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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

When I awakened this morning and looked out the window, I virtually yelled: "ANOTHER!" That exclamation referred to *another* day of heavy, blowing snow.

Using that word, *another*, reminds me of something I read long ago and it struck me so funny that I have never forgotten the story. It was about one of the top-flight publishers in New York. I think it was Maxwell Perkins. In any event, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, I'll use their names, hoping they are correct, were most eager for a family and expected to start with a boy. What arrived was a girl; Mr. Perkins' subsequent telegram to his mother was a masterpiece of wry humor.

Two years later, another apologetic telegram was delivered to the old family home where Mr. Perkins' mother still lived. This message was more terse than the first and simply said that they had a girl, gave her name and weight and that was that. They had a third girl, and then a fourth.

Four years passed before another telegram was sent. It consisted of one word: "ANOTHER." The Perkins family ended up with five girls and nary a boy. When I hear the word *another* used with emphasis, I always remember that final telegram—"ANOTHER."

Our household has varied from time to time this winter. I've been here alone for brief spells. Hanna (Betty Jane's daughter) and I have been here together most of the time. Betty Jane's mother, Grandma Lu, came from St. Paul, Minnesota, to spend a little time. Her visit was cut short when word came that Betty Jane's father, William Rice, was in the hospital seriously ill with the progressive development of incurable cancer of the lungs.

Betty Jane and her mother left at once to be with him; the week before his death was a terrible time for all of them. Hanna and I held the fort here at Shenandoah, but we had only about a week to be alone when one of my oldest friends, whom I met through Betty Jane over



Juliana took this beautiful photograph of the Machu Picchu ruins during their trip to Peru. It took a spectacular train ride for their group to reach the station at Machu Picchu, and then a hair-raising bus trip to reach the ruins. Forgotten for generations, the city was rediscovered about 1911 by Hiram Bingham. It was Juliana's favorite place in their entire trip.

forty years ago, came to stay with us while she had extensive dental work done. (This isn't a procedure which goes by swiftly, so it took around a month to complete her sessions with the dentist. When she was able, she departed for California to start a series of lectures at colleges and universities.)

The memorial service held for Mr. Rice was very beautiful. He served with the Seabees during World War II, after having also gone through World War I. He had so many narrow escapes that it's a miracle he survived to be eighty-three.

Betty Jane's family was almost as hard for me to get straightened out as mine was for her. There are seven in my family and only Betty Jane and her brother, Richard, in hers. Those two made up for the puny figure it seemed to be—Betty Jane has five children and Richard has six!

Incidentally, that family keeps up with its cousins in the same way that mine does, so the term used today by sociologists, "the extended family", applies to both of us.

There are mysteries about this winter all around the country and no one seems able to come up with a sensible answer. Last year we were inundated with finches. My brother, Howard, became so enthused about these perky birds that he went down and bought the special feeder they require and the quantity of bird seed he thought would carry them through the winter. At the end of one week, those finches had eaten with such greed that Howard had to buy another sack of seed—and then another! Well, he came in one day and told me he thought he'd try to get those finches on some kind of

community food project!

Now this winter we've only had one finch! However, a number of other species of birds have frequented our back yard. Sometimes we feel as if the double-paned windows in the living room are going to give 'way with the terrific thuds made as bluejays and starlings bump into the glass. Bluejays are nice to look at but I think they are big bullies!

The weather reports from all parts of the country the past few months have been so terrible I don't think it is good manners to carry on about the heavy snow and high winds we have experienced in Iowa. At our house, we've had to have some work done on furnace pipes, water pipes, etc., but I haven't talked to a soul who hasn't had grief of some kind—major and minor—due to the winter weather. When we built this house, Russell had it so heavily insulated that he couldn't conceive of being uncomfortable any time of year, but man-made improvements have surely taken a beating this winter. (From a realistic point of view, I'd rather be right here than in any other house, nursing home, or, God forbid, a hospital.)

A newspaper article I read recently reminded me of the time after my parents died when many people who felt free to speak familiarly, asked point blank how we were able to dispose of the contents of the large house that had been occupied for 52 years. I explained at that time that Mrs. Ruby Treese, our devoted family friend who had lived with the folks for thirteen years and thus enabled them to stay in their own home, had a very tenacious memory. She never forgot

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**DOROTHY
WRITES FROM
THE FARM**

Dear Friends:

I was so glad that Kristin wrote a letter to you last month and told about the eye surgery her husband, Art, was to have soon; she explained his trouble in detail. His long wait (since October) is over. Shortly after Kristin wrote, Art had a cornea transplant. He got along so well he is now back at work again. He will have the eye covered for several more weeks, then it will be a few months before he can be fitted for glasses or contact lenses. The doctor tells Art he is pleased with the way his eye has healed so far.

MY! What a winter we have had. We don't have a garage for the car and no sooner did I get the snowdrifts scooped away so I could get the car out of the yard than we had another big snowstorm with high winds and I had to scoop all over again. I have had more physical exercise this past winter than I have had for years and years; not only have I enjoyed the effort, but I feel real well.

Do you ever have a day when everything goes wrong and you wish you'd stayed in bed? The first week of this year I felt as if we had a disaster every day. The temperature stayed below zero and the tractor wouldn't start, so we had to call a friend to haul some bales of hay in for the livestock. Then something happened to our new well and we had to call Mr. Nash and his son, who built the well for us. They found that all except the top two of the big forty-inch tiles had dropped a few feet, causing a cave-in which stirred up the water. The water soon cleared so we could use it, and the men promised to be back to fix the tile when the weather warmed.

The following day the electric blower on our oil burner quit! After several days of searching, our oil man found another blower for us. Although this stove isn't old, we learned this brand is no longer being manufactured—so this is why it took so long to find another blower.

Next the freezer gave out! It was at least zero or below outside, so I put the contents in boxes on the front porch. Would you believe, that same day I plugged in the percolator and nothing happened. About this time, Frank said he was getting to the place where he was afraid to look at anything.

Recently, we had a big ten-inch snow. It was three days before the maintainer finally got our road cleared. I still couldn't get the car out, so Bernie said she and Belvah were going to town and, if I could walk out to the road to meet them, I could go along. I needed to take the chain saw to town to have a new chain put on



Dorothy Johnson is becoming extremely adept at cutting wood with their little chain saw. Once the wood is chopped out of the timber and brought up to the back lot, Dorothy can use the light-weight saw to section the larger logs into small, useable lengths. With all the livestock around their farm, Dorothy and Frank usually have an animal or two watching as they do their chores.

and the old one sharpened. It was not heavy, so I walked down to meet the girls. When we returned, the trunk of Bernie's car was completely filled with grocery sacks—hers, Belvah's and mine! Frank had come down to get me on the tractor, so Bernie put my sacks of groceries on the tractor while I got the saw out of the car.

After we got up to the house and I started to put the food away, I had a sack which wasn't mine! I waited until I thought the girls had gotten to their homes and tried to call each of them, but both of their phone lines were busy. I knew they were talking to each other about the missing groceries, so I sat right by the phone and it wasn't a minute before my phone rang. I answered, "Whose groceries are these?" Bernie laughed and said, "That sack is Belvah's. I'll be over soon to pick it up."

Throughout the past months, the snow has been too deep and the drifts

PILGRIMAGE

As surely as the days rush past,
A little girl grows up too fast
And will not any longer do
The things that meant so much to you.

The picture books are put away,
No time to loaf, no time to play,
No kiss at night, no prayers to hear —
All this belongs to yesteryear.

Since youth, like flowers, cannot last,
A little girl grows up too fast
And leaves behind a lonely you
For some far country strange and new.

As memories return and glow
With dear events of long ago,
You tuck her safe in bed once more
And tiptoe out and shut the door.

—William Walter DeBolt

too high for Frank and me to get into the timber to cut wood for the tank heater, so we cut some of the smaller trees near the road beside the bayou and pulled them up to the lot with the tractor. I could then take the little chain saw and work up the wood as it was needed. What a wonderful timesaver these little saws are, and so easy to operate!

Some of our white ducks have discovered a warm place to sit—on top of the chimney on the house. I have been afraid their bodies would shut off the draft, but apparently not, for the stove is operating properly. We can tell which ducks are flying up to the roof, for their underneath feathers are getting black. I told Frank I was all for getting rid of the ducks that can fly and keeping the mallards that stay on the ground. I will admit those flying ducks are a conversation piece. When a friend stopped by the other day, he said he didn't want to alarm us but he thought we had a stork on the chimney!

I never have my camera when I see something I would like to photograph. Frank had a big bale of hay in the pen with our pony, Little Buck, and the calf, Scoogee. The two were standing by the bale, eating, and lying on a nice pile of hay in between them was our dog just covered with cats—at least six! The dog didn't seem to mind, for the temperature that day was zero and the dog was snug and warm under her heated fur blanket.

As in most societies, cows have a "pecking order". This was not obvious to me when the cows were all out in the pasture during the summer months. However, this past winter, since I started helping Frank more outside since his recent illness, I can see the social levels in our herd. The *number one* boss-cow pushes her way first to the feed trough, the water tank and up to the hay bales. This cow has a tremendous set of horns, unusually long and sharp. (Not all boss-cows have horns.) The *second* in our "pecking order" is a black, whiteface cow with one black eye. The *number three* boss-cow has horns, but she is still number three in importance.

I have talked to my sister, Margery Strom, several times since she and her husband, Oliver, went to Arizona for the winter. They are busy and happy with a number of friends from the Midwest coming for visits, a dear friend from Tucson who has spent several weekends with them, and Oliver's sister and husband who are staying for several weeks in an apartment nearby. Oliver has been having a bout with his sinuses, which have required doctoring, but otherwise they both have been well.

Frank has just come in and says he has the tractor stuck and could use some assistance, so I'll close for now. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

A LITTLE IRISH LAUGHTER

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Do you have a pretty green house plant? Dress it up with a few white paper shamrocks tied among the green leaves and swirls of narrow green and white ribbon about the pot. If you happen to have an oxalis plant (some call it "shamrock plant"), then you are in luck. If the color of the pot doesn't fit into the green and white color scheme, cover it with white paper, or the green florist's foil.

Make green crepe paper lampshades to fit over the regular lampshades for a St. Patrick's Day party look. Tie a narrow white ribbon around the top.

ENTERTAINMENT

Please Pass the Blarney: Have ready beforehand a large paper bag into which have been placed articles identified with St. Patrick's Day—potato, pipe, shamrock, paper snake, green candy, etc. To play the game, pass the bag to a guest who reaches in and draws out an object (no fair looking in the bag!). The player must then make a one-minute speech about the object taken from the bag. The player then twists the bag shut and passes it to another person. When finished, the speaker voted the best might be awarded a bag of "hot air" (balloons).

Leaning Toward the Green Quiz:
1. Right to move on (Green light), 2. A banker might have (Greenbacks), 3. Wisconsin's favorite (Green Bay), 4. Place for orchids (Greenhouse), 5. Revolutionary heroes (Green Mountain Boys), 6. You might think it a southern sport (Bowling Green, Ky.), 7. Said to be the Arctic's green (Greenland), 8. Edible weeds (Dandelion greens), 9. Its fruit is green (Gooseberry or greengage plum), 10. Most inexperienced (Greenhorn), 11. Neil Armstrong proved what isn't (Moon made of green cheese), 12. A familiar English ballad ("Green Sleeves").

The Irish Musicale: Divide players into two teams. Give pencil and paper to each side and let each side see who can come up with the longest list of Irish songs—"My Wild Irish Rose", "Galway Bay", "Rose of Tralee", "Mother



Machree", etc. Allow 25 points for the longest list read. Now give five additional points for each song from the lists that each side can sing (at least a chorus or part of the words), taking turns. When no more songs can be sung, add the points to determine the winner.

Potato Shenanigans: Seat players in large circle. At a given signal a potato is passed to the right in the circle. Each person, after receiving the potato, holds it out in front and says "Ha Ha!" three times, then passes it on. Set an alarm clock (or music on a record player may be used) to go off at intervals. When the alarm sounds, whoever holds the potato must perform a stunt. The stunt is written upon a slip of paper and drawn out of the hat.

In planning refreshments, carry out a green and white color scheme by coloring frosting for cakes, tinting cheese for open-face sandwiches, or in lime gelatin salads. Shamrock-shaped cookies or sandwiches are attractive. Shamrocks may be attached to nut cups and/or napkins.

MORE ST. PATRICK'S DAY GAMES

An Irish Spelling Lesson: See who can make the most words in a given time from the word "Ireland". (There are many words such as ire, land, led, etc.)

How Do You Rate As an Irishman? Follow the instructions, add up your score, and see how you rate.

1. If any of your family is named Pat or Mike, rate 20 points.
2. If your name is Pat or Mike, add 40 points.
3. If you ate potatoes today, add 5 points.
4. If you are wearing something green, add 10.
5. If you are wearing a shamrock, add 50.
6. Write a definition for a leprechaun. (If you wrote "fairy", add 5.)
7. Spell leprechaun. (If spelled correctly, add 5. If misspelled, subtract 10 points.)

—Mildred Cathcart

THOUGHTS FOR LENT

A room of quiet,
A temple of peace,
The home of faith
Where doubtings cease:
A house of comfort
Where hope is given;
A source of strength
To make earth heaven;
A shrine for worship,
A place to pray—
I found all this

In my church today. —Unknown

Try giving yourself a "spiritual check-up" during Lent. To put it another way, use each day during Lent as a mirror—How do I look to myself? How do I look to God? Am I the person I want to be? How can I change what I see in this mirror?

Lent IS a time to think, to meditate, to cleanse, for self-denial, for prayer and renewal.

To practice self-denial in Lent is to "let go and let God take over", it is training ourselves the way to self-control, to make the sacrifices that make us spiritually fit, sacrifices in daily, everyday living, that help us grow in spirit and in truth.

Can I be patient when others make mistakes, or make me suffer by their carelessness and forgetfulness?

Have I the self-mastery NOT to get angry and upset when my well-organized plans are upset, perhaps tossed aside for something less?

Have I the will to MAKE time for a family worship each day, even if it means dropping some activity I like, or rearranging family scheduling?

Can I give up some pleasure or recreation which I have scheduled, to be able to give more time to my family, or to doing some of the things for others which I have always put aside until "someday when I have more time"?

Making opportunities to practice self-denial in little things will help us learn to be faithful in greater things.

Lord, let me meditate —

"Think on these things",
Give thanks unto Thee for all that
For which Thy Son's life was spent.
Oh, Lord, quiet my mind, open my heart,
search my soul —

Let me keep Lent!

—M.N.B.

Faith is dead to doubt, dumb to discouragements, blind to impossibilities; faith makes the uplook good, the outlook bright, and the future glorious.





SEED BOXES

by Evelyn Witter

Seed packet boxes, popular seed promotion gimmicks of the late 1800s, are now sought more than ever as collectors' items as well as for individual home accessory pieces. In the late 1800s, seed companies offered special boxes to those who bought seeds. The boxes were thought of as premiums. They were attractive to seed buyers because they were well-made, well-finished oak boxes about 8" x 12", which had many uses after the seed packets they contained were used. Many boxes were given to the children to use as pencil boxes; some were used in Dad's workshop as containers for nails and screws; and many women kept them around as sewing boxes.

The seed boxes cost the consumer about one dollar. They were commonplace and not particularly treasured. Seed boxes were used, abused, and often carelessly thrown away. Today a seed box in good condition, with its brass clasps intact, could cost the buyer \$25 and up.

The competition for seed trade began when, in the early 1800s, America's population was increasing at an unprecedented rate as more immigrants poured off the boats each year, and more thousands of acres of virgin wilderness were broken to the plough. By 1856, the demand for good garden seeds with which to plant the thousands of new gardens that were being started annually was at an all-time high.

Detroit had been recognized as the horticultural capital of the Great Lakes Region since 1701, when sieur de la Cadillac first imported a professional gardener to lay out the gardens and

orchards of the new French colony. By 1856, the city was a metropolis of 25,000 people and the headquarters of one of the big seed companies of America, the Ferry Seed Company.

The Ferry Seed Company was known as a progressive company; they believed in advertising and promotion. Consequently, by 1879 the demand for Ferry seeds was outrunning the capacity of the company's farms and even those of the company's suppliers. It is thought by some that strong promotions like the seed boxes were directly responsible for the company's growth. While these promotions were going on, the company looked into the seed production possibilities of California, and in 1896 incorporated under the laws of California.

Some say seed boxes are popular today because of the interest in nostalgia. In the early days of this country, crops were grown almost exclusively in home gardens. Every household had its own root cellar; vegetables not eaten fresh were either dried or pickled. Most Americans remember treasured family stories or have read of these times.

Another reason for the boxes' popularity is the uniqueness they have in relationship to labor. In the early days, the packaging of seeds and the packing of the boxes were carried on by battalions of wasp-waisted maidens. They were the last of their kind. Soon after the box promotions, the machine age came in. A single machine was developed which could fill, seal, and deliver 7,000 packets in an hour.

But perhaps the big reason for seed

box popularity is that gardening today constitutes the nation's number one hobby. Some 30 million American families, it has been estimated, grow at least some flowers; probably half this number grow vegetables. Gardening is within the reach of everyone. In fact, it is still possible to buy some variety of seeds for as little as a dime . . . the same price they sold at retail a century ago! Naturally, gardeners are as attracted to seed boxes as seeds are attracted to sunlight!

A seed box in your home is as choice a bit of Americana as you could possibly have.



TODAY

If we waste today, tomorrow will also be wasted. Tomorrow is only an extension of today. It is not wise to continue to live in the past by going over and over old experiences. Sometimes these experiences may be happy and sometimes sad, but in either case they rob the present. God is just as good today—just as loving and wise today as He will ever be. It is better to live today and keep out of the reach of the past.

COVER STORY

In recent months, I've shared a picture with you and comments about the Harshbargers. ("From Our Family Album" in December, 1978 and my letters in the December, 1978 and February, 1979 issues of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.) This month I am happy to be able to share this picture of the entire Harshbarger family. Clay is on the left, with Cousin Gretchen seated in front. Standing is their younger son, Karl, and the fourth person in the cover picture is the older son, Fritz.

Fritz lives in California and travels down to New Mexico at least four times a year—thus creating the situation where I so unexpectedly met him in Albuquerque last fall. Fritz owns a marvelous camera with a delayed-action shutter, so he took this photograph as well as posing for it.

Karl teaches German at a remote place on the Atlantic Coast. His wife is a silversmith and has had many successful showings of her craft.

Clay, as you no doubt remember, was head of the Department of Speech and Drama at the University of Iowa for many, many years.

My dear cousin, Gretchen, has the same bone ailment with which I suffer—osteoporosis. Despite this problem, she continues her interest in gardening, for she has been Garden Editor for several publications in years past.

All in all, these are a most talented group of people. —Lucile



JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The last time I wrote to you, I smugly talked about our beautiful New Mexican sunshine. Well, for the past few weeks we have had grey days with drizzle. Jed says that the weather reminds him of late fall on Cape Cod. On the other hand, I feel like I am in Iowa during April. I am not complaining for we always need moisture in any form. I keep thinking how wonderful this light rain will be for my spring bulbs and flowers.

I have just reread my January letter to refresh my memory of the trip Jed, six of our friends and I took to Peru. When I concluded that letter, we were in Iquitos in the Amazon jungle. After spending one day at the jungle camp, we returned the 25 miles down the Amazon River to Iquitos to catch our plane back to Lima, allowing some time for sightseeing in the town of Iquitos.

Iquitos had been a boom town at the turn of the century due to the rubber industry. Now it has become a boom town again because of oil. Iquitos is a seaport for the Atlantic Ocean in spite of the fact that it is 2,300 miles from the Atlantic. It seemed strange to see ocean liners anchored in the middle of the jungle!

In addition to oil, Iquitos exports huge quantities of tropical fish and wildlife. Since these facilities are several miles out of town, we didn't have time to visit them. We did have time to do some shopping for souvenirs. This is where Emily's husband, Rich, bought his blowgun. Blowguns are used by the jungle Indians to shoot birds and small animals. The guns are between six and eight feet long. When Rich proudly came out of the shop with HIS blowgun, we all groaned and wondered how we could ever transport it on the plane. No problem arose until we got to Lima. In Lima, we were met by our guides in small, compact cars. There was no way to fit that gun into a car, so we traveled through Lima clutching the blowgun to the outside of the car. We did get some peculiar looks from the passers-by!

The next day was our last in Peru. We had saved this time for seeing museums. The first one we visited was the Herrera Museum with an incredible collection of prehistoric ceramics, textiles and gold. The displays are beautifully done, but the most interesting part to me was the area of stored ceramics that were not on display. There were rooms and rooms of pottery stored floor to ceiling. The quantity of treasures was mind boggling!

The other museum we saw is the famous Museo del Oro. This is the gold museum of Lima. I wish I could describe



Blowguns are extremely important to the life of the jungle Indians as they use them to obtain birds and small animals to eat for food. Emily Driftmier DiCicco is examining one of the weapons. This is similar to the blowgun which her husband, Rich, purchased as the group bought souvenirs. Imagine carrying that long pole-like contraption all the way back to the United States!

accurately the exquisitely crafted gold objects—masks, gloves, realistic animals and imaginary beasts. There were even robes made of tiny gold pieces which had been hammered flat and strung together with more gold. All of these items are pieces which survived the Spanish conquerors. Most of the artistic gold items were melted down into ingots and sent back to Spain many, many years ago. What a tragedy to turn such lovely objects into lumps of gold!

For our final dinner in Peru, we went to the first and only fancy restaurant we experienced during our trip. The restaurant was housed in a converted house which seemed more like a palace to me. The food was excellent! From the restaurant, we went directly to the airport and boarded our plane for the long flight back to the United States. The flight was even longer than expected due to an air traffic controllers' strike in Mexico. Our plane was not allowed to fly over Mexico because of the strike, so we flew far to the east and then back west to Los Angeles. In the process, we went right over the Albuquerque area. I think if there had been any way I could have bailed out I would have done so!

When we reached Los Angeles, the first thing we all did was to drink glasses and glasses of water. The one thing we did not do while traveling in Peru was to drink the water. As you can imagine, the Los Angeles water tasted like liquid ambrosia! Not one bit of trouble was experienced coming through the U.S. customs. We were all prepared to be searched, so imagine our surprise when we breezed right through. (We had heard many tales of the problems which

returning tourists can face going through customs.) In about eight minutes, all of our passports were stamped and we were officially home in the United States. It was a good feeling.

I do have several living reminders of the trip—orchid plants. I had checked with the United States Department of Agriculture and discovered that a private individual can bring back six orchid plants. The only restriction is that the variety of orchid is not one on the endangered species list. My orchids are showing signs of new growth so I hope they will do well for me.

Another reminder is Fred, the parrot. No, I certainly did not bring him back from South America. He was purchased right here in Albuquerque. However, he is a South American parrot and surely started his life in the jungles where we visited. I had been interested in getting a parrot for some time and became determined to get a parrot after visiting in Iquitos and making friends with a parrot there. Fred is now a member of the family. He was completely wild when we got him, but he is getting more tolerant of us. He will eat peanuts out of our hands which is a step in the right direction. I hope eventually to have him sitting on my shoulder.

During the winter months, Fred is living in the remodeled bathroom. This is in the center of the house so there are no drafts to give him a cold as parrots are very susceptible to respiratory infections. His cage is hung over my planter, but he is free to get out and roam around at will. Fred loves to eat raw peanuts and I just discovered that some

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I'M NOT THE "CRAFT-Y" TYPE

by
Dorothy LaBelle

The other day I went to a church bazaar. There was the usual table of home-baked goods and homemade fudge for sale, the fish pond, the fancy goods table; and, of course, the most popular booth of all, with its fascinating display of arts and crafts. It was to this section that I headed like a magnet drawn to some precious metal.

I marveled at the display. All those ingenious creations that had their humble beginnings as ordinary clothespins, popsicle sticks, empty jars, lids, and paper towel tubes. And I was envious.

I had always thought of myself as being normally intelligent with the ability to read and understand simple sentences. As for my physical qualifications, I had, or thought that I had, (experience has proven otherwise) nimble fingers. But, for some reason or other, I've never been able to accomplish the simplest do-it-yourself project even with illustrated step-by-step instructions. Somehow I always goof.

This particular day my friend brought my attention to a certain object. It was a wind chime, cleverly constructed out of soup can lids. "Remember the time we tried to make one of those?" my friend asked, a mischievous gleam in her eye.

I winced. We had spent one whole evening crimping those jinxed can covers with pointed pliers. It was really quite simple. (That's what the instructions said!) You just circled the lid six times, spacing evenly, and giving a sharp right twist with the pliers. You then placed the pliers in each crimped spot and gave a slight twist to the left. The final product was a lovely, slightly curved object. When several of these were threaded with cord, they made a shiny, delicate wind chime.

Of course, it didn't work out that way for me. I tackled each lid, gripping the pliers in a strangle hold that literally folded up the lid like a tight rosebud. I tried, oh! how I tried, but the growing stack of ruined covers did nothing for my morale. This was only one example of my natural ineptitude with the so-called

creative arts.

There was the time I decided to create my own costume jewelry. All that was required was a needle, dental floss, two-hole buttons, and seed pearls. You simply pulled the dental floss through a button hole, threaded on two seed pearls, then down through the second button hole and the first hole of the next button. Sound easy?

Did you ever try to push a needle through tiny seed pearls? In the first place, I couldn't hang on to them. And when I did manage, I knew when I missed the holes by the pricking of my thumbs. I had to quit. I have to type on my job, and I was flinching every time those pricked fingers hit the keyboard. I decided it was cheaper to buy the jewelry than to lose my job.

My next venture was into the realm of stationery decorating. I had only to cut out cute little leaves and flowers from used stamps (patterns included) and then glue them in an artistic arrangement on white, unlined note paper. This was child's play I told myself. Even nursery school children know how to cut out and paste.

I assembled my cutouts and then very professionally spread out a newspaper, laid a leaf on it, and spread it generously with quick-drying glue. As I lifted it with the tweezers to place on the note paper, I hit a snag. The leaf refused to leave the tweezers. They weren't kidding when they said that glue was quick drying! By the time I had pried my cutout free and placed it on the sheet, there was more paste on my hands and on the top part of the cutout than where it should be.

Oh, well, I figured that this sort of thing was really kids' stuff anyhow.

About time that I gave up? I was still resolute, but then I had an experience that cured me for all time. I read in a magazine of a delectable little item called "Fingerprint Decorating for Notes and Cards". All you needed were five fingers (by now mine were a little tender and bruised), a stamp pad, narrow-tipped marking pens, and paper towels for cleaning the fingers.

One simply had to press a finger on the stamp pad and then on the paper. Small characteristics such as eyes and noses and bird beaks were added with a marking pen.

I tackled the job with enthusiasm. My first efforts produced only a smudge that I would defy any fingerprint expert in the FBI to identify. After a while I got the knack and produced some passable specimens. I'll have to admit that my mice and rabbits didn't look quite like the photographs; but, after my many failures, I wasn't too particular. Even a little success was a heady experience.

After decorating several sheets of paper, I wrote a nice long letter to a favorite relative. I added the final touches by imprinting a wise old owl onto the envelope flap and a cute little bee in the lefthand corner below the address. I placed my artistic triumph on the hall table and asked my husband to mail it for me.

That evening I noticed that the letter was still there, and I spoke to him about it. "Gee, Hon," he defended himself, "I didn't forget to mail it. I was going to, but I noticed that it had ink smeared all over it. I didn't think you'd want to send anything like that to your sister."

I gave up.

I saw an ad in a magazine the other day on another do-it-yourself project. This little gem showed how anyone could make a delightful container for occasional cards out of an empty milk carton. It was a child's craft magazine with simple instructions, but I wasn't interested.

You see, all that's in my past. I've recently taken up stamp collecting.



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I LIVE WITH ARTHRITIS

by
Shirely Jipp

About the time I was in the seventh grade I began to notice a slight twinge in my right hip, which usually occurred at night after a strenuous day. Just growing pains, I thought. In high school that same hip tired easily after only two dances, forcing me to sit out the next one, sometimes more. Later, in college, the pain became more real, especially following a long day of pounding the corridors to and from classes or walking downtown from the campus.

Through the years, I sought several doctors and was poked, prodded, X-rayed, and commanded to "bring your knee up as far as you can," or "let me see you walk." I spent a week in traction in a hospital when I was 22. The results were unnoticeable, and I finally came to the realization that I must live with arthritis. So do at least 50 million other Americans.

As far back as I can remember, my father had arthritis. A farmer for many years, he learned to adjust by resting at intervals between farm tasks and daily chores. Until he died recently at 83, he suffered a great deal of pain and got around only with the aid of two canes.

Each summer, my mother's family would gather on one special Sunday for a family reunion, the "Peterson" picnic. One of my first memories at these picnics was observing a cousin of Mother's walking about with crutches. My sister and I were impressed. We had never

seen crutches before, and we stared at Cousin Helen as she painfully made her way among the relatives. Her fingers were bent, hands misshapen, and one knee permanently stiff. Hers was rheumatoid—arthritis in its severest form.

Heredity undoubtedly plays a part in predisposing people to arthritis. With that kind of history on both sides of my family, how could I escape? It must be exasperating at times when I make people wait at the cash register while I fumble with my change purse or checkbook. The joints in both thumbs are often swollen and tender, causing me to drop things. Getting in and out of a car is sometimes an effort. More than once, when I blocked an entrance through a revolving door or bumped against someone at the grocery store, I was tempted to say, "Sorry, the old rheumatiz is kicking up again."

Another stage presented itself when it became necessary for me to begin using a crutch the summer of '77. It seemed efficacious to me, but affected my youngest son, Marty, otherwise. "Mom, do you have to take that thing downtown? You know it just attracts attention." "Believe me, Martin, I don't like this any better than you do, but isn't it better than falling down and being embarrassed, or worse yet, breaking my leg?"

Falls, incidentally, are frequent because of my precarious balance. One of my worst tumbles came one spring afternoon as I stood on an old kitchen chair to wash the south window of my

bedroom. As I crashed through the seat of the chair and almost went through the window, the chair legs were reduced to kindling. Fortunately for me, I stayed in one piece. Now I hire all of my windows washed during housecleaning time.

I have a rather graceless record of various other misdemeanors, too, such as giving the corner of the garage a sharp nudge in an attempt to back the car out, and putting a dent in the door of our Thunderbird. Somehow when I'm in a tight spot with the car (as when I was trying to avoid a truck on the opposite side) the hip joint connected to the leg joint does not move the ankle joint quickly enough from the gas pedal to the brake. An exhibition like this, which I try to blame on my arthritic condition, does not impress my husband. Once he commented that though I may have limitations, he doubted the disease ever affected one's upper story. He states bluntly, "How can you be so unmechanical?" or "Could you please use a little common sense and look where you're going?"

Keeping out of trouble and maintaining the dignity of a woman my age isn't part of my makeup. Part of my transgressions, I fear, are due to a quirk in my personality, even though X-rays indicate I am nearing 80 when I am actually middle-aged. My behavior is somewhat like a bumbling sprite. Try as I might, it is sometimes difficult to present a modicum of dignity.

Weather conditions definitely affect some arthritics, and I have predicted more than one storm by the pain and stiffness in my joints. On very sunny, dry days I am ten feet tall and can move mountains. It is then that I clean the basement or garage, rake leaves and scrub floors vigorously. But gloomy, damp, or inclement weather reduces me to a shivering hump under the electric blanket where the dry warmth can relieve, relax, and soothe. My nervous energy, though puffed, won't allow me to just lie and vegetate. Therefore, my nose is usually in a book or magazine when I am driven to bed or to the easy chair and heating pad. In short, I have some very bad days, but then there are good ones too. I've learned the hard way that if I push myself too much on a good day, I may suffer the next day or be overtired.

It is vitally important for individuals with arthritis to get an adequate diet, well-balanced meals, and perhaps extra vitamins. Rest is essential. I find that for an hour or two after lunch, especially on a housecleaning or yard-work day, rest is necessary. And one does often need medication such as aspirin.

I am not qualified to discuss medicine, but on occasions have had to seek the family doctor for advice and even shots.

(Continued on page 19)



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**DAVID
WRITES FROM
CANADA**



Dear Friends:

As many of you know, my wife, Sophie, and I moved to Fort Nelson, British Columbia, last September. This move has made many changes in our lives. The main difference between living here and living in Vancouver, B.C., our old stomping ground, is that we now are living in the *North*. Our address is "Mile 300 of the Alaska Highway". Look on a map of Canada and you will see that Fort Nelson is just about 100 miles south of the Yukon border and just about the same distance from the Northwest Territories. Although many people in Canada live further to the north, it is really in Fort Nelson where the feeling of the North begins. For example, our town is getting ready for its annual Trappers' Rendezvous. The main event will be dog team sled races.

Sophie and I cannot be called authentic Northerners, but we could say the following things without a moment's thought: it does get cold here; often the temperature is -40 degrees Celsius, but as everyone here would tell you, our cold is a good, dry Northern cold—a cold that makes people feel good! Our days are short in the winter, but sometimes our evening sky is a celebration of northern lights. No one has really seen the moon until one has seen it shine in the clear Northern skies onto forests of white snow!

Another big change for both of us is that we moved from a big city (Vancouver has over one million people) to this small town of under 5,000 souls. Neither Sophie nor I were sure that we would enjoy the change from big-city to small-town life. We were especially concerned because not only is Fort Nelson small but it is also isolated. It is like an island in a great sea of forest. The closest community of any kind is Fort St. John, a little under 250 miles from here, on one of the most notoriously bad stretches of gravel road anywhere! There is a highway improvement program underway, but no one expects the road to get a hard surface for several years. Trips out of town are usually made by air and so they are not very frequent!

I suppose that all of us fear the unknown, but I am happy to tell you that our worries about what small-town life is like were really groundless. One advantage, it is good not to have to spend hours a day fighting city traffic. We have learned that small towns are friendly places and isolated towns are especially so. There is no other place to go on the weekend, and so people spend their time visiting. It is good to be able to recognize



Sophie Driftmier is dressed for Canada's winter weather.

people we know on the streets or in the stores.

Like most other communities in this area, Fort Nelson is relatively new and because of growth in the natural gas and forestry industry, our town is also growing rapidly. Most of its residents are young and many are transients, and so there is all of the excitement of a boom town as well as many of the problems. It is a pioneer town crying for volunteers; Sophie is already secretary of the Registered Nurse's Association; next week I will become a member of the town library board of directors. We would not have become either of these things in Vancouver, or at least not so soon in our careers. We are busy with other clubs and with the church. Everyone can keep very busy in a town like this!

The environment of Fort Nelson has been a good one in which to start our careers. For the last few years, I have been a part-time teacher and a university student, while Sophie has been a student nurse. I was offered a job here in the area of special education for students with learning problems—a field of teaching that I have been wanting to try for a long time. Because of Fort Nelson's size, I get to know my students and their families extremely well. Sophie likes the small hospital atmosphere where she is called on to do everything. This she feels is more exciting than working on one specialized ward of a big-city hospital!

Both of us were so busy with our jobs when we first arrived that we were not able to go camping or fishing much during the fall months. Once winter arrived, however, we found time to go on several long jaunts on our cross-country skis. Each trip we made developed in us the feeling that the great expanses of the Rocky Mountains were growing into us a

little bit more. From Fort Nelson, we can see the Rocky Mountains stretching off to the northwest. Every time we look at those high, rugged peaks we know that spring will find us wanting to explore the mountains at every opportunity.

My father has already told you about the trip he and Mother took to the Northwest Territories last summer. I can give you the kind of travel advice that he likes to give: if your spirit is hungry for a total change and needs a lift, try the North on your next holiday! Your first trip will probably not be your last.

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

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Think the best of those around you,
Praise them to the skies.
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To justify your faith.

—Annette Lingelbach

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IMAGES OF YELLOWSTONE

by
Jeff Birkby

Yellowstone National Park! A mental image appears of tourists feeding bears, cars filled with vacationers looking for an available campsite, and rangers warning children to stay away from the edges of the hot springs. For most people this is the dominant image that appears when someone mentions Yellowstone—the image of millions of tourists flocking to the area each summer to catch a glimpse of a geyser from their car windows. But there is another side of Yellowstone with which I am familiar—silent Douglas fir forests carpeted with foot upon foot of freshly fallen snow, bighorn sheep drinking from a frigid stream, and eerie ice formations surrounding bubbling thermal springs. These images are, to me, indicative of the best part of this place, for they represent the face of Yellowstone Park in the winter and early spring.

I consider myself fortunate to live so near this rugged area. Bozeman, Montana, my present home, is only a two-hour drive from the northern entrance of the park. Since my arrival in Bozeman, I have had several opportunities to visit Yellowstone, and I never tire of observing its natural wonders. One of my favorite activities on a winter weekend in Montana is to go cross-country skiing. Yellowstone, with its soaring mountain peaks, breathtaking canyons, and abundant wildlife, has become a cross-country skier's paradise. Whenever I can get away from my studies at Montana State University, I look forward to silently skiing on the snow-packed roads in the heart of the winter wilderness. Recently, Doug Owen (another Montana State student) and I planned a ski trip to Yellowstone on a Saturday when we were both free. Doug and I had been to Yellowstone during the winter on previous occasions, and we were looking forward to an exciting afternoon of skiing.

Shortly before dawn on the Saturday of our trip, we shook ourselves awake and sleepily rolled out of bed. I turned on the local radio station to get the daily forecast: clear skies and cold, with a high temperature around five degrees F. Perfect for a day of skiing, I thought, as I pulled on my warmest clothes. A wool shirt, long wool socks, and wool knickers, sewn by my mother, would keep me protected from the frigid weather. Doug and I hurriedly ate a hot breakfast, packed a lunch and a thermos of steaming tea, and loaded our skis and poles into the car. By eight o'clock we were on the road.

The northern entrance to Yellowstone Park is located near Gardiner, Montana.



These bighorn sheep, like many other wild game animals, are easily seen during the winter in Yellowstone. Often it is possible to stealthily move within a few yards of these creatures.

In the summer, this entrance is often jammed with carloads of tourists honking their auto horns impatiently. On our winter visit, however, no other cars were in sight. A bearded park ranger took our one-dollar entrance fee and exchanged a few pleasantries with us.

Only one road is open to automobile traffic through Yellowstone in the winter—a fifty-mile crescent that dips into the north central section of the park, and then exits through a small town named Cooke City. Although this road reveals only a minuscule portion of the total area of Yellowstone, it passes some of the most spectacular sights that the park has to offer. Almost immediately after entering the northern gate, we were forced to slow our car to a crawl. A group of elk, their thick brown coats warming them in the winter cold, were meandering down the center of the highway. I was reminded of a cowboy easing his way through his herd as we gently circumvented the elk. Normally, these big game animals wander freely in the high mountain meadows far from the tourists' mayhem. During the winter, however, heavy snows cover the lush green pastures of the summer, forcing the elk and bighorn sheep to seek food at lower elevations. Our initial awe at the sight of these animals continued throughout the trip, for elk seemed to be plentiful everywhere in the Gardiner river valley through which our road passed. An occasional bighorn sheep would stare curiously at us from a rock outcropping, perhaps wondering how a metal contraption such as our car managed to keep warm without a wool coat.

Approximately fifteen miles from the park entrance, we reached Mammoth Hot Springs, an area of geothermal activity famous for its bubbling pools and

calcium formations. Although this area is quite impressive in the summer, the hot springs become spectacular in the winter. The freezing temperatures of winter cause the steam rising from the boiling water to condense on tree branches, grass blades, and anything else nearby. The resulting ice sculptures must be the work of a power-energized Jack Frost, for icy stalactites of every shape and size occur near the edges of the springs.

Our actual destination was another ten miles from Mammoth Hot Springs. Roosevelt Lodge, an old dude ranch now owned by the park service, marked the trailhead for our skiing activities. Teddy Roosevelt camped near this spot on his tour of this area in 1908, and was so impressed with the immense beauty that he shortly thereafter decreed Yellowstone the first national park of the United States.

Doug and I were anxious to start skiing, and wasted little time after our arrival at Roosevelt Lodge. A quick waxing of our skis and a check of our toe bindings was all that was necessary before we began sliding effortlessly through the evergreen forests blanketed with snow. Our route led us up a slight grade, past an ice-covered lake and under a huge basalt cliff. We stopped frequently to observe the artistic ability of the snow. Large boulders were draped with fluffy white caps, turning them into gigantic puffball mushrooms. Douglas fir trees, tiring of their winter's burden, would suddenly bend their branches, releasing a cascade of snow crystals that glistened in the afternoon sunlight. A black squirrel cautiously watched us from the base of a pine tree, then disappeared into a network of snow tunnels, only to appear momentarily at the base of a more distant tree. The pervasive silence of winter seemed to sharpen our other senses, causing us to notice the slightest movement or sound in the woods.

At last we arrived at our destination. Tower Falls, a 132-foot-high waterfall descending into the Yellowstone River, appeared around a bend in the trail. A raging torrent in the summertime, the waterfall was silent when we visited, enshrouded in an ice tower from its apex to its base. We spent nearly an hour taking pictures and observing the frozen column that rose above our heads. I doubt if many people had a more scenic lunch spot on that afternoon than we did.

At last, the impending dusk forced us to ski back to our car. We tried not to hurry, storing up the memories which would be all we could take with us back to Bozeman. Hopefully, we will be able to return throughout the early spring months to observe the peace of Yellowstone, until once again the summer arrives, bringing with it another record-breaking tourist season.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

My primary news this month centers around the arrival of Paul from Orlando, Florida, and the snow blowing in from Texas and New Mexico. Our entire visiting time with him was literally worked around the whims of the weather.

His arrival was relatively uneventful. I didn't realize until the school day dawned, and I more or less put myself into a day-long scheduling pattern, that it was going to be one long day. Don and I are up, dressed, breakfasted, and on our way to school by ten past seven each morning. We are in classes until three o'clock in the afternoon, and then we spend each evening grading class work and preparing homework projects. This particular day, however, when it came time to fall into bed, we could see that right out of the middle of that night's chunk of rest would come a trip of thirty some miles to the airport and thirty miles back to our beds.

We hurried through our supper and finished up our schoolwork early enough to get into bed several hours earlier than usual. We heard our alarm clocks when they went off at midnight and did, in fact, manage to get to Mitchell Field before the plane did.

The truth is the plane was late by forty-five minutes. While waiting, we indulged ourselves with coffee and donuts, purchasing extra donuts to share with a hungry Paul when he had settled into the car for the long drive home. It was just great to see him come loping up the long, deserted corridor from the port where his plane landed. After a long, long wait for the suitcases, we finally found them gliding through the doghouse-size doorway from the inner sanctum of the airport.

By the time we got ready to slip back into our beds, it was four o'clock in the morning. I wondered if Don and I would hear the second call from our alarm clocks. We did, much to our surprise, but by three o'clock the following afternoon I knew I had missed the major portion of my night's sleep.

We had three full days of visiting with Paul before and after our teaching day's obligations. Along toward the end of the school week, Paul headed for Evanston to visit some of his Marquette University friends and to bring Adrienne back to Delafield for a weekend visit with all of us gathered together. All of these plans were made without allowance for unpredictable weather from the southwest.

Well! it snowed and snowed and snowed. We had our record-breaking snow week, and Paul and Adrienne

started out like lambs into the worst of it. Coming north out of Chicago, they were fortunate enough to follow three huge snowplows. However, this highway equipment turned off at the Wisconsin border and from then on these children learned about driving in a blizzard. The usual two-hour trip took them close to six hours. They avoided an encounter with a jackknifed semitrailer truck by heading for the shoulder of the road where a strategically located guardrail kept them from sliding into the ditch.

I don't remember now what I did to keep my mind off the dangerously blowing snow and my genuine distress at having my most precious possessions out on the road, but somehow those hours crawled by. I always thought that once parents got their children past the terrible ages where childhood diseases were the major concern, that life would take on a more calm pace. However, I



Katharine and Adrienne Driftmier, daughters of Don and Mary Beth participate in cross-country skiing at every opportunity.

am convinced that each age surely has its accompanying knot-in-the-stomach worrying points.

Finally, Paul and Adrienne walked in the door after an unpleasant trip and asked if we had heard from Katharine. She, too, was driving in this blizzard after a week's vacation trip almost up to Lake Superior where she was cross-country skiing with an outdoor club. Paul was the first one to openly express anxiety about her safety. She was driving in her little sub-compact car which is no match for strong winds on snow-covered roads. After we worried four long hours, she finally plowed her way through the drifting snow of our driveway and we all breathed an enormous sigh of relief that all was well with our family.

We had a wonderfully good visit with each other. Katharine's skiing trip had been a delightful venture. Many of the men who were on the trip were experienced campers who knew how to plan their hours so they did not get caught out too far from their lodge before

darkness fell. They had ropes in case someone fell through the ice. My eyes bugged a little upon hearing about this safety precaution, because such a need had never occurred to me! However, I let it pass with as little outward signs of shock as I could muster. They didn't suffer any exposure from the thirty-degree below-zero temperatures because they all had proper clothing.

In my previous letter I mentioned that Katharine had been put in charge of purchasing food for the trip. She reported it was sufficient in quantity and satisfactorily tasty. The years she worked in the kitchens of the graduate dining hall at Rice University in Houston were a fine training for her when she had to plan these meals for twenty hungry skiers.

Her major calamity, nearly a tragedy, came when she left little loaves of frozen bread to rise in a warm oven all day while they were out skiing. When she checked the oven as they were starting supper, she noticed the oven did not appear to be warm. She soon could see that the pilot light had not been lighted enough to ignite the oven that morning. However, she was not experienced enough with gas stoves to realize the folly of her next move. Fortunately, she had washed but not dried her hair before she lighted the oven which was full of gas. The ensuing ignition of the trapped gas was enough to singe off her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair framing her face, and scorch her heavy sweater, but neither the building nor her body were blown apart. Her face was still red in very minor burned patches by the time she was relating the story to us. She then topped off her wonderfully good time for the week by driving steadily through many hours of terrible snow in order to share a day with the family. We had a full twenty-four hour visit.

The next day ended with Katharine's going back to Madison. Adrienne tried to return to Evanston but could not because the trains were all running ten hours late. The next morning classes had been canceled so we had twelve additional hours to get her back to school. The weather grew steadily worse. Finally, Don and Paul set out with Adrienne in our front-wheel-drive automobile determined to get her back somehow. Paul went prepared to stop at the airport on the return trip from Evanston and wait for his plane. However, this was not to be. His plane was canceled and it was to be another day, with another onslaught of snow, before he would be on his way back to sunny Florida.

Paul came up here very much hoping to find snow on the ground. I just wish he had not wanted it quite so hard!

Until next time, we shall all hope for an early spring . . .

Mary Beth



RECIPES

PISTACHIO SOUR CREAM CAKE

1 18½-oz. pkg. yellow or white cake mix
1 pkg. instant pistachio pudding mix
4 eggs
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup water
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine all ingredients and blend to moisten. Beat for two minutes at medium speed. Pour into well-greased and floured 10-inch tube pan or bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes. Cool in pan ten minutes before removing. Sprinkle with powdered sugar or ice with a thin glaze. —Hallie

PINK CHEESE FONDUE

2 cups (8 ozs.) sharp processed American cheese, shredded
1/2 cup (2 ozs.) blue cheese, crumbled
1/2 cup condensed cream of tomato soup

1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. vinegar
Toasted French bread cubes
In heavy saucepan, combine cheeses, soup and Worcestershire sauce. Cook and stir over low heat until smooth. Stir in vinegar. Transfer to fondue pot. Dip bread cubes with fondue fork.

For variety, I slightly cook the large shell macaroni and use it for dipping in the fondue. —Hallie

LIME MIST SALAD

First Layer

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
3/4 cup boiling water
1 pint lime sherbet
1 pkg. whipped topping, prepared according to package directions
Drop of Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Add sherbet and stir until dissolved. Add prepared topping and flavoring and pour into mold. Chill.

Second Layer

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
1 small carton small-curd cottage cheese, rinsed and well drained
Shaved chocolate for garnish
Dissolve the lime gelatin in the boiling water. Then add the cold water and drained cottage cheese. Stir well and chill until slightly thickened. Spoon over first layer. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with shaved chocolate, if desired. —Verlene

SIMPLE WINTER DINNER

About 20 small carrots, pared
2 Tbs. butter or margarine, melted
5-6 small wedges of green cabbage
2 Tbs. butter or margarine
2 4-oz. cans Vienna sausage, drained
5 servings hot fluffy mashed potatoes (instant or cook your own)

Seasoned pepper
Kitchen-Klatter French Dressing, heated

Place about one inch of salted water in Dutch oven. Simmer carrots in it until tender. Remove carrots to heated platter and pour the 2 Tbs. melted butter or margarine over them; keep warm. In same Dutch oven, simmer cabbage wedges until tender, drain and add to platter.

In remaining 2 Tbs. butter or margarine, saute sausages until nicely browned on all sides. Mound potatoes in center of platter. Sprinkle carrots and cabbage with seasoned pepper. Stick sausages into potatoes.

Pass heated French dressing to pour over cabbage wedges. Makes five servings. —Hallie

LIGHT LEMON YEAST ROLLS

2 pkg. yeast
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups flour
2/3 cups butter and margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 cup milk
4 eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 to 3 cups additional flour
Combine yeast, salt, sugar and 1 1/2 cups flour in a bowl. Melt butter or margarine, butter flavoring and milk together until warm (about 125 degrees F.). Beat liquid ingredients into dry ingredients in bowl. Beat for 2 or 3 minutes at medium speed with electric mixer, or beat thoroughly with a spoon for several minutes if preferred. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add lemon flavoring. Gradually add flour. When batter becomes too thick, remove beaters and continue mixing with spoon until of very soft dough consistency. Continue beating with spoon for another 4 or 5 minutes. (This takes the place of the usual kneading of yeast dough and keeps the dough light and delicate.)

Place dough in greased bowl, turning once to grease all sides. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Punch dough down, cover tightly and

refrigerate at least six hours or overnight.

Remove dough from refrigerator and punch down. Place on lightly floured board, cover with clean cloth and let rest 10 minutes. Shape dough into rolls as desired.

Place rolls in greased muffin tins or on greased baking pans. Cover and let rise until double. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes, or until golden brown. Makes 24 nice, light, delicious lemon-flavored rolls. —Evelyn

HOW TO BLANCHE ALMONDS

Drop shelled almonds into boiling water, turn off the heat and let them stand three minutes before draining. The skins will just slip off. Then dry nuts on paper towel.

PECAN SPREAD

1 8-oz. pkg. softened cream cheese
2 Tbs. milk
1 2½-oz. jar sliced dried beef, cut fine
1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
2 Tbs. dehydrated onion flakes
1/2 tsp. garlic salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup dairy sour cream
1/2 cup coarsely chopped pecans
2 Tbs. butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. salt

Combine the cream cheese and milk. Stir in the dried beef, green pepper, onion flakes, garlic salt and pepper. Fold in the sour cream. Place in baking dish. Sauté the pecans in the butter or margarine until slightly browned. Add the salt to pecans and stir. Spread over top of first mixture in baking pan. Heat in 350-degree oven for about 15-20 minutes, or until heated thru. Serve warm with crackers. This is one of Robin Justiz's favorite treats.

MYRT'S PISTACHIO DESSERT

Crust
1 cup flour, unsifted
3 Tbs. sugar
1/2 cup margarine, melted
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine the above ingredients and press in bottom of 9-by 13-inch cake pan. Bake at 375 degrees for about 15 minutes. (Watch carefully as it burns easily.) Let cool.

2nd Layer
1 8-oz. pkg. softened cream cheese
1 4½-oz. carton whipped topping
4 cups cold milk
3 3¾-oz. pkgs. pistachio instant pudding mix

Mix cream cheese and whipped topping. Spread over the cooled crust. Combine milk and pudding mix in large mixer bowl. Beat for two minutes. Spread over cream cheese-topping layer. Chill until ready to serve. —Lucile

CHOCOLATE RIPPLE COOKIES

1/2 cup shortening
 2/3 cup sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 eggs, beaten
 1 1/3 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
 Cream shortening, sugar and flavorings together until light and fluffy. Beat eggs, then add to batter and continue to beat about one minute. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture. Melt chocolate chips over hot water in double boiler (or in small container in warm oven). Cool slightly and add to batter. DO NOT STIR in the melted chocolate, just barely swirl to make a marble effect. Drop by teaspoons on greased cooky sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 to 12 minutes, or until done.

This is an old recipe which was resurrected for us by a Kitchen-Klatter listener in Springfield, Missouri. It is both an excellent "family" cooky and one which adds variety to that special tea table tray. The flavor is excellent. After the first try, you may want to double the recipe and tuck a few back in the freezer.

—Evelyn

LASAGNE SQUARES

1 medium onion, chopped
 1/2 green pepper, chopped
 2 garlic cloves, minced
 2 Tbls. vegetable oil
 1 28-oz. can tomatoes
 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
 1/4 cup minced parsley
 1/2 tsp. oregano
 1 bay leaf
 8 ozs. lasagne noodles
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen, chopped spinach, cooked and drained
 1 lb. ricotta cheese
 1 large or 2 small eggs
 3/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese (optional)
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 8 ozs. mozzarella cheese, grated

Saute onion, green pepper and garlic in oil until golden, stirring often. Stir in tomatoes, tomato paste, parsley, oregano and bay leaf. Simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Cook noodles according to package directions; drain well and cool enough to handle easily. In a bowl, combine spinach, ricotta cheese, egg, 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese (if desired) and salt and pepper.

Spoon a thin layer of tomato sauce mixture into bottom of a lasagne dish or a 9- by 13-inch pan. Cover with layer of lasagne noodles. Spoon on 1/2 of the spinach mixture, 1/2 of the mozzarella

cheese and 1/4 cup Parmesan. Repeat layers. Top with noodles, some of the tomato sauce and a sprinkling of mozzarella cheese.

Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Remove from oven and let stand 5 to 10 minutes to firm before cutting.

Browned ground beef may be added to the spinach mixture if a meat dish is desired. This is an excellent lasagne, not nearly as heavy as some. The spinach adds texture, flavor and a bit of color, but does not displease anyone who thinks he does not care for spinach.

Serve with a tossed vegetable salad, hot Italian bread and fruit for dessert for an excellent meal. The lasagne may be made early and refrigerated or frozen for use later. Leftover portions also freeze nicely.

—Evelyn

HAMBURGER FREEZER MIXTURE

5 lbs. ground beef
 2 cups diced celery
 2 cups diced carrots
 2 cups chopped onion
 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 1 12-oz. bottle catsup
 2 Tbls. sugar
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 1 can tomato soup

Brown ground beef in a small amount of oil. When all pink is gone, drain off grease. Add celery, carrots, and onions. Cook 3 or 4 minutes, stirring. Add remaining ingredients. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until vegetables are tender and mixture is well blended. Cool and freeze in portions to use in various ways.

Sandwiches

Heat just "as is" for a fine "sloppy Joe" type sandwich filling. Scoop out the inside of a bun, fill with mix, top with cheese and wrap in foil; heat in oven.

Chili

2 1/2 cups hamburger mix
 1 can kidney beans
 1 1/2 tsp. chili powder
 Combine ingredients and heat through.

Bean Casserole

2 cups hamburger mix
 1 large can green beans, drained
 Mashed potatoes
 Cheese
 Spoon hamburger mix into bottom of a casserole. Cover with green beans. Top with a layer of mashed potatoes. Sprinkle on grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. (In a microwave this will cook in 5 minutes on high.)

Rice Casserole

2 cups hamburger mix
 2 cups cooked rice
 1 can tomatoes or tomato soup
 Cheese, if desired
 Make layers of hamburger mix, rice and tomatoes or tomato soup. Top with

cheese (or buttered bread crumbs). Bake at 350 degrees about 15 minutes, or until hot and bubbly.

This is an excellent mixture to keep in the freezer all year around. It will perk up winter meals, be useable for emergency dishes for unexpected hungry visitors, fine for the family to get and heat when needed and an exceptionally good camping mixture to take along on vacations.

CARROT CASSEROLE

1 quart cooked, sliced carrots, drained
 1 cup cooked green beans, drained
 1/2 to 2/3 cup diced cheese
 1 can cream of celery soup
 1 1/2 cups buttered bread crumbs
 In a large greased casserole, layer carrots, green beans and cheese. Pour soup over top. Sprinkle with the buttered bread crumbs. Bake for about 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

BANANA-PEANUT BUTTER CAKE

3/4 cup shortening
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 2 eggs
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 cup mashed banana
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 cups sifted cake flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk
 1/2 cup peanut butter

Cream together the shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs and flavorings. Beat 2 minutes at medium speed. Add banana and beat 2 minutes. Combine dry ingredients and add to batter along with sour milk or buttermilk and peanut butter. Beat 2 minutes. Pour into two greased layer pans and bake about 30 minutes at 350 degrees. May be baked in a 9- by 13-inch pan for a longer baking time, if desired. Cool and frost with the following:

Frosting

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1/2 cup honey
 1/4 cup powdered sugar (or more)
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1 cup peanut butter
 1/2 cup milk
 1 cup peanuts, ground

In mixing bowl, whip cheese. Add all ingredients except peanuts, folding them in last. (A little of the peanuts may be saved to sprinkle over top, if desired.) Frost between layers and over top and sides.

If making cake in 9- by 13-inch pan, cut frosting recipe in half.

—Dorothy

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JEAN'S PIZZA

Dough

3/4 cup milk
1/3 cup shortening (Crisco)
1 envelope dry yeast
1 tsp. sugar
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt

Heat milk and shortening; cool to lukewarm (or about 110 degrees). Dissolve yeast and sugar in the milk. Combine dry ingredients. Add dissolved yeast mixture to dry ingredients. Knead in bowl slightly and divide into two parts. Grease two 15-inch pizza pans and spread the dough out in pans carefully with your fingers.

Topping

You will need TWO bowls. Into EACH bowl put:

1/2 green pepper, chopped
1/2 of small onion, chopped
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
3/4 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. mixed Italian leaf seasoning
3/4 tsp. ground oregano
Pinch (or more) garlic powder
1/8 tsp. black pepper
Salt to taste

Saute the green pepper and onion in a little shortening (or pre-cook in a microwave oven). Combine with remaining ingredients. Spread contents of each bowl evenly on each pizza crust.

On top of EACH pizza add:

A sprinkling of Parmesan cheese
1 8-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
4 to 6 ozs. grated Cheddar cheese
Sliced black olives
Sliced stuffed olives
1/2 lb. lean raw ground beef

Bake at 425 degrees for 18-20 minutes. Of course, every oven is a little different, but test by raising the edge with a table knife. If golden brown underneath, it's done.

We thank our good friend, Jean Holt, for sharing her "famous pizza" recipe with us. —Lucile and Betty Jane

SPINACH CASSEROLE

1 large can spinach, drained
2 slices bacon
1 uncooked egg
1/4 tsp. cedar vinegar
1 Tbs. Heinz 57 sauce
A dash Tabasco sauce (optional)
A dash Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper to taste
1/4 to 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
Grated cheese for top

Drain spinach. Pour into casserole. Cook bacon until crisp. Crumble over top of spinach. Lightly beat egg with vinegar, sauces and salt and pepper. Pour over spinach. Add cracker crumbs, tossing lightly. Top with grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees until bubbly and cheese is melted.

—Evelyn

TUNA-POTATO PATTIES

1 6 1/2- or 7-oz. can tuna, drained
1 Tbs. lemon juice
4 servings mashed potatoes (freshly made, leftover or instant)
1 tsp. dried parsley flakes
1 Tbs. instant minced onion or 1/4 cup diced fresh onions

1 egg, beaten
1 tsp. seasoned salt
1/4 tsp. seasoned pepper
1/4 cup flour
3 Tbs. salad oil
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce with cheese

In medium bowl, flake tuna. Sprinkle lemon juice over tuna. Prepare potatoes. Do not salt. Add the parsley flakes, onion, egg, seasoned salt and pepper. Combine potato mixture with tuna. With floured hands, gently shape into patties. Coat patties with the 1/4 cup flour. In medium skillet, heat salad oil. Sauté patties. Heat tomato sauce and serve warm over patties.

—Hallie

PINEAPPLE-MINT SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
4 Tbs. sour cream
2 Tbs. sugar
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
2 1/2 cups canned pineapple chunks, drained

Prepare gelatin according to package directions. Add sour cream, sugar and mint flavoring. Congeal slightly and stir in pineapple. Pour into 7- by 9-inch or 8- by 10-inch dish. Refrigerate until firm.

—Hallie

BEEF-CHEESE PIE

1 lb. ground beef
1 egg
1/2 cup chopped onion
3/4 cup corn flake crumbs
1/4 cup catsup
1/8 tsp. garlic salt
Salt and pepper to taste
1/2 cup celery slices
2 Tbs. margarine
1 1/2 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese

1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained
1/4 cup corn flake crumbs
Combine ground beef, egg, onion, corn flake crumbs, catsup, garlic salt and salt and pepper; mix lightly. Press meat mixture into bottom and side of 9-inch pie pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Remove meat from oven; drain. Reduce temperature to 350 degrees.

Sauté celery in 1 Tbs. of the margarine. Remove from heat and add the cheese and mushrooms. Toss lightly and spoon on top of meat in pie pan. Melt remaining tablespoon of margarine and combine with remaining 1/4 cup corn flake crumbs. Sprinkle over top of cheese layer. Return to oven and continue baking for about 10 minutes.

—Dorothy



**A LETTER
FROM
FREDERICK**

Dear Friends:

As I write this letter, I am looking out of the window seven stories high above the beach where hundreds of persons of all ages are basking in the sunshine. We have been in Pompano Beach, Florida, for two weeks, and we have had only two really nice "beach days". The weather has not been cold, but it has been cloudy and windy. So many of the people out on the beach have come down from the North where the weather has been very cold and snowy. I hope they get to stay here long enough to get some more sunshiny days just like this one.

Looking out the window in the other direction, I can see lines of people standing at the out-of-door fish market on the banks of a canal which is crowded with boats of all sizes. Betty just came in from a visit to the fish market, and this very moment she is out in the kitchen preparing a beautiful fresh shrimp salad. I don't think there is anyone in this world who can make a better shrimp salad than Betty, and I shall have at least two helpings for supper tonight.

We have breakfast here in our apartment, and then for dinner at noon we go upstairs to the twelfth floor to Betty's parents' apartment. Her parents come down to our apartment to have supper with us in the evening.

We all love fish, and sometimes we have fish for breakfast, dinner and supper. This morning we had flounder for breakfast, and I ate three pieces.

One bit of refreshment that I have frequently during the entire time we are here is fresh orange juice. At the market where we get our fresh vegetables, they have a big machine squeezing fresh oranges all day long. Would you believe that I drink one-half gallon of fresh orange juice a day? Well, I do! I am drinking a big glass of juice as I write you this letter. It is so much better than the fresh juice we get back in New England, and so much less expensive!

I also wish you could see the fresh grapefruit we have for breakfast each morning. Betty's Uncle Frank Hill, her mother's brother, has a beautiful home on the canal only four blocks from here and he keeps us supplied with grapefruit from his own trees. I especially enjoy fresh grapefruit with orange blossom honey on it. Sometimes Betty puts lots of honey on halves of grapefruit, and then puts them under the broiler for a few minutes. Oh, but they are "out of this world" good!

As I look down the canal toward Fort Lauderdale, I can see the tall spire of the



Frederick and Betty Driftmier recently attended a Hawaiian party.

Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church, one of the largest of the protestant churches in all of Florida. It is a most unusual church, both in design and in its program. It has an entire campus of buildings, some of which are used for a private school the church conducts. We have attended this church on occasion, particularly to hear its magnificent organ. I don't know how big that organ is, but it surely has to be one of the largest church organs in the world. Actually, our favorite church down here is the Congregational Church in Fort Lauderdale. We can get there by car in about fifteen minutes, and the congregation is not so large that we feel lost in the crowds. We find it to be a little bit of New England transferred to Florida.

Speaking of cars, if you want to get anywhere in Florida by car, start early. Right outside my window, at this very moment, the traffic is backed up for two blocks—all six lanes of it. Along the Florida coast, there are many drawbridges that have to be opened to let the boats go through. About every half hour, an open bridge will back up the traffic. Last night we were driving down the Florida Turnpike during the rush hour, even that traffic was moving at a snail's pace. Sometimes I get the impression that all the cars in the United States have been crowded into Florida for the winter season, I must admit, however, that we seldom see car license plates from states further west than Nebraska. Evidently the people from west of Nebraska go to Arizona and California in the winter, if they go anywhere at all.

As much as Betty and I enjoy getting away from New England for a few weeks in the worst of the winter, we miss our church and its people. The other day I told someone that I was really "married to my church", and I think that is about

right. The relationship I have with my church would never countenance a divorce. When I accepted my ministry there, although I did not realize it at the time, it was a pledge for life. Later this year I shall begin my twenty-fifth year of service at the Springfield, Massachusetts, church. It is very humbling to think of the loyalty those many hundreds of persons have shown to Betty and me. Our many years at South Church have been such happy years, I pray there will be several more.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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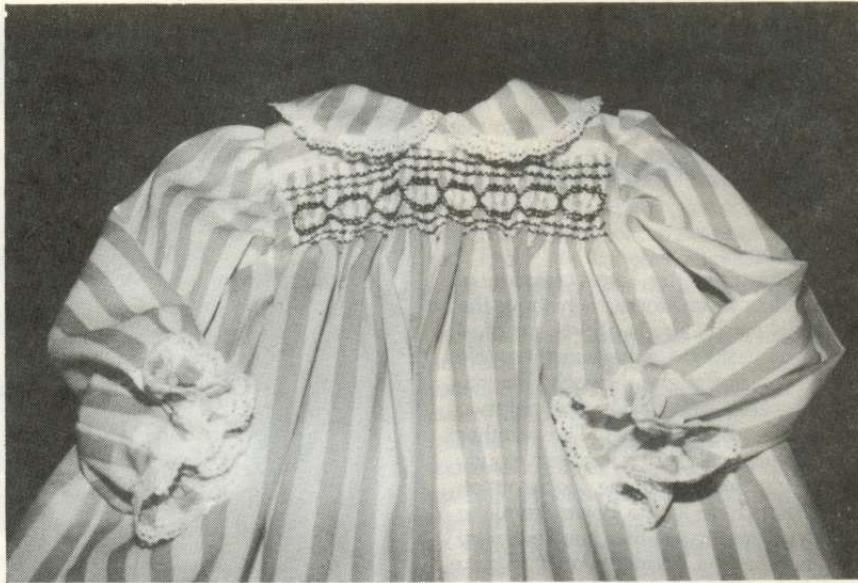
**HOW TO TICKLE
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No matter how fresh the lettuce, how juicy the tomato, how freshly-ground the pepper, a salad can be just a dour pile of greens and things 'til it gets the right dressing. And the right dressing should have the right first name: **Kitchen-Klatter**.

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**"Smock a Frock"** by Joan Hosman

How long has it been since you smocked a frock for a tot? Remember all the cute little granny-like dresses smocked for little girls when they wore lots of frills?

So, grab up some soft polyester pieces of fabric, purchase a pattern at your local fabric store, some embroidery needles and embroidery floss, and you are ready for your smocking accomplishment.

Carefully cut out your pattern pieces, then head for the ironing board and place the smocking pattern in place, being very careful to have the print-out side toward your material. Iron on with a medium-hot iron.

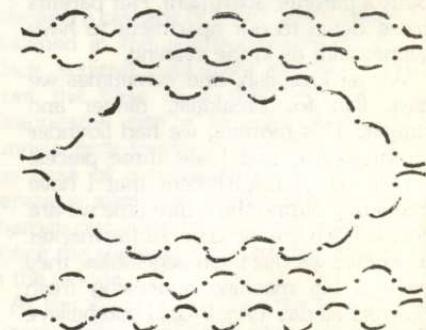
By using all six strands of the color of your choosing of embroidery floss, your pattern will stand out more. Remember, as you begin each row of smocking, start with your thread above or below the needle as the pattern directs.

Simply pick up the next dot on the material with your needle and always pull up taut between stitches. The finished product will have small pleats or gathers, forming a kind of honeycomb ornamentation.

For a very simple smocking idea, purchase fabric with small checks. Following the pattern in next column (or make up your own), mark a dot in the

center of each square where a stitch is to be taken. This can be very simply done with a pencil. Alternate the embroidery floss above and below the needle and pull taut between stitches. Do a stretch of this smocking on the fabric, then use any of your basic dress patterns to cut out the dress to fit, placing the smocking on the pattern wherever you want it to appear on the completed garment.

Once you've completed a smocked project, I'll bet you'll say, "See what I've made; I've smocked a frock for my tot!"



Many designs are available at your local fabric store in the pattern section, or you can make up your own. A tiny rosebud in embroidery can be placed in the center of this smocked pattern.

**GIRL SCOUTS
CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY**

Birthday congratulations are in order shortly for the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. They will celebrate the organization's 67th anniversary on March 12.

Since 1912, many millions of girls and adults have enrolled in Girl Scouting. It was on March 12 of that year that Mrs. Juliette Low organized the first troop of twelve girls in Savannah, Georgia. She

brought back from a trip to England the principles of Scouting as set forth by Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Scouting movement, and adapted them to the needs of girls here.

For over half a century, communities across the nation have been grateful for the influence of Scouting on their young people and for the many service projects carried out by individual councils.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Would you like to grow a new pansy that is the color of ripe apricots with brown-black center blotches? Then plant the 1979 All-America Selection Award Winner, "Orange Prince". The sturdy plants produce large flowers with longer stems than usual and are heat resistant. Many pansies stop blooming in late spring but like Imperial Blue, this one keeps right on flowering.

Sow the seed sparingly on the surface of moist sphagnum moss or one of the sterile seed-starting mediums on the market. Press the seeds into the surface lightly so all come in contact with moisture. Cover with a thin layer of moss and slip the container into a plastic bag. We place a layer of newspaper over all and set in a fairly cool place to await germination which takes place in 10-12 days. Remove the newspaper as soon as seedlings break through the moss but leave the plastic over the container to retain moisture. As soon as seedlings have their first true leaves, transplant to individual pots. You can get from most garden supply sources flats of inexpensive little plastic pots that break apart readily. Set the plants outdoors where they are to grow as soon as the weather is fairly settled. They thrive in cool weather and a light frost does not harm the plants.

We used Imperial Blue hybrid pansy plants around the birdbaths and the Little Chapel of the Flowers last season where they drew a great deal of attention from visitors. If you love pansies, do try growing your own plants from seed. They are relatively easy to start by the above method and one packet will give you a big return for your work.

It is too early to start most vegetable and annual flowers indoors unless you have a greenhouse, but it is time to buy seeds and starting medium. A reader wants to know where onion sets come from and if a home gardener can grow them. The answer is "yes". Anyone can grow a supply of onion sets by planting seeds this summer.

Good ones for the Kitchen-Klatter area are Ebenezer, Southport Yellow Globe, Autumn Spice and White Portugal. Make a foot-wide row in the garden in early July. Use the space where lettuce or other early vegetable has been harvested. Sow the seeds thinly on the surface, cover lightly and place an old burlap bag over the planting to help maintain moisture. Water gently through the burlap if rainfall is not sufficient. The planting site must be kept moist until seedlings emerge which takes about two weeks. Remove the bag and let the plants grow. Do not thin. When small bulbs have formed, bend the tops over and wait a week or so before digging them. Spread thinly in a warm, airy place to cure (out of direct sun). When the skins are papery dry, store the sets in mesh bags and hang from basement ceiling. You will have "sets" for next spring.

RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a dash of water cold,
A little leaven of prayer
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air;
Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought of kith and kin;
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.
But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play;
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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Those of you who have sisters know what a precious relationship that can be. My sister Amy and I, although we live 120 miles apart, share much through visits, letters and telephone calls. An avid thimble collector, Amy is also the family genealogist, talented in stitching needle-point and crewel work, good at approaching life's ups and downs with common sense and serenity, and now, writer of poems. On a recent visit to Humboldt, Iowa, we recalled childhood sleigh rides. Dad would wear his raccoon fur coat, hitch the horses to the wooden sleigh, and with bells ringing, what a ride we'd have! So, on a snowy day, I was happy to receive a letter from Amy with her latest memory-filled poem, showing how Dad's coonskin coat was used like an electric blanket.

THE COLD ROOM

We put on our pajamas by the hard-coal stove,
Then up the cold hallway and into bed dove,
We had quilts and blankets and hot flat



Betty Driftmier enjoys reading to her grandson, Christopher.

iron by our feet,
Wrapped in a towel, but still, some heat.
Now Dad's coonskin coat was on top of it all,
If we turned around much, the coat was sure to fall.
Was my sister or I to get out in the cold?
With frost on the wall, who was more bold?
How many times did we shiver and shake,
Waiting for the other, this quick hop to take.
When the coat was back on, we lay very quiet,
Sleeping in a cold room is an art, if you've tried it! —Amy C. Kirchhoff

Oh, I forgot to mention, my sister has a great sense of humor . . .

Beginnings (Crowell Publishers, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$9.95) by Thomas C. Hunter gives the patterns of success of 24 people. Achievement has a very personal definition for each of them, and they have realized it through widely differing professions. Determination and perseverance seem important to success. Pride in a job well done has importance for each interviewed. Walter Cronkite, who national polls have found to be both the single most trusted public figure and most objective newscaster in America, spent time working in both print and broadcasting. He feels newspaper experience makes better broadcast journalists. Of his CBS-TV News, he writes, "I don't know why I'm a success—what that 'special' quality is. I watch myself on the tapes and think anybody could do a better job, and most of them can. It's silly to say, but maybe we're just made for each other."

If you are eager to understand the phenomenon of success in America, *Beginnings* makes absorbing reading.

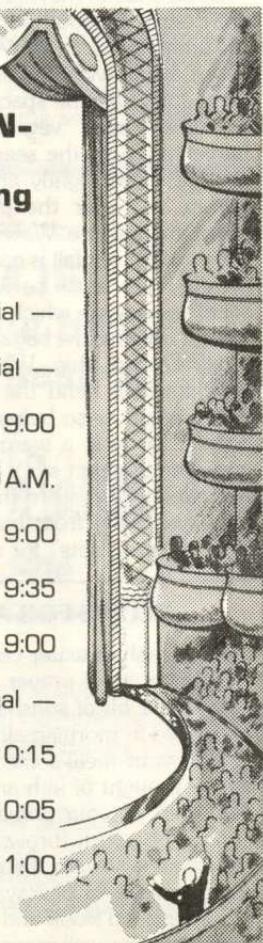
He Saw A Hummingbird (E.P. Dutton, 2 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016, \$8.95) by Norma Lee Browning and Russell Ogg is an inspiring, true story of Russell Ogg, successful photographer who was forced to abandon his career because of blindness. But his wife Norma Lee tells how a miracle, in the form of a little red hummingbird, changed their lives. Using a light-activated phototransistor relay, he began photographing hummingbirds and catching their beauty in motion. It was a challenge, but one he met with courage, and in so doing, his eyesight somehow improved. This is a fascinating book about overcoming adversity, and also, learning much about nature's little helicopters, hummingbirds. Bird watchers would especially like *He Saw A Hummingbird*.

Did you know that Fanny Crosby, who wrote the well-loved hymn "Blessed Assurance" is believed to have written over eight thousand hymns and poems? All over this world, her hymns are singing themselves into the hearts and souls of the people. In his book *Blessed Assurance—The Life and Hymns of Fanny J. Crosby*, (Broadman Press, \$3.95), John Loveland has done much research and has written a fine book about this blind, gracious lady. The words from "Blessed Assurance" might well describe her life: "This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long." She died in 1915 at nearly 90 years of age, but her lyrics live on. John Loveland's book gives us much insight into the story of a remarkable woman. (See "Little Ad" section on page 23 for information on obtaining the book.)

THE STAGE IS SET . . .

For you to listen to the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio program each weekday over one of the following radio stations:

- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
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THE MARK OF QUALITY

THE NEW NEIGHBOR

(A Playlet)

by
Annette Lingelbach

(Club members Martha, Lucille, and Dolly, are sitting in chairs on the stage, waiting for the other club members to arrive.)

Dolly: My! but your dress is as pretty as the one my new neighbor wore yesterday.

Martha: Who is your new neighbor?

Dolly: Well, I really don't know. That is, I haven't called on her yet.

Lucille: When did she move in?

Dolly: Oh, about a month ago.

Martha: And you haven't been over all month?

Dolly: Well, I've been so busy. But someday soon Carol Moore and I are going to see her. Carol, you know, lives right next door to me. Of course, we're sure that this new neighbor fits right into our part of town.

Martha: How do you figure that?

Dolly: Well, she dresses very stylishly and in good taste.

Martha: That does help.

Dolly: And she drives a nice-looking car, too.

Martha: Number Two in her favor.

Dolly: She keeps her lawn mowed and she lets her dog out only for a short period of time, so he doesn't annoy anyone with his barking.

Martha: I see.

Lucille: That makes her a good neighbor then?

Dolly: Well, I can't say as to that, but we probably won't have any trouble with her. Not like we have with that woman who lives right behind me. (Just then Betty, the club president, enters the room. She walks to her seat at the table.)

Betty: Hi, girls, sorry to be so late, but I had to pick up some groceries for my new neighbor. I stopped at the library, too, to get her some books so she'd have something interesting to read. (She sits down at the table, and arranges her club material.)

Lucille: Which neighbor?

Betty: Oh, I'm sure none of you know her yet. She just moved into my neighborhood.

Dolly: Hasn't she a car?

Betty: Oh, yes.

Martha: Is she too old to drive, is that why you took her the groceries?

Betty: No, but she fell and hurt her foot, so it's awkward for her to get around.

Martha: So, with your usual warm friendliness, you offered to run errands for her.

Betty: Well, it seemed the neighborly thing to do.

Dolly: Do you know much about her?

Betty: Yes. For one thing, her birthday is the same date as mine, and she'll be fifty when it comes around again.

Lucille: Has she any family?

Betty: Yes, two daughters and two sons. But they're all married and live in other states.

Dolly: What about her husband?

Betty: He died just a short time ago, so she's very lonely.

Lucille: Is she new to our town?

Betty: No, she grew up here. That's why she moved back to this community, so she could be in a familiar place. Besides, she said she remembered this was always such a friendly town.

Martha: Well, it's grown a lot since she lived here. Are many of her old friends still here?

Betty: No, they aren't. Most have moved to warmer climates, or gone to be near their children. She does need friends.

Lucille: Let's invite her to our club meetings.

Betty: I already have.

Dolly: Is she coming?

Betty: Yes, that is, just as soon as she's more settled, and it's easier for her to walk.

Lucille: Let's take her on a tour of our fair city. She'll probably enjoy seeing how things have changed since she lived here as a child.

Martha: You ought to encourage her to come to church, too.

Betty: That's my next step.

Lucille: Why don't you have one of those morning coffees and invite the neighbors? We often do that in our neighborhood. It makes the newcomers feel right at home.

Betty: That's a good idea, Lucille.

Dolly: Even though I don't live nearby, I'd be glad to help with the refreshments.

Betty: Thanks, Dolly, that's real sweet of you.

Dolly: Now, I feel guilty about the way I treated my new neighbor. Can I bring her along, and Carol, too? This will be a good way for Carol and me to show that we do know how to be good neighbors, after all.

Betty: You all come, girls, and meet my new neighbor, and then I can meet Dolly's neighbor, too. Will next Tuesday at ten be alright?

Martha: Fine.

Dolly: Me, too.

Lucille: I'll be there, with my favorite potato salad. (Everyone laughs.)

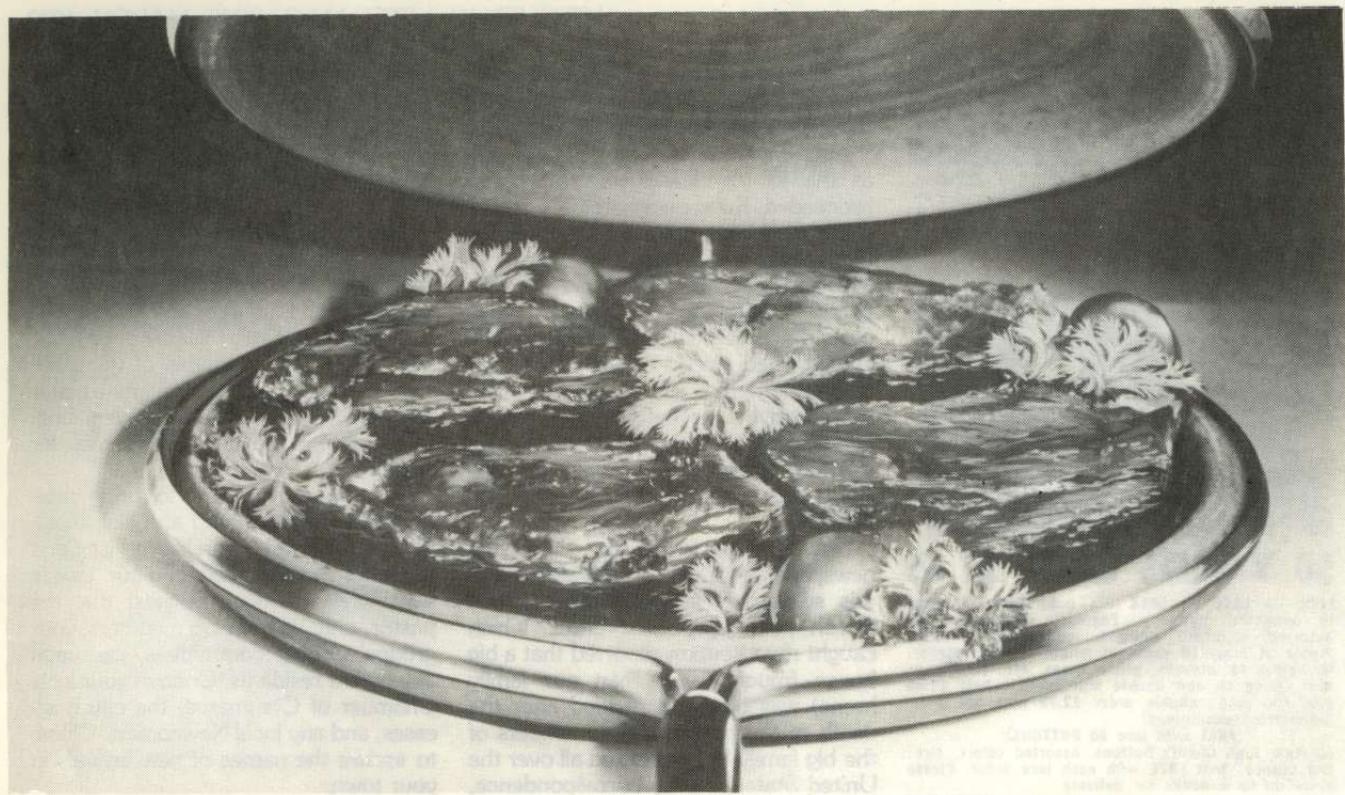
Dolly: I'll bring some cloverleaf rolls.

Martha: Count on me for the coffee, sugar and cream.

Betty: Thanks a lot, girls, I appreciate all your help!

Martha: Well, Betty, I don't want your new neighbor to call us or our town unfriendly.

(Continued on page 22)



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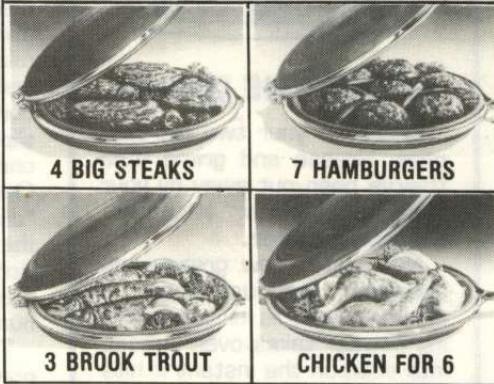
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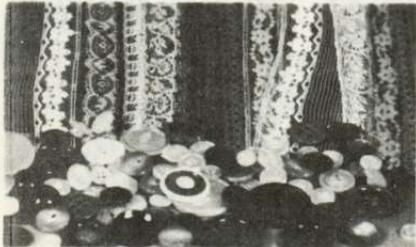
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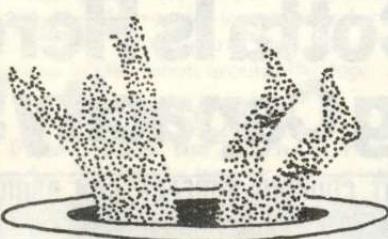
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KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



THE MARK OF QUALITY

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

anything, even who had given the folks this gift, or who had given them that one.

After my mother, Leanna, died and as the job of clearing out the house proceeded, Ruby designated a separate room in the house for each of us children. Into each room she placed specific things which she knew each of us had given our parents as gifts through the years. Ruby even remembered items the older grandchildren had given to their grandfather and grandmother and she saw to it that they received these items. This way of handling the accumulation of many years worked VERY well for us—not one sharp word or bickering of any kind surfaced.

Now, I want to tell you about the newspaper item which reminded me of this subject. *The Budget* is a weekly Amish newspaper. The article which caught my attention reported that a big house (much larger than our family home) was being dismantled after the death of the parents. The members of the big family had scattered all over the United States, but by correspondence, an agreeable date was set when they could all gather at the home and settle who would get what of the material items remaining. (It goes without saying, the livestock, barns, land, etc., couldn't possibly be worked into this arrangement, so it came down to the entire contents of the house itself.) The daughter and her husband, who had lived in the house for around 80 years, made many slips of paper, numbered each one and then dropped these marked papers into a large bowl which had a lid with a slit in it. Then, using common pins, they attached a numbered slip to each object in the home to correspond to a number in the bowl. Over one-hundred relatives attended the "dividing", so it took quite a spell to make the rounds, drawing numbers in turn from the bowl and then finding and claiming the object with the same number.

The report stated that everyone present agreed it was the only just and fair way to dispose of so many belongings. After the session was over, the members of the family bartered among themselves for anything others got which they would have liked to obtain. The main point is, they all STARTED on equal ground. This is something families might keep in mind if tempers grow sharp and ugly over worldly possessions.

Well, now, I can't see the tall fence which surrounds our back yard because the snow has covered it completely. It does look as if we're really in for "ANOTHER" one!

Faithfully, your friend . . .

THE NEW NEIGHBOR — Concluded

Betty: I hope not. For being a good neighbor is one of the best ways you can show that you are a loving, caring person. (End of play.)

Now discuss how members, both individually and as a group, can make newcomers feel welcome in your town, neighborhood, church, and club.

Notice how Dolly became inspired by the actions and attitudes of the other club members, and thus became a better neighbor herself. Emphasize how important it is to set a good example for others to follow.

Encourage members to bring newcomers to your church and club meetings, to the church worship services, and to becoming involved in your town's worthwhile projects. Suggest that the pastor, church and club members, your groups' visiting committees, call upon any recent residents. Contact your local Chamber of Commerce, the city hostesses, and any local Newcomers' Clubs, to secure the names of new arrivals in your town.

End this meeting by reading from the Bible the "Story of the Good Samaritan", (Luke 10:30-37) for it still applies as much to us today, as it did in those early times.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
of the peanuts he has dropped into the planter are sprouting. I may have a peanut crop before long.

This is the time of year when I am really getting anxious to go out into the garden and start cleaning up the flower beds. I'll be able to prune the roses in a couple of weeks and to me that really signals the start of spring. (I mark the start of summer when I can move my houseplants outside.)

I have started a quantity of seeds in the house this year. I now have window ledges in two south windows and my tomatoes and other tender plants love the location. I can let down the bamboo shades during the hottest part of the day so the tender growth doesn't burn. It won't be long until I can transplant the small sprouts to start this year's vegetable garden.

James and Katharine are plugging along in school. They are eagerly looking forward to spring vacation as the children and I plan to go to Iowa to visit Granny Wheels. Jed will not be going with us; he is saving his vacation time for a trip next fall.

Now it is time to get some lunch together for Jed and myself. My lunch will consist of a bowl of soup—I'm dieting again!!

Sincerely,
Juliana Lowey



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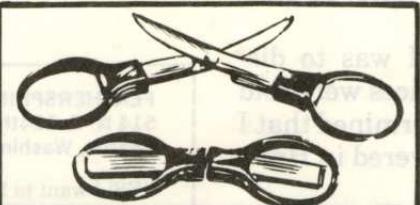


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Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Hamburg with my own countrymen.

Today thousands of Americans including, those who have retired—many with foot problems far more severe than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

Here's why Feathersprings work for them and *why they can work for you*. These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom fitted and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually



imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

Whatever your problem—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet, Flexible Feathersprings will bring you relief with every step you take or your money back.

Don't suffer pain and discomfort needlessly. If your feet hurt, the miracle of Hamburg can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE MIRACLE:

"Received my wife's Feathersprings two days ago. They are super—neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is much better . . . As a retired physician, this result is amazing." C.O.C. MD/Tucson, Arizona.

"My husband felt a great relief and no more pain. They are truly an answer to our prayers. Only wish that he had heard of them twenty years ago." Mrs. F.S./Metairie, Louisiana.

"I have checked your corporation with (A Consumer Protection Agency), and received an excellent report." H.S.H./Louisville, Kentucky.

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514 N.E. 124th, Seattle, Washington 98125

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YES! I want to learn more about the relief Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports can give. Please send me your free brochure. I understand that there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____