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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good and Faithful Friends:

If you are on our mailing list, you may recall my account of how flabbergasted my daughter, Juliana, and I were to run into our cousin, Fritz Harshbarger, at an Indian trading post high up in the Sandia Mountains in New Mexico.

After we had gotten caught up on family news, we had to part because this was one of the days when my grandchildren (James and Katharine Lowey) would be home for lunch, but Fritz had his camera with him and positively insisted that he take a picture of us. I stay as far away from a camera as is humanly possible, but given all the circumstances I couldn't do anything else and next month I'll share that picture with you.

Incidentally, I had heard about his camera but had never seen one. It's the kind that enables you to set up your subjects and then dash back—the shutter clicks and you are in the picture too! My husband, Russell, had the same type of camera but it wasn't nearly as fine as the one Fritz had.

He was on his return to California from a trip to visit his parents in Iowa City—I believe it was their Golden Wedding anniversary. Fritz's father, Clay Harshbarger, was head of the Department of Speech and Drama at the University of Iowa for many, many years. Fritz's mother, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, inherited her mother's passionate interest in any type of gardening and traveled constantly all over the country in her role as Garden Editor for several publications.

The yuletide season is behind us, of course, and I really haven't much to report. It seemed such a far cry for only two people to sit down to the table in contrast to the big groups of fourteen or more through the years. I think that growing up in a large family gets right down into the marrow of your bones and one never forgets the large family dinners at holiday time.

One old friend, whom I have known for almost forty years, did stop by on her way to California and we reviewed the



James and Katharine wish to share their school pictures with you. They are the children of Jed and Juliana Lowey of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

people whom we had both known well so many years ago. As we talked and talked, I was shaken to the bones by the number of people we knew well who are now no longer with us. It came to me almost like a thunderbolt to realize as we talked that we were remembering people approximately our own ages and I received an unsettled feeling—to say the least!

I am not the only person who has found this to be a difficult winter. People have been without heat or light in countless places, and if you think you can buy an inexpensive load of wood you are terribly mistaken. One night we awakened to hear what sounded like Niagara Falls roaring through the basement—pipes had broken. Then the important pipes in the furnace gave way and we knew what it meant to be without heat. I just had my "Old Blue Horse" (that's what I call my car now that it's gotten white hair) overhauled, but we never know if it is or isn't going to start.

Brother Howard has been troubled badly with very painful knees that make it almost impossible for him to get out of a chair. However, he and Mae were able to go to Omaha to have Christmas Day with their daughter, Donna, son-in-law, Tom, and granddaughters, Lisa and Natalie. Mae's sister, Nina, and brother, Rex, who live right here in Shenandoah, also made the trip with them. It's a blessing they had that one perfect day to drive because at a later point they never could have made the trip.

Juliana said that she spent the bulk of the holidays going back and forth to the airport—relatives arriving or departing, old friends appearing, etc., and a terrific hullabaloo at all times.

One of my gifts to Katharine was a very lively looking colt, truly a very handsome example of a stuffed animal. Her father asked as she fondled the toy, "What are you going to name him?" She replied that she would have to give this some thought. Later in the day she went out to the living room and announced that the new colt had been named "G.W."

Jed asked her why in the world she had named him G.W. and Katharine replied, "Because Granny Wheels gave him to me."

Now I hate to sound like one of these adoring grandmothers (which I certainly am!), but I'm happy that James has turned into such a prodigious reader that the teachers have taken him out of his own reading class on many occasions and asked him to help his classmates who were having trouble.

Katharine is a walking encyclopedia of bird and animal life. Betty sent her a beautiful stuffed white buffalo and Katharine has named this toy "The White Buffalo of the Plains". I just wish it were possible for the children to have real animals of some kind, but it's totally out of the question because of allergy problems.

For one full week Juliana and Jed had guests for dinner at their house or were invited someplace. The entire week was wound up by having fourteen people in for an international dinner: everyone brought his own favorite dish that he associated with Christmas. Juliana said that she had never seen so much absolutely beautiful and delicious food. It MUST have been a successful affair because the last guest departed at 4:00

(Continued on page 22)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

As you may have surmised after reading Paul's January letter, we did not go to Florida to spend Christmas with him. Even though we started our plans in mid-October, the only airplane reservations we could obtain were on middle-of-the-night flights. This was then complicated by lining up transportation to a motel after arriving in Orlando, which was not impossible, but simply a complication which, added to the uncertainty of scheduling our visiting time with Paul's work hours, convinced us that perhaps it would be simpler and certainly less expensive to bring him home in January.

The air fare is really quite economical, but the combination of expenses for four of us grew to astronomical proportions when we considered everything. It also grew to be very apparent that Paul was quite anxious to come home. I really believe he needed the time at home more than we needed the five or six days in Florida. I definitely want to get to Disney World while Paul is still employed by them, and he seems so happy that I am sure there will be ample time to do just that.

As a result, our Christmas plans were quite simple. Katharine's medical laboratory shifted into low gear for the week of Christmas so she was free to come home to her old bedroom, and we all pretended that nothing had changed. Adrienne was through with her first term at Northwestern University before Don and I were finished with our teaching duties at the Academy. So the week before Christmas, Adrienne was at home preparing supper for Don and me, and then Katharine came home and it was almost like having her home from college . . . except Paul was missing. Paul assured us that he would be working that day and if we would leave the tree up he would pretend his Christmas was in January. This we did cheerfully. The tree didn't dry out much more than it had other years and to make his homecoming as happy as possible we were willing to do most anything.

Incidentally, Paul said that one day he was standing on the monorail platform in his green and blue Disney suit when he overheard someone say that they guessed this young man must be the Driftmier boy—the tall one! Paul turned and apparently did not recognize the Disney guests but they indicated that they read about him every month, so he presumes he has met some Kitchen-Klatter friends. They're all wonderfully



Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier.

nice home folks and Paul is lucky to have friends so far away from Wisconsin.

I always enjoy and am surprised at the smallness of the world when I hear about Kitchen-Klatter friends who read of our activities. In the summer of 1973, Adrienne had an egg route with a very limited number of customers. I wrote about her experiences but never mentioned who her best customers were. This past month we were doing business with the owner of the Delafield coffee shop who was Adrienne's best customer and he enlightened me to the fact that he knew all about what I had written even though I had never mentioned his name. Someone—and the owner never would say where or who—had sent him the article at the time and he was tickled over his surprise on me.

And then there was the month when Katharine came home and found, slipped under her apartment door, her copy of *Kitchen-Klatter*. The magazine was apparently put into someone else's mailbox and now Katharine is pondering the thoughts that whoever that someone was he or she has read about her life in Madison as only a proud mother can report it!

Thus far, Adrienne hasn't met anyone in the big windy city who knows all about her, but her day will come. When I consider how many Driftmier

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

God send us a little home
To come back to when we roam—
Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles;
Red firelight and deep chairs;
Great talk in little nooks;
Small white beds upstairs;
Dim colors, rows of books;
One picture on each wall,
Not many things at all.
God send us a little ground—
Tall trees standing round,
Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead Thy stars, O God!
God bless when winds blow
Our home and all we know.

—Unknown

grandchildren there are with many married in-laws who are now interested in their children, it isn't any wonder that the ripples of recognition are so broad.

Have I remembered to tell you that true to the law of averages which states that a very high percentage of college students change their major, Adrienne has changed her major? Fortunately, unlike her sister, she managed to make the switch before an entire year's worth of courses were under her belt. Adrienne didn't make too major a leap. Corporation law was her choice until the middle of her first term when she read about a course at N.W. called Industrial Engineering which is very much within the sphere of the business world which she likes so much. This particular field offers a work-study program wherein students go to school two terms and work in an industrial situation during the remaining term of each school year. This is surely a sensible plan, it seems to me.

The big news for Katharine is a forthcoming skiing trip to northern Wisconsin. She has joined a Hoofers' Club in Madison, which is a group of young people under the age of forty and above the age of eighteen who are devoted to the love of outdoor activity. She has learned to play ice hockey and a long list of other rugged outdoor sports. A large group of cross-country skiing enthusiasts are headed for a lodge where there are wood-burning stoves for cooking and little individual cabins for sleeping. Brrr, doesn't that sound cold? They will cook their breakfasts together. Pack a backpack lunch loaded, I am sure, with just the correct balance of energy-supplying foods, and start off for a day-long adventure on skis. After a day outside, the skiers will return to the lodge and the supper crew for the day will prepare or finish supper for the group of twenty or more hungry athletes.

Katharine is struggling with menus because she has been given the task of planning the menus and buying the food for all of these people for seven days. Unaccustomed as she is to cooking for very large groups, this is proving to be a big, thought-provoking task for her. However, the ease of finding camping cookbooks is no problem any longer, so Katharine's task is not so complicated as it would have been five years ago.

Supper is calling me from the kitchen. Cooking for two is still a puzzlement to me. It seems Don and I eat leftovers more than we eat first-time-arounds. My mind is still cooking and planning for five. Fortunately, Don is a very patient man and he complains very little over the repeat menus which seem to turn up under his nose frequently.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

FOR BROTHERHOOD MONTH

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Arrange eight tall white tapers in candleholders which are placed in a semi-circle, concealing the holders with greenery. In front of each candle base, place a large gold letter, spelling out the word "NEIGHBOR". If each letter is placed in a slit in a square base of styrofoam, it will stand upright. Conceal the foam among the greenery. The candles are lighted by a helper as indicated near the close of the program.

Prelude: Use a medley of patriotic songs and hymns, ending with "America the Beautiful".

Leader: Today our thoughts will be on the theme of brotherhood as this is Brotherhood Month and I would ask each one of you to keep this question tacked up on one mental wall of your mind: "Who IS my brother?"

As a challenging thought I offer this statement made by Laurence Gould: "If America is to grow great, we must stop gagging at the word 'spiritual'. Our task is to rediscover our faith in the non-utilitarian values on which American life has rested from its beginning." These are the same values on which brotherhood is founded, I believe. Let us hear now what the Scriptures say to us.

Scriptures: Matthew 25:34-40 and I John 3:17.

Leader: When the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution were being written, the founding fathers foresaw a nation of people governed largely by inner discipline founded on a deep spiritual faith. These founding fathers were men of such faith.

In these turbulent days around the world, when grave anxiety is a whisper in every heart, it is good for us to pause and consider again these values upon which our nation was founded—faith in God, honesty, integrity, neighborliness, love, truth, justice, and unity.

In these days of unrest, turmoil, and hunger, we need to take inspiration from our pioneer fathers and mothers whose homely virtues forced upon them a

feeling of guilt if they avoided a road leading to their goals and their ideals because it was too difficult, demanded too great a sacrifice.

How do you answer the question, "Who is my neighbor?" Through our communications and transportation systems we might be said to have become one "global village". Yet we must admit that we are in so many ways far from what Christ meant when he spoke of "neighbor" and of "brother". Some we have crowded into inner cities, some elderly we have shuttled into glorified "old folks' homes". We have allowed social systems to develop which have kept the helpless victim in his place, separate from us, so we do not know his need. We have gotten to the place where the TV is a symbol of how close and yet how far away we are in relation to our neighbor in need, as one writer puts it. We see desperate eyes of the terrified and the swollen bellies of the hungry as just another news story. Where has the brotherly love, the old-fashioned neighborliness, the helping hand of our forefathers gone? We need to lay a firm hold on these values once again and begin to reach out to our neighbors everywhere, wherever there is need. That is what Brotherhood Month is really all about. We can put it in two words—CARING and SHARING.

I have more food than I can eat —

They die with hunger on the street.

I have more clothes than I can wear —

Their feet and legs and arms are bare.

My walls are thick and warm and dry —

Their walls are wind and rain and sky.

I have the love of noble souls —

Their lot is cold and empty bowls.

O Lord, I would REMEMBER when

Cries of the needy rise again.

—Unknown

Let us take these moments as our candles are lighted to think about all it means to be a GOOD NEIGHBOR.

CANDLELIGHTING CEREMONY

(As narrator reads the narration for each letter, a helper lights that particular candle.)

N — is for the NEEDY who need me as a neighbor, whether it be next door or on the other side of the world. Whether it is my smile, my words of comfort, a loaf of bread or a share of my money for warmth and shelter, I must make sure my heart is ready to respond to that NEED with love.

E — means that EVERYONE is my neighbor. It matters not where they live, what their religion, their creed, or their color. If they are in need, they need me, their neighbor, to care and to share.

I — *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.* The "I" makes me think of myself as an INSTRUMENT, as St. Francis of Assisi said: "Lord, make me an

INSTRUMENT of your peace!"

G — must surely stand for GROWING in understanding, in love, in world citizenship, GROWING day by day, year by year, in the art of true neighborliness.

H — is for the HELP and HEALING that can come as we offer the gift of love and friendship and material aid to those around us and to those away who may need it.

B — Let it stand for BROTHERHOOD, remembering these words from the Bible, *Be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted and forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you.*

O — is for OTHERS.

O Spirit of the Living God, Grant us the will, the courage to act today.

To live and work and share with OTHERS,

This we humbly pray.

R — May I be ever READY, RESPONSIVE, to my neighbor's need, knowing that someday I may be that one who would need a helping hand READY and RESPONSIVE, REACHING out to me!

Leader:

Encourage one another — let us call
Out words of courage to all those in need;
Let us reach out a hand to help them lest
they fall

And grow more disheartened; let us heed
The grave command within the Holy
Word:

"Comfort ye my people," saith the Lord.

—Author Unknown

Song: "America the Beautiful".

Benediction: Eternal God, forgive us when we fail to rise to the call of brotherhood or to hear the cry of a neighbor. Enlarge our boundaries to include all peoples within the circle of our love and understanding. Grant us good will toward all peoples, and allow us to know the joy of living together in brotherhood. Amen.

LOVE YOUR LIFE THROUGH

Love is the only undying thing in this world and perhaps beyond. Love for our nearest of kin and then for all mankind. Love saturates all human effort. It seeps into the beauty of flowers, the song of the birds, and in fact all nature. The great trees whisper it to one another, and the silent clouds against the blue sky intermingle. It is tossed from star to star in the firmament.

Everything beautiful in this life is seasoned with love, the love between each other, and the love of God. Without love this world would flounder. There would be no meaning to anything. There would be no hope to which to cling. You can't see love, but it is forever present where the human heart beats to the rhythm of all life.

—From an old scrapbook



Along the Way

(From Iowa to Florida in Two Weeks)

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Traveling from Ogden, Iowa, to Frostproof, Florida, for the winter was especially interesting and relaxed this year. It took my husband, Dale, and me about two weeks to drive the 1,700 miles, so you know our daily mileage wasn't very great!

We started east on I-80, drove to Champaign-Urbana, and then turned south through southern Illinois to Paducah, Kentucky. This is a beautiful area with state parks and campgrounds. The lakes of Kentucky provide space for more boats than you could ever imagine.

We continued on through Nashville, Tennessee, to Chattanooga, stopping frequently at roadside lookouts and rest stops. We especially enjoyed one overlook at the dam at Chattanooga and, also, near Lookout Mountain, there is a spectacular view where one can see three states on a clear day.

Next, we took a guided all-day tour of Atlanta, Georgia. We were quite taken with the city and think it has many unusual and attractive areas. We visited the church and tomb of Martin Luther King, thinking as we did of the many changes that have come since Dr. King's time in history, not only in the South but all over the country. An eternal flame burns near the tomb, which is located beside the Ebenezer Baptist Church where he served.

Atlanta has a large convention center and a very impressive downtown area. One office building skyscraper is all glass. Another apartment building, also predominately glass, is completely round. I've thought of it since, wondering how those apartments could be arranged unless in a pie-shaped pattern!

Atlanta boasts that it is a city whose downtown area has not "taken to the suburbs". There are two huge malls right in the heart of the city. The largest is Lenox Square with such stores as a new Neiman-Marcus. Just across the highway is what our guide called "millionaire's exclusive" shopping mall with such shops as Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord and Taylor, etc. Both these malls are attractively landscaped with many of the blooming shrubs and trees one sees

in the South.

Another interesting attraction in the downtown section is "The Underground". We remembered how General Sherman burned Atlanta to the ground during the Civil War. After the war, the city built up a business area, "rising like a miracle from the ashes". Then, in 1900, as the city grew, great viaducts were built over the old buildings and the network of railroad tracks, and thus, gradually, the old four-block business district was covered over. Ten years ago, the old city beneath the newer section was rediscovered and rejuvenated to become "Underground Atlanta", with 42 different shops, restaurants and nightspots located in the old buildings. The streets, street lamps and buildings are much as they were at the turn of the century.

The tour we took included a drive along the famous Peachtree Street including a look at Peachtree Center where the mammoth Atlanta Merchandise Mart is located. Atlanta has over 1,800 industrial plants which manufacture such commodities as furniture, aircraft, automobiles, textiles, chemicals, paper, food and steel products. I hadn't realized so many industries were located in Atlanta, guess I thought it strictly a cotton and tobacco town!

Another stop on the tour was at the Cyclorama, a building developed especially to house a great circular diorama of the Civil War's Battle of Atlanta which goes entirely around the wall of this round building. In the foreground, life-sized military figures, guns, horses, wagons, etc., have been placed in battle positions. As we heard the recordings of a voice describing the battle, with all the accompanying sounds in the background, it is as if we were actually watching the battle take place. To come outside into the calm daylight was like awakening from a nightmare!

A highlight of the tour was the drive along the residential streets. A number of the homes, particularly the Nunn House, have been pictured in many publications. Our guide told us that the house had sold recently for \$650,000. Another

house, the Swan House, is said to be the most elegant house ever built in the U.S. Mr. and Mrs. Swan spent two years in Europe buying the furnishings, many of which date back to the 5th century. Today the home is maintained by the Atlanta Historical Society and still has all the original furnishings. The front of the house looks just as we picture a southern mansion—twin stairways, one on each side, going up to the second-floor front veranda.

From Atlanta, we journeyed on to Cordele, Georgia, where we found a lovely campground in the woods. We left the trailer there and took a day to visit Carter country in and around Plains, Georgia.

Before entering Plains, we stopped at a new information center and rest stop. The center is not planned just for the present-day visitors, but for years to come, as such places become historical sites on through history. We then took a tour through the town and out into the country to see the farmstead where President Carter was born and lived as a boy, to the various Carter farms and warehouses. Our guide for the tour had been Amy Carter's teacher and has known all the Carters all her life, so we enjoyed visiting with her after the tour was over. She said that when the Carters come home for a visit, they still continue to go about their regular way of life in the tiny hamlet, calling on friends, visiting an elderly shut-in, calling neighbors, etc.

From Plains, it is just a short distance to the historic Andersonville Prison site and the restored village of Andersonville. This was of special interest to us, for in delving into our family history, I learned an ancestor had been imprisoned at Andersonville during the Civil War. We have letters in our family telling about the experience.

The following day, we drove on into Florida to St. Augustine, where we spent a weekend enjoying the beautiful beach and getting our feet into the Atlantic Ocean.

Continuing south to Titusville, we stayed over two nights so we might spend one day taking the tour of the Kennedy Space Center. Talk about a mind-stretching place! My poor, old, unscientific mind was really out of its element. I did enjoy it, however, as well as being awed by it all.

We arrived at our winter campground here in Frostproof, to find that many improvements had been made since last spring. Everything looked lovely and green. Some of our friends who winter here each year had already arrived and were waiting to welcome us, so it was like coming home again.

Since arriving, we have just relaxed and enjoyed the sun as well as all the fresh vegetables and fruits. It is a fine place to spend the winter.

MAKE-A-VALENTINE PARTY

(A Children's Party)

by
Erma Reynolds

St. Valentine's Day is coming, and the children will soon be knee-deep in red paper, heart stickers, paper lace doilies and paste, as they create valentines for family and friends. Making valentines is twice as much fun for a child when doing the work with friends, so why not let your youngster, or youngsters, give a **MAKE-A-VALENTINE PARTY**. Hold the party after school, or on a Saturday afternoon, some days before February 14. Ask each invited guest to bring his own scissors.

As soon as the children have all arrived, they are seated at a table that holds a supply of valentine-making materials—colored construction paper, paper lace doilies, valentine stickers, old greeting cards, seed catalogs containing flower pictures, crayons, felt-tip pens, and paste. Allow about an hour for the work. Then place the valentines on display for all to see.

Serve refreshments next, and keep these light so as not to spoil the youngsters' appetites for dinner. Heart-shaped cookies or pink-frosted cupcakes and hot chocolate should be sufficient.

After they have finished eating there's still time for a few games.

Valentine Jigsaw Puzzle: Give each guest an envelope that contains a valentine (comic ones would be fun). The valentine has been cut into many pieces, with each envelope containing an equal number of pieces. The one who puts his valentine together first is the winner. The others keep working on their puzzles



Modern toys are delightfully varied. Christopher Palo (Mary Lea's son) enjoys this huge blue punching bag made of plastic. It is certainly a fine outlet for any "mad" feelings he or sister Isabel might have.

until they are all pieced together. Last to finish must perform a forfeit decided upon by the other children.

Heart Toss: Players take hold of the edges and corners of a sheet, holding it chest high. In the center, place lots of little red paper hearts. At the go signal, the sheet is tossed gently up and down. When a whistle signal sounds, the sheet is given a big upward toss that sends the hearts flying in every direction. Each child scrambles about, trying to gather as many of the hearts as possible. When no more can be found, the one having the

most is the winner.

Heart Tear: Give each player a sheet of red construction paper. At the signal, the children hold these behind their backs and tear them into the shapes of hearts. The player who makes the best looking heart is the winner. Players then write their names on their hearts with white crayon, and hold them to be used in the next game.

Gathering Hearts: Give a soda straw to each player. Lining up against the wall they place their torn heart on the floor in front of them. At the far side of the room is a bowl holding lots of tiny heart candies (red hots). At the go signal, players race to the bowl and pick up one of the candies by sucking it onto the end of the straw. Back they race with it to the starting line, where they drop the candy on their hearts on the floor. Then they run to the bowl for another candy heart. The race continues in this fashion until all the hearts are gone from the bowl. The player who got the most hearts is the winner.

This is the final game. The children collect their valentines and scissors to take home. The **MAKE-A-VALENTINE PARTY**, which was great fun for everyone, is over.



*Valentine's
Day*



Do you remember the old valentine box of grade school days and the thrilling anxiety as to whether the "right one" would put a valentine in the box for you?

Roses are red, Violets are blue, Sugar is sweet/And so are you. Or, I lost my heart/But I'm not blue/Because I know/It's safe with you.

I have kept my childhood valentines and enjoy them each year as the month of February approaches. Each signed card brings back a memory or a face.

Only legend is left to explain the valentine origin. One fable credits the Roman Feast of Lupercus, god of the shepherds. During this celebration each maiden dropped her name card in the urn placed in the public square. Each young man drew a name to find his girl for the coming year.

Roman mythology presents Dan Cupid and his bow and arrow as a legendary tale.

Fortunately, this traditional feeling of affection is still with us. Ranging from lacy to racy, current valentines express in fact or fancy a great love story.

We each have our favorite and my love knows that a big heart-shaped box of chocolates is mine.

Along with the old we enjoy the new as we have become Grandma and Grandpa and are now the targets of another love.

It is a great day to celebrate.

—Marjorie Misch Fuller

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

EVERY INCH A LADY

by
Jean Holt

She was one of the most unusual women I have ever met. I was thirteen and just beginning to get involved in caring for babies and young children, when the new young Presbyterian minister, his wife and children came to town. I was eager to sit for them. In our community, news of the impending birth of a baby spreads like wildfire. This new preacher and his wife were going to have a blessed event! Arrangements were made for them to call me when it was time for the new baby's arrival; I was to stay with the older children.

I had been sitting with their children, Susie and Martin, for several months before the new baby arrived. Looking back, I can easily see that they were special children, born into a special family. Like most young ministers, Rev. Rymes was away—in and out would more accurately describe it—much of each day on church business: Mrs. Jones had arthritis and couldn't get out; Mrs. Brown fell and broke her hip; Mrs. Smith had an operation; and so forth. The phone rang and he called on his flock.

Mrs. Rymes was a rare gem. She was busy, probably more busy than many young ministers' wives. Doing all the church things she was supposed to do, she still had time for her family.

The Rymes' basement was unusual in that all that was in it was one washing machine, a television set, and two chairs. The first time I sat in their home, I looked around and decided they didn't have a television. Lots of people hadn't bought TV sets yet in the early- to mid-fifties. (You didn't miss what you'd never had.)

There was classical music usually, coming from the record player, and several bookcases lined the walls. It was fairly obvious that this was not your average family. They were in a different class.

Susie was a small, golden-haired girl with dimples and an outgoing, sunshiny personality. Martin was a blocky-built little boy who looked like a football player in miniature. Angels, both of them! I was used to chasing kids who didn't mind and who had to be hog-tied to get them to behave. But here were two children who were aged two and four, who minded very well, didn't scream and holler, and who acted as if they enjoyed their little lives.

I began to watch the Rev. and Mrs. Rymes in an attempt to discover why they had such a happy family. It was soon obvious that there was so much love—no little arguments were ever apparent, or big arguments either! These parents didn't fight with their children. The children did as they were told, but never seemed stifled in their thinking.

During these months of "watching," I

noticed lots of little things about the young family. Mrs. Rymes didn't care to shop often, usually preferring to purchase most of their clothes from a catalog. She said simply that it was much easier than shopping with two little children.

When the adults were going to a dinner engagement, which was frequent, Mrs. Rymes didn't throw a sandwich at the children and go out, she prepared a casserole, salad, and dessert, and created a special event for the children by having the sitter eat with them. What a treat! She was a terrific cook and I looked forward to those meals with the children.

It was after the first of these little dinners with the children that I was told about the television set in the basement. Since it was a special evening, the children could watch one television program of a half-hour's duration. Not just any program could be viewed. They had their choice of two, but both had been selected by the parents. Those sharp little minds didn't watch just any old variety show or cops and robbers program that was aired.

No grumbling occurred about turning the set off after the half-hour program had ended. Susie turned off the TV and we all went back upstairs. If they had shown the slightest inclination toward disobedience, I probably would have been eager to let them watch longer. We didn't have a set at home and the newness of those magical pictures was fascinating to me. But again, no argument, so what could I do?

Once, while visiting neighbors with my mother, I suddenly looked at the clock and remembered I was supposed to baby-sit with the Rymes children in fifteen minutes. In the habit of going on the bus, I had no way to go the 2½ miles in that amount of time. I telephoned Rev. Rymes and told him I didn't think they would want me that evening, as I had developed a sore throat. He assured me they weren't afraid of the children catching anything, and offered to come pick me up. I think he knew I was hedging, but he didn't bawl me out. At one point during the ride to their home, he simply said, "Don't ever back out of an agreement because it's more convenient to do so. It's no sin to forget something, but always speak up and admit that you've erred. People will understand." End of speech! But so gentle and kind.

By now, a few months had passed and pieces of baby equipment began to appear: first a crib, later a bassinet, a highchair, a baby scale and tiny bathtub.

Rev. Rymes called me around suppertime one evening. It was the BIG MOMENT. I'd never been around a woman in labor, and I'm not sure exactly what I had expected, but when I arrived, Mrs. Rymes was walking around as if



In our opinion, Betty Driftmier is truly "every inch a lady". As a minister's wife, she fills her days with service to others in many helpful and worthwhile ways, even to doing the family ironing! Frederick snapped this picture of Betty in the laundry room of their parsonage.

everything was normal. I think I was waiting for her to fall into the nearest chair and begin screaming, but she didn't. Supper was in the oven. The ever-present, quiet organization was still evident.

Just before they left for the hospital, Mrs. Rymes gave me the last-minute instructions which are automatic with most mothers. Then she said, "Remember, Jean, whatever you tell the children, don't ever back down. Try not to ask them to do something if you don't think it's necessary, but once you do ask them, don't change your mind. Expect them to do what you've requested." That is probably the most solid piece of advice I've ever received. The secret to their successful and happy household was summed up in those words.

Through the years I've often remembered those words of advice, spoken by this very special lady as she left for the hospital to give birth to her second son.

NEVER LOSE HOPE

by
Dr. Frederick Field Driftmier,
D.D., L.H.D.

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A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

A few weeks ago a young father of three children came into my study seeking pastoral counseling. He is one of my radio congregation that I have each Sunday morning, a person I had never seen before and probably will never see again. Normally, I do not have the time to counsel with persons who are not members of my large parish, but there was something about this man's problem which was so pathetic that I just had to be compassionate and give him some of my time. He was so grateful, that I am glad I took the time.

His problem was one that I have dealt with on several other occasions, and I want to tell you about it because of my thought that one of you may have the same problem. This young father was afraid of dying. He said, "Dr. Driftmier, I know you may think I am crazy, but the honest truth is that I am so obsessed with thoughts of death that it is ruining my health, upsetting my lovely wife and children, and interfering with my work at the office. I am losing weight, having headaches, and cannot sleep at night. I have been to see two different psychiatrists, and neither one has been able to help me so far. I pray to God that you can help me."

He went on to tell me that he would be watching a football game on T.V. and become so concerned that one of the players might be killed, that he would have to turn off his set and go into another room. Every time he looked at one of his own children he would find himself thinking, "Oh! What if this child would die? What would I do?"

In brief, that was his problem. Let me tell you how I handled it. Because he had been to see psychiatrists, it was important that I learn what they had told him, or asked him, or done to help him. He blushed and said, "The very first thing they started to question me about was my sex life. I was dumfounded by some of the questions they asked. I simply could not understand their line of thinking."

I explained that I assumed the psychiatrists were searching for some deep-seated feelings of guilt. "When we have conscious or unconscious feelings of guilt about something in our past, or about something we are doing in the present, those guilt feelings can play all kinds of tricks on us. Your psychiatrists were trying to discover anything which might lie way back in your childhood or youth which could have made you feel very guilty, so guilty that you tried to blot

it out of your memory completely, and that guilt feeling, refusing to be subdued, has gotten even with you by making you frightened of death." The father assured me that he could not think of anything now or in the past that made him feel guilty, and he went on to tell me that he thought the psychiatrists were satisfied that that was the case.

"It just has to be something else," he said, "I have lived a perfectly normal and decent life; I love my wife and children; I like my job; I believe in God. I do admit, however, that I am awfully scared that I am going to meet My Maker one of these days, and the thought terrifies me."

We talked about what it means to believe in God and what Christian people believe about death, and then I gave him some suggestions to try which might help him break his obsessive pattern. (Understand that all of these ideas were given after I had been listening to him for more than an hour and had learned quite a bit about him.)

1. Your psychiatrists know something that I know, too, and that is the possibility that you will one day remember what it is that is bothering your conscience. Somehow, you feel that God is going to punish you. It may have nothing to do with sex. Perhaps you have hurt someone, or were dishonest, or were disloyal. If you can think of anything for which you are sorry, take it to God in prayer and ask His forgiveness.

2. One way to get rid of a negative thought is to defeat it with a positive thought. When people are afraid of death, they can be helped if they do something relatively dangerous so they become convinced that they really are not afraid of dying. Take up a sport like mountain climbing, hot-air ballooning, boating, skiing, or anything else that has some element of risk. Just remember that there are safe ways to do dangerous things just as there are dangerous ways to do safe things. Every time you over-

come a fear, you become a stronger person.

3. Since you tell me that you do not do much of anything for physical exercise, I put that on the list of things for you to do. People who are depressed or who have obsessions and fears are usually people who do not get enough hard, physical exercise. Playing golf will not do it! Go to your doctor for a physical first, then choose an exercise and stick with it. Play tennis until you are utterly exhausted, jog until you cannot take one more step. Boxing, wrestling, skiing, skating and weight lifting are all good medicines for people who are afraid of something. Try hiking, jogging, playing handball, basketball, or go swimming. In other words, get some vigorous exercise and see what a difference it will make in your mental attitudes. Exercise is a wonderful tonic for getting rid of anxieties and anger. Get your wife and the children to walk and jog with you, and you will find a wonderful new togetherness.

4. You have told me that you often go home from work feeling completely depressed and filled with self-pity. That has to stop, and one of the best ways to do it is to start whistling! Make a strict rule to never enter your house without whistling or singing a happy tune. Your family will always know when you are entering the house because they can hear your happy whistling or singing. Act happy even if you don't feel joyful and you'll soon find you no longer feel cranky and sad. What a difference it will make in your own estimation of yourself when your family, friends and co-workers at the office identify you, not by your surliness and moodiness, but by your whistling and singing, your laughter and smiles. This is a simple remedy, but a superb one!

5. My fifth and final prescription for you is to start going to funerals and wakes or visiting hours. If you will go out

(Continued on page 22)



The parsonage at Springfield, Massachusetts, after a heavy snowstorm.

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

Winter is not my favorite season, but at least the snow and cold weather today have given me an excuse to stay inside and take the cover off the typewriter. Because I am a rather slow typist, I tend to type only those items I feel should look especially neat, such as business letters, reports, or lengthy correspondence. Often, I wish I had taken two years of typing in high school instead of one. It's true that one year of instruction provided me with the basic fundamentals which have come in handy time and time again, but an additional year of practice might have given me a big boost in the areas of speed and accuracy.

As I continue to work with learning disabled students, I find that some of them experience considerable frustration while attempting to acquire typing skills. Now, I do not teach any business courses myself, but I do consult with the business education teachers. At their request, I have been trying to locate and order materials and information regarding approaches to use in the instruction of students whose difficulties stem from problems with visual perception or fine motor coordination, for example. Unfortunately, such materials do not seem to exist in any great abundance. I'm beginning to think that few people have given any particular thought to this problem.

Recently, I received an invitation to visit with a minister who was concerned about meeting the needs of a learning disabled adult in her congregation. We spent a thoroughly interesting evening discussing a variety of ways in which reading and writing skills can be improved through tutoring and self-instruction. I am pleased to see that many colleges are now offering programs to meet the needs of students with specific learning handicaps. However, persons who do not live close enough to have access to a college program, can be encouraged to explore the possibility of private tutoring with a qualified person.

In the Chadron school system, as in many school systems, we have begun a fall kindergarten screening where children's learning abilities are assessed and areas of possible strength and weakness are identified. This way, if children lack good motor coordination, or experience confusion in processing what they see or hear, activities can be



Aaron Brase, age 10, is the son of Art and Kristin.

planned to provide practice for them both at school and at home.

Sometimes children will demonstrate an overall unreadiness for school. Although there are a few exceptions, this unreadiness is most often seen in children whose birthdays come after July, who are barely five or who turn five after school starts. These young five-year-olds, especially boys, are at a disadvantage developmentally in a class group where they are, for the most part, in constant competition with those a few months older than themselves.

The decision to start a child in kindergarten or to wait a year can be an extremely difficult decision for parents to make. Several parents of pre-school children have asked me for advice in this matter, and once in a while I receive a request to test a pre-school child. Because each child is unique, advice must be tailored to the specific situation; however, I do advise parents of handicapped children or parents who suspect their child may have a handicapping condition, to seek evaluation, professional help, and special programs as early as possible.

In specific cases where I have tested children and found them to possess normal intelligence with no symptoms of learning disorders, I occasionally have advised parents to give their child the extra months at home to develop a maturity that will enable him to succeed in academic tasks. Development of memory, attention, concentration, body image, and interest, all play a significant role in school achievement. Parents have told me that the greatest obstacle they have faced in giving their child this extra maturity time was the criticism of well-meaning friends and relatives. This seems unfortunate because it reflects a degree of conformity to society that is

not sensitive to individual differences.

Some parents express the concern that a six-year-old will be bored in kindergarten. It has been my observation that intelligent children with good teachers are seldom, if ever, bored. However, if it came to a choice, I would rather see a child be successful and bored than to be frustrated and failing.

As I write this letter, Art is working at West Nebraska General Hospital in Scottsbluff while he is waiting to undergo eye surgery—a cornea transplant. Art has an eye condition, in both eyes, called Keratoconus. My understanding of this condition is that the cornea progressively becomes weakened and bulges outward, with the possibility eventually of tearing, splitting, or rupturing, as in Art's case.

Although Art may have had Keratoconus from childhood or even from birth, we had been married for about three years before the problem was diagnosed by Dr. Titus in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Until 1966, Art had worn regular glasses and he said he wondered why they didn't seem to help his sight very much. When Dr. Titus fitted Art with contact lenses, the contacts provided enough pressure against each cornea to more or less hold it together, and Art could see better than he could ever remember.

In 1966, Dr. Titus explained to Art that the contacts might slow the progress of his loss of vision, but that he would probably need a cornea transplant in about five years. We were told that there was a 50-50 chance of this operation improving Art's vision. How grateful we are that wearing contacts has helped hold each of Art's corneas intact for not five, but twelve years, and that during this twelve years, surgery techniques have improved to a point where the operation is now considered successful in approximately 95 out of 100 cases.

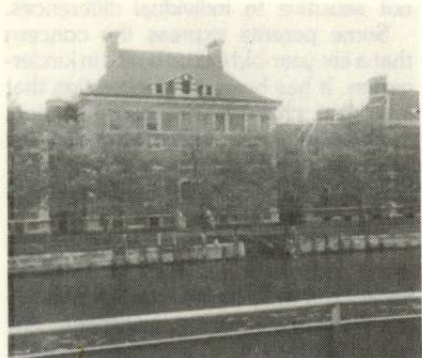
I'd like to close this letter with the sincere wish that you and your dear ones are happy today. I know you will be if you are learning with me to appreciate one day at a time and "count your blessings".

Sincerely,
Kristin Brase

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ELLIS ISLAND

by
Evelyn Birkby

Choosing the high point of my recent trip to New York City would be an impossible task, but the experience which was the most emotional for me during my stay in this unusual area, was a trip to Ellis Island.

Strangely, when I planned my itinerary, Ellis Island was included only as a place to sail past on my way to visit the Statue of Liberty. "O.K.," I thought, "I'll just see that old immigration center from the ferry and that will be that."

But it wasn't enough. As the ferry moved across the waters of New York Harbor toward the Statue of Liberty, and I saw the red brick buildings and twin water towers of the U-shaped Ellis Island, I knew that somehow, I HAD to make the trip to that island. I needed to walk down the gangplank, go across the yard and into the hallways and rooms which meant so much to so many people as well as to the continuing growth of our country.

It was two days later before I could return to Battery Park at the "bottom" end of Manhattan Island. I arrived early in the morning to catch the first ferry. I purchased my ticket just as two buses drove up to the dock area with two groups of senior citizens. The passengers clambered down to the pier and at that moment our ferry came into view through the foggy atmosphere, its whistle sounding forth a loud greeting. My mood became one of excitement and enthusiasm; an adventure, which had been a long time in coming, was about to begin.

The large gathering of passengers walked up the gangplank and onto the ferry. Most of the senior citizens went to the glass-enclosed area below deck. Upon finding seats, they began pulling buns, rolls, and thermos bottles of coffee out of their tote bags, paper sacks and large purses, visiting happily all the while.

I moved to the top deck where I could see the New York skyline receding into the haze, and then turned to watch as we approached Ellis Island. The ferry moved closed to the U-shaped slip of water which contained the landing area as well

as an old, sunken boat which had once been used to carry immigrants from ocean-going steamers over to the island. Surrounded, now, by many of the passengers, I listened to their excited chatter. Gradually, the realization developed in my mind that almost every one of these senior citizens had either entered this country as an immigrant through Ellis Island or had relatives who did!

The guide who greeted us as we disembarked was a lovely girl whose grandfather had immigrated from Russia and been processed through Ellis Island. She described to us how the area had appeared when it was new and bustling with some 2,000 immigrants per day coming through until, eventually, over 12 million people passed through those red brick buildings. Some 90% continued on into the United States to become hard working, creative, efficient and some very famous members of our society.

The island is now owned by the National Park Service. The deterioration of the buildings has been halted, but money is not presently available from Congress to restore them to their original condition. It is to be hoped that money can be forthcoming to preserve this historical landmark as a special place in the heritage of our country.

As our guide gave us this introductory speech about the island, she reminded us of the millions of immigrants who had come through the center clinging frantically to their belongings, terrified that they might be returned to the country from which they had fled, concerned lest their family be separated (anyone over 11 years of age was considered an adult and could be returned alone if cause was found) and frightened at the prospect of the questioning and medical tests which faced them before they could gain permission to go the few miles across the harbor to the "promised land".

Taking the same path the immigrants took, we walked up the steps, through the front door, along the hallway and up the stairs to the huge main hall. This large room was once quite beautiful with fine gray tile, regal pillars, Tiffany chandeliers and high, arched windows. The rows of hard wooden benches, used so many years ago, are still in the hall. Our tour group sat on them, uncomfortable and chilled, as we tried to reconstruct the feelings of those first, newly arrived travelers.

Our guide explained how the boatloads of immigrants would be brought into the big hall and then the examinations would begin. Questioning was usually done very rapidly so, the philosophy went, the aliens would answer truthfully. Naturally, this led to much confusion, especially to the many who understood little or no English!

Names frequently were changed in the confusion of languages—Kuiper became Cooper, Sontag became Sunday, Konigs became Kings, Krankeit became Cronkite, etc.

Medical exams were always frightening, for any ailment could be cause for sending a person back to the country from which he came. If a person seemed out of breath after climbing up a flight of stairs, lung or heart problems were suspected. If eyelids were inflamed, the fear of dread trachoma was cause enough for rejection. After this explanation, we visited a room where final medical examinations were held for those who were suspected of having some physical problems which would make them unacceptable. Nearby was a room set aside as a court of last resort for those who desired to have their cases re-examined after being told they must return to their native countries. This process must have given some sense of what democracy was all about. How complete the medical examinations were or how competent the judges were one can only guess, but an effort was made to be fair.

We were then led into the austere-appearing dining room, a section of the building which still contains some of the long wooden tables, chairs and metal dishes used at the turn of the century. The kitchen seemed too small to be used for serving so many people. With the coal- and wood-burning stoves and no air conditioning, it must have been a sweatshop situation. Stories of some of the problems which the immigrants faced with regard to food were told. How would you eat a banana if you'd never seen one before? If you thought a tomato was poison, would it bring panic to your heart to be served a plate filled with them?

One does wonder at the cultural shock which must have come to every one of the foreigners who arrived in America expecting great wealth, ease, tolerance, religious freedom — whatever — and facing the tremendous amount of discomfort, prejudice, work and heartache which must have been the lot of most.

As we left the building, I realized that every person in our country had an ancestor who immigrated to this land. Even the first "Native Americans" are thought to have crossed the Bering Straights when it was still a land bridge to Russia. We are all, in one sense or another, immigrants.

Reluctantly, we retraced our steps to the ferry. After boarding, we heard the whistle give one last ceremonial toot and the boat moved back out of the slip and glided past the lonely, forlorn, abandoned buildings. Quietly, each heart on board made its own salute to those who had come this way before.

A MULTITUDE OF HOBBIES

by
Harold R. Smith

A friend recently asked me if I had a hobby and the question was thought-provoking. Mr. Webster, in his *New World Dictionary*, defines the word as: "something that a person likes to do or study in his spare time; a favorite pastime or avocation." Reading on, the word is derived from *Hob*; a nickname for Robin, formerly applied to horses. I suppose our word "hobbyhorse" may have originated in the remote past from this term. I often look up a word and wind up reading the dictionary—a fascinating hobby indeed!

As a child I collected rocks. I selected mine for color, texture and interesting shapes. Friends who traveled brought me rocks from various states. One specimen glittered in the sunlight and I was sure gold was embedded in the quartz. My friends explained it was a worthless mineral that merely sparkled. I still thought it beautiful, but with the explanation my intense love for rocks partially vanished.

In my teens, I collected coins. All change was carefully scrutinized, hoping a rare coin might turn up. In my case it never did, but a friend, who collected coins at the same time, found two very valuable pennies in a roll purchased at the local bank. In time, I lost interest and sold my coins at a small profit to another friend who had become obsessed with such a collection.

For some unknown reason, I never went through a "stamp phase". I still find postage stamps interesting (and necessary), with their colorful scenery, portraits and historical designs, but never had an irresistible urge to collect them.

Accumulating seashells was a childhood hobby that extended, for a time, into my adulthood. A few shells remain in my possession and occasionally I find one hidden away in a drawer and it takes me back, in memory, to a beach in Florida. I see myself, in some mysterious way, on that particular beach where waves in irregular patterns wash the shore; the sound of a sea gull's cry pierces the silence and, on the horizon, a freighter disappears from view. That memory lives again in the white shell with a pink interior.

I never considered reading a hobby but a vital necessity. Virtually all the knowledge of the past and present is recorded in the medium of the written word. We are blessed in our village with a branch library with an excellent selection of books, and Kay, our librarian, is always helpful. I read any worthwhile subject ranging from history, nature, biographies, art and philosophy to the current best seller. I respect any author's literary style, thoughts and opinions for



It's a real shame this cannot be in color for the hot-air balloons make a dazzling sight against a brilliant New Mexico sky. The balloon in the foreground almost landed in Juliana and Jed Lowey's acreage. Every youngster in the neighborhood made a wild dash to get to it.

writing involve countless hours of research and labor. Naturally, some authors are enjoyed more than others, for we all have definite likes and dislikes in what is read. I am still grateful to an early teacher who instilled in me a thirst for reading and these many years later, the thirst has not been quenched.

People who say they never have time to read amaze me. Books are easily carried into a doctor's or dentist's office, for invariably one must wait even with an appointment. My dentist is now adjusted to the fact that I carry my current book to his dental chair. After an injection one day, he asked that I tell his assistant when my jaw was numb. She had to ask me for I was far away in Africa with an explorer seeking the mouth of the Nile River—my *mouth* had been entirely forgotten!

Correspondence is another hobby I enjoy and a portion of each day is utilized in answering letters from friends throughout the country. Through letters we share the daily events in our lives, happy as well as sorrowful moments. With old friends, we can share our hopes and dreams knowing that our confidences will not be ridiculed or rejected—the test of true friendship. Nothing gives me more pleasure than a mailbox filled with letters, cards, notes and even junk mail. The best way to receive mail is to send mail, else the daily trip to the village post office is in vain, other than the healthful benefits derived from walking.

I am happy to hear of the new crafts people are enjoying; many are the crafts of yesteryear which have become popular again. Some were never considered lost arts but there is a great revival among younger people today to emulate the hobbies of other years. A local club quilts at their meetings and during a festival last year raffled a quilt to

raise money for their treasury, so their hobby of quilting proved profitable as well as enjoyable.

In today's busy world, with so many people working, we find a healthy reversal of traditional tasks: if a man wants to cook or a woman wishes to learn carpentry, then this is what they should pursue. Many couples work together around a house and this gives additional time to enjoy hobbies.

A favorite cousin once gifted me with a handsome pair of walnut candlesticks. I was amazed she made these with her husband's woodworking tools. She was amazed later when her husband made her a beautiful dress. He decided anyone could make a dress, proved his point, and thus both he and his wife shared new hobbies and relished the experiences.

Hobbies can be anything or everything, simple or technical, inexpensive or expensive. The choice is ours, so if an avocation has eluded you these many years, remember a multitude of hobbies await you!



Happy New Year!

The Wishbone Cafe would like to take this opportunity to "thank you" for your past patronage. We are looking forward to serving you in 1979.

Kent & Connie

RECIPES

EASY CHERRY-TOPPED CHEESE PIE

- 30 single graham crackers, crushed
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 12 ozs. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup cottage cheese
- 3 eggs
- 2/3 cup white sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Crush graham crackers and combine with brown sugar, butter or margarine and burnt sugar flavoring. Press into lightly greased 9-inch round cake pan (a spring-form pan is best if you have one). Bring crust up sides as much as possible. Combine softened cream cheese, cottage cheese (drain off any excess liquid or use dry). Beat eggs, sugar and flavorings together until light and fluffy. Add cheese mixture. Spoon into crust and bake in a 350-degree oven for 20 minutes. Let cool in pan. Combine cherry pie filling and cherry flavoring. Spoon over top of cheese pie. Chill. Cut into wedges and serve.

This may be varied with other pie fillings. —Evelyn

BEEF ROLL-UPS

(a slow-cooking pot recipe)

- 2 lbs. lean boneless round steak, cut 1/2 inch thick
- 12 carrot sticks
- 6 dill pickle spears
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- Salt and pepper
- 3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1 1/4 cups water

Cut meat into 6 pieces. Wrap meat around 2 carrot sticks and 1 dill pickle spear. Secure with toothpick. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange roll-ups in slow-cooking pot. Add onion slices. Combine the dressing and water and pour over the meat. Cook at high setting for 4 hours, or at low setting for 8 hours.

—Betty Jane

FIRESIDE DINNER

- 1 7½-oz. pkg. macaroni and cheese dinner
- 2 cups diced cooked ham, turkey or chicken (or a combination of all)
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas and carrots, cooked and drained
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 Tbls. parsley
- 1/4 tsp. rosemary
- Dash of pepper

Prepare macaroni and cheese dinner according to package directions. Add remaining ingredients. Stir over low heat until thoroughly heated. Serve.

—Betty Jane

MOCK SOUR CREAM

- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3 Tbls. skim milk or 2% milk
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- Pinch of salt

Blend well and then beat. In a blender, start at low speed, then whip on high. May also be mixed with an electric mixer. 2 ozs. of this mixture equal 57 calories.

—Evelyn

CELERY-LIMA CASSEROLE

- 3 slices bacon
- 3 cups celery, cut in 1/2 inch slices
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1/2 of medium-sized green pepper, diced
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen lima beans
- 3/4 tsp. savory leaves or Italian herb seasoning
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- Paprika

In wide frying pan over medium heat, cook bacon until crisp. Remove bacon from pan, crumble and set aside. To bacon drippings, add the celery, onion and green pepper. Cook until onion is transparent. Remove from pan. Cook lima beans according to package directions. Drain. Combine the lima beans, cooked onion mixture, bacon and seasonings. Combine soup and milk and stir into mixture. Spoon into 2-quart casserole. Top with the shredded cheese and sprinkle paprika over all. Bake, uncovered, in 350-degree oven for 25 to 35 minutes.

—Betty Jane

VERLENE'S CRACKER NUT DESSERT

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 5 eggs
- 1 3/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup pecans, chopped

Cream the sugar and margarine. Add the butter flavoring. Add the eggs, one at a time. Beat well. Add the graham cracker crumbs and baking powder. Beat well. Add the milk, vanilla flavoring, coconut and pecans. Blend well. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes. Test center with toothpick for doneness.

Topping

- 1 1-lb. box powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine, softened
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Mix the above ingredients. Beat well. Pour over warm dessert.

CHERRY-FOOD CAKE

- 1 regular size devil's food cake mix
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

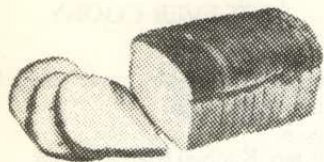
Combine ingredients in large bowl. Mix until well blended. (Can be mixed by hand or on low or medium speed of mixer.) Spread batter in greased and floured 10½- by 15½-inch sheet pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

Topping

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1 6-oz. pkg. cherry chips
Combine all ingredients with exception of chips. Boil 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in chips. Stir until melted and smooth and then spread over cooled cherry-food cake.

Almond chips may be used in this topping recipe if cherry is not available. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring and enough red food coloring to make the shade of red desired. Continue as directed. Chocolate chips or butterscotch chips may also be substituted for interesting variations, using the flavoring desired. Freezes well.



A CONTINUING STORY

Every time sourdough is mentioned on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program the letters pour in declaring it the finest bread which mankind has ever devised. It is excellent in flavor, easy to make and has a history which makes it worth trying just to carry on the tradition of the pioneers and homesteaders of years gone by. Sourdough starters have been known to continue for generations, handed down from mother to daughter and kept replenished and "living" to produce fine bread products for yet another family.

It has been said that sourdough purists don't use yeast in their products; natural yeast from the air creates the leavening in the mixture which has been left out long enough to collect the yeast spores. This is a chancy business accompanied by varied successes and failures. Using the commercial yeast makes a far more dependable product.

Sourdough bread can be used as a money-making project. If you have ever purchased a loaf of the bread in a Farmer's Market after it has been made in some far-distant state and flown in, you know what a price it can command. It is excellent made into loaves and frozen in plastic bags to be sold in quantity. Jars of prepared starter could be sold with the recipe attached.

Just remember, sourdough needs to be replenished frequently enough to keep it "alive". Get the mixture out of the refrigerator the night before you plan to use it, add 2 cups warm water and 2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour per cup of the sourdough mixture. Cover and let stand at room temperature all night. It will be ready to use by morning. If you prefer a tangier taste, the mixture can stand even longer.

It has been some time since we shared any sourdough recipes so here, thanks to the encouragement and experimentation of a number of our readers, are the most successful.

Sourdough Starter

- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 1/2 cups lukewarm water

Beat well, preferably with electric mixer. Cover. Let stand with cloth covering for two days. Starter is then ready to use. Stir down occasionally, if necessary. Store in refrigerator in covered glass jar (not metal). Will keep indefinitely, however, starter should be used at least every two weeks and equal amounts of water and flour added to

remaining starter to keep it going. Starter may be used in many breads, pancakes, waffles, etc.

Sourdough French Bread

- 1 cup sourdough starter, room temperature
- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups warm water
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 4 to 4 1/2 cups flour

Put the sourdough starter into large bowl and let come to room temperature. Soften yeast in lukewarm water to which the 1 tsp. sugar has been added. Add the 1 cup flour, soda, starter, warm water, oil, sugar and salt to yeast mixture. Stir well. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead on lightly floured breadboard until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease on all sides. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Turn out on breadboard. Knead well—about 8 minutes. Shape into 2 oblong loaves. Place on greased cookie sheet sprinkled with cornmeal. Let rise until double. Slash top with razor blade or electric knife, making diagonal cuts all along the top. Brush lightly with water. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes, or until golden brown. Freezes well. Cool and then wrap in plastic or foil to freeze.

Sourdough Pancakes

- 1 cup sourdough starter
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. soda
- 2 cups all-purpose flour

Combine all ingredients in order given. Beat with a light hand to keep the bubbles in the sourdough starter. Bake on hot griddle, turning once to brown on both sides. Add more milk if a thinner batter is desired.

Sourdough Corn Bread

- 1 cup sourdough starter
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 cup cornmeal
- 1/3 cup oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Place all ingredients in bowl. Beat with a spoon until well blended. Pour into well-greased 8-inch square pan, muffin tins or corn stick pans (makes small ear-shaped pieces of corn bread). Bake at 400 degrees 25 to 30 minutes for the square

pan, about 15 or 20 minutes for the muffins and corn sticks, or until done.

Sourdough Sugar Cookies

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sourdough starter
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 3/4 cups flour

Cream shortening and sugar together. Beat in flavorings and egg. Add sourdough starter. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in. When well blended, drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon (2 tsp. sugar and 1/2 tsp. cinnamon mixed together). Bake at 350 degrees for 12-15 minutes, or until done. Baking time depends on size of cookie. These can also be frosted or glazed as desired. Freeze well.

—Evelyn

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

CRACKED WHEAT SALAD

- 2 cups cooked cracked wheat
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 1 quart bite-size pieces iceberg lettuce
- Salt and pepper

Combine cooked cracked wheat and dressing. Chill well. Mix with lettuce and season to taste with salt and pepper.

—Betty Jane

ORANGE CHICKEN BREASTS

- 8 boneless chicken breast halves
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 cup sliced almonds
- 5 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 6-oz. can frozen concentrated orange juice
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 tsp. leaf rosemary, crumbled
- 1/8 tsp. ground thyme
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch

Combine flour, 1 tsp. of the salt, garlic powder and paprika. Coat chicken with this mixture. In large skillet, saute almonds in the butter or margarine until golden brown. Remove almonds. Brown chicken breasts in same pan. Place chicken pieces in single layer in a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Sprinkle almonds over chicken. Discard pan drippings. Combine orange juice, water, rosemary, thyme and remaining 1/2 tsp. salt. Heat to boiling. Pour over chicken in baking pan. Cover with lid or foil. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour or until tender. Remove chicken from pan, keeping it warm. Thicken liquid with the 2 Tbls. cornstarch. Pour in bowl and serve as an accompaniment to chicken or over Chive Rice (recipe follows).

CHIVE RICE

- 2 1/2 cups packaged precooked rice
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 4-oz. cans mushroom stems and pieces
- 2/3 jar chicken granules
- 1/4 cup chopped chives

Saute the rice in the butter or margarine, stirring constantly until golden. Drain the liquid from the two cans of mushrooms into a 4-cup measure and add enough water to make 2 1/2 cups. Stir into the rice. Add the chicken granules, chives and mushrooms. Heat to boiling, cover tightly, remove from heat and let stand 10 minutes.

ANGEL FOOD DESSERT

- 1 large baked angel food cake
- 4 10-oz. boxes frozen strawberries, thawed
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 pint whipping cream, whipped

Drain juice from strawberries and put in a saucepan. Add flavoring and a little cornstarch. Cook until thickened. Cool thoroughly. Fold in strawberries and whipped cream. Break up angel food cake into small pieces. Layer half the cake pieces in 9- by 13-inch pan, pour on half the strawberry-cream mixture and repeat layers ending with strawberries on top. Chill overnight.

Dorothy Johnson served the Orange Chicken Breasts, Chive Rice and Angel Food Dessert at a recent luncheon.

BEST-EVER COOKY

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 3 cups quick-cooking rolled oats

Cream the shortening and sugars. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Form into small balls and place on cookie sheet. Dip glass in granulated sugar and use it to flatten balls. Bake at 400 degrees for 8 minutes.

—Dorothy

SALMON QUICHE

- 1 unbaked pie shell
- 1/2 cup chopped green onion
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 15 1/2-oz. can pink salmon
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach, thawed
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 2 cups small-curd cottage cheese
- 1/4 tsp. crumbled oregano
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Pinch of nutmeg
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Saute onion in butter or margarine; combine with salmon. Layer in pie shell. Cook spinach according to package directions; drain and layer over salmon in pie shell. Combine eggs, cottage cheese and seasonings. Spoon over spinach layer. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes.

—Betty Jane

CHEDDAR CHEESE QUICK BREAD

- 2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 5 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. dill weed
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1 1/2 cups uncooked quick or old-fashioned rolled oats
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 eggs

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the butter or margarine. Stir in the dill weed, cheese and rolled oats. Add the milk and eggs. Mix just until moistened. Pour into greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pan. Bake in preheated, 375-degree oven for one hour. Cool for five minutes in pan. Remove from pan and cool for 40 minutes before cutting.

—Dorothy

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES**

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MEET OUR STAFF



Louise Annan

A visitor who comes into the Kitchen-Klatter plant in Shenandoah turns to the right and enters the front office. If, perchance, he should become confused and turn left, he will find himself in the book-keeping department of the business. Here the large books are posted, accounts payable and accounts receivable recorded, the payroll is made up, checks are written, products invoiced, bills paid and the inventory of stock on hand made periodically. All of this work, and more, as in any business, takes a tremendous amount of time and effort.

For over 18 years, Louise Annan has been a "general bookkeeper" for Kitchen-Klatter, which is simply a way of saying she has done every type of work needed in that particular department—a most necessary and specialized occupation for a busy, diverse business.

Louise's background prepared her well for the responsibilities of bookkeeper. When she was in high school in Coin, Iowa, Louise took as many courses in typing, bookkeeping and related work as she could. Encouraged by her teachers and led by her own interests and growing abilities, she decided to continue her education in the business field. Following high school she attended the Platt-Gard Business School in St. Joseph, Missouri.

Louise worked for a time in St. Joseph after completing her business training, and then, at the death of her mother, she returned to her home in Coin, Iowa.

Coin is located 15 miles east of Shenandoah, Iowa. It was here that Louise was born to Tressa and Roy Eberle. Her grandparents lived nearby and Louise often visited them.

Louise's father owned the local produce and grocery store. "I remember the farmers bringing in their cream and eggs," Louise reminisced. "The eggs were candled by holding them up to a light to see if they were good. Cream cans holding fresh, whole cream were brought into the creamery part of the building. Here it was tested for weight

and the farmer paid according to the butterfat content as well as the quantity delivered. My first experience with office work was in helping my father keep the records of the incoming cream and eggs, and in writing the checks for the farmers."

In a quiet parsonage wedding in Clarinda, Iowa, Louise and classmate, Wayne Annan, were married. "This was in the days before the big church weddings," Louise explained. "People just did not have the money for such fine affairs. I had a new blue dress and a pretty corsage. Wayne drove into Clarinda and got the license and arranged for the minister and witnesses. The wedding was simply arranged and the ceremony nicely and quickly performed."

The couple farmed for several years near Coin. Louise continued helping her father with the bookwork in his business. During this time, two children were born to the Annans, first a daughter, Judy, and five years later, a son, Gary.

The Annans moved to Farragut, Iowa, about five miles southwest of Shenandoah where Wayne has been employed by a Farragut grain elevator company ever since.

After moving to Farragut, Louise was employed for five years at the May Seed Company in Shenandoah doing general office and specialized IBM work. In April of 1960, she began working for Kitchen-Klatter located in the old downtown office.

(Continued on page 22)

TOLE!



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THOUGHTS AT THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

by
Betty Jess Peck

I stood before the gigantic pillars of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., and experienced the inspiration of a lifetime. The great edifice of stone is surpassed in grandeur and beauty only by the heart and soul of the man who inspired it. I stared up at the rugged countenance of the man enthroned upon the great chair, oblivious to the people around me, deaf to their voices, walking back in time to think how it must have been to see Abraham Lincoln as he was.

I see a too-thin little boy suffering his first great loss in the death of his mother. Later, as he looks questioningly up at his new mother, is the unspoken question, "Will you understand my quest for knowledge? When my father has finished exacting the day's toil which he needs from me, will you guide and encourage me to learn the many things I want to know? Most important of all will you understand?"

As the good woman clasps him

lovingly, she promises herself that young Abe shall have his chance. Thus is not only laid the foundation of a great man but the cornerstone of a great nation.

In the days that follow, my mind trudges weary miles with young Lincoln to borrow books and sit beside him as he reads before the crackling log fire. I am awed at his insatiable appetite for knowledge and the determination to secure it in the face of such hardship.

Mentally, I split rails with him in the fields and read over his shoulder as he makes the most of the moments he stops to rest. I ride beside him on the high wagon seat as his big, bony hands guide the oxen across the prairie to a new home in Illinois. He is now a tall, lanky youth, superb in strength and athletic ability, and a sense of wisdom far beyond his years.

He leaves the family home and strikes out for himself as youth must always do, and I both laugh and cry with him through a succession of jobs from boatman to storekeeper, ventures often financial failures, but rich in experience. I share the happiness of his first great love and sink to the depths of despair at her death.

The gangling youth becomes a man. His wealth of stories is legend, and his honest and sound reasoning earn the respect of his countrymen, and he serves them well, first as a captain in the Black Hawk War and later in his state's legislature.

With the grim determination born in the backwoods of Kentucky, Lincoln makes up his mind to become a lawyer. With almost a mother's pride, I imagine I see him admitted to the bar. He is a family man now and when he comes home in the evening he delights in hoisting first one and then another of his

small sons upon his broad shoulders for a stroll down the street.

He is off to the East where he engages in a hot debate over States' rights. He loses the race for Senator, but people are beginning to respect the wisdom behind his craggy brow and two years later elect him as President of the United States.

Through the years of the Civil War conflict that follow, even successful battles are a nightmare. At his desk late at night, President Lincoln writes letters of condolence to mothers who have lost sons in the service of their country. Even as he writes, death invades the White House and leaves him bereft of a son.

I am one of the crowd at Gettysburg who hear that memorable address and know that the words, "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth," give to us a trust we dare not break.

When at last the struggle to preserve the Union is ended, he puts his shoulder to the wheel of reconstruction.

Surely, after five, long, grueling years, such a man is entitled to an evening of relaxation. His lined and tired face tries to manage a smile for the good wife beside him as they sit watching a play in Washington's old Ford Theatre. Then, like the grand finale to a great performance, a shot rings out, and the "Great Emancipator", still so sorely needed, is gone. No, Abraham Lincoln is not gone; he is enshrined forever in the heart of America.

My mind returns to the present. As I look at the great hands immortalized in stone, I want to take one moment and say, "Mr. Lincoln, I'm so glad you belong to us."



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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Lord, Let Me Love (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$7.95) is a Marjorie Holmes Treasury of her favorite prayers, poems and prose writings which have appeared in her books. She says we have so many kinds of love for which to be thankful—Young Love, Married Love, Family Love, Life Love, Self Love and God Love. The warmth and wisdom of Marjorie Holmes is shown clearly through *Lord, Let Me Love*.

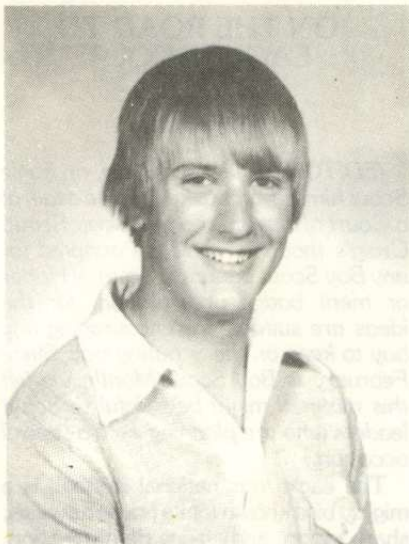
Of "Heart Friends" she writes,

How generous is God that He has given me these few special women who are the true friends of my heart. How He must love me that He has let us find each other upon this crowded earth. There is no blood between us, no common family history. Yet there are no barriers of background, or even age. Older, younger, richer, poorer—no matter. We speak the same language, we have come together in a special moment of time, and the sense of union we feel will last throughout eternity.

You readers have your "heart friends" as do I, and this seems an especially beautiful description of them by Marjorie Holmes.

One of America's foremost botanical illustrators is Anne Ophelia Dowden. She began her lifelong hobby of collecting and drawing native plants and insects as a child in Colorado. Her latest book is *State Flowers* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$7.95), in which she presents all fifty state flowers in delicate full-color paintings. Her informative text along with each picture highlights their origin, history and special uses. From the glowing golden poppy for California, to the graceful columbine on the mountain slopes of Colorado, to the delicate lady slipper of Minnesota, to the beautiful wild rose of my home state of Iowa, *State Flowers* is an artistic delight.

When I reviewed Patricia Leimbach's *A Thread of Blue Denim* a few years ago, her joy of farm living was appreciated by both farm and city readers. Her newest is *All My Meadows* (Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., \$8.95) in which she captures sensitive experiences of life in all of its "meadows"—family, friends, nature, country and city living. Of Farm Midwinter, she writes, "It's the time of the year when one takes stock of things. . . in the house, life is secure. The fruit jars and the freezer are full. There's bread in the oven, soup on the stove. There's coal and wood aplenty in the coal bin, a roaring fire in the furnace.



Andy Brase, age 14, is the oldest son of Kristin and Art. He recently competed in the Nebraska State Marching Band Contest.

The farmer, weary of bookkeeping, stretches out in a lounge chair and falls asleep. The state of the farm—steady and holding."

Pat Leimbach says *All My Meadows* is a collection of the "daisies" she's gathered in the middle years of her life as a farm woman. She concludes the foreword of her book by writing, "I've noticed that a bunch of daisies is much more fetching when it's interspersed with stalks of wheat and accented with random weeds . . ."

All My Meadows is a humorous collection of human experiences to savor. Don't miss it.

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Have a singing heart to love song . . .

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Have faith when your dreams go wrong.

You've got to live to know life . . .

Have suffered to understand pain . . .

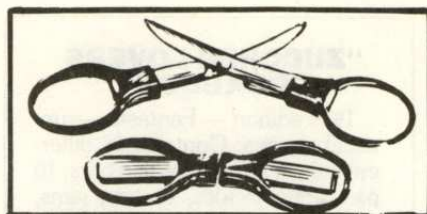
Have memories locked in your heart
To be stirred by a loved refrain.

You've got to give to receive,

For giving enriches the soul . . .

Spread sunshine if you'd feel the sun . . .

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—Anonymous



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ON THE ROAD TO EAGLE SCOUT

by
Craig Birkby

(EDITORIAL NOTE: Craig, an Eagle Scout himself, was asked to give a talk at a Court of Honor for a new Eagle Scout. Craig's thoughts could be adapted for any Boy Scout banquet, Court of Honor or merit badge presentation, for the ideas are suitable for encouraging any boy to keep on the Scouting trail. Since February is Boy Scout Month, we felt this material might be helpful to Scout leaders who are planning such a special occasion.)

The eagle, our national symbol, is a mighty bird known for its powerful wings, sharp vision, and strong determination, and it is these characteristics which make it an appropriate symbol for the highest rank that can be earned by a Boy Scout—the rank of Eagle.

On the road to Eagle Scout, boys have many experiences in which they gain knowledge, understanding and character that will be part of them for the rest of their lives.

Through various activities, a boy advancing toward this highest rank is constantly seeing many new people: fellow Scouts in the troop, the Scoutmaster, other adult leaders who help give inspiration and guidance. While working on merit badges, the Scout works with and learns from the many adult counselors with whom he comes in contact. And if a Scout has the opportunity to attend a Regional, National or World Jamboree, he will spend a week or more living, learning and relating to people from all across our nation and from around the world. Through these exposures, a Scout will come to respect people of various cultural differences, nationalities, races and religions. At the same time, he will be able to set aside these differences and to recognize the fact that each person is an individual.

As well as growing in understanding of other people, to become an Eagle Scout a boy must grow in understanding of himself, for it is only through self-understanding that he can develop the leadership, self-confidence and motivation that are required to become an Eagle. These are qualities which the Scoutmaster, teachers, church, friends and family all help to develop, but which cannot be given to the Scout, he and he alone is responsible for their birth and maturation. It is he who is ultimately responsible for the way in which these qualities are used.

Through self-understanding, a Scout can also realize his limits. Nevertheless, he strives to improve himself mentally, physically and spiritually. Such a Scout continually tests himself, in the troop



Boy Scouts are a hardy group. Activities continue all through the year, even in winter. "Freeze outs" are challenging camping experiences when cold and snow put survival techniques to the test. These two Scouts, who are making soup over a wintry campfire, are members of Troop 77, Sidney, Iowa.

meetings, along the hiking trails, in the classroom and in his merit badge work. Through these tests, a boy discovers the potential which lives within him.

The Eagle Scout sees the need for the proper use of his potentials, for he has a growing awareness and appreciation for the beauty of the land and of the people around him. He sees the limitations of both and the need to make wise decisions in the way we treat all our resources.

To become an Eagle Scout means to have experienced much, to have learned from those experiences, to have developed leadership, responsibility, motivation, appreciation and respect. The most important meaning of reaching this highest rank is the upholding of the high ideals upon which the Boy Scout organization is founded as revealed through the Scout Oath and Law. When an Eagle Scout says, "On my honor, I promise to do my best, to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law, to help other people at all times, to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight," you can be assured that he is stating the words, not as a recitation that he has been taught, but as a commitment to his God, his country, to other people and to himself.



THE MARK OF QUALITY

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Several interesting new vegetables have won All-America Selection awards for 1979. Here is a list of their variety names. You will find seed available in most Canadian and USA mail-order seed catalogs but not usually in retail store racks. Keep this list handy and look them up in your catalogs as they arrive.

Cucumber "Saladin Hybrid" is a Bronze Medal winner and has many fine attributes to offer for the home garden. The bright green skin of the fruits is so tender that you can eat them whole or slice into salads without peeling. Saladin forms medium-short, pickling-type fruits—not the long, slicing fruits you see in the markets. Pick Saladin at any stage up to 4-5 inches in length for baby dills, sweet or sour, or bread-and-butter pickles. The fruits brine well and are the right size for packing into quart jars. Because the hybrid plants of Saladin bear mostly female blossoms, a small percentage of pollinator seeds are included in the seed packets. Don't thin out cucumber plants that look different from the others; these are the pollinator plants. Not only does the hybrid vigor of Saladin guarantee strong plants but they are also resistant to scab, mildew and bacterial wilt.

Edible-podded peas are nutritious and filling and contribute fiber, vitamins and some carbohydrates. You can grow more than twice as much food per foot of row than from peas that must be shelled and for these reasons alone, the new All-America Selection Gold Medal-winning edible-podded snap pea called "Sugar Snap" is worthy of a space in your garden. Vines are tall and supports are recommended. Four feet is the average height for spring-planted Sugar Snap peas.

A new kohlrabi called "Grand Duke" has hybrid vigor, good flavor and a high percentage of edible matter. The bulbs of Grand Duke can be peeled and sliced thin for dips, grated for salads or diced and cooked like turnips. This new one is ready for table use within 45-50 days of planting. Plant early outdoors in the richest soil available.

Two winter squashes have been added to the list of 1979 winners. They are "Early Butternut Hybrid" and "Sweet Mama Hybrid". The former produces many small fruits per vine that are ideal for smaller families. It matures ahead of most winter squashes and takes less garden space. Fruits are almost solid and are relished for their light flavor and firm texture. Sweet Mama was awarded a Bronze Medal because of its early maturity (85 days), handy-sized fruits, (2-3 lbs.) and its good texture, flavor and high production.

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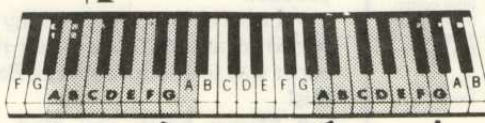
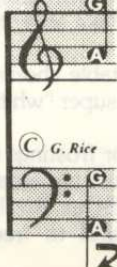
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From Our Family Album

Our cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander, the youngest daughter of Frederick and Helen Field Fischer, was kind enough to send this print of herself for our use in the "Family Album" series. Louise grew up in Shenandoah but has lived in Claremont, Calif., for many, many years. She has a son, a daughter and two grandchildren.

—Lucile

TIPS FROM A BAKER'S DAUGHTER

Having grown up the daughter of a professional baker, I use little tricks in my kitchen that give my cooking that "bake shop" look. I'd like to share them with you.

- To any butter cream frosting recipe, add 1 Tbls. flour to take away the powdered sugar taste.

- Use white vegetable shortening instead of butter for a super "white" frosting.

- Use colorings for frostings sparingly. Bright, harsh colors are amateurish.

- Use canned milk as the liquid in frostings if you intend to freeze the product.

- Leftover dry cake or cookie crumbs added to any filling for sweet rolls is a super way to use up leftovers. Bakers do this!

- Always brush any kind of rolls before baking with a mixture of whole egg beaten with 1/4 cup water for that "bake shop" look.

- Brush any bread before baking with egg white beaten with 1/4 cup water, then sprinkle on sesame seed, poppy seed, dry rolled oats, or raw bran for that bit of "extra".

- When baking French bread or hard rolls, brush with egg white and water as all recipes tell you, then place a flat pan, such as a jelly roll pan, with boiling water in it, on the lowest oven shelf. When the oven reaches the correct temperature, bake as directed. Baking with steam gives the extra crispy crust.

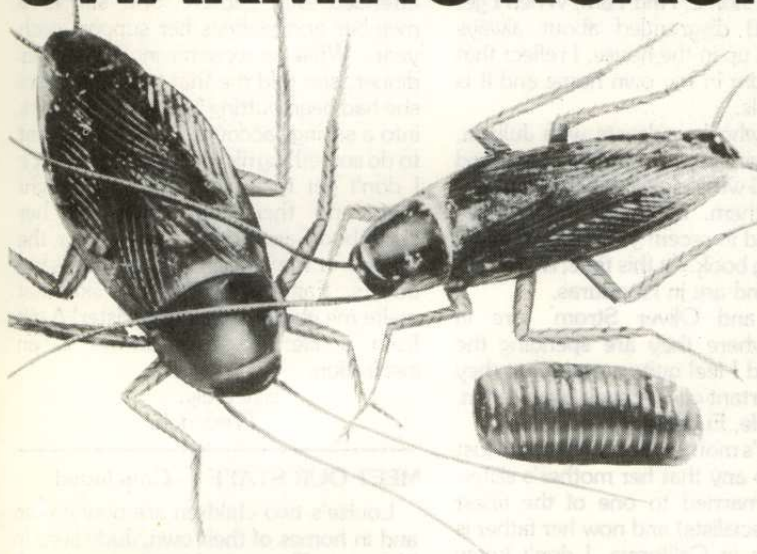
- When baking parker house or dinner rolls, take time to form various shapes, adding egg wash and seeds to the tops of some. Roll about a third of your dough out, spread with butter and jam or cinnamon-sugar mixture, roll up jelly-roll fashion, and cut into cinnamon or breakfast rolls.

A bread basket filled with a variety of rolls can make any meal very special, and mark you a SPECIAL COOK.

—Mrs. Vern Berry



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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

A.M. I can remember when I could encompass something like that, but not now. I think a long time before I even ask six people to come and eat for I never know in advance if I'm going to be up to it, or if I should get to my bed and rest

on moist heat. (I had one short stay at the local hospital during the "Ho Ho" season which didn't amount to much—nothing like the extended hospitalization periods of days gone by.)

My brothers and sisters are wonderful about calling me. They can always safely dial my number because they are sure that I'm at home. And I am. When I get bored and disgruntled about always being shut up in the house, I reflect that at least I am in my own home and it is comfortable.

Robin, who broadcasts with Juliana, was here with her husband's mother and sister and I was so glad to have a chance to meet them. MY! The experiences they've had in recent years would make an exciting book. At this time, Robin and her husband are in Honduras.

Marge and Oliver Strom are in Arizona where they are spending the winter, and I feel quite certain that they have important guests: their son, Martin, and his wife, Eugenie.

Eugenie's mother died of cancer (it just didn't help any that her mother's sister-in-law is married to one of the finest cancer specialists) and now her father is remarrying in California. I don't know what their plans are beyond this, but I presume they'll make a stopover in Albuquerque before returning to their home base in Minnesota.

If you feel confused as to who all of these people are, I'm sorry—I get confused myself at times! But it's my family and I guess we've gotten to be sort of a fragment of Iowa history. It's a good thing I love Iowa since this is where I will spend my remaining years.

For all of your wonderful cards and letters, I send my deepest appreciation. I just wish I could somehow acknowledge them.

Sincerely,
Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
of your way to *comfort others* who have lost loved ones, and if you will think of yourself as helping God to heal broken hearts, seeing yourself as His messenger of faith and hope, you will be amazed at what will happen to some of your own fears about dying. It's like ballooning. If you are afraid of heights, go up in balloons. If you are afraid of death, help people who have had a death. Face up to the fact that the entire population of the world, all three billion of your fellow passengers on this spaceship called *Earth*, will eventually die, so learn to accept death as a friend, not an enemy.

Did this young father follow my advice? I do not know, and I may never know; I do know that this advice helped me some years ago, and I know that this advice has helped others to whom I have given it.

To completely change the subject, let

me tell you of a wonderful event that happened here in the house the other evening. We had a guest for dinner, a woman who worked all of her life as a secretary and who now lives alone some distance from our city of Springfield. Years ago, she did live here, and when she lived here, she and her mother attended our church. She still is a member and pledges her support each year. While we were having coffee after dinner, she told me that for many years she had been putting five dollars a week into a savings account. She said, "I want to do something nice for my church since I don't get to attend anymore." Right then and there she took out her checkbook and wrote a check for the church in the amount of one thousand dollars. Faith and gratitude like that make me glad that I am a minister! A gift from a life like hers always is an inspiration.

Sincerely,
Frederick

MEET OUR STAFF — Concluded

Louise's two children are now grown and in homes of their own. Judy lives in Plainview, Texas, is a teacher and, with her husband, David Bye, is co-owner of a dairy ranch. They have three children. Son Gary and his wife, Shirley, both teach in the Carson-Macedonia school system about 40 miles north of Shenandoah. They have two sons.

Louise's favorite hobby is traveling with her husband. "We've been all over the United States, taken a grand tour of Europe, Greece, Russia, the Holy Land, England, have gone to Oriental countries and Hawaii. I am so lucky that Wayne enjoys travel just as much as I do. We have no problem knowing what we want to do on vacations, the problem is to decide where to go.

"Reading and golfing are two other hobbies I enjoy," Louise continued. "Entertaining friends and doing yard work and growing flowers when I have the chance are also ways I enjoy spending my spare time."

So Louise has found many uses for her time and talent, both during the 18 years she has been part of the Kitchen-Klatter family and with the outside activities she enjoys so much. She still, after all these years, finds the work challenging and varied. "Kitchen-Klatter has so many different areas for a bookkeeper to work with, it makes the job especially interesting."

COVER PICTURE

Isabel Palo spends much concentrated time at the typewriter given to her several months ago by her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Driftmier. She is determined to be able to type her own cards next year.



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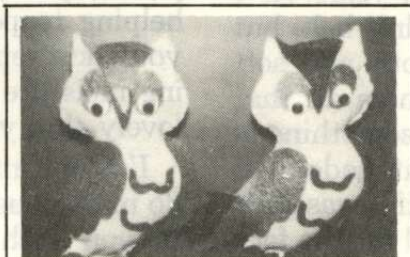
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I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

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