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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When I wrote to you last month I had to jump ahead in time and talk about the things that were scheduled to happen if all went well. It's a relief on this bitterly cold winter morning (at 6:00 o'clock, to be exact) to sit down to my old typewriter and bring you up to date.

The one big event I anticipated above everything else was to have an opportunity to see brother Frederick and his wife, Betty, again. What a joy it was to have them pull up in the driveway right on schedule the day after Christmas. We had seen each other only briefly in the last four years, so it would have been a bitter disappointment if anything had happened to prevent this reunion. But luck was with us—everything clicked off right on schedule.

They arrived in time to have a light lunch with us, and then we settled down for a nonstop talk marathon. Frederick is supposed to be retired, and since Betty was always right beside him carrying her share of responsibilities I should say that she is supposed to be retired too, but I'm at a loss to figure out exactly what this "retirement" is all about. There is only one project I can think of that could add a lively note to their daily pattern, and that would be to sign up for a cross-country lecture series devoted to the subject of how to retire without retiring. That activity would really round out the picture.

Towards evening brother Howard and his wife, Mae, joined us. Since I'm always after you friends to tell me what you have for a festive meal, I'll report on our Christmas dinner even if it did fall on December 26th rather than the 25th.

We sat down to a table beautifully decorated with evergreens, holly and candles, and had a perfectly delicious home-cured ham with a side bowl of that ever-satisfying homemade mustard sauce, yams that were seasoned exactly right, fly-off-the-plate rolls, strawberry preserves, a relish dish with an assort-

ment of homemade pickles, a molded asparagus salad, and for dessert (about an hour later) we enjoyed a homemade candied pineapple and macadamia nut fruitcake with Bing cherry ice cream. I didn't have one thing to do with this food, so without qualms of any kind I can say that everything was absolutely perfect. It's a combination of "vittles" that we're going to serve again.

The following day, after we had come out from the broadcast room where we visited with you friends, Frederick and Betty got in the car to drive around town and see what had changed since they were last here. When they returned, they reported that it was quite a shock to see so many of the old landmarks gone—or changed beyond recognition. I told them that even though I lived right here I had the same sensation!

After lunch with Mae and Howard, Frederick and Betty headed back to Bellevue, Nebraska, and Offutt Air Force Base where they wound up their visit with their daughter, Mary Lea Palo, and her family. Then it was out to Eppley Air Field and the plane that took them back to their home in Connecticut. It was a short visit, but wonderfully rewarding.

These days Betty Jane and I are learning to get adjusted to a new member of the household. He arrived on New Year's Day shortly before noon. His name is Hawkeye, and he is a Doberman pup. I don't think we've done anything for years that gave our family and friends such a shock as getting this Doberman dog, and I'm even sort of shocked myself!

The only two dogs I've ever owned were Chihuahuas, Jake and Abe, and I'm at a loss to know how you could get any pet as different from a Chihuahua as a Doberman. Hawkeye is only three months old but he seems like an elephant compared to Jake and Abe. And I've been assured that he will be a VERY big dog when he is fully grown.

Right now it's like having a tornado in the house full time. If I had never had a dog, I probably wouldn't be so astonished by his carryings-on, but I find myself remembering constantly how different things were with Jake and Abe. My greatest concern with them was not to run over their paws accidentally with my wheelchair, or to let a door slam on them unintentionally. Believe me, these are no problems with Hawkeye. He is more like a miniature tank. It's been bitterly cold since he arrived, so we are putting off long sessions outside until the weather moderates. Until then we'll just have to make out as best we can.

Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine made their holiday trip to El Paso right on schedule and had a wonderfully happy time with the Crouse family. The great climax of that visit was their expedition to the Sun Bowl to see the Nebraska and Mississippi football teams put on a rip-



This beautiful growth of pampas grass thrives in Lucile's fenced-in back yard. In fact, it is the focal point of her lovely informal garden. It was planted thirty years ago and stands tall and brilliant all winter long. In the spring, Lucile has it cut back so new growth can be made during the summer. This particular plant is a little different from the Southwestern variety. —Photo by Barton's Studio

roaring show. Betty Jane and I aren't serious football fans but I'd told Juliana that we'd watch the game so we could see how things were in El Paso. You'll find this hard to believe, but with more than 35,000 people in that huge stadium we actually had a glimpse of James and Katharine several times when one of the television cameras panned the crowd.

We were positive we had seen them and it was confirmed when Juliana called that night and told us that James was standing inside the frame of the big letter "O" in the word El Paso, and Katharine was standing right behind a little girl dressed in brilliant red—part of the Nebraska crowd. We were relieved to hear this because we were positive we had seen them, and yet we didn't want to tell anyone about it without verification because it seemed totally unlikely that ever in a million years would the camera just happen to catch them in that enormous crowd. It seemed completely unreal to me to be sitting in my living room in Shenandoah and yet to get a glimpse of my grandchildren in Texas! Instant communications become very instant with such an experience.

Katharine is enjoying her 4-H activities tremendously. When I talked with her last week, I told her that when she comes back to Iowa again I want to take her to Clarinda to see the Goldenrod School House that is so vividly associated with the beginnings of 4-H that sprang from her Great-Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh's inspiration. She was very
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A MESSAGE FROM MARTIN STROM



Martin and Eugenie Strom and their pet dog had this happy snapshot taken in their parsonage home in Maple Lake, Minnesota.

Dear Friends:

It has been a long time since I last sat at the typewriter to compose a letter for *Kitchen-Klatter*. For several years, Eugenie has taken on this responsibility; I guess that it is about my turn.

The Christmas season just past was a very busy time at our parsonage in Maple Lake. Eugenie was in charge of both the writing and directing of the Sunday School Christmas Program. There are many of you reading this letter who did the same and can appreciate the jitters she had on the day of the program, and the feeling of satisfaction and genuine pleasure when the program went smoothly and was well received. Christmas is certainly the most wonderful opportunity for the Church to reach out and touch this surrounding community with love.

I first came to live in Minnesota almost twelve years ago, and except for a year each in Montana and Iowa as part of my seminary education, I have remained here ever since. I mention that because this has been my first winter in Minnesota without a white Christmas. Many of you living in warmer parts of the country are probably shaking your heads at such a complaint, but it had really become a habit and the change was hard to get used to. This past Christmas was more like the holidays of my childhood in Iowa; cold, but brown more often than white. I think that the change was a good one for us in Maple Lake as it caused us to try a little harder to inject the true spirit of Christmas into the season, realizing that the experience of Christmas is something internal, in the heart, and not dependent upon such external things as the weather.

Usually that space of time following Christmas and before the beginning of Lent is a good time to catch up on miscellaneous projects. The colder weather tends to keep us indoors more of the time and there are many things which we deliberately put off until the middle of winter, knowing that we ought to have a little more time on our hands. Not so in 1981—our church is celebrating its Centennial Anniversary this year and there seems to be an endless procession of things which must be done in preparation: lists to be made, invitations and letters to be sent, booklets to be printed, meals to be planned, etc. It is at this time that I begin to appreciate the helpful and generous nature of the members of this church. One after another,

they have shouldered the burden of these responsibilities. The excitement keeps building as the time draws nearer; perhaps in a future letter I will be able to share with you a description of all our festivities.

As most of you may already know, my parents, Margery and Oliver Strom, are spending the winter in Harlingen, Texas. They are, as usual, enjoying playing host to visiting friends and family. If all goes well, by the time you read this letter Eugenie and I will be on our way south to pay them a visit. Although we are trying hard to keep our vacation unscheduled, we are sure to stop in Shenandoah on our way to see Aunt Lucile, Uncle Howard and Aunt Mae. On our return trip, we plan to visit Eugenie's relatives, her Aunt Irma and Uncle Jeff Fatherree, and her cousin, Susan, and her husband, Jerry, all of whom live in Houston.

Because of the long distances involved in a trip from Minnesota to the southern tip of Texas and back again, our visits to each place along the way must be far shorter than we would wish. It is trips such as this which make one appreciate just how large our country is. I am reminded of friends in seminary who had come from various European countries to study in the United States. They were almost overwhelmed by the great distances which we routinely travel, yet which for them would mean crossing several international borders.

Speaking of crossing international borders, it is with increasing excitement that Eugenie and I look forward to a year from now when we will be taking some of our friends and neighbors from the Maple Lake community on a tour of the Holy Land. Returning to our roots will be a way to wrap up our Centennial celebration and to begin our second hundred years of Christian service. Some of you longtime subscribers will remember that I went on a Holy Land tour in January of 1972 (see *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine, April, 1972). This trip will be shorter, and will not be aboard a cruise ship because of the increased oil prices, but we are

eagerly looking forward to it nonetheless. Hopefully, the tension in the Middle East will ease by that time.

My desire in visiting the Holy Land a second time is to see once again many of the sacred places which are so special to the Christian faith, and to share such an experience with Eugenie. I am more concerned about the violence which might be done to these special places than I am about any potential violence which might be done to our persons. On my last tour, our group had the opportunity to visit Beirut, Lebanon, which at that time I thought to be the most beautiful city I had ever seen. Now much of it is in ruins and the fighting there continues. Such a terrible waste. It is a deep concern of mine that such violence could spread to places like Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, bringing destruction to locations which are significant because of their role in the story of the Prince of Peace. Their loss would be doubly tragic, and I want to see them again before they possibly might be lost by some caprice of war.

When Eugenie and I get back from Texas, we will have to get busy with the tour company and begin our advance arrangements.

Just the other day, I dug out my old passport (long expired). I wish that I could share with you the photograph it contains, taken twelve years ago when I was a senior in college. My how times and appearances change! For one thing, it reminds me that it is time for my annual after-Christmas diet. Every time we travel south to visit my parents I am dieting, which is difficult to do when eating regularly in restaurants. The discipline in dieting is good for me, but it wouldn't be necessary if I had discipline in eating the rest of the time.

It is time to close this letter and begin packing for our Texas trip. We are both looking forward to getting out of our winter clothes and dressing for Texas and spring.

May God enrich your lives with many blessings.

Sincerely,
Martin Strom

TODAY'S REWARD

Do you put off till tomorrow
Those duties you could do today?
That is the same as to borrow
A thing you can never repay.

Do it today, not tomorrow;
That task which you failed yesterday
Will still not be done tomorrow
If you do not do it today . . .

For while you dream that tomorrow
You will be hero of the day,
The one who will wear the laurel
Is the one who did it today!

—Margaret Aamodt



It takes many willing workers (most of them volunteers) to keep a church active and growing. Unfortunately, all too often we fail to recognize or thank these workers for the countless hours they put in as a Sunday school teacher or superintendent, choir member or director, church organist, or an officer in one of the various church organizations. Isn't now a good time to begin planning an appreciation party honoring these leaders in your church? Let the following suggestions help you to plan such an event.

This "thank you" party may be a basket dinner following the Sunday morning service, a more formal banquet, or combined with one of your church fellowship nights—whatever will work best for your group.

DECORATIONS

Carry out a "Heartfelt Thanks" theme or one planned around a "Pep Rally". The following suggestions are for the "heartfelt thanks" idea which can be adapted in various ways.

Huge motto hearts may be used as wall decorations using such quotations as "Our heartfelt thanks", "Thanks for good memories of you", "To our 'busy' bodies", "We love you", etc. Make hearts red or pink and glue on white or gold letters.

If floral centerpieces, corsages or boutonnieres are desired, use the nosegay idea. Use white or gold heart-shaped doilies as the frill (these come in large and small sizes) and insert a single silk flower into the center of the doily. Tie a ribbon bow to the stem. For the centerpiece, cluster the flowers into a round bouquet, bending stems on the underside so it will set on the table, then add the doily frill on outside edge with some curls of ribbon.

Make a "Heartfelt Thanks" award badge for each honoree. Cut the heart-shaped badge from felt. Glue ribbon streamers at the bottom of the badge. Use gold glitter to inscribe heart with word "Thanks". If desired, list the position each fills on the ribbons. Give to each honoree upon arrival, use as place cards, or pin on at recognition time

during the program. The number of years of service could be marked on the badge also.

PROGRAM HELPS

Introduction: A quaint old preacher stood up to preach. He read his text: "They brought to Jesus all sick people that were taken with divers diseases. Now, the doctors can look you over, diagnose and sometimes cure your ills, unless you have divers diseases—then only the Lord can cure you. Brothers and sisters, there is a regular epidemic of divers diseases among our congregation. Some dive for the door after Sunday school is over, some dive for the television during the hours of evening meetings, some dive for the car to take a weekend trip, forsaking teaching a class or Sunday morning worship. Some dive into a bag of excuses when asked to join the choir or to teach a class. Some dive into the 'busy-busy' barrel when asked to be president of an organization or a sponsor for the youth group. Quite a few dive into a flurry of faultfinding every time a new project is undertaken by the church. Yes, only the Lord and the love of the church can cure the divers diseases."

We thank God for the many of our members who have overcome the divers diseases. Tonight we are here to honor those people who have answered the needs of the church, not by diving for an excuse, but by saying, "Here am I, Lord, use me." These are the people who keep our church alive and growing. To them we offer our heartfelt thanks.

To the Sunday School Teacher: There is a child and he says, "Teach me." The wondering, curious, discovering child—awed at the beauty, the rhythm, the process. Wanting to know how and where is the world and why he is who he is and where does he end and all others begin. There is a youth and he says, "Teach me", a reaching, unfolding, surging youth. He wants to understand what and why is the universe, what is his part in the joy and the work and how to join with the others. There is a man and he says, "Teach me." He is a seeking, searching, uncertain man, asking questions and seeking the answers. He wants to learn so he can teach when a child comes forth and says, "Teach me."

Heartfelt thanks to you devoted Sunday school teachers and the countless hours you have given in service of God and this church.

Choir Members: Grace was given to each of us according to the measure of Christ's gift. (Ephesians 4:7) We offer to each of you who give many hours each week to make melodies clear and sweet. In moments of our weakness, your notes make us strong—our faith is renewed through the words of your songs. What joy and gladness your music brings. We listen, inspired, and our hearts, too, sing!

Many thanks.

To the Organist: The organ notes sound, the worship service begins. The congregation stands holding hymnals firm, their voices falter, then lift, strengthened by the organ chords, sharing the music. The organist, through her music, pulls us together into the joy of worship. Without her talent our services would be far less beautiful. There are times the organ's sounds soothe and comfort, bringing peace and solace. Gently, the music speaks to hearts deep in sorrow. "Come, seek, ye shall find peace," it seems to say.

Yes, we say thank you to our organist—we need you for so many things—to play our hymns, and at offering time, when our choir sings, and to help with our weddings and to assist when we bury our dead. Thank you for all the joy you bring.

To the Choir Director: Choir directors—now they are something else! Theirs is a special job to do with so many personalities and types of voices to keep in harmony, still coming up with great music that's an inspiration to all who hear. They encourage us, comfort and bless us in our worship services. Yes, a choir director is a special person—we bring you our heartfelt thanks.

To the President of the Women's Society: Nobody wants to take the job of being president, so the one who accepts often feels she is the last resort. But blessed is she who sees that there is a job to be done and accepts it. Too often her good work goes unsung. She is glad for the bazaar to be over and thinks maybe she will get to do some of those little jobs around home that need doing but then the minister asks the women's society to serve a dinner for the ministers' retreat and, bless her heart, she sails right in to do it up in great style. We marvel at her accomplishments, yet she seeks no reward, just the satisfaction of knowing that whatever needs doing somehow gets done. Quietly she goes her way and no one knows the ruffled feathers she has smoothed, the hurt feelings she has soothed, the spiteful words she's blocked out, or the feelings of despair she has overcome. Here is our heartfelt thanks to you.

To the Sunday School Superintendent: Now what does the superintendent of Sunday school do, you ask? Well, if you followed in his footsteps for a spell, you'd soon see that he has a tremendous task. He's the person that greases the wheels that make the Sunday school go. He helps decide what's to be taught and who will teach. He's a trouble-shooter, and so must scurry and find a substitute when a teacher suddenly doesn't come. It's hard for him to please everyone—if he calls a conference, he can be seen as a meddler,

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Author, Marjorie Misch Fuller, with two favorite valentine candy boxes she has kept.

FAVORITE VALENTINES

by
Marjorie Misch Fuller

Do you have a favorite valentine? In the box of old valentines from my early childhood each one is cherished but a few stand out in my memory even though I may not have looked at them for a long time. Though not of the cleverest meter, these valentine messages ring with the magic of friendship which quickens the heart.

First, I think of a little boy in blue overalls, head topped with a yellow straw hat. About nine inches tall, he holds a potted geranium in one hand while a hidden valentine peeks from the other hand held behind his back. This valentine was from my mom and was given to me before I started to school. I enjoyed the little boy during childhood. When he became flimsy, Dad reinforced his back with heavy cardboard so now, some sixty years later, he stands straight and tall.

Fond memories go to the little girl in a pink bonnet and blue striped skirt pushing a wicker doll buggy. She can raise or lower the buggy top. Tucked inside the buggy, a doll lies under a heart-spotted coverlet. This, from Cousin Phyllis, promises a warm remembrance of our childhood play days.

Looking into the box, I see Suanna remembered me with a boy and girl at the well pumping heart-filled water saying:

"To My Valentine:

May this give a pledge to thee
And speak in silence, love from
me."

Aunt Gladys sent a boy and girl who open into a red honeycombed garden with this message:

"In these blue forget-me-nots,
In these fragrant roses too,
Read the message fond and true
From my faithful heart to you."

A card from a grade school boyfriend,

Ed, displays a boy and girl half hidden under a movable umbrella. Yellow and decorated with hearts, the umbrella asks "Be My Valentine" suggesting:

"It can rain and it can pour
Still, My Valentine, I love you
more."

Another verse on a cerub-filled tub reads:

"Tub-be or not tub-be,
My Valentine."

The umbrella motif appeared popular as another valentine featured a young lady in the bright sun with a closed umbrella:

"I won't need an umbrella
For the sun will always shine
If you will tell me now
That you'll be My Valentine."

My courting days brought elaborate cards with painted silk hearts and love messages of a new dimension.

The years passed and my favorite valentine then was made of a ragged red construction paper heart, a little boy's picture in the center, decorated with cuttings from a paper doily. When our six-year-old son brought this home to me from school, my heart overflowed with love.

Each year, as Valentine's Day approaches, I recall many valentine messages but now my husband knows that my very favorite valentine is a heart-shaped box of chocolates—sweeter message than words, but alas, not as enduring.



TWENTY-EIGHT OUT OF A HUNDRED ISN'T BAD

by
Rajean Kneale

Do you think that if the groundhog sees its shadow February 2nd, we will have six more weeks of bad weather? If you do, it is because Groundhog Day was brought here by the Germans who settled Pennsylvania. For them, the groundhog was a substitute for the German badger. Many of our favorite superstitions about the weather center on animals and animal behavior, the Groundhog Day superstition being just one.

Some weather superstitions center on rabbits. Some say that when a rabbit's coat is heavy it will be a hard winter. (The same is said of the coat of the woolly worm.) Also, rabbits playing in a dusty road are thought to be a sign of rain, just as a number of field mice playing in an open field is taken as a sign of rain.

Other superstitions center on livestock. If the hair on a horse's tail stands erect, making the tail look bushy, a

drought will soon be broken. When cattle and horses refuse to drink in a dry spell, you can expect a cloudburst. If horses or sheep stand with their backs to the wind, it is supposed to storm. A hog carrying wood in its mouth is a sign of rain.

Does the howling of a dog or wolf mean death, or does it just mean that a high-pitched sound has irritated the animal's ears? Wolves howling before sunset, according to one superstition, mean rain.

There is a belief about deer and snow: if a deer immediately lies down in the snow, there will be another snow in a few days. If the deer paws the snow before lying in it, it will be more than a week before another snow. Some hunters swear by this belief.

The bad reputation of black cats may come from the Middle Ages when black cats were associated with witches. Whatever its color, there is a belief popular among sailors that cats are good luck aboard ship. Also, if a cat tears at cushions and carpets, it is a sign of high wind. A cat licking its fur against the grain mean rain. Understandably, people in lowlands become alarmed when a cat moves its kittens to a higher place.

Ever hear the saying, "A little bird told me?" Apparently one of the things birds tell people about is the weather. Hence, the following folk saying about robins is quoted in *A Treasury of Superstitions* by Claudia De Lys:

If the robin sings in the bush
The weather will be course,
If the robin sings on the barn
The weather will be warm.

And about crows, also from De Lys:
Crow on the fence,
Rain will go hence.
Crow on the ground,
Rain will come down.

How true are these superstitions? It depends on the person to whom you are talking. I, personally, would be alarmed on low ground if I saw a cat moving her kittens to the highest spot around. I would go with the cat and kittens.

Actual research has been done on the reliability of the groundhog superstition by the National Geographic Society. In *Celebration: The Complete Book of Holidays*, the author, Robert J. Myers, points out that the Society takes a dim view of the groundhog's powers as a forecaster. Over a sixty-year period, the accuracy of the groundhog was only twenty-eight percent. In terms of weather forecasts, who can complain about twenty-eight percent?

If the groundhog prediction is for fair weather, we can feel encouraged; and if the prediction is for six more weeks of bad weather, we can hope that this is one of the other seventy-two percent forecasts. In any case, twenty-eight out of a hundred isn't bad.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

I apologize! I promised to tell you all about our trip to Bermuda, and I did not, for we did not go to Bermuda after all. We had made all of our plans to go, when there developed a very good reason for our not making the trip. We decided to give to one of our favorite charities the amount that we would have spent on the Bermuda trip. With so many worthy causes desperately short of capital funds these days, both Betty and I felt guilty about spending so much money on ourselves at this time. We shall go to Bermuda some other day.

This is the first time in twelve years that I have written my February letter to you from any other place than in Florida, but here we are in cold New England—and we love it. We had forgotten just how beautiful the Atlantic coast can look in winter. I am not telling you that we *definitely* are not going to Florida but we have, for the time being, decided against it. There is so much to do here at home, and so little to do down in Florida.

At least once a week, we have visitors from Springfield. So many times, when we are driving them over to the Seaport Museum in Mystic, our visitors exclaim: "Oh what a beautiful scene that is. The water is so blue, and the islands stand out so clearly against the sea and the sky." That is our cue to mention that they are looking out across the water to Fisher's Island and to Mason's Island. There are days when we even can see the tip of Long Island while we drive along one stretch of the Mystic road. It is all very beautiful.

For nearly a year, I have been making the ten-mile drive to the museum all by myself, but no longer. Betty is one of the newest volunteers on the museum staff, and we have arranged our working hours so that we can ride together. While I work in one of the big exhibition buildings telling people about whaling and scrimshaw, Betty works in the fine research library. It is doubtful if there is any library in the world with a larger collection of interesting material about whaling, sailing, and shipping in general than is contained in the Mystic Seaport Museum Library.

As a museum volunteer, I am permitted to check out any book I wish. The first time I did so, a nice young lady at the library desk said quite sternly: "Dr. Driftmier, there is something I want you to understand! You may have these books only overnight. They must be back here on my desk by nine o'clock to-



Frederick much enjoys reading and telling stories to the youngsters in his family. Listening with obvious joy is Frederick's two-year-old grandnephew, Julian Scott James Crandall.

morrow morning. There will be a \$1.00 fine for any hour or fraction of an hour that the books are overdue. Believe me, sir, we do collect our fines!" She was right!

Speaking of libraries reminds me to tell you how much I am enjoying additional volunteer work at the Westerly Public Library in Westerly, Rhode Island. We live just across the river from Rhode Island, so I can get to Westerly in just a few minutes. Presently, I am helping the library to revise some of its employee policies. Because Betty's family has been interested in the library for many years, it seems quite a natural place for me to give some of my free time.

This library was largely the gift of one family, that of the New England philanthropist, Mr. Stephen Wilcox. At the time he made the donation, there was no YMCA or any other youth organization in the town, and so Mr. Wilcox directed that the Westerly Library have, in addition to its reading and reference rooms, a public auditorium, a gymnasium, and several bowling alleys. What a combination—reading rooms and bowling

alleys. Nevertheless, the combination was a happy one for many years until the town obtained a fine new YMCA building, a building that resulted from a financial campaign run by Betty's father.

Here is another interesting bit of information about the Westerly Library: it owns a magnificent town park which adjoins the library grounds in the very heart of the business section of the town. It is a large park filled with lovely trees, flower gardens, fountains, and pools. The park was given to the library by the widow of the same Mr. Wilcox who gave the library.

Many times I have mentioned the way New England people remember their churches in their wills. During my twenty-four year ministry at the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, the church received sixty-four bequests. There are many New England towns where the public schools have all been gifts of individuals. A few weeks ago, an old gentleman living a few miles from our house died and left all of his farm land to his church. The farm is valued at far more than one million dollars. What a wonderful way to show one's love of God and the church. Of all the old New England churches with which I am familiar, there is not one which does not have some income from endowed funds provided by bequests. That is an indication of how much many people love their churches.

Have I told you about one of the little techniques for keeping the bonds of affection between me and my grandchildren alive and strong? It is the sending of cards. I started sending little Isabel cards when she was just three years old, and then, when Christopher reached an age of observation which made him envious of his sister's cards, I began to send him cards, too. What fun it is to pick out the appropriate cards—cards for every holiday, get-well cards, humorous cards, etc. What fun the children have receiving them. The problem is one of finding enough different kinds of cards, and that keeps me busy shopping, going from one card store to the next. Actually, it does not cost very much, for if I were where I could visit them every few days, I would be taking them gifts, giving them trips to such places as the zoo, the theater and the skating rink. All of those gestures would cost far more than the few dollars a month I spend now on cards and postage. When those little children respond by sending me cards that they have made themselves, by sharing their school papers with me, and by calling me up on the phone to thank me, I feel doubly rewarded.

Sincerely,

Frederick

THE PASTOR'S CALL

My pastor called on me today—
Ambassador of truth and Diety,
He represents a household built on faith,
Shepherds a varied constituency.

When Pastor came to call on me,
We talked of many things;
We visited, prayed and reminisced
Of faithful souls and current trends.

"Where two or three are gathered
In our dear Saviour's name . . ."
We voice the oft-repeated pleas;
Pastor and I are blessed, the same.

We sensed the presence of our Lord,
His counsel we received;
In gratitude my spirit soars
When kindly Pastor called on me.
—Thelma M. Griffith



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The weather here through the month of December was a lot like it was a year ago—mild most of the time. We had only one light snow that left about an inch on the ground, and one freezing rain. Nothing to really complain about. The worst weather all month was during the first deer season. Seven friends from the Kanawha area (who have been coming every year since 1968 to hunt deer in our timber) arrived on schedule, hunted all five days, and took three deer home. We are always happy when the hunters don't have to go home empty-handed. These men are all outdoorsmen and always say it is a treat for them to spend the five days roaming the timber even if they don't get anything.

Since my last letter was written early in December, this is my first opportunity to tell you about some of our activities before and after the holidays. Bernie entertained her club for a Christmas party with a covered-dish dinner at noon and a gift exchange afterwards. Since Bernie had asked me to come, I said I would fix a potato dish for the dinner. This was an especially busy day for me because I was on the refreshment committee for our P.E.O. Christmas meeting that night. Since one of the girls on the committee was a busy young teacher and the other was a young mother who also works, I had volunteered to fix all the food for forty women.

I will have to tell you about the near catastrophe I had with the dessert. I had decided the Elegant Cherry-Berry Dessert on page 274 in our *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook* would be a beautiful one to serve at Christmas time, so the evening before the meeting I had made three nine- by thirteen-inch meringues and put all three in the oven. I set the timer for sixty minutes and started doing something else. About fifteen minutes before the time was up, I decided to check them. To my horror I discovered the oven was off and the stove had run out of gas. Frank dashed out and switched over to the other bottle of gas. By now I had no idea how long the oven had been off, or what would happen to the meringues if the heat was turned back on. They had just started to raise, so I was really in a quandary as to how much more time they needed to bake. Would they turn out to be tough and impossible to cut, or would they be sticky and runny? It was too late to start over from scratch, so I turned on the oven, left the meringues in for forty-five minutes,

turned off the oven and left them in until about ten o'clock the next morning. Luck was with me. They turned out just fine, looked lovely on the plates, and everyone thought they tasted delicious.

The woman who had charge of the program that evening had asked each person to bring a homemade Christmas tree ornament. These were all put in a large basket and later, without looking, we each reached into the basket, lifted out an ornament, and got to take it home.

One of my dad's sisters, Aunt Clara Otte, celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday in December. She and her husband, Paul Otte, live in their own home on a farm near Braddyville, Iowa. When I called to visit with them that evening, Aunt Clara said she had had such a nice day. Her oldest and dearest friend, whose name is also Dorothy Johnson, had brought some other friends, a birthday cake and ice cream and they had a real party.

On December fifteenth, I traveled to Rockwell, Iowa, where I gave a talk at the



Dorothea Polser and Dorothy Johnson have been friends for many, many years. Dorothea accompanied Dorothy on her recent trip to Rockwell.

Cerro Gordo County Farm Bureau Women's Christmas Tea. They had asked the last of September if I could do it, and it is always hard to accept an invitation this far in advance, especially for a December meeting. My going had to depend on the weather. Once again Lady Luck was with me, and the weather was fine. My good friend, Dorothea Polser, went along and we had a perfectly delightful day.

We arrived at the St. Peter's Lutheran Church in time for a noon luncheon prepared by some of the ladies for about twenty women. The meal was served at card tables in a small lounge off the kitchen. Each table was centered with a Christmas arrangement. Favors were beautiful crocheted wreaths made by Beverly Peters in red, white and green yarn made to be worn on coats or jackets. I'm sure Beverly would have been pleased if she had been with us the next day in Des Moines. Dorothea and I still had the wreaths on our jackets when

we stopped at several stores. It got to be a joke because everyone we met was asking us where we got those cute wreaths. We were happy to tell them.

One of the guests at the luncheon was Nancy Stevenson, office manager of radio station KSMN, the Mason City station which carries our daily Kitchen-Klatter radio program. It was nice to have a long visit with her. She was hoping we would have time to come meet all the folks at the station, but the hour was so late when we got through at the church, it was impossible. Hopefully, we'll get back up there again sometime because there is someone else I wanted to see—Millie Peters, who sat at my table for the luncheon, told me her ninety-four-year-old mother, who now lives at the Odd Fellows Home, has been a devoted Kitchen-Klatter listener for many years; I would love to go and see her.

Before the luncheon I had a nice visit with Mrs. Clarence Bonjour of Hampton. She had thoughtfully brought me a bundle of real old *Kitchen-Klatters* she thought Kristin would like to keep for her own files, or pass them on to her boys. She tells me they still have a Kitchen-Klatter Club in Hampton. Back in the late 20's or early 30's when our program was young, several of these clubs were started around Iowa and Minnesota. Once in awhile, we Driftmier girls would go with Mother to a big Kitchen-Klatter picnic somewhere. I was really amazed to learn there are some clubs still in existence.

Before I talked, I was given a beautiful corsage which was different than any I had ever seen before. It was made by Lelia Hansen, a member of the Iowa Porkettes Association, and was fashioned from genuine pigskin. The flowers are in three shades of brown, with dark green leaves—perfect colors to go with the jacket I wore that day. It also looks very nice on my winter coat.

Following the program, the ladies served hot spiced punch, coffee, and every kind of delicious cooky you can imagine. I had the opportunity to meet, shake hands, and visit with over two hundred of our faithful friends. Thanks to Dorothy Evans and her committee who had asked me to come, I had a perfect day I will always remember.

It was a nice surprise when our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, was able to come from his home in Roswell, New Mexico, to spend the holidays with his sisters and with us. Kristin had planned that she and the boys were going to drive to Lucas the day after Christmas to spend the rest of their vacation. Art had to work so couldn't come. Krisin called on Christmas Eve and said a layer of ice covered with snow was on everything, and Julian and Aaron were both down with sore throats and temperatures, so

(Continued on page 18)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

The timing on this month's letter places me in the middle of a break in our school schedule but by the time you each read this, I shall be rapidly approaching my third and final big respite from studies, but back to the holidays.

Adrienne had just finished the first quarter of her year with its attendant final examinations. She snapped back from this ordeal with expected ginger, but her watch on the mailbox assured me that the forthcoming grades were not dismissed from her mind. I had difficulty adjusting my thinking to her Christmas requests. They were primarily oriented around necessities for job interviews. For a woman to go out into the world looking for a formerly male-dominated job, that woman must fit into a precisely proper image. Gone are the days, such as I knew, when one interviewed an employer on the campus and just maybe the occasion arose for visiting the personnel director at the home office. Now a young lady must work up a resume of her business experience, along with a detailed transcript of her grades and college activities, exactly in the same manner as her male counterparts do. This resume is tucked neatly into an attache case, which in my day was called a briefcase, and in the proper attire, the lady starts out to call upon those businesses in which she is particularly interested.

I had the occasion at a dinner one evening to relate my tale to a gentleman who is the head of his own company but who, at the same time, is far removed from the details related to the hiring end of his business. I was warning him in a tone of jest of things to come when his daughter was old enough to be out in the job market. He listened seriously to me, but then concluded that these criterion were foolishness intended only to separate a young serious woman from her money. To support his cynical view, he turned to the personnel manager for corroboration of his conclusion and was thunderstruck when the man slowly shook his head in disagreement. I listened with great interest as the man related his view of women who come to job interviews and how correct dress can influence the employer's decision.

I have drawn a further conclusion; it appears to me that since women are entering the job market once held exclusively by men, these women are being required to adhere to an even more stringent and tight set of etiquette standards than would have been required of a man in a similar situation. It

surely works a financial hardship on a young woman because usually a woman's wardrobe costs exceed those of a man's. Everything from basic hosiery to the tie tack versus the lapel pin costs more for a woman. The correct shoe for a woman is staggering in cost compared to a gentleman's. On the funny side, however, I shall always chuckle now when I see a young lady, properly attired, walking down the street carrying her attache case which probably holds only her resume, a hairbrush, a hanky, and perhaps a natural foods sandwich!

Our Katharine was home for the holidays. She had ordered her airplane ticket before she moved to Maryland so she was assured a seat on a round trip flight to and from her new job. She came into the Milwaukee airport about eight o'clock on Christmas Eve and returned four days later.

I have never been in an airport before at holiday time, but in all of my years I have never been in a happier atmosphere than was found in that terminal on Christmas Eve. Everyone's face wore a smile, everyone wished everyone along the corridors a Merry Christmas. Even the clerks, who were having to work on this night, were pleasantly caught up by the contagious spirit of the evening.

Katharine is having a fine time for not only is her work experience exciting but she is fortunate enough to occupy space in a new building equipped with all of the latest scientific equipment. Thus far, most of her time has been spent connected with finding living quarters, but she did arrange a free Sunday to look up her cousin Emily and Rich DiCicco and their beautiful new baby, Stephen. To my knowledge, these two women first cousins had not seen each other since we visited in Shenandoah in 1958.

Katharine had an interesting commentary to make upon the general happy atmosphere of her new office-

laboratory. She was struck by the generally happy, indeed, extraordinarily merry disposition of her co-workers. Then she realized that it was the first time she had not been in a school situation where the workers or professors were in a set of circumstances where they were either taking term examinations or were giving and grading them. Then it dawned upon me that all of our family Christmases are involved with examinations because of our school-teaching schedules. It has fallen to me during the past several years to do almost all of the shopping because Don was involved with school examinations. Formerly, we would go shopping for a tree and end up having our annual argument. This malady has been cured, however, by an inventive Adrienne who simply goes away on a mysterious trip and comes back with a very satisfactory tree. Her father is so relieved to have this traumatic decision made that he seldom questions her as to price.

This time last year Paul was completing his second year away from home at Disney World in Orlando, Florida. It has certainly been a pleasure to have him home again. He and his father spent Christmas Day assembling a pool table in the basement. The company from whom we purchased the table assured us that two men could put it together in three hours. Well, these two Driftmier men spent closer to twenty hours. Paul got one game played upon his special Christmas gift before he had to go to bed. His nights of sleep are considerably shorter than mine because his morning starts at three o'clock.

As I mentioned at the beginning of this letter, our spring vacation begins in mid-March and that finishes the longest, coldest, darkest term of the school year—and then—spring!

Sincerely,
Mary Beth



Family gatherings provide excellent opportunities to take photographs. This happy picture shows the Wisconsin Driftmiers with Adrienne, Mary Beth and Katharine from left to right in front and Paul and Donald standing behind.

BROTHERHOOD IS FOR EVERYONE

by
Virginia Thomas

Setting: Arrange to have a three-tiered table. On the top tier—display a large “dove of peace” symbol, on the middle tier—arrange a stack of textbooks, some glass test tubes, a magazine article which depicts ways we can show brotherhood around the world, on bottom tier—place large gold letters to spell out B-R-O-T-H-E-R-H-O-O-D. (If preferred, make wooden blocks to hold the letters in place, and then as each letter is given in the program, let a helper place the letter on the table.)

Leader: *For inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.* This is brotherhood month. This poem speaks of what brotherhood is all about:

SOMEWHERE, SOMEONE NEEDS YOU

Somewhere there's someone
Who needs you today,
Needs you to brighten,
To lighten their way;
Someone who's hungry
Or someone who's cold,
Someone who's lonely,
Forgotten and old:
Someone in trouble,
Or someone in pain,
Someone who needs you
As flowers need rain.
Loving and caring,
'Tis then we will see
Giving and sharing
Are life's golden keys;
Helping each other
As Christ thought we should,
Drawing us closer
In one brotherhood. —M.N.B.

Leader: (continues) I have asked some helpers to show ways we can care and share.

B — is for BROTHERHOOD MONTH
When we should learn about others,
BEFRIEND them, BE caring,
Accept them as BROTHERS.

R — REACH OUT to help someone,
Near and far, or in regions wild,
Regardless of race, color, or creed,
Baby, adult, or child.

O — OVERCOME prejudice, OVER-
COME hate —

Using the symbol of the heavenly
dove

OVERCOME prejudice with friend-
ship,

OVERCOME hatred with love.

T — TOUCH someone's life somewhere,
Nearby or in another land;
Try to walk in another's shoes,
Try to understand.

H — How much can we offer
In the area of HEALTH?
Milk for the babies, ways of nutri-



These clergymen have been the leaders of the ecumenical movement in western New England. From left to right: Rabbi Dr. Herman Eliot Snyder, Monsignor Timothy Leary, Vicar General, Rev. Dr. Frederick F. Driftmier and The Very Reverend Malcolm W. Eckel.

tion,
Medicines and knowledge, all from
our wealth.

E — EDUCATION is so important,
In fact, it is the key
To understanding the world
around—

A lifeline between everyone else
and me.

R — “R” starts powerful words of brother-
hood—

REAFFIRM, RESPECT, RECOG-
NIZE,

REBUILD, RENEW, REHABI-
TATE,

RESTORE, RECONCILE, REAL-
IZE.

H — HOPE for tomorrow,
HOPE for today,
HOPE for the future,
HOPE to all along the way!

O — OUTLAW hunger,
OUTLAW war,
Let peace come to dwell
On earth evermore.

O — OFFER your money,
OFFER your talent,
OFFER your knowledge—
It is time well spent.

D — DO be alert, DO be ready
Let not your eyes be blind.
DO reach out, let your friendship
Enfold all humankind.

Leader: *Inasmuch as ye do it unto the
least of these my brethren, ye have done
it unto me. Amen.*

TODAY

Today, well lived, will bring at eventide
A heart serene, a faith that will abide.
And by that faith each yesterday will be
A fond and soul-inspiring memory.
And each tomorrow hold within its scope
Bright visions of the blessed dawn of
hope. —Unknown

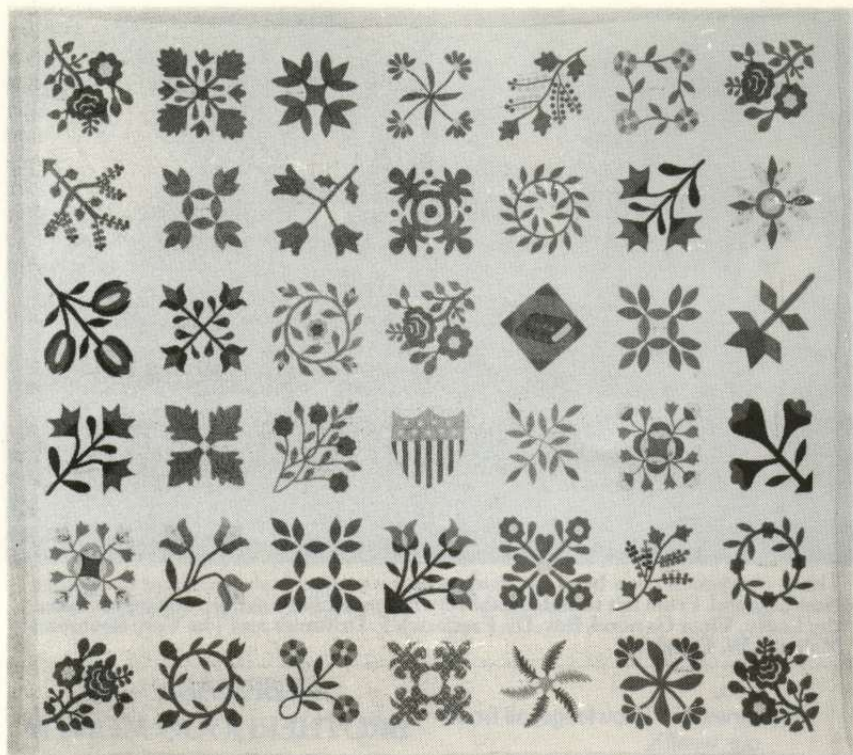
FEBRUARY — BROTHERHOOD MONTH

In 1934, some 300 communities in the United States shook off the doldrums of the then-current Depression long enough to observe something called Brotherhood Day. The observance caused only a ripple of response in the participating communities and it received virtually no national recognition. But to a group of men and women banded together in a relatively new organization known as the National Conference of Christians and Jews, that day in April 1934, was exciting and inspirational.

And in Denver, Colorado, a Catholic priest, Monsignor Hugh McMenamin, was seeing the fulfillment of an idea he had almost casually proposed to the National Conference two years previously. The suggestion grew out of this situation: Monsignor McMenamin was sitting in his study one July day, looking at his calendar with July 4 standing out in red with the wording Independence Day. The priest thought, “Wouldn’t it be fine if for just one day we celebrated our inter-dependence?”

Those who worked to promote that first Brotherhood Day saw it become a full week’s observance in 1940, and four years later, more than 2,000 communities, among which, for the first time every state was included, celebrated Brotherhood Week. Since 1940, the Brotherhood Week dates have always been the full week that includes Washington’s birthday. Today, more than 10,000 communities of the nation observe the event in some manner.





—Photo courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

THE CIRCUIT RIDER'S QUILT by Evelyn Birkby

Tucked away in the storage vaults of The Art Institute of Chicago is a most unusual quilt. Made in 1862, it contains forty-two blocks with thirty-three different designs. Each block is signed by the person who made it. Unfortunately, the signatures were done with ink which has faded so that few of the names are still legible: Danby, Patterson, Smith, Cleveland, to name a few. This particular quilt was given by members of his congregation to the Reverend G. C. Warvel, an early circuit-riding preacher of the United Brethren Church in the Miami, Ohio, area.

The stories of these early ministers could fill many volumes with accounts of their struggles, courage, successes and failures. Traveling as they did from one settlement to another, they were an important part of the westward expansion of our country. Most of these very young "exhortors" felt they had been called of God to do His work. Few married as the stability of a home was commonly denied them by the very pattern of their labors. Lodging was found wherever a friendly family would give an invitation for the night.

The Reverend G. C. Warvel was one of the courageous ministers who went out into the unknown, riding his chestnut mare, to minister to the needs of his widespread congregation. No matter how severe the weather or how difficult the trails, he persisted in traveling his circuit to bring hope and cheer and solice to his parishioners.

As was true with so many of his profession, Mr. Warvel's congregation

was scattered over a hundred-mile area. He spent time in six small communities, visiting each church at least eight times a year. The marriages, memorial services, baptisms and church socials, were times of excitement and growing friendships in the settlements.

In 1862, in appreciation for all his efforts on their behalf, forty women of the United Brethren Church in Miami, Ohio, made and presented a quilt to their minister. It must have provided warmth for both the heart and the body as this man of God continued on his travels.

I have been fascinated by the background of this quilt, which became known as the Circuit Rider's Quilt, including the fact that it still is in existence, ever since I read about it in the book, *American Quilts, Quilting, and Patchwork*, by Adelaide Hechtlinger (Stackpole Books, Cameron and Kelker Streets, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105). The particular copy of the book I read came from our Shenandoah Library and was a memorial book given in memory of Leanna Driftmier.

Not only does this volume include much information about the quilt, but it also has every one of the patterns in full-size detail. Any of the designs could be used for a quilt. Old-fashioned Sweet Clover, Rambler Rose, Colonial Wreath, Mountain Daisy, Cosmos and Spring Glory, are only a few of the names of blocks used. Near the center of the quilt is a block upon which a seamstress had placed a red Bible, outlined and titled it with black stitching, and then appliqued it to a green print background.

The last time I was in Chicago, I went to the textile department of The Art Institute to see if I could view the Circuit Rider's Quilt. It was not on display at the moment—many of their treasured quilts are preserved in storage and used only for special exhibits—but the head of the textile department kindly visited with me about the acquisition, care, and cleaning of the Institute's collection. Even though I did not get to see the quilt itself, I purchased a photograph of the Circuit Rider's Quilt and obtained permission to print it in this issue of the magazine.

Now I'm wondering when time will permit my starting such a quilt. The book I used as a resource also includes full-size patterns of each block. (I have seen such patterns in other books as well, one is *Quilt Designs and Patterns*, House of White Birches, Inc., Box 337, Seabrook, N.H. 03874.) Any one of the designs could be used for a quilt. It would be a fun project for a women's group to do for a present-day minister.

Friendship, signature, album and presentation quilts were very popular for a long period of time. Friendship quilts were often made at a party where each guest brought material for a block—often from one of her own lovely dresses. The hostess had fabric available for the purpose of putting the quilt together. The quilt top was supposed to be done by supper time. Sometimes a quilting bee was held later to complete the coverlet.

Album quilts were often used as gifts for brides. Each friend made a block and embroidered her own name on it once she had it completed. The presentation quilt was usually made for a particular and special person. This is certainly the type made by the Ohio congregation for their minister. Signature quilts were made from blocks which were sewn by various persons upon which only their names were embroidered. These blocks were often cut into different shapes and put together with embroidery stitches and many colored threads.

With today's renewed interest in old-fashioned needlework, it is not surprising to see the revival of friendship quilts. Recently, Pearl and Charles Magel, one of the couples in our Sidney United Methodist Church, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary with many relatives and friends participating and in attendance. During the reception in Fellowship Hall, some of the neighbors and friends of the couple presented them with a beautiful quilt top. It was set together with lovely golden-yellow fabric. Each block was embroidered with a significant picture designed by its originator and signed. It proved to be a moment filled with such deep emotion that the bride could only smile through her tears and, then, eventually express her appreciation.

If this recent experience is any example, friendship quilts will be with us for a long, long time.



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

This is Christopher's birthday month and Vin and I are puzzling, as we have been all year, how to direct the education of our challenging son. Chris will be four on February sixth. He is large for his age, active, bright and imaginative. We want him to be stimulated by school so that he won't be "turned off" before he even gets started. What do you do with a kid who can read the alphabet and numbers to twenty-five, sing every song or jingle he's ever heard, and buy and sell Monopoly property—at age three?

Chris is attending a preschool now and the program is adequate. However, Vin and I don't want to waste the potential of either of our children—whatever it may be—by not opening up enough doors for them. I'm sure you've had similar thoughts about your own children.

We had a wonderful Christmas with my parents, Frederick and Betty Driftmier. Chris had a touch of flu before they arrived, but we had been expecting that. It's Palo's Law: if this is a holiday, Chris must be sick. He was sick just before Halloween, and a severe bout with asthma prevented us from having Thanksgiving dinner with the Shendoah relatives. Chris just seems to absorb holiday excitement to the point of collapse, and I've never figured out how to control it. Fortunately, he was feeling well enough to enjoy a quiet week with his grandparents. Isabel had sorted out her best school papers to show off, and they both had games and books in which they wanted to interest the grandparents. Chris calls my father "the grandpa who can tell stories without reading a book," and Dad lived up to his reputation. So it was a great week.

One of the nicest qualities of this Christmas just past is that I had as much Christmas music as I wanted. This can be attributed to two facts: we now own a piano and I am now a member of a singing group. The piano was Vin's and my gift to each other. We bought it before Thanksgiving, so by the time Mom and Dad arrived we had practiced some carols. Isabel was proud of herself for learning the first two lines of "Jingle Bells".

Vin plays the guitar so we have enjoyed our duets. When we both are so busy all day, it's a real pleasure to have something relaxing to do together in the evening. I remembered more than I expected from the five years of piano lessons I took as a child. I am spending these quiet winter months practicing exercises and doing what I can on my own to improve my ability.

Someday I would really like to take a course in music theory. I am fascinated



When Sophie and David Driftmier returned from their trip to Europe they stopped in Pawcatuck, Connecticut to visit with David's parents, Frederick and Betty Driftmier (center). David is Mary Lea's brother.

by the way chords develop into each other, but I know very little about the reasons. The thought has occurred to me that in this chaotic world, chords are among the few things that resolve themselves any more. Listening to certain chords is satisfying to the spirit.

The singing group I joined last fall is the Offuttaires, a group made up of members of the Offutt Officers' Wives' Club. We sing three programs of music a year—fall, Christmas, and spring—each about a half-hour long. We sing by request all over the Omaha area, at schools, clubs, senior citizens' centers, etc. Some of you may have seen our Christmas program broadcast over television station WOWT in Omaha or its translator station in Norfolk. When we are given a gratuity, we put it in a special fund until we have enough to give a music scholarship to a local student.

There are no auditions for membership. All that is required is a love of music, and dedication with a capital "D"! Weekly rehearsals are held on Thursday afternoons which works out well for me because both kids are in school at that time. The spring program schedule is slow and relaxed. The fall gets busier and busier until by mid-December we are performing three or four times a week. But I love every minute of it.

One of the things that appeals to me the most about the Offuttaires is that I know very little about the members' husbands. So much of military social life is of the "command performance" variety where rank is important. It's extremely refreshing to not know or care whether the woman I'm chatting with on the bus ride to a performance is the wife of a colonel or a lieutenant. I'm sure any of you who are military wives can relate to that. In our transient lives, it's important to have friends who are my own and not

just my husband's.

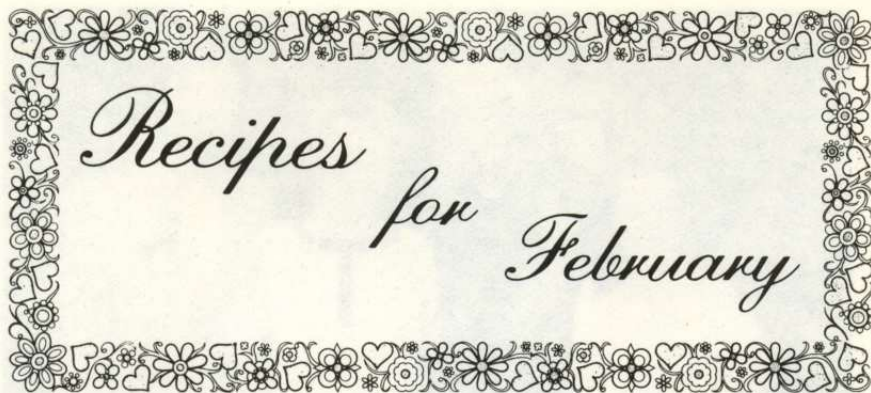
I have been very impressed with Offuttaires organization. Musically, we reflect the tremendous talent of our director, Dot Little, and our accompanist, Rachel Wilson. Vicki Strominger is our able president, responsible ultimately for everything. But what really keeps things running smoothly is, first of all, a written set of policies, and secondly, a large number of jobs assigned to various members. In the Offuttaires' nineteen-year history, experience has determined a certain set of needs and responsibilities that don't change from year to year. Thus, in addition to a secretary and treasurer, the Offuttaires have a costume manager, a music librarian, a transportation chairman, a social chairman, a publicity person, a risers chairman (we transport our own stands to sing on), section leaders (one each for first sopranos, second sopranos and altos) and others. These people in turn organize the rest of us, who currently number thirty-four. The duties are clearly defined and taken seriously. The result is a smoothly functioning group.

Ever since the fall, the Offuttaires have been dedicating a song in each performance to the American hostages in Iran. The song is "Let There Be Peace on Earth", and I leave you with the thought that peace must begin with each of us.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea Palo

We are all the children of one Father. And in His wisdom, He has provided a huge, magnificent mansion with doors that lead to countless rooms.

But the fact remains that different though each room is, only one roof—His roof—shelters that mansion and keeps its people safe.



CHERRY SQUARES

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- Powdered sugar

Gradually add sugar to butter in large mixer bowl, creaming at medium speed until light and fluffy. Again, at medium speed, add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. At low speed, add flour and flavoring. Pour batter into well-greased 10- by 15-inch jelly roll pan. Mark off into 20 squares. Place a heaping tablespoon of pie filling in center of each square. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes. While still warm, sift powdered sugar over top. Cool and cut into squares. —Donna Nenneman

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- Pinch of ginger
- 2 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 3 cups whole wheat flour
- 5 cups (about) sifted white flour

Dissolve the yeast in the 1/4 cup lukewarm water. Add the pinch of ginger. Set aside.

Combine the hot water, brown sugar, salt, oil and flavoring. Cool to lukewarm. Stir in the whole wheat flour and 1 cup of the white flour. Beat well. Add the yeast mixture. Add enough more white flour to make easy-to-handle dough. Transfer dough to floured breadboard and knead in remaining white flour. Knead well until dough is smooth. (You cannot knead this dough too much.) Place dough in greased bowl, turning dough to grease on all sides. Cover with damp cloth and allow to rise until double in size—this will take 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Punch down dough and shape into two loaves. Place each loaf in a greased bread pan and let rise until double (about 1 hour). Bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes. —Juliana

DEEP DISH SALMON PIE

- 1 1-lb. can salmon
- 3 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, cooked and drained
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained

Baking powder biscuit dough
Grated sharp Cheddar cheese

Drain and flake salmon. (Save salmon liquid.) Sauté onion and celery in the 2 Tbls. butter. Blend in the flour. Add soup, milk and reserved salmon liquid. Cook until thickened. Stir in the salmon, peas and mushroom stems and pieces. Spoon into shallow, round casserole. Drop biscuits around edge. Sprinkle cheese over all. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes or until biscuits are golden brown. —Dorothy

ITALIAN GREEN BEANS

- 1 1/2 lbs. frozen or fresh green beans
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

Cook green beans until tender-crisp. Drain well. Stir in walnuts and salad dressing. Cover and let set in refrigerator for several hours before serving.

CHICKEN LIVERS

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 large onion, sliced thin
- 1 green pepper, cut into small chunks
- 1 lb. chicken livers
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 1 tsp. lemon juice

In a large skillet over moderately hot heat, melt butter or margarine. Sauté onion and green pepper until tender-crisp—about 10 minutes. Trim membrane from livers and add to skillet. Cook, turning several times, until all red color is gone, about 10 minutes. Stir in chili sauce and lemon juice. Cover and simmer over low heat for about 10 minutes or until livers are done. Serve plain or over toast. Good with a lettuce salad. —Dorothy

SAUSAGE-HOMINY CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. sausage links (or bulk sausage shaped into small patties)
- 1/4 cup water
- 3/4 cup tomato soup, undiluted
- 2/3 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 1-lb. can white hominy, drained
- 1/4 tsp. seasoned salt
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper

Partially fry the sausage links or patties. Drain and discard fat. Combine the remaining ingredients and place in greased casserole. Arrange sausage on top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes, or until cooked through.

—Dorothy

SPINACH BAKE

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted and cooled
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg or mace
- 8 ozs. Swiss cheese, shredded
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach, slightly thawed

Combine the beaten eggs, margarine, flavoring and seasonings. Fold in the cheese and spinach. Place in greased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 55 minutes to one hour. This is similar to a popular frozen brand of spinach souffle.

BANANA-APPLE BARS

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 cups mashed ripe banana (about 3 medium size)

4 Tbls. milk
2 cups finely chopped apples
Cream sugar and shortening. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Sift together the dry ingredients. Combine the mashed banana and milk. Add flour mixture alternately with banana mixture to creamed mixture. Lastly, fold in chopped apples. Spread in greased and floured 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes, or until done. Cool. Prepare the following frosting:

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter, softened
- 1 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine frosting ingredients. Spread over cooled cake. Place under broiler for a few minutes until brown and bubbly. Watch closely. Cut into bars and serve. —Juliana

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S TANSY

4 cups canned unsweetened tart cherries (2 20-oz. cans)

2 tsp. lemon juice

1/8 tsp. nutmeg

1 Tbls. cornstarch

1/4 cup water

2 eggs

1 to 1 1/4 cups sugar (amount depends on how tart you like cherries)

1/4 cup melted butter or margarine

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

2 cups finely diced day-old bread cubes

Drain juice from cherries. In a saucepan, combine drained cherry juice, lemon juice, nutmeg, cornstarch and water. Cook and stir until thickened. Combine with the cherries. Pour in greased 9-inch baking pan.

Beat eggs, sugar, butter or margarine and flavoring. Fold in bread cubes. Spread over top of cherries. Bake in 375-degree oven for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve with ice cream, whipped topping or whipped cream if desired. —Betty Jane

HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef

1 cup diced celery

1/2 cup chopped onion

1 can mushrooms, drained

1 can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted

1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted

2 cups crushed potato chips

Grated cheese

Paprika

Brown the ground beef and drain excess fat. Combine the browned beef with the celery, onion, mushrooms and soups. Fold in potato chips. Place in greased casserole. Top with a generous amount of grated cheese (American, Cheddar, etc.) and sprinkle with paprika. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes or until done. —Robin

WINTER VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP

2 Tbls. butter

3 medium onions, chopped

1 lb. lean ground beef

1 clove garlic, minced

3 cups beef stock

2 large cans tomatoes

1 cup diced potatoes

1 cup diced celery

1 cup green beans

1 cup sliced carrots

1 cup apple cider

2 Tbls. chopped parsley

1 tsp. basil

1/4 tsp. thyme

Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in large kettle and saute onions. Add ground beef and garlic and brown. Add remaining ingredients and bring to boiling. Reduce heat and simmer for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. —Robin

KINDA SPECIAL HAM & RICE

2 Tbls. butter

1/2 cup minced onion

1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms

1/3 cup uncooked long-grain rice

1 cup ham, cut into 1/4- to 1/2-inch cubes

3/4 cup chicken stock

1/4 cup apple cider

2 Tbls. parsley

1 cup frozen peas

Salt and pepper to taste

1/4 cup shredded Parmesan cheese

Melt butter in large skillet. Add onion and mushrooms and saute until onion is transparent. Add rice and saute briefly. Stir in ham, chicken stock, cider and parsley. Bring to boiling. Pour into greased 1-quart casserole, cover and bake 30 minutes in oven preheated to 350 degrees.

While baking, allow peas to thaw partially. Remove casserole from oven and stir in the peas and salt and pepper. Sprinkle cheese over top. Return to the oven, uncovered, for 10 to 15 minutes.

CHOCOROON CAKE

1 egg white

Dash of salt

1/4 cup sugar

2 Tbls. cake flour

1 1/2 cups finely grated coconut

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

3 squares semisweet chocolate

1/4 cup water

2 cups sifted cake flour

1 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1 1/2 tsp. baking powder

1/2 cup butter

1 cup sugar

3 eggs

2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup sour cream

Combine egg white and dash of salt in small bowl. Beat until foamy. Gradually add the 1/4 cup sugar, beating continually at high speed, until soft peaks form. Blend in 2 Tbls. cake flour, grated coconut and coconut flavoring. Set mixture aside.

Melt chocolate and water together over very, very low heat, until blended. Remove from fire and cool. Sift dry ingredients together. In large bowl, cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Blend in vanilla flavoring. Combine cooled chocolate with sour cream. Beat into creamed mixture alternately with dry ingredients.

Line the bottom of a 9-inch tube pan with waxed paper. Grease sides. Put two cups of batter in bottom of pan. Dot with half of coconut mixture. Spoon in remaining batter and top with rest of coconut mixture. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 55 minutes. Cool pan on cake rack (do not invert as you do for an angel food cake). Remove from pan and enjoy. —Juliana

GOLDEN CORN FRY

2 Tbls. butter or margarine

3 cups frozen or fresh cut corn

1/2 cup light cream

2 Tbls. chopped chives

1 clove garlic, minced

Salt and pepper, to taste

1/4 cup shredded cheese (American, Cheddar, whatever you like)

Melt butter or margarine in skillet. Add the corn, cream, chives, garlic, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer for 10 to 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Remove from heat. Sprinkle cheese over top, cover and let set until cheese melts.

MAXINE'S CORNED BEEF CASSEROLE

2 12-oz. cans corned beef

2 8-oz. pkgs. noodles, cooked and drained

2 13-oz. cans evaporated milk

1 can cream of mushroom soup

1 can cream of celery soup

1/2 lb. grated American cheese

2 Tbls. minced onion

1 2-oz. can pimiento

Crushed potato chips

Combine all ingredients except potato chips. Spoon into casserole and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven and cover with the crushed chips. Return to oven for 15 more minutes.

—Dorothy

PORK & CABBAGE BAKE

6 lean loin or shoulder pork chops, cut 1/2 to 3/4 inch thick

Salt and pepper

1 small head cabbage, shredded

1 large onion, thinly sliced

1 Tbls. sugar

3 Tbls. lemon juice

4 Tbls. soy sauce

1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

1/4 tsp. coarsely ground black pepper (optional)

1 bay leaf, crushed

1/4 cup hot water

2 tsp. cornstarch

2 tsp. water

Lightly salt and pepper the pork chops. Place chops in a four- or five-quart kettle which has been lightly oiled. Over medium high heat, brown chops well on both sides. Remove chops from pan and set aside. Discard any drippings. Combine the cabbage, onion, sugar, lemon juice, soy sauce, dressing, black pepper and bay leaf. Place in bottom of pan. Arrange chops over top. Pour the hot water over all. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for about 1 1/2 hours or until chops are tender. Remove pan from oven and place chops onto serving platter. Blend the cornstarch and 2 tsp. water. Stir into cabbage mixture in pan and heat and stir until slightly thickened. Place in serving bowl and serve with chops. —Betty Jane

CHICKEN CREPES**Crepes Batter**

- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sifted flour

Combine the beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening; beat well. Add the salt and flour and beat until smooth. Let batter rest for about one hour. **BE SURE TO DO THIS.** Heat a well-buttered crepes pan or 6-inch skillet. Pour in a thin layer of the batter and brown on both sides. Fill with the following:

Filling

- 1 cup finely chopped cooked chicken
- 1 cup finely chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup finely chopped ripe olives
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

Combine filling ingredients. Place a generous spoonful of filling on each crepe. Roll up. Place crepes side by side, seam side down, in shallow baking pan. Bake in 350-degree oven for about 20 minutes. Meanwhile prepare the following sauce:

Cheese Sauce

Melt 1/2 cup butter or margarine. Stir in 1/4 cup flour, then blend in 2 cups milk, stirring constantly until mixture is smooth and thick. Add 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. dry mustard, 1/8 tsp. pepper, dash of paprika, 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing and 1/2 cup grated American cheese. Stir until cheese is melted. Pour over crepes. Bake at 500 degrees until piping hot.

—Robin



Jeff, Bob and Craig Birkby surround their dear grandmother—Lucretia (Dulcy) Birkby—as she brings them a platter filled with her special cinnamon rolls.

GREEK CASSEROLE

- 3 lbs. ground beef
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. allspice
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Brown ground beef and drain excess liquid. Heat butter in large skillet and saute onion. Add ground beef and cook for a few minutes. Stir in tomato paste, water, seasonings and spices. Cover and cook for five minutes. Uncover and simmer for five minutes. Slowly beat in eggs. Set aside while preparing the following:

- 1 1/2 lbs. elbow macaroni, cooked according to package directions and drained
- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Put cooked macaroni in a bowl. Stir in butter while macaroni is warm. Add eggs. Spread half the macaroni mixture in large baking pan. Sprinkle half of the Parmesan cheese over macaroni. Spread meat mixture on next. Cover with rest of macaroni mixture and top with remaining Parmesan cheese. Set aside while preparing the following:

- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Nutmeg

Beat eggs until frothy. Blend in milk, cheese, flour and salt. Pour over layer in pan. Sprinkle a little nutmeg over top. Cover with foil and bake for 15 minutes at 400 degrees. Remove foil and bake about 45 minutes longer. Allow to set for 15 minutes before serving. This freezes and reheats well.

—Juliana

FEBRUARY CHEESE CAKES

- 1 box vanilla wafers
- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs
- Cherry pie filling
- Whipped topping
- Cherries for garnish

Crush vanilla wafers (or make into crumbs in blender or food processor). Line muffin tins with aluminum crinkle cups. Sprinkle wafer crumbs into bottom of cups. Combine cream cheese, sugar, flavoring and eggs and beat well. Cook over low heat, stirring until smooth and creamy. Spoon on top of crumb layer in crinkle cups until about two-thirds full. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Cool and top with a spoonful of cherry pie filling. Refrigerate until time to serve. Put on a dollop of whipped topping and garnish with a cherry. Makes 15. Excellent for club or church refreshments. These were a big hit in Sidney when they were served.

—Evelyn

BROCCOLI LORRAINE

- 1 1/2 lbs. frozen or fresh broccoli, cut into bite-size pieces
- 2 Tbls. bacon bits
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 4 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups half-and-half
- 3 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Cook broccoli in boiling water for five minutes; drain. Layer broccoli in shallow, 2-quart baking dish. In a bowl, combine the bacon bits, salt, pepper, nutmeg and dry mustard. Add eggs and beat well. Stir in the half-and-half and cheese. Pour over broccoli. Place dish of broccoli in another pan which has been partially filled with water. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

—Juliana

SAUSAGE & BEAN BAKE

- 1 lb. sausage (bulk or roll)
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tsp. brown sugar
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 1-lb. can red kidney beans, well drained
- 1 1-lb. can green lima beans, well drained
- 1 Tbls. vinegar

Shape bulk sausage into about ten patties, or slice roll into ten patties. Brown lightly. Remove patties from pan and brown onion and garlic in the drippings. Combine the browned onion and garlic with the remaining ingredients. Place the mixture in a buttered casserole. Arrange the sausage patties around top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

Washington's Birthday

February is a marvelous month to make delicious dishes using the

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Add cherry flavoring to cherry pies, cakes, topping and salads. Make a Boston Cream Pie and use almond flavoring in the custard filling, vanilla in the frosting and lemon and butter flavoring in the sponge cake. Try a Lincoln Log with burnt sugar flavoring in the chocolate log and frosting and a creamy mint-flavored filling. Valentine sugar cookies can be made with any of the fruit flavorings and frosted with icing made elegant with black walnut or coconut flavoring. Besides giving variety in taste, the 17 Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings are great budget stretchers.

Here is the complete list of flavorings: **Pineapple, Strawberry, Maple, Lemon, Black Walnut, Burnt Sugar, Mint, Coconut, Cherry, Butter, Raspberry, Blueberry, Banana, Almond, Orange and Vanilla (dark or clear).**

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$3.25 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in both dark and clear in the 3-oz. bottles. Dark vanilla is also available in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle at \$2.00.

SPECIAL GIFT BOX— Six 3-oz. bottles of your choice postpaid for \$6.00.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

THE ENDLESS CHAIN

by
Jo Burford

Have you ever thought of the deeds we do as links of a chain that binds us all together and that how far this chain reaches depends upon each of us?

I had just walked into my home one evening after a hard day at the office when the phone rang. The voice that spoke to me as I lifted the receiver was that of a very dear friend of mine who was recovering from a long illness. She wanted me to take care of a business matter for her since she was still unable to go out.

I replied that I would be happy to do that for her and after a brief exchange of words, hung up the receiver and hurried out to the kitchen. Before I could tie the sashes of my apron, the telephone rang again.

"Hold everything! Soup's on!" sang a cheerful voice at the other end of the wire. This was my neighbor calling to say she was sending over a pot of her delicious, steamy vegetable soup. When she makes soup for her family, she has gotten into the habit of making enough for my family too. I told her she must have known how tired I was that evening and she laughed as she answered, "No, but I am aware of your weakness for vegetable soup."

I quickly got together a salad, toasted some rolls and set out the cold apple pie I had baked the evening before. Then, while we were enjoying the delicious soup which our good neighbor had helped to provide, the telephone rang for the third time that evening. It proved to be a friend in another part of town, wanting to know if I would drive by for her as I went to club later that evening. This I promised to do, then hurried back to finish eating my food while it was still hot.

As I once again settled myself at the table, the thought suddenly came to me that I had been like a link in a chain that bound people together. I had promised to do a good deed for one person, another person had done one for me and a third person had called and I would in turn help her.

So, it was a linking together of persons, some of whom did not even know each other. Such chains go across our small town, across the country, the state, the nation, even across the whole world.

Then it was that I found myself remembering how I used to make paper chains with my sisters when we were children. On stormy afternoons, when my mother felt the weather was too bad for us to play outdoors, we would gather around the dining room table to cut out paper dolls and make paper chains.

First, my mother would make a jar of



Aaron Brase, middle son of Kristin and Art, is twelve years old and in the sixth grade.

flour paste, then she carefully covered the top of the table with an old blanket and turned us loose to do whatever we liked best. My two older sisters usually cut out or played paper dolls. I loved nothing better than to make yards and yards of multicolored paper chains with many sizes and shapes of loops. Mom had long ago shown me how to cut small strips of colored paper, loop one inside the other, then paste the ends together until a chain of whatever desired length was obtained.

Sometimes, we would try to outdo one another to see who could make the longest chain. It was all great fun and while one of us might make her chain just

long enough to place around her neck like a lei, another might make her chain so long it would reach across the room.

Such clean, simple fun for a bunch of kids on a stormy afternoon!

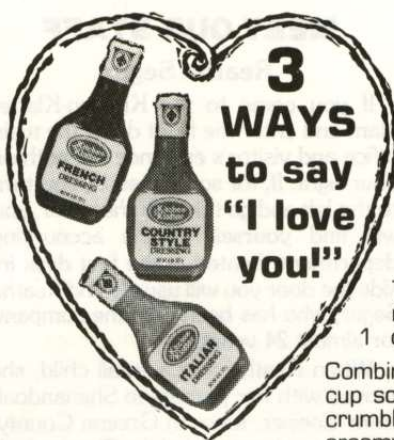
Many of today's youngsters have never enjoyed this sort of activity; in fact, may have never heard of making paper chains. All through their lives, they'll be making chains of one kind or another. The deeds of our lives can be likened to chains that we, ourselves, make. These chains stretch far for not one thing that we do, be it good or bad, is done without touching the lives of other people in some manner.

I see the paste jar as filled with the paste of *tolerance*, *understanding* and *patience*, whose job it is to hold the links of our lives securely, not only to our family and friends but also holding us close to our Creator.

ALL ABOUT BLUE QUIZ

1. One of Eugene Field's famous poems. ("Little Boy Blue")
2. An old waltz tune ("Blue Skirt Waltz")
3. A symbol of happiness. (Bluebird)
4. Kentucky is noted for it. (Bluegrass)
5. Folklore murderer. (Bluebeard)
6. Award of distinction. (Blue ribbon)
7. Extremely fast. (Blue streak)
8. Architect's drawing. (Blueprint)
9. Name of a fish. (Bluegill)
10. An aristocrat. (Blue blood)
11. The Yankees and Confederates. (The Blue and the Grey)
12. Colloquial expression for melancholia. (The blues)

—Evelyn Lyon



Use some of these ideas to make extra special dressings with our three **KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS** plus a few easy-to-add ingredients.

Turn **Italian** into a better-than-ever marinade by adding 1/4 cup honey to 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing.

Combine 1/2 cup **French** dressing with 1/2 cup sour cream or plain yogurt and stir in crumbled Roquefort cheese for an exceptional creamy Roquefort topping.

Use 1/2 cup **Country Style** mixed with 1/2 cup sour cream or mayonnaise and 1 small or 1/2 large cucumber, peeled, seeded and grated, for the perfect creamy cucumber dressing.

Why pay high prices for so-called fancy bottled dressings when you can make your own using the **KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS** as the base?

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send **\$2.00** for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



FACE UP TO SOME FUN FOODS

by
Ruth Townsend

Do you ever have trouble getting your youngsters to eat healthful foods? Have you ever had a sick child complain that his meal does not look good? Is there an older person you know that is tired of eating? If your answer is "yes" to any of those questions, how about trying "food with a face" for a change. A bowl of cereal or pudding that smiles back at you can often coax an apathetic appetite into eager enthusiasm.

Start with the breakfast and the smiling cereal. Put the hot cereal in a bowl as usual. On top of the cereal, place two slices of banana for the eyes. On each banana slice, put a raisin "pupil". A cherry nose and peachy smile will complete the picture. If you really want to go all out, put some apple slices around for a collar. You will notice that the decorations are all healthful as well as eye-catching.

At lunch time, fix open-faced sandwiches. A layer of cream cheese can form the background and also hide the whole-wheat bread you want your reluctant eater to consume. Green olive slices for eyes and a piece of ripe olive for a nose can add to the fun. Some kind of yellow cheese can be bent around for a friendly grin.

If you want to get more of the milk group into a meal, try making a dish of pudding. Pile on hair made of fluffy topping or coconut. Strawberry eyes and nose and a few chocolate chips curved into a "smiley" mouth can make ordinary pudding into a charming dish. The extra milk the pudding provides will soon be "down the hatch".

At any meal, hard-boiled eggs can be turned into fun people by sticking raisins on them with pieces of toothpicks.

Nutritious cookies can be made more attractive with a bit of icing to outline the happy, cooky-people features.

Once you get your imagination going, there's no limit. The funny faces you think up will often encourage a reluctant eater to face up happily to the good food he needs.

BUILDING

It takes a lot of patience,
And God,
To build a life.
It takes a lot of courage
To meet the stress and strife.
It takes a lot of loving
To make the wrong come right;
It takes a lot of patience,
And God,
To build a life.

—Sunshine



MEET OUR STAFF

Reatha Seger

If you come to the Kitchen-Klatter plant and enter the front door, the main office and visitor's entrance are both on your right. If, for some reason, you turn to the left and go through *that* door, you will find yourself in the accounting department. Seated at the first desk inside the door you will usually find Reatha Seger, who has been with the company for almost 24 years.

When Reatha was a small child, she moved with her parents to Shenandoah from Cooper, Iowa, in Greene County. However, she attended the Shenandoah public schools and graduated from our high school. In the autumn of 1957, she began working for The Driftmier Company and has handled a variety of jobs, including working in the mail room and addressing the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. From these departments, she moved into the accounting office.

Refinishing antiques, attending flea markets and doing all types of handwork—needlepoint, crewel embroidery

and macrame—are her main hobbies. She also raises lovely houseplants, likes to cook and enjoys visiting her family. Reatha is married to Edgar (Bo) Seger and is the mother of two daughters: Mrs. Robert (Glenda) Walling of Princeton Junction, New Jersey, and Mrs. Terry (Shirley) Chullino of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Reatha has four grandchildren.

When the entire family got together for a reunion last fall, Reatha had Blaine Barton come over to take the lovely picture shown above. Moving clockwise: seated on his grandmother's lap is Beau Michael Chullino, age 2; Paulette Chullino, age 8; Kendra Walling, age 15; and Robert (Skip) Walling, age 11.

"Too many of us become enraged because we have to bear the shortcomings of others. We should remember that not one of us is perfect, and that others see our defects as obviously as we see theirs. We forget too often to look at ourselves through the eyes of our friends. Let us, therefore, bear the shortcomings of each other for the ultimate benefit of everyone."

—Abraham Lincoln

Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



Despite the honorable code, "Do not judge a book by its cover," those with whom we are dealing in the business world or in social engagements, do! They gather that almost immutable first impression in less than half a minute and establish their attitudes as to how they shall treat us. The way we dress has a remarkable impact on people.

In the short time it takes to approach a potential employer's desk, carefully constructed job resume in hand, in the seconds it takes to cross the room toward the client or business associate at an informal gathering, we project an image that will either promote our success or create a real obstacle in our struggle for recognition. Yet few of us can afford the time or expense to test our wardrobes, to experiment with color, fabric and style to determine which has the most positive effect.

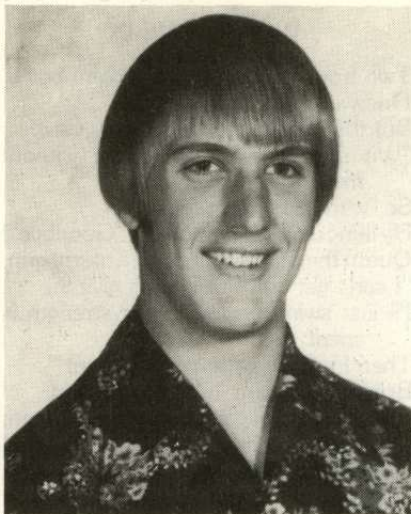
John T. Molloy, one of the best known clothing consultants, has authored two books to help each of us become a "wardrobe engineer". *Dress for Success*, his initial book and *The Woman's Dress for Success Book*, his second publication, are perhaps the best eclectic primers on the market. These books give the advice that Molloy's clients pay a minimum of eight hundred dollars a day to learn at his seminars.

The Woman's Dress for Success Book was of particular interest to me, as I am now outfitting myself for a season of important job interviews. Rather than squander money on an inappropriate suit or briefcase, I turned to Mr. Molloy's expertise and allowed him to guide me.

A woman will have more trouble than a man in choosing the correct styles and colors. She must avoid looking like an imitation man as strongly as she must avoid appearing feminine or soft. The three-piece pin stripe suit is as bad for her as a frilly pastel-colored blouse.

After much research and testing, John Molloy found that the executive impact of basic designs ranked the skirted suit first, followed by a dress or skirt with blazer, a dress with a matching jacket, a man-tailored pantsuit, a simple dress, a skirt and blouse, slacks and a blouse, skirt and sweater and, finally, slacks and a sweater.

Molloy is adamant about the power of the skirted suit as a woman's business uniform. The jacket should have a blazer cut, and the matching skirt should fall to just below the knee. The best materials are wool and linen, or a good synthetic imitation. A solid gray suit gives a woman the most authority, while alternating the



Andy Brase, eldest son of Kristin and Art, is a junior at the Chadron High School.

colors of blouses can add to your credibility, your sense of presence.

Molloy helps shape your whole package. He advises on haircut—neither too short or masculine a style nor any longer than shoulder length. He recommends a dark brown or maroon attache case, a plain pump-style shoe, a tank-type wristwatch with a plain face. He even offers suggestions for decorating your office so that it has a "neuter" look rather than masculine or feminine.

The Woman's Dress for Success Book demonstrates the principles of successful business, professional, social, and leisure wear and helps direct you toward your career goals: "Clothing does not make the woman, they need drive, ambition, and intelligence, too. But without the right clothing she will not get ahead," Mr. Molloy says.

Dress for Success is Molloy's guide to men's wear. He promises that results of his studies will speed up pay raises and promotions, help salesmen sell more, and assist executives to become more productive. He shows the man how to invest in the suit which is right for his build, how to choose the material and pattern, and how to pick an appropriate shirt and tie.

Fifteen years of research are behind this, his first book. It contains a tremendous amount of information in only two hundred pages to help the average man create the appearance of success. People who look successful and well educated receive preferential treatment in almost all of their social and business encounters.

To further your career and enhance your looks, you don't need too much money, but you do need know-how. Thank you, John Molloy, for your excellent help. Both books are published by Warner Books of New York, New York, and are available at bookstores in soft and hard cover.

COVER STORY

Robin Justiz, who shares a portion of the Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcasts with my daughter, Juliana Lowey, twice a week from Albuquerque New Mexico, is an extremely busy high school journalism instructor. One of her primary responsibilities is the supervision of the *PawPrint*, the monthly newspaper of the Manzano High School. The school is nestled at the base of the mountains where the Sandia and Manzano Mountains meet. The 3,300 multi-racial student population is drawn from both urban Albuquerque and the rural mountain areas.

The members of the newspaper class write their own copy, take, develop and print their own pictures, sell the advertising and do the layout work of the paper. The class mails out 4,000 issues of the *Paw Print* each month. Our cover picture was taken of Robin and her class as they celebrated the completion of one of their monthly issues. Robin is seated just a bit left of center and is holding a large parcel of newspapers.

I find it particularly interesting that Robin is working with a high school newspaper. She and Juliana were co-editors of the high school newspaper during the school year of 1960-61 when they were seniors here in Shenandoah.

—Lucile



Give the Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook to Your Valentine

Several generations of fine cooks have used our recipes. Now many are combined into the **Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook**. It is easy to read, has simple ingredients and has a spiral cover which stays open on the counter. An excellent collection of tested recipes for the perfect Valentine gift.

\$6.00 per copy, postpaid

(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

(We will send gift cards if you ask us to.
Please allow three weeks for delivery.)

GRATITUDE

He giveth more grace when the burdens
grow greater,
He sendeth more strength when the
labors increase;
To added affliction He addeth His mercy,
To multiplied trials, His multiplied peace.
When we have exhausted our store of
endurance,
When our strength has failed ere the day
is half done,
When we reach the end of our hoarded
resources—
Our Father's full giving is only begun.
His love has no limit, His grace has no
measure,
His power no boundary known unto
men;
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus—
He giveth and giveth and giveth again.
—Anonymous



I WON'T GIVE IN

Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl,
One was an optimistic soul,
But the other took the gloomy view.
"We shall drown," he cried, without
more ado,
So, with a last despairing cry
He flung up his legs and said, "Goodbye."
Quoth the other frog, with a merry grin,
"I can't get out, but I won't give in,
I'll just swim around 'til my strength is
spent,
Then I will die with more content."
Bravely he swam 'til it would seem
His struggles began to churn the cream;
On top of the butter at last he stopped
And out of the bowl he gaily hopped.
What of the moral? 'Tis easily found:
If you can't hop out, keep swimming
around.
—Unknown

A SONG

How strange that Life, so full of care,
Should give my lips a song!
Oh, how it clears the clouds away,
And how God speaks to me each
day—
Just singing makes me strong.
A dear old hymn can comfort bring;
God grant my heart may always sing.
—Harriet Keeler Magee

FRIENDS

I'd like to be the sort of a friend that
you've all been to me,
I'd like to be the help that you've been al-
ways glad to be,
I'd like to mean as much to you each min-
ute of the day,
As you have meant, good friends of mine,
to me all along the way.
And that's why I am wishing now that I
could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've
strewn along my way.
And could I have but just one wish this
only would it be,
I'd like to be the sort of a friend that
you've all been to me. —Unknown

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
the trip had to be canceled. Naturally, we
were all disappointed but certainly didn't
want them traveling on roads like that
especially with two sick people. We sent
three boxes of gifts back to Chadron
with Sue and Dave Crawford. (Sue is the
daughter of my friends, Chris and Harlan
Hirsch of Indianola, and they had been
here to spend Christmas with them.)
Kristin said when Sue delivered the
boxes, they had a second Christmas.
I have run out of space, so until next
month . . .

Sincerely,



MEND ON WEDNESDAY

Do you ever "Mend on Wednesday"
as the old saying used to go? Honestly,
do you mend *any* day of the week? Not
too many people do. Nowadays, many
people seem to think that any garment
that gets a hole in it is ready to discard.
It's a shame, not just because it's
wasteful, but because a lot of enjoyment
is missed if you've never done a batch of
mending. If you wait until the stack is
huge and looks endless, then the joy is
taken out of the project; if you have just a
small pile, that can be a pleasant chal-
enge and a chance to rest and relax.

I remember when my mother would
get ready to mend. She would get her
basket of mending, find her needle,
thread, thimble, pincushion and sack of
patches, pull up her favorite rocking
chair, and smile. I would smile too be-
cause I knew she would have time to
talk to me. If I preferred, I would read
aloud to her, something I loved to do but
rarely had a chance because Mama was
always on the go.

As I read or talked, Mama's busy
fingers would move so quickly you could
hardly follow them. When she had com-
pleted each garment, she carefully folded
it and put it on the opposite side of her
rocking chair.

Sometimes, when she wasn't using it,
she let me hold her china darning egg. I
loved the feel of the smooth china and it
was fun to turn it around and around and
look at the pretty flowers painted on it.
Mama said some people used a potato as
a mending egg but she preferred the
china one. I certainly did too.

Sometimes Mama and I would laugh as
she held up a pair of pants with a big hole.
We had read and reread a series of books
about a little boy, William Green Hill,
who was being raised by his maiden aunt.
One time William Green Hill tore his
pants and he knew Aunt Minerva would
be very upset. He questioned his friend
Jimmy, "Is it bad? Does my meat show?"
Those questions became a standard joke
whenever anyone in our family
wondered how bad a tear was. If your
"meat" didn't show, it wasn't too bad.

I don't mend as much as I used to but I
still do some patching and darning. It can
be a very soothing occupation, espe-
cially for upsetting times. Just the act of
sewing is calming. The thought of saving
money makes for a good feeling as well. It
is also satisfying to be able to sit and rest
while still doing something useful.

Why don't you get out your mending
basket and join me sometime?

—Ruth Townsend

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Are you one of the sensible gardeners who grows mainly the old standby vegetables and flowers that have performed reliably for you over the years? Part of me belongs to that school and part of me is adventuresome enough to try some of the new introductions that appear on the plant scene each year. This spring there are many noteworthy varieties that are versatile and attractive enough to deserve a trial by the most conservative of gardeners.

Every home gardener has waited for the day when he could plant peas in his garden and receive a harvest proportional to that produced by other vegetables occupying equivalent space. Peas are so good, but they just haven't proven to be heavy-yielding vegetables in the home garden. Plant breeders from the New York State Experiment Station at Geneva, have developed a new pea called "Novella". It can be planted much more densely in the garden with rows as close as ten inches apart. Novella produces hundreds of thread-like tendrils that wind together, creating a self-supporting pea patch in about a third of the area normally needed. It is a semi-leafless plant that produces stems only around the central stem. The central stem is stiffer than other peas and the compact, eighteen- to twenty-inch plants need no staking or trellising when planted close enough so they can entwine one another.

The leaves on the main stem are able to maintain sufficient photosynthesis to sustain normal production of the medium-size, three-inch-long pods that are carried on top of the plant for easier

picking.

If you have given up on growing peas, do plant a packet of Novella. If it lives up to its expectations, you will have a winner.

There are several new tomatoes being offered this year for the first time to gardeners. Last summer we were given some advance trial seeds of a few newcomers that proved worthy of growing. We found "Big Pick V.F.N.T." an early (66 days) tomato that produced bright scarlet, eight-ounce fruits without green shoulders and in satisfying quantities. The initials V.F.N.T. mean Big Pick shows resistance to the various tomato diseases. The V. represents verticillium wilt, the F. stands for Fusarium wilt, the N. for nematodes and the T. for tobacco mosaic. If you have had trouble with the foliage on your tomato plants browning, curling and eventually dying, leaving the plants bare, do try this newly introduced variety.

APPRECIATION PARTY — Concl.

If he doesn't, it's said he's shirking his job. If Rally Day is a big success, he's the man of the hour; but if it flops, the comments can be critical. Don't you think it's about time we show how much we care for this leader, a faithful, tireless worker—let's give him our heartfelt thanks.

Leader: Let us now join hands in a friendship circle of love with these, our wonderful workers and leaders.

Benediction:

Take us on a quest for service,
Kingly Servant of man's needs.
Let us all work for Thee for others,
Anywhere Thy purpose leads.
All along our quest's far pathway
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Make us conscious of Thy Presence,
Walking always at our side. Amen.

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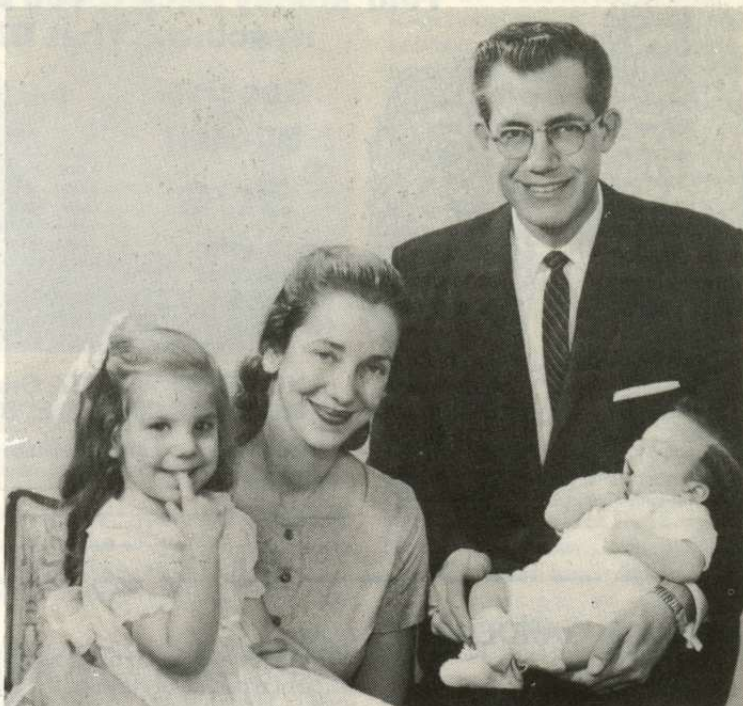
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From Our Family Album

In July of 1958, this lovely picture was used for the cover of the KITCHEN-KLATTER Magazine. At that time I wrote: "It was an exciting day when this picture arrived because we had eagerly awaited the first glimpse of Paul Martin Driftmier. He is the newest Driftmier baby and lives at Number 3 Willow Road, Anderson, Indiana, with his parents, Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier and his big sister, Katharine."

Paul was just five weeks old when the picture was taken. He was a large baby at birth with a head of heavy hair which made him look older and wiser than most newborns. By the time he reached five months of age, he had also increased to a bouncing thirteen pounds in weight. Katharine is shyly watching the cameraman, and Mary Beth and Donald are beaming happily over this part of the family. (Adrienne came along a bit later.)

Well, a lot of growing and moving has gone on in that family since 1958. If you will look at the picture on page 8 and see the way Donald and his family look now, you'll find it an interesting comparison.

—Lucile

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

When a recipe reads "grease and flour" pan, and the shortening can is empty, try a small chunk of frozen "real" butter. Rub pan thoroughly, flour as usual and pour in batter. Works perfectly.

When taking up cookies from metal sheet coated with no-stick coating, wrap the metal spatula in two layers of waxed paper, then put a rubber band near the handle to hold the paper. Saves scratching the coating off the cooky sheet.

—A. & D.M., Lincoln, Ne.

We are all interested in saving energy and here's my hint to do that: My oven

holds six loaves of bread, so when I bake bread I always bake six loaves and freeze all but one.

—Mrs. L.J.R., Gladbrook, Iowa

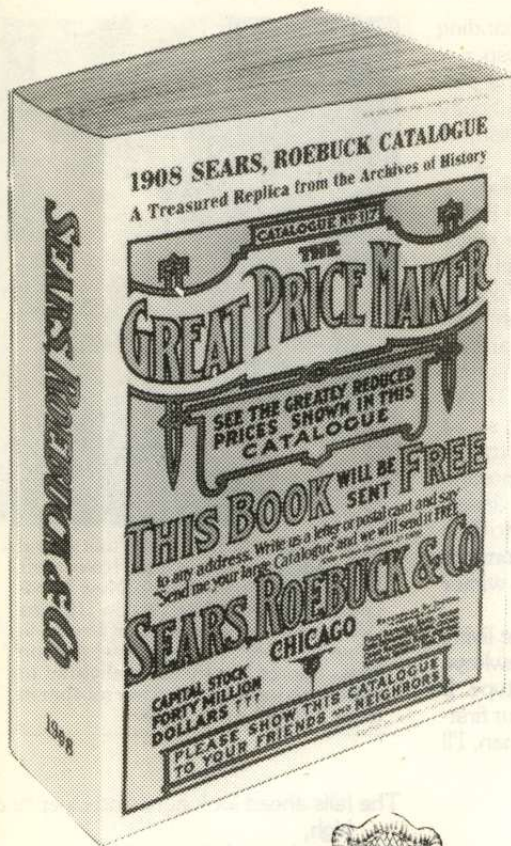
To keep layered gelatin salads from sliding, brush the bottom layer with hot water just before adding the next layer. It will help it stick.

Try using biscuit mix to thicken gravy. It makes it smooth and tasty.

When I boil eggs, I always start them in cold, salted water. Helps keep shells from breaking.

—Mrs. F.H., Elysian, Minn.

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

Now Katharine is into her last semester at the old Mission Elementary School, a fact which simply doesn't seem real to me at all. When school begins this coming fall, she will ride the bus to Taft Middle School where James will be entering the eighth grade. I say this as if it were an absolute fact, but there has been a great deal of discussion about busing children to other areas. Taft Middle School is the closest one to the Lowey home, but whether or not James will go there this year is hanging fire.

Speaking of schools—I want to add something to the account of the cover picture. Robin told me that she found her

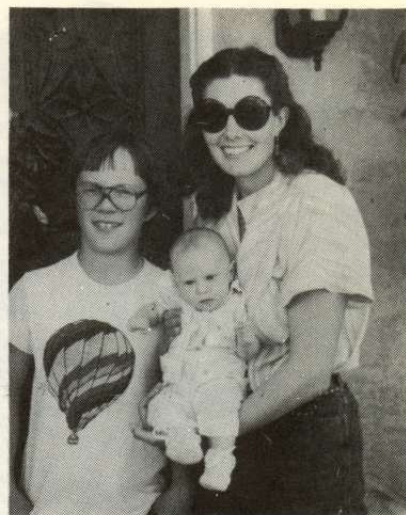
greatest gratification for her demanding work with the school newspaper students in the fact that such a large percentage of them have had no difficulty finding jobs in the field of journalism. A high school with more than 3,000 students sounds like a small college to me, and it certainly is a tribute to Robin as an instructor that many of her newspaper students can go out and get jobs.

This week we are expecting Eugenie and Martin Strom for an overnight visit on their way to see Martin's parents, Marge and Oliver Strom, who are spending the winter in Harlingen, Texas. Dorothy is due at the same time, so we hope to have a family dinner together in front of a roaring fire. In early February, we anticipate a visit from Betty Jane's daughter, Naomi, who is planning to fly in from San Francisco. All these comings and goings will help pep up the winter months.

Now it is time to go out into the living room and see what disasters Hawkeye has created since I sat down to type. If any of you want to write about your first-hand experiences with a Doberman, I'll be delighted to hear from you.

Always devotedly . . .

Lucile



When Alison (Driftmier) Walstad and her daughter, Lily, came from their home in Ruidosa Downs, New Mexico, to visit with her cousin, Juliana (Verness) Lowey, and her family in Albuquerque, the cameras were soon busy. James Lowey was delighted to pose with baby Lily and her mother in front of the Lowey home.

HILLS

The hills ahead look hard and steep and high,
Often we behold them with a sigh;
But as we near them, level grows the road,
We find on every slope, with every load,
The climb is not so steep, the top so far—
The hills ahead look tougher than they are!
And so it is with troubles, though they seem so great
That we complain, and fear, and hesitate.
The journey is more pleasant than we dreamed;
It cannot prove as hard as once it seemed.
There never comes a hill, a task, a day,
But nearing it, makes easier the way.

—Selected



SUNSET, TWILIGHT

Sunset

The setting sun inflames the sky
With shades of crimson, amber, gold;
Transforms the scudding clouds on high
To purple monsters, looming, bold;
Attires the trees in velvet gowns
Of emerald brushed with glowing fires;
Adorns the fields with rustic browns
While fading westward, thus, retires.

Twilight

Across the sky a silvery haze
Like canvas stretched behind the hill
Sets out each peak with flashing rays,
As twilight steals with muffled skill
And stealthily as battle troops
Creeps up the rugged mountainside
Combining, blending shadow groups
In deeper oneness far and wide.

—Margaret Aamodt

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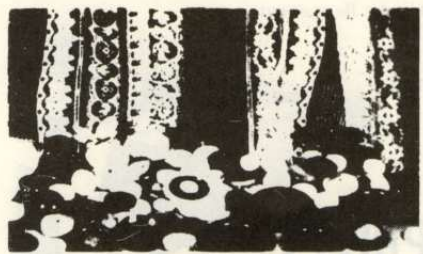
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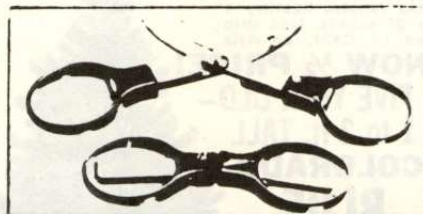
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Your whole family loves pop corn balls, but you cringe at the mess involved — and burned or sticky fingers? With this simple gadget you just scoop coated pop corn into the larger half and press with the other half to form a ball. That's all there is to it. The plastic molds come with tasty pop corn ball recipes.

ORDER BY MAIL Enclose \$1.00 for one. \$1.75 for two
Jolly Time Ball Maker, Dept. KK2
P.O. Box 178, Sioux City, IA 51102 ©

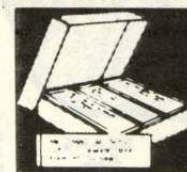
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UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW — NOT Seconds — 40 Towels for \$1.75 or 80 for only \$3.35. 120 just \$4.95. Super Quality. Pts. include 50¢ extra for pstg. and hding. with EACH set of 40 Towels you buy. We know Towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Pts. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

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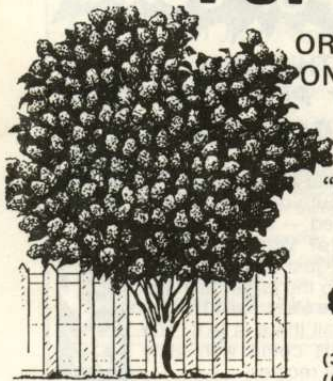
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Sensational
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Reg. \$2.00

\$1.00 ea.

(3 for \$2.50)
(6 for \$4.50)

HYDRANGEA TREE

In midsummer, this breathtaking, "color-changing" Hydrangea Tree (Hyd. P.G.) is covered with masses of snow white flowers. In August, they turn a beautiful bluish pink and finally in the fall, to a royal purple. An excellent tree for specimen or ornamental planting. Especially nice in groups of three. Easy to grow. Fast growing. Choice 1½ — 3' nursery grown trees.

SPECIAL—

10

PLANTS
ONLY

\$1.95

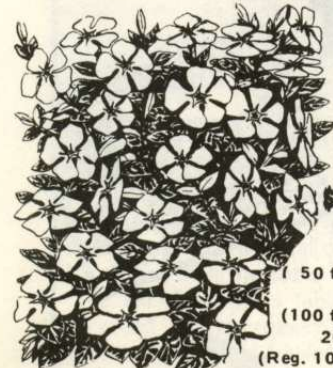
25 plants \$ 3.95
50 plants \$ 6.95
100 plants \$11.95
200 plants \$20.95

GIANT QUINAULT, EVERBEARING STRAWBERRIES

The biggest most luscious-tasting strawberries you've ever tasted. Heavy-bearers, they grow big as tea cups! They're firm, deep red and a mouth-watering delight for deserts, preserves, freezing and eating fresh.

PLANT 4-Season
Beauty Now!

PERIWINKLE



25
for
\$1.98

50 sq. ft.
150 for \$2.98 —
100 sq. ft.
(100 for \$4.98 —
200 sq. ft.
(Reg. 10 for \$1.00)

Shade-loving, wide-spreading Periwinkle (Vinca minor) thrives under hedges, on slopes, in rock gardens, in poor soil — places where grass won't grow. Dainty lavender-blue flowers in the spring. Green foliage all winter! One plant will fill two square feet. Nicely rooted, ready to transplant.

Hardy, Permanent
Neat



PRIVET HEDGE

10 FOR \$1.98 40 for \$ 7.00
60 for \$11.00
100 for \$17.50

Amur River North — most popular trimmed hedge in America. Can be maintained at any height, making a thick, dense hedge right down to the ground. The lustrous green leaves stay on till late fall. Lasts for generations. Requires practically no care. Plant 1½" apart for a beautiful living fence. You receive healthy 1' to 3' plants. Not shipped to Calif. or Ariz.

NOW ½ PRICE!

**FIVE YEAR OLD—
1 to 2 ft. TALL
COLORADO
BLUE
SPRUCE**

3 FOR \$1.95



Yes, now you can purchase the beautiful Colorado (7 for \$3.95) Blue Spruce (Picea pungens (16 for \$7.95) glauca) at amazingly low prices. Strong northern grown, nicely branched 4-year old, 10-18" seedlings that are nursery grown. Ideal transplanting size. Excellent for corner groups, windbreaks, or as individual specimens.

Masses of Color Early in the Spring!

CREeping PHLOX

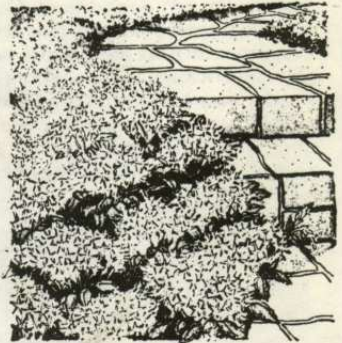
You'll be amazed the way Creeping Phlox (P. subulata) which only grows about 4" tall, spreads and spreads to be more beautiful year after year! Best of all, it gives gorgeous color long before most spring flowers. Stays green all year — a wonderful ground cover or border. Thrives in partial shade or full sun. Strong field divisions, our choice of red, blue, white or pink.



at 1/2 price!

6 FOR \$1.00

(12 for \$1.75)
(18 for \$2.50)



COVER THOSE HARD-TO-FILL
BARE SPOTS WITH BLAZING COLOR!

- . Grows in any soil .Needs no special care.
- . Thrives in sun or partial shade.
- . Quick, even, disciplined spreading
- . Guaranteed . Inexpensive

**CREeping RED 4 FOR \$1.00
SEDUM**

8 for \$1.75 12 for \$2.50
24 for \$4.75 48 for \$9.25

You'll be thrilled with this hardy ground cover - Sedum spurium, sometimes called Dragon's Blood. Fills those ugly trouble spots with attractive, thick evergreen foliage all year and amazes you with brilliant, star-like flowers June thru Sept. You get hardy, northern, nursery-grown plants.

SEND NO MONEY. On delivery, pay postman for the items plus COD charges. On prepaid orders, please add 75¢ to help postage and handling. FREE planting instructions. All items clearly labeled.

Full Protection GUARANTEE

All stock guaranteed to be of high quality, and to arrive in good healthy condition, or purchase price will be refunded. Return shipping label only — you keep items. (1 yr. limit.)

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Dept. 6952-45
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Send items checked below: Prepaid ☐ COD ☐

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	158	Blue Spruce	
	241	Creeping Phlox	
	242	Cr. Red Sedum	
	567	Strawberries	
	638	Periwinkle	
	675	Privet Hedge	
	854	Hydrangea Tree	

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