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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The sun is streaming through the south windows here at my desk. If I didn't know that the outside temperature was below freezing, I would swear it was summer. Our New Mexico sun is always very warm—even in the middle of winter. I am very much aware that it is the winter season when we get the largest utility bills. Do you know anyone who hasn't grumbled this year about the high cost of heating a home? Astronomical utility bills is one of the reasons that we found a large colony of retired people from the United States living in Guatemala. There are several areas of that country that have temperatures which remain between 55 and 75 degrees year 'round. Their seasons are measured in "wet" and "dry". The climate is a definite plus in certain parts of Guatemala. But, I need to go back to the beginning of the trip we took

Actually, plans started being made for a trip to Guatemala when we were on the plane coming home from Peru two years ago. We had had such a wonderful time that we all decided to go again on an exotic trip. Cousin Emily DiCicco suggested that the next logical place to go would be Central America, and she and her husband would try to go with us. Our interest in archaeology made Guatemala the perfect destination because of the extensive Mayan ruins in that country.

As the time neared for departure, members of the group and our means of transportation underwent some last-minute reshuffling. Two people who had planned to go couldn't make it, but the major change in plans was that we were able to go on a much less expensive airline. The airline that was offering the inexpensive tickets was due to start service into Albuquerque only one day before we were to leave on the trip so we crossed our fingers and, most fortunately, it all worked out!

We left Albuquerque on schedule. All

the grandparents who were to take care of the children who were staying home were on deck, so we all left with light hearts.

The first stop was Miami, Florida, where we spent the night and met Cousin Emily and her husband, Rich DiCicco. The next noon we were on the jet headed for Guatemala City. This is a short flight, so in no time it seemed we were landing in a brand-new country for most of us. We were met by our tour guide who got us all into a small van which was to become very familiar to our group in the days to come.

After a short tour of the city, we arrived at the Posada Belen which was to be our base of operations. This is a lovely old colonial-style home which has been converted into a small hotel with rooms situated around a courtyard full of gorgeous tropical plants. This hotel is located near the center of the city, so after getting settled we started exploring the streets on foot.

The next morning we pared our luggage down to a minimum (storing the bulk of it at the hotel) and all squeezed into the van. Our first stop was the archaeological site of Quirigua. This is a beautifully maintained national park which is famous for its Mayan stelae. Stelae are intricately carved stones. The largest stela at Quirigua is 35 feet high and is thought to be the largest stone ever to be quarried by the Mayas. We spent several hours at Quirigua and then went on to our next destination which was the little town of Rio Hondo. There we spent the night.

Bright and early the next morning, we started for Copan, Honduras. Our guide had told us that although it is not far mileage-wise, it is a long trip time-wise because of the poor condition of the road and the time-consuming process of crossing the national border between Guatemala and Honduras. Fortunately, we managed the road and the border crossing with a minimum of delay. Copan is located in a valley about 2,000 feet high.

The Mayan ruins at Copan are truly beautiful. The setting is lush green and this makes a beautiful color contrast with the white stone used in the buildings. This huge city was occupied from about 400 A.D. to about 800 A.D. Probably the most famous structure at Copan is the Hieroglyphic Stairway. This staircase is 85 feet high and 35 feet wide. The entire width of each riser is covered with hieroglyphic text—a total of about 2,500 glyphs decorate the structure. These ruins cover many acres so we spent the rest of the day prowling around from one structure to another. Excavation work is going on all the time and we were able to visit with one of the archaeologists who gave us some insights into the difficulty of excavating and maintaining archaeologi-



When the Loweyes and the DiCiccoss were in Guatemala, everyone had a great time deciding what to bring home in the way of souvenirs. Jed Lowey (wearing glasses on the left) and Rich DiCicco (holding the coins on the right) are enjoying dickering with a native Guatemalan salesman over some coins he is hoping will catch the eyes of these two "Americans"!

cal sites in the jungle.

We all liked Copan. In addition to the ruins, we enjoyed the little village of Copan where we spent the night. It is a small town with a charming hotel and friendly people and a very interesting museum. The town plaza contains the biggest rubber tree I have ever seen. The species we grow as house plants are actually used as shade trees in Central America!

We returned to Guatemala City, caught our breath and then headed out the next morning for a tour of the Guatemalan highlands. Our first stop was the old colonial city and previous capital of the country, Antiqua. Antiqua was established in 1542 by the Spanish and has been badly damaged by earthquakes. It is now being reconstructed as close to the original as possible. We visited several churches and a textile factory. The factory consisted of many "foot looms" gathered together in one place. These looms are operated by people—not by electricity. We were unable to resist the bargains in beautiful handwoven cloth and we all got tablecloths, napkins and other fabrics.

I will say right here that we did not allow enough time for Antiqua. If I could do the whole trip over, I would find some way to spend at least an entire day in this historical city. As it was, we had to keep to our tight schedule. After a delicious lunch at one of the old hotels, we

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It's long been my understanding that people with what might be called "well-focused" minds never permit themselves to be distracted by things that do not have a bearing on their concentrated object of thought. I think this is true. And I also think that I haven't any such powers of concentration because for the last hour I've been distracted by a big collection of birds that have been carrying on right outside these windows where I write.

Something about the weather conditions thus far this winter has combined to give us a collection of birds that we've never had before. Many of them are the old faithful varieties such as blue-jays, cardinals, chickadees, etc., but many we cannot identify (even with the help of good binoculars) and not just two or three of them at one crack but at least fifteen or twenty. If your life situation permits you to be trotting around at a hectic pace, you probably have no opportunity to observe such things, but if you get out of the house only two or three times a month, you surely have a good chance to see such displays and to wonder about them.

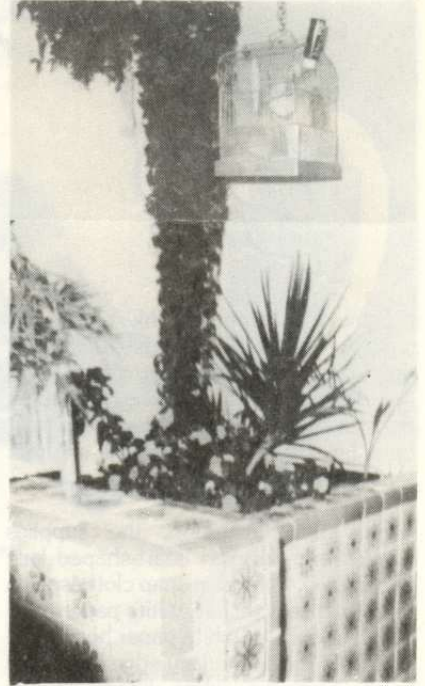
What a marvelous world this would be if unusual bird behavior was all we had to wonder about! I hadn't dreamed that the very opening of a new decade would bring such fearful conditions to face. Our world is now called the world of "instant communication" and I won't argue with the fact, but I just wish that "instant communication" carried news less fearful and alarming. Probably I wouldn't be saying this at all if it weren't for the fact that countless letters written to us carry the same reaction. We're all in this together.

Last month I had to write to you outlining what we HOPED would happen during the holidays just ahead. Well, everything worked out wonderfully well—not a single hitch anywhere. Betty Jane's daughter and her family arrived right on schedule and we had a household of very happy people. It just cannot seem like Christmas to me without young people on deck, so Jennifer and Jessica surely made a big difference.

I had thought in advance that the two girls wouldn't be the least bit interested in riding the old bikes that have been kept in our basement for James and Katharine, but they had a thrilling time covering most of the town and kept saying how wonderful it was to be FREE to get anywhere they wanted to go on their own. This is exactly the way James and Katharine react to Shenandoah. If you have children coming to visit from some large city, you need not spend one second wondering how in the world you're going to keep them entertained—just open the door and turn them loose. On bikes or on foot, they'll be thrilled to



When Juliana and Jed Lowey remodeled the bathroom of their home in Albuquerque, a worn-out washer and dryer were removed. In the resulting space, they used brilliantly colored Mexican tile to build an attractive planter. Since a skylight is in the ceiling directly over the planter, it is a perfect place to grow all kinds of exotic plants. The tallest one almost reaches the skylight. The bright tile, the lush plants and the sunlight streaming in from above, make quite a sight when the door is opened from the hall into that bathroom!



death to get around entirely on their own.

Our family, now so widely scattered, has four momentous events scheduled for later months in 1980. Two of these struck us with a sensation approximating what you'd experience if a long-sleeping volcano suddenly erupted without warning; two of them were completely unexpected and represented a radical change. In such uncertain times, I simply don't feel free to go into details, but later you'll hear all about them . . . IF they come to pass!

I'm greatly interested in the widely different kinds of jobs and skills that young people have to choose from today. Emily's husband, Rich DiCicco, is a good illustration of this. After much experience in a Control Data Corporation, he has now formed his own business called Technology Catalysts, Inc. I'm not sharp enough to understand the intricate details, but I CAN grasp the fact that he is going into business for himself.

Two of Betty Jane's children have struck out on their own. Her daughter, Naomi, who visited us in December, has gone into a partnership with a good friend in a professional housecleaning service. They work at the cleaning together and in only a short time have lined up more apartments, houses, etc., in San Francisco than they'd ever dreamed of handling. There isn't time on their schedule for even one more client.

Betty Jane's son, Nicholas, (who also lives in San Francisco) had gained such a reputation as a professional chef that he has now gone into a partnership with a catering service for private dinners in homes throughout the Bay area. Their

schedule is also booked amazingly full. I might add that among their first big jobs was serving a banquet for eighty people aboard a great luxury yacht anchored peacefully near the Mainland!

Bookbinding as a business has long been established, of course, but Betty Jane's daughter, Heather, is studying the art of FINE bookbinding at the University of Minnesota Press. With more and more value being placed on first editions, rare manuscripts, etc., there will be a growing demand for beautiful binding jobs which are works of art in themselves.

In Paul Driftmier's letter, he mentions the career he expects to pursue: medical illustration. A friend of mine has a son who is studying intently to learn to do a unique type of photography needed for extremely complex surgery. And my only granddaughter, Katharine Lowey, says at this point (she is only nine!) that she expects to become a veterinarian and specialize in zoo animals.

The list of vocations that people can do today, be they young or just winding up some phase of life and looking for something else of interest, is virtually endless. I would like to hear reports from you friends about skills and professions and jobs that are open today.

Betty Jane and I have a daily schedule that is pretty much on an even keel. We have demanding things to do that are governed by the clock, and if something has to be done at 10:00 A.M., it is done exactly at 10:00 A.M. and not one minute before or one minute later. We have lived together now for six years and are rarely taken by surprise about anything that happens. Her family has become my
(Continued on page 18)



A Mr. & Mrs. Valentine Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

If your club has been thinking of having a party to entertain the husbands of the members, a Valentine party offers such a fine opportunity. It can have the romantic theme—which we women love—yet be a fun time so the men will enjoy it.

INVITATIONS

For each invitation, the supplies needed are: one red heart-shaped lace paper doily, a wooden snap clothespin, a red cupid seal sticker, white paper from which to cut two white paper hearts of a size to fit inside the lacy edge of the red heart. Cut the white heart double, leaving them attached at the top. Use a red felt-tipped pen to make a scalloped border on the edge of the top white heart. With a red ink pen, write "I WAS SMART" across the top of the white heart. Fasten the red cupid below the writing. On the inside, write "WHEN I SNAPPED YOU UP!" and below that write the invitation: "So I want to show you off as my guest at our (name of club) Valentine party,"; then list date, time and place. Each wife signs her husband's invitation. Glue the white heart to the red one. Write on the clothespin, in red, "YOU'RE MINE". Snap the clothespin to the invitation. Each member can hand-deliver her invitation—quite a saving in postage!

DECORATIONS

A roll of bright-red shelf paper will provide a good many inexpensive decorations. From it, cut a large red heart to fasten to the front door. Cut a large arrow from white paper and insert through slits in the red heart. Cut hearts in various sizes; make a slit in the top and bottom of each heart, then string on long lengths of pink ribbon. Place along a buffet table, or hang around a doorway or drape over a window. Cut out large heart place mats to use on serving trays or on the table.

Musical Notes make pretty wall decorations to pin on curtains or along the dropped edge of a tablecloth. Make them of red paper, cutting the note itself in heart shape. Lengths of red chenille-covered wire can also be bent to form musical notes. (These bend easily into heart-shaped notes with the note stem bent at the end as an eighth note.) These are pretty among the flowers of a centerpiece, fastened to a nut cup, to a mint as a place favor, or even secured to

the rim of a water glass with a bit of clay.

Apple Cuties: For each "cutie", choose a large red apple. Carefully peel the skin from one side to make a heart-shaped space. Use lipstick to mark on rosy cheeks and a rosebud mouth. Use eyebrow pencil or eye liner to mark in large eyes and eyebrows and mark in the nose. (If preferred, white paper hearts might be pinned to the apple, then mark face on paper.) For the lady cuties, stick a little spray of artificial flowers and a bow of ribbon into the top of the apple as a hat. For the gentlemen apples, fasten on a paper hat or cap. Stick three round toothpicks at the base of each apple so that it will stand up on a paper doily (these come in the red, white, silver or gold colors in heart shapes). Use the cuties as individual favors; by grouping several of these amid swirls of curled ribbon, a pretty centerpiece can be created.

ENTERTAINMENT

Cobweb Partners: Have a long length of red string for each lady and a white string for each man. Knot a red and a white string together for each couple. Before the party, entwine all of the strings together, looping strings around the room, around chair legs, etc. To find their partners, each woman takes the end of a red string and each man a white string and they follow it, untangling it, until they find their partner at the other end. This is a sure-fire icebreaker to begin the party. Whenever a game calls for partners, these persons will now have one.

Love Letters: Prepare a sack for each couple with small squares of paper on which are marked the letters of the alphabet. Include several of each of the most often used letters. To play the game: as the leader calls out a word, each couple draws out a handful of letters from the sack to see which couple can first find the letters to spell the word and get five points. The letters are put back in the sack and another word is announced. The couple with the highest score wins the prize. Use words such as love, cupid, Valentine, heart, sweetheart, etc.

Valentine Baseball Series: (The men should score high on this one!) Answers are baseball terms. 1. Used in your favorite cake (Batter), 2. Inaccurate (Error), 3. Your fiancée would love it

(Diamond), 4. Taken unlawfully (Steal), 5. A fly by night (Bat), 6. A successful show on Broadway (Hit), 7. You've forgotten your house key (Shutout), 8. A kind of offering (Sacrifice), 9. You like it at mealtime (Plate), 10. Where Cinderella met her prince (Ball), 11. To make a flying visit (Shortstop), 12. Seen at Halloween (Mask), 13. Might also be a successful fisherman (Catcher), 14. Associated with a holiday dinner (Foul), 15. Nice to use in hot weather (Fan), 16. What ruins a lady's hose (Run), 17. Dangerous on the highway (Curve).

A BLUE AND GOLD CANDLELIGHTING SERVICE

Setting: Place four tall blue candles in low holders to the left side of a small table, and four blue candles to the right. In the center, place the Cub Scout Books. In front of the candles on the left, stand large gold letters to spell out BLUE. On the right, arrange letters to spell GOLD. As the narration for each letter is given by a Cub Scout, he lights the candle which corresponds to his letter.

B — The letter "B" stands for *Be Prepared*,

The motto of each Scout.
Preparedness for life is truthfully
What Scouting is all about.

L — The letter "L" stands for *Loyalty*,
Loyal to all that is right and good,
Loyal to each other and our neighbors
To make one great brotherhood.

U — "U" stands for the *United States*,
The land where we live, right here.
Every Scout, wherever he goes
Continues to hold it dear.

E — "E" stands for each boy's *Enthusiasm*

Which gives him zest for life.
It helps in the exciting times
And holds him steady during strife.

G — "G" for *God*, our Creator,
Our Guide and our Friend;
His love's always with us
World without end.

O — "O" is for *Obedient* —
Which every Scout tries to be,
Obedient to God, to his parents
And to all good authority.

L — "L" salutes our *Leaders*
Who are tried and found true.
Here's to every Scout leader,
Our hats are off to you.

D — "D" reminds us to *Do Your Best*,
The Cub Scout slogan we say,
To remind us to be good Scouts
Each and every day.

All in Unison:

Here's to the Cub Scouts
Both the young and old,
May we always live up to
The BLUE AND THE GOLD!

Virginia Thomas

I AM THE KITCHEN TABLE

by
Bernice Herman

Will you please stop that terrible noise? I have something I want to tell you. Ouch! That gook you put on me gets in my eyes and it smarts. The scraping and sanding hurts. Listen, will you please?

That's better. Thank you. I hope you have finished with what you call "preparing the wood before refinishing" because I don't like it. You are so intent upon making me beautiful that you have forgotten the precious experiences which caused those dents and scratches on me. I never did like the gum stuck on my underside, but many of the mars I would like to keep as reminders of some very happy days gone by.

Your grandfather and grandmother bought me when they were first married. I was shiny, new, and very sturdy. I witnessed lots of living in my many years of use in their home. Nice people, they were, and good to me. Then, when I was "middle aged", your papa and mamma got married and, because the old folks were getting too old to farm, the young folks took over. As was the custom in those days, Grandpa and Grandma stayed on with the newlyweds as they would need someone to care for them.

All the members of the family, and it grew larger from year to year, gathered around me for breakfast together: big bowls of oatmeal with rich cream and sugar, fried potatoes, bacon and eggs, milk, coffee, and cinnamon rolls with home-churned butter. Grandpa and Grandma helped feed the little ones.

After breakfast I held two dishpans, one in which the dishes were washed and the other in which they were scalded. After the dishes were dried and put away in the pantry cupboard, my oilcloth top was wiped clean with the dishrag and I was ready for the next job.

At baby-bathing time, I was given a soft blanket to hold, a dish of soap, a can of powder and a pan of warm water—usually rain water or melted snow. I enjoyed every minute of the goosing and cooing that went on. Baby got cleaned, sweet-smelling, and dressed in a fresh outing flannel nighty or a starched dress and slip. Inside I was doing a little cooing on my own.

Next came the pie-making for dinner. Grandma drew a chair up close to me. One of the children brought her a pan of apples. She put the pan on her lap while she peeled, cut out worms, and sliced the apples into a dish which I held for her. As soon as your mamma was through feeding the baby, she made the pie crust and rolled it out on me. I could feel the smooth rolling pin running this way and that; it felt good.

After the thick cinnamon pies were popped into the oven, a dishpan of



This photograph of the dining room in Frederick's and Betty's new home should really be in color. The carpeting is a rich shade of rust, the wainscoting is painted white, the flowered wallpaper is in orange and green against a light background. The tall dieffenbachia plant in the corner and the plush chair covers add touches of green to a beautiful setting for the Driftmier dinners.

potatoes was delivered to Grandma's waiting lap. Again I held the kettle of water into which she put the peeled potatoes. Another vegetable replaced the potatoes on Grandma's lap and the process was repeated.

Chickens were butchered on my sturdy surface; beef steak was pounded on the board I held; noodles were rolled and cut and left to dry; and in my lifetime I've felt the kneading of hundreds of loaves of bread. I held the brown wrapping paper on which cookies were placed to cool. I liked that, especially the cutout ginger-molasses cookies. I felt doubly important because they had also been rolled on me.

When you were a little tyke, you were so short that you could walk right under my top. All of your brothers and sisters were measured next to me when they started to walk; thus the children were compared with each other for height.

One of my leaves has been lost, but at one time there were four. I could be extended so the threshers could sit around me for meals—fifteen hungry men. I was glad to be of help in the preparation of that food, and to be strong enough to hold all the dishes when they were put before the men. There were also the family dinners on every holiday. People came every Sunday for dinner or supper. It was exciting.

I did my part to put all of you children through school. I held your books while you studied, holding your papers while you worked arithmetic, practiced your spelling words, and diagrammed sentences for language. Of course, I held the lamp so you could see.

Lots of feet were under me during family conferences. There was much

laughter and sometimes crying. I was right in the middle of it, helping in my humble way. Like a good friend, I was there when I was needed.

Do you recall the family devotions every night? Grandpa, or Papa after Grandpa was not with us anymore, would get the family Bible from the library table in the parlor, set it close under the lamp so he could see, and he would read a passage. This was followed by a beautifully worded, long prayer. Little heads soon nodded and came to rest on me, sound asleep. I felt warm inside; it was as if I were in a sacred place.

Sometimes I think I might have been the most important piece of furniture in that home—without a doubt, I was one of the family.



COVER STORY

February in Iowa frequently brings some of the worst snow and ice storms, and some of the most beautiful. On the February day when Blaine Barton took this month's cover photo, sleet and ice had joined with an 8-inch-deep snowfall to make a sparkling scene of crystal trees and bushes. An 18-degree-below-zero temperature added to the sense that staying inside by a warm fire and enjoying the view through a window was far wiser than venturing outside. An ice storm does make for a beautiful sight which can transform the workaday world into a place of artistic beauty. However, trying to move in any direction once a person goes outside, is certainly a nerve-tingling experience.

—Lucile



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

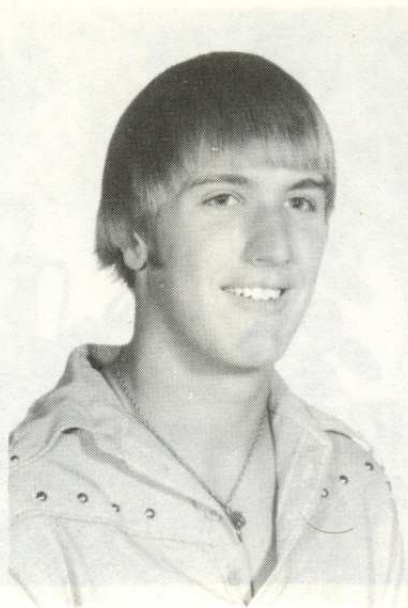
The holidays are now behind us and a new year has begun. It always seems to take me several weeks to get the new year firmly entrenched in my mind. From talking to others, I know I am not the only one.

The weather during November and December was too good to be true in our part of the state. At this writing, we still haven't had anything but a few flakes of snow, not enough to even cover the ground. The temperatures have been very moderate and the worst we have had to put up with has been heavy fog. The only below-zero temperatures came right in the middle of December, and then only for a couple of mornings. On the coldest morning we had, we got up to a house that was about 40 degrees. Sometime in the night we had run out of fuel oil and didn't even realize it because we were under an electric blanket. We have had the same wonderful man delivering oil for 22 years and this was the first time we had ever run out. When we called him, he said he had forgotten that the last time he put oil in our barrel he didn't have enough on his truck to completely fill it.

Since my last letter to you was written early in December, I will tell you a little about our activities during the holidays. From the time we moved to the farm in 1946, we always have had a lovely cedar tree from the timber for our Christmas tree, but we finally depleted the supply of trees that were big enough. Last year and this year we asked a good neighbor, Larry Winters, if we could get a tree from his pasture. By this time of year, most of the cedar trees are so brown they aren't very attractive, but we managed to find one that was rather green and put it into a bucket of water in the cave. After several days, it was really quite green and looked nice when we put it up.

For several years, two of our friends, Peggy Dyer and Louise Querrey, have each given us a new handmade tree ornament. I am getting such a large collection now that next summer when Kristin comes to visit I'm going to fix her a box of ornaments to take home with her. Some of these will be a few of the handmade ones, some that came from Mother's collection of ornaments plus those which have been used on our tree since Kristin was a little girl. I think she will appreciate having these for her boys.

The Sunday before Christmas we had a real surprise. Frank's cousin, John Johnson, called us from Indianola and



This is the latest school picture of Dorothy's oldest grandson, Andrew Wade Brase, better known as Andy. He is now 15 years old and in the tenth grade at the Chadron, Nebraska, high school.

said if we were going to be home he and his wife, Carol, and young son, Eric, would drive on to the farm to see us. John is about Kristin's age and used to come and see us often when he was in school at Iowa State University in Ames. Now they make their home in Minneapolis and we hadn't see him for almost eight years. John said it had been twelve years since he had been here to the farm. John's parents are Carl and Caroline Johnson, who live in Sioux City, Iowa. Caroline, whom we all love dearly, has been very ill for the past year, so it was good to see John and hear all the news from that branch of the family.

The next day brought us still another surprise visitor. Frank and I had just gone out to the pasture with a big bale of hay to put in the hay ring when we saw a strange pickup come up the drive. We came right back to the house and were greeted by friends, Larry Allen, and his wife, Doris. I used to mention Larry frequently in my letters because he has come out here since he was big enough to hunt squirrels. He is a nephew of our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls. Larry and Doris now live in Canon City, Colorado, where Larry is an attorney. It had been three years since he had been out to the farm. We had never met Doris, so that was an added pleasure. They brought us a pheasant and gifts to put under our tree. Larry had been doing a little hunting while the season was still open. Since Frank no longer hunts, and we both like to eat pheasant, we happily accepted this gift.

Frank's sister, Bernie, and her friend, Belvah Baker, were here Christmas Eve

for a chili supper, after which we opened our gifts. They came back the next day for dinner.

One of the Christmas gifts Frank received which really pleased him was an original oil painting done by Floyd Smith, the husband of Frank's cousin, Lorene Smith. They live in Phoenix, Arizona, where Floyd's hobby is painting. Floyd knows how much Frank cares for all his animals, so he did the painting of a photograph which appeared on my page in the December 1968 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* of Little Buck and Scoogie eating together out of a wheelbarrow. Frank had always thought that was such a cute picture, and was so surprised and pleased to have it done in a large, original, framed oil painting. Since the photograph Floyd had to work from was not in color, we thought he did a remarkable job of getting the colors just right.

Letters from Margery and Oliver Strom sound as if they are "on the go" most of the time since they have become "snowbirds" and spend the winter months in Arizona. They have made many new friends among other retired people in the Southwest. Also, Oliver has relatives in the area and so does Margery, so they manage to keep busy and active. They spent the Christmas holidays with our old Shenandoah friend and neighbor, Eltora Alexander, who lives in Tucson. Both of her daughters and their families live there too, so it was nice to spend the day with people who have always seemed like "family" to the Driftmiers.

Kristin and Art and their family had an especially nice Christmas this year. Art began a new job in Chadron on January 2nd. He is a Rehabilitation Counselor for the State Department of Education, and at the present time his office will be at the college. Since Kristin's field is in Learning Disabilities and counseling, they are happy to be both working in education. When Art knew he was going to have to have a corneal transplant in the Scottsbluff hospital, he got a job in the hospital as a respiratory therapist while he waited for a donor. After his operation a year ago, he continued working weekends in Scottsbluff and took some classes at Chadron State College during the week. With his new position, he will be in Chadron all the time, and this has made everyone in his family very happy.

Until next month

Dorothy

Seize your opportunities with care lest they become unfair advantages.

* * *

Keep busy at something. A very busy person never has time to be unhappy.



PAUL SENDS A MESSAGE FROM FLORIDA

Dear Friends:

I'll now take a break from practicing my guitar to wish you all the happiest of years in 1980. I hope that each of you had a peaceful and joyous Christmas. Though I will be celebrating late, my Christmas promises to be very special for me. I will be returning home in late January after nearly two years in sunny Florida and I will put the holiday on "hold" so I can have Christmas at home. It may seem peculiar to leave the warm sunshine for a brutal Great Lakes winter, but home is where the heart is and my heart is always in Wisconsin.

These two years in Florida have been as much of a learning experience for me as all my years of schooling. I would heartily suggest to any readers of my age to try taking on the "real world", one on one, away from home. It's hard and frustrating but the payoff makes it all worthwhile.

The coming prospect of driving through the mountains in the dead of winter without any snow tires, does not thrill me particularly, but I suppose I will just have to make the best of a possibly bad situation. Gary, one of my roommates, will be making this grueling drive with me to relieve the boredom, and then he will return to Florida by jet. It is difficult for me to imagine anyone never having been in snow, nonetheless, this will be Gary's first time in a Northern winter and his first encounter with snow.

Just to whet Gary's expectations I hope the snow will be impressively deep. I've told him how cold it may get, but thirty degrees below zero is just something one must experience to appreciate. I'm sure any of you in the Midwest can relate to that. Since Gary will be bringing along one of his guitars, we'll be able to make the time in my car go faster.

When I get home (which should be about the time you read this) I'll be setting up a bachelor pad in the basement of my parents' home. With the help of a good job, I hope to be able to save enough money so I can start to college again in the fall. During the summer I plan to take some night courses at a local technical school. A couple of drafting and design courses could help me get a good job to support myself during the school year.

I'm not planning on going back to Marquette University, even though it is an outstanding institution, for they don't offer the courses I need. Instead, I plan to enroll at Northern Illinois University to



Katharine and Adrienne Driftmier are the two daughters of Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier of Delafield, Wisconsin. It will be a happy event for both of them to see their brother, Paul, more often now that he is returning to Wisconsin.

pursue a degree in medical illustration.

I don't recall if I told you before that I am trying to teach myself how to play the guitar. Both my roommates, Tom and Gary, (good ol' Southern boys each) were raised on a steady diet of music. Gary's mother is an opera singer and she gave him an excellent background in music theory. He's developed a virtuoso talent in flute, keyboards and guitar. Tom sang in a Southern Baptist Church choir for several years and now has harmonies coming out constantly. Since I lived with them, it was impossible not to pick up on the guitar, but the only problem now is that in moving home I am moving away from their instruments so I'll soon need a guitar of my own.

When the month of May rolls around, I'll be making the long trip back to Florida for a week. On the tenth of that month, Gary will be getting married, and Tom and I will be standing in as ushers. It's an event I wouldn't miss for the world. Sometime next year my Marquette roommate, Dan O'Connell, will be marrying his longtime girl, Mary Schoone. I'm sure both couples will have many happy years together.

With any luck at all, my car will be up to the trip back down in May. For that matter, I hope it's up to the first trip North! This will be the first drive of such a distance that I'll have made in it. Safety and comfort dictate a few repairs that I'll make before I go. I'm giving my inoperative heater top priority as I don't intend to travel five miles past the Mason-Dixon line without it. I have been scrupulously saving my pennies and am finally able to purchase a stereo for it also. The stereo, along with Gary's live music, will do much to relieve the boredom of such a long haul.

During the Thanksgiving weekend, I was surprised and delighted to find myself aboard a jet airliner winging my way to Milwaukee. Unannounced to my

family, myself included, my mother had reserved a spot on the airplane for me so that I could be with my family on that holiday. She informed me only two days before I left and she kept her secret well guarded from the rest of my kin until I walked in the door Thanksgiving Day. The looks on my dad's and my sisters' faces were priceless. My mother is quite a lady!

On that note, I'll draw this letter to a close. The next time you hear from me I'll once again be a Wisconsin Driftmier. Goodbye for now and may God bless you all in 1980.

Sincerely,
Paul Driftmier

THE NUMBERS GAMES

Can you fill in the proper numbers?

1. The (three) wise men.
2. Judas and (thirty) pieces of silver.
3. The House of (Seven) Gables.
4. The Roaring (Twenties).
5. (Fifty-four forty) or fight.
6. A (four) flusher.
7. The (seventh) inning stretch.
8. "Into the valley of death rode the (six hundred)."
9. (Four) in hand.
10. The (twelve) apostles.
11. The (seven) ages of man.
12. (Four) poster bed.
13. The (Four) Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
14. The (fifty-seven) varieties.
15. (One) horse town.

—Mabel Nair Brown

WHICH BIRD?

1. Associated with clocks (Cuckoo)
2. Has wings, but can't fly (Ostrich)
3. Likes to stay out nights (Owl)
4. Sometimes talks (Parrot)
5. Donald _____ (Duck)
6. The _____ which laid the golden egg. (Goose)
7. A symbol of peace (Dove)
8. It's all red. (Cardinal)
9. Likes to brag (Crow)
10. This one can't bake a pie. (Magpie)
11. Never jaywalks (Bluejay)
12. Came from England (Sparrow)
13. The poets' favorite for grace and beauty (Lark)

—Annette Lingelbach.

CORRECTION

We would like to correct an error in the copy that accompanied the photograph that appeared in last month's "From Our Family Album". In reading proof, we failed to note that it is Frederick who is sitting on the end of the davenport, and it is Wayne who is sitting in the chair. If you have followed us for a long, long time you probably looked at the picture with a mighty puzzled eye!

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you on a very cold winter night in January! This morning the white swans in front of the house were covered with a thick frost. It is amazing how the swans and the ducks can stand this cold weather. I shiver as I watch them diving into the cold water for the grain I throw out for them. The mallard ducks are much wilder than the swans, and even though they know I am bringing them food, they fly away at the first sight of me. How quickly they come back once I am safely out of their sight. The ducks are lucky to have survived the fall hunting season, but the swans act as if they know they always are protected from hunters.

By the time you read this letter, Betty and I will be in Florida where we hope to get enough warm weather to make up for some of the cold weather we had down there last year. The first three or four years we went to Florida in the winter, we had much warm weather, but the last two winters the temperatures were quite cool.

Did I remember to tell you about the cruise we are taking on the last week of March and the first few days of April? I have been invited to be the Chaplain of the magnificent Holland-American liner, the *SS Statendam*, for an eleven-day cruise down through the Caribbean Islands to Venezuela. We shall depart from Miami on Monday, March 24, and shall return to Miami on Good Friday, April 4. Betty will accompany me. I shall preach the Palm Sunday sermon aboard the ship. We have never taken a cruise in that part of the world, and are looking forward to it with much anticipation. In addition to a stop in Venezuela, we shall spend one day on each of the following islands: Haiti, Curacao, Grenada, Martinique and St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Some friends of ours out in Portland, Oregon, signed up for the cruise the very day they heard that Betty and I would be aboard. What fun! One of our South Church groups had a cruise on the *Statendam*, and the people loved every minute of it. If you have been wanting to do something like this cruise, how about doing it with us? Come along and make it a Kitchen-Klatter special.

Have you ever eaten Middle East flat-bread? It is bread believed to be very similar to the bread that Jesus ate in his day. It comes in large, round sheets eighteen or twenty inches in diameter. Before baking, it is cut with scissors into the size pieces desired. The bread is



This delightful photograph shows Betty and Frederick Driftmier's two beautiful grandchildren, Isabel and Christopher Palo. They are the children of Vincent and Mary Leanna Driftmier Palo.

baked in a 375-degree oven for just five minutes and it comes out very crispy and delicious. Last summer, Betty's sister brought us several packages of the bread which she bought in Boston. The Boston store purchased the bread from Chossain's Mid East Bakery, 2935 Market St., Youngstown, Ohio 44507. I wrote to the bakery and asked if I could have some sent to me. They replied:

"The cost of the bread is \$2.90 per dozen loaves. The minimum order is three dozen. We ship by United Parcel Service anywhere in the States. The United Parcel Service delivers to your home. The delivery charges will be included on the bill. We will place the bill in the bread box, and upon arrival at your home, you may send us a check for the proper amount billed."

Well, we did just that. Because a loaf is no more than a flat sheet of paper-thin bread, a dozen loaves are folded up and go into one small plastic bag. Since the bread will keep for ten days before being put into a freezer, it had plenty of time to get to us in fine condition. We ordered six dozen loaves and still have some in the freezer.

We love to eat this bread hot out of the oven for breakfast. It is low-calorie food, very thin and very crisp, and I eat one loaf at a time. We cut it into strips and brush melted butter on it before putting it into the oven. Sometimes I put a mixture of melted butter, cinnamon and sugar on it. As a matter of fact, I keep all of our neighborhood children supplied with the cinnamon strips. When friends come in for coffee, Betty fixes some strips of bread with butter and Parmesan cheese, on some strips she puts butter and various delightful seasonings. At least once a week I take a big tray of the strips over to some of our neighbors. It is great to serve at church affairs and parties of all kinds. When I finish this letter, I am going to make up a tray of bread strips

coated with a mixture of melted butter, powdered sugar and vanilla flavoring. This mixture is brushed on with a pastry brush and forms a glaze over the bread. Because the bread is so thin, eating it is like eating peanuts—you can't stop!

Just the other day, I was reading an article about people's family trees and how people are related one to another. I was amazed to learn that by the time we start counting our cousins, going on back from first cousin, to second cousin, to third cousin, etc., etc., all the way back to the fiftieth cousin, we end up being related to everyone on the face of the earth. This means that if we were to make a list of all the persons whose ancestors came to America on the *Mayflower*, that list of descendants would include more than three million citizens of China, Hindus in the land of India, and blacks from all the countries in Africa. Amazing! Another amazing thing is the way we discover with a little bit of genealogical tracing of ancestors that the very same persons have a way of showing up on both our mother's and father's sides of the family. Believe it or not, every married person in this country is married to a cousin—many, many times removed, but a cousin nevertheless. As a matter of fact, if we look far enough, you and I will discover that we are distant cousins. Your family tree and my family tree just have to overlap at some point.

I have a good friend who is a doctor in India. The last time he was visiting here in this country, he taught me a good lesson about prejudice. I told the doctor how amused Betty and I and our children were when we saw the way the people of India tolerate their sacred cows. To them, the cow is a symbol of fertility and the creative power of the earth. These animals are permitted to roam at will in streets, on lawns, and even in the aisles

(Continued on page 20)

MONUMENTS

by Evelyn Birkby

The celebrations of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln make them among my favorite holidays. I have always admired the integrity and leadership abilities of those great leaders, and I find tremendous delight in visiting historic locations associated with each of them. Thus, it is not surprising that my first stop on a recent visit to the nation's capital was the top of the Washington Monument.

The view was spectacular. To the east, the clear sweep of land bordered by the buildings of the Smithsonian Museum led up the hill to the Capitol, its massiveness created a look of permanence and soaring beauty. To the west, I could look down upon the Jefferson and Lincoln Monuments, the Kennedy Center on the bank of the Potomac River, and beyond into the hills of Virginia.

I tried to imagine how the scene might have appeared in Washington's time and in Lincoln's. How had the forests covered the land the day Washington pointed out the hill upon which the Capitol building would stand? What scents and sounds filled the growing city by the time Lincoln rode up that hill for his inauguration?

True, those days are past, and much has changed. But enough historical sites have been preserved to give one an insight into a former time. As I looked down upon 20th century Washington, D.C., I suddenly wanted to hurry to ground level and be on my way to visit those places.

My nephew and niece, Don and Claudia Gerhardt, and their two sons, Jeff and David, entertained me for a wonderful weekend, and my first chance to visit a location important in Washington's life came when Claudia drove me from their home in Dumfries, Virginia, to Fredericksburg. Washington had purchased a home in Fredericksburg for Mary, his mother, in 1772. As we toured the restored house, we saw the bedroom-sitting room where Washington had come in March of 1789 to tell his mother that he had been elected president. Behind the house is a lovely formal garden where Mary received Lafayette as a visitor and fed him her famous gingerbread.

Gingerbread made from Mary's original recipe is served today to visitors to the Kenmore Mansion nearby, where Washington's sister, Betty W. Lewis, once lived.

Several days later, I was staying in Georgetown with long-time friends, Mike and Donna Glenn and their son, Jason. They asked me where I would like to attend church.

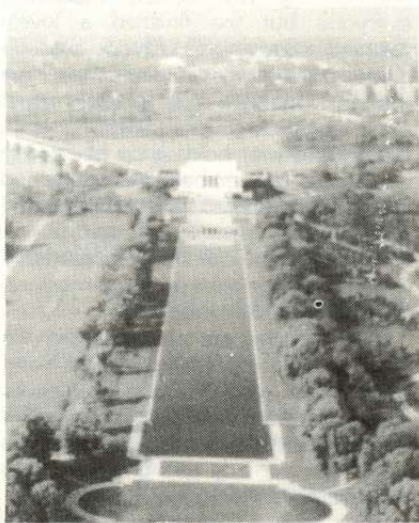
"Alexandria, Virginia," I told them. "My first choice is Christ Church where

Washington worshipped."

That Sunday was clear and bright as the Glenns' drove me along the Potomac River, across the bridge, past Arlington Cemetery, and on to Alexandria and Christ Church. The building was designed in 1773 and built in the manner of an English country church by the same John Carlyle whom I mentioned in last month's *Kitchen-Klatter*.

Our box-like pew, entered through a small swinging door, was identical to Washington's own private pew across the aisle (albeit a bit smaller). Likewise, the hymnals in each pew were replicas of books from the early days of the church. No music, only the words, were contained on those pages.

I was very moved by the worship service—the special music, sermon and



Evelyn took this picture from the top of the Washington Monument looking west toward the Lincoln Memorial and the Potomac River.

concluding communion were exceptional in presentation.

We explored the grounds of the church, and after a walk through the adjoining cemetery to read the names of early settlers and soldiers, we drove to Gadsby's Tavern for lunch.

George Washington and his friends often gathered at Gadsby's for dinner and social events. In fact, one of the great festive affairs in Alexandria today is the "Washington Birthnight Ball" held each February at the tavern. Built about 1770, the building retains its 18th century splendor, and the decor, costumed servants, pewter service and colonial menu easily transported our imaginations back two-hundred years.

After lunch, we drove on through the countryside to Mt. Vernon, and I understood Washington's foresight in choosing such a magnificent location for his home. We passed through the careful arrangement of buildings and terraces surrounding the main house, and from the front portico of the mansion, looked

down the vast expanse of lawn to the Potomac.

Inside, we stood for a while looking into the bedroom where Washington had died. Later, we wandered along a garden path to the simple tomb where his body had originally lain, and then to the more elaborate sepulcher where George and Martha are now interred, safe from the washing erosion of the Potomac.

A few days later, in a lower level of the Capitol building, I saw the crypt originally intended to hold Washington's body. However, his family chose to bury him at Mt. Vernon, and now the space in the Capitol holds the catafalque first used when the body of Abraham Lincoln lay in state in the Capitol rotunda.

Over the years, I have traced Lincoln's life from his birthplace near Hodgenville, Kentucky. I have seen Knob Creek Farm where he lived as a boy, and walked the streets in Indiana and Illinois where he spent his young manhood. And I have visited his home in Springfield, Illinois, and meditated at his tomb.

On my trip to Washington, D.C., I filled in the last gaps of my pilgrimage with a visit to Ford's Theater, and in the afternoon, before attending a performance there of James Whitmore's "Will Rogers, U.S.A.," I toured the museum in the basement. A number of artifacts from that assassination were on display: the clothes Lincoln had worn, the boot which was cut from Booth's leg so a broken bone could be set and the actual gun used in the murder.

And it was an emotional experience for me to climb the stairs to the balcony and view the presidential box, restored exactly as it had been that dreadful night.

After the Whitmore performance, I lingered a while at the theater and in front of the house where the wounded Lincoln had been carried and soon died. I was free to think my own thoughts without the voices of guides and other tourists interfering.

Before I left our nation's capital, I walked up the massive steps to the Lincoln Monument, and from the cool grandeur of that memorial, looked up The Mall toward the Washington Monument.

The capital city has changed a great deal since 1789 and 1860. Only in the removed corners, in restored and preserved buildings, do the sights of the past still exist.

But the great love Washington and Lincoln felt for the nation and their willingness to sacrifice everything they had for its survival and growth are gifts from the past that need no restoration or preservation. They are so much a part of us and of the country that not even huge marble edifices can adequately represent them. In a way, each American today is a monument to the beliefs of Washington and Lincoln.

LET'S SEE NOW . . .

by
Inez Baker

Are you a list-maker? Or, are you one of those people who scoff at lists? (Or a scoffer who forgets things because he left the house "list-less"?)

I don't think I arrived on earth with pad and pencil in hand but it seems that I've been making lists forever.

I make all kinds of lists:

1. *Shopping lists* of various kinds are the commonest, most ongoing ones. Often, however, I'm handed a list of people's names that I must phone for some organization. Such calls can be: 1. Requests for aid or donations, 2. Reminders of change of meeting plans, 3. Invitations to membership, 4. Efforts by a nominating committee to coax a new slate of officers to serve.

2. Often, before driving to the post office, I jot down something like this: 1. 10 postcards, 2. 20 ten-cent stamps, 3. 50 fifteen-cent stamps, 4. Mail letters (so they won't put down roots in my purse!).

3. If I have several things to take care of at the library, my list may resemble this recent one: 1. Reserve *All Things Wise and Wonderful* by James Herriott, 2. Order J. Gillespie books (inter-library loan), 3. Copy 3 pages from *Rock and Gem Magazine*, 4. Look up in unabridged dictionary: "skew", "henbane", "histoplasmosis", "raceme".

4. One of the longest lists of all could be the one labeled *Errands* because this includes trips to the doctor, dentist, drug store, shoe repair shop, etc. Some of these stops may require primary, secondary, even tertiary lists such as: 1. BANK, a. Cash check, b. Make deposit, c. Open safety deposit box, (Put in paid-up policy), (Remove inventory list). 2. SCHOOL, a. Ask Mrs. B. about Jane's homework, b. Return Mr. L.'s special book, c. Get Suzi and take her to Brownies.

5. I sometimes list *items I can see* during long waits in doctor's or dentist's offices, such as: 1. 10 strips of paper on one wall, 2. 36 tiles in ceiling, 3. 10 chairs in waiting room, 4. 2 couches in waiting room, 5. 9 people. (This type of listing is just a game and serves no useful purpose unless you count: 1. Helps time go faster, 2. Prevents boredom, 3. Gives plenty of time to make more productive, useful lists than the one above!)

6. My favorite "fun list" is my *Life List of Birds*. As its name implies, it contains names of every species of bird I've seen in my life, the place each was discovered and dates of such finds. Having been an ardent bird enthusiast for many years, I join thousands of men, women and children who spend countless hours and much money pursuing their elusive quarry. All we desire is the pleasure of viewing birds and

adding new ones to our lists. If we shoot any, you may be sure it's with a camera, not a gun!

Now that I think about it, maybe I became a "birder" so I could make a *Life List*.

7. What may be the ultimate in listing is my *list of things I want to discuss with a friend*. This probably says something about our life-style and frequent inability to relax and enjoy a visit with someone. But, when the time's right for a chat, I consult my list to be sure I've not forgotten something important.

8. My subconscious even gets into the act! This morning I recalled a vividly clear dream I had last night. I'm not a seamstress, but it seemed that a group of eight or nine ladies had gathered at my house to sew. Though they used only one of my two sewing machines, everyone but me finished a lovely garment. Since this dream was in glorious living color, I could "see" my friend's attractive green suit, someone's long pink gown and Mrs. Terry (a stranger to me) holding up her pretty blue dress. All were beautifully done and fit well. I dreamed that I wished I'd photographed them. The dream's punch line (if you can call it that) was that I wished I'd made a *list of the women and the garments they made!*

Many articles are written about the average housewife's numerous and varied kinds of work and these pieces often speculate on her monetary worth if she were paid. As for me, I'll vote on high wages for the lady and give her extra Brownie points if she's a list-maker!

MEET OUR WRITERS



Inez Baker

First of all, I am happy to say I'm a wife, mother and grandmother. My husband, an expert mechanic, has sold his garage and we travel more than formerly. He now enjoys doing small car jobs in our home driveway, thus keeping in touch with customers and friends he might not

see often.

Our only child, Jim, is a graduate of Colorado State University in Fort Collins. He now lives with his family in Corpus Christi on the south Texas coast where he works for a chemical company. He is a Scoutmaster, an elder in his church, a fine man (of course, I'm slightly prejudiced!) and a great father.

Jim's wife, Joyce, a native Texan, is a church secretary, sews beautifully and is a wonderful cook. Their son, James, recently completed an interesting Eagle Scout project—a self-guiding nature tour in a county park a few miles from home. Daughter Suzi plays the piano and is a Campfire Bluebird.

My husband, Cliff, our son and I are all natives of Adams County, Iowa, and moved to Longmont, Colorado, 34 years ago. I attended both Simpson College and Creston Junior College and, later, studied at the University of Colorado. My first job was reporter for the Adams County Free Press. Later, I wrote a daily news program that was on radio and in a paper here in Colorado. I write mostly poetry now and have sold to a number of publications in addition to *Kitchen-Klatter*. I've not studied poetry writing, but did take several writing courses at the University of Colorado.

My favorite hobby for many years has been ornithology and I've studied birds seriously. I'm glad I started the study before pesticides killed so many of the birds. Other hobbies I've enjoyed through the years are reading, knitting, paper quilling, making parchment notepaper and caring for a few treasured plants in the yard. One of my most treasured plants is a Christmas Rose (*Helleborus niger*) that is interesting because it blooms outside all winter.

A few years ago, my husband and I took up the fascinating hobby of rock-hounding and we thoroughly enjoy it. A side benefit (and unexpected) is also finding Indian artifacts and fossils while looking for rocks. I can't believe the numbers of artifacts we've found in addition to picking up both green and black jade, agate, jasper, crystals, etc. This is a wonderful hobby for outdoor people like us.

VALENTINE MEMORIES

I found a small box in the attic today. It had been there, forgotten for years.

Slowly I went through its contents Chuckling and smiling through tears.

For the valentines in it were precious, Handmade, some smudgy, some funny, some gay; Each treasured because little hands made them

"For Mommy", one long-ago Valentine's Day. —Mabel Nair Brown

I'VE ALREADY PEELED THE POTATOES!

by
Dorothy Enke

I've often wondered what might have happened if Lucy had been able to adapt herself to her husband's enthusiasm and energy. Late one afternoon he called her from his office and suggested, "Let's slip away for a day or two. Throw some things in a bag and let's drive to the city tonight. We can go out for dinner and a show, and tomorrow we can sleep late. How about it?"

Lucy answered in bewilderment, "But I've already peeled the potatoes for dinner tonight!"

So they ate dinner at home, and later, while Lucy was busy with some needlepoint, her husband went bowling with some of his friends. Lucy and her husband never did take a spur-of-the-moment holiday.

If there is an unexpected turn of events, how well do we each adapt to it? It seems to be human nature to fear and avoid change. We know our present situation and its difficulties; we are fearful about leaving the familiar for the unknown that might be potentially hazardous.

Not many of us are adventurers. We are more apt to sail very close to the shore, never realizing it is impossible to find a new world if we don't move away from the old one. Thus we never explore the challenging premise that outside ourselves there is a whole, new, exciting world of change and growth.

Sometimes it seems that there are people who literally attract unusual events into their lives. It might be more accurate to say they *meet and accept* major happenings. They take circumstances in their stride because their lives are brimming with interest and enthusiasm. They are activated by a lively curiosity and an eager quest for knowledge.

A middle-aged career woman once said longingly, "I've always wished that I could play the piano."

A friend answered, "Why don't you try? There is nothing to stop you, if you really want to. Nothing except yourself."

The woman, nettled by her friend's frank comment, finally conceded that there was really nothing to keep her dream from becoming a reality. She began to take lessons, and spent all her free time in serious practice. Soon she discovered that she was enjoying music even more than she had hoped. As she became more skillful she found an unexpected sense of achievement and contentment in her dream come true.

Almost everyone has a very private personal dream that has never been realized. Usually we keep these dreams locked in our hearts, mistrusting our



Jennifer Baum of St. Paul, Minnesota, loves to come to visit her Grandma Betty Jane . . . the Betty Jane of our Kitchen-Klatter radio visits. This was snapped at a small wayside park as they drove down to Shenandoah.

ability, fearful of misunderstanding. Perhaps it's easier to have a dream than to risk trying to make it a reality. If we voiced our dreams, someone might comment, "Why not try it? No one is standing in your way!" No one except ourselves!

To have the happiness that life offers, we must recognize nothing comes without effort, *commensurate* effort. If you have a big dream, it calls for all-out exertion and persistence to achieve a favorable outcome. When we cling desperately to the familiar, refusing to make changes, we are like Lucy, upset and frightened by the unknown and unexpected.

The next time a dream disturbs you, take time to make an honest appraisal. Do you truly want that dream to become a reality, or is it more comfortable to cherish it as an interesting impossibility? If you are serious, stop standing in your own way. Don't be like Lucy, afraid to try something new because you have "already peeled the potatoes for dinner".

FOR MY VALENTINE

If I could give a gift to you
On this very special day,
I'd pack a golden basket
And send it on its way.

I'd fill it up with happy dreams
And lilting bird songs, too.
I'd add the fragrance of a rose,
With sunbeams just for you.

I'd wrap it up in memories,
With a smile from God above,
And around the basket's handle
I'd tie a bow of love.

—Kay Grayman Parker

WHAT COULD I DO?

by
Marjorie Farber

Eight years ago, after the death of my husband, I left the farm and moved to a small town. It was necessary for me to go to work, not only for physical survival, but also for peace of mind. But what could I do? I was not trained for any job. I had been a happy, contented farmer's wife but now I needed work.

I went to our local nursing home and applied as a nurse's aide. They accepted me for the job. At first I was afraid I could not do the work, but as the days went by I found myself enjoying caring for the people and grew to love them.

The nursing home is a 64-bed facility. It is always full and has a long waiting list, which speaks well for the quality of care in the home. We have three shifts, 6-2:30, 2-10:30 and 10-6. I work the 2-10:30 shift. We have four aides on our shift plus either a Registered Nurse or a Licensed Practical Nurse.

The home has three halls: in the first hall most of the people can help themselves. In the second, they need assistance. In the third hall are most of the ones who need a great deal of care; they are the residents I really get to know well. They are a delight.

For example, I love to visit with Beulah who seems to have the arms of an octopus. She not only keeps busy herself, she keeps those who help on their toes, bless her. Martha is a German lady who speaks the language fluently. She becomes upset easily and uses her native language in such a way I'm certain if we could understand the words our ears would turn pink, yet underneath she is a very kind lady. There is little Alta with her beautiful white hair. Dear Clara is an aphasiac—how her eyes follow us as she listens carefully when we visit with her. I could go on and on, for these are only a few of my wonderful people.

One of the residents, Fred, summed up my feelings when he said, "My kids want to put me into a nursing home, but I'm not going."

I answered by saying, "But Fred, this is a nursing home."

He replied, "Yeah! but this one is different."

Last year I was ill with cancer and unable to work for five months, but God was good to me and when I regained my health, the nursing home put me back on the staff full time again. I have never regretted working as an aide; I am thankful God led me in that direction.

I have only this to say to anyone who has been thinking of being an aide—it is the most gratifying work you could ever do. You will find your troubles are small compared to the ones most of the residents have. You will be helping them, but most of all they will be helping you. I know—I work there.



VALENTINE BURGERS

- 2 lbs. ground chuck
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. dried onion flakes
- 6 slices American cheese
- 6 hamburger buns, toasted

Mix chuck, salt and onion flakes together. Shape into hearts using a cooky cutter or small mold. Fry or broil to desired doneness. Cut cheese into heart shapes using cooky cutter. Place one slice atop each burger and allow to melt slightly. Place on toasted buns.

Teenagers are very fond of these.

—Betty Jane

HISTORICAL GINGERBREAD

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup molasses or sorghum
- 1/2 cup warm milk
- 3 to 4 tsp. ground ginger
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup prepared coffee
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 tsp. soda
2 tsp. warm water
1 cup raisins (optional)

Cream butter or margarine and brown sugar. Beat in molasses or sorghum and milk. Add spices and coffee. Beat eggs. Sift flour, cream of tartar and baking powder together and stir in alternately with eggs. Mix in juice and flavoring. Dissolve soda in warm water and add. Beat until light. Fold in raisins if desired. Bake in 9- by 13-inch greased pan (or loaf pans) in a 350-degree oven for 40 to 50 minutes or until gingerbread tests done. Serve plain, with whipped cream or whipped topping.

This is my variation of the gingerbread which Mary Washington (George's mother) served to Lafayette when he visited her in her home in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in the fall of 1784.

—Evelyn

MYSTERY DESSERT

- 3 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup ground, peeled raw apples
- 1 cup ground raw cranberries
- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 cup whipped topping

Spread half the vanilla wafer crumbs into an ungreased 9-inch square pan. Cream the butter or margarine, powdered sugar and egg well. Drop by spoonfuls over crumbs. Carefully spread to an even layer. (Note: this mixture is stiff and needs to be spread slowly.)

Combine apple, cranberries and put through coarse blade of food chopper. Then add drained pineapple, sugar and flavoring. Let stand 20 minutes. Drain well. Spread over creamy mixture. Top with whipped topping. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Refrigerate 8 to 24 hours.

—Verlene

MOLDED CHERRY-PEACH SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup water (divided)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. chopped pecans
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cherry gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can pitted red tart cherries
- 1 1-lb. can sliced peaches
- 1 cup thinly sliced celery

In a small saucepan, mix the unflavored gelatin, 1/4 cup sugar and salt. Add 1/2 cup of the water. Place over low heat and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add the remaining 1/2 cup water and the lemon flavoring. Blend the cream cheese and mayonnaise. Fold into the gelatin mixture and stir until smooth. Add the pecans. Chill until partially set. Pour into an 8-cup mold and chill until firm.

Dissolve the cherry gelatin and 1/4 cup sugar in the boiling water. Add cherry flavoring. Drain the cherries and peaches, reserving the syrup. Add fruits to the hot mixture and let stand a few minutes.

Combine the syrups from fruits and add water, if necessary, to make 1 1/2 cups liquid. Add the liquid and celery to the fruit mixture. Chill until partially set. Spoon over first layer in mold. Chill until firm.

—Betty Jane

MADRID PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork loin or rib chops, 3/4 to 1 inch thick
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. herb seasoning
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms
- 2 Tbls. sliced stuffed green olives
- 2 cups cooked rice

Brown chops in the shortening and butter flavoring. Remove chops from pan and place them in a baking dish. To the drippings, add herb seasoning, salt, pepper, onion, tomato sauce, mushrooms (including liquid) and olives. Stir lightly. Heat. Pour heated sauce over chops. Make sure mushroom and olive slices are placed on top of chops. Cover tightly and bake for 1 to 1 1/2 hours at 325 degrees. Serve chops and sauce over hot cooked rice.

—Hallie

CARROTS ALMONDINE

- 2 1/2 cups finely grated raw carrots
- 1 1/2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup finely chopped almonds

Melt butter or margarine in small casserole. Combine all remaining ingredients and stir in casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. Serves four.

—Dorothy

PECAN TARTS

Crust

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/4 cup margarine or butter
- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Have all crust ingredients at room temperature. Cream the cheese and margarine or butter. Blend in the flour and flavoring. Using about a teaspoonful of dough, press into tea cake pan cups. Be sure to completely line the bottom and sides of cups. Makes approximately 24.

Filling

- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans

Combine the brown sugar, egg, flavorings and margarine or butter. Beat well. Stir in the pecans. Fill crust-lined cups almost full with filling. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool slightly in pan before removing.

—Hallie

BLACK CHERRY SALAD

1 1-lb. can black cherries, drained and pitted
 1 15-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drained
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 cup drained fruit juice (water added to make 1 cup, if necessary)
 2 3-oz. pkgs. black cherry gelatin
 2 1/2 cups boiling water
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 Pinch of salt
 Chopped nuts
 2 bananas, chopped (optional)
 Drain the cherries and pineapple, reserving the juice. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the flavorings and stir in the 1 cup drained juice. While gelatin mixture is still warm, whip in the cream cheese. Chill slightly and then stir in the remaining ingredients. Pour into an 8-inch square pan and chill until firm. Cut into squares to serve.

NOTE: If I do not plan to serve the salad right away, I omit the bananas as they turn dark. —Dorothy

FRENCH ONION-BEEF SANDWICHES

1 3 1/2-lb. beef brisket
 1/2 cup soy sauce
 2 Tbls. oil
 1 clove garlic
 1 1/2 tsp. browning sauce (gravy fortifier)
 1 tsp. Beau Monde seasoning (optional)
 1 pkg. onion soup mix
 5 cups water
 2 large sweet onions, cut into 1/4-inch thick slices and separated into rings.
 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 2 cups water
 French rolls, sliced lengthwise and buttered
 Grated Swiss cheese
 Combine soy sauce, oil, garlic, browning sauce and Beau Monde seasoning in blender. Blend on medium until smooth. Add soup mix and 5 cups water and blend on low until just smooth. Place meat in Dutch oven or roasting pan and pour the sauce over the meat. Bake at 350 degrees for 2 hours.

Lightly brown the onion rings in the butter or margarine. Add to meat along with the 2 cups water. Continue cooking for about one more hour until meat is tender. Remove meat from juice and allow to cool slightly. Slice meat across grain. Place meat slices on bottom half of sliced rolls, sprinkle with a little Swiss cheese and drizzle with a little of the meat juices. Place under broiler for a few minutes until cheese melts. Cover with top half of roll and serve.

—Betty Jane

PEA SOUP

1 lb. dried split peas
 8 cups chicken stock
 1 cup chopped onion
 2 cloves garlic, minced
 Combine ingredients in heavy covered pot. Bring to boiling and cook at low heat until peas are soft. Allow to cool and put all thru sieve to make a puree.
 Add: 2 cups light cream to each 2 cups pea puree. Reheat slowly and serve.

TUNA CASSEROLE

1 4-oz. can shoestring potatoes
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1 7-oz. can tuna, drained
 1 6-oz. can evaporated milk
 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
 Reserve 1 cup of shoestring potatoes for topping. Combine remaining potatoes with the rest of the ingredients. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole and top with reserved potatoes. Bake, uncovered, at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes. —Dorothy

SIMMERED BEANS

4 slices bacon
 2 large onions, coarsely chopped
 1 large clove garlic, pressed
 1/2 of large green pepper, chopped
 1 10-oz. can red chili sauce
 1 15-oz. can tomato puree
 3 Tbls. brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 3 1-lb. cans pinto beans, drained
 In large pan, fry bacon. When bacon is crisp, remove from pan, crumble and set aside. Discard all but 2 Tbls. of bacon drippings. In same pan, saute onion until transparent. Add garlic, green pepper, chili sauce, tomato puree, brown sugar and dry mustard. Cover and simmer for about 15 minutes. Stir in beans and bacon. Heat thoroughly and serve.

IOWA CORN CHOWDER

4 slices bacon, chopped
 1 large onion, chopped
 3 medium-size potatoes, peeled and diced
 2 1/2 cups water
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 2 1-lb. cans whole kernel corn
 1 2/3 cups evaporated milk
 1/4 cup flour
 Paprika
 Cook bacon until crisp in a large saucepan. Add onion and saute until onion is transparent. Add potatoes, 2 cups of the water and the salt and pepper. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Stir in corn and milk and heat until bubbly. Combine the flour with the remaining 1/2 cup water and add to the corn mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Spoon into bowls and sprinkle with paprika. —Betty Jane

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

1 lb. powdered sugar, sifted
 2 8-oz. cans frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
 1 cup butter
 2 8-oz. pkgs. vanilla wafers, crushed
 Grated coconut
 Combine all ingredients but coconut. Chill for one hour. Form into small balls. Roll in the coconut. Refrigerate until time to serve. —Robin Justiz

HOT MEXICAN DIP

1 to 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef, browned and drained
 10 green onions, chopped
 1 medium green pepper, chopped
 1 3-oz. can green chilies, drained and chopped
 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 1 lb. Velveeta cheese, cubed
 Combine the browned ground beef, chopped green onions, chopped green pepper and green chilies. Simmer until onions and green pepper are tender. Add the tomato sauce and cheese. Heat slowly, stirring, until cheese melts. Serve warm in chafing dish with an assortment of crackers. —Robin

GADSBY'S SALLY LUNN BREAD

1 cup milk
 1/2 cup solid shortening
 1/4 cup water
 4 cups flour, sifted
 1/3 cup sugar
 2 tsp. salt
 1 pkg. dry yeast
 3 eggs
 Put milk, shortening and water in a small saucepan. Heat just until warm—shortening does not have to melt completely. Meanwhile, combine 1 1/3 cups of the flour, the sugar, salt and yeast in large mixing bowl. Add warm milk mixture and beat at medium speed for 2 minutes, scraping with spatula several times while beating. Beat in eggs and another cup of the flour. Again, beat at high speed for 2 more minutes. Remove mixer and beat in remaining flour with a heavy spoon. When well mixed, cover bowl with clean tea towel and let dough rise in warm place until doubled in bulk. Grease a tube pan or large bundt cake pan. Stir down dough and turn out into pan. Cover, again, and let rise until increased in bulk about one half. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 40 to 50 minutes or until golden brown on top and sounds hollow when thumped. Remove from oven and turn out on cooling rack. Serve either warm or cold.
 Note: I was delighted not only to have had the opportunity to eat foods at Gadsby's Tavern in Alexandria, Va., similar to those served in the late 1700's, but also to obtain this recipe for the Sally Lunn bread which has been made and served at this historic eating place for all these years. —Evelyn

JAMES' BLUEBERRY COOKIES

- 1 15-oz. can blueberries, drained
- 1/3 cup margarine
- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Drain blueberries, reserving the juice.

Rinse the blueberries in cold water and drain well.

Cream the margarine, shortening and

sugar. Add egg and the flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and blend into creamed mixture. Carefully fold in blueberries. Drop on greased baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. While cookies are still warm, frost with the following:

- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, sifted
 - 2 Tbls. butter
 - 3 Tbls. drained blueberry juice
 - 3 or 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Combine frosting ingredients.

ORIENTAL TURKEY

(or chicken)

- 3 cups cubed turkey or chicken, fresh or cooked
- 6 egg whites, beaten lightly
- 6 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups oil (for frying meat)
- 1 large green pepper, diced
- 3/4 cup nuts (cashews preferred)
- 1 large onion (or 8 scallions or shallots), finely sliced
- 2 to 3 cloves garlic
- 1 Tbls. ground ginger
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/3 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 6 Tbls. water
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. oil

This recipe is really in three parts. Each part can be prepared ahead of time ready to put together and then cooked in an electric skillet or a wok. It can be cooked at the table and is an excellent company dish.

First, cube the chicken or turkey into bite-size pieces. This can be cooked, leftover chicken or turkey, or fresh meat which has been boned and cut up (the white breast meat makes it an elegant dish). Mix lightly beaten egg whites, cornstarch and salt together and mix the meat cubes in this mixture until well coated. Set aside. Secondly: combine green pepper, nuts, onion (scallions or shallots), garlic, ginger and flavoring. Set this mixture aside. Third: combine all the remaining ingredients in a small bowl.

To put the Oriental Turkey (or chicken) together: Heat the 2 cups oil in wok or skillet. Add coated meat, stir and cook about 2 minutes or until nicely browned. Drain oil from meat. Return 2 Tbls. of oil to the pan and cook green pepper mixture, stirring, for another 2 minutes or until pepper and onion are just tender. Lastly, return chicken or turkey to pan and add all remaining ingredients. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens—probably another 2 minutes. Serve over hot, cooked rice or crispy Chinese noodles. —Evelyn

QUICK CAKE DESSERT

- 1 2-layer size white cake mix
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water

Prepare cake mix according to package directions. Bake in 9- by 13-inch pan until done. Remove cake from oven and, using a fork, punch holes about one-half inch apart over cake.

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Pour warm mixture over warm cake.

Served with a pink-colored ice cream or sherbet, this makes an attractive Valentine dessert. —Dorothy

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder

Mix 1/2 cup sugar, cocoa, soda and boiling water together. Let this cool while mixing the rest of the cake.

Combine 1 cup sugar and cream and beat well. Add eggs and flavorings and beat again. Stir in the salt and cooled chocolate mixture. Add the flour and baking powder and beat for about two minutes either by hand or with electric mixer at medium speed. Pour into greased and floured pans, either layer or loaf, and bake in a 350-degree oven until done. Layers will take approximately 25 minutes, and the large loaf pan should take 35 to 40 minutes. Frost with your favorite icing. NOTE: there is no shortening in this recipe. —Dorothy

BIRD BALLS

Every winter we get many requests to reprint this recipe for Bird Balls which was sent to us by a reader from Minn.

- 5 1/2 cups rolled oats
 - 4 cups boiling water
 - 1 lb. lard
 - 12 ozs. peanut butter
 - 3 1/2 cups cornmeal
 - 3 1/2 cups farina (or mixed bird seed)
- Cook 2 cups of the rolled oats in the boiling water for two minutes. Remove from heat; add lard and peanut butter. Stir until melted. Add rest of ingredients, including remaining rolled oats, and mix well. Cool. Shape into balls, place in mesh bags (like those onions come in) and hang on a tree for the birds to enjoy.

Change it by using the type of meal and seeds which you have on hand. Used drippings can be used as part of the lard. Birds seem to like lamb fat also.

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NEVER BORED ON WASHDAY

by
Elizabeth Myhr

I learned a new trick the other day—how to wash clothes without soap! And I saw a man attempt to wash clothes in a dryer! At the very same place, I obtained a recipe for a super coffeecake!

Where did I see these amazing things? At a Home Economics meeting? At a comedy play? At some new-fangled washing machine demonstration? No, from my "Laundromat Gang"!

I used to spend washday in our dark and chilly basement, all alone except for the piles of dirty laundry. My release from this very secluded state came as a direct result of a lucky accident, wherein two bath towels, a shirt and a sheet fought for priority in my washing machine wringer and sprung it into a non-repairable condition.

I made tracks for the nearest coin-operated laundry to finish my washing and what a discovery! The room was sunny, warm and filled with friendly people!

In time, six other women and I found that we were using the laundry on the same day each week. We laughingly named ourselves the "Laundromat Gang". While we sorted clothes and filled the machines, we shared ideas on how to remove stains and how to fold fitted sheets; as we did the laundry we learned a great deal about each others' families from their births through their marriages on into present circumstances. We discussed hair styles, our operations, politics and religion—the entire gamut of human experiences. And, of course, we shared coffee.

Being the first to arrive to do the laundry is a point of pride. Women used to rise before dawn in order to be the first one in their neighborhood to have their washing on the clothesline. Now I was seeing their modern-day counterpart whenever I heard late-comers at the laundromat make snide remarks to the early birds, such as, "Well, if I hadn't taken time to do my breakfast dishes and make the beds before coming, I could have been here early, too"—subtly suggesting the state in which the first to arrive must have left their houses.

Coin-operated laundries mushroomed into being shortly after World War II. The pioneer laundromats were strictly self-serve, but customers soon demanded extra services such as ironing, mending and dry cleaning. The very first wash-and-dry laundry was called a "Washateria". In 1934, J.F. Cantrell installed four electric washing machines in a Ft. Worth, Texas, building and rented them by the hour.

I mentioned at the beginning that I had learned a trick about washing clothes



Emily Driftmier DiCicco took this typical "tourist shot" of Jed and Julianna Lowey as both toted along bags that were stuffed with cameras, films, etc., during their Guatemalan trip.

without soap. My "Laundromat Gang" and I were apprehensively watching a jaunty bachelor fill a machine with his soiled clothes. He plunked in the quarters to start the washing process, but when he added no soap we exchanged knowing smiles. Did the man assume that the soap was as automatic as the machines? If so, this poor novice was in for a surprise. But the laugh was on us, for soon the machine was bubbling with suds.

"I fill my shirt and pants pockets with detergent before coming," the not-so-dumb bachelor grinned, smugly. "Saves the trouble of bringing soap along or buying any here."

One of the most fascinating little dramas at the laundromat is the difference in the way men and women add clothes to the machines. The men *shoot* the clothes, piece by piece, into the washer without comment, then sit back and let the machine do its work.

Most women *place* the clothes into the washer. They wonder out loud how their boys got their socks so dirty; they shake out a little girl's dress and announce that it's either worn out or outgrown. They keep a watchful eye on the machines, adding soap, bleach and softener. Washing, for women, is as vocal a job as it is physical.

One time a retired man came into the laundromat with his married daughter. After taking in the wonders of the "automatic washday" he exclaimed, "I'll have to tell Ma about this."

A woman, a newcomer, not wanting to make a spectacle of her dirty clothes, brought them in folded as neatly as if they were already clean and ready to take home and put away. The next time she came her fear of washing publicly was gone. She brought her dirty clothes looking like all the rest of ours, stuffed and piled into her basket.

I must not forget to tell about the man who attempted to wash clothes in the

dryer. Before anyone could say a thing, this unenlightened man had dumped his dirty clothes into a dryer and only our shouts of protest kept him from adding liquid detergent!

For a while, the laundromat owner, hoping to alleviate the 9:00 a.m. rush hour, advertised free doughnuts and coffee to all who washed clothes before 7 a.m. That scheme ended when a few people gained weight and the owner's wallet got slimmer instead of changing washday habits, so the free lunch didn't last long.

A laundromat is a place to get one's clothes clean, but it is also a place to make friends and become a more loving, understanding part of the human race. It seems when we wash our dirty clothes alongside others we begin to realize how much alike we are after all.



If your lovely clothes could talk, what do you suppose they'd say to you? Like, maybe, "Please don't use harsh laundry detergents!" or "Please don't use chlorine bleaches!" or, more probably, "Please use **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent and All-Fabric Bleach!**"

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RECIPES FOR DULL DAYS

by
E. Pauline Elsberry

Are your children restless and have the winter blahs? Or, perchance, are you a den mother, a Bluebird leader or a church school teacher who needs inexpensive recipes for making up craft mixtures? These simple recipes provide the combinations that will keep imaginative hands busy. (These are also great for adults who enjoy making gifts, decorations and favors.)

Playtime Dough

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup salt
- 2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup water
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- Food coloring, as desired

Mix flour, salt and cream of tartar in heavy pan. Add water, oil and coloring. Heat on stove about three minutes or until mixture pulls away from pan. Knead almost immediately. Store in airtight container with plastic lid or in a plastic bag. Keeps for several months.

Craft Modeling Dough

- 1 cup salt
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 4 cups flour

Put salt in bowl, add hot water and stir. When salt is thoroughly dissolved, add flour. Stir well and shape into any object you desire. Bake in 300-degree oven for one hour. Cool and paint with water colors or oils. When paint is dry, spray with a clear, plastic acrylic spray to seal and protect. Spray outdoors or in a well-ventilated room.

Bubble Blowing Solution

- 1/4 cup liquid detergent
- 2 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 9 Tbls. cooking oil

A few drops food coloring
1 3/4 quarts water
Mix detergent, sugar, oil and food coloring. Add water. Shake until sugar is dissolved. Use bubble pipes, straws or wire circles to make bubbles.

Finger Paint

- 1 cup liquid laundry starch
- 1 quart water
- 1 cup Ivory Flakes
- 1 tsp. glycerin
- A few drops oil of wintergreen or oil of clove
- Powdered tempera paint or a few drops food coloring

Put laundry starch in top of double boiler. Add water and stir to make a smooth paste. Cook until it thickens. Beat with rotary beater while adding Ivory Flakes. If mixture is too thick, add a little more water. Add glycerin and oil of wintergreen or cloves. (This is added as a preservative and to prevent cracking.) After mixture is cool, put into small jars



Aaron and Julian Brase enjoy many games and activities together. They are two of the three sons of Art and Kristin Johnson Brase, and the grandsons of Frank and Dorothy Driftmier Johnson.

and add tempera paint or food coloring as desired. Keep covered and in refrigerator for best storage.

Papier-Mâché

Tear newspaper or crepe paper into small pieces. Place pieces in large bowl and cover with lukewarm water. Let soak until soft. Drain off excess water. Add about 1 1/4 cups flour and 1 Tbls. salt to make a stiff dough. Mix all ingredients together and knead well with hands. Shape into objects and allow to dry several hours. May be painted with poster or tempera paint.

FEEL AND TOUCH BOX

If you need a new and different activity for your youngster, try a "feel and touch box".

You can make a "feel and touch box" by cutting holes in opposite sides of a cardboard box. These holes have to be large enough for a child to put his hand through.

Place various objects inside the box which the children will later *feel and touch*. Be sure to choose items with a good mix of textures—hard, soft, rough, smooth, matted, fluffy, and/or pliable.

When all the objects are in the box, ask the children to feel and touch. Encourage them to describe what they've touched. Since youngsters are naturally curious, you'll have no trouble in persuading them to try.

This exercise in perception can be used in a school or church school class. It is a technique used in many art museums to develop appreciation for texture, shape and size of objects.

—Evelyn Witter



Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



The New Year signals the time to make resolutions and enthusiastically begin self-improvement programs. But come the first of February, my enthusiasm has waned and a desperate call rings through the cold winter air, "Motivation, I need motivation!"

Napoleon Hill and W. Clement Stone are masters at motivating. In their book, *Success Through a Positive Mental Attitude*, they present some motivators that provide a springboard to success, six steps to cheerfulness, a vital factor in human relationships, and three ways to be rid of guilt, a common barrier to success. Whenever I feel discouraged, this amazing book helps me reset my sights on a goal and attain it through persistent thinking and positive action.

Says Hill, "Whatever the mind of man can conceive and believe, it can achieve." This is the key to their philosophy. *Success Through a Positive Mental Attitude* teaches you to really explore the powers of your mind, to see how every adversity hides a greater benefit, and how to recognize the success born in you. Mental attitude makes the difference, and chapter after chapter shows you how to develop a strong positive attitude and use it to raise your energy level, attract greater happiness and find satisfaction and rewards in life.

Filled with personal case histories and tried and tested rules, this book will lead the reader to success in business and in his social life. I can't imagine a better start to the New Year than the reading of *Success Through a Positive Mental Attitude*.

For physical conditioning, Jim Fixx persuades you, in *The Complete Book of Running*, of the total magic of this popular activity. Even if you're one of the skeptics who has viewed joggers out your window or from the driver's seat and thought they were a bit crazy, Jim Fixx turns your attitude around and convinces you to try it for "sports medicine". After studying Fixx's book, you will be filled with envy when you see a runner taking a jaunt, building and strengthening his cardiovascular system.

While Fixx explains health, weight (even including chapters on diet), the respiratory system and why running is good for you even if you've had a heart attack, he concentrates on the mental pleasures and healing powers of running for both the half-miler and the Boston Marathon runner.

The mental benefits are limitless, according to the runners interviewed. This sport builds self-confidence, helps over-

come personal limitations, and promotes achievement. Running is said to be tops for physical fitness, more effective than bicycling, swimming and tennis.

Fixx tells you how to overcome and even enjoy the most adverse weather conditions. Running through snow, rain and ice, even past vicious dogs, seems to be part of the achievement of coping.

Overall, Fixx makes running sound like a lot of fun. If you need a little push to lace up those clean, comfy running shoes, this book will certainly provide it.

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

I do enjoy your hints. I have one: I use a potato masher when I make puddings, gravies, etc., while cooking to keep the liquid from lumping.

Also, serve tomato juice and pineapple juice at room temperature. They are less sharp and taste better than when they are cold.

—Mrs. D. B., Nelson, Ne.

Between uses, tuck your pastry cloth and rolling pin sock in a plastic bag and put in freezer. No need to worry about weevils or smelling rancid. Such cloths are not improved with washing; you can use them a long, long time without laundering using this method. Just bring the cloths to room temperature before using, then put back into the freezer again until next time.

—E. H., Union, Ne.

Add flavorings to cooked cereals like oatmeal and wheat cereals. I like to add black walnut, coconut, maple, vanilla or burnt sugar flavoring. I keep the flavorings on the table at breakfast time and whatever flavor takes a person's fancy can be sprinkled into the bowl of hot cereal.

I also like to add a heaping tablespoonful of wheat germ to each serving when I put my cereal on to cook; this adds nutrition.

—Miss E. D., Albia, Iowa

Our 17-year-old gal made a quilt out of squares of denim jeans material and gave it to one of her three brothers. It is nice and heavy and has a masculine look. She enjoyed making it and he appreciates having the attractive quilt and a gift his sister made just for him.

—Mrs. D. B., Nelson, Ne.

I wanted to tell you how I cook rice. I bring 3 1/2 cups water and a dash of salt to boiling point and add 1 cup rice. Bring to boil again and turn off heat. Leave, tightly covered, for 20 minutes. Do not remove the lid during that time. It is usually done, but if not, bring to a boil again, cover tightly and shut off the heat. The rice will soon be tender. I have found

this is the best way to cook rice and it saves energy.

—Mrs. E. R., Lincoln, Ne.

Here is a hint: When you can't keep your thimble on your finger, just wet the finger before putting on the thimble and I guarantee the thimble will not fall off.

—G.H., Rockford, Iowa

Our country club decided to raise some money with a traveling basket. We got one that was large enough to hold a good-size cake. I put in a cake and passed it on to the person who lived nearest to me. She put in some money for the cake and then put in an arrangement of dried flowers, and passed it along. Each person put in anything they wished from white elephant items to handmade potholders. It was not a burden on anyone.

—Mrs. L.S., Hiawatha, Ks.

I took an old family album to the nursing home the last time I visited my mother and I could not believe how happy it made her to see the faces of old friends and her own family. She even had me put a copy of her wedding picture on the wall over her bed. It proved to be a conversation piece for her all afternoon. I left it there when I came home and can just imagine everyone who comes in will be told all about her wedding day.

—H.S., Winchester, Ill.

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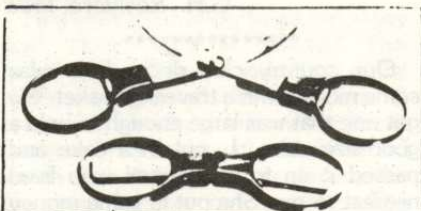
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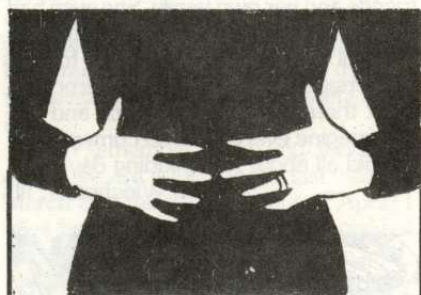
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**A LITTLE STUFFY IN THERE?**

This time of year, many of us don't get the exercise we do otherwise. Plus, winters mean holidays, with the usual parties and church activities. So we tend to overeat with often the wrong kinds of food.

We like to take a break from heavy foods, starches and sweets by going on a salad binge. By varying textures, colors and flavors, there's no need for a few days of salads to become monotonous. Especially with **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. Choosing from **French, Italian** and **Country Style** (and mixing them, too) adds plenty of change of pace. And they'll sure help relieve that stuffy feeling, too!

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REMEMBERING THE PIONEERS

by
Joe Taylor

Biting cold, searing heat, grasshoppers, drought, loneliness—these were just a few of the trials and tribulations faced by the pioneers as they settled the untamed American West.

Just a few miles west of Beatrice, Nebraska, is Homestead National Monument, a quarter section (160 acres) of prairie and woodland which recalls the influence of the homestead movement on American history. It is also a memorial to the pioneers who faced the rigors of frontier life to build their homes in a part of the new land.

However, it is also significant as the monument is located on the claim of Daniel Freeman, believed to be the first applicant to file for free land under the Homestead Act of 1862.

When President Abraham Lincoln signed the Homestead Act, America was still a young country stretching westward across what was then known as the Great American Desert. Today it is called the Great Plains. The act made it possible for a homesteader to own 160 acres of land free if he would build a house; live on the land, and cultivate it for five years. Thousands of Civil War veterans, European immigrants, and blacks were attracted by the free land. The populations of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Montana increased greatly as the land was distributed.

When one visits Homestead National Monument, it is easy to imagine a family pulling up roots in the East, packing possessions into a covered wagon, and heading west.

Freeman, as did countless other pioneers, located a place with arable land, a water supply, trees, and a site for a small cabin or sod house. Registering quickly at the local land office was vital since delay could mean someone else might claim the same land. Soon the homesteader cleared the land, broke the sod, and constructed better houses and barns where possible.

At Homestead National Monument, located four miles west of Beatrice on Route 4, history comes alive. At the Visitor's Center are displays, slide programs, and relics of the pioneers.

A self-guiding nature trail takes the visitor to a display of farm implements and carriages, an original 1867 cabin, and a restored 1870 one-room schoolhouse. A footbridge leads to meandering Cub Creek, the woods, and the native prairie which were important elements of the Nebraska landscape more than a century ago. The site is open year around and each season offers a different setting with the varied colors on the prairie.



—Photo by Joe Taylor

This original cabin—typical of a homesteader's home where trees were available—was built in 1867. Today it recalls the early pioneers and their homestead life.

The true meaning and significance of those early days in Nebraska are discovered when the visitor reaches the graves of Daniel Freeman and his wife, Agnes, high on a windswept hill. As one brochure says, "From this hill you can gaze out over the land and maybe feel the excitement of thousands of pioneers as they thought, 'This is my land, my home.'"

TWO GREAT AMERICANS —

Two Americans, both born in February: Washington and Lincoln. Each came from different social and economic backgrounds; yet, both rose to the highest office in the land.

Washington, born to wealth and prominence, lived a life of ease during his early years. He was genteel, cultured.

Lincoln was little more than an uncouth country boy who grew up amid the hardships of the frontier. He was rugged, often crude.

Both men, however, devoted their years to the well being of America as they understood it to be.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

family. I feel greatly blessed to have such a friend and, furthermore, I know how fortunate I am!

The letters received thus far in answer to my request to hear what you expect of the 80's express pretty much the same feeling I have about this year, but I'll wait until next month to compile a full report. And it won't be done by a computer!

Please write to us when you can; your letters are my favorite bedtime reading. We've shared a great deal together through these many years and let's continue to do so.

Devotedly always . . .

Lucile



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

This year All-America Selections offer four flowers and one vegetable for introduction to home gardeners. Breeders are working on more compact plants for use in containers and small garden spaces. Squash, *Gold Rush*, has a compact habit but still produces as many fruits as the big sprawling varieties. Zinnia, *Peter Pan Flame*, fits in the front of flower beds, in clumps among other flowers or in large container plantings. The plants are low-growing. The 2½" to 3¼" diameter blooms are a new crimson-scarlet in color and the bushy plants grow only 12 to 14 inches high.

The miniature plants of *Holiday Pepper* are perfect for 4" pots or planted several to a hanging basket. The little peppers stick up over the dark green plants and turn first yellow (some with purple streaks), then to orange and scarlet. Plant seeds of *Holiday pepper* 8 to 12 weeks ahead of outdoor planting time. The plants do fine on windowsills in winter and do not need hand or insect pollination for fruit set.

Marigold, *Janie*, is a dwarf French marigold—her golden-orange color adds just the right accent to a tub or bed of zinnias, lobelia and petunias. In our test garden last summer, we found *Janie* to be small, bright and eager to please. The plants flowered several days before other dwarf marigolds and after their first full display of blooms, we trimmed the plants back and they bloomed right up until killed by frost. You will find *Janie* a splendid little marigold for small planters, edgings and for use in hanging planters.

Verbena, *Sangria*, will fill a small corner or edge a flower bed to perfection. The flowers capture the warm color of red wine, and when planted in a rock garden, the spreading stems pour over the rocks in a bright splash of color. A summer bloomer, *Sangria* likes lots of sun, well-drained soil and occasional watering during hot spells. *Sangria* will sulk if hidden in dark, shaded areas. Bring it to the forefront of your beds and borders where it will shout, "Ole!"

Most United States and Canadian mail-order seed companies will list all five of these new introductions. You will not likely find them in store seed racks this spring, but the more progressive retailers of bedding plants should have plants for sale at planting time.

"Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation. It is better to be alone than in bad company."

—George Washington

A TRUE STORY

My Friends Were Astonished At The Change In My Appearance...

I always pampered my skin... Special creams, lotions, exotic balms... I used them faithfully. Yet nothing helped, I was ready to give up.



Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't owned and managed a mink farm where we lived.

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men, who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband for years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were! I thought about them all that day. In my opinion it had to be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

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.

After I'd used the mink oil my complexion looked fresher, clearer, smoother... just like it use to be. There was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it. My friends and relatives

were astonished at the change in my appearance.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Emlin® Mink Oil Essential

Creme. It contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for.

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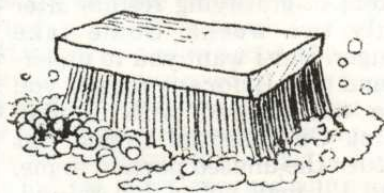
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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

of department stores. When I kidded the doctor about India's toleration of cows in places where no American ever would permit such beasts to be, he smiled and said:

"Yes, it is true that we rather favor the cow. As a matter of fact, we treat our cows about the way you Americans treat your dogs. You don't eat dogs, and we Indians do not eat cows. You let your dogs have the run of the lawns and the streets, and many times I have seen dogs in public buildings. But I must say this, we Indians do not carry our cows around in automobiles the way you Americans carry dogs around!"

I had to confess that most of us look at the customs of others in the light of our own prejudices. There is no way that you and I can avoid thinking and talking and acting like Americans. Hard though we may try to put ourselves in the place of people in some other country when thinking about their problems, it cannot be done. Whether we like it or not, each of us is a bundle of prejudices, of conditionings, of attitudes that have been instilled in us. This is why we find it so difficult to comprehend the conduct of persons in other parts of the world whose prejudices and conditionings are so different from our own.

When we find ourselves utterly unable to understand why people cannot live in peace in North Ireland, in Rhodesia, in Iran, and in all the other trouble spots of the world, we must not be too quick to believe that we know exactly how to solve the problems. Just remember that our American inventive, scientific genius has far surpassed our praying genius. Even though we are able to put men into orbit in outer space, we still cannot put an Episcopalian and a Baptist behind the same communion rail! Even though we now have pills to control our population, we have yet to discover a pill to control some of the animosity and bitterness that exists between members of our own families.

You and I know very well what has to be done to bring peace and harmony to all places on this earth, but the fact remains that it will require qualities in ordinary human beings that ordinary human beings like us seemingly are not willing to make the effort to develop. We know the kind of principles we have to have in ourselves if we are to live in complete harmony and peace with other people, but the trouble is that whenever our principles run into conflict with our prejudices, the prejudices usually win.

Whenever I find myself becoming discouraged, I remember that the problem of human relations, of establishing brotherhood at home and abroad, becomes possible only when we walk in the light of God's love. We could settle differences between feuding, quarreling,



From Our Family Album

This is one of our favorite pictures of Frank Johnson and his daughter, Kristin. Kristin was just five years old when she climbed into her father's lap for a heart-to-heart visit. From the expression on his face, it is easy to see just how much Frank adores this daughter of his.

It is hard to realize that this same small girl is now Mrs. Art Brase of Chadron, Nebraska, and the mother of three sons—Andy, Aaron and Julian. Andy, the oldest, is far, far taller than his mother. Photographs which capture such fleeting, loving moments are treasures to preserve and pass along to younger generations.

—Lucile

fighting people if only all of us, friend and foe, could begin our conversations for peace by saying: "My brother, whose God is my God, and who is loved by God just as my God loves me —." Really, that is what it is all about! Every religion in the world teaches the love of the Creator, so what are we waiting for? When we pray: "God, give us peace in our time," we need to add the phrase, "Beginning with me!" Our Lord gave his life for that.

Sincerely,
Frederick

Adv. — "I became acquainted with your magazine while visiting my brother and his family in Nevada, Mo. I have fallen in love with the warm stories, recipes, wonderful ideas and found myself writing down the various little poems, sayings, recipes, etc., before I gave the copy back. Now I am getting a subscription for myself. I would seldom think about writing to the publishers why I want a magazine but due to the type of things you write about in your letters, I felt you might be interested. Looking forward to happy reading."

—Mrs. C.R.C., Fort Worth, Texas

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WOMAN FINDS \$1,200 HIDDEN IN CHINA CABINET

Minneapolis (Special) . . . A local woman recently found \$1,200 she never knew she had hidden in her china cabinet when she came across a porcelain plate she'd received as a gift a few years ago. She was planning to sell the plate at a garage sale for about \$10 until she checked a current Plate Price Trends listing and found out it was actually valued at \$1,200.

If you've been given collector's plates as gifts or have your own collection, it pays to know what those plates are worth. Plate Price Trends, published by Plate Collector Magazine, can tell you. Right now, the president of a large society for collectors will send you a free copy of this authoritative listing, just for the asking.

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Once again it is the season for school pictures. Since Katharine Lowey is almost never without her glasses, this is a very honest shot of the way she looks most of the time. With the very rigid schedule expected of most students in the Albuquerque school Katharine attends, she undoubtedly needs her glasses. James Lowey needs his glasses as constantly as his sister, Katharine, does hers. There was a time when children felt they were "different" if they had to wear glasses at the early ages of James and Katharine, but so many young students now need such aid for their eyes that youngsters take wearing them completely for granted.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

hopped back in the van and proceeded through some really awe-inspiring mountains.

From the top of a high mountain pass, we could see an entire valley. As we watched, the whole area filled with clouds that seemed to boil up from nowhere. Our road went right down into those clouds! As we went lower, the clouds thinned out and suddenly we could see Lake Atitlan. Lake Atitlan has been called one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. The water is a clear blue that mirrors the sky, and with the lake itself surrounded by volcanoes.

Our hotel was right on the edge of the lake and lovely gardens ran from the edge of the patio right to the water's edge. We immediately sat down in lawn chairs in the garden and just enjoyed the beautiful scenery until the light left the sky in a spectacular sunset. The next

morning we had time for a quick dip in the lake and found it surprisingly warm. The area is a mile high in elevation and we had all assumed that the water would be cold.

Our schedule had been planned so that we would be in the town of Chichicastenango on market day. This market is a genuine tourist attraction and consequently we found prices to be quite high, but it was impressive to see all the native costumes worn by the people who were participating in the market.

The main church in Chichicastenango is quite old and famous for the Christian and pagan rites that go on almost side by side. It gave me a strange feeling to see such unfamiliar religious rites occurring on the front steps of a Christian church.

Chichicastenango is at the end of the accessible roads, so we had to do some backtracking. Of all the roads I would have chosen least to go over twice, this was the one. I'm accustomed to mountain roads, but this one really was scary! Every hairpin corner was an adventure for we never knew if a huge truck would be coming around on the other side of the curve and if one did zoom around the corner, hopefully it would be on the other side of the road! There were also many pedestrians and animals to dodge. We did stop in one place where some people had set up a stand to sell orchid plants; many of these plants were actually blooming. Several of us bought orchids, but what eventually happened to them is another story.

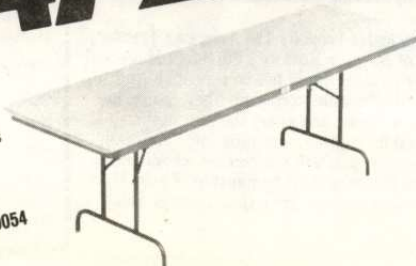
I see that I have used up my space, so the story of this trip will have to be read in installments. Until later . . .

Juliana

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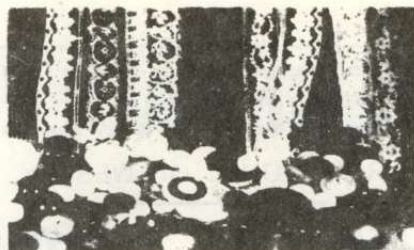
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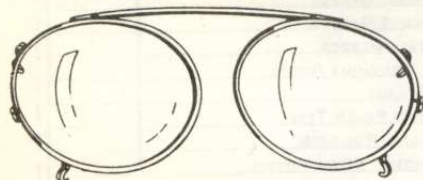
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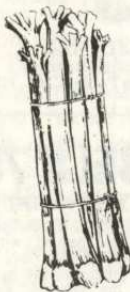


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