obedient, to be ready for any honest work. (Titus 3:1)

**Leader:** A Camp Fire Girl desires to be happy. She smiles whenever she can. Her obedience to others is prompt and cheery.

**People:** Happy is he who trusts in the Lord. (Proverbs 16:20) A glad heart makes a cheerful countenance. (Proverbs 15:13) A cheerful heart is good medicine. (Proverbs 17:22)

(Note: thanks to Rev. John Beebout of Ogden, Iowa, Community United Methodist Church, who arranged this reading to be used in a recognition service in the church in Ogden.)

**SONG:** (by all) "America".

**THE CAMP FIRE DIRECTOR:** The Camp Fire Girls was the first national youth organization for girls, being founded in 1910 by Dr. and Mrs. Luther Gulick. The Camp Fire Girls organization has always been, and is, a progressive organization, and in recent years revised its program materials to include modern issues and concerns. (Name) is now going to tell you something about the different age groups of the Camp Fire and the areas in which they participate: (This speaker should be specific in telling of each division — "Blue Birds", "Adventurers", "Try-Ads", "Discovery Club", "Horizon Club" — the actual goals they work toward, and some local activities they participate in, conferences they attend, etc., so the guests get a very clear over-all picture of just what it means to be a Camp Fire Girl.)

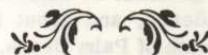
**SPEAKER ON PROGRAM ACTIVITIES:**

**CAMP FIRE DIRECTOR:** Active skilled adults who care about young people

are responsible for making this organization vibrant and alive. Adults serve as group leaders, assistants, sponsors, camp counselors, board of director members, "do dads", committee members — all volunteers — who are involved in helping these girls develop skills, enjoy travel and camping experiences, share in community projects, make friends, and learn to happily adjust to their life style and, to make their dreams become a reality. To the Camp Fire leaders we say a big "thank you", but we also know that you are richly blessed just in sharing all these experiences with these Camp Fire Girls, and watching their growth and achievements.

So, we salute you CAMP FIRE GIRLS on this occasion of your anniversary. We are proud of you as the fine youth citizens of our country today that you are, knowing that in you also lie the dreams and hopes of our America of tomorrow as you take your place as citizens in this land we love, whose birthday we also celebrate this year of '76.

**SONG:** "God Bless America".



### THAT NEW SPRING FEELING!

March is a miserable month. And yet a wonderful month, too.

It is mad with windy fury and burning snow; then, glad with birth and the new things of life.

Too, it is discouraging. For one day one shivers in woolen garments; the next balmy day is oppressively warm.

Still, March is that time of the commencement of spring. Its air of something magical, a certain feeling of new beginning, reaches every living thing.

This spring, this rebirth is everywhere.

Flowers peak from the ground and the fresh grass, more rich than color, lays a stubby carpet of clean green through the patches of snow.

Trees, long bare with ugly limbs, crown their skyward stretch with multishades of leafy green.

Days become long with light; colors sparkle with brightness; even people — winter's gray drab human beings steeped in the multitude of their problems — rise with the tang of another spring, eager for another beginning and new opportunity.

This annual awakening — on March 20 this year — is but a reminder that the Fountain of Youth is not lost. And the chance for refreshment at its springs is ever present.

May this rebirth in each spring we live renew our joys and hopes.

For it is great to be alive . . .



## THE SLEEPY ACOLYTE

by

Evelyn Birkby

Sunday morning I sat in the church pew watching the candle-lighters as they walked up the aisle and carefully placed the flame of their long tapers against the candles on the altar. It reminded me of the years when our sons helped with this task. In fact, my mind went back to the time when Bob was serving in this capacity when he was eleven years old.

One of Bob's weekly tasks was to be one of the two acolytes at the Sunday morning worship service. Following Church school, he pulled on a deep maroon-colored robe, hooked the fasteners in front and smoothed down the white collar. He took the long brass candle-lighter and held it while the usher lit the wick on the end. Feeling most important (after all, the service didn't start until the candles were all lit) he stepped down the aisle, sometimes in step with one of the other boys, sometimes with the pretty golden-haired girl who was by far the prettiest acolyte in the local profession.

Walk, walk, walk, they would go up the front steps trying to keep their feet moving in unison and seldom succeeding. Lighting the first wick, Bob would watch out of the corner of his eye to see if his partner had the first candle glowing and then continue until all the candles were burning. Then, if they were lucky, they would turn in unison and step down, walk, walk, step down and walk over to sit in the front pews. Quietly placing the metal lighter on the floor was undoubtedly the most difficult move in the pattern of the acolyte.

Bob had a marvelous opportunity to watch the minister, for the close range offered interesting viewing angles of his facial expressions and arm movements. If the sermon was dynamic and the facial expressions and gestures changed frequently enough, Bob's mind did not wander too much from what was being said. If all else failed, he could always watch the choir: so many different faces, some happy looking, some sad, some tired and worried. A few of the younger choir members would wiggle, just as Bob and his fellow acolyte would do.

I would never let Bob take his Church school paper with him under his robe to bring out and read during the sermon. He tried it once while I was singing in the choir where I could watch and decided it looked disrespectful for him to sit with his head down reading a story during the church service. I told Bob, the minister might say something important which should be heard!

One particular Sunday came vividly to



This picture was taken of Bob cooking at a Scout Jamboree when he was eleven years old. Evelyn tells about what happened when he returned home on a Sunday morning in her article this month.

my mind as I sat "wool-gathering". It was a weekend when Bob had gone to a District Jamboree with the local Scout troop. It had been a two-day camp-out with boys from all over southwest Iowa. The Scouts had pitched tents, cooked food, done dishes, stood color guard for a visit from the governor of the state, run relays, participated in group activities, played games, romped far into the night, had two evening campfires and listened to encouraging speeches from Scoutmasters. What fun it was! Bob arrived home from all this activity just in time to wash his face, change his shoes and rush off to Church school.

On that particular morning when it came time to light the candles, Bob put on his maroon robe, fastened the hooks, smoothed down the white collar, held the lighter firmly as the wick was being lit and walked with steady feet up to the altar to light the candles. When he reached the front pew he let out a sigh of relief loud enough for Robert and me to hear it half way back in the sanctuary.

It was warm that morning in church.



### IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

In the dead of night  
the trees come alive  
their branches dance and swirl.

In the dead of night  
the moon doth speak  
in the words unknown to the world.

And high above the chimney tops  
a silent cat doth lurk.  
Waiting to pounce upon its prey with a sudden jerk.

Only on the planet Earth and  
in the dead of night  
could such mysterious happenings begin to take their plight.

—Lisa Nenneman

The minister's sermon did not appeal to this particular Scout who had camped out two nights and two days and had just arrived home. His eyes began to droop and his tired shoulders began to slide sideways along the firm-backed pew. Slowly, slowly, the altar boy slid down and, as far as the congregation behind him was concerned, disappeared from view.

Just as Bob's head was ready to bump on the arm of the pew, the minister said in a loud voice, "Men of God, we must be *aware*!" Bob's head and shoulders popped into the view of the members of the congregation who were suddenly more aware of the plight of one of their candle-lighters than concerned about being men of God.

Now the flies buzzed and the minister spoke quietly and Bob's eyes again began to droop. His head nodded. Forward went his chin. Down went his head. His shoulders slumped. Forward, slowly forward, slid his sagging body. Where this might have ended is anyone's guess if the minister had not at that very moment come to the end of his sermon and firmly announced, "The closing hymn will be 'Soldiers of Christ, Arise!'"

The word *arise* was magical. Suddenly awake, Bob sprang to his feet, signaling the entire congregation to rise before the organist played even one note of the hymn's introduction.

Needless to say, Robert and I breathed a thankful prayer that the service was nearing its conclusion without a loud clunking noise resounding through the hushed church from the banging of a head on the arm of the pew or a body on the hard floor.

Undoubtedly, Bob gave a sigh of relief that the end was in sight. With great care he walked forward, snuffed out the candles, turned and retraced his steps up the aisle. Quickly he stripped off his robe and headed for home before even the minister reached the foyer to greet the people.

A Scout is reverent. A Scout does his duty, but it is extremely difficult when a Scout is also an acolyte and a camp-out comes so close to candle-lighting chores.

The sequel to the story: The rest of the family went home to join Bob for a good dinner. Grateful that no more needed to be done for anybody, Bob spent the afternoon in bed catching up on his sleep.

Since that Sunday a change has been made in the pattern of the candlelighting in our church. The acolytes now return to the back of the church to sit safely out of sight until time to snuff out the flames at the conclusion of the service. I've often wondered if Bob's sleepy morning had anything to do with this rearranging of the acolyte duties.



## A VERY SPECIAL LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When we planned this issue of the magazine I asked Marge to give me some extra space because I wanted to bring up something that I knew I could never cram into my own letter. It seems to me a subject of genuine human interest and I want to give you folks a chance to participate in it.

If someone said to you: "What is the single most memorable meal you can ever remember?" You'd probably have to give it considerable thought. It's not necessary to get Webster's definition of the word "memorable" because we all know what it means. For one reason or another you once ate a meal that has never escaped your memory — and I dearly love to hear about things like this. I have good reason to think that other people do too.

Now if this question were asked of me I could answer it virtually instantly even though it happened many, many years ago. It sounds outlandish, but I'm going right ahead and tell you about it because any meal eaten before World War II that has never slipped out of your mind in any way certainly can only be called memorable. Nothing like it had ever happened before and most certainly will never happen again, so . . .

Through a variety of circumstances Russell and I became acquainted with Chinese people who had money to sling around because of his most lucrative connections with the world of Hollywood movies back in the days when they were going great guns. (The Hollywood of those days and the Hollywood of today could just as well be on different planets.)

Well, our friend's birthday rolled around and almost simultaneously he had opened a fancy Chinese restaurant out in what they called "The Valley", virtually uninhabited at that time. This restaurant was strictly an investment and I cannot conceive of a better one. He hit the right location at exactly the right time.

To celebrate the birthday his wife sent to San Francisco and had the best chef in that city flown down to prepare the dinner. (People didn't fly around lightly in those days before World War II.) It took him four days to prepare that meal and I know how this knowledge impressed me because I'd never heard of any kind of a meal that would take four days to prepare.

They closed the restaurant's collection of rooms and used just the one large and most beautiful section for this dinner. We were invited to arrive at 5:30 in late afternoon and we were



Perhaps you can remember every detail of your most memorable meal, even to the table setting.

there right on the dot, as were the other guests — I cannot give you the exact number but I think it must have been around 15 people, all of them connected in some way with the Hollywood studios.

Now I cannot tell you what all we had to eat because I didn't recognize a single thing served to us, but it was marvelous food — and it went on and on and on. It was just about midnight when the party was finally over and I vividly recall that Russell and I were in sort of a state of shock because we had never dreamed that people could sit so long over a meal.

If you work in diplomatic circles I'm sure that such an affair would be totally commonplace, but we didn't have any background for this kind of a meal, and since I'll never have any connection with diplomatic circles I'll never run into anything like it again.

I think you can understand, from my account of the affair that it could only be the most memorable meal of my life; completely out of the realm of anything I'll ever run into again. And I'm going to add THANK GOODNESS because I was young then and could sit and sit. That is no longer true.

I'm going to mention the second most memorable meal in my experience because it falls into a world to which I am accustomed.

Three years ago this last Christmas I had dinner at Juliana's and Jed's home . . . in Albuquerque. Jed's mother had flown out from Massachusetts for Christmas and she had ordered a perfectly beautiful centerpiece. All of us pitched in with the cooking, polishing silver, and getting everything set for a wonderful Christmas dinner.

But the thing about this dinner that makes it the second most memorable meal of my experience is that an old, old and very dear friend, a tremendously gifted writer, was a guest and instead of anyone asking a conventional blessing she read a beautiful and

moving prayer for mothers and grandmothers. (I had to get my handkerchief up to my eyes and Mrs. Lowey did too.)

Katharine and James were only two and four at this time and they sat absolutely motionless when this beautiful prayer was being read. At the conclusion there were responses to be given, and they listened intently and repeated those responses along with the grownups.

It was such a profoundly touching experience that I'll never forget one moment of it, and that is why I call it the second most memorable meal of my life. Every second of it will stay with me forever.

NOW! I want to hear from you folks and what you remember as your most memorable meal. It can be *anything* in the line of a meal — just what you remember the most vividly. There isn't one soul reading these words who doesn't have something to recall.

I think these letters will be wonderfully interesting to share with our radio listeners. We can print only one or two because if we printed them all the postage rates for such a fat issue would have us right out of business. If you want your name and address printed (for the letter we select) tell us so; if you don't, tell us so. We'll follow your instructions. It takes time to write a letter and consequently we'll send a check for \$25.00 to the one or two people whose letters we print. I've never known anyone who couldn't find some place to put \$25.00. I know in this world of wild rewards in contests, etc., it seems pretty piddling, but at least it is a gesture of compensation for our appreciation that you took time to write.

There always had to be a cut-off date for such situations, so I think we'll have to choose April 1st for that date. It seems far away, I know, but Time seems to be roaring by so swiftly and we have to work on this magazine so far in advance that April 1st isn't as far away as you might think at this moment.

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The second subject that interests me is this: "How do you entertain?" Such a countless array of circumstances enter into this subject that there is no way, really, to pin it down.

When Russell was with me we entertained a great deal and I put a lot of thought into what I was going to serve, how I was going to manage, etc. I'm sure there are thousands and thousands of widows who know how difficult it is to entertain as you did in the old days when couples sat down to the table. I feel sorry when there is just one man present!

(Continued on page 19)



## A TRUNKFUL OF MEMORIES

by  
Harriet Agnew Moir

There's something about the coming of spring that makes a woman dissatisfied with her house furnishings. I looked around me last week and tried to figure out how I could make the place look new, or at least different. My bedroom looked just plain tired. I couldn't afford new furniture, goodness knows. The curtains, I knew, would fall apart the next time they were washed. How to replace them? I thought of the old footlocker stored away in the cellar, and went down to see what was in it.

It had been a long time since I had opened that footlocker. In my lifetime I have moved 27 times, and when I lifted the lid, such memories swirled out of the chest! I must have kept curtains from almost every single place I had lived, clear back to the first room over a garage which was my newlywed home for several months during World War II. Those first curtains were deep blue, almost black — the only color available during that time of shortages.

Those white lace panels — ah, they were from the spacious Victorian home we rented for one year in a small town in Illinois. The ceilings were nearly fourteen feet high. How we enjoyed that house with its five bedrooms (though we had only one child then). The only heat in the house came from a base burner in the living room. It gobbled soft coal and threw out a nice, comfortable heat as long as one stayed within two feet of it!

Why did I keep these avocado drapes? They always made me feel nauseated — perhaps because they were our living room drapes during more than one of my pregnancies.

The lilac drapes made of heavy raw silk graced our drawing room in the commodious home we occupied in Japan during the Korean War. The walls were mauve, I remember. The carpet was deep purple and showed every speck of lint! On the other hand, our home in Puerto Rico had no curtains — the windows were louvered and, when closed, looked like part of the wall. They were closed only during the daily twenty-minute downpours; the rest of the time they were open, letting in the heady fragrance of the gardenia hedge which surrounded the house. There was no glass in any of those windows, either — only screens.

I lifted out a pile of homespun fabric in a Revolutionary soldier pattern. When we first came to New England, I went Early American in a big way. The one exception was the pink panels on which dainty ballerinas in tutus cavorted. They were in my Num-



Frederick sent a number of pictures taken immediately after David's and Sophie's wedding in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. The bride's parents, John and Susan Lang are standing next to Sophie, and at the right, beside David, are Frederick and Betty. Aren't they a happy-looking group?

ber Two daughter's room when she was a little ballet student.

Where had those plain dark brown ones hung? I thought back, then it came to me — one house had a den whose walls were violently orange. We always called it the "Halloween Room"!

Sitting there amidst a lapful of memories, I recalled other draperies we had had: matchstick bamboo, to go with the rattan furniture we brought back from the Far East; horses forever galloping across beige tie-backs (these were from the days when we owned four horses and everyone in the family rode every single day); the red damask drapes scrolled in black which had covered the picture window the night pranksters heaved an enormous rock through the glass; pale green chintz with clowns tumbling about, which hung in the room of my first-born son, gone now these three years.

An entire lifetime had been packed away in that trunk. The butter yellow curtains from Nebraska days could go up in my room now, I decided. I replaced the rest of the pile, reflecting that going through an old chest of curtains was almost as good as reading an old diary.

Returning to my bedroom, I cast an appraising eye at the furnishings. The sunny yellow curtains would brighten the room considerably . . . and if I moved the bed around so that the head was on the north wall, and put the dresser opposite, it would look like a different room.

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## UP THERE

Whenever I hear a woman say "I'm going to clean my attic", I stop listening. For I know that neither she nor any other woman will clean the attic, aside from a desultory sweeping and shifting things about.

Some of the contents of attics most of us have in common: several trunks full of miscellaneous old quilts, a paisley shawl or two, dozens of large dinner napkins, then wool blankets too good to discard; hat box full of hat trimmings, scraps of yellowed lace, old belt buckles; several rickety cane-bottomed chairs, two or three old clocks (keys are missing), a half-filled stamp album from the 1920's; box full of miscellaneous letters, old theater programs, a postcard album, rolls of leftover wallpaper; a box of saved gift wrappings and ribbons, and Christmas cards no one will use because the recipients of similar cards are long since forgotten.

Attics are not conducive to action. There are too many memories. The mind slows, feeling its way back to other tempos, other customs. The rush of memories uncovers the scents and sounds of another world when one was young.

So — attics are best left alone except when adding another souvenir, or shifting from one corner to its opposite the things whose time to discard has not yet come. Perhaps one day we will find a use for them. In the meantime, let them repose in the peaceful world where they seem, somehow, to belong.

—Eleanor C. Wood



# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### SOUR CREAM-APPLE SQUARES

- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup softened butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup dairy sour cream (or regular sour cream)
- 2 cups finely chopped apples (or canned pie apples, drained and diced)

Finely sliced almonds

Mix together until crumbly the flour, brown sugar and softened butter or margarine. Press 2 3/4 cups into ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan. Reserve remainder for topping. In a bowl mix the egg, flavoring, cinnamon, soda, salt and sour cream. Stir in the apples. Pour over the crust in pan. To the reserved crumb mixture add the almonds and sprinkle over filling. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 35 minutes.

—Lucile

### SPECIAL TREATS

- 1 cup dates, chopped
- 1 cup nuts, coarsely chopped
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 packets Ritz-type crackers (about)

Combine dates, nuts, sweetened condensed milk and flavorings in top of double boiler over boiling water. Cook, stirring occasionally until thick. Spread on crackers. Place on cooky sheet. Bake in 300-degree oven about 8 minutes to set. Frost if desired.

Any kind of crackers could be used for this but the crispy round ones are dainty and tasty. The quantity of crackers used depends on how thick the topping is spread. These keep well for several days and also freeze well. They make a delightful addition to a cooky tray for a tea table and a simple treat for hungry children.

—Evelyn

### UNUSUAL APPLE SALAD

- 1 #2 can kidney beans, drained
- 1 1/2 cups celery, diced
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 2 Tbls. pimientos, diced
- 2 cups apple, grated
- 1/2 cup sweet pickles, chopped
- 2 Tbls. onion, diced (optional)

Dressing

Drain the beans and rinse well. Combine with other ingredients. Toss with either Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing or French dressing. Also good with half mayonnaise and half of either of the Kitchen-Klatter dressings. Chill. Serve on lettuce leaves.

### BARBECUED SPARERIBS

- 2 lbs. spareribs, cut in serving-size pieces
- 1/4 cup chopped onions
- 2 Tbls. drippings or other fat
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

Place spareribs in pan. Cover them with waxed paper. Bake the ribs in a very hot oven, 500 degrees, for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees.

Saute the onion until brown in the drippings. Add the remaining ingredients and simmer for 20 minutes.

Remove the paper from meat and pour these ingredients over the meat. Bake the spareribs for one hour longer. Baste them frequently with the pan liquids.

—Lucile

### SPECIAL CAULIFLOWER

- 1 large head cauliflower
- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/3 cup flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup shredded Swiss cheese
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento

Break the cauliflower into medium-size flowerets, and cut the larger pieces in half. Cook in boiling water until crisp-tender, about 10 minutes. Drain well and set aside. Saute the mushrooms and green pepper in the butter until tender. Blend in the flour and gradually stir in the milk. Cook over medium heat until mixture is thick, stirring constantly. Stir in the salt, cheese and pimiento. Place half the cauliflower in a buttered casserole. Cover with half the sauce. Add remaining cauliflower and top this with the rest of the sauce. Bake in a 325-degree oven for 15-20 minutes.

### ORANGE SLICE CAKE

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1 lb. orange slice candies, diced
- 1/2 lb. dates, chopped
- 2 cups coconut
- 2 cups pecans, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream butter or margarine and sugar together. Beat in eggs. Add flour and soda. Stir in buttermilk. Add remaining ingredients, mixing well. Spoon into a greased and floured tube cake pan or loaf pans. (This amount is enough for one tube pan plus one bread pan, or three bread pans.) Bake at 300 degrees 45 minutes for loaves and 1 1/2 hours for the tube pan. Cool about 45 minutes in pans before turning out on cooling rack. Freezes well.

This makes an exceptionally delicious fruit-type cake. It is more moist than a traditional fruitcake and great for variety on tea tables or for morning coffees.

—Evelyn

### CALICO CASSEROLE

- 4 cups frozen mixed vegetables
- 1 1/2 cups cubed bread
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 to 3 cups cooked ham or diced luncheon meat
- 1/2 onion, grated
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3 cups milk
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 cup Cheddar cheese, grated
- Bread crumbs for topping

Cook frozen vegetables according to directions. Combine with bread cubes, butter flavoring, meat and onion in casserole or flat baking dish. Make a white sauce by melting butter or margarine. Stir in flour and when well blended, add milk and Country Style dressing. Add salt and pepper. Cook, stirring, until very thick. The cheese may be added to the white sauce or saved to sprinkle over top, as desired. Spoon white sauce over ingredients in casserole. Sprinkle top with bread crumbs. Store in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Bring out about 30 to 40 minutes. A tasty casserole which may be varied by using different frozen vegetables. I tested it with peas, cauliflower, carrots and green beans.

—Evelyn



**FORGOTTEN TORTE**

Preheat oven to 450 degrees (and butter bottom only of tube pan).

- 6 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

- Few drops red food coloring
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 1 pkg. frozen strawberries or raspberries

Egg whites should be at room temperature. Beat whites until foamy and add cream of tartar and salt. Continue to beat at medium speed with electric mixer. Gradually add sugar, a little at a time. Add flavorings and a touch of food coloring if desired. Continue beating until stiff and glossy and in peaks. Spread evenly in tube pan. Place pan in oven. *Turn oven off immediately.* Allow pan to bake and *forget* it overnight. Do *not* peek. Use knife to loosen cake from tube. It should slip right out. Serve frosted with whipped cream and berries.

—Mae Driftmier

**OATMEAL CRACKERS**

- 3 cups rolled oats
- 1 cup wheat germ
- 2 cups flour
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup oil
- 1 cup water

Combine ingredients and roll onto two cooky sheets. Cut into squares and sprinkle with salt. Bake 30 minutes, at 300 degrees or until crisp. Be sure to roll thin and bake well. —Ester Mae Cox

**SPECIAL STEWED ONIONS**

- 8 to 10 medium onions
- 3 cups stock or bouillon
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper to taste

Peel onions and combine with meat stock or bouillon (3 beef bouillon cubes dissolved in 3 cups water). Simmer, covered, until onions are tender — about 30 minutes, depending on size of onions. Remove onions to serving bowl. Combine flour, butter flavoring and butter or margarine in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring, until butter is melted and mixture turns a golden brown. Do not hurry this roux preparation. Blend in stock or bouillon. Stir and simmer until slightly thickened. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour over onions. Serve hot. A simple, but very delicious way to prepare cooked onions.

**BASQUE GARBANZO CASSEROLE**

- 1/2 lb. pepperoni, sliced
- 1 whole chicken breast (about 12 ounces)
- 1 large leek, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 4 medium-size carrots, sliced
- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 2 1-lb., 4-oz. cans chick peas (garbanzos) or red kidney beans, drained
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. leaf thyme, crumbled
- 1/2 tsp. pepper

Saute pepperoni in a large skillet for 5 minutes; remove with slotted spoon. Cut chicken breast into 2-inch pieces with kitchen scissors. Brown chicken pieces in pan drippings; remove with slotted spoon. Saute leek and garlic in pan drippings; stir in carrots and cook 3 minutes; stir in cabbage and cook 2 minutes. Add chick peas, tomatoes, salt, thyme and pepper; stir to blend well. Spoon into a 12-cup baking dish with browned chicken and pepperoni; cover. Bake at 325 degrees for one hour.

—Mary Leanna

**HONEY WHOLE WHEAT BRAN BREAD**

- 1 potato
- 2 cups water
- 2/3 cup salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup honey
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1 1/2 cups lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 4 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 cup bran (or wheat germ)
- 4 cups white flour

Cook potato in the 2 cups water until tender. Mash potato. Measure into a cup. Add enough water to make 1 1/2 cups of potato and potato water. Put into a bowl and add salad oil, butter flavoring, honey and salt. Set aside to cool. Dissolve yeast in the 1 1/2 cups lukewarm water to which 1 tsp. sugar has been added. Add to cooled first mixture. Stir in whole wheat flour and bran. Add enough white flour to make a ball of dough. Turn out on lightly floured breadboard. Knead, adding as little flour as necessary to make a dough which is light and elastic. Knead 5 to 8 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning dough to grease on all sides. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and let rise until double again. Knead well. Divide into three portions. Knead each portion until smooth and place in well-greased loaf pan. Let rise until double. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Turn out on cooling rack. Grease top of loaf.

—Evelyn

**CREAM RAISIN PIE**

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup half-and-half or cream
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Baked pie shell
- Meringue

Cook the raisins in a little water (about 1/4 cup) for 2 minutes, covered. Drain. Add half-and-half or cream, flour and sugar, mix well. Return to heat and cook over low heat, stirring, until thick. Add a little of this cooked mixture to the slightly beaten egg yolks. Stir egg yolk into custard and continue cooking, stirring until it bubbles up well and thickens again. Stir in flavoring. Turn into baked pie shell and top with favorite meringue. Bake at 400 degrees until golden brown, about 12 minutes.

—Evelyn

**RASPBERRY GELATIN DELIGHT**

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen red raspberries
- 2 cups applesauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add raspberries, applesauce and flavoring. Pour into 10- by 13-inch pan. Chill. Cut into squares to serve.

—Ester Mae Cox

**MEAT BALLS STROGANOFF**

- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups evaporated milk (or thin cream)
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Mix the beef, salt, pepper, catsup, 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce, onion, and cracker crumbs together with 1/2 cup of the evaporated milk. Mix well and shape into small meat balls. Roll the meat balls in the flour and brown in the hot oil in a heavy skillet. Mix the remaining cup of milk, the soup, vinegar and the 1 1/2 tsps. of Worcestershire sauce. Arrange the meat balls in a casserole and pour off any fat remaining in the skillet. Put the milk-soup mixture in the skillet and heat. When it is hot, pour over the meat balls and bake about 15 minutes in a preheated 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy



For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come, And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.  
—Song of Solomon



## MARCH

Cold rain, dreary days, bitter winds, late storms, it's March, all right. You know the promise of Spring is just ahead, but that's cold consolation when you're chilled, the kids are wet and Pop looks blue when he finally makes it to the house.

No better time for a happy surprise from the kitchen! A lilting new flavor in the whipped topping on the dessert. A new adventure in the soup. A little something different in the chocolate, tea or milk.

There's no limit to what you can do when you use imagination and **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. With their life-like taste, color and aroma, they'll snap up any sauce, dessert, dressing or drink. And, because a little goes a long way, they're economical, too. Sixteen in all:

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#### RICE PUDDING

- 1/2 cup packaged precooked rice
- 1/2 cup dark raisins
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 3 or 3 1/4-oz. package regular vanilla pudding mix
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups milk
- 1 2-oz. pkg. dessert topping mix, prepared according to package directions

Combine rice, raisins in medium-sized saucepan; pour hot water over and let stand 10 minutes. Do not drain. Blend together the pudding mix, salt and milk. Cook according to directions on pudding mix package; cook, stirring several times. Prepare topping mix according to package directions. Fold half into pudding; refrigerate remainder for use later. Chill dessert. Serve in sherbet glasses with dash of nutmeg. Six servings.

—Ester Mae Cox

#### APPLESAUCE MEATLOAF

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 3/4 cup applesauce
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 cup milk

Combine the above ingredients. Make into loaf shape and place in a loaf pan.

#### Topping

- 1/4 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard

Combine the above ingredients. Make indentations in meatloaf and pour over the topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 50-60 minutes.

—Lucile

#### HEARTY CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 cup onion, chopped
- 2 cups cooked tomatoes
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 large potatoes, sliced very thin
- 1/3 cup flour
- 2 cups whole kernel corn, drained
- 2 cups lima beans (or pork and beans), drained
- 1/2 cup green pepper, sliced (optional)
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- Buttered bread crumbs

Combine all ingredients except buttered bread crumbs in large casserole. Sprinkle bread crumbs over top. Bake at 350 degrees, uncovered, for 1 1/2 hours. Be sure potatoes are thinly sliced so they will cook through. Frozen vegetables may be substituted for canned.

—Evelyn

#### CUBED STEAK DELUXE

- 2 green peppers, seeded and cut in large pieces
- 1 large onion, halved and sliced crosswise
- 1 Tbls. cooking oil
- 4 cubed steaks
- 2 tsp. soy sauce
- 2 Tbls. hot water

In a big skillet saute peppers and onion in oil until they are lightly browned. Cover skillet and cook slowly until the peppers are tender. Remove to a warm dish and keep warm. Brush steak on both sides with soy sauce and brown in oil left in skillet, two or three minutes on each side. Arrange with pepper and onion in serving dish. Add water to skillet and heat, scraping skillet to get all the cooking particles into the sauce. Drizzle over the steaks and serve.

—Mae Driftmier

#### SWEET POTATOES WITH BLACK WALNUTS

- 4 cups mashed sweet potatoes
- Salt to taste
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup black walnuts
- Pineapple rings

Cook sweet potatoes in salted water until tender. (Canned sweet potatoes may also be used.) Mash and salt to taste. Stir in butter or margarine, butter flavoring, brown sugar and nuts. Place drained pineapple rings in baking pan. Make balls of sweet potatoes to size for a serving and place one ball on each pineapple ring. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes, or until hot through. These may be made ahead and refrigerated before baking. They also freeze well for several weeks. Add 20 to 30 minutes to baking time for frozen balls. Excellent served with ham, roast, turkey, etc.

—Evelyn

#### COMPANY GREEN BEANS

- 1 1-lb. can French-cut green beans
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 4 slices bacon, diced
- 1 medium onion, chopped

Drain liquid from beans and add tomato sauce, bring to a boil and remove from heat. Cook bacon until crisp and remove from fat with a slotted spoon, reserve. Cook onions in bacon fat until soft, remove from fat with slotted spoon and add to beans and tomato sauce. Reheat beans, onions and tomato sauce, serve with bacon scattered over the top. These are even better if made a day ahead. However, if they are made ahead keep the bacon and reheat it just before serving, then add to the beans which have also been reheated. Serves 4 to 6.

—Mae Driftmier



## KITCHEN CHATTER

by  
Mildred Grenier

**SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** The words, and letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher, and read the verse. The answer appears at the end of this column.

FI UOY EY TOUN DEIAB NOED EB  
HALLS TI DNA NI EM LLIW EY TWAH  
KSA SLLAH EY UOY NI DEIBA YM  
SDROW DNA.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sign seen at an auto repair shop:  
"May We Have the Next Dents?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Growing "Bottle-Fed Plants" is a good all-year-around project. Bottle-Fed Plants is merely another name for the popular terrariums.

For your plants, collect bottles all year long — cider bottles, vinegar, oil bottles — anything that is a quart, or larger, and has a lid. Wash and sterilize the bottle, drop gravel and charcoal in the bottom, then put in a layer of potting soil. Water well. You may plant wandering Jew, philodendron, small dwarf ivy, any plants that grow fast and branch out. If the bottle has a very narrow top, drop the rooted plant in, and gently cover the roots with soil, using a long thin stick, or wire. You may also put in a small glass figurine, colored gravel, or artificial flower. Put the lid on the bottle and place in a sunny window. The plants do not need to be watered, as the water in the soil comes out through the leaves of the plants and is recycled, or used over and over again. Once in a while, open the lids of the bottles to give them a breather. These plants make wonderfully cheery gifts for the sick or shut-in. Or, you may use them for birthday gifts, or for friendship gifts for people who come calling.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Safety Tip:** Fast Drivers Serve More Time than They Save.

\*\*\*\*\*

Save those rigid plastic covers that come over many children's toys; such as automobiles, trains, dolls. Wash and dry thoroughly, oil well with salad oil. Make your child's favorite gelatin salad. When chilled and it just begins to thicken, pour into the plastic mold, and allow to harden. To remove from mold, dip quickly into warm water, then invert on salad plate or lettuce greens. These "toy salads" are especially thrilling at a child's birthday party.

\*\*\*\*\*

You don't have a bottle to fit the funnel of your inverted pan when cooling an angel food cake? Just use snap-on clothespins around the top of the pan to



This lovely old pump organ stands in Martin Strom's family room.

make "legs" to balance the pan. You will have no more upset cake pans.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** St. John 15:7: If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

\*\*\*\*\*

## OUR CREED

- E — Every person
  - N — Needs to be
  - D — Dedicated toward an all-out
  - E — Effort to
  - A — Achieve a rich and
  - V — Valued fellowship with
  - O — Other peoples of the world
  - R — Regardless of race, color or creed.
- Dorothy Van Gundy

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## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

This has been a lovely weekend for catching up on the family's activities by telephone. A friend of mine stated that once her child learned to dial a phone, she never again picked up a pen to write a letter. I am afraid that I have joined the ranks of those who cannot resist the inviting weekend rates to talk with our out-of-state relatives.

Every Saturday morning at half past eight I talk with my mother. She phones from Indiana as regularly as clockwork! I am seldom out on the town with my chores and shopping, but I am sure to be out of bed, awake enough to exchange a week's news with her. Through her I keep up with my sister Marjorie, who lives in the same town, and my nephew Jim, who is now enjoying a permanent employee status at Disney World in Florida. Every week's report on this boy's activities in this most exciting place brings jealous moans from my two children. Paul thinks this sounds just right for a summer's job, and Adrienne would, I believe, chuck her high school career today if I said she could head down there seeking employment.

This weekend was a double header, though, with keeping in touch. Midway through Saturday morning the phone rang, and a familiar voice greeted me.



Paul Driftmier (left) played a leading role in the school's play "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat".

It sounded so close, and yet I knew it had to be from Connecticut if I recognized the voice at all. And sure enough, it was one of my dearest friends from high school, Mary Dawson Carey, who lighted the candles at our wedding 21 years ago. She and I have not been in Anderson at the same time in at least 13 years. However, through my mother to her mother and thence to Connecti-

cut, she got hold of one of my favorite chocolate cake recipes, and she had lost it. This gave her a perfect excuse to call and get the proper ingredients from me, and then what a warm, good talk we had! We have both found ourselves so busy at Christmas time that we have neglected sending greeting cards. She told me that her solution to the problem was to send Valentine greetings with news of her family included, or perhaps a picture. Doesn't that sound like a cute idea? I am seldom as busy any other time of the year as I am with Christmas and school combined.

Sunday afternoons after church Katharine gets a call from us, and usually Adrienne runs next door to borrow our neighbor's extension phone. She plugs this into one of the spare jacks with which this house is so liberally endowed, and then we can have a four-way talk. One more borrowed telephone, and we could all talk at once.

Sunday evenings brings a tie between Don and his mother in Shenandoah. And more times than not he finds Dorothy there, so he can catch up on all the family news with them.

I cannot help but wonder how many times just such similar situations are repeated across this country. What an enormous debt of gratitude we owe to Alexander Graham Bell!

The news from the South this week brought more details about Katharine's classes. On Mondays and Tuesdays she has classes from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 and sometimes 11 o'clock in the evening. These are the heavy days when she has laboratory classes for her two science subjects.

Glad I am that I do not have to go through being a junior in college and keeping such hours and studying so late! Fifth grade doesn't sound quite so bad after all! Interestingly enough, her two science labs are Estuary Biology and Paracitology. And as if that were not enough, on alternate Saturday mornings she gets to go to Galveston at 6:30 in the morning and hike around in the marshy area along the bay until 5 o'clock in the evening. Her professor warned them to wear comfortable hiking boots under their required hip boots because they would be mucking about for 8 to 10 miles each time. And in case they get careless and drop their notebooks they needn't worry, because the paper and notebooks are waterproof. I never heard of waterproof paper. What a world of wonders!

I have many papers to grade and a week of classes to prepare myself for. All of this must be sandwiched in along with trips to the grocery and the dairy and church. We are all healthy

(Continued on page 18)

## She's a KITCHEN - KLATTER listener — are you?

Her notebook is full of ideas and suggestions heard over our daily radio visits.

Tune in each weekday to one of the following stations:



KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

The other evening we were watching the educational television station and Carl Hamilton was discussing his book *In No Time At All*. The book began as reminiscences for his family as Christmas gifts. Those articles turned into a book, now in its 6th printing, and 25,000 copies have been sold! Regarding the review of *In No Time At All* (June issue, 1975) a *Kitchen-Klatter* reader wrote me, "We so enjoyed *In No Time At All* as we lived at Glidden at one time and knew some of Mr. Hamilton's relatives and many people he mentions in the book." Certainly this book of farm-life memories might encourage others to put their memories on paper or tapes.

Another reader wrote concerning the books by Ralph Moody. Her children had enjoyed *Little Britches*, *Man of the Family*, and *Mary Emma and Co.* and now she wanted her grandchildren to have that privilege. I agree with her that they are enriching and that reading is so important in the lives of children.

The happy offshoot of a 22,000-mile journey, *Good Things Are Happening*, by Ronald Rood, describes what a variety of people and groups are *doing* (as opposed to talking) about the problems of ecology-conservation. The author visited 30 states and four Canadian provinces.

Here are a few of the good things that are happening as concerned people work to improve the outdoors and the animals in it:

In Norman, Oklahoma, an abandoned oil-field has been turned into a nature preserve through the single-handed efforts of a teenage boy.

In Hawaii the manager of a McDonald Restaurant combined an Easter Egg Hunt with a litter clean-up campaign, and created a neighborhood that "Isn't just cleaned up — it sparkles!"

Author Ronald Rood noted the cleanest American campground he saw on the trip was Black Hawk State Park, Lake View, Iowa. Creative engineering was used — so many garbage barrels were put out the potential litterbug *couldn't* miss. An unwillingness to cast the first stone prevailed—the park officer and his men worked hard to keep it cleaned up, so the public keeps it cleaned up. There may be as many as thirty thousand visitors there on a



Andrew and Aaron Brase think their baby brother Julian is very entertaining, particularly at mealtime when he tackles a bone!

good weekend.

In Bellevue, Nebraska, the Fontenelle Forest Nature Center on a three-mile tract on a wooded bluff overlooking the Missouri River includes every natural habitat of the Cornhusker State, from prairie to marsh to virgin timber. There are remains of Indian earth lodges, a part of a Mormon trail, and a site believed to be an 1823 fur-trading post. The Nature Center in nonprofit and is entirely privately supported. There are classrooms, laboratories, libraries, and a fine teaching staff. The Nature Center has some twenty thousand young visitors every year.

*Good Things Are Happening* (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$7.95) by Ronald Rood gives us a good look at what people are doing to save their part of the planet.

The chief of UPI's White House Bureau and first woman president of the White House Correspondents Association, Helen Thomas believes that everything a President does is official business and that the press is the watchdog of a free society. In *Dateline: White House* (Macmillan Publishing Co., \$9.95) Helen Thomas writes with keen insight and a warm sense of compassion of the human side of the Presidency as she has seen it from the inside. She has covered the White House for fifteen years and has gone everywhere with the first families — to Russia and China with Nixon, to Helsinki with Ford, and down the Snake River rapids on a rubber raft with Lady Bird.

Reporting American history in the making has special meaning for Helen Thomas. She was born to Lebanese immigrants in Detroit. In 1942 she was hired as a copy girl at \$17 a week by the *Washington Daily News*.

Of her job she writes, "My sense of awe at the responsibility I have assumed has grown with the years. Presi-

dents are human beings, and I have always tried to be conscious of that fact, trying not only to be accurate but compassionate. For some of them it has been a 'splendid misery', but I have seen Presidents in a moment of glory bursting with their own sense of being, caught up in public adulation. I have also seen Presidents in despair, overburdened, brooding, emotional, seeking understanding."

After Helen Thomas was elected to the Gridiron Club, she was teased a lot. At the Gridiron's annual dinner, President Gerald Ford said, "You've gone co-ed, which is great, but I don't want to overlook Helen Thomas. I learned that long before I ever became President. Through the years Helen has practiced a finely balanced blend

(Continued on page 19)



## First Aid For A SAD SALAD

Sure you follow all the rules: make sure the greens are icy and crisp, toast the croutons, postpone the tossing until the last minute and the salting until the *very* last minute. Take all the pains you can . . . but if you goof on the dressing the whole effort's been wasted.

That's why we are so careful with our **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. We realize that a perfect salad sets the stage for a perfect meal. So we pick our ingredients carefully. Then they are blended carefully, following a tested recipe, in spotless kitchens.

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It is good to live and let live.  
It is even better to live and help live.



Frederick Driftmier greeted Sophie with a warm kiss when she arrived for the wedding rehearsal dinner. Frederick told you last month about Sophie's and David's wedding in Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

### MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

and always grateful if we get all of our work done by Monday morning. I surely do wish I had a "wife". When I think of the chores she could do for me, it makes my head spin just considering the possibilities.

Since this is not very likely, I must come back to reality and do my own wifely chores. So until next month...

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*



### See This Unusual Plant Fold Its Leaves As If In Prayer!

## MYSTIFYING PRAYER PLANT

- Closes Up at Night
- Opens Every Morning

### SPECIAL-BY-MAIL

\$1.00 (2 for \$1.75)

You will be enthralled by this remarkable and beautiful plant (Maranta bicolor) that, in the solitude of evening, seems to pray. Every evening it folds its leaves like hands in prayer and every morning it spreads them wide again. Leaves are large variegated and a blend of several lovely shades of green. Thrives almost anywhere. You'll want to have at least one in your living room, dining room, sun room and in your bedroom. You'll receive strong, well rooted plants already in 2 1/4" plastic pots. SEND NO MONEY. On delivery, pay \$1.00 for one or \$1.75 for two, plus COD charges. On prepaid orders, add 35¢ to help postage and handling charge. If not 100% satisfied, just return shipping label for refund of purchase price - you keep the plants.

HOUSE OF WESLEY, Greenhouse Division  
Dept. 5682-45  
2200 E. Oakland Ave., Bloomington, Ill. 61701

Send me ☐ Prayer Plants ☐ Prepaid ☐ COD  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ St. \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

FREE: An amazing air plant leaf. Lives on air - just pin to a curtain - sprouts 8 to 12 tiny new plants.



### THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder



March - wonderful, promising month! We watch for the first robin, for snowdrops and crocuses to push up through the snow, and for pussy willows bursting with catkins. I hurry to plant slow-germinating seeds in the greenhouse, start tuberous begonia, calla, and caladium tubers in damp moss. We use scads of pussy willows in spring arrangements that go forth from the floral shop. There is nothing that gives such good line or complements spring flowers as do a few stems of pussy willows. Sometimes the snow is too deep or it melts so fast making a pond in the low ground where willows abound that we are unable to harvest enough for the shop. Then we must buy the costly ones from our supplier. These have been in storage for a long time and the "pussies" fall off at the slightest touch. If you have access to native willows, do cut a few stems and place in warm water. Pussy willows open wonderfully well indoors and bring a touch of spring inside long before it is evident outside.

Gardeners should take advantage of each warm day to prune ornamentals, fruit trees, and grape vines. Apply dormant spray, clean up any debris that has accumulated on the lawn, in flower beds and the shrub border. Don't be in too big a hurry to uncover rose bushes, perennials and strawberry beds. We are bound to have ensuing cold spells.

Many readers have written to tell us how much they enjoyed the picture and story on The Little Chapel of the Flowers that appeared in the December issue. Some said they intend to stop in to see it next summer and one lady suggested we plant a Bible Garden near the chapel containing herbs found in the Bible. Now we are doing research and plans for the Bible Garden are being made on paper. Hopefully, it will be laid out and started this spring as soon as the ground can be made ready. We wish to thank Helen Botkin, Greentop, Mo., for her splendid suggestion. We already have a "Friendship Garden", started last fall from plants given us by friends and readers over the years. Again we extend a warm invitation to readers to come and see the flower gardens next summer and to visit the Little Chapel of the Flowers for a moment of prayer and meditation.



**LUCILE'S SPECIAL LETTER - Concl.**

But all of these complications aside, I still get myself up to a dinner now and then and I do what I have *always* done when guests are expected. I plan a menu that can be prepared as far in advance as possible. I've never been one to let things go until the last second. (I've known a lot of people who do!)

Back in the days before plastic bags (remember when we kept lettuce and other greens in a wet dish towel?) I never tried to serve a tossed salad because it demanded too much at the last minute. Now we can prepare everything for a fine tossed salad, put it in plastic bags, and toss it together at the last second. I never serve a dessert that has to be whipped up as people are arriving! 99% of the time I stick to meat that can go into the oven and doesn't need to be babied. Maybe the rest of you have these problems all licked, so I'd just plain like to hear from you. It seems to me that this can be interesting and helpful material to share with our radio friends.

Now, when will the first letters arrive?!!!

Faithfully,

*Lucile*

**COME READ WITH ME - Concluded**

of journalism and acupuncture. She has praised me when it was earned — and needed me when it was necessary and I have always been grateful for her fairness."

To the journalistic credo: "Get it first, but first get it accurate," Helen Thomas has added, "and be fair."

*Dateline: White House* is a refreshingly candid and understanding portrait of White House occupants. This would make an interesting book review for a club program.

Catherine Marshall's latest book is *Adventures in Prayer* (Chosen Books, Fleming Revell Co., Old Tappan, New Jersey, \$4.95). Catherine Marshall scarcely needs an introduction to the millions of readers who cherish her books, all classics in the field of inspirational writing. *A Man Called Peter*, *Christy*, *Beyond Our Selves*, and *Something More* are all just a sampling of her brilliant work.

In *Adventures in Prayer* Catherine Marshall shares personal prayer discoveries including refreshing insights about what an exciting adventure true prayer is, and about how surprisingly down-to-earth God wants our prayers to be. Here are much-needed practical guidelines to prayer at its most basic, the kind of prayer sophisticated moderns need to rediscover now, more than ever.



Eugenie and Martin Strom, pictured with their attendants, Mrs. Jerry Theiss and Miss Jeanette Smith, two of Eugenie's cousins, Mathias Geiger, Martin's seminary roommate, who is serving a church in Minneapolis, and Chris Davis, Eugenie's brother, who is a student at Golden Valley College in the Twin Cities' area.

**DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded**

the recipes printed and these are sold for a dime at the monthly Woman's Club meetings to help boost the treasury a little.

The president of the Woman's Club says these groups have in no way detracted from the regular monthly meetings, and if anything they have generated much more interest in the Club, because it has given the members the opportunity to become better acquainted and make a lot of new friends in the community.

I'm going to get out my sewing machine this afternoon and tackle some more shirts for my grandson.

Until next month . . . . .

Dorothy

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

car at this end. In the long run I am convinced that it costs no more and it gives us six extra days here in the sun. The traffic congestion is unbelievable. The cars are backed up for miles, bumper to bumper, all day long every day. We try to do any driving we have to do either early in the morning, or between five and seven in the evening. Amazingly enough, the dinner hour is a time of little traffic congestion.

How glad I am that we made this trip. Betty and I were much more tired than we realized, and when we first got here, all we wanted to do was to sleep in the sun. With sunshine and fresh orange juice we are building up our energy reserve for the busy Easter season. We are so grateful.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

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**FALSE TEETH** uppers  
**FIT SNUG**

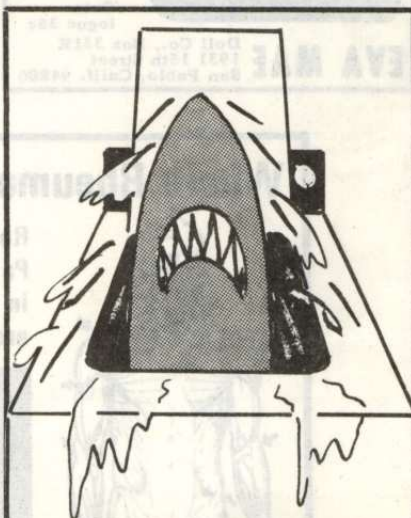
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No more terror lurking in the depths of your washer. No more fear that ground-in dirt will tear the heart out of your fine washables. No more concern that harsh chlorine might be lurking in the bleach, ready to destroy unsuspecting dainty fabrics!

No more, not since you discovered the **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins: BLUE DROPS DETERGENT** and **ALL-FABRIC BLEACH!**

They're the ones you can depend on to get things clean, really clean, bright, sweet-smelling clean. Quickly, economically, and (most important) safely. They work in all washers: top-loading and front-loading automatics and wringer models, too.

They make washday almost a pleasure.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
**All-Fabric Bleach &**  
**Blue Drops Detergent**



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**KIT:** Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$11.70 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$19.30

P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style, 16" \$25.80 P.P. Catalogue 35¢

**EVA MAE** Doll Co., Box 331K  
1931 15th Street  
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

**ST. PATRICK'S PARTY - Concluded**  
lovely and fair" (The Rose of Tralee)  
5. "They are hanging men and women there" (The Wearing of the Green)  
6. "Left blooming alone" (The Last Rose of Summer)  
7. "All the world seems bright and gay" (When Irish Eyes Are Smiling)  
8. "The roses all have left your cheek" (I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen)  
9. "I love the dear silver" (Mother Machree)  
10. "My heart goes back there daily" (Where the River Shannon Flows)  
11. "The nightingale sings around it" (Bendemeer's Stream)  
12. "If her eyes are blue as skies" (Peggy O'Neil).

Perhaps after this paper game is over, your guests might like to have a sing, using these old favorite Irish songs — a wonderful chance for some grand harmonizing!

"Pat" Riddles: (These riddles are

all to be answered by a word beginning with "Pat".) 1. What type of handwork were our grandmothers known to do skillfully? (Patchwork) 2. Thinks his country the best. (Patriot) 3. A dressmaker uses it often. (Pattern) 4. A watcher of the highway. (Patrolman) 5. Pioneers often followed this. (Path) 6. If it's new and it works, you need it. (Patent) 7. You might like to eat it. (Patty) 8. A parent's greatest need. (Patience) 9. A sorry sight. (Pathetic) 10. Strengthen the weak spot. (Patch) 11. For relaxing (Patio) 12. The comedian's good at it. (Patter).

**Green and White Contest:** For this one name two captains and have them choose players for their team. Designate one group "green" and the other "white". The idea is to see how long the two sides can match words — the "green" always giving the name of something green (celery, grass, etc.) while the "white" players must name something white in color (bed sheet, cotton). The leader starts them off, indicating which captain begins; then the next captain on other side; then it goes to next player on opposite side. Any player failing to come up with a word before the count of ten must drop out. Continue until there is only one player left standing — just as in a spelling bee. The prize might be a bag of green and white mints to the winning side.

**Shamrock Line:** Choose partners for this game. One person of each couple is given a sealed envelope in which is a piece of paper. On the paper is written an "easy to rhyme with" word, a different word for each couple. As each couple's turn comes, one player opens the envelope and reads the word; then the other must quickly compose a complimentary couplet using the word. For example, the word might be "pretty", so the player would come up with something like "Your hair is so lovely, you are so very pretty; not only that, but you've got brains and are very witty."

**REFRESHMENTS:** Potato salad served with some snack crackers would certainly be appropriate, with coffee, for a not-so-sweet menu. Ribbon sandwiches using white bread and a cream cheese filling (tinted green) would be pretty, served with crisp sweet pickles and lime sherbet with a shamrock cookie. There are many green gelatin salads from which to make a choice to serve with crackers. "Grasshopper" pie or lime chiffon pie offer dessert possibilities, along with coffee, of course.

Hard work is nothing more than an accumulation of easy things you didn't do when you should have.

## Where Rheumatism Pain Strikes



**Rheumatic and Arthritic Pain can strike the joints in any of the indicated areas. (see arrows on chart)**



## Puts Pain To SLEEP

Now for the first time, overnight blessed temporary relief from the pain of arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism, soreness, stiffness. Just rub

Icy-Hot's creamy balm over the affected joints or muscles, and you can actually feel the pain start lessening. Begin to sleep peacefully again. If you don't have relief in 24 hours we'll refund your money. Send \$3.00 for 3½ oz. jar or \$5.00 for 7 oz. jar.

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Please rush ICY-HOT to me. I must be completely satisfied with the results or I will send you a note for a full refund. (I won't bother returning the unused portion.)

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# COLLECTOR'S ITEM!

Authentic Miniature Replica of Great Grandma's

## CAST-IRON COAL STOVE

NEW LOW PRICE only \$2<sup>99</sup>

SET OF 5 CAST IRON UTENSILS  
only 99¢



Are you nostalgic for those days when great grandma prepared delicious smelling treats on just such a stove? Do you love antiques and Americana? Then here's a collector's item you must have!

Your friends will marvel at this exact scale model in heavy, black cast-iron — 6" high, 4" deep, and 5¾" wide! The oven door swings open and the 4 stove lids are removable with the metal lifter. Every feature of the original in raised detail — ash door, reservoir, warming shelves — even the apron where gramps used to dry his wet shoes.

The set of 5 cast-iron scale model utensils is a charming complement to the stove. Large boiling kettle, large soup pot, frying skillet, plus a matching coal scuttle and shovel.

We've seen this identical stove and utensil set advertised for over \$7.00! Now due to a fortunate purchase you can own it at a 40% saving! Perfect idea for knick-knack shelves. A thrilling present for a little girl! Order extras for gifts, too — you save even more when you order 2. Mail coupon today!

### MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

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Please send me the following cast-iron antique replicas:

— (QAS) Stove(s), \$2.99 each. **SAVE! 2 for only \$4.99.**

— (QAU) Set(s) of 5 Utensils, 99¢ each. **SAVE! 2 for only \$1.50.**

Please add 95¢ per item to partially cover postage and handling. If after receiving my order I'm not delighted, I may return it within 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price (except postage and handling).

Total amount enclosed \$\_\_\_\_\_ (add sales tax where applicable). Check or money order, no CODs please.

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**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**

T. J. Fatherree, Houston, Texas, and Mrs. F. J. Smith, Silver Bay, poured. Both are aunts of the bride. The wedding cake was adorned with a topping that has been used in the bride's family for many weddings and anniversaries since it was first used by her great-grandparents at their golden wedding. The cake was served by Mrs. Steven Gerber, Duluth, cousin of the bride.

Following a trip to the eastern states, the couple will be at home in the Beth-

lehem United Church of Christ parsonage in Maple Lake, Minnesota.

After the wedding reception, guests were invited to go next door to go through the parsonage in case they hadn't seen it since it was completed in the fall. Wedding gifts were on display in the family room.

Oliver and I rode back to Minneapolis with Devonna and Nicholas, with whom we stayed overnight. They took us to the airport, which isn't a very long drive from their home - only 20 minutes or so.

Martin and Eugenie were in the East for two weeks, and now they are back home busy with their many church activities. About the second week after their return they attended a winter retreat at a church camp. Martin was so happy he had a wife to introduce to the other area ministers and their wives. I remember his telling us that he had taken quite a ribbing for being a bachelor at the last retreat!

Since the wedding I've had another stay in our local hospital. In the fall I had to go out for my old nagging back problem. This time it was for bursitis in my hip. I don't know what brought that on unless it was running up and down the steps in Martin's split-level house! I'm in fine shape now and making every effort to stay that way!

Now I must get this down to the office, as I expect the printer will be waiting for it.

Sincerely,  
Margery

P.S. Lucile planned to write a letter to you, but just telephoned that she felt a cold or the flu or something coming on and decided she had better go to bed and see if she could "throw it off". She'll catch up with you next month.

**THOUGHTS WHILE WEAVING - Concl.**

rubbish is to be hauled away. If it were only just as easy to rid one's mind of the accumulation of unwanted materials, I think. How simple our lives would be if we might toss into a huge bonfire all the unpleasantness that plagues each and everyone of us - illness, distrust, hatred, unkindness, and not the least, selfishness. Man is ever a selfish creature.

But life is not that simple, I reflect sadly, as I throw the shuttles back and forth. Life is complicated - many times made so by the tangled web which we ourselves have woven.

**THE LONELY ONE!**

Behold the cactus  
Lonely it stands - all summer,  
A friend to no one. -Lisa Nenneman

**SHAMROCK DAY**

The shamrock, a symbol of Saint Patrick's Day, is a native to Ireland. As you might expect, it is Ireland's national plant. Even its name comes from the Irish *seamrog*, which means three-leaved.

Legend has it that Saint Patrick, who brought Christianity and freedom to the Emerald Isle, used the three-leaved shamrock to illustrate the Trinity to an Irish king. And with the shamrock, the snakes of Ireland were driven into the sea. Little wonder, then, that the shamrock is held in such high regard in Ireland.

On Saint Patrick's Day, Irish families search the surrounding hills for the small three-leaved plants which appear in early spring. Once found, the shamrock is worn as a remembrance throughout the day, or it is kept in a locket or hatband until the following year.

When the shamrock was first worn in the United States is a point of question, but Saint Patrick's Day has been celebrated here at least since 1737, when a group of Irish met in Boston and founded a benevolent group called the Charitable Irish Society.

**GOOD OLD DAYS - NOW**

Times are hard!  
Ask anyone and they'll agree.

For we all have to do without certain luxuries our fathers and grandfathers never even heard of.

**A FARMER'S WIFE IS:**

A pinch-hit farmhand without pay  
Who helps with church and P.T.A.;  
A seamstress, doctor, referee  
Who never has much privacy;  
A chauffeur always in demand  
Who raises orphaned pigs by hand;  
A cleaning woman, cook and maid  
Who sees that all the bills are paid;  
A gardener with laundry heaps  
Who hasn't time for beauty sleeps;  
A good mechanic, dreamer, guard  
Who tends the cows and mows the yard;  
A nurse and reader of magazines  
Who gathers eggs in old blue jeans;  
A thoughtful neighbor, mom, and friend  
Who votes and hopes all wars will end;  
A tutor, vet, and fixer of flats  
Who loves new shoes and fancy hats;  
A loving wife through gold to gray  
Who teaches children how to pray;  
All this and more's a farmer's wife -  
His heart, his hand, his way of life.

-Unknown

**Want To Go Back?**

Nostalgia is sweeping the country . . . and everyone likes to dream about what it was like in the "good old days". But would you really like to go back?

Back to primitive plumbing? Saturday night baths in the kitchen? Hauling ashes? Yellow lye soap?

Isn't it nice to have the modern conveniences - like **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**? Isn't it nice to know that this modern cleaning powder goes to work for you the minute it hits water. Works fast, works deep. Never leaves froth or foam, so there's no need for a separate rinse. And because you add the water, it's economical, too.

Dream all you will about the good old horse and buggy days, but thank your lucky stars for some modern-day convenience, like

**Kitchen-Klatter  
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If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 25¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

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**LEARN HOW BOXTOPS BRING DOLLARS!!** 75¢ sample; \$5.75 — 12 issues. Treasure Chest, Box 1132KK2, New Brunswick, NJ 08903.

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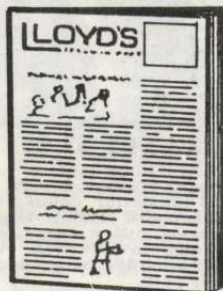


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