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# Kitchen-Klatter *Magazine*

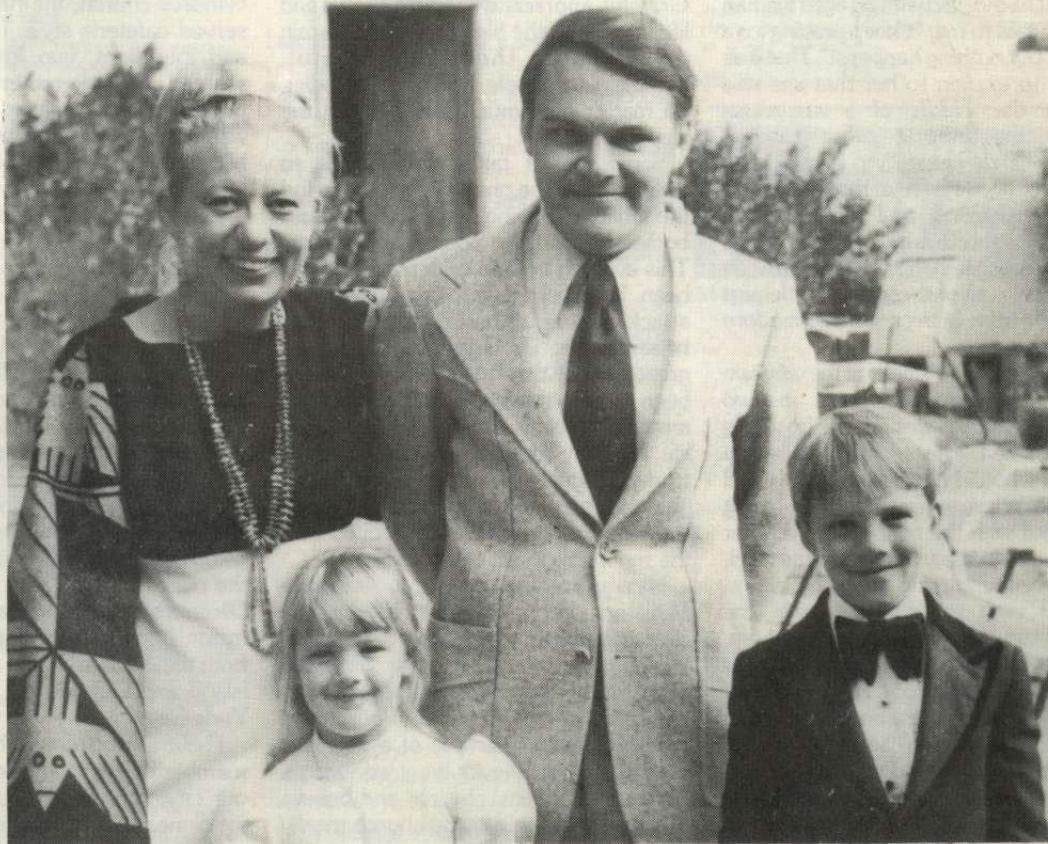
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—Photo by Emily Driftmier

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder

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## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

It is a beautiful December evening, and I have just come home from the hospital where I have been for the past three hours calling on some of our South Church members and friends. As I stood on the hospital steps watching a large airplane fly across a path of light created by a brilliant moon, I thought how fortunate all of us are to be blessed with such fine hospitals. There in the hospital I had visited with an aged woman who had said to me: "I keep praying for a miracle, but nothing happens!" That was my cue to explain to her that she was right in the middle of a marvelous miracle, the miracle of a modern hospital. The pain-killing drugs, the intricate oxygen systems, the miraculous blood transfusions, and the incredible wonderful anesthetics which make surgery possible while the patient is unconscious, all of these are a little part of the gift from heaven we call modern medicine.

I never cease to wonder at the way two different patients can react in two entirely different ways where hospitals are concerned. This evening I called on one lady who did not have a single word of appreciation to say about anything connected with the hospital or with her doctors and nurses. She hated the food, the room, the nursing care, the lady in the bed next to her, and even the cleaning lady who took care of her room. Everything was wrong, and nothing was right. On that same floor, having some of the very same nurses, and eating food from the very same kitchen, was another lady who was delighted with everything. She had the exact opposite attitude while being in almost an identical situation as the complaining patient. She said to me: "I never can say enough in the way of praise for the care I am getting here. Everyone is so thoughtful, and the food is so good!"



Betty and Frederick Driftmier of Springfield, Massachusetts.

The longer I live, the more I believe in the power of positive thinking. So many of us create our own heaven or hell by just being the kind of people we are. Grateful, appreciative people always find life good, and the blessings seem to rain down upon them. Ungrateful, complaining people are never satisfied no matter how much they have in the way of blessings.

Sometimes it takes real trouble to awaken us to the preciousness of life and the futility of driving our tired minds and bodies beyond the point of happiness. This evening I called on a man who has been hospitalized with a severe heart attack. Before we had prayers together he said to me: "Dr. Driftmier, I have had a great deal of time to think while I have been here in this bed, and believe me, I am going to make some changes in my life. All of my adult life I have been a slave to my business, and from now on I am going to relax and let my business work for me! I have decided that money isn't the most important thing in life."

Nine years ago one of my Associate Ministers left our church to become the Senior Minister of the First Church of Windsor, Connecticut. Last Saturday night, Betty and I went down the river to his church to show some of our travel pictures, and to partake of a delicious church supper. Never have we eaten a better meal in any church, and believe me, we have eaten many church meals. There at the Windsor church we had roast turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, creamed onions, squash, green beans, hot rolls, all the olives and pickles we wanted, and a choice of

several different kinds of pies baked by the church ladies. Oh! how we did eat! In our church we serve only cafeteria style when it is a covered dish meal, but at the Windsor church, the turkey dinner was served cafeteria style, using two tables and four lines, two for each table. It seemed to work rather well, but I still prefer to have regular waitresses and waiters. In our church we usually use the high school young people for waiting on tables, and they do a great job.

Even though that church in Windsor, Connecticut, has a membership of 900, it seemed like a small country church in many ways. The dress was quite informal, and the setting quite rural. That church was founded about three hundred years ago, and its location at the junction of the Farmington River with the Connecticut River is a delightful one. As you know, we live right on the river, and we usually think of the location of things as being either up or down the river, or east or west of the river. We speak of going up the river to Canada, and down the river to New Haven and the Sound. Of course, when we say, "Sound" we mean Long Island Sound, stretching from the Atlantic Ocean along the Rhode Island and Connecticut shores to New York City.

I have a good friend who is a very vocal member of a strong labor union here in our city. He was here at the parsonage for dinner not long ago, and we had quite a discussion about labor unions, the capitalistic system, free enterprise, the right to work laws, etc., etc. We had not talked together very long before I

(Continued on page 22)

## LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

1977! A new year!

Since I've been old enough to hold a pencil, I've observed the first day of the year by opening a book of clean, white pages and beginning a new journal or diary. Faithfully, I've resolved to complete a record of twelve months, and just as faithfully I've failed to do so. Once I even made it as far as February. Someday, when I'm long gone, my children will sort through boxes in the closet, and they'll come across volumes and volumes of January happenings, but it won't make very exciting reading. Have you ever noticed how few exciting events occur in January?

One year I actually did keep a journal for an entire twelve months! I wrote it while we were living in Colorado, but you'll just have to take my word for it because the book has disappeared. You might think after so much effort that I'd have taken better care of my writing, but we have moved five times since I penned those pages, and believe me, some items never survive one move, let alone five. As carefully as I throw things in boxes, I always manage to lose something between there and here.

And speaking of moving — by the time you read this letter, we hope to be comfortably settled in a new location: Chadron, Nebraska. At that time Art assumes the responsibilities of supervisor of inhalation therapy at the local hospital. I don't know if I'll be working or not. Probably not. During the fall I continued to counsel at Busby High School on the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation as I had done the previous year, but I resigned when Art accepted his new position.

We are looking forward very much to being in Nebraska. Some of you may know that Art was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, but something quite wonderful happened to us in that very town last summer, something which makes us even happier to be moving to Nebraska. Now rather than keep you wondering what this could be, I will relate to you the whole story in which *Kitchen-Klatter* played a very interesting role.

Art's father, Frank Brase, was a widower with two children when he married Art's mother, Mary Franckowiak. Mary offered to take care of Don and Frances, who were teenagers at the time, but the children's Aunt Lydia wanted them to continue to live with her, so Art grew up without becoming very well acquainted with his brother and sister. A few years after Frank Brase died, Art and Mary moved away from Grand Island and, sadly enough, lost touch with the Brase relatives.

Over a year ago some dear *Kitchen-Klatter* friends were visiting some friends



Picture from left to right are Art and Kristin Brase with Mary and Don Brase. You'll read in Kristin's letter how these two couples got together.

of theirs, Mr. and Mrs. Don Brase. Suddenly, one of them said: "Say, are you related to the Art Brase who is married to Kristin?" Well, there aren't many Art Brases in the country so, sure enough, it turned out to be the right combination. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Baasch, better known as Mildred and Pete, deserve a round of applause for helping Don and his wife get in touch with Art and me after all these years.

Through correspondence, the two Brase families began to get acquainted. We learned that Don and Mary have three lovely children, Kevin, Ruth, and Jill. Also, we learned that Frances died in 1967 and Aunt Lydia passed away recently at the age of 86. Then, on July 3, 1976, Art and the boys and I pulled up in front of Don's house in Grand Island, and two brothers who had not seen each other for 23 years were reunited. Mary had written such beautiful letters, full of warmth and humor, I truly felt I had known her forever. So the happy ending is really just a beginning as we welcome a brother and sister, a nephew and two nieces into our hearts and lives.

Before school started this fall, Andy had some very real doubts about whether or not he would like junior high, so I am happy to report that he hasn't found seventh grade as hard as he feared it would be. He was pleased when he made the first quarter honor roll, but I think he was more pleased the day he told me that his bowling team was only two games out of first place! He had the misfortune of cracking a bone in his left arm during the first wrestling match of the year in Billings. I had always viewed wrestling as a safer sport than football, but I'm close to changing my mind about that.

Aaron was our football hero this year as he placed first in the local punt, pass, and kick competition in his age division.

Aaron was eight in November. Unusual as it may seem, he planned his party exactly the way Andy planned his eighth birthday party, namely, without consulting his mother first! I wonder if this is a behavior common to all second graders?

As I recall, Andy's guests arrived just as I was dishing up cake and ice cream for a quiet family celebration. Luckily, I had plenty of both. Actually, Aaron gave me three days notice regarding his ten invitations, and that gave us plenty of time to blow up 58 balloons without being too red-faced for picture-taking.

Julian enjoys going to football games, wrestling matches, birthday parties, and bowling alleys. He also enjoys scattering leaves after they've been raked, and grabbing things off shelves in the supermarket. In fact, he enjoys almost everything he does, but he is not overly enthusiastic about church. I wonder if this is a behavior common to his age group. Don't tell Uncle Frederick or Cousin Martin. Last Sunday if I hadn't been praying so hard that he'd be good, I might have noticed when he took the lipstick from my purse (bright, red lipstick) and by the time I finally did notice him, I fervently prayed that no one else would!

So as I look forward to 1977, I know that the year will be anything but dull for me. Let us remember that each day brings us the opportunity to cherish each other and to count our blessings. I know Granny Driftmier would want us to remember this. I miss my grandmother very much, but the memory of her cheerfulness and wisdom lends us the gentle perspective we need to carry us bravely into an unknown future, and inspires us to strive to be all that we can be.

Sincerely,  
Kristin



## A January Thaw Party

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Instead of the usual wintertime decorations so often used for January parties — igloos, snowballs, icicles — why not have a "January thaw" and come up with a big punch bowl centerpiece in which both ice cubes and flower blossoms float, cotton snowballs placed on green Easter cellophane grass, or artificial daffodils and crocuses popping up out of a stack of ice cubes in a bowl? You can also tie plastic jonquils and tulips to the evergreen holiday wreaths for window and door decorations.

Of course you will hope that all your guests are completely "thawed out" so that they join into the entertainment with enthusiasm.

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Confetti Pictures:** Give each guest a sheet of paper, a dab of paste, and a handful of confetti. Each one is to paste on the confetti to make a picture depicting some well-known event of some past year. Allow five or ten minutes and then have a "show and tell" time. The pictures might represent such events as Lindberg's plane, "Washington Crossing the Delaware", a space ship, etc.

**Stagehands:** Divide guests into small groups. Each group is to think of a situation in which the hands tell a story. Each group takes a turn acting out their situation while the others guess what it is. For examples: a baseball umpire calling out a base runner, a hitchhiker, football umpire giving a penalty, a traffic cop on a busy intersection, a mother quieting the children in church.

**Circle of Months:** Divide groups according to their birthday month. Each group must do a pantomime or a skit on something appropriate to their month. Examples: February — a proposal, or making valentines; August — a pontoon picnic on the lake; October — "trick or treats".

**Song Artists:** Have ready a blackboard and chalk, or a large pad of newsprint or other paper and crayons. The players in turn step up to the board and draw an illustration representing a song title. The rest try to guess the title. For example: A house is drawn on top of a picture of a kitchen stove for "Home on the Range"; two tea cups for "Tea for Two". If your

group is quite large, then divide into two groups and take turns and see which sides can get the most points for correct guesses of titles illustrated.

**Spring Thaw Flower Garden:** The players form a circle and can be seated for this. "It" says, "I am going to plant a flower garden. What are you going to give me to plant in it?", and points to someone in the circle. That person must give the name of the flower, BUT these must be given in alphabetical order. The first player might answer "aster", the second "bluebells", etc. If a player cannot answer, he or she must pay a forfeit; or, if preferred, drop out of the game.

**Year Around Proverbs:** Have ready beforehand a number of objects or pictures, each one to be a clue to a well-known proverb. Objects or pictures might include such things as a stone, bird, a threaded needle, etc. For example: the stone goes with proverb "a rolling stone gathers no moss". Number each object. Guests are provided pencil and paper and are to try to identify each proverb which they write out and number after viewing the objects spread out upon a table.

**New Year Headlines:** Divide the group into partners. From old newspapers cut out several headlines; then cut them up into individual words. Jumble the words in a hat and let each couple draw out three words. Each couple must then write a story using those three words to form the plot of their news story. Prizes might be awarded to the cleverest, the funniest, the most serious.

#### *Ring in the Answer:*

1. The ring of a tiresome speaker. (boring)
2. The ring that pleases a singer. (encoring)
3. The sinner's ring. (erring)
4. The ring that a deaf person misses. (hearing)
5. The ring that pleases the political speaker. (cheering)
6. The hero's ring. (daring)
7. The traveler's ring. (touring)
8. The trigger man's ring. (murdering)
9. The ring of the cat. (purring)
10. The shepherd's ring. (shearing)
11. The tea party ring. (pouring)
12. The wardrobe's ring. (wearing)

**Snowball Contest:** Divide the group into two groups or sides. Give the leader of each group a piece of paper and a ball of twine. At the signal the leaders crumple the paper into balls, and then start covering them with twine, winding the twine until the leader's whistle blows. When the whistle blows, the balls and twine are passed to the next players on the side, who wind twine until whistle blows again. When the balls reach the last two players they wind until the twine is all wound around the paper ball. The first side to have all the string wound wins the prize.

**A Thaw Means Water:** "Water" is in the answer to these clues.

1. Part of the system (water main)
2. Part of a picture (watercolor)
3. An animal (water buffalo)
4. Part of the salad (watercress)
5. You might say an old soak (water-logged)
6. Part of a city (waterworks)
7. Needs two teams (water polo)
8. Valuable to cowboy (waterhole)
9. Summer's treat (watermelon)
10. Elevated (water tower)
11. Preservative (water glass)
12. Of interest to landowners (watershed)
13. Energy source (water wheel)
14. Necessity (water closet)

**Fortunes:** Have made up tiny paper or cloth packets in which you have put a small amount of various grocery items as indicated on the fortunes to follow. Fasten these bags with a clothespin to a line strung up across the room, perhaps fastened to the back of two chairs. Blindfold guests and let each go to the line and unpin a bag, which indicates his fortune. Have the following list posted where they can see what their grocery item indicates:

1. A spinster or bachelor you'll be; Console yourself with a cup of tea. (tea)
2. You'll wed a mate of sterling worth. The salt, we say, of all the earth. (salt)
3. Your wedding bells will echo soon; Rice'll speed you on the honeymoon. (rice)
4. The army'll find you, there's no doubt, Cheer up, she'll wait till you're mustered out. (mustard)
5. This gift of sage doth indicate A wise one will be your own true mate. (sage)
6. A farm life for you, it is quite plain; You'll live amid the fields of grain. (cereal)
7. A sharp-tongued mate you'll surely find, One who'll surely speak his (her) mind. (pepper)
8. The one you finally chose to wed Without a doubt will be well bred. (bread crumbs)

Make up enough couplets for all the guests.



## "HOW TO COOK A WHAT?"

by  
Mary Feese

"How to Cook a Wolf," said the cover on the cookbook, some years back — turned out it coped with the perennial problem of cooking on a budget, suggesting ways to keep the family healthy when the wolf is at the door. People joked that, when the wolf's down the block, you relax a bit, but if he actually gets his head inside, you're paralyzed.

At least, I guess they were joking, though for all I know someone might have cooked the beast. I do know that the '74 *Sports Afield Almanac* has several paragraphs (including recipes for roasting and broiling) on How to Cook a Skunk. It was (I quote) "a favorite delicacy of the Indians. So don't knock it until you've tried it." I can see it now, coming in for supper with the platter poised and steaming, "Skunk, anybody? . . . Hey, come ba-a-ck here!"

The almanac also has some interesting tidbits on the nitty-gritty of salting mackerel, smoking venison or making mincemeat of it, cooking woodchuck, making mesquite bean jelly and muskrat meat loaf. (Hmmm. This opens up interesting possibilities. You feel duty-bound to ask the Jimpons for a meal, but you can't stand Jane J. for more than five minutes hand-running? "Oh, Jane, do come Tuesday evening," you say brightly. "I'm having my Muskrat Meat Loaf — you've never tasted anything like it!" No, says Jane, she never did. She's sorry, they can't come, she just remembered . . .)

Back to the almanac. There's crawdad boil, catfish soup, rabbit sausage, possum with chestnuts, how to make jerky. Total coverage. And, there are some absolutely fascinating quotes from *Outdoor Oklahoma* magazine on dressing out gar — "take a circular saw . . ." Now really! Look, man, I don't even own one. Well, lacking a circular saw, they say to use pointed tin snips to cut the gar's chain mail hide wide open, then to finish the job with wire cutters for the skin around his head and tail. (I don't have those, either, among my handy little kitchen gadgets. Do you?) At least I can see why we never read articles called "10 Easy Ways to Cook Gar". (Wonder what the triumphant hunters did in primitive times — no circular saw, no tin snips, and there they were, puzzling over the



problem of how best to dress out a dinosaur!)

More recently, however, was the plight of my friend Jana. The teenagers had Indian-raided the kitchen. She was gloomily peering at what remained of her grocery supply and gnawing a thumbnail, when her husband came in to lighten the atmosphere with the remark, "This month, NO MATTER WHAT, we are not going to run over the budget." He followed her eyes around the kitchen, noting the wreckage of scalped and lifeless containers. "And so," came her wry question, "we give up eating?"

Some mothers, in desperation, turn sneaky in heading off such kitchen raids. When buying their groceries, aside from that night's perishables, they find it wise to stock the shelves with foods chosen to reduce that temptation to snack. Snackin's not so tempting, you know, when one has to be the Little Red Hen and Do-It-Yourself. Few appetites are triggered beyond control, for instance, when your boy opens the cupboard door to forage, only to be confronted with for instance:

- 1) 4 cans of mackerel, 2 of sardines.
- 2) cartons of brown rice and white rice.
- 3) cans of filled milk and a big box of powdered milk.
- 4) cans of applesauce, corn, tomatoes, hominy, and spinach.
- 5) packages of pudding mix that have to be (shudder!) cooked.
- 6) packages of uncooked beans.
- 7) All the other oddments that you cook with, sitting there non-cooked and non-instant.

The boy retreats to the refrigerator. There, he finds some raw carrots, a head of cabbage, reconstituted milk, ketchup, a container of raw liver slices, leftover vegetables you're saving for soup, an uncooked beef tongue . . . Yuk, murmurs the kid, shuts the refrigerator door, and rummages in the freezer. No ice cream; they ate that last night. Everything's solidly frozen, as he fingers the packages, reading labels with scant hope. Haddock. Frozen orange juice. Frozen chicken. Frozen hamburger. (Keep it frozen, women, because if it's thawed and in the refrigerator, a desperate kid has been known to fry his own, and then it's GONE for whatever

meal you planned to have it.)

Finally the kid gives up, and shuts that door too. He may wonder what's with Mother these days, but takes an apple from the fruit bowl (craftily left there by you) to stave off starvation, and wanders away muttering, "There's nothin' to eat around this place any more."

But when mealtime comes, and you serve up some of your good home cookin', even though planned with economy in mind, he forgets this momentary grievance and falls to with gusto. So do the rest of the family. Remember, their appetites are keen, not dulled from snacks. So, hopefully, there'll be more money left at the end of the month, more gleam left in your husband's eye . . .

Well, that's another story. For now, get back to the problem of what sort of foods your family will eat that don't take forever to fix, and yet don't break the budget for ten years in advance. (Some days you wonder in despair if there are any that fit this description.) You serve eggs instead of meat, gauging how many your family will tolerate without cackling. (Excuse me — without complaining, I meant.) You do as the valiant articles say, and use imagination. ("Not very filling," comments my friend Harriet.) You find that cutting costs on food is a rather inexact science. Such as the tricky field of cooking rice, macaroni and noodles. One cup of raw rice expands into 3½ cups of the cooked stuff. Macaroni doubles itself. Noodles grow only a grudging third. (When you're stuffing hollow-legged kids, quantity counts. Still, when Chinese instinctively becomes their second language, you might let up on the rice for a bit.) Do you turn to beaver and possum and such? Some folks feel, as did Scarlett O'Hara's old Mammy, that there are things that "ain't fitten". Today's hostesses needn't commit themselves. They simply learn to sidestep questions adroitly. "Since you like this," they say, demure and innocent, no mention of ingredients, "we'll have it again soon."

Who knows where it will end? I catch myself scanning the newspaper headlines with foreboding. Any day now, I'm sure, some young husband will report, "Hey honey, the wolf's at the door again," and she'll reply crisply, "Well, don't just stand there. Shoot him. We're out of meat."

### YOUR SUNSHINE FIX IN '77

May every day in 1977 gain you some measure of sunshine — even during a storm. And that sunshine can range from the smile of a child to your greatest accomplishment. However, whatever makes the sun shine upon you depends on one person: You — what you say and what you do — will determine how much sunshine you will have each day in 1977.

## MARY BETH'S CLASSROOM IS A GENUINE JOY

Dear Friends:

This has been a sedentary weekend for me, and my bones are objecting from every direction. I have been writing examinations for the end of our term, and despite my well-kept records from last year I found it necessary to devote my two days off school to schoolwork. Each year's class seems to pace itself at a different rate than the year before, so you can understand why I drained my brain again.

I mentioned to Don this week that if I had only realized when I was a kid how hard the teachers work to keep the students interested and how much they want them to do well, I would have been a much more relaxed youngster. Instead, I was such a reluctant student that I was convinced that every teacher was out to sink me, especially at report card time. When I grade tests tomorrow I will be rooting for each of my children to succeed, because if they succeed it means I have been a success. I should figure out some way to get that thought across to them before they wake up and find themselves my age.

I just wish you could see my new classroom. I am sure I told you that we were crowded to the popping point at our elementary levels, so the board of directors made the necessary arrangements to build a new unit of classrooms next to the old building. Building schedules being what they are nowadays, we were not moved into the new building in September, but now the littlest children are in these new quarters, and those of us who were roomed in the downstairs where we seldom saw sunlight, but were deliciously cool during hot weather, have moved upstairs and to the front of the building.

I have frequently been told that rank has privilege, and now I know it is true when the proper occasion presents itself. I have the most years of teaching among those of us left in the old building, so it became my distinct pleasure to fall heir to the fireplace room. Spreading grandly across the width of my upstairs room is a handsome grey limestone fireplace, with a mantel tree of stone just right for knickknacks to please little ten- and eleven-year-olds. Directly above the fireplace is a perfect place for a big picture. On both sides of the fireplace are deep double-hung windows which are leaded into six sections in both upper and lower panes. These windows face southwest, which is important! Coming around the sides of the room are more of these deep windows. I have five splendid windows, each with a view of western Waukesha county that I am sure extends for fifteen miles. This building was originally a private home, and this room



**Mary Beth Driftmier appreciates the warmth of an ankle-length coat as she leaves for school on a bitterly cold winter day.**

was apparently the living room. The entrance to this room is a large, double-size door which opens directly above two wide, gentle steps decorated at each side by a beautiful black iron curved handrail.

I have hung in the three windows which face south and southwest four lead crystal chandelier pieces which measure at least eight inches in length. They have three faces, and along each edge the glass is etched and cut in a most skillful manner. I found these beautiful glass pieces at the school's rummage sale which is held each year to buy equipment for the athletic department. They were no longer hanging on the chandelier but were laid out on a table rather forlornly, disjointed in their separate ways. All I could think of when I saw them was the possibility that they would act as giant prisms when the sun, which beats relentlessly through those windows all winter and spring, would strike each of their sides. Well, they work just as Isaac Newton promised. I hung them by nylon threads from the top of the window frame, and with a slight twist they turn and flash and throw brilliant spectrums from floor to ceiling. I have no idea whose chandelier these came from, but it must have been a magnificent piece of gigantic proportions, judging from the size of the single sections I have. They really look big enough to have come from a ballroom or at best an entry way several stories high. If their owner knew what pleasure these crystals are giving fifteen children (and their teacher) each sunny day, he would feel rewarded, indeed. My class was almost mesmerized the first day the crystals showed off in all their splendor.

To top off the loveliness of this room, I

have borrowed from son Paul his picture of a cavalier dressed up in his finest cape, with a gold-headed cane and deeply brimmed period hat. Because we are studying about James I and the cavaliers of England at present, this sober gentleman is especially appropriate and lends a touch of elegant dignity to the entire room. The picture looks like an oil, although it is just a simple reproduction done up in a handsome gilt frame. The children love it, and its eyes are such that they stare at the watcher regardless of his position in the room. Well, believe me, the first few days after the crystals went up and then *The Cavalier* was hung, there was a good bit of mind-wandering in the room. We have blazing fires on any day that permits the extra heat. I already have a pocketful of pleasant memories in this room. Just imagine how these fifteen children will remember their year in the fireplace room!

I must tumble into the bathtub and then into bed before the clock beats me in our daily race. Until next month,

Mary Beth

### I THANK GOD FOR:

Red birds,  
Kind words,  
Fireplace to burn,  
Verses to learn.

Tissues for noses,  
Dryer for clothes,  
Winter coats,  
Time for notes.

A rocking chair,  
Country fresh air,  
Also easy chairs,  
And One who cares.

Books to read,  
All I need,  
Shelter from cold,  
Memories untold.

The telephone,  
And house we own,  
Insulation,  
All creation.

The car's snowtires,  
Electric wires,  
Even the meter,  
And water heater.

The house plants,  
Warm long pants,  
The evergreen trees,  
Loving families.

Our good health,  
All this wealth,  
Saws for wood,  
All that's good.

A season to be glad,  
And one more to add.  
Can you guess?  
Permanent press!

—Betty Downs

## MARTIN STROM REFLECTS ON PAST YEAR

Dear Friends:

Several long and richly filled years have passed since my last letter appeared in *Kitchen-Klatter*. I know from letters and from personal contact that some of you have kept aware of my "whereabouts" and "doings", as Mother has mentioned them rather frequently in her own letters. But this is my first real opportunity to share them in person.

My wife, Eugenie, and I live in Maple Lake, a small town in central Minnesota. It was just a year ago that we were married in the church I am serving and moved into the newly completed parsonage next door.

I am sure that even when I was a student in Seminary, I had as yet no realistic idea how busy a schedule a minister and family must maintain. After a year of becoming "settled", there continues to be a seemingly endless list of things we have yet to do to finish the work of transforming this house into our home. I am beginning to suspect this sort of task is never finished at all! Nevertheless, the parsonage has become a warm and comfortable place to live.

Eugenie was already established in her occupation as a Music Therapist when she joined me here, so we in fact merged our households to more than furnish even this spacious house. Each room contains some hand-me-downs and memories from both of our families. I expect that this is the way most newlyweds begin, and it certainly has been a great help during these financially troubled times. It is also very comforting as we adjust to the newness of our surroundings to have within reach things that are familiar and reassuring.

Despite the busy schedule, Eugenie and I have made several trips to her parents' home on the North Shore of Lake Superior. Since last summer they have been in the process of building a new home, sorting through the things that one can accumulate living for twenty years in the same house, and moving a few things at a time whenever it became possible.

Our last trip to Silver Bay was for Thanksgiving. It was a short trip since we had to be back here in Maple Lake on Saturday to prepare for Sunday. We did, however, have an opportunity to relax and enjoy a change of pace from our usual routine before plunging into our preparations for Christmas.

As you know, our fall was saddened by Grandmother's passing, but Christmas will be the hardest time of all for most of us in the Driftmier family. It had been our tradition to gather at Grandmother's and Grandfather's house on Christmas Eve



**Martin Strom, pastor of Bethlehem United Church of Christ in Maple Lake, Minnesota, was caught by the camera's eye as he was visiting with a group of friends.**

whenever possible. It was the time of the year when we felt our greatest solidarity as a family. With Grandmother's passing, the strongest cord uniting us has been broken. We cannot help but feel a certain emptiness.

At the funeral in October Uncle Don confided to me his overwhelming sense of Grandmother's presence. I myself, have felt that way on many occasions since: On Thanksgiving I remembered the times we grandchildren gathered before the microphone to sing "Over the River and Through the Woods"; prior to Christmas I remembered the many hours helping Grandmother decorate batch after batch of Christmas cookies to share with friends, neighbors, and family, both near and far away; the past few days, I have been remembering how Grandmother would sit at her window and watch the birds eat the suet we had so carefully tied to the branches of the discarded Christmas tree.

My memories of Grandmother are strong, and she will be with me in many ways for the remainder of my life. I know it is the same with others.

We are now deep in the heart of another Minnesota winter. The bright colors of autumn, my favorite season, are far behind us. It is a time for catching

### COVER PICTURE

It was a very exciting day when this picture was taken! Julian, Jed, Katharine and James Lowey were all dressed up for the wedding of a dear friend in Albuquerque in which the children had a very active part. James had on an honest-to-goodness tux and Katharine wore a long dress for they greeted the guests as they arrived for the ceremony and handed them programs for the service. It was the thrill of their lives and a day the children will long remember!

up on unfinished projects, and for making plans for the year to come. Eugenie and I work together with the Youth Fellowship of the church, and this month we've been reviewing the adventures we've shared with the group and thinking ahead to what we'll try during 1977.

The most enjoyable experience we have had with our youth group was the camping retreat we undertook during the latter part of summer. We were very fortunate to miss the fire ban which went into effect shortly after our return. For some of those who went with us, it was the first opportunity they'd had to actually cook their meals over a campfire, or to gather and cut the firewood which we seemed to need constantly. It was a great experience to live for a few days in closer harmony with the God-given world around us, and I'm sure it helped all of us to have a greater appreciation for a hot bath and for clean sheets!

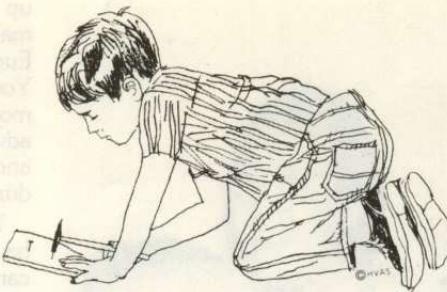
Using money they earned by selling refreshments at our annual Church Bazaar, the Youth Fellowship sponsored a hayride for the entire congregation. We chose a rather cool evening for the event, which provided the motivation to draw closer together for warmth as well as in spirit. We stopped midway for a traditional bonfire, hot dogs, toasted marshmallows and hot chocolate. Such things as hayrides were common events when I was growing up in Shenandoah, but in many parts of the Midwest there is a new generation which has not been exposed to some of these wonderful activities. Again and again we have been asked if we can repeat such outings in 1977.

Looking back on what I have already written, I notice that I seem to have a preoccupation with eating and fires. To the first, I plead guilty to the obvious! Eugenie and I are both committed to a post-holiday season diet. Doesn't this happen every year? I know that I owe most of this problem to my wife's being such a good cook, and to the members of this congregation who insist on giving us special treats with our coffee or tea when we go calling. Over-eating is my biggest weakness, coming as I have from a family of such good and inventive cooks. Perhaps what I need to do is buy some smaller clothes to give me the incentive to lose weight!

My preoccupation with fires is in direct proportion to the amount of time Eugenie and I spent locating, hauling, cutting and stacking firewood for our own use. Our parsonage has a fireplace in the recreation-meeting room, which we use several times each week for church groups, and just as often to feel warm and cozy on these bitterly cold nights. We feel well taken care of, as several of (Continued on page 18)

## For Children's Shut-In Days

by  
Virginia Thomas



It may be that the so-called "common" cold, a blizzard, a case of chicken pox, or some other ailment that keeps your child shut indoors. Whatever it is, it is a wise parent who has a few tricks up the sleeve to haul out when need be.

There are many things in the average household that will make odd and interesting playthings for the shut-in child, or children, especially if a bit of thought and ingenuity is given to their presentation.

Do you have an old umbrella handy? It can be used in many ways to provide some entertainment to while away tedious hours for the young. It provides an ideal cave, a shelter on a desert island, even an instant Alaskan igloo. Balls or marbles may be rolled from the top of it to a certain spot on the floor, the one coming nearest to that spot winning the game. Of course it makes the perfect prop as a little girl strolls along playing "pretend lady", especially if she has been given some lace or ribbon scraps with which to decorate it. Tiny paper airplanes and kites may be made and fastened to the rib ends by long strings so that they dance gaily as the child strolls around carrying the umbrella "airport", or call it a "space landing" to be more up to date!

Children can spend some time at "life size" picture making. Fasten large sheets of wrapping paper or wide wallpaper to the wall — the paper must be larger than the child to be drawn. Let one child stand up against the paper on the wall, with arms hanging down loosely, while another child draws around his or her figure with a crayon or pencil. Then they can lay the outlined figure on the floor and draw in the facial features, the clothes, shoes, socks, etc., making them as they are actually worn or using their imagination for surprise costumes.

Cereal boxes offer almost endless possibilities. Features can be marked on one side and then eyes, nose, and mouth cut out and bright colored papers pasted to the inside to give a weird effect. Perhaps the child will want to paint the box a solid color first. The boxes can be painted and turned into imaginative animals by using Magic Markers to mark in faces, or gluing on paper wings or tails and using snap clothespins for legs. Or how about turning these boxes into a train and a string of railroad cars, or a

circus train with each box an animal cage? Perhaps the child has some small toy animals to place inside these decorated cages.

If you tack a piece of silver paper to an old picture frame you have a lovely skating pond for tiny dolls or paper dolls, or it can become a lake for paper boats; or have a cotton mountain beside it down which the children can manipulate pipe cleaner or clothespin ski figures.

A discarded window shade on a roller becomes an enchanting moving picture just by pasting figures and scenes cut from magazines and catalogues upon it. Be sure to work from the bottom to the top of the shade, if you are telling a story in pictures. Both sides of the shade may be utilized.

Almost every child enjoys music. Many household objects make play instruments. Cardboard tubes become horns; coffee tins and oatmeal cartons make fine drums. Tin cans with small stones or dried beans inside make good Mexican-type instruments to shake in rhythm. Two pan covers make cymbals. Turn on the record player and let the children accompany a real orchestra for extra fun.

If the child must lie or sit quietly for long periods of time, try suggesting that the child become a pretend newspaper reporter. Given a pencil and paper, the child can sit at the window (or lie near it) and jot down all that he or she sees going on outside — birds, animals, people, cars, and weather — and it is helping the child to learn to be observant. If the child is quite young, perhaps you will note down car colors and the child can make a mark beside to proper color when a car of that color is seen. Or you can paste pictures on a paper of objects that can be seen, and the child can check them off, or paste a star seal on the ones that he sees from the window. The child reporter is sure to have something interesting to report to Daddy at mealtime, or to an older brother and sister as they come from school.

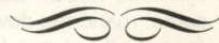
If you have a large unused handbag, fill it with all sorts of items — coin purse, key ring, head scarf, gloves, comb, old compact, empty cosmetic containers, sun glasses, memo pad, pencil, string, rubber bands, paper clips, and rain hat, to name a few. The child will spend a long time packing and unpacking the bag and

using the various items it contains. (This is a fine idea if you are traveling with a small youngster, too.)

Any child will be intrigued if there is a special drawer which is to be opened only on a shut-in day. In it have many items such as crayons, paper, pencils, "poke out, lick, and stamp" type books, books of paper dolls, old billfolds, old jewelry, etc. If the child is to enjoy the contents of this drawer only on rare occasions, it will always be "new", especially if you add another item from time to time as a surprise. You might keep in mind the novelty for a child at being allowed to enjoy some special drawer on occasion, such as "Today you may get out the pictures and albums in the bookcase drawer and look at them", or "Today you may get out the box of seashells and rocks which we have collected in our travels and look at them." And what small child wouldn't be thrilled to be told that "Today you may try on all the shoes in Mamma's and Daddy's closet."?

Many children are fascinated if allowed to play with old keys, padlocks, bolts and screw taps, pliers, and a tape measure.

Other items to think of for playthings on occasion include old lamp shades (make wonderful hats — even a cozy modern house for dolly!), plastic baskets, berry boxes, salad molds, cooky cutters for cutting modeling clay, old lace paper doilies, and scraps of materials and trims.



### MAKE A LIST

What must I do today? I'll make a list! Plans for the day, week, year, and for "eventually" are listed. What I must do, and what I hope to do go on lists.

There are lists for projects; for cleaning ones, cooking ones, craft ones, sewing ones, reading ones, and writing ones. Add to these, lists for needs, for wants, for gifts, for cards, and for special occasions, and lists for things to do this winter, then spring followed by summer and fall lists. Also there are lists of places to go and things to see, and lists for things to do in the house, in the yard, and in the garden. Of course there are always grocery and shopping lists.

There is such a sense of accomplishment as you cross items off your lists. (Now where is my writing list so I can cross off this project? Is it in one of my purses, drawers, cabinets, chests, desk, or glove compartment?) My lists are made on scratch pads, backs of envelopes and cash register tapes, and tops, bottoms, and margins of letters and all sorts of papers. Just any available scrap will do. Oh, such an odd assortment! Oh, such clutter! Must I even make a list of where I put my lists?

—Betty Downs

## THE PANCAKE

by

Marie L. Stratman

As a young bride, I confess that I came to my kitchen inadequately prepared to tackle the job of cooking three attractive and nourishing meals a day for my hungry farmer. Even in my pigtail days, the mud pies from my backyard kitchen were nothing to brag about.

My patient mother insisted that I have a few experiences with salt, pepper, sugar and spices. She promised success if I would follow the recipes carefully. She overlooked one important thing . . . my impatience.

It was usually a packaged item from the grocery shelves that messed up my efforts. I never took time to read the directions on the box until after I faced my culinary disaster.

One cold winter morning, I decided to impress my new husband. I would make him a delicious, hot breakfast before he stepped out into the snow to do the farm chores. I took a large box of pancake mix from the cupboard and emptied the contents into a mixing bowl. Then I began the frustrating trick of preparing coffee, orange juice, bacon, eggs and pancakes so that they would all arrive at his plate intact and at the same time.

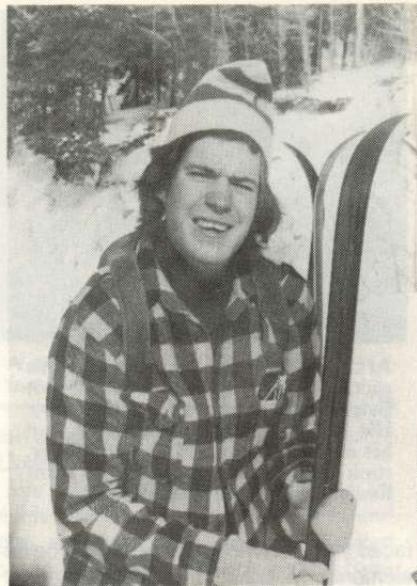
I moved quickly from refrigerator to work counter . . . to stove . . . to table. I began to stir. Whoops! I needed a larger bowl. Then I needed more liquid and another bowl to catch the overflow. Who would dream that the contents of that box could get out of control?

But my labor of love *really* began at the round iron griddle. I poured neat, saucer-sized pancakes which spread before my eyes to plate-sized . . . and eventually to one-inch whoppers. My husband almost choked trying to conceal his laughter. He obligingly ate four and escaped to the barn.

I was left with two bowls of batter and a hot, eager griddle. For fifteen minutes, I flipped and stacked pancakes until my wrist went limp. I knew that I had to end this farce. So I poured the remaining batter onto the griddle and watched it sputter and puff up. The result was an enormous, fat, cushiony pancake which disgustingly resembled a small floor mat. I tossed it out on the back porch to get it out of my sight.

Later that afternoon, I looked out the front door and saw Snuffy, our puppy, curled up on the offensive pancake . . . napping in the winter sunshine. She had nibbled daintily around the edges and had dragged it to the front porch to catch the afternoon sun.

My ego shriveled and dropped lower than the stock market. But I marveled at the sturdy qualities of that pancake. Each evening I carried it to the back



Clark Driftmier, a student at Oberlin College in Ohio, has been trying cross-country skiing.

porch; each afternoon Snuffy tugged her dingy cushion to the front porch for all the world to see. I couldn't destroy it. The pancake had become her pacifier . . . her security blanket.

Mother was right. There was more to cooking than a dash of salt, pepper, sugar and spice.

### WISE WORDS

Of all wise words the Master spoke,  
And those most difficult to do,  
Are, sadly, practiced least of all,  
And understood by few.

Those trying words, more pure by far,  
Than found on any shelf,  
State simply that to know thy God,  
First come to know thyself.

—Donald G. Beckman

### THE SHOESTRING QUILT

After the garments had been cut out in the sewing circle, then the quilt scraps would be claimed. Those making fancy and intricate patterns would have first choice, then those making nine-patch, or four-patch quilts. Then came the crazy quilt pieces.

But this was not the end. My grandmother asked for the tiny pieces left over for her shoestring quilt. She tore a full length old sheet into strips 1 1/2 inches wide, and used them for the base. Then she sewed one little piece at the top of the strip, and folded under the edge of the next piece to sew onto it. Thus the fold of each new piece covered the raw edge of the preceding scrap. Then she sewed the long strips together.

It took about a year to finish a shoestring quilt, but the result was unusual, rather pretty, and no cloth had been wasted! —Ethel Hancock Harp

## MY PURPOSE

I live for those who love me —  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

—Banks

## DO YOU KNOW?

You cannot pray the Lord's Prayer and even once say "I".  
You cannot pray the Lord's Prayer and even once say "MY",  
Nor can you pray the Lord's Prayer and not pray for one another.  
For when you ask for daily bread, you must include your brother.  
For others are included in each and every plea.  
From beginning to the end of it, it does not once say "ME". —Unknown



## SUPER CLEANEER!

Faster than a speeding bullet!  
Able to clean tall buildings in a single wipe. It's SUPER-CLEANEER!

Well, what it is, is Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner. And that's super. Fast dissolving, fast acting. No froth or scum, so no rinsing. Deep cleaning, so once over does it (even greasy dirt). Powder, so it's economical . . . and a little goes a long way.

If that isn't a super cleaner, my name's not Clark Kent.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER  
KLEANER**

## A NEW NEPHEW

by  
Evelyn Birkby

The main project requiring my attention now is the mending of the dining room and family room rugs. These are the large braided rugs which took so long to make and truly do look fine with the Early American atmosphere of our home. But those rugs do have a problem. Because we eat in the rooms where the rugs are located, the legs of the table and chairs tend to pull the stitches in the rugs. So, starting today my main project is *mend those rugs!*

Sewing the braids back together is pleasant, especially on a snowy afternoon or evening. With a fire in the fireplace and soft music on the radio, my mind can wander into far places as my hands pull the needle back and forth in the heavy fabric. Down to Arizona, for example, where my sister, Ruth Gerhardt, her husband Paul and their newest grandson and his parents reside.

I have not seen this newest great-nephew of ours, but "Grandmother Ruth" and Mother Jacquie, are keeping me well informed as to his progress.

A recent letter from my sister made the comment that *surely all* grandmothers carry books with pictures of their grandchildren. In fact, she even has the initials to prove this statement: S.O.G. with P.I.P. (Silly Old Grandmother with Pictures in Purse!)

The first such pictures which Ruth carried were of her step-son, Don Gerhardt and daughter-in-law Claudia's baby David. As Ruth remembered, "We were very much around when David was born. It was so thrilling to hold this darling little boy and be able to take care of him when his mother came to our house for a week after leaving the hospital."

David is now six and another book of pictures has been added to Ruth's purse from the Gerhardt side of the family. Jeff, now two, was born while Ruth and Paul were in Australia (Paul was teaching as an exchange professor in the entomology department at Queensland Agricultural College).

Now Don and Claudia and their two boys live in Holt, Michigan, a long way from Grandpa Paul and Grandma Ruth Gerhardt.

Incidentally, Don and his family came to visit us here in Sidney last spring and we so much enjoyed really getting acquainted. They all call me Aunt Evelyn, and Robert is Uncle, so we are blended into a fine expanded family.

After Ruth and Paul were married, Ruth's son, Larry Bricker, lived with them in Mesa while he completed his master's work at the University of Arizona. Here he met Jacqueline Mayhew, a beautiful, blond, freckle-



At the age of eight months, when this picture was taken, Corrie Lewis Bricker is a much beloved little boy. His father, Larry Lynn Bricker, and his mother, Jacquie Mayhew Bricker, took this picture to share with Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Robert Birkby.

faced student who was studying to be an elementary teacher. Two years later they were married.

Larry and Jacquie moved into a lovely small home on the edge of the desert in the Velda Rose area. Larry taught biology in Mesa Junior College and Jacquie taught in a nearby elementary school. The two also developed a home products sales business, converting one of the two bedrooms in their house into an office.

After seven years of marriage they were elated when they learned they were to have a baby. Larry kept trying to keep Jacquie down to earth, but it was difficult, for he too was excited about the prospect of a baby.

On February 23, 1976, Jacquie's and Larry's son was born, all 7 lbs. and 11 ozs. of him. When they had him all wrapped up tightly in a new yellow knit blanket, hat and suit, carried him out to their car and drove to the waiting house on the desert, finally having a son of their own became believable.

Grandpa Paul Gerhardt had made a beautiful wooden colonial cradle for his homecoming. (He had made two of these heirloom cradles for the two previous grandsons.) After taking movies and snapshots of this historic homecoming, it was time for everyone to go to bed. Jacquie pulled the cradle near the bed, tucked her well-fed baby in and everyone settled down to a good night's sleep.

Well, not quite! Jacquie did not sleep. That baby smacked his lips, made gurgling noises and kept his mother wide awake. Jacquie laughed when she told me that after about four hours of such carrying on, she got up, warmed a bottle of milk and lovingly gave her tiny new son a middle-of-the-night meal. Pulling the cradle into the office room, she tucked her noisy little boy in for the rest of the night. The room was near enough so any unusual sounds could be heard, but far enough away so his funny little gurgles and smacks did not keep his mother awake.

Ruth called me immediately, of course, to tell about this new grandson. Later she wrote in greater detail: "There are many jokes told about grandparents, but somehow I could not adequately anticipate or even come close to the feelings I had when MY own son placed HIS son in my arms for the first time. I still get goose bumps when I think of the thrill of the moment when I cuddled that beautiful warm little boy."

"He is such a happy little guy, knowing he is loved by all four of his grandparents, a great-grandmother, aunts, uncles, and cousins. He looks so much like Larry did at that age, with the same firm mouth and chin. His coloring is fair with bright blue eyes and blond hair like his mother. Now I have a new S.O.G. book of pictures in my purse to show anyone who will stop long enough to look."

It took some time to decide on the spelling of the name of this newest nephew of ours. Before his arrival the name Corrie Lewis had been decided upon. Larry adored his Grandmother Corrie (as did all of her grandsons) so that was the name chosen, but how to spell it so it would seem masculine? Discovering that Cory is English, and Corey comes from an Irish background, the spelling, Corrie, with its roots deep in the countryside of Scotland was finally decided most appropriate. Great-grandpa Corrie DID come over from Scotland, so the original family spelling finally won out. The Lewis is from a good friend in Dallas, Texas, who was chosen to be Godfather.

Jacquie reported that Corrie has been a prolific eater from the age of two weeks when he began taking cereal from a spoon. At the age of five months his food was being prepared from the table food of the family. Jacquie pureed it with a blender, and then, as he grew, ground it in a little food grinder. Perhaps his great appetite was enhanced by the swimming lessons he took at the age of five months. He took to water like a fish, sinking to the bottom and blowing bubbles, then paddling to the top to float and giggle.

The Brickers moved into a new home recently and Corrie now has his very own room, not just a corner of his parent's office. Grandpa Gerhardt's outgrown cradle was long ago tucked away. Walking with a walker, crawling agilely wherever allowed, it will not be long until Corrie will be up on his own independent feet. What a great time this family is having as they greet 1977!

Iowa, I opine to myself as I change the color of thread in the needle ready for the next area of the rug which needs repairs, is too far away from Arizona when a new great-nephew is involved. Until we can get there or they can get here, I'll have to be satisfied with the phone calls, the letters and the pictures of Corrie which his family shares so generously.



## It's the Fashion

by  
Mildred D. Cathcart

Most of our styles are adhered to merely because "it is the fashion", and some of these had a most interesting origin. For example, did you know that raglan sleeves came into existence via a potato sack? During the Crimean War, Baron Raglan was in command of a troop of soldiers who were outfitted only in light-weight uniforms. The war lasted longer than anticipated so the men looked for something to keep them warm. The best they could find was some potato sacks. In their ingenious way, they draped the sacks over their shoulders. Not only did they enjoy added protection from the weather, but they enjoyed the freedom of movement these loose sacks afforded. When the men returned to their homeland, they had sleeves made in their coats to give them the same freedom. In honor of their leader, the sleeves were dubbed "Raglan".

Why are there cuffs on trousers? They not only collect dust and lint but require extra material. This you may lay to the account of King George V of England. It seems the king was to make a speech one day and his carriage could not pull up directly to the platform because of a mud puddle. Naturally the king did not wish to appear on the platform in muddy trousers, so he turned up his pant legs to retain his meticulous appearance. But like most dedicated speakers, his mind was on his speech — not his trousers. Consequently, he forgot to roll down his pant legs. Spectators thought this was the latest fashion and immediately all new trousers boasted cuffs.

Another fashion may be attributed to a king and an excited housewife. It seems that when King Edward VII was riding near London, he was thrown from his horse and landed in the mud. He went to a nearby cottage and asked the lady if she would clean his dirty trousers. She was so nervous thinking about a king in her house that she pressed his riding breeches with a crease down the front of the leg instead of along the seams. When the king returned to the palace, the people in court were so enthusiastic about the new style that they had their trousers pressed in the same way. So

today we have a center, rather than a side crease.

Probably of all our fashions, the most mixed up one is the handkerchief. The "kerchief" began as a head covering in France. When the fashion was introduced in England, the ladies found the scarf too warm so they carried the pretty kerchiefs in their hands and found them very practical for blowing noses or wiping perspiration. Thus with a dual purpose, the piece of material became a handkerchief. An old saying expresses the two uses poetically: "One to show; one to blow."

Speaking of handkerchiefs, one of our most useless fashions might not have come into existence had handkerchiefs been available. Apparently Napoleon's soldiers were also victims of colds, hay fever, or some type of "runny-nosed" allergies. At any rate, he discovered some of his men were swiping their noses on their coat sleeves. Napoleon had no trouble mapping out strategic battle moves, so why not try a little strategy here. He ordered decorative braid added to the sleeves but went a step further and ordered buttons sewn on all the sleeves and thus prevented the soldiers from using their coat sleeves in such disgraceful manner. You may carry a handkerchief all the time but chances are you still have buttons on the seams of your jackets.

Buttons became high fashion in the 1200's. Men put buttons on their coats and they were so that they could be buttoned easily with the right hand. Wealthy ladies had their clothing handmade and their maids helped dress them. The more buttons a dress, the more stylish, so rows of buttons adorned the dresses from the neckline to the bottom. For the maids to button the clothing easily, the women's buttons were sewn on just opposite to the men's. Even though most women today do not have maids to help with their dressing, the clothing still buttons just the opposite to the men's.

Maybe by now you are "laughing up your sleeve" at all the funny fashion fantasies, but that custom, too, had an interesting origin. According to most

### "IT'S HOME"

I like to live in a little town,  
Where the trees meet across the street,  
Where you wave your hand and say "Hello"  
To everyone you meet.  
I like to stand for a moment  
Outside the hardware store  
And listen to the friendly gossip  
Of the folks that live next door.  
For life is interwoven  
With friends we learn to know.  
And we hear their joys and sorrows  
As we daily come and go.  
So I like to live in a little town,  
I care no more to roam,  
For every house in a little town  
Is more than a house — it's a home.

### RECYCLED CHRISTMAS CARDS

Many of the lovely Christmas cards we've received have been recycled for use as picture postcards.

Cards which are of heavy stock, equal to or heavier than the regulation postal or commercial cards, are earmarked for this purpose. The card is cut apart (I use an old pair of pinking shears) and the message portion is discarded, with face-half reserved for further use. This portion makes an attractive postcard, with the picture on the front. On the back, I draw a vertical line, dividing the blank space in approximately half. Three lines are ruled on the right half, making a place for the address. This leaves plenty of room on the left for a message.

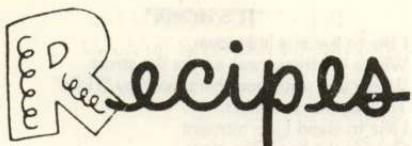
Those cards of definite Christmas or holiday motif are saved for next year's supply, and with the latest postage raise, it is definitely a Christmas note of cheer. There is plenty of room for messages to many of our friends, at postcard rate — and appropriately decorated with attractive picture.

Those cards of winter or general scene have made up a nice supply of handy, economical, beautiful postcards which are used to keep me in touch with friends throughout the year. (Birthday cards will be added as my own natal day arrives; other general holidays will get the same treatment.)

Most satisfying of all is knowing the beautiful cards are enjoyed the second time around, rather than becoming expensive discards. And they mail just as successfully as they had the first time enclosed in an envelope.

—Evelyn Tuller

accounts, early noblemen had wide sleeves in their garments. If they were amused at a friend and did not wish to appear impolite, they merely raised their arm and laughed up their sleeve. Still later in England, the scholars wore the academic gown with wide sleeves. The wider the sleeves of the gown. Thus the senior student could politely smile at the mistakes of the freshman by laughing up his sleeve.



## Tested by the KITCHEN-KLATTER Family

### NEW YEAR'S BRUNCH CASSEROLE

6 slices bread  
1 can mushrooms, stems and pieces  
1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives  
1 cup Cheddar cheese, grated  
1 cup cooked ham or turkey  
4 eggs, beaten  
2 cups milk  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1/4 tsp. dry mustard  
1/4 tsp. salt

Cut bread into cubes. Place half the bread cubes in a buttered casserole. Spread layers of mushrooms, olives, cheese and meat over bread layer. Spread remaining cubes over top. Beat eggs and add milk, flavoring and seasonings. Pour over layered mixture. Refrigerate overnight or several hours. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes to one hour. Let set 5 to 10 minutes after removing from oven before serving.

A great breakfast treat to be made ahead. Fine to serve for New Year's brunch, Easter breakfast or a guest luncheon or supper. —Evelyn

### OLD-FASHIONED COFFEECAKE

2/3 cup shortening  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
2 cups sugar  
2 eggs  
3 cups flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
1 cup milk

Put everything into a big bowl. Use electric mixer and beat until smooth and creamy. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan which has been greased and floured just on the bottom. Sprinkle top generously with sugar, then with cinnamon. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes or until it tests done in the center. Cool in pan. Excellent eaten both warm or cold.

This is a fine recipe to mark as quick and easy. If company is coming unexpectedly, this can be mixed quickly and popped into the oven to serve as soon as it is done. A fine coffeeecake for morning coffees. Freezes well.

### THE MAYOR'S SALAD

1 can cream of asparagus soup  
1/2 cup water  
1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin  
1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, cubed  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
1 cup chopped celery  
1/4 cup chopped green pepper  
1 Tbs. chopped onion

Put the soup and water in a pan and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add dry gelatin, cubed cream cheese and mayonnaise and beat with a hand beater until well blended and smooth. Add celery, green pepper and onion and fold in. Pour into an 8-inch square pan and chill for 3 or 4 hours. Serve on lettuce with snack crackers.

I took this salad to a salad luncheon and had many requests for the recipe. It made a big hit! —Margery

### UNUSUAL MOCHA FROSTING

3/4 cup granulated sugar  
1/4 lb. (1 stick) butter or margarine  
2 egg yolks  
1/3 cup barely warm coffee

Blend sugar into butter or margarine gradually. Cream well. Beat in egg yolks. Very slowly, beat in the coffee. (The coffee must not be hot, if it is it will melt the butter!) Add just a small amount of the coffee at a time and beat it into the creamed mixture. Spread onto cold cake. This is delicious on chocolate cake. It is best made with all or part butter for texture and flavor. Add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring, also.

If, for some reason, the frosting becomes too soft, a little powdered sugar may be added.

### MARBLE CAKE

(Swedish Tiger Cake)

3/4 cup butter or margarine  
1 1/4 cups sugar  
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
3 eggs  
2 cups all-purpose flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
7 Tbs. cream or milk  
2 Tbs. cocoa

Cream the butter or margarine, sugar and flavoring until light and fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time, and continue to cream the mixture.

Mix the flour and baking powder and fold into the creamed mixture together with the cream or milk.

Put about one-third of the batter into another bowl. Add the cocoa.

Put alternating layers of dark and light batter into a greased and floured tin with light batter at the bottom and at the top. Trail a fork quite lightly through the batter to produce a marbled effect. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour.

I used a 3 1/2- by 2 1/2- by 10 1/4-inch loaf pan or you may use an ordinary bread tin. —Betty Tilsen

### COMPANY BANANA PIE

1 1/2 cups milk  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/4 tsp. salt  
3 Tbs. flour  
1 egg yolk  
1 Tbs. butter  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
2 ripe bananas  
1 cup whipped cream or prepared whipped topping

1 baked 9-inch pastry shell  
Scald 1 cup of the milk. Mix sugar, salt, flour and remaining 1/2 cup milk together and stir into hot milk. Cook, stirring, until thick. Add egg yolk very, very slowly and cook for one minute. Remove from heat and stir in butter and flavorings. Slice 1 banana into baked pie shell. Pour all except 1 cup of filling over banana. Cool the reserved filling; then fold in the whipped cream or topping and the remaining banana, diced. Spoon over pie and chill several hours. Delicious! —Margery

### QUICK EGGNOG

5 eggs  
2 cups cold milk  
1/2 cup apple juice, chilled  
1/4 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine all ingredients in blender. Whip. Serve immediately. A refreshing and especially simple eggnog. —Evelyn

### POTATOES ROMANOFF

6 cups cooked potatoes, grated  
1 cup sour cream  
1 cup cottage cheese, liquefied  
1/4 cup milk (or half-and-half)  
1/3 cup onion, chopped fine  
1 cup Cheddar cheese, shredded  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
Pepper to taste  
Cheese for topping

Cook potatoes in jackets until tender. Remove peeling. Shred into large bowl. Stir in sour cream. Liquefy cottage cheese by placing in blender with milk or half-and-half. Blend until smooth. Stir into potato mixture. Stir in cheese and seasonings. Spoon into casserole and top with cheese as desired. Sprinkle with paprika. Cover and refrigerate several hours or overnight. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.

This is a fine make-ahead potato dish. It was originally made with a large amount of sour cream. In adapting it, I used the liquefied cottage cheese (which makes a fine substitute for sour cream) for part of the liquid. Excellent for covered-dish dinners or Sunday meals. —Evelyn

### GRAND CHAMPION WHITE CAKE

1 standard white cake mix (good quality)  
 2/3 cup butter or margarine  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 cups sugar  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 2 Tbs. boiling water  
 3 1/2 cups sifted cake flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 1/2 cups cold water  
 4 tsp. baking powder  
 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

First, make the white cake mix according to directions on box. Set aside. Then make up the *homemade cake* as follows: cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar until light and fluffy. Add remaining flavorings and boiling water and beat one minute. Sift flour and salt together several times to make light. Add alternately to the batter with the cold water. Beat well for at least two minutes. Remove beaters. Sift baking powder on top of batter and gently fold in with the egg whites which have been stiffly beaten. Now, gently fold this *homemade cake* batter into the *cake mix* batter which has been waiting on the sidelines. Pour into pans which have been greased and floured only on the bottom. This is enough for two 9- by 13-inch cakes, or 4 layers. Bake at 350 degrees, about 45 minutes for the large cakes, about 30 minutes for the layers. Test for doneness.

A great recipe for wedding cakes, sheet cakes, various sized layers or several 8-inch square cakes. —Evelyn

### PARMESAN BAKED CHICKEN

3-lb. frying chicken, cut up  
 1/2 cup flour  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. pepper  
 1 tsp. paprika  
 1 egg, beaten  
 3 Tbs. milk  
 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs  
 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese  
 5 Tbs. butter, melted

Shake chicken pieces in bag with flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Combine egg and milk and dip chicken pieces into it. Mix together the bread crumbs and cheese and roll the egg-coated chicken pieces in this. Let stand for about 10 minutes. Heat 2 Tbs. of the butter in shallow baking pan in a 350-degree oven. Lay chicken in single layer in pan, drizzle with remaining 3 Tbs. butter and bake for about 20 minutes. Turn chicken and bake for about 30 more minutes, or until chicken is done. —Margery

### PEANUT-BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup bran cereal  
 1 1/2 cups milk  
 1/2 cup peanut butter  
 1 cup flour  
 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/4 cup raisins, coated with a little flour  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1 egg

Combine all ingredients in bowl. Stir only until well combined. Fill greased 12-cup muffin tins two-thirds full. Bake at 400 degrees about 25 minutes or until delicately brown. —Margery

### CORNED BEEF CASSEROLE

1 12-oz. can corned beef, broken (about 1 1/2 cups)  
 1/4 lb. processed American cheese, shredded (about 1 cup)  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup  
 1 cup milk  
 1/2 cup chopped onion  
 1 8-oz. pkg. noodles, cooked and drained  
 3/4 cup buttered crumbs

Combine corned beef, cheese, soup, milk and onion. Make alternate layers of combined mixture and cooked noodles in greased 2-quart baking dish. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.

We like to use Ritz cracker crumbs because they have a good, buttery flavor.

—Lucile and Betty

### BAKED VEGETABLE DINNER

4 potatoes, sliced  
 4 raw carrots, sliced  
 1 onion, sliced  
 3 stalks celery, sliced  
 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. ground beef  
 2 Tbs. cooking oil  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 1 16-oz. can peas  
 1 16-oz. can tomatoes  
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing  
 1/3 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

In bottom of large baking pan make layers of sliced potatoes, carrots, onion and celery. Sauté ground beef in cooking oil until red color disappears. Drain off excess fat. Spoon over top of vegetables in baking pan. Salt and pepper as desired. Over top of meat pour peas, juice and all, and tomatoes. Combine the two dressings and pour over top.

If desired, fry out bacon and crumble over top. Buttered bread crumbs may also be used. Bake at 350 degrees for about 2 hours, covered. Remove cover for another half hour. Test for doneness several times during baking time. This recipe could easily be used in a slow-cooking pot, extending the cooking time until the vegetables are tender.

### MYRT'S BROCCOLI & CAULIFLOWER SALAD

1 head cauliflower, broken up  
 4 stalks broccoli, cut up  
 2 bunches green onions, cut up  
 1 green pepper, cut up

#### Dressing

1 cup mayonnaise  
 1/2 cup sour cream  
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

1 Tbs. sugar  
 1 Tbs. vinegar  
 Dash Tabasco sauce  
 Dash Worcestershire sauce  
 Dash of salt

Prepare vegetables. Combine dressing ingredients and pour over vegetables. Toss. Refrigerate several hours.

—Lucile and Betty

### OATMEAL-MOLASSES COOKIES

1 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup margarine  
 1 egg  
 1/2 cup molasses  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 1/2 tsp. soda  
 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats  
 1 cup raisins

Cream together the sugar and margarine. Add the egg, molasses, and flavorings and beat well. Add the sifted dry ingredients and rolled oats and mix until well blended. Pour boiling water over the raisins, drain well, and stir into the batter. You can vary this recipe by omitting the raisins and adding coconut or chocolate bits. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cooky sheet and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

—Dorothy

### OVEN SWISS STEAK

4 generous pieces of round steak to serve 4 people

4 Tbs. flour  
 Salt and pepper as desired  
 1 cup stewed tomatoes  
 1/4 cup chopped celery  
 1 Tbs. chopped onion  
 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 2 Tbs. shredded American cheese

Combine flour, salt and pepper and pound into the steak. Brown meat in hot fat and place in shallow baking dish. Pour tomatoes, chopped celery, onion and Worcestershire sauce over meat. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 2 hours, or until well done. Uncover and sprinkle cheese over the top and return to oven for a few minutes to melt cheese. Serves four. Serve with baked potatoes, a vegetable, tossed salad and dessert.

**WATERGATE SALAD**

1 9-oz. carton Cool Whip  
 1 2 1/4-oz. pkg. instant pistachio pudding mix (dry)  
 1 large can crushed pineapple, undrained  
 1 cup miniature marshmallows  
 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries  
 1/2 cup chopped dates  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans.  
 Fold all ingredients together.  
 Refrigerate. —Margery



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**POLYNESIAN CHICKEN**

3 1 1/2-lb. broilers, quartered  
 1/4 lb. butter or margarine  
 1/3 cup lemon juice  
 1/3 cup soy sauce  
 2 cups undrained crushed pineapple  
 Melt the butter or margarine in a large shallow baking pan and arrange quartered chickens in it. Baste with some of the melted butter in the pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 minutes. Turn chicken and pour lemon juice over it. Bake 15 minutes and then pour soy sauce over it. Bake for 20 minutes, turning chicken several times. Spread crushed pineapple over chicken and continue baking for another 15 or 20 minutes. This makes 6 servings.

**SWEET 'N SOUR CARROTS**

2 lbs. carrots, sliced, cooked and drained  
 1 cup tomato sauce  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 cup margarine or oil  
 1/2 cup vinegar  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. pepper  
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard  
 1 medium onion, diced  
 1 medium green pepper, diced  
 While carrots are cooking, prepare the sauce to pour over them. To prepare the sauce, combine remaining ingredients and cook for 5 minutes, then pour it over the hot, cooked carrots. This is delicious served hot or cold and will keep in the refrigerator several days. —Margery

**1900 GRANOLA**

10 to 12 cups rolled oats  
 1 cup powdered milk  
 1 cup coconut  
 1 cup wheat germ  
 1 Tbs. salt  
 1 cup salad oil  
 1 cup honey  
 1 Tbs. sesame seeds  
 1 cup soy flour (optional)  
 Sunflower seeds (optional — amount as desired)  
 1 cup nuts, chopped  
 1 cup raisins

Combine all ingredients in large baking pan with exception of nuts and raisins. Bake at 275 degrees for 40 minutes to one hour, stirring occasionally and changing shelves at least once. Remove from oven, stir in nuts and raisins and cool. Store in covered jars or tight plastic bags. Eat as cereal, add to other cereals as desired, both cooked and uncooked types. Excellent in cookies, muffins and breads.

This recipe came from Hanna Rishel, who is the resident homemaker and wife on the 1900 farm at the Living History Farms situated near Des Moines, Iowa.

—Evelyn

**CHOCOLATE PECAN CHIPS**

1 cup margarine or butter  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1 egg  
 2 cups flour  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans  
 1 bar German Sweet Chocolate  
 Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add flavoring and egg. Stir in flour and pecans. Mix on low speed or by hand until dough forms. Spread into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in 325-degree oven for 35 or 40 minutes, or until golden brown. Melt chocolate (broken in pieces) with 3 Tbs. water over very low heat. Drizzle on cool layer. Cool slightly and then cut into squares while still warm. —Margery

**CRANBERRY SALAD**

1 lb. cranberries, washed  
 1 cup sugar (or to taste)  
 1 can crushed pineapple, drained (save juice)  
 1 envelope plain gelatin  
 1/2 cup cold water  
 1 3-oz. pkg. orange, strawberry or raspberry gelatin  
 2 cups diced raw apples, peeled or unpeeled (packed)  
 1/2 cup halved white grapes (optional)  
 1/2 cup diced celery (optional)  
 1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)

Cook cranberries and sugar in 1 1/4 cups pineapple juice. (Add enough water to the reserved juice to make 1 1/4 cups if necessary.) Cook until cranberries are done. Remove from heat. Soften the plain gelatin in the 1/2 cup cold water. Add this mixture and flavored gelatin to cranberries. Stir to dissolve. Let cool until just barely warm. Stir in apples and pineapple. Fold in remaining ingredients if desired. Put in a bowl or oblong dish if you want to cut it in squares. Serve on lettuce leaves.

If using sweetened pineapple use less sugar than when using unsweetened pineapple.

For people who must restrict sugar in their diet use unsweetened pineapple and sugarless sweetener.

—Lucile and Betty

**QUICK AND EASY SPINACH**

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen spinach  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 6 slices bread, cubed  
 1/3 cup butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 4 to 6 hard-cooked eggs  
 Cook spinach according to directions. Drain. Salt and pepper to taste. Sauté cubed bread in butter or margarine. Add butter flavoring and drained spinach. Stir fry until hot through. Serve with sliced hard-cooked eggs on top.

## TWO MEALS I'VE REMEMBERED

I am now a retired Methodist minister after serving forty-five years as a pastor in Nebraska, and I, like your brother Frederick, have always enjoyed good food and the pleasure of being with many, many different people.

It's impossible to limit my report to only one meal, so with your permission I would like to tell you about two meals that came instantly to mind when you wrote about "Memorable Meals" in an earlier issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*.

Quite a number of years ago, I was invited by the General Board of Evangelism of the Methodist Church to participate in a Missionary Evangelism program, including every Methodist church in the island of Cuba. My local depot agent (a member of my church) made all of the traveling arrangements for me, and this included passage from Chicago to Miami on the luxurious winter vacation train known as the Pennsylvania Southwind.

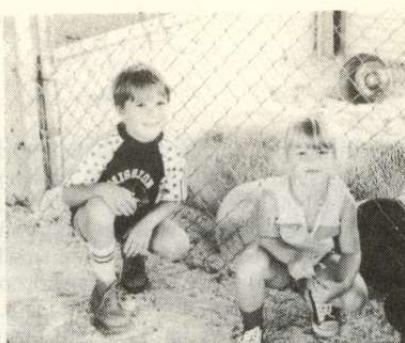
The first evening when I went into the dining car I was attracted by a family seated at the table across the aisle from me. They were enjoying a big charcoal broiled steak dinner with all the zest of a vacationing family. As I watched them I immediately began to consider how I might work it out to have one of those dinners for myself!

Later that evening I decided upon a plan whereby I would wait for the last breakfast call the next morning and eat lightly, skip lunch entirely, and thus be able to order one of those appetizing steaks for my dinner that evening. My plan seemed to be working just fine until I was seated at the table and the dinner menu was handed to me.

I could see that such a meal was altogether too much of a luxury for me and certainly wouldn't fit into the budget for this trip, so when my order was taken it was for a meatball dinner listed for about one-third the cost of the broiled dinner. Thus I was able to leave the diner with a satisfied stomach and a clear conscience, so that bit of self-discipline along with the privilege of having a meal in that most beautiful dining car made it a "Memorable Meal" for me.

The other meal was an experience on that same Evangelism Mission trip. I was a guest in the parsonage home of my host pastor at Pinar del Rio, Cuba, and was told that we would have some Cuban meals and some American meals, a piece of information that I sincerely welcomed.

About the third morning when our hostess came to the door of the living room to call us to breakfast she seemed to have a special gleam in her eyes. This call to breakfast was made in typical Midwestern cowboy fashion flavored



A trip to the zoo on Sunday is a treat for James and Katharine Lowey.

with a beautiful Spanish roll in her voice: "Come and Get It!"

We went to the breakfast table on which rested a huge platter of ham and eggs, along with tomato juice, buttered toast, jelly and coffee. Knowing that I was from Nebraska in the Midwest, this parsonage wife had planned and prepared a typical meal, one quite different, I might add, from a typical Cuban breakfast.

The friendly hospitality and fellowship demonstrated through that meal certainly made it a "Memorable Meal" in all of the years that have passed since then. Many, many times I have wondered what their fate has been since the drastic changes in Cuba. —O.Q., Nebraska

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## Happy New Year!

A New Year's Acrostic Program

**Setting:** Set up a large bulletin board or an easel to which the letters spelling out "Happy New Year" may be pinned, after the speaker for each letter has given the "missive" concerning it. On a small table placed in front of this backdrop arrange four red candles in holders. Make the numerals for 1977 and prop them in front of the candles. The candles will be lighted at the designated time in the program.

**Leader:** A brand-new year! We face it with our thoughts, each in our own personal way. We look to tomorrow in the light and shadows of yesterday, and which of us is not promising that THIS year shall tell a better story? But how? The jet age calls for decisive action, definite rules and goals, and so we present to you our "Guided Missives" for the new year.

**H** "He who would leave footprints in the sands of time had better wear WORK shoes." "No man can feel himself alone, the while he bravely stands between the best friends ever known — his two, good, honest HANDS."

**A** "A man is poor not because he has nothing, but because he does nothing."

"You are the fellow who has to decide Whether you'll do it or toss it aside; You are the fellow who makes up your mind  
Whether you'll lead or will follow behind —  
Whether you'll try for the good that's afar,  
Or be contented to stay where you are.  
Take it or leave it; there's something to do.

Just think it over. It's all up to you."

ARE YOU OR ARE YOU NOT?

**P** PEACE I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. (John 14:27)

**P** "PATIENCE, let it be remembered, is the steadfast application to the fixed aim and is the law of a well spent life." Our real blessings often appear to us in the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let us have patience, and we will soon see them in their proper figures.

**Y** "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

Remember in every situation YOU make the difference!

**N** "No person has ever been honored for what he received. Honor has been given for what he gave." And the year, the day, the hour, the time is NOW!

**E** "Every great commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of ENTHUSIASM. Nothing great

was ever achieved without it."

**W** WITH GOD all things are possible. (Matt. 19:26) Walk in the paths of good men, and keep the paths of righteousness. (Prov. 2:20)

**Y** "YESTERDAY is but a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision; but today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope."

**E** "EXAMPLE is more forcible than precept."

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,

I'd rather one should walk with me than merely show the way.

The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;

Fine counsel is confusing, but EX-

AMPLE'S very clear.

**A** "A woman wrapped up in herself makes a very small bundle." Let us remember that all growth depends upon ACTIVITY. There is no development physically or intellectually without action. And remembering that in acting "all that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own."

**R** "READ, it is planting the seeds of growth." "To be informed is to be forearmed."

**Leader:** Let us light the candles of 1977 then the four "R's" RENEWAL, RESOLUTION, RESPONSE and RE-DEDICATION, knowing that the answers to the needs, the problems, the joys of the family, the community and the world begins with me, with you.

## THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

When trouble comes your soul to try,  
You love the friend who just "stands by".  
Perhaps there's nothing he can do —  
The thing is strictly up to you;  
Where there are troubles all your own  
And paths the soul must tread alone;  
Times when love can't smooth the road  
Nor friendship lift the heavy load.  
But just to know you have a friend  
That will stand by until the end,  
Whose sympathy to all endures,  
Whose warm handclasp is always yours,  
Wishes some way to pull you through  
Although there's nothing he can do.  
Then with fervent heart you cry,  
"Bless the friend who just 'stands by'."

—Author Unknown

## READY FOR COMPANY

O Lord, let my face  
Frequently wear a smile,  
So that the world may know  
My heart is at home  
And ready to receive company.



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

The popular team of Jo Carr and Imogene Sorley have authored several books together, including *Bless This Mess & Other Prayers* and *Plum Jelly and Stained Glass & Other Prayers*. The everyday world of these two ladies is like any homemaker and mother's world. Their latest book is *Mocking Birds and Angel Songs & Other Prayers* (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$3.50). With the winds of winter upon us, it is nice to enjoy their summer thoughts:

Dear Lord,

I have a cricket on my hearth for company, and a pair of them outside my window for summer song.

I have the smell of strawberries, the sound of windchimes, the feel of a breeze just ruffling my hair. I have a sycamore leaf to look at, coffee perking in cheery blurbs, leaf patterns against blue sky, a wisp of cloud to wonder at, a tardy moon still lingering to enjoy the day. Ah, Lord... my cup runneth over!

Every day, every day, there are heaping handfuls of things to bring delight into my life. And I'm not even counting the big things. These are just the seasonings — but, oh, how they flavor my every day!

My cup, indeed, runneth over! Amen.

The depth of understanding of the authors of *Mocking Birds and Angel Songs* inspires us to find more joy and hidden strength from our own everydays.

*Living with Joy* (Abingdon Press, \$4.95) by Donald McKinney is a collection of vignettes of a life filled with joy — stories of nostalgia, humor, and Christian service that will bring you inspiration for your own daily living. The wonderful people he has come to know in a rich lifetime — teenagers, teachers, children, old friends — are the central figures of his stories.

Donald McKinney writes in the preface: "Every life has both dark and cheerful hours. You are fortunate if you have learned that happiness in life comes in choosing which to remember. There is a past, but there is also a present. Happiness can be real in your life each morning if you say, 'What new friend will I meet today?'"

The past is to build on, not to escape to. Cherish faith in yourself and in God, face each new day with expectancy, and you will be *Living with Joy*.



Ruby Reese, who spent almost 13 years in our parents' home, enjoys reading in the early evening hours. She is now back in her own home here in Shenandoah.

Each of us needs to receive or give comfort at one time or another in our lives. *A Little Book of Comfort* (Abingdon Press, \$4.50) by Ruth C. Ikerman is written to provide a means for friends to help one another constructively in times of sorrow with the recognition that serenity comes when we place our complete faith in God.

She writes, "Comfort is a two-way street — it involves the one who gives comfort, and the one who receives comfort. Therefore this book contains suggestions to try when offering sympathy, as well as when confronting the moments of accepting it.

Mrs. Ikerman has some suggestions for offering sympathy which include: Try silence instead of talking, try flowers, try food (it is easy to bake two cakes instead of one), try a personal note, try a card, try offering your time as a consolation, try organizing a group to help, try copying a favorite Bible verse, and try always to be kind.

Mrs. Ikerman writes in *A Little Book of*

## ADVERTISEMENT

# Hearing Loss is not a Sign of Old Age

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

Send for this non-operating model, put it on and wear it in the privacy of your own home. While many people with a hearing loss will not receive any significant benefit from any hearing aid, this non-working model will show you how tiny hearing help can be, and it's yours to keep, free. The actual aid weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Thousand have already been mailed, so write today to Dept. 4385, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

*Comfort*, "We discover that grief is like a great kaleidoscope — the toy that children use which arranges and rearranges various components in an infinite variety of patterns. Life's new pattern emerges as we keep on keeping on."

May these books of inspiration be of help to you in the days ahead.

\*\*\*\*\*

# HAPPY NEW YEAR!

to all KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE subscribers and their families. We wish to say "thank you" for the nice comments and suggestions you've given us this past year.

A special welcome to our new readers. Perhaps the magazine was sent to you as a gift in 1976. Do you have a friend to add in 1977?

**\$3.00 per year, 12 issues      Foreign countries, \$3.50**  
(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

Send your order to:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

## OLD ENGLISH BLESSING

God bless thy year!  
Thy coming in,  
Thy going out,  
Thy rest, thy traveling about,  
The rough, the smooth,  
The bright, the drear.  
God bless thy year!

## \*\*\*\*\*

## THE OLD AND THE NEW

What is this certain feeling  
That appears late New Year's Eve,  
When the bells are wildly ringing  
And the Old Year's due to leave?  
For, in this fleeting moment  
Joyful thoughts — some sad ones too —  
Come and go with sudden swiftness  
As we start a year anew. —Marjorie A. Lundell

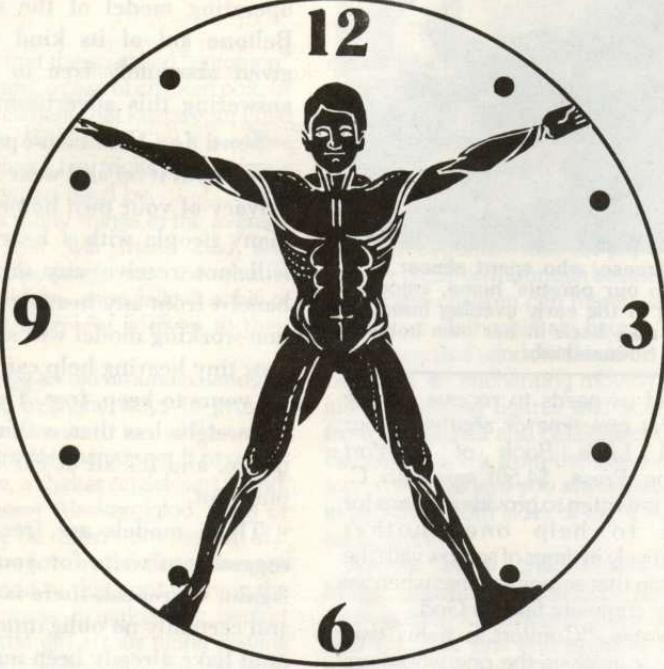
## CAN YOU FIND THE NAMES OF FLAVORINGS IN THESE SENTENCES?

- Even though one is frugal it is possible sometimes to have little money.
- Did Nora say it was a van? Illa probably moved in.
- He was named Thor. Angel would probably have suited him more.
- This morning bed down the pigs with straw. Berry or two may be picked later.
- There was a man in the Bible called Laban. Anna is a Bible name too.
- There are many good ways of using milk other than in cocoa. Nuts too, are a versatile food.
- Over lost opportunity never repine. Apples may never be ten for a dime.
- A slam need not be a barb. Utmost patience may make it a lift.
- When displaying all-white objects black wall, notes contrast.
- The baby is safer tied in his chair even though he would like to run around the room.
- If toast becomes burnt, sugar may improve it.
- It would be nice to see Ma. Pleasant memories surround the home place.
- "I love the colors of the flag, red, white and blue," Berry said.
- There are friends worth more than a mint of money.
- "If shelling popcorn and it is hard to get off the cob, use a rasp." Berry suggested.
- A salmon dish is a good switch from meat.

ANSWERS: (I was lenient in spelling a few.)

- Lemon 2. Vanilla 3. Orange 4. Strawberry 5. Banana 6. Coconut 7. Pineapple 8. Butter 9. Black Walnut 10. Cherry 11. Burnt Sugar 12. Maple 13. Blueberry 14. Mint 15. Raspberry 16. Almond

—Ethel Tenhoff



## Quick Blessed Relief from Arthritis, Rheumatism Pains with easy to take MYKON

### No Aspirin to upset stomach! No messy, sticky rubs!

Arthritis, Rheumatism sufferers who seek fast, blessed temporary relief from their minor aches and pains owe it to themselves to try MYKON CAPSULES. And now . . . for the first time . . . you can have them delivered to your very door by mail!

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you're searching for—simply drop us a note for a full refund. You won't even have to return the bottle!

And here's more good news! We at AUER LABORATORIES know that most sufferers from pain associated with RHEUMATISM, ARTHRITIS, BURSITIS, LUMBAGO and COMMON BACKACHE want fast delivery. So when you order, your MYKON CAPSULES will be sent out the very same day it's received. Fill out the coupon below. That's all there's to it.

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Please rush MYKON CAPSULES to me. I must be perfectly satisfied with the results or I will send you a note for a full refund. (I won't bother to return the unused capsules.)

Cash  Check  Money Order  
 I enclose \$8.00 for the  I enclose \$15.00 for the  
100-Capsule bottle. 200-Capsule bottle.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

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### MARTIN'S LETTER — Concluded

the members of the church donated their wood, time, and tools to provide us with enough fuel to last until spring. As I look out my office window I can see another pile of cut wood which needs to be stacked before it is completely buried by snow. I expect that come the spring melt, we will find a few pieces of wood hiding beneath the drifts.

I hear Eugenie putting on her coat to begin stacking the wood, so I had better bring this letter to a close and help her. (She does a much better job than I, for she's had a great deal more experience, having lived for most of her life in the North Woods.)

Until I write again, may you enjoy the blessings of Peace and Love.

Sincerely,  
Martin

## KITCHEN CHATTER

by  
Mildred Grenier

**SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** The words, and the 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.

UOY TUB TOUN RRHEAT DDDAE  
KEES EB EY LLHAS HET SGNIHT  
IMODKGN SEEHT LLA DNA DGO FO

\*\*\*\*\*

Giving until it hurts is getting easier all the time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Are the kiddies planning a January Party this year? Here is an idea that they can use to serve refreshments and decorate the table at the same time! What could taste better on a cold winter's night than hot cocoa, apples, cookies, and popcorn balls? At each place set a large shiny red apple. This will form the body of the snowman. Unfold a large white paper napkin, center it over the top of the apple. Tuck the napkin in under the covered apple, smooth out the corners of the napkin and place on top of a large flat sugar cookie.

A popcorn ball, somewhat smaller than the apple, makes the head of the snowman. Stick in chocolate bits to make the eyes, nose and mouth of the snowman. Place on top of the body. Stick two toothpicks in the apple for the snowman's arms. Write each guest's name on the white napkin over the snowman's body. Now you have your napkin, place card, apple, popcorn ball and cookie for each guest.

At refreshment time, all you will need to do is to heat milk, add the right amount of cocoa mix or chocolate syrup, pour into a cup, and add a marshmallow. Snip the corners off fluffy white marshmallows to make January snowballs for the cups of cocoa.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sign seen at Juvenile Shop: "We Major in Minors".

\*\*\*\*\*

Here is another idea for a plate favor at a January Party. Cover a rectangular candy bar with gold, silver, red, green or blue foil. Then to make a clever edible sled, cover two candy canes with the same color foil. Place the candy bar on the two canes, with the curved ends of the canes making the front of the sled. Place one of these sled favors at each guest's plate.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** St. Luke 12:31: But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.



**Katharine and James Lowey, dressed for the wedding in which they had an important part, look as if they were taking their responsibility very seriously! And indeed they did, for their parents, Juliana and Jed, said they did everything "just right".**

## "JES OBSERVIN'"

Ideas are very much like children — your own are very popular.

The dollar doesn't go very far these days, but what it lacks in distance it makes up in speed.

The human body is very sensitive. Pat it on the back and the head swells.

Your conscience can't prevent you from doing wrong, but it can do a lot to keep you from enjoying it.



### 50 YARDS LACE \$1.45

LACE — LACE — LACE . . . 50 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, braids, insertions, etc. All beautiful colors, full widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double knit fabrics. Only \$1.45 plus 30¢ postg., double order \$2.79 plus 50¢ postg.

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## A GRATEFUL MOTHER WANTS THE WORLD TO KNOW ABOUT PAIN RELIEF

By: Mrs. Lisa Samuel



It's a beautiful story that I tell now, but it wasn't then, twenty years ago when I first started suffering the pain and agony of chronic arthritis . . . I tried everything . . . All the creams advertised on TV, all the extra-strength remedies . . . Linaments . . . Ointments, Salves . . . Nothing helped! The PAIN grew worse and came more frequently. My son was doing chemical research work then for his doctorate; in his readings he came across a relatively unknown medication that came from the foothills of Brazil . . . High up in South America, that was to be one of the most effective pain relief giving aids ever discovered. Knowing as he did of my suffer-

ing, he sent away to South America for a sample of this ingredient and while waiting for it my son started working on a new formula for a temporary arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism aid that would truly give "DEEP DOWN TO THE BONE" type relief. When the Brazilian method came in, my son quickly formulated his compound and brought a sample home for me to try on my pain-riddled arms and legs . . .

Well, that was twenty years ago last November, and to this day I say thanks to my son each morning because his formula really works for me, for hours and hours . . . Oh, YES, the pain has gotten worse over the years, but I really don't mind it so much now because now when the pain strikes me, I strike back with A-BALM. Because of the relief I have gotten I have made my son offer his compound "A-BALM" to the rest of the country. He's not interested in selling it in the stores, but he says that if anyone who's suffered for years with chronic arthritis; bursitis or reoccurring rheumatism wants, they are welcomed to send my son \$3.00 and he will send them back a 3 1/2 oz. jar of A-BALM to fight back at the pain for weeks and weeks.

I think A-BALM is the most remarkable product I've ever used, but my son says I'm biased; and, that if anyone who buys a jar of A-BALM really doesn't agree that it's more effective . . . longer lasting and provides more real "DEEP DOWN TO THE BONE" type of relief than any other salve, cream, ointment, linament or lotion they've tried . . . Just send him a note and he'll gladly refund your money. He's just that kind of a person. If it doesn't work he doesn't think you should pay. If it does, he's glad he's been able to make your life more pleasant.

Take it from a grateful mother . . .

A-BALM RELIEVES THE PAIN . . . Won't you order your jar for relief today?  
Mail to: A-Balm, Dept. 20, P.O. Box 55283 — Indianapolis, Indiana 46205

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Bank Americard No. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Master Charge No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Check Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

Send C.O.D. \_\_\_\_\_

## ANTIQUES WITH GREENERY

by  
Marjorie Fuller

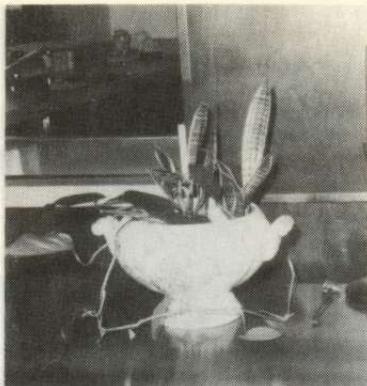
Antique containers make interesting plant holders. That old apothecary jar can hold a bottle garden providing a warm moist atmosphere completely free from drafts.

Use a large shallow container, say a pewter or tin tray, carpeted with white pebbles on which to rest clay pots. The various greens of sansevieria, spider plant, ivy, and peperomia will make an attractive addition to your room.

Old baskets are equally useful for clay pots, as they are varied in shape and size. A grouping makes an interesting arrangement. Joseph's coat along with some varieties of coleus will add color.

One pleasure of house plants is sharing their beauty with friends. A double bonus is noted when your antique is shared, also.

A single potted plant resting in an old crock is an eyecatcher in the kitchen



area. A large drooping fern growing in an ancient teakettle fits right into today's country kitchen, perhaps sitting atop the antique wood burner in the corner.

If you prefer permanent flowers, a spring bouquet in Aunt Mary's old soup tureen dresses up the dining table.

We have a lovely old shaded green vase which belonged to my husband's grandmother. About fourteen inches high and jug-shaped, it has red roses on

the side. Each fall we fill it with dried pampas grass plumes and it brightens the corner. An old wooden gallon bucket, also from my husband's family, grows a Norfolk Island pine. The dipper, used long ago, still hangs over the side with baby tradescantia dripping over the rim.

All kinds of fascinating bottles, both colored and clear, show ivies and philodendrons to an advantage, growing in water.

Decorative jardineires are available in antique shops. Dwarf citrus trees make exciting subjects for these large containers.

Antique canisters can be slipped around plastic pots holding fruiting miniatures.

The pitcher of the old washstand is a natural for bouquets, but what about the bowl? Fill it with water and let strands of philodendron grow around and around, placing a ceramic figure or two in the center. For an amusing twist place the bowl on a set of old hot water tank legs, combining two eras in a modern bath.

One of my favorite gifts is a little old teapot, glazed in black, spouting a piece of ivy through the spout with more spilling out over the top.

Cast iron pots or kettles are fun outside, spewing geraniums. Or perhaps you have an old coal bucket available for colorful plants.

The fuel portion of old kerosene lamps is enhanced with an artificial posy.

One friend displays her fern collection on an antique bread rack. The red lettering adds interest.

I have a little bowl-type vase of lettuce green, shaped like a head of lettuce, which my mom bought about eighty years ago. I always fill it with nasturtiums, as the colors are so compatible.

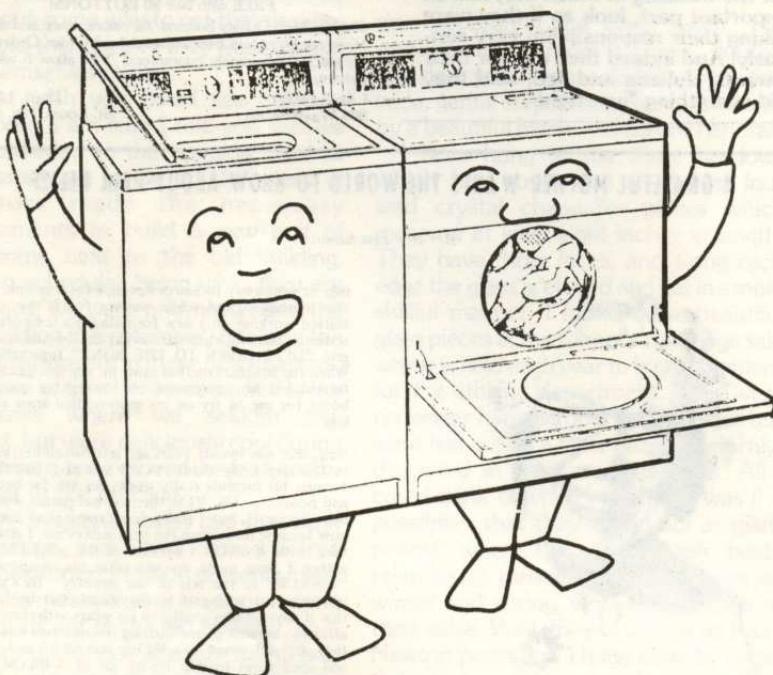
Old tin boxes will hold a flower pot. I have a beautiful walnut sewing cabinet that was my grandmother's. The wood is so lovely that I keep the cabinet in the living room. Frequently I extend the small drawer to hold a favorite African violet.

Sheaves of ornamental grass in the old milk can add character to our den. The milk can, hand-painted, adds color.

Umbrella stands and churrs hold possibilities for greenery. A friend has a velvet plant spitting out of a polished brass spittoon in her purple bath. Or ivy might spill out of an old coffee pot.

Teacarts and wicker baby or doll buggies hold containers easily. My aunt filled her grown daughter's doll buggy to overflowing with colorful permanent flowers for a note of nostalgia as well as color to her family room.

Many of the antique dresser pieces are adaptable to growing things. Check through your antiques and create your own special blend of antiques and greenery.



## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

**WE RESOLVE:** To get your clothes whiter during the coming year. To make them smell sweet and fresh. To do it economically. To bleach them bright, but safely . . . with no worry about fabric damage or yellowing. To wash with low suds . . . suds that dig out the dirt and rinse it away completely.

BUT . . . you have to cooperate, and resolve to use only

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No. 407 4 oz. Each \$3.00 2 for \$301  
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**Control Constipation . . . Relieve Hemorrhoids**  
Rid yourself of the laxative habit. ROGAR promotes natural elimination by assisting the bowel to return to normal regularity. The basic ingredient in ROGAR is prescribed by leading physicians for the gentle, gradual and cumulative return to regular bowel function.

No. 429 25 capsules Each \$3.00 2 for \$301  
No. 430 50 capsules Each \$5.00 2 for \$501



### Grandma Gibson's Famous Salve

Remember that good old "medicinal" smell of the salve grandma used to put on your cuts, scrapes, burns, chafed skin? The moment you open the jar you'll recognize it! It's still considered one of the best remedies for minor cuts and burns, skin irritations and itching from insect bites. Keep some around the house, even if you don't have grandchildren. GRANDMA GIBSON'S FAMOUS SALVE . . . as good today as it was way back when.

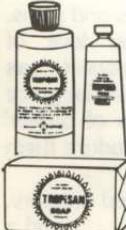
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### Podiacin Corn and Callous Remover

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### First Aid Kit for Psoriasis

Embarrassing Psoriasis is a stubborn, persistent problem that has to be fought in different ways to bring blessed temporary relief.

TROPISAN SHAMPOO is a concentrated creme that helps check scalp itching and flaking. TROPISAN CREME is a soothing, penetrating creme to apply to severely affected areas. TROPISAN SOAP is a safe, gentle soap that provides over all treatment and prevention to Psoriasis symptoms.

No. 423 Each Kit \$9.95 2 for \$996



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### Bayer Aspirin

For relief of headache, and the painful discomforts and fever due to colds and flu.

No. B-100 100 Tablets Each \$1.29 2 for \$130

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2	Rogar No. 430	\$5.00	2-50 Cap. Bottles \$5.01	
2	Grandma Gibson's Salve No. 422	\$2.00	2-3 1/2 oz. jars \$2.01	
2	Podiacin No. 421	\$2.00	2-1 1/2 oz. Bottles \$2.01	
2	Psoriasis Kit No. 423	\$9.95	2-Kits \$9.96	
2	Bayer Aspirin No. B-100	\$1.29	2-100 Tab. Bottles \$1.30	

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**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
 realized that he was living under the mistaken impression that the stockholders of the company for which he works get far more income from the business than do the laborers. Finally, to settle the argument, I went to the telephone and called up the general manager of his firm who happens to be a good friend of mine. From that telephone call I learned that most American industries owned by stockholders pay their employees in wages and salaries about 600% more in dollars than they pay out in dividends to the owners of the industry! Did you know that? It was a most revealing bit of information for me, and it was an utterly amazing statistic for my friend in the labor union.

I am a minister to both management and labor, and I make it a point to avoid controversial subjects when I speak from the pulpit, but occasionally I come right out and say what I think, and one thing I think about a great deal is the awful situation our country and many other countries of the world find themselves in today where the entire industrial system is organized on a basis of killing competition between employer



## LOVE AT FIRST BITE

To start a perfect meal, toss a perfect salad. To start a perfect salad, reach for **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. Whether your family prefers **Kitchen-Klatter French, Italian or Country Style** (or a combination of them), you know the quality is there in every bottle. Creamy and smooth, coating every morsel with mouth-watering goodness and flavor. Even if they cost more, they'd be worth it. The fact that they cost less is just another bonus.

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Salad Dressings**



**Isabel, Frederick's and Betty's little granddaughter, was as excited as she could be when she came from Arizona with her parents, Mary Leanna and Vincent Palo, to visit the Lowes in Albuquerque. Not only was she thrilled to see James and Katharine, but also their familiar toys, such as the little car she is riding in.**

and worker. We have reached a point today where our society is resting on an anti-social foundation of organized conflict, actual warfare between employers and employees. We have permitted our democratic form of government to become a government of mob rule with the strongest mobs getting the most benefits. So much of our national legislation is no longer a result of democratic representation, but is a result of some group of persons being able to exert more pressure, and bring to bear more influence on a situation than some other group. To me, this is a supreme example of unreason and stupidity. It is simply absurd to imagine that men and women were created to live in the kind of a world where all that really matters is who can hurt the most when his wishes are not fulfilled. So much of the labor union philosophy is in deadly conflict with the primary laws of life. The average union leader's idea of forcing every American laborer to belong to some union is in direct conflict with the basic philosophy of our constitution. But we also must say that any wage system which rests on competition as its sole basis is anti-social and anti-Christian. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is the Christian law, and we must find some way of incorporating that law into the organization of industry.

This is my first letter to you in the new year of 1977. Little did I realize back in 1939 when I wrote my first *Kitchen-Klatter* letter that I still would be writing to you thirty-eight years later. Does that make you and me "old-timers"? Somebody recently said you're an old-timer if you can remember when you could tell a youngster the facts of life

without getting into a debate! So much has changed in our lifetime, but there is one thing that hasn't changed, and that is the absolute truth of Jesus' teaching: "If you would save your life, you must lose it," — lose it in your love of truth, in your love of justice, in your love of mercy, and in your love of decency. All of this is to say that 1977 can be the best year of our life if only we will increase our love of God and our love of our fellow human beings.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

## TIME

Time is the only thing that can never be retrieved. One may lose and regain a friend; one may lose and regain money; opportunity that is once spurned may come again; but the hours that are lost in idleness can never be brought back.

And a new year is about to begin with 365 units of the most precious commodity on earth — the raw material from which we shape our lives.

Let's make the most of these 365 days of 1977.



## A PRAYER

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself, that I am growing older and will some day be old.

Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject, and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Make me thoughtful . . . but not moody . . . helpful, but not BOSSY! With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; Give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweet . . . as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains . . . but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility . . . and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memory of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally . . . I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet, I do not want to be a saint — some of them are so hard to live with — but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected people. And give me, Lord, the grace to tell them so . . . Amen.

—Unknown

**"Little Ads"**

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

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**GRIND OWN FLOUR, CEREAL WITH ALL GRAIN** "Ozark Mill". Food dryers. Electric mixers. Free brochure. L & M Enterprises, Dept. KK, 303 6th Avenue North, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301.

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**CHILDREN'S BOOKS**, "Our Friend HERFY", world wide acclaim! \$3.00 set, plus 50¢ postage. Nebraska Hereford Auxiliary, Dept. KK, Mason City, Nebr. 68855.

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**PIE RECIPE BOOK!!** 419 recipes . . . 380 pages. Now only \$3.00 postpaid. Glenn Smith Enterprises, Box 1513, Akron, Ohio 44309.

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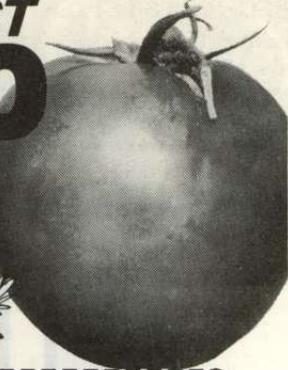
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## YESTERDAY

I went back yesterday, back to my home-town.

I looked at every face I'd meet; no old friend could be found.

No one knew me in the street; nothing was the same.

I went back yesterday and no one called my name.

It was a beautiful day, sunny, bright, and fair,

But I felt cold and lonely  
Because no one knew me there.

I walked on past the schoolhouse and down by the hardware store

Looking for signs of yesterday that just weren't there any more.

Nothing was as I remembered or how I thought it'd be.

Time had faded all yesterdays 'til they're too dim to see.

Nothing lasts forever. Not long are things the same,

Except for hometowns being lonely towns

If no one calls your name.

—Una Lois McCoy

Some people read just enough to keep themselves misinformed.

The biggest thing we find wrong with the younger generation is that we don't belong to it any more!

A school teacher is one who takes a lot of live wires and sees that they are well grounded.

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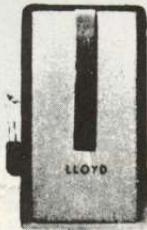
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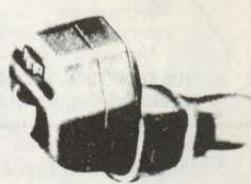
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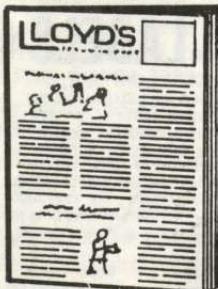


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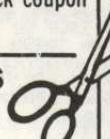


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