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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Juliana Lowey

**James Lowey enjoys a winter's snow.**



# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It seems to me as if at least one dozen eternities have passed since I sat down at this typewriter to get off a letter to you, or to anyone else whom I have ever known.

The explanation for my disappearance from these pages lies in the fact that I was overtaken by an extremely painful illness that kept me virtually bedfast for a long, long time.

Since most people like to have some idea of what has gotten a person down, I think I'll go ahead and explain all of this trouble that first began last April when I was in Albuquerque visiting Juliana and her family. I tried my best to ignore my extremely painful back in the hopes that whatever was wrong would "just go away", but on the morning when I couldn't move an inch in any direction I had to face the fact that I was in real trouble and needed good medical help right away.

I stayed in the hospital quite a long time while countless tests were done, and when I was released it was to get back to Juliana's home by ambulance. (I remember that this happened on James' birthday and I asked Juliana to be sure that all of the children were at the front of the house where they couldn't see an ambulance arrive or any other sign of trouble.)

My greatest problem was that I couldn't sit up at all and thus couldn't take a regular commercial flight to get back to Shenandoah, and I was simply wild to get there as soon as possible. The only way to cover the distance between New Mexico and Iowa was to be carried on to a chartered ambulance plane, something I didn't even know existed, but once strapped down on a stretcher and put aboard that plane I surely knew that such vehicles of transportation were available.

Once back in Shenandoah I slowly began to make definite improvement and eventually I could pick up what was for



Lucile hopes the fence at the back of the garden lasts through the winter.

me a half-way normal life. It was during this period that Mother's health began to fail very swiftly, and it was one of the hardest things I've ever lived through not to be able to go and see her frequently. It was pure anguish to get into the car and out of it again, and for several days after each trip I was down in my hospital bed again.

I had been warned by the orthopedic specialists in Albuquerque that my condition would unquestionably recur at various intervals when I least expected it, but I tried to wipe those warnings right straight out of my mind! After all the best specialists available couldn't know *everything!* Once able to broadcast again and to get to my typewriter I was sure that my troubles were really behind me.

This is why I was totally unprepared for a violent attack immediately following the memorial services that were held for Mother! When it reached the point where I could scarcely breathe we called my local doctor who made the necessary arrangements with the orthopedic specialists in Omaha who had taken care of me at an earlier date, and once again I was back in an ambulance and headed for an Omaha hospital.

What seemed to me an endless series of tests were begun all over again, and this time the x-rays and bone-scanning showed conditions that had not been there at an earlier date. At the conclusion of all these tests they told me right straight from the shoulder that the bones in my spine were decomposing, and although this isn't a pleasant matter to discuss I decided to tell you one-two-three exactly what ailed me. There was simply no sense in skirting around stark reality when so many, many of my radio friends had wondered, as we always wonder about sick friends, why I was back in an Omaha hospital again.

Here we are in a new year and my

biggest hope is that my bones will not continue to disintegrate. I have followed (and am following) all of the specialists' orders down to the last crossed T and taken my medication (all directed to restore calcium to my bones) as faithfully as though they were standing right beside me.

Although this is 1977 and Christmas seems far behind us I would like to tell you that I returned to my own home here in Shenandoah to see the house beautifully decorated — the last thing in the world I had expected.

My faithful and loyal friends who work down at the Kitchen-Klatter plant had gone to a lot of effort to see that my house was really fixed up for the holiday season. This is because Val Black (our printer who makes it possible for you folks to get the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* every month) knows my basement as well as he knows his own, and he knew where all of these decorations were stored.

There were three of us to sit down to the table for Christmas dinner, a far, far cry from days gone by. Betty and I accounted for two of the people, and thank goodness we had Betty's daughter, Hanna, who had come from Minneapolis to visit her mother, as the third person. Since I was dismissed from the Omaha hospital with extremely firm orders to stay in bed as much as possible, it gave me a chance to look over the tremendous pile of letters from friends who wrote to tell us what Mother had meant to them through the years. We couldn't acknowledge those letters, much as we wished to do so and since I was flat on my back for so long this is the first real opportunity I've had to express my gratitude to each and every one of you.

I'm certain that a great number of people are panting after a winter



vacation in some warm place (unless you ski and want lots of snow), but I have only one wish and that is to be as free of pain as possible and to do such homely tasks as peeling potatoes or making a cake. This sounds as if I had my sights set very low, but after making it through 1976 I have no grandiose visions of things to come in 1977. If I can make it through 1977 without any more bones giving 'way I'll call it a wildly wonderful year! I love my work since it gives me a feeling of being genuinely in touch with many people, and all I ask is simply a chance to get at it again.

Those of you who read our *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine will be pleased to see that members of our family, the next generation, expect to write letters at intervals through the years. After all, they've grown up on Kitchen-Klatter and now wish to participate in it as best they can. I guess it took that picture of the seven of us Driftmier brothers and sisters at the time when Mother left us to realize that we are all getting on in years mighty fast. This means, in turn, that a new generation must participate if we are to continue.

In this issue, for instance, we had planned on a letter from Juliana telling you first hand about all she's been up to in her busy life, but you won't find her letter for the best reason in the world. On the day she had planned to get down to the typewriter and write her letter, the telephone rang with devastating news: Jed's mother had died and she and Jed were leaving immediately for Woods Hole, Massachusetts, where the Lowey family has lived for so many, many years.

Mrs. Lowey's death came without any warning whatsoever and was a terrible shock to Jed and his two sisters, Carol and Beth. No one had noticed anything amiss at any time, and only three months earlier she had had a complete physical examination and come through with flying colors. Although she lived alone in the family home she was usually up and around quite early in the day, so by noon when there were repeated telephone calls unanswered they went to the house and found her in her own bed no longer alive. The doctor said that she simply slipped away in her sleep, and for this they were all profoundly grateful since she wasn't of a nature to lie around idle.

I had four different occasions to get acquainted and to visit with Mary Lowey so she seemed anything but a stranger to me. Her death gave me such a lonesome feeling, for James and Katharine never had an opportunity to know their Grandfather Verness, or their Grandfather Lowey. Now their Grandmother Lowey is gone, so only their Granny Wheels remains to give them a contact with their grandparents.

The minute Juliana called me with this news the first thing I thought of was who



**When Katharine and James, Lucile's grandchildren, want some lively fun, they try their luck at catching "horny toads" in the garden of their home in Albuquerque. The trick is to hold them long enough to show them to their parents, Juliana and Jed Lowey.**

could look after the children while their parents were gone. I worried about this and felt angry that in such a situation I was totally unable to do one thing to help.

But good friends are wonderful to come to your rescue in a crisis, so one of Juliana's closest friends called and said that she would take care of the children. Nina teaches nursing at the University of New Mexico, but fortunately the schools were closed for the holidays and she was free to add James and Katharine to her own two little girls who are just about the same age. These four children have shared countless fishing trips, mountain picnics, trips to the zoo, etc., and thus Nina's home and family was the perfect solution to James and Katharine, thanks to Nina's great generosity in coming immediately to the rescue. As soon as I get her address I want to write and express my appreciation.

Later this month Juliana hopes to return and visit with me, and to tell you radio friends about her activities. I believe she covers more ground in one week than I cover in an hour! She and Jed have good friends ranging in age from some much younger, some their own age and to some totally retired and double their age. This pattern of friendship seems to me a wonderful thing since it gives them such a wide range of acquaintance with what other people are doing rather than just the activities of people their own age.

I had my first genuine glimpse of our Iowa countryside on the return trip from Omaha and my heart sank at the condition of the fields. It doesn't take any down-to-earth farmer to tell me that our soil is in a bad way for I have always been acutely conscious of the fact that what happens on farms has a direct impact on those who live in town. My mail alone

would tell me these things even if I never had a chance to see the countryside itself. My mind is very, very frequently concerned with you friends who are having such a hard time and who are looking forward to the next planting season with heavy hearts.

I was afraid that once Mother had gone we wouldn't hear from our brothers who do not live in this area, but Wayne plans to be here in January and we still get the long distance calls on weekends that Mother always looked forward to so much.

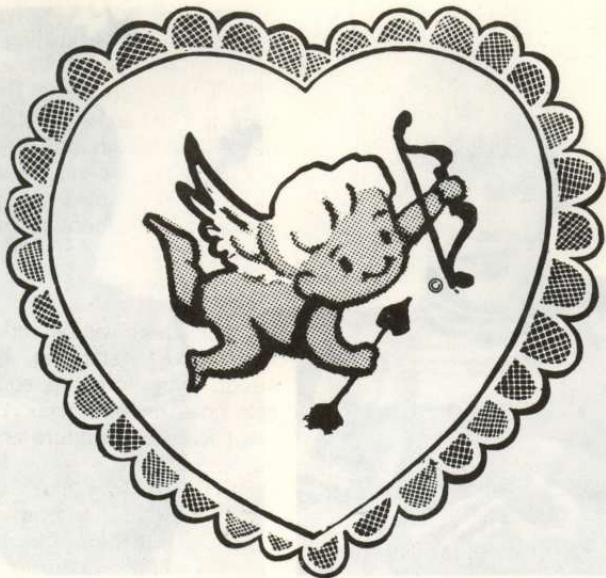
Our house is still harboring the brilliant poinsettias that we brought home from the Omaha hospital, and bulbs that Betty planted last fall and stowed away in the basement are now coming upstairs and getting ready to put on a good show for us. These woven wicker containers for flower pots are widely available now and surely do a good job of bringing extra pleasure from potted plants. We have one color picture taken by Russell many years ago of a solid mass of hyacinths and tulips in full bloom right in the corner of our living room, and I still like to get it out and look at it on dark days.

The only thing we had done to the house this last year was to get the garage door fixed with one of these electric devices that lifts it automatically and lowers it too. That was a powerfully heavy door to deal with by hand and I'm glad not to have to watch anyone deal with it.

Russell had contemplated such a door 15 or 16 years ago, but at that time we heard so many tales of woe from friends who had such a door that we decided just to use pure manual strength in dealing with it. I'm glad that now after so many,

(Continued on page 22)





## *Cupid Calling!*

*Means It's Shower Time*

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

While June is usually designated as "bride's month", it really has no priority, for weddings seem to indicate that Dan Cupid's little arrow has open season every month of the year, and February is high on the list. I had the delightful pleasure of honoring two of the season's lovely brides with bridal showers. Ideas used were such as would work up into any color scheme for a special bride on your party list — perhaps a Valentine bride!

**Invitations:** The invitations keyed the heart theme for this shower, since the bride's colors were to be gold with an accent of red.

A red paper heart for the front of the invitation and a gold one for the back were tied together with gold metallic ribbon. On the red heart cover was a large arrow and the words "Cupid Calling", all done with gold glitter. The invitation, typed on a slip of white paper and glued to the inside, read:

There'll be a "Sweetheart on Parade" at our house —

On (date) at the hour of two.

You're invited to come, we'll be looking for you.

It's a bridal shower for — shucks! can't you guess

That it's (name) who has said "Yes"?  
(Signed)

**Decorations:** The arriving guests found a door swag on the front door. A large heart had been cut from a piece of plywood (heavy cardboard would do) and the inside cut out so that a heart frame about two inches wide was left. This was painted a bright red. To it was

fastened the "bridal veil" (a piece of white net with white ribbon streamers to which artificial lily of the valley was tied) and the whole thing tied to the heart frame.

A red heart like the one on the door was suspended by gold ribbons from an extension curtain rod above the table. (The rod went from the tops of two windows on either side of the table.) This heart had been covered with a double ruffle of gold tulle. Big red ribbon roses and a few tiny gold mums were fastened here and there for accent. Gold streamers swirled down on either side of the heart.

On the white glass window curtains at the two windows were pinned gold paper doily hearts to which had been pinned a red heart with gold arrow and the wording as used on invitations.

The centerpiece for the table was a graduated tier effect of three kissing rings of red chenille fastened together, top and bottom of each tier, with loops of gold ribbon. A gold wedding ring was tied in the topmost bow. At the last moment, before guests arrived, gold mums were arranged around the base and a few blossoms laid in each ring base. This arrangement was flanked on either side by red candles in holders to which were fastened ruffles of gold tulle tied with loops of gold and red ribbon, with sprays of gold flowers and two red pearlized hearts tied into each bow. A matching wide tulle ruffle encircled the kissing ring arrangement.

Favors were dust pans cut from gold paper and sewn together with red yarn. A heart was made on the front, traced

with glue and sprinkled with red glitter. These were filled with nuts.

I made the mints in heart shape, most of them gold with red ones for accent. These were arranged on a glass plate.

The punch bowl was encircled with greenery, a few gold mums, and tufts of gold tulle. Red punch was served. For the gold in the refreshments I served cream puffs. These were filled with a pineapple and whipped cream and cream cheese filling.

A special chair was arranged for the bride in front of the large living room window. These curtains also had gold doily paper hearts fastened to them, and another of the large red hearts was tied at the top center with a large gold tulle bow.

**Games:** THE HONEYMOON TRIP was one of the games used. For this, gold paper had been folded and then cut to a suitcase-like shape, being careful to have a handle shape at the top. A hole was punched in the handle so that the folded suitcase could be fastened at the top with a short piece of red pipe cleaner. Each suitcase had a white "sticker" on the front with such labels as "Niagara Falls", "Honeymoon Lodge", "Turtle Dove Inn", etc., printed on them. White paper was glued to the inside.

For the game, each guest was given a pencil and told to write down an article to be taken on the honeymoon for each letter in the bride's married name. A prize was given to the one having the most items which the hostess had on her original list.

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The other bride was an "almost Christmas" bride, and her colors were royal blue and light blue, so we decided to use the bell theme for this one. This party was for a former high school classmate girl friend to honor the bride, so the invitations took their cue from the familiar "Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine". Invitations were two bells cut from light blue construction paper and outlined on the front with royal blue glitter. They were tied together with a royal blue ribbon bow. The invitation (on white paper) read: "Diamond rings, coy looks — they're a pretty certain sign that wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine. Yes, it's a bridal shower so bring a gift. (Name) is our party 'belle'. Other guests will be the gals from the class we knew so well. (Date), that's the date, the hour's set for (time), so plan to come and join the gang. Be seeing you!"

(Signed)

For the door swag I used a felt swag arrangement with net veil and ribbon streamers. Three large (8" in length) bells were cut, one each from royal blue, light blue, and white. An oval piece in each color was cut to fit as the bottom

(Continued on page 20)



## Success Story: The Linn Creek Auction

by  
Mary Feese



"I'm a waitin' on you down there, my friend, will you give me ten? Ten . . . ten . . . yes! I've got ten." The timbre of the chant changes a bit, becomes more urgent. "Ten, and now eleven . . ." The magic spell reaches outside the building; you're entranced before you enter. The place is jammed with people, every seat filled, more people standing and spilling out onto the sidewalk, into the street. Beneath the compelling chant of the auctioneer, you're aware of a muted roar, surging like a mountain stream. What is it? Of course, it's the rise and fall of low-toned conversation, exchanged comments, as people jostle one another to better see what's being offered next. At first sight, Col. Roy Hansen strikes you as a wiry fellow, but small. Well, he's not large in physical stature, but oh man! what a big auctioneer. The crowd roars when he hams it up, ranging from touches of whimsical humor to all-out clowning. Born comedian that he is, he seems to have his fingers on the pulse of the audience's mood. Close friends suspect that many people come as much to see Roy's performance as they do to buy something.

Yes, he's a master showman, but more than that; he's built a solid reputation for being a totally honest man to deal with. His quiet wife, Louise, backs him up, and together they make an unbeatable team. You wonder, how did this auction begin? Why is it held in such an unlikely spot as Linn Creek, a small town (very small indeed!) just off Highway 54 a few miles out of Camdenton? To quote Bob Potter, a local man and fellow auctioneer, "If an experienced auction man who knew what he was doing drove through Linn Creek, it's likely the first place he'd cross off his list as showing potential for success in this field. One business block?"

Let's let Roy Hansen himself tell us the beginnings of the auction that many term the "Linn Creek Social Center", since so many people attend to see their friends, with no intention of buying a nickel's worth of goods. Auction fever being highly contagious, many of them go home with car piled full! (Roy's wry

comment: "We don't sell junk, ever — because, on the consignor's slip, the clerk writes 'miscellaneous'.")

"How did it start? To tell the truth, it was by accident," grins Roy, reminiscing. "I'd done some auctioneering for years — always liked it — but at this time I was working in Camdenton in the automotive business. We'd moved to Linn Creek. One day Louise needed a pick, cost her \$7.50 at the store."

"Griped me like all gitout to pay that much," put in Louise; from her expression, it still did. "I'd seen too many sell, used, for a little bit of nuthin'."

"The upshot of it was, Louise began a sort of secondhand store, at home, while I kept my job. Well, the 'store' grew till it took a building, as I remember about eighteen by fifty feet." How big was Linn Creek at that time? "Population 197. Big deal!"

Then the couple decided to hold a Tuesday night consignment auction, that would "last an hour and a half, or so," they thought. It was held the fourth of February; despite the inauspicious time of year, things sold down to the last scrap and gewgaw. "That started the whole thing," says Louise. "In three weeks we had consignments in such volume that we held a second sale on a Wednesday night — telling each other it was 'just for one week, until we're caught up'." This went on, however, for eight or nine weeks, with increasing volume, until she begged Roy to quite his job as an auto mechanic, because her "sideline" was too much for her to handle alone. " 'N too profitable too quit," adds her husband laconically.

"About a third of the things were antiques, primitives, and collectors' items," says Louise, knowledgeably now, but adds, "I knew nothing at the time about antiques, and hadn't aimed to learn. But to make money, it seemed a good idea to know what things were worth." So learn she did, a bit at a time, and soon they began to have a separate antique auction, on the first Saturday night of every month.

The small building seated 110, with room for 40 standees. They then

bought land in the same block, and erected a 40' x 90' building, modern and comfortable, that would seat about 225. "I was a bit juberous," Roy admits. "I thought it would look bad, because we'd never get enough stuff to make it look like an auction, or enough people in there to look like a crowd!" He proved to be wrong, though, because at the antique auctions there was standing room only, and nearly that many most other sale nights. Many times, during the heart of the sale, there will be about 200 to 400 more people standing, lined on the street, trying to get in; some nights the sale goes on until 4:00 A.M. Tuesday night features furniture and household items; Wednesday nights are the "small stuff". Diversified? You'd better believe it — the things that go under the hammer range all the way from hickory nuts (someone bought them for a pet squirrel) to expensive furniture and gorgeous glassware.

"Between six-thirty and seven, people do the chair shuffle, shifting around to find the sitting place that suits 'em best," laughs Roy. "And Heaven help the one who gets somebody else's favorite spot," adds his wife, mischievous gleam in her eye.

What will things bring? Can they tell ahead of time? "No, that's hard to predict," muses Roy. "People are moody. When it's too hot, say, they get restless, don't pay attention, and prices drop off. Other times, ol' auction fever gets to raging, and we're in for some surprises."

Louise has been rearranging some papers as we talk. She's soft-spoken, but full of pep, so it's hard for her to sit still. Her eyes reflect the memories, as she talks. "Remember that old churn? The antique dealer had it in his shop for six months, tagged at nine fifty, with no lookers or takers. We sold it for him one night, for twenty-seven dollars!" She laughs aloud. "And the butcher shop scales! The marble shelf was gone, even. Anyway, we'd priced them during the day for nine fifty, to a man setting up in business. He wouldn't buy, 'too high', he said. But that night the antique dealers got to bidding, and this guy jumped in and bought the things for thirty-five dollars!" Her mood changes, contemplative now. "The crowd likes Roy," Louise gave him a proud glance. "He clowns around — you know — and tosses up this antique compote to get attention. It always does! The women all catch their breath — "Haven't dropped one yet," he can't resist boasting a little. "Not yet . . ." she needles him a bit. A fond look passes between them. Their two personalities blend and complement each other, a team indeed.

"I get nightmares remembering," says Louise with a wry grin, "just how I (Continued on page 19)



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Today's zero temperature is a far cry from yesterday's balmy fifties and brought us back to the reality that it is still winter and not spring. Although the lack of moisture in the ground could be a serious problem to some this year, it has certainly made it a lot easier for us farmers who have livestock to take care of.

Since Kristin wrote a letter for my page last month, I hope you won't mind if I regress a little and tell you about some of the activities I participated in before Christmas. Our deer-hunting friends from northern Iowa didn't all come at the same time this year, since there were two deer seasons instead of one. Frank doesn't hunt anymore, but it is always so much fun to have these good visits with friends we see only once a year. We wish we could see them more often, but they are farmers, too, and most of the year we are all so busy and involved with our work that we don't seem to find the time to get together. Walter Grimm has a daughter who lives in Des Moines, so when he comes to Lucas his wife stops off to visit the daughter. Last year I had planned to have lunch with them in Des Moines but the weather turned bad and I didn't make it, so this year I was happy that I got to go and spend a few hours with Iola and Deanna.

The men got only one deer, but they reported seeing several coyotes, which we had heard were really plentiful around here. They also said that the fox tracks were thick, so this could really spell trouble for us and our fowl population. For a good many years the fox had really been scarce and it was a rare occasion if you saw one. The only ones Frank reported seeing he said looked sick and mangy, and one acted so funny he knew it had to be rabid, but a year ago last summer when Frank and I were picking up bales we saw several, and he made the comment then that they must be on the increase again.

I was happy to be able to go to Knoxville, Iowa, to give a talk at the guest day meeting of the Federated Women's Club. They had a good crowd and it was nice to be able to meet so many of our Kitchen-Klatter friends. I asked my friend Marilyn Jones to go with me, since she lived in Knoxville for several years and I thought she would see a lot of people she formerly knew. After the



**Here you see some of the Birthday Club members. Dorothy is standing in the background. It would be hard to find a group that has more fun than this one!**

meeting and tea we went to a nursing home and met several more women who had been unable to attend the program. Before we left town Marilyn took me past their former home, and she said when they knew they were going to move to Chariton and put their house on the market, the realtor told her it would be a good idea, while he was showing the house every day, if she would bake bread or something to give the house that nice homey atmosphere. So she baked bread every day and put on fifteen pounds she had never been able to take off. I told her that testing recipes had done the same thing for me.

Speaking of testing recipes, Norma Pim and I entertained the Birthday Club for a Christmas luncheon and gift exchange just before Christmas. We had it at her house and she cooked the delicious leg of lamb she is famous for in our group. I told the girls I was going to test a lot of different things and they could sample all of them. I made three salads, two vegetables, a rice dish, sweet potatoes, and a dessert. They all agreed it was far too much for a luncheon. I told them I knew it was but as long as I was in the mood and had all of them for guinea pigs it was too good an opportunity to pass up. Norma's daughter, Mary Anne Storm, contributed fresh warm homemade rolls. Our tables looked pretty; the gift exchange was fun; and all in all we thought the party was very successful.

I helped at another supper recently when the Lucas Community Workers held a fund-raising supper at the community hall. Several years ago the Lucas volunteer fire department needed a building to house their trucks and equipment, and money was raised by donation and projects for a really nice building. Half of the building is used as a fire house, and the other half as a community hall. The kitchen is completely equipped with dishes, silver, pots, pans, steam table, and electrical

appliances. I think I am right when I say everything has been donated either by individuals or groups. There are several big folding tables and chairs with racks to store them when they are not in use. By paying a small rental fee any one can use the hall for large groups. The senior citizens meet there; many family reunions are held there; the Birthday Club has used it several times for our fund-raising dinners. I can't begin to name all the groups who have benefited from having this nice hall to meet in. It has certainly been a big addition to this small town.

In the thirty years we have lived on the farm we have never bought a Christmas tree. All our trees have come off our own land. It is funny how small a tree can look outdoors and how big when you put it in the house. Frank keeps his eyes open all year when he is walking around in the timber for a nicely shaped Christmas tree (always a cedar). This year he said he thought the little tree at the end of the lane would make a nice one to cut. I said I thought it was awfully small, but it was a nice shape, and in a couple of years it would probably be big enough. He said he thought it was big enough, so he cut it and brought it home. When we brought it in, I couldn't believe it was the same tree. I actually had to stand on a chair to put the decorations on the top branches.

We were happy that Margery and Oliver were able to come to our house to share our Christmas with us. They came the afternoon of the 24th, and the others who were here for our traditional chili and oyster stew supper were Bernie, Belvah Baker, and Aunt Delia Johnson. We opened our gifts Christmas Eve, and the same people were all here for a big turkey dinner Christmas Day. We enjoyed phone calls from other members of the family.

We're glad Lucile is home from the hospital, but were sorry to hear that our brother-in-law Raymond Halls had to spend some time in the hospital in Roswell, New Mexico. Kristin and her family were still in their home in Hardin, Montana, for Christmas, but they left three days later for their new home in Chadron, Nebraska.

Those of you who have read *The Story Of An American Family* will recall that I spent several months when I was seventeen in Chadron, where I was a freshman in the state college. Just before I completed my year of college I became very ill, and when I was well enough to go to a doctor's office for an examination I found out I had tuberculosis. I had to go home immediately, and my last view of Chadron was from the train, where a large crowd of my friends had gathered to see me off and bring me farewell gifts. This was almost forty-six years ago, and I have never been in Chadron since. Now

(Continued on page 22)



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

In a few hours we shall be on our way to Florida for our mid-winter holiday. It was eight years ago this month that the Boston throat specialists advised me to go to the sunny Southland for a few weeks each winter as a protective measure for my larynx. One specialist said: "You do so much public speaking that your throat is beginning to show the strain of it. You must not under any conditions get a case of laryngitis. You have had too much of that in your past. Why don't you go down to Florida and soak up some sunshine?" Ever since, my church has insisted that Betty and I use a part of our long summer vacation in the winter, and with the help of Betty's parents, who have us as their guests in Pompano Beach, the Florida holidays have become an annual event.

While in Florida, we always do much visiting of our church members who live there during the winter. This year I shall spend several days at a special church conference for the ministers of large churches. The purpose of the meeting is to provide for the exchange of promotional ideas and the open discussion of those particular parish problems that all large churches have. I was instructed to provide a detailed description of the single most successful project ever carried out in our church here in Springfield. We have had so many successful projects that I was a long time deciding what to present to the conference. I finally let my associate, the Rev. John Willard Ames, make the decision for me, and he insisted that I tell about our birthday letter program.

Most of you old friends already know about that birthday project but, in case you do not, let me tell you about it briefly. We began this project twenty-one years ago when we began collecting the month and the day (but not the year) of birth of every member of the church. We keep a master birthday book and, with that as a guide, I write a personal handwritten letter to each church member on his or her birthday. The letters are genuinely personal, and always they express my personal gratitude for what the church member had done for the church and what his or her friendship means to me. I write an average of four or five birthday letters every day of the year, writing them even when I am on vacation. It is really amazing how pleased the people are to get those letters! They react just the way you and I do when someone writes us a personal note of gratitude. Never have I written two identical birthday letters. Never have I been bothered by the discipline of it, for never have I permitted it to become mere routine. To the many ministers who have



Deacon and Mrs. Archie Allen greet the family of Deacon Kim as they arrive at South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, on a snowy Sunday morning.

said to me: "I don't have the time to write letters like that," I invariably have replied, "Nonsense! If you really wanted to do it, you could find the time." I mean that. What I shall explain in detail at the conference is the organization of such a project. To prevent its taking too much time, it does have to be carried out efficiently.

When I return from this particular church conference, I hope to have several good ideas for use in our church. I hope to find some help for one of our immediate concerns. We have just established a long-range planning committee for our church here in Springfield, and I want to learn how best to organize such a committee and how it should function. For example, how long should the long-range planning be? Should we be asking where our church should be ten years from now, twenty years, or just five years? Our church is only 135 years old, and that means it is one of the younger churches in this community. Some of our neighboring churches are over 300 years old. Perhaps our long-range planning should be in terms of centuries instead of years!

For the past few days we have been busy designing and preparing for the printers our annual every-member canvass brochure. Each year at this time, our church mails to its members a brochure describing the needs of the church, and with that brochure we enclose a pledge card for people to fill out and return to the church office. Our budget for this next church year is \$227,000, and that means some very sacrificial giving by our church members. In all of my twenty-two years of ministry to the South Congregational Church of Springfield our people never have failed to meet their budget goals, and I am confident that they will meet this 1977

budget, too.

The other day I told our Sunday school teachers that they must make a special point of helping our children to appreciate the many common, everyday blessings that far too many people overlook. For example, how often does the average person think to thank God for the blessing of good, clean water for drinking and for bathing? There are millions of people in this world who do not take water for granted. Only last summer Betty and I were paying as much as forty cents a quart for drinking water on the Island of Lanzarote. Here in Springfield we are blessed with delicious water piped in from cold mountain streams and lakes. It is some of the best water in all the world, and yet I am willing to wager that few of our people think to thank God for it.

Did you by chance happen to read that story about the City Water Commissioner of Toledo, Ohio, who offered to pay one hundred dollars to anyone who could drink two cents worth of city water in a week? He did not have to worry about anyone taking him up on it, for two cents would buy one hundred and sixteen gallons of water! Just think of it! Someone would have to drink an average of nearly three quarts of water every hour for the entire week to win that one hundred dollars. Most of us drink only one quart of water a day! Two cents worth of water is probably the best bargain in the United States.

We always have a special church offering for charity on Christmas, and the usual amount collected is three thousand dollars. This year we gave part of that offering to the health clinic on the Rough Rock Navaho Indian Reservation where our Mary Leanna and her family are living. Our son-in-law is a teacher in the government school there, and he had told us how desperately that little clinic needed funds. We are using another part of the offering to help some very deserving young men and women in our church in their efforts to meet the increasing costs of their college textbooks. Before our church year is over on March 31, we shall have spent about \$44,000 for missions and charities of one kind or another. Our plans for 1977 include an increase in our benevolence giving by at least three thousand dollars. Long ago our church learned that the more it gives to others, the more the Lord gives to it.

Here in Springfield we have a new courthouse, a beautiful building of very modern design. I was invited to the dedication of the courthouse, and while I was there I had a delightful time chatting with several of the judges of our area. One judge told me a delightful story about the time the foreman of a jury reported angrily to him that no

(Continued on page 22)



## I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

by  
Dorothy Enke

"I think you're wonderful!"

The words rang out clearly, with an exuberant sincerity. People turned to stare, a bit amused, at the speaker. She was a young woman, offering appreciation to the last speaker of the day. It had been a long, tedious meeting. Each speaker on the crowded program had to work harder than the previous one to hold the attention of his audience while he presented his thoughts, arguments and appeals.

At last it was over. People crowded around the speakers to offer their comments and criticisms. It was then that the words of praise cut through the weariness, boredom, and restlessness that hung over the room. It was as though a rush of spring air swept the place.

"I think you're wonderful!" She honestly meant it and was happily offering sincere regard for the speaker's efforts. You could almost see the tiredness leave his body as he straightened his shoulders and turned to acknowledge the praise.

"Thank you," he said gently. "You make me ready to go forth to battle again."

The American psychologist William James said, "The deepest principle in human nature is the craving to be appreciated." Any observant mother or alert teacher knows how quickly a child responds to commendation. A necessary correction, sandwiched between a couple layers of praise, will bring more changes than a curt criticism. A wise employer soon learns that a word of appreciation can work miracles with employees while it is also earning their gratitude and loyalty.

The deep hunger of the human heart, often not fully realized nor understood, is to stand well in the eyes of those about us. Many people seem unable to validate their own personality or worth except as they identify with others. A young professional man resigned from a position with a long-established, highly conservative firm, to join a smaller younger group that was burgeoning with imaginative ideas.

"I had to make a change," he said. "Even if it meant a cut in income for a while. No matter how hard I worked it meant nothing to anyone. If I tried to assume any initiative I was immediately put down. I began to feel that I wasn't a real person, but a sort of paper yes-man."

Honest appreciation is heart-warming to all of us. Foolish flattery and apple-polishing are self-defeating. But even the



Evelyn King, "the sewing lady", who has appeared on Frederick's and Betty's Saturday radio visits, is also one of the part-time secretaries at South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass. Besides her sewing talents, Mrs. King is also a fine artist and does much of the art work around Frederick's church.

most austere person values genuine esteem. Many times we fail to discern the longing for understanding that lies behind a protective wall of reserve. Few human beings are so self-contained and independent that they feel no need of encouragement from others.

To have someone love you, someone who openly admires you, is a gift fortune doesn't bestow carelessly. Yet the longing for understanding and appreciation is almost a universal characteristic. Realizing that this craving for appreciation is common to all of us, why are we so slow and grudging in offering our praise and encouragement? Do we, too, feel unappreciated, and perhaps jealous or covetous? Are we too sophisticated and prone to risk speaking words of happy praise?

It is much easier to give way to sharp, destructive criticism when things go wrong than it is to come up with a workable solution to the problem at hand. To appreciate the efforts of others may require us to exercise wise judgement and to take time for an assessment of values.

Inherent in genuine appreciation is a subtle implication of an understanding and acceptance beyond a casual reaction. A delicacy of perception and a keenness of insight are involved. For a brief instant in time there is a clarity of vision; there is a heightened awareness, a restfulness and relaxation. Someone has shown that they value you.

Two women had been friends for more than forty years. Their friendship had arrived at that comfortable stage of complete acceptance of each other's minor foibles and lapses. A mutual trust and reliance was a sustaining force in

their relationship. Then one of the friends mailed a special birthday greeting to the other.

"I shed tears over that birthday card," said the recipient. "Tears of happiness. I guess we had come to the place where we took each other pretty much for granted. Then this came." She held out the birthday greeting. It had the usual friendly birthday phrases, but above the conventional, printed sentiments the sender had written: "To the best friend I ever had."

A wise man once said, "Appreciation is the heart's memory." Perhaps we all need an unexpected push to remind us to voice those appreciative thoughts we keep imprisoned in our hearts. We should always be moved by a sense of increasing urgency. Today we can manifest our appreciation. Perhaps someone is needing it desperately. Tomorrow may be too late.

Let me suggest a happy experiment for you to explore. Isn't there someone you sincerely admire? Is there someone in your life you think is just the greatest?

What would happen, if the next time you felt that happy sense of appreciation welling up within your heart, you *didn't* remain silent? Suppose, instead, you said, and truly meant it, "I think you're wonderful!" Perhaps you need only say, "That was great!"

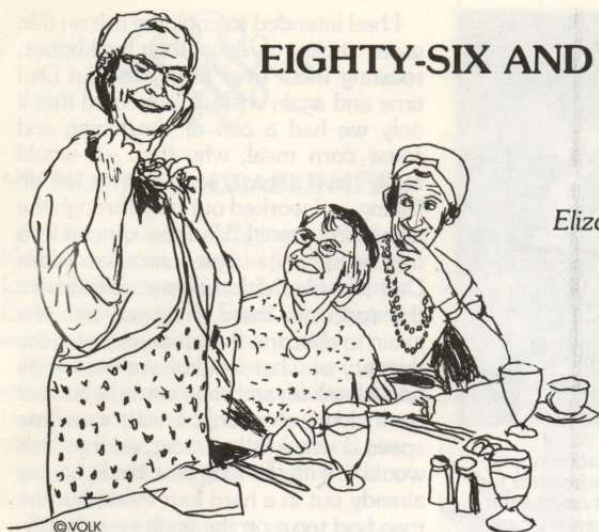
Samuel Johnson wrote: "The applause of a single human being is of great consequence." Let those special people know you aren't just taking them for granted. Let them know you appreciate them. Tell them, and spread some happiness. Help someone stand taller today because they know you value them.



## EIGHTY-SIX AND MORE TO GO

by

Elizabeth Lee McCung



Ten years ago, when I was seventy-six, a friend challenged me to write about my philosophy of life, thinking perhaps it might help others to steady themselves. But when I wrote what I called "The Spirit of Seventy-Six", several older friends remarked rather cynically, "Wait until you are older and you'll see!" Needless to say, I waited, and now at the rather ripe age of eighty-six I find that life can still be beautiful, venturesome, and helpful. Like the old man who laboriously built a bridge across a chasm for the youth who was following him, I find it interesting to leave encouragement for those who come after, to leave a bit of brightness, a few choice jewels of happiness, to cheer them on their way.

It's true, many dear friends have passed on, classmates are few, but memories still linger, and we keep making many new friends. In the retirement home where I live, associations are wonderful; people from so many well-done tasks in town or church, in countries far and near. They have so many things to tell from their experiences and will lend an ear to ours.

Travel can still be inspiring. Where we formerly enjoyed bus trips, now we have the thrill of flying. Then we went to see friends; now friends come to see us. What was once a new nest to which to become adjusted is really "Our Home", and we are surrounded with comforts. Retirement homes are not places to store "troublesome nuisances", but museums for "choice articles" that need special and loving care. (We get it here.) Of course we love our families and pride ourselves in the fact that they are just a little nicer than others. We love to visit them, but not for too long, for their homes are such busy places that the continuous business of others tires us. Here we have lovely companionship with people who are busy in a "slower way".

If one is lonesome in a place like this it is because he is thinking too much about

himself. Maybe the fellow next to you needs something you can supply if it is only as a good listener, and you'll be helped in the doing. So you see I am still a Pollyanna.

We have time to rest a little, laugh a lot, read a bit, do our different bits of fancy work, meditate, and pray. We are thankful to have been blessed with eyes and ears that still work. We can't say too much for knees, but they still get us around. When they are past using, there are other modes of travel. We once cleared the lounge and had a wheel chair race which was quite exciting and fun for all. For those whose ears are not working well, there is much to see and many books to read, while for those whose eyes are poor, there are large-type books and books and magazines on records. It's just a matter of adjustment. Why be gloomy about what has to be? With Paul we can say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

If you haven't learned at sometime in your life to enjoy games, you are missing something, and really ought to begin now. Never think of them as wasted time, for they are very relaxing and a great means of mixing with others. I find "word" games especially interesting, and have a weakness for crossword puzzles, but a lot of people do not want to work that hard and find simple games more to their liking; and they serve the same purpose. It's a great time of life to "keep your cool", be happy, and try to help others to be that way.

I suppose my friends will still say, "Just wait", and I will! Perhaps you'll hear me tapping on your door again, but however that may be, I'm quite sure there will still be many bright spots, and that they will continue to come and go until the sun sets in a blaze of glory. Eighty-six years and still time to do our bit wherever we may be helpful.

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## A KIND WORD

A kind word is currency:  
Little, yet is much  
To lighten someone's burden  
By one human touch.

A kind word, a courtesy  
A lonely one may share,  
Making his own world larger,  
Another one's more fair.

Kindness is never wasted:  
The donor known, obscure,  
For wine of love once tasted  
Forever shall endure.

—Author Unknown



## "PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT..."

Techniques for putting on overshoes —

The stance used in connection with this procedure is varied.

The customary procedure is, of course, to first put on one's overcoat, preferably buttoned, to make the process of getting the feet into the overshoes as awkward as possible. **THIS IS THE SPORTING THING TO DO!** From then on there are several branches of thought.

One type finds a convenient wall and leans against it while inserting the foot into the overshoe.

Another uses the African crane technique, standing upright on one foot, the other leg crossed figure-four fashion while going through the process.

A variation on this is the one-foot, side-hop, basically the same as the above except that the subject hops sideways, thereby, it is hoped, maintaining the balance while struggling with that fool boot.

We so far have ignored the basic type who finds a chair, a step, or even a collapsible cardboard carton to sit on while installing the overshoe. This is hardly cricket, however, although the use of the collapsible carton does imply some degree of sporting blood.

There is also the strong-willed type who disdains outside support of any kind and bends over, purple in the face, bound tight in that buttoned coat, and struggles with that extra foot gear under extremely high internal pressure.

An almost intolerable variation of this theme is exemplified in the athletic type who bends over, legs straight as a post and puts the overshoes on with ease and grace. There are rare creatures indeed. We have yet to see one!

Probably the best method is that used by the very young, who lie on their backs, hold their legs straight in the air and put their overshoes on that way. It is safe! They have no place to fall except up!

—From an old clipping



## TROUT SNOTS

by  
Bob Birkby

The poet T.S. Eliot tells us there is a time for evening under starlight and a time for evening under lamplight. February has always been the heart of my lamplit time — books and papers read and unread upon my desk, my backpack and boots hung in a dusty corner waiting for the starry nights still half a semester away. Evenings under lamplight — the hour becomes late, and the stacks unread do not seem to diminish in height. I find myself, in the making of another pot of tea, slipping into the memories of summer past, the starlit reminiscences which make the wait for summer future a little more bearable.

I built hiking trails in New Mexico last summer, living in my tent as I had the five summers before — on alpine ridges to catch the sunrise, in hidden valleys to catch the trout — becoming lean and weathered and properly purged of the civilized life of the previous winter. Exactly the right situation for someone who, when asked what he wants to be when he grows up, answers that he simply doesn't intend to grow up at all.

People from my winters seldom visit me in my summers. New Mexico is a long way from the Midwest, or just about anywhere else, for that matter, and my invitations usually go unheeded — until last July, that is, when my father (escaping a year in the office) and Paul Rice and Nelljean McConeghey, friends of mine from Arkansas (bleary-eyed survivors of three years of poetry workshops and the resulting final exams), rumbled across the overheated plains of western Kansas and left themselves, like orphans in baskets, on the doorstep of my tent.

Welcome my father! Welcome my friends! Into the hills, then, into the Rayado Canyon, that deep gash of wilderness, those ten twisting miles of cliffs and crags and foaming waterfalls which, were I Robin Hood, would be my Sherwood Forest. I supplied the troops with fly rods, loaded their packs on their backs, and we headed upstream along the bits and pieces of trail and animal trace, my father and the poets breathing deeply, both to savor the non-aroma of immaculate air, and to compensate for the inability of their lowlanders' lungs to get a full bite on the thin mountain wind.

By the time we reached the Magic Tree, the crossing log beneath which live the first big schools of trout, the lack of altitude adjustment and the general non-hiking nature of my visitors began taking its toll in energy and spirit, so we dropped our packs and sat down for a rest.



Bob's father, Dad in the accompanying story, has been a Scoutmaster for many years. Here he is congratulating Richard Miller, the newest Eagle Scout of the Sidney Troop 77.

Suddenly Nell jumped to her feet. "Trout snouts!" she yelled, pointing into the pool beneath the log with the intensity of Ahab on first seeing Moby Dick. The pool was teeming with small fish rising to the surface. "Trout snouts! Trout snouts!" she screamed again, grabbing her pack and racing on up the trail toward the middle of the canyon where, I had told her, the whoppers hung out. So much for flagging energy and spirit.

We reached our mid-canyon campsite at dusk, too late to fish, and settled for a supper of tuna casserole. Paul made up a peach cobbler in a Dutch oven, and we drank cocoa by the fire in the gathering darkness, a darkness which seemed mostly a matter of the sound of the river increasing to fill the vacuum left by the receding light until there was nothing but the rush of water sounds in our ears to make up for the shortage of light in our eyes.

"Stump munk! Stump munk!" We were awakened the next morning by Nell's shouts at a chipmunk sitting on a stump while he polished off what cobbler he could dig from the cold oven. I was beginning to wonder if this girl, after years of intense poetic training, could do no more than rhyme a couple of monosyllabics together, but before I could ask, she had run down and hurled herself into the stream for a morning swim so cold she was rhymeless until lunch.

Time for some serious fishing. Paul and the frosty Nell decided to head downstream toward the Magic Tree while Dad and I went the other way, and we would meet back at the camp at dusk. For some reason, the trout were in a suicidal frenzy to get our hooks into their mouths. Trout to the left of us. Trout to the right of us. Trout above and below. We kept only the biggest, forcing the rest to go on living, and by mid-afternoon we were far up the canyon.

I had intended to cook the fish on thin green sticks run down their backbones, roasting them over the coals, but Dad time and again wistfully lamented that if only we had a can of shortening and some corn meal, why then we would really have a feast, so at last we left off fishing and worked our way through the narrowing granite V of the canyon to a trail camp at its upper entrance. While Dad provided diversionary visiting with the residents there, I slipped into the cabin to abscond the goods, enjoying the thievery of what would have been ours had we asked, and soon we were headed back down the canyon with awesome speed. I was a little concerned that Dad would tire on the long hike back, having already put in a hard four miles, but the man had trout on the brain — a deeply-etched vision of all those fish bubbling in that illicit shortening, and I almost had trouble keeping up with him.

As we neared our camp, we could see the flames of a big fire and hear a somewhat thawed voice chanting "Trout snouts! Stump munks! Trout snouts! Stump munks!" as a Nell-ish figure pranced around the fire — incantations to the aquatic spirits. Among us, we had 27 trout, and while Dad filled the Dutch oven with grease and hung it on a stick over the fire ("My grandmother taught me how to do this when I used to help her make soap"). Paul began coating the trout ("You know you got yourself one bunch of fish when your arms get tired just rolling them in meal") and stacking them like cordwood beside the fire.

The grease sizzled, Paul dropped in a dozen trout just long enough to pull them back out again, and we began a feast that will go down as one of the best of the best regardless of what the next decades of eating bring us. Regardless.

Succulent. Juicy. Ambrosial. The typical words don't do them justice. A star-feast of trout flesh. Shivers in the spine trout-feast. Lean back and moan with Michaelangelo ecstasy trout-feast. The sublime and the beautiful in meal-encrusted packets of caloric bliss. We suckled the meat and drank in all the juices securely sealed in the flesh by the instant sear of the rolling grease, suckled and savored, then reached for another. And another. And another. The next dozen hit the grease and we savored anew.

At long last we had eaten 26 of the trout and the last lay by himself on the warm oven lid. We looked at one another, the look of total fulfillment, complete and utter satisfaction, of contentment that could extend no further and said, each in our turn, "You eat it. I can't." The finest thing I had heard in months. These poets, exhausted from months of study and work, and my father, veteran of a

(Continued on page 20)



## MARY BETH RECALLS A HAPPY EXPERIENCE

Dear Friends:

This is a delightful day to sit down for a visit with you. The snow is drifting down in a beautiful manner and it makes me happy to see it, but not one bit eager to exchange occupations with the typewriter for some outside-related task. We have had snow cover on the ground since mid-November; in fact, we drove into snow when we were driving back from Anderson where we joined my Indiana family for Thanksgiving.

When I last wrote you I was making out examinations, and as the follow-up to such a procedure all the daylight hours that remained after our noon dismissal I spent grading tests in the car as we drove south to Anderson. The trips along the expressway systems are not so engaging of the mind that I could not keep my thoughts inside the car. The promise of having my tests graded before I got to my mother's for the four-day holiday was incentive enough to keep my mind off the scenery. As we neared my home, and despite the darkness, I could not help but be impressed by the change in the neighborhood since our last trip, but even more than that I considered how much the trees and bushes around my mother's had grown since Katharine had been there. I do not remember exactly, but it had surely been three years since she had been to visit my mother.

As we stepped across the threshold of the back door of my home of many years, my mother stopped us all to ask that we wait until all of us were together before we went into the rest of the house. She had a surprise for us and we needed to see it simultaneously lest it lose its initial impact.

All manner of wild thoughts ran through my mind except for the one accurate guess, which was seated in the wing-back Queen Anne chair. Katharine Driftmier! There she sat, smiling broadly at the successful secret she and her grandmother had managed to execute since early in October. My mother had hatched this scheme, and by working through a travel bureau had made all the ticket schedules to and from Houston for Katharine, who arrived in Anderson a full six hours before we did. Such a magnificent surprise! Such a grand Thanksgiving we all had with everyone present except my sister's boy Jim. He is just one week older than Katharine, and was helping make other people's holiday happy by his work at Disney World in Florida.

Goodness, it was a full three months since we had seen Katharine, and it took me almost three hours to realize that she was really there. We had talked to each other by phone for Sunday after Sunday, and she had not once allowed herself to



Mary Beth teaches her class of youngsters in this lovely building on the campus of the Academy of Basic Education in Brookfield, Wis., on the edge of Milwaukee.

make one misstatement that would lead me to believe that she would be anywhere else than at her roommate's home in Houston over the holidays.

To top this delightful surprise we all managed to go to a gala evening, dressed in our newest and oldest formals with the men in rented tuxedos. I had never had the pleasure of attending a dance when the children were anywhere but at home with sitters. When I was in college and went to this ball, which is given to raise funds for charity, many of my friends' parents were there, too. As we joined the happy folks dancing to the strains of a real live orchestra, I was momentarily jarred to realize that events had gone full circle and now the college set in attendance were none other than my children, and Don and I were the senior members. It was such a nostalgic evening, seeing old friends, but noticeably absent from this happy group were the senior members whom Don and I and our group had replaced. It was sad to think of them because, of course, many of them are dead and others are old enough that they do not enjoy a noisy evening of active dancing. I am sure it struck me more forcibly, because I had not been to this Charity Ball since we moved away from Anderson in 1961, and I had not grown slowly accustomed to the absence of these dear old friends. We noticed a photographer taking pictures, so for all of our scrapbooks we now have a picture complete with the names of the formerly unknown dates for the kids arranged by a dear good friend in Anderson.

That was one Thanksgiving I do not ever expect to equal in happiness, and one which I shall never forget. Things like that simply cannot be duplicated!

The other highlight in our lives since last we visited, was the opportunity we had to go downtown to hear Dr. Milton Friedman, the University of Chicago economics professor who won the 1976 Nobel Peace Prize in Economics. We

thought this such a rare opportunity that we took Adrienne with us, and along with four hundred other interested Milwaukee area people we were well rewarded for our efforts to attend. He is such a brilliant man, but he spoke on the average man's mental level. Usually economics is a very complicated subject to read about but to be able to understand a speaker for an hour on the subject is a tribute to the speaker. He entertained questions afterwards, and to one interested questioner he returned the following answer: "Where in the world is there the most freedom? In Hong Kong!" was his considered answer. It gave us all considerable to ponder.

Until next month,  
Mary Beth

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### A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO LIVE ALONE

I live alone, dear Lord,  
Stay by my side,  
In all my daily needs  
Be Thou my guide.  
Grant me good health,  
For that indeed, I pray  
To carry on my work  
From day to day.  
Keep pure my mind,  
My thoughts, my every deed,  
Let me be kind, unselfish  
In my neighbor's need.  
Spare me from fire, from flood,  
Malicious tongues,  
From thieves, from fear,  
And evil ones.  
Sickness or an accident befall,  
Then humbly, Lord, I pray  
Hear Thou my call.  
And when I'm feeling low,  
Or in despair,  
Lift up my heart  
And help me in my prayer.  
I live alone, dear Lord,  
Yet have no fear,  
Because I feel Your Presence  
Ever near. Amen.



# Recipes

## Tested by the KITCHEN-KLATTER Family

### SWISS TREATS

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup maraschino cherries, drained and cut in half

Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add egg and flavoring and mix well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture. Stir in remaining ingredients. Bake in 11- by 15-inch pan for 20 minutes in 350-degree oven.

—Lucile and Betty

### DUTCH CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. potatoes (3 to 4 medium)
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 6 to 8 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 tsp. chives, fresh or freeze-dried
- 1 tsp. parsley, fresh or dried
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup ham, diced
- 1 cup sour cream (or substitute)
- 1/4 cup cheese, grated

Boil potatoes in salted water, cut into thick slices. Fry slices lightly in butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Arrange in bottom of casserole. Dice eggs and combine with chives, parsley, seasonings, ham and sour cream. (Sour cream substitute can be made by liquefying cream-style cottage cheese in a blender, then measure and use as directed.) Pour egg mixture over top of potatoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven, 400 degrees, for 10 to 15 minutes, or until cheese melts and ingredients are hot and bubbly. Serve immediately.

This can be made without the ham for a meatless main dish. Other cooked meats or tuna fish could be substituted for the ham.

—Evelyn

### DRESSING CASSEROLE

- 1 medium onion
  - 1/2 cup celery, chopped
  - 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1 tsp. sage
  - 1 can cream of chicken soup
  - 1 1/4 cans of water
  - 8 to 10 slices bread, cubed
  - Cooked meat if desired
- Brown onion and celery in butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Stir in remaining ingredients. Spoon into greased casserole. Bake about one hour at 325 degrees. May be covered first half of baking time.

This is an excellent dressing to use on top of pork chops or to stuff into pork chops if the thick ones with the "pockets" are used. Very fine for a roasting chicken.

### UNUSUAL COCOA CHEESECAKE

- 1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 2 Tbls. white sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

2 large or 3 small eggs  
Combine cracker crumbs, 2 Tbls. sugar, melted butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Press into 8-inch round baking pan, bringing up the sides. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Cool.

Combine cream cheese, which has been softened to room temperature, 3/4 cup sugar, cocoa and flavorings in a bowl and beat until smooth and blended. Beat in eggs one at a time, beating very well after each addition. Pour into graham cracker crust. Bake at 300 degrees for about one hour, or until set in the center. Cool.

#### Topping

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 5 Tbls. half-and-half
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/2 cup coconut

Combine all ingredients with exception of nuts and coconut. Cook over low heat, stirring, until thick. Stir in nuts and coconut and spread on cheesecake. Refrigerate until time to serve.

—Evelyn

### KRUMBLE BARS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 3 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1/2 to 1 cup crispy rice cereal  
Beat together the butter or margarine, sugar, butter flavoring and eggs. Stir in vanilla flavoring, flour and nuts. Spoon into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes, or until it tests done. This has the texture of a thin sponge cake. Remove from oven and sprinkle with marshmallows. Return to oven for 3 minutes. In top of double boiler (or in oven) melt chocolate chips, peanut butter and burnt sugar flavoring. Stir several times while heating. Spread over top of marshmallows — either warm or cooled, either way is fine. Sprinkle whole crispy rice cereal over top. Push lightly into soft chocolate mixture, just enough so the cereal will hold. For easiest cutting, freeze before cutting. Freezes well for storage, wrapped in plastic wrap, foil, or frozen, cut and tucked into plastic bags.

### SAUCY FISH FILLETS

- 1 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1 lb. fish filets
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

1 chicken bouillon cube  
Combine onion, butter or margarine and butter flavoring in skillet. Cook until onion is transparent. Stir in bread crumbs. Spread half of this mixture in greased baking dish. Arrange fish filets on top. Make a sauce by melting 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, stirring in flour, dry mustard and salt and pepper. Stir over low heat until bubbly and smooth. Remove from heat. Add milk, dressing and bouillon cube. Return to low heat and stir until thick and cube is dissolved. Spread the creamed mixture over fish filets. Top with remaining crumb mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Pretty served with a parsley garnish.



**DISAPPEARING MARSHMALLOW BARS**

- 1/2 cup butterscotch bits
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup chocolate bits
- 1/3 cup chopped nuts

Melt butterscotch bits and butter or margarine in heavy saucepan, stirring constantly. Cool. Add to mixture the flour, brown sugar, baking powder, salt, flavorings and egg. Mix well. Fold in the marshmallows, chocolate bits and nuts. Spread in 9-inch square pan which has been greased on the bottom and sides. Bake in 350-degree oven for 20-25 minutes. *Do not overbake.* Center will be "jiggly", but becomes firm with cooling.

—Margery

**WIENERS AND APPLE-KRAUT**

- 1 1-lb. can sauerkraut
- 1 1-lb. can applesauce
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 lb. wieners

Combine the sauerkraut, applesauce and brown sugar in a 10-inch skillet. Cook over medium heat until most of the moisture is gone. Add the wieners, cover and cook until wieners are heated and puffed up and the sauerkraut is glazed. Serves 6 to 8.

—Mae Driftmier

**QUICK BREAKFAST DOUGHNUTS**

- 1 tube biscuits
- Hot shortening for frying
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. cornstarch

Heat shortening in deep fat fryer or electric skillet. Open tube of biscuits and make a hole in the center of each with fingers. Fry in hot fat, turning to brown on each side. Drain on paper towel. Dip in glaze made by combining butter or margarine and water in a saucepan and heating until butter melts. Add flavorings. Mix powdered sugar and cornstarch together and stir in. Dip doughnuts into warm mixture, drain on cake rack with plate underneath to catch the drips. Makes elegant quick hot doughnuts for a tasty breakfast treat, a midmorning snack or to go with hot chocolate late in the evening.

**PRETTY FRUIT SALAD**

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 3 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- 1 cup drained coarsely diced canned apricots
- 1/3 cup diced maraschino cherries
- 1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped substitute)

Soften gelatin in the 1/2 cup cold water and put over hot water till gelatin liquefies. Cool. Whip the cheese, and then gradually beat in the mayonnaise and flavoring until smooth. Add cherry juice, powdered sugar and gelatin liquid. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in fruits. Prepare whipped cream or substitute and fold in. Pour into 8- by 10-inch pan and chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve.

—Margery

**SQUASH 'N APPLES**

- 3-lb. butternut squash
- 3 apples
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt

Remove the seeds and fiber from the squash, peel and cut in slices about 1/2-inch thick. Arrange these in a buttered 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Core the apples but do not peel. Cut in 1/2-inch slices and place on top of the squash. Mix together the butter, sugar, flour and salt, and sprinkle over the apples and squash. Cover pan tightly with aluminum foil and bake in a 350-degree oven about one hour, or until the squash is done.

—Dorothy

**CHEESY MEAT LOAF**

- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup diced process American cheese
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/4 tsp. thyme, crushed
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. ground pork

Cook onion and green pepper in boiling water until tender; drain. Stir in tomato sauce, eggs, cheese, crumbs, salt, pepper and thyme. Add meats and mix well. Shape into loaf and place in baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours. Makes 8-10 servings.

This is delicious, and a nice way to turn a meat loaf into company fare!

—Margery

**TREASURE ISLAND PORK**

- 2 lbs. boneless pork shoulder, cut in 1-inch cubes
- 2 Tbls. fat or drippings
- 1 1/2 cups chopped onion
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed beef consommé
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 4 1/2-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- 1 1/2 cups 1-inch celery pieces
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- 1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced

Brown meat in fat or drippings. Pour off drippings. Add onion, consommé and water. Cover tightly and simmer 30 minutes. Add mushrooms, soy sauce, rice and celery. Cover tightly and simmer 25 to 30 minutes or until rice is done. Cook peas according to package directions. Drain. Combine peas and water chestnuts and stir into meat mixture or serve as garnish around meat. Eight servings.

—Dorothy

**BUTTER CREAM ICING**  
(Basic icing for decorated cakes)

- 3/4 cup homogenized shortening
- 2 Tbls. hot water
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 lb. powdered sugar, sifted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg white

Cream shortening; add other ingredients and beat until icing has a good spreading consistency. (For a really white cake which does not discolor, egg white powder is often used by professional wedding cake bakers. For this recipe 1 1/2 Tbls. egg white powder and 2 Tbls. water can be substituted for the regular egg white. Check with bakers or the mail-order companies which specialize in cake and decorator items.

Hint: Crumb coat the cake first by adding a bit of water to a small amount of the icing and heat this mixture in a pan. Put a thin layer of this glaze on the cake and let dry about 15 minutes, then continue to ice with regular mixture.

Another Hint: When baking layer cakes, put a damp terry cloth strip around outside of pan as it bakes and the cake will not make a hump in the center.

—Evelyn

**LIVER HINT**

Cut the liver in strips similar to fish sticks. Dip the strips in beaten egg and then in finely crushed bread crumbs. Fry in bacon grease.





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Vanilla	Strawberry

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## MOLASSES REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 3/4 cup light molasses
- 3/4 cup melted shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift the dry ingredients together into a mixing bowl. In another bowl combine the molasses, shortening, egg and flavorings. Add to the dry ingredients and stir until smooth. Form into a roll, wrap in waxed paper and chill 2 to 3 hours or until firm. When ready to bake, slice into thin slices, place on greased cooky sheets and bake in a preheated oven at 350 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

—Dorothy

## QUEEN'S SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup crushed pineapple with juice
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
- 1 banana, diced
- 8 maraschino cherries, diced
- 8 large marshmallows, diced
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Cool until syrupy. Then add fruits, cottage cheese, cream or whipped topping, marshmallows, lemon juice and

pineapple flavoring. Pour into 8-inch square pan and chill until firm. Make a top layer, by dissolving cherry gelatin in hot water; add cold water and cherry flavoring. Cool until syrupy and pour over bottom layer. Chill until time to serve. This makes a good, thick salad. It can be made in a 9- by 13-inch pan for a less-thick square, or prepared in molds reversing the layers so the clear layer will be on top when unmolded. Other flavors of gelatin may be substituted for those given for variety in color and taste. Serves nine generously, or fifteen small servings.

—Evelyn

## FROSTED CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 7-oz. bottle lemon-lime pop
- 1 1-lb. can jellied cranberry sauce
- 1 2-oz. pkg. dessert topping mix
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 Tbls. butter

Drain the crushed pineapple, reserving the syrup. Add water to syrup to make 1 cup liquid. Heat until liquid is boiling. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot liquid. Add the pineapple and strawberry flavorings. Cool. Gently stir in the pop and chill until partially set (just beginning to get syrupy). Blend cranberry sauce and crushed pineapple. Fold into gelatin. Pour into 8- by 10-inch pan and chill until firm. Prepare topping mix according to directions. Whip cream cheese and blend the two together. Spread over gelatin. Melt butter in shallow pan; spread pecan pieces in butter and toast at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Cool and sprinkle over cheese layer. —Margery

## MUSCATINE STUFFED PEPPERS

- 4 large green peppers
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 3 medium tomatoes, diced
- 1 cup whole kernel corn
- 1/3 cup rice, partially cooked
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup water or tomato juice

Simmer green peppers in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. Drain. (Remove stems and seeds before cooking.) Brown ground beef and onion in a small amount of butter or margarine. Add tomatoes, corn, rice (which has been partially cooked in salted water and drained well), salt and pepper to taste. Stuff the peppers and place in baking dish. Pour water or tomato juice around base of peppers. Bake covered for 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Uncover and bake for 5 minutes more. Buttered bread crumbs may be sprinkle on top.

—Evelyn



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## MY MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

In 1961 my sister and I went to Seoul, Korea, to visit my daughter, a missionary for the Methodist Church who teaches at Ewha University in Seoul, the largest women's university in the world.

While we were there we were entertained in many places with food that tasted strange and different to us, but the one that brought the most joy and awe was a picnic on the Eighth Army Compound.

There were Americans, as our hostess was the wife of an army major. There were Koreans, Japanese, a Canadian missionary, a lady from Austria, an exchange teacher from India, and, I think, one Chinese student.

Our menu was typical American picnic food — salad, pickles, hot dogs, cooked over a small fire in a bucket, (maybe they didn't call it a bucket), toasted marshmallows, cookies, and coffee.

After we ate, we sat on the ground in a large circle. A person from each country represented sang, recited or told a story in his own language. The stars above were bright and beautiful and we were all happy together. —E.K.C., Missouri

\*\*\*\*\*

My most memorable meal took place almost 30 years ago, yet I can see it all now as though it were yesterday.

I came to California to get married in June, 1946. My husband-to-be lived in Torrance, which in 1946 boasted a population of a little over 20,000. I had come 6,000 miles, from London, England.

A few days after we were married some friends and cousins of my husband banded together and gave a shower for us. This was my first experience of anything like this and it was all very exciting. They had chosen to prepare Mexican tortillas with a salad and relishes, and then the cake and ice cream.

In England one *always* uses the knife and fork during the whole meal. You cut and eat with the fork in the left hand and the knife in the right. *To my horror there were no knives!!!* As there was nothing to butter, they just weren't on the table. Everyone but me started to eat. I whispered to my husband, "I have to have a knife." He asked for one, and as I cut into my tortillas and prepared to eat with my knife and fork as I had *always* done, everyone at the table paused and watched me eat in my English manner. We all laughed a lot, and it was all in fun. To me that will always be my most memorable meal. —H.P., California



Emily Driftmier, a graduate student at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, takes a hike on a crisp Saturday afternoon.

## GRANDMA'S GREATEST TREASURE

She's a treasure straight from Heaven  
Sent 'specially for me.  
She's the sweetest little angel  
That mortal eyes have seen.

I have a dozen treasures  
And things I cherish high.  
But that golden hair I treasure most,  
And that twinkle in her eye.

Two little arms to squeeze me tight,  
As she says "I love you so."  
A smile that melts the hardest heart,  
And makes my day go.

Two little legs, running fast —  
Energy without measure.  
She makes the dullest day more bright.  
She's grandma's greatest treasure.  
—Doris Sandahl

## FIND THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE IN THESE SENTENCES

1. We had a most thrilling experience.
2. I cannot play a banjo, but I can play a guitar.
3. The party will be at the home of Dan I. Elliott.
4. We watched Joe lay the new floor.
5. She received a beautiful ukelele for her birthday.
6. We like grape jam especially well.
7. I met cousin Hiram at the wedding.
8. After playing the trumpet Eric sat down.
9. I chose a blue tie for Roland.
10. Billy Shag gained two pounds last week.
11. She misses the rest of her classmates.

12. He spoke to brother Gene, sister Rachel and cousin Adam.
13. I am Arkansas bound tonight.
14. The judge said that we should study hard to be smart.
15. Number six is lucky for some people.

ANSWERS: 1. Amos, 2. Job, 3. Daniel, 4. Joel, 5. Luke, 6. James, 7. Matthew, 8. Peter, 9. Hosea, 10. Haggai, 11. Esther, 12. Genesis, 13. Mark, 14. Judges, 15. Numbers.  
—Arlene Riensche



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- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
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- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KSIS** Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

## DAVID DRIFTMIER WRITES FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA

Dear Friends:

It has been such a very long time since I last sat down to write to you. Where does the time go? I am one who is always happy at the New Year because it gives me the chance to make resolutions for the future. One of my resolutions this year is to try harder to keep in touch with all of you!

Sophie and I have been very busy since I sent along my last letter. Last September Sophie began a two-year program at the Nursing School of the British Columbia Institute of Technology in Burnaby, B.C., where we now live. It has proven to be a demanding and time-consuming course. Sophie has rallied her energy and discovered that she really does like nursing as much as she thought she would. Last September I also started on a new direction in my teaching career. I had spent the previous year at Simon Fraser University in the graduate school. There I earned my keep by teaching freshman English. The experience of teaching on that level made me think that I would like to try teaching high school students. After four months in the public schools I can report that I enjoy my work. I am sure that most of you are aware of the many problems besetting public schools today. In the future I shall write to you about some of the experiences I am having.

In the middle of the winter what could be nicer than to sit back and remember fondly last summer's vacations? Sophie and I worked for most of the summer, but the last two weeks of August we were able to get away for a two-week trip to Arizona and New Mexico. I can assure you that it is one long distance from British Columbia to the Southwestern United States! We drove the route in our VW bus, fighting traffic and sleeping in crowded campsites all of the way. Both of us were very glad that we had our car with us when we reached our destination, however, because we were able to drive to some of the many pueblos that are in the Southwestern region.

Did you know that in the Canyon de Chelly in northeastern Arizona there are old pueblo ruins that date back over two thousand years? Sophie and I hiked down a long trail that leads to the bottom of the canyon and directly to one of the ruins. These White River Ruins, as they are called, are an eerie sight. As we stood there gazing at them we felt both awe and respect for the people who built and organized this community so long ago. I think that we enjoyed even more our visit to the thriving community of Indians at the Acoma pueblo, just sixty miles west of Albuquerque. Over one thousand years ago this community was founded



Sophie and David Driftmier say their farewells to Juliana, Katharine, James and Jed Lowey before leaving Albuquerque for Arizona.

on the top of a mesa. We met and talked to some of the people who still live in the well-preserved buildings carrying on their forebears' culture and continuing to work at their traditional crafts. Visiting these pueblos was certainly a rewarding experience, for nowhere else in North America can one walk in the presence of such a rich antiquity.

Of course, as you have probably guessed, the main reason for our trip was to visit with family. First we visited my cousin Juliana and the rest of the Loweys in Albuquerque. A visit with that busy and happy family is always a pleasure. We were also able to see my cousin Emily Driftmier for the first time since she returned from her stay in Brazil. Then we drove to Arizona where we had a grand reunion with my sister Mary Lea, her husband Vincent, and our darling niece Isabel. We enjoyed sharing their activities and seeing Vincent teach his class there at the Navajo school. We traveled to different parts of the reservation and had some great picnics. Mostly we just could not stop being amazed at how much Isabel had grown!

This last year we were also fortunate enough to enjoy one other series of visits. Right before Christmas I had some extra days of vacation that Sophie did not have, and so I dipped into my savings and flew back home to see my parents for a few days. I had not seen them for a year, and there was so much for us to talk about! I then flew back to Calgary, Alberta, where my wife's parents live. There I met Sophie and we shared our holidays together.

Both Sophie and I were very fortunate to be able to travel so much last year. This year we shall probably not be able to take as many trips, but we know that any travel plans for the future will include visiting family.

Recently I have given some thought to the fact that my choice to live in British Columbia instead of Massachusetts is not so different from the choice that my

(Continued on page 23)



## HINTS FOR MAKING A CRAZY COVERLET

by  
Clara Brandon

Are you bored with the household routine that seems to be the lot of the homemaker? Instead of climbing the walls, make a crazy, or patchwork, coverlet. There is something therapeutic about sewing patchwork. If you work with set designs, such as nine-patch or wedding ring, you revert to routine; but with patchwork, anything goes. So get out your needle, thread, and scrap bag and let yourself go. You can make a coverlet, afghan, pillow top, skirt — anything your heart desires.

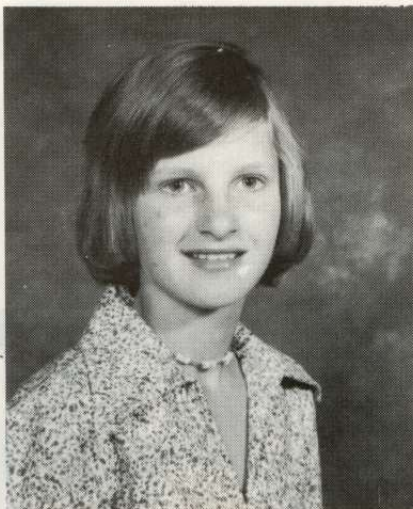
When your husband's white shirts become frayed, use the backs for the foundations of the patchwork squares. These can be cut to any desired size; but if you use a square of sixteen or seventeen inches, the larger scraps of material can be sewed in without cutting. Also, that makes a nice size for a pillow top.

It is intriguing to see how well the scraps fit together, even the tiniest ones. Patchwork is more interesting if not too much attention is paid to a color scheme. But be sure to use all fast color materials and those of comparable weight.

Start the work along one side. Turn under all the raw edges of the scraps as you use them and sew to the foundation cloth with a basting stitch. Be sure to turn enough material under for each seam so that wear and repeated washings will not cause them to pull out. When the block is basted, sew all the seams on the sewing machine and, to give it a finished look, go over them by hand with a feather stitch, or just sew them on the machine with a zigzag or fancy stitch.

For a pillow top, use two blocks sewed together for the front and back or use a piece of plain material for the back. For an afghan or coverlet, sew blocks together on the machine to the desired size. For the back, use a plain material or new sheets, large size for the coverlet and twin size for the afghan. Baste and then stitch edges together on the machine to the desired size. For the back, use a plain material or new sheets, large size for the coverlet and twin size for the afghan. Baste and then stitch edges together on the machine and bind with colored binding. Tack the coverlet or afghan with heavy tacking thread that you used for the feather stitching and use several strands of it, or use knitting wool or synthetic yarn.

You will be proud of your handiwork and thrift in using even the smallest scraps of material. But best of all, you will have preserved your sanity by making a crazy coverlet.



We're always happy when school pictures arrive from the younger generation. Pictured is Lisa Nenneman, daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman of Omaha.

## BREAD

I hold a batch  
Of bread dough in my hands . . .  
It seems alive  
This fat, unwieldy mass.  
I knead and knead this bulk  
Until the bubbles come  
And snap.  
I feel the dough grow firm  
And satin-smooth  
Beneath my palms.  
Something good is forming;  
I can feel the promise  
Of soft, sweet bread, held in  
By brown and tender crust.  
Bread . . . when newly oven-born  
Can call a hungry family home.  
But bread is not  
The most important thing.  
Love is.  
—Elizabeth Myhr

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by  
Armada Swanson

Since Kitchen-Klatter friends seem particularly tuned to the books written by Gladys Taber, it is great to tell about her latest, *The Best of Stillmeadow*. This is a marvelous collection from seven of her books that span three decades, and has been assembled and sensitively edited by her daughter, Constance Taber Colby. Her early books are now collectors' items. Here are Gladys Taber's thoughts on housecleaning in February, written when her companion Jill was still alive.

"Jill says this is the time of year to reorganize everything in terms of what is oftenest used and where it is kept. She certainly is right, and if I were an organizing person I should instantly wrestle with the jammed-up china cupboards and put away all those dishes never picked up except to dust. Also, sorting out old letters and bills, and straightening the sewing basket — Yes, this is the month to review the whole inside of the house at Stillmeadow. Very often, after one of these reorganizing bouts, I will be able to pack away two chipped butter plates, one broken fork and ten of the fifty meat skewers from the silver drawer. Then I relax with some old book that ought to be thrown out for



What school children wouldn't be thrilled to take on a special reading project if they had a lovely fireplace in their classroom? One of Mary Beth Driftmier's greatest wishes was to have the "fireplace room" for her teaching assignment, and this year that wish came true.

scrap, and say happily, "Isn't it nice to get all organized before the outside work begins?" Gladys Taber continues to be a writer for women, and an entertaining one, at that. Don't miss the old-fashioned charm of *The Best of Stillmeadow* (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$8.95).

*The Face of Rural America*, the 1976 Yearbook of Agriculture, is a visual record of America's agriculture in the Bicentennial year. Filled with a marvelous collection of pictures with appropriate captions, the book captures

the flavor of productive agriculture and the qualities of farm people. From the introduction, we read, "There's a high risk from the weather, insects, and diseases; and bitter disappointments as prices fall just when the farmer is ready to market his year's crop or his livestock. But there are other times of outstanding success and great satisfaction. This makes for strong, independent, resourceful people with a deep faith and optimism, and a robust ability to enjoy life along with the work."

*The Face of Rural America* is published by the United States Department of Agriculture and is available from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, \$7.30.

Another interesting book is *Leading Ladies* by Electa Clark. An affectionate look at American women of the Twentieth Century, the author shows the effect of prominent women on all walks of American life, decade by decade. She examines the lives of immigrant women as well as the fashionable society of the day, and tells the stories of Alice Roosevelt, Ethel Barrymore, and Carry Nation, to name a few. She depicts women working for social reform and selling liberty bonds, and tells of the contributions of Edith Wharton, Mary Pickford, Babe Didrikson, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Helena Rubinstein. A thoughtful book, and good for reviewing, *Leading Ladies* (Stein and Day, \$10) makes one realize the tremendous strides in life that have been made by women in the Twentieth Century.

Sturdy paperbound editions of original clothbound books for children make well-liked, inexpensive gifts for the young people (ages 4-8). Three books about Harry the dog are now available. Written by Gene Zion with pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham, these are bound to please. *Harry the Dirty Dog* (JP9) is full of action as Harry spends a glorious day getting dirty. *Harry by the Sea* (JP10) has a ridiculous situation when Harry is mistaken for a sea serpent. *No Roses for Harry!* (JP11) will bring laughter when Harry tries to get rid of Grandmother's birthday present, a green sweater with yellow roses. *The Plant Sitter* (JP12) tells of a little boy being a plant sitter for vacationing neighbors, at two cents a day for each plant. Good fun. (All published by Harper & Row, Junior Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, New York 10022, \$1.95 each.)



"Be Americans. Let there be no sectionalism, no North, South, East, or West; you are all dependent one on another and should be one in union... In one word, be a nation; be Americans, and be true to yourselves."

—George Washington



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**LINN CREEK AUCTION — Concl.**

handled one cut glass vase. It came in so greasy and dirty that you'd've thought it was pottery. Had fuel oil grease on it so thick it hid all the color, and weighed a 'ton', so to speak. Well, I dumped the thing in the sink with some cleaner and a brush, and scrubbed for all I was worth." "Yep," nods Roy. "Thing was pretty when she got it cleaned up. Pretty enough that it brought \$260, anyway."

Advertising? Sure they do. A business has got to, to grow, he explains soberly. They mail out about 200 handbills to quality buyers for the antique sales; these go over Missouri, Kansas, and Illinois. Those buyers often bring consignments for the sales. Louise says that their satisfied customers are the best advertising in the long run, so there's a lot of promotion done "by the grapevine", she says.

When Roy gets tickled, his grin spreads so wide that you almost expect to see it from the back. Now he laughs aloud. "One night, we were having a furniture sale, with stuff stacked to the ceiling. I couldn't even see the crowd. Finally suggested that we turn out the lights and let the bidders bid by flashlight. Funny thing — half a dozen of 'em took me seriously, and went out to their cars and brought back flashlights." He chuckles again.

Why has their venture been so successful, when Linn Creek is small and out of the way? "I'll tell you what I think," says Roy, running a hand through his already upright thatch of hair. "It's said that Camden County is the richest county per capita in the state. There are scads of tourists in the summer, but lots of retired people live here also. And do they ever have money, you bet. In the summer, attendance is boosted by the tourists, and in the winter, the local people actually do use this place as a sort of social center. It's free — unless you go hog wild and bid things up like crazy — and you have a great time, and see people you know. Why not? Anyway, this thing just keeps growing and getting bigger and better. These have been good years for us."

As you look at them, the bouncy little man and his quiet, competent wife, you feel that here are two real folks. Genuine. Solid gold, if such a term can be used to describe people. You say your goodnights, and turn to go. The two exchange another glance of shared memories. "The first year," says Roy as an afterthought, "we were selling out on the street. It might be pouring in Camdenton, three miles away, but it never rained one single Tuesday night here in Linn Creek."

Louise nods, and says with quiet conviction, "We had help from the Man Upstairs."

\*\*\*\*\*



Mike and Alison Walstad, surrounded by the dogs Alison has mentioned in her letters to you.

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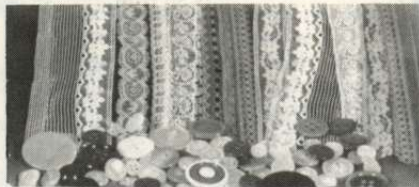
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**CUPID CALLING — Concluded**

"opening" of the bell. Scallops of each color were cut and glued to outline the bottom of the bell. A narrow strip of light blue felt was glued to a wider piece of the royal to make the long hanger band to which the bells were fastened in an interesting arrangement. Silver glitter

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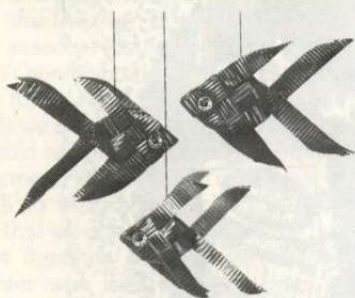
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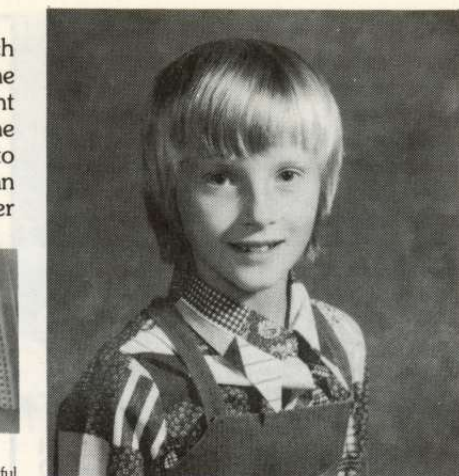
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**Natalie Nenneman, daughter of Tom and Donna Nenneman of Omaha, is a 5th grader this year. She is the younger of Howard's and Mae's two granddaughters.**

was used to highlight the piece and three of the tiny silver "jingle bells" were used in a cluster at the top and bottom and in about center on the band. A felt bow was used at the top. The whole thing was cut with pinking shears.

White tissue wedding bells, interspersed with light blue and royal blue bells (decorated with glitter), were suspended from ribbons above the tea table. The centerpiece was a three-tiered topiary tree, made by using three graduated foam balls for the base. Net tufts, fastened to very short lengths of pipe cleaner, were stuck into the balls to completely cover them with the fluffy pale blue net. A little silver glitter was added here and there on the net tufts. Large royal blue roses, fashioned from ribbon, were tucked in here and there. The balls were held in position by a small dowel stick inserted through the center of each ball, and placed upon a needlepoint holder. A net ruffle encircled the base and a few royal blue tree balls were used for accent (small ones). Narrow ribbon streamers of royal blue radiated out to white balls.

These bells were unusually beautiful for a bride, I thought. Using scraps of white lace yard goods, I dipped it in liquid starch (undiluted) then molded it around plastic bell molds, trimming the bottom evenly and pressing all tightly together at the top. When dry, the lace bells slid off easily and held their shape perfectly. A tiny spray of lily of the valley and bows of ribbon were tied to the top of each bell. A tiny royal blue ribbon rose was used for the clapper. Immediately in the center front of the topiary tree, between two lace bells, stood a bride, also of lace. For her gown I used the starched lace dried over a funnel. The head was a small foam ball, with felt features, and white tulle was used for the veil. She carried a tiny bouquet of lily of the valley with ribbon streamers. It was all indescribably dainty

and beautiful, flanked on either side by deep blue candles in holders decorated by light blue tulle ruffles and tiny pearl hearts, with bows of ribbon.

White wedding bells with ribbon streamers in the two shades of blue formed a canopy, beneath which the guest of honor sat to open her gifts. Her chair was covered with white satin decorated with blue ribbon bows.

A real fun game was truly a BELL RINGER. Small gifts (kitchen gadgets, etc.) were wrapped and hidden about the house before guests arrived. At game time, each guest was given a tiny jingle bell tied to a blue ribbon. All were instructed to hunt for the bride's packages and give them to her, BUT when a gift was found the finder must stand beside it and ring her bell until the bride came to get it. You can imagine the fun as many bells jingled at once! The actual gifts might be hidden in this way if room in your house is such that you could do so without the honoree's seeing you doing it.

Blue punch and a dessert of loaf-shaped white angel food cake, cut in layers and "frosted" between with blue ice cream and on top and sides with blue whipped cream (all made and frozen ahead of time and sliced to serve) carried out refreshments in the theme colors. Favors of tiny white lace bells to hold bell-shaped mints in the blue shades completed the table appointment.

**TROUT SNOOTS — Concluded**

hundred catfish fries, had just been stuffed so solidly with ethereally perfect trout, they could force no more down their awe-struck gullets. Filled to the brim. My dad runneth over. Tummies stretched to the limit. And just one trout left.

We all helped eat it, breaking off small pieces and passing them around, and then we leaned back against the tree trunks with mugs of honeyed tea while the evening slipped in and the stars came out and we smiled and smiled — smiled like old tomcats, smiled because we couldn't stop, because we couldn't help but be as happy as the kids we were at the moment.

The trip had worked — from the incredible fishing to the long hikes to the clandestine raid for the shortening to the heroic feast and its aftermath of mellow exhaustion, it had worked. These, my best friends, had made the effort to visit me, and as Nell fell asleep unpoetically chanting, "Whew!", I knew it couldn't have been any better for them or for me.

Evenings under starlight, evenings under lamplight. In the middle of February in the middle of a pot of tea, they sometimes become as one, and the savor of the moment past is no less satisfying than it was the first time around.



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**FREDERICK'S LETTER** — Concluded agreement on a verdict was in prospect. "The jury will have to continue its deliberations," said the judge. "If you haven't come to a verdict by seven o'clock, I'll have twelve dinners sent in for you." The jury foreman looked dismayed and said: "If your honor doesn't mind, I suggest that you send in just eleven dinners and one bale of hay!"

Since I began this letter to you thirty minutes ago, it has begun to snow. I love to watch a beautiful snowstorm, but oh! how I hate to go out into it! That is why Florida is going to look very good to us. When one of our church deacons asked me why we always go to Florida instead of to California, I was quick to tell him that we could not afford to go to California in the first place, and then in the second place we want to be sure that we are out of the snow. He was amazed when I told him that one winter early in this century eight hundred and eighty-four inches of snow fell on a place called Tamarack, California! Of course that was high up in the mountains, but I have seen snow falling in the area of Los Angeles, and I don't want any part of it. Florida has had a cold winter up until now, but things are bound to change for the better by the time we get there. I shall give you a full report when I write to you next month.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

## "JES OBSERVIN"

When telling others what to do, I'm at no loss for speech. The thing that really gets me, is to practice what I preach!

Two heads are better than one if they are both behind the same steering wheel.

Your physical condition can best be judged from what you take two of at a time — stairs or pills.

Money may talk, but today's dollar doesn't have cents enough to say very much.

Why is it that one of the hardest lessons to learn is where your business ends and somebody else's begins?

Living is like rowing a boat; to keep going you have to keep pulling on the oars.

Duties are what we look forward to with distaste, perform with reluctance, and brag about afterwards.

There's no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains — but silence does pretty well.

Experience is a wonderful thing. It helps you recognize a mistake when you make it again.

Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change "a bit". If you take off another, you still have "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is wholly used up. All of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether.

**LUCILE'S LETTER** — Concluded many years it is really fixed once and for all.

We know right now that once the weather permits we must tackle the big wall that encloses the back of our property. It is just about ready to fall down, and if there are heavy winds this winter and heavy snow it's bound to give 'way. We don't know if it will fall into our yard or into the alley, but I just hope it doesn't fall in any direction until it is fixed.

I might say in closing that 1976 seemed to be a terrible year for many, many people, so let's all unite in hoping that 1977 has better things in store.

Until next month . . .

I am faithfully yours,

*Lucile*

**DOROTHY'S LETTER** — Concluded that Kristin is living there I am hoping very much that I can get away this spring sometime and go back to this town that has so many pleasant memories for me. I wonder after all these years if there will be anything that looks familiar to me.

I could see the bottom of the cooky jar this morning, so I must get busy and do something about that.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

## QUIT CLOWNING AROUND, YOU GUYS!

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Say! Almost does sound like fun, doesn't it?

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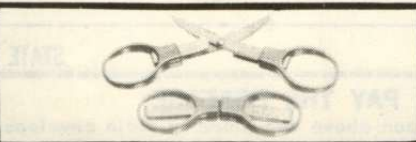
## DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

father made to live in New England rather than the Middle West. If I did not know that the process of moving to someplace far from home happens in so many families, I could almost say that the practice runs in our blood. My Great-grandfather Field left his family to move to Iowa. Those of you who have read *The Story Of An American Family* might recall that on the first page of the book there is a letter that he wrote to his father with the news that he had married and had bought a farm. In that letter there is this line: "I am very sad because I cannot come to you with your new daughter." Although it seems that he was not able to communicate often, he had thoughts of his parents close to his heart. As I grow older I realize more and more how much my family means to me. Reading my great-grandfather's letter made me think how much easier it has been for my father and now for me to keep in touch with loved ones. I am sure that our post office is more efficient, and today we have the telephone and even occasionally the jet plane. My father could be at our wedding and meet his new daughter. We should be thankful today that we have these tools that can be used to keep families close together.

This is the first time that I have written to you since the death of my dear Grandmother Driftmier. She, as much as any person I have known, realized the importance of the family unit. She started this magazine because of her concern with all of her friends and all of their families. We have all heard the critics of today who have told us that the family is not as necessary as it used to be. I don't agree with them, and it is because of this that I enjoy writing my letters of family news to you.

Sincerely,  
David Driftmier

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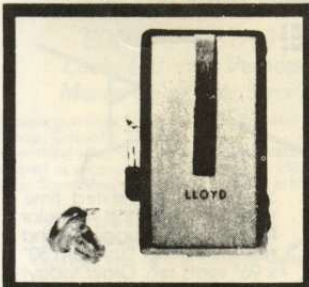


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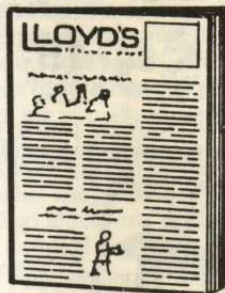


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