

TX1
K57x
C.2

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 47

JANUARY, 1983

NUMBER 1



Photo Courtesy of Shenandoah Evening Sentinel

SHENANDOAH IOWA 505

Kitchen-Klatter

(USPS 296-300) (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)
MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$6.00

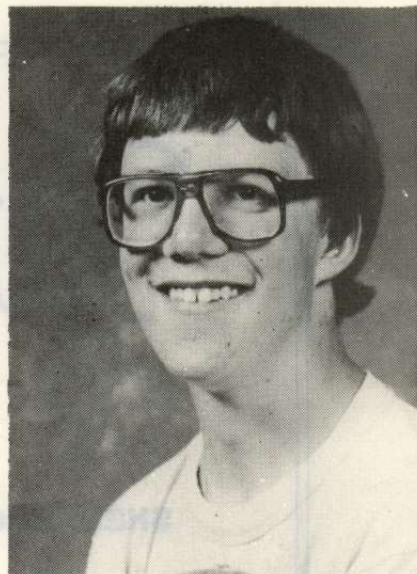
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1983 by The Driftmier Company.



JULIANA'S LETTER



Katharine and James Lowey are the two children of Juliana (Verness) and Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dear Friends:

Happy New Year from Albuquerque, New Mexico! It is a typical winter day here in the Southwest . . . a little sun, some threatening clouds hanging over our local mountains and another weather forecast that is completely wrong.

In spite of all the new techniques, radar maps, satellite photographs, etc., the weather tends to do what it will. I think that we Albuquerqueans lead a charmed life when it comes to winter storms. So many times the weather person will absolutely guarantee that we are in for a doozy. The storm will dump snow all around the city and miss us entirely. It is not unusual to have the interstate highways leading out of the city closed in all directions and not get a flake in the city itself.

It is with much moaning and groaning that our two children, James and Katharine, anticipate starting back to school after the Christmas vacation. Our public schools have a full two weeks off. This seems to be the amount of time allotted no matter upon what day Christmas falls. I remember as a child carefully studying the calendar to see if I could figure out how many days of vacation would be forthcoming at Christmas time. If I remember correctly, the years that Christmas Day happened on a Wednesday were the years of the longest vacations. Christmas Day on a Sunday signaled a bare week off.

There are several large employers here in Albuquerque who close up their businesses between Christmas and New Year's. This makes a nice bit of vacation time for those families. It is also a way to save energy used in the large commercial buildings.

Several people have asked me, "Just what subjects do children take in school these days?" I can't speak for all kids in

ninth and seventh grades, but I can tell you what ours are doing.

James is a ninth grader. He is taking math, English, civics, biology, Latin and physical education. Biology is a tenth-grade level course. Other than that, his schedule looks very much the way my schedule looked all those years ago when I was in ninth grade. There are some very big differences between high school then and now—the school itself is much, much bigger; the school day is considerably shorter; rules governing behavior of students are certainly different.

Katharine is the seventh grader in the family. Her school day is five-and-a-half hours long. Into that time is crammed geography, literature, language, math, band, science and Spanish. The class periods are short and I do not know how the teachers are able to take role, fill out the required forms and present study material in the amount of time available. Katharine's middle school (junior high) is smaller than James' high school, but it is still much larger in enrollment than any school I have attended—except the University of New Mexico.

I would be very interested to hear from teachers, parents, grandparents or anyone involved in education. What is being taught in other schools? How do you compare the schools of today with the ones you attended? Drop me a note if you have time. I'm sure just about everyone has thoughts on the subject.

Last month, in addition to all the holiday activities, I gave a special party. It was a joint birthday party for my husband, Jed, and his friend, Steve Crouse. What made it special is that it is the first birthday party either one of them has had since childhood and it was a SURPRISE. Steve's wife, Chris, and I put our heads together way back last summer and started plotting this party. Both Jed

and Steve were turning forty years old within two weeks of each other and it seemed like an opportunity too good to miss.

Jed and Steve met each other as college freshman in 1960. Over the years, they have made many mutual friends, many of whom live in Albuquerque or within driving distance. I enlisted the help of several of the Albuquerque friends to call the old buddies and get them lined up for the party.

The cooking took place during the day when Jed was at work or on the weekends when Jed was out fishing. All of our friends stuffed goodies in their freezers ready to bring. The final hurdle was to get Steve and Jed out of the house so Chris and I could get ready for the party: put out the food, put up the "Happy Fortieth" banner, mix the punch and hide the guests.

It all went without a hitch. Steve was completely surprised and Jed was about eighty percent surprised. (Jed said that he knew something was afoot because of all the phone calls.) It was so much fun to see all the friends of twenty years ago. Many of them have married and it was interesting to meet their wives.

Everyone had found an appropriate birthday card and, as you might guess, the cards were all humorous. I am so grateful that I married a man with a good sense of humor. Both Jed and Steve took their fortieth birthday teasing in the right spirit and enjoyed themselves tremendously.

(As a footnote, I shall add that as the Crouses pulled out of the driveway on their way back to El Paso, Chris and I vowed *not* to get together on our fortieth birthdays which will occur in the next two months.)

As we start into a new year, I have a list
(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

If you were to see our barnyard today, you would think it was March instead of December. It is a warm and cloudy day, and the barn lot is a sea of deep mud. We recently had a heavy rain, and at this time of year there is no chance it will dry out before the ground freezes for the winter, making it rough and hard to walk on for the next few months.

We had a bad electrical storm late this fall and one bolt of lightning struck a big buckeye tree not far from the house. It looked as if the lightning struck the top of the tree and circled around it all the way to the ground, scattering huge pieces of wood for over a hundred feet. The cattle were fairly close to the tree and it was lucky none were struck.

When Frank's and Bernie's Uncle August Johnson died, his wife, Delia, moved from the adjoining farm into Chariton and lived in an apartment for several years, and then in a nursing home. A few years ago, the nursing home was demolished and the elderly residents had to find another place to live, so Delia moved to Des Moines to live with her sister, Helen Wagner, who is also a widow. Helen's only son and his family live right next door and are able to keep a close eye on them, take them to church and to the grocery store which is a fine arrangement. They get along fine together and are able to maintain their home.

Bernie, Belvah, Dorothea and I always go to see Delia and Helen sometime in the fall close to Delia's birthday. Since neither one needs any material things, we try to take some home-baked food which they seem to enjoy as much as anything. Bernie took Delia's favorite cake—angel food—and I took her favorite pie—pumpkin. We also took cookies, candy, apples and eggs.

We were talking about the bad electrical storm we had and Helen told us about the lightning striking a large catalpa tree between her house and a neighbor's. We went around to see it when we left, and the tree couldn't have been more than 25 or 30 feet from their bedroom. Wood chips were all over the top of Helen's house and some had been thrown all the way across her back yard and over the fence into her son's yard. That is too close for comfort!

Helen has a lot of trees in her yard so I knew there had been many leaves to rake. When I asked her who raked her yard for her, she said she and Delia did it; that is pretty active for these two ladies in their eighties. I hope I can do as well someday.

Recently, it seems that all I have done



This old buckeye tree is not far from Dorothy and Frank Johnson's farm home near Lucas, Iowa. A severe electrical storm in late fall sent a bolt of lightning crashing down to strike the tree.

is eat. There have been many big dinners. The Lucas Senior Citizens always have a big potluck Thanksgiving dinner at the Community Hall. The turkey was furnished with money from their treasury. The rest of the meal was brought in by those who attended. There was a big crowd and we had a wonderful meal.

Another dinner and bake sale at the Community Hall was put on as a money-making project by the women of the Lucas Latter Day Saints Church. A large crowd attended and the food was good.

Our Presbyterian Church in Lucas hasn't had any money-making projects for a long time, so we decided to take action and get something done. The first event was a roast beef dinner at the church. We had a good attendance and were happy that so many drove from Chariton to participate. My job at the dinner, besides donating food, was to stand at the door with our new minister, The Reverend Miss Sara Speer, and see that she got to meet everyone. I like her so much that this was a fun job.

Miss Speer serves both the Chariton and Lucas churches, and lives in the lovely manse in Chariton. The manse, which is a comparatively new split-level home, was completely redecorated and new carpet laid throughout before she moved in. Soon after she arrived, Miss Speer held an open house so all the people from both churches could see how nice the house is. She served hot spiced cider, coffee and cookies to her guests.

Dorothea Polser and I entertained the Birthday Club at a luncheon last month and something funny happened. Dorothea had prepared a box called "Guess What" (she does this almost every time she entertains). The box is

passed around the room and everyone guesses what is in it. If no one guesses the first time around, she gives a hint and passes it around again. This goes on until someone guesses right and that person gets to keep the box.

At this luncheon, Dorothea handed the "Guess What" box to me first and I said, "mincemeat." Her mouth dropped open and she said, "How in the world did you know? I was so sure no one would guess that." I told her she should have let it go around once before she said anything, but she was so surprised she couldn't help but blurt out her amazement. The package was round and heavy so I thought it had to be a can or jar of something. Our church women had been discussing making mincemeat to sell at a food sale so that is probably why it popped into my head. Everyone had a good laugh over my quick, correct answer.

Bernie called me the other night all excited about a phone call she had just had from an old friend, Alvin Headley, whom she hadn't seen or heard from in over 25 years. When Bernie's husband, Wade Stark, was still alive, they lived in Shenandoah and Wade worked at the Gamble store. At that time the store was located in the Henry Field building in what they called the "Arcade", a forerunner of today's shopping malls. Alvin worked there also and he and Wade were as close as brothers. The last vacation Bernie and Wade ever took was with Alvin long ago (Wade died in 1947). One night the three of them stayed in Topeka, Kans.

Alvin now travels for a company and on the night he phoned, he was once again staying in Topeka. This brought back many memories for him so he called Bernie and they talked a long time. Bernie had seen Alvin only once since she moved to Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. Headley now live in Lexington, Nebr., and I do hope the next time we go to Torrington, Wyo., we can stop and see them.

This story reminded me of my own experience of finding "lost" friends. If our daughter, Kristin, and her family hadn't moved to Chadron where I went to college for a year, I probably would never have found Frances Chambers and Helen Funkhouser, two good friends from my past.

By the time you read this, Christmas will be over but because of our printing schedule I am writing this before I even have my tree up. All of my baking and decorating are yet to be done but I am beginning as soon as this letter is in the mail, so I'll have to tell you all about our holidays in my next letter.

Frank and I send our greetings to all you friends and we hope you have a wonderful year in 1983.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

JANUARY 1983						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
-	-	-	-	-	-	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	-	-	-	-	-

Junk It!

New Year's Meditation

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: On the wall or an easel, place a large calendar opened to January. Below the calendar, place a big wastebasket. Put a large placard on the basket which reads "JUNK IT!"

Leader:

The new year is a time for change,
To renew with basics true,
Discard the bad, keep what is best
To make a better you. —M.N.B.

I am asking you to make one, yes, only one New Year's resolution this year—that is to JUNK SOMETHING EVERY DAY.

Junk your anxieties, your hatreds, jealousies. Junk your envies, your worries, your fears. Junk your shams and pretenses. Junk your timidity. Whatever keeps you from peace of mind, from living each day as a whole person, from getting on with your life to the best that is in you—JUNK IT!

Before you go to sleep at night, throw away all of those things which have kept you from being the fine person you want to be and can be. Toss out any thoughts of grudges, spite, deceits, malice and selfishness. JUNK THEM ALL! They have no place in fine character building or "sweet dreams".

First Meditation:

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose telling aloud
Would cause his proud head in anguish be bowed,
Hurry up quick and JUNK IT!

If you knew of a skeleton hidden away
For lo, many and many a day,
Kept in the dark, and whose sudden display
Would only bring grief, tears and dismay,
Don't haul it out—JUNK IT!

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, or a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or in the least bit annoy,
Or will someone's happiness surely destroy,
Don't hesitate a minute—JUNK IT!

—(Paraphrased from unknown author)

Second Meditation: The sad fact of life is that most of us don't have such a junk heap or wastebasket. How often have we been afraid to get rid of something because we are afraid we might

need it someday? So we hang on to it, give it space, even let it crowd out more important things.

In the same manner as we pull along our mental enemies, our handicaps to a good life, a mind at peace, just so we haul along with us our discouragements, our worries, trials and tribulations from day to day. The load gets larger and larger, heavier and heavier, sapping a big part of our vitality and energy. Eventually, we haven't the strength left to tackle the important areas of life. We let all this excess baggage weight us down until we can't move forward to better things. We must junk it all. Then let our lives be opened up to the beauty and love in the world about us.

Leader: As we toss out those things each night which have kept us from being the person we want to be, that we can be, let us think back through the day to see what we have done, what we can do tomorrow to make this a better world in which to live. I challenge you with this little poem by an unknown author which I found in a church paper to make each day of the new year better:

DID YOU FORGET?

Did you forget to laugh today?
Did you forget to smile
And lighten someone's troubles
Even for a little while?
Did you forget to sing today?
And let your whole world ring
With a deeply felt expression
Of your joy in everything?
Did you forget to walk today
In someone else's shoes?
To revel in his happiness
And understand his blues?
Did you forget to work today?
To lend a helping hand
'Cause someone else's project
Was much bigger than he planned?
Well, if you did forget these things
(We all do now and then)
There's always a tomorrow
For remembering again.

You will find that yours will be a HAPPIER New Year if you will leave behind the worries and hatreds, grudges and gripes, troubles and selfishness that plagued you yesterday, that held you back this past year. Yes, don't forget each night 'ere you sleep to think, to act—JUNK IT!



NEW YEAR'S — MOST ANCIENT FESTIVAL

by
Fern Christian Miller

New Year's was once celebrated on the winter solstice, Dec. 21 or 22. Some call it the winter equinox. Actually, this is supposed to be the shortest day of the year in the temperate zones. The New Year was celebrated just as the sun began its northward move. Then, through the "Snow Moon" of January, the days get a bit longer each day.

Ancient primitive people seemed to have realized, when the world was very young, that the year was a circle. Each January, the wheel started going around again. Time was reckoned by the sun, the moon, and the stars. Although our calendar has been changed many times through the ages, the midwinter celebration seems to have been a happy, feasting time.

Each race and nation seems to have had similar superstitions, customs and beliefs. The people loved to dress up in beautiful, traditional costumes and have merry parties, parades or dances. They sang songs, praised their Gods, rang bells, ate of the best they could provide and, sometimes, drank too much. Today, the sophisticates of the large cities have quite different celebrations for New Year's Eve than the simple, country folk of the hills and prairies, but in both places, it is considered the great-granddaddy of all festivals.

The Babylonian New Year is the oldest celebration of which we have a detailed record. This report was on clay tablets dug up in ancient Mesopotamia. They recorded heathen rites performed by the high priests at Babylon in the days of the second millennium, B.C.

The earliest ceremonies were supposed to drive out evil spirits and defy death. Even heathen nations believed in their own conception of a higher being who managed the earth and the sky. The early Greeks and Romans each had a God of the sun, of the moon, of fertility, of war, of harvest, of hell, of death, of love, plus many others. During their New Year's ceremonies, they gave animal and sometimes human sacrifices to the good Gods, and attempted in that way to drive out the bad Gods.

Much noise is expected on New Year's Eve. Even we modern people seem to think we can "beat the devil at his own game" by the blowing of horns, the ringing of bells, shouting, and even over-indulging. This tradition is actually based on heathen customs of antiquity.

A baby was used even in ancient Greece to symbolize the New Year. This symbol became so beloved and used by so many countries, that the church took it over after the Birth of Christ.

(Continued on page 16)

WINTER IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL

by
Fern Christian Miller

The winter of 1916 was a cold, snowy one in central Missouri. I was in the first grade in a one-room country school. We country children wore long-legged and long-sleeved winter underwear. We also wore heavy, ribbed, long, black cotton stockings and high-topped shoes which were laced or buttoned with button hooks. We wore high-buckled overshoes and wool coats, mittens, caps and scarfs. We had to keep from being frost-bitten.

The big, iron, potbellied stove in the center of the little schoolroom did not ever heat the far corners of the high-ceilinged, drafty schoolhouse. Often we sat on the benches near the stove with our coats or sweaters on and studied or had our recitations until the big red-hot stove heated up the frigid room. After it warmed up, we hung our coats on the hooks on each side of the door and went back to our own seats to study.

In spite of all the inconveniences, most of us liked to go to school and hated to miss even one day. Home life was dull in comparison to playing and talking with the other kids, and listening to Miss Sue, our elderly, old-maid teacher, read a book aloud. Miss Sue also managed to supervise all the classes of eight grades.

One morning after a heavy snowstorm, Father took my brothers and me to school on the riding horse. We usually walked the 1½ miles to school, but this day the snow was so deep that only the black tops of the fence posts stuck out to mark the snowed-in road.

Father told Mother that the school should close until the weather moderated and the road was broken, but the directors insisted that the fathers had nothing more to do than take the kids to school. Besides, Miss Sue wanted to attend the spring term at the nearest teachers' college and if any days were missed, she couldn't start in time.

The weather wasn't too bad going to school but by evening the wind had whipped up sharply and sleet was coming straight down from the North Pole. Although we were dressed warmly, by the time the horse floundered home we were crying with numb hands, feet and face. Father grimly helped Mother rub our frosted spots with snow and gave us hot cocoa to drink.

As he bundled up to go to do his evening chores, Father spoke sternly to Mother: "These little kids are going to stay right here by the fire until this weather changes. We simply can't risk pneumonia with the roads too bad for even a doctor to get through." Mother certainly agreed and so did the other parents; school was closed until the next

week.

By the next Monday morning, the nearest neighbor had built a big sturdy sled to haul hay to his cattle. A wagon box was placed on the runners and clean straw spread in it. Warm, mule-hide robes were spread on the straw as well as heavy, dark comforters for the children to use as covers. Besides his own three children, this farmer picked up all the neighbor children on the road to school. It was a clear, cold day with the sun making sparkling diamonds on the fields, trees and bushes. The team of big mules pulling the sleigh were high-spirited and took off like greyhounds over the hard-crusted snow.

The neighbor's girl, Dolly, a pretty, black-eyed, sweet-tempered child about fourteen years old, started singing "Jingle Bells" and we all joined in. Dolly stuck out her leather-gloved hand and caught at the tall weeds brushing the edges of the wagon as we passed. She let



Many of the old country schoolhouses have been preserved and restored so children can see how it used to be. Sunnyside School, which originally stood in the bluffs north of Hamburg, Iowa, is now part of the Fremont County Historical Museum complex in Sidney, Iowa.

them slide right through her fingers. I thought that looked like a lot of fun, so I grabbed at a long branch of buck brush but held on tight with my woolen mittens. What happened then was so swift, I had no time to even think. I was jerked out into the middle of a huge, hard, frozen snowbank, then I bounced right over into the road behind the sled.

I was only a chubby, rosy six-year-old. My laughter changed to frightened screaming and tears of hurt and anger. It was comical to the other kids and they roared with laughter. I was sensitive and embarrassed, but the neighbor man was very kind and a good father himself. He got the mules stopped and handed the reins to one of his older sons. He hurried back to me and gathered me up in his arms.

"Are you hurt, Fernie?" he asked anxiously. "Now you kids hush your laughing. Fernie might have broken an arm or leg. Don't you tease her about this either, or you will have me to deal with." He held

me on his knees with my face hidden against his sheepskin coat the rest of the way to school.

The minute we entered the schoolroom, the youngest boy, Carl, who was also in the first grade, began to tell Miss Sue and the other kids about my accident. Naturally, they all laughed heartily. But Dolly was a very kind-hearted girl. I tuned up to cry again, but Miss Sue and Dolly agreed it wasn't a joke, and I might have been badly hurt. Carl looked ashamed and dodged out to where the big boys were shoveling fresh paths to the backhouses.

Dolly helped me get off my overshoes and heavy wraps. Then she took the water bucket containing some hot water which had thawed on the stove and went outside. There she primed the frozen pump which was by the front door and brought in a brimming bucket of water for the day. Then she filled three battered old coal buckets with coal for the stove. Miss Sue was elderly and not strong enough for all the janitor chores; the bigger students were good to help.

Miss Sue now rang the bell, and we took our seats and began the day. First, we repeated the Lord's Prayer, gave the Salute to the Flag, and then we sang songs. Some mornings, our teacher read a chapter aloud from a good book. We loved that. Next, we had our arithmetic classes. One of the older girls had the first-grade numbers class. We counted grains of corn or navy beans, then arranged them by tens, and said our tens. When she went to have her own classes, we wrote letters and numbers on the blackboard until time for the eighth graders to work their long problems on the board. We counted dominoes and checkers at our desks while the big kids had their classes.

At recess time, the big kids tramped out a fox-and-goose wheel so they could play the game with the "fox" in the middle chasing the "geese" around the outside and through the spokes. Most of the small ones stayed inside while Miss Sue graded the arithmetic problems on the board. After recess, she pointed out any mistakes that had been made, and explained how to correct them. Then we had language classes. Any of the older ones who had his or her lesson already prepared could take the smaller ones back to the benches by the stove and tell them a story or have them tell stories or say nursery rhymes. This was done very softly. Short poems were memorized, and famous pictures were studied by the small as well as the older pupils. I always loved language time.

At noontime, we ate our cold lunches from our lunch pails. We sat where we wished and the teacher sat at her big desk in front. All visited and talked over the news from the few newspapers, local

(Continued on page 17)



Both plants and people feel better with more moisture in the air, but you don't need another plug-in appliance. The benefits of the simple, quiet clothes rack have not vanished from the earth.

BRING BACK THE CLOTHES RACK

by
Monica Brandies

Recently, a friend hit me with one of those ideas that are so obvious and so full of common sense that they have all but perished in our technological society: *bring back the clothes rack.*

At one time, I used to have two such racks and used them from necessity until they wore out. But that was years ago and my younger children didn't even know what a clothes rack was. I discovered one store in a shopping mall which had one for sale and one page in a thick catalog had two sizes from which to choose priced at \$8 and \$12. An ongoing rummage sale, carefully watched over several months, produced as good a selection for \$2.50 to \$4.50.

If you have an out-of-the-way spot in bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, spare room, or closet where you can leave the rack up, you will get much more use from it. For that reason, I got the smaller size. If you wash in the basement, you can leave the rack up there. As a last resort, you can set the rack up in the bathtub or shower and fold it away under the bed or behind the couch between uses.

I put ours in the study room where all the plants are where visitors seldom penetrate, laundry is folded on the couch, and desks and bookcases have already given the place a lived-in look.

There are presently eight people in our family, including two teenage girls who turn out laundry at a phenomenal rate. Although I have long found the dryer a useful invention, the simple fact is that it doesn't keep up with the washer and would tumble ad infinitum without a little

help.

Dryers are not expensive to run as appliances go. A rough estimate would be \$30 per year for an average family for an electric dryer, considerably less for a gas one. It is well worthwhile for clothes that would otherwise need ironing. But more than the energy costs and the constant noise, I resent wasting all the warm moist air when the house has such a low rate of humidity that plants, book bindings, wallpaper, and skin shrivel.

My clothes rack, 24 linear feet, 40 inches high by 30 inches long by 14 wide, holds a normal load. The rack dries clothes overnight in most cases, within 24 hours even if blue jeans are over-lapped.

If you have an automatic washer, it is no trouble to wash one or two loads a day and dry 10-14 loads a week on the clothes rack without using the dryer at all. Even with a wringer washer, a rack can hold at least a portion of your weekly or semi-weekly laundry. Use it for the socks and little pieces that take forever to hang on a line but no time at all to drop over the rack. It is so handy for this that I use mine in that manner all summer, too. It can be moved outside or to the back porch when the furnace is off and the plants and people are no longer so desperate for moisture.

If you have a humidifier, you can either turn it off and save more energy or move it to a different area of the house. If you don't have one, you may no longer need to consider buying one. Save your money.

If your teenagers complain that their jeans dry less than puffy-soft, they can put them in the dryer on air fluff for five minutes after the fabric is dry. No one else will notice any difference, but towels and diapers as well will be more absorbent.

The work involved is negligible. The small amount of human energy expended is good exercise, though not enough to improve your figure. But your plants will cease dying and begin to thrive. Even if your clothes rack is in the basement, you will find that many plants grow better there, especially garden seedlings in late winter for early-spring planting outdoors. With the electricity you save on the dryer, you can use an artificial light for a whole new aspect of successful plant growing.

So, bring back the clothes rack. You will improve your family's comfort, health, and economy. Unfold those few but faithful sticks of wood and hang your clothes to dry this winter.

NEW YEAR PRAYER

This year is a gift from God to me
To spend, or use, or set me free —
A whole new year is mine today —
May I be wiser, Lord, I pray!

COVER PICTURE

Winter in the Midwest can be cold and forbidding. It can also be beautiful and exhilarating. Our cover picture this month shows the frosty, snowy bank of a creek with graceful branches from the bushes dropping down toward the chilled water.

Many a similar stretch of frozen stream or country pond have ice thick enough to hold skaters. Some of the hill sections of the area are even being developed as ski slopes for those who enjoy that sport. Wintertime can be a fun time for the hardy and the young. —Lucile

WINTER FANTASY

by
Susan M. Walter

The performances of the winter show have begun. The beautiful vast stage is set for all to see and I have a front row seat. The delicate lacy snowflakes, pushed by a whisper of a breeze, parachute hither and yon. Winter is soon all dressed in white ruffles and fluff. The snow-clothed arms of the maples and elms gently wave at the cardinal who is all decked out in his crimson suit.

The shrubs have shed their brown fall ensembles to accept the winter wardrobes of white. Dried flowers are bedded down in white fluffy comforters. The crimson sun soon peeks through puffs of white clouds against a delicate blue backdrop making appearances of sparkling diamonds on the blankets of cotton-like snow.

The delightful sound of children's voices are faintly heard as they look for mirrored ice to give their new skates a try while the breeze hums "The Skater's Waltz".

Mr. Winter is busy sculpturing snowdrifts against forlorn fences, forming animals of the wild all dressed in white for the winter show. The snowman tries desperately to win the prize with his snow-spotted top hat, his blue woolen scarf glistening with jeweled snowflakes, his bright collection of colored buttons, and his snow-capped skeleton broomstick arms.

Needles from the huge old pine tree prick through mounds of fluff forming little white porcupines sleeping on the branches. There is a cold tingle in the air. Snowbirds frolic in the fields, playing peekaboo with the children. Little snowflakes keep spilling upon the browned earth trying to outdo one another with their sparkles and their lace. The down-covered homes bid goodbye as daytime says goodnight and goes to bed. The giant evergreens, with their snow-clad feather duster limbs, bow as though saying, "Thank You, Lord, for a successful winter show."



Catching Up With Clark

Dear Friends:

A few weeks ago, I was reading a local Denver newspaper, and in the sports section there was an article about a backpacker who died of hypothermia (fatal chilling and lowering of body temperature) while hiking in the Colorado Rockies this fall. My attention was immediately riveted, since I am also a backpacker and read very carefully any reports about the potential dangers of my sport.

The written account of the young man's death began in the mountains near Aspen, where he had gone on a wilderness vacation. Strange, I thought, because that is just where my friend, Bill Krzymowski, and I went backpacking the week after Labor Day. The article then described the young man's trip, which also started the week after Labor Day when he parked his car at Maroon Lake and hiked over Buckskin Pass, a lonely, exposed saddle huddled between two deadly cliffs.

At reading this, my heart nearly skipped a beat, because Bill and I also parked at Maroon Lake and hiked over Buckskin Pass. I thought: could it have been the same day? No—the article explained that he crossed Buckskin Pass, alone, on Friday. Bill and I followed the same tortuous footpath on Saturday, just one day later. But still the parallels between our trip and that of this solitary hiker began to unnerve me, and a question kept creeping into my mind—how could he have died? After all, he was a robust, healthy young man from Louisiana, an experienced backpacker, and not at all afraid to spend a few days alone in the wilderness. He had good equipment and plenty of food. But it turned out that he was unfamiliar with the nature of Rocky Mountain weather, how it could be sunny and warm one moment, only to cloud up and snow the next. He parked on a bright, sunny morning, and had left his goose down parka in the trunk. This oversight was to contribute to his tragic death three days later.

After crossing Buckskin Pass, he followed the winding path down to Snowmass Creek, past wide meadows filled with rich swampy grasses and beaver ponds. A couple of miles further, he reached Snowmass Lake, a stately jeweled mirror of crisp mountain water, reflecting the sharp outlines of steep rocky ridges and jagged summits. At this hidden lake, many miles from parking lots and casual day-hikers, this young man spent Friday and Saturday nights.

Bill and I arrived at Snowmass Lake Saturday afternoon, and chose a secluded camping spot in a meadow near a small, bubbling stream that tumbled down from some unknown field of ice. We never saw the solitary hiker, never knew of his close proximity. But it still gives me a chilling feeling to know that the man, soon to die, slept peacefully somewhere within a few hundred yards of our own placid camp.

That night, a sporadic rain popped softly against the sides of our sturdy, waterproof tent. Bill and I played cards by the light of a flashlight. Later, a hushed silence, broken only by an occasional sigh of wind in the trees, caressed the lake and its valley.

The next morning we awoke to find an inch of new-fallen snow, the first harbinger of winter's icy breath. My compact camp stove, quickly lit, provided us with warm oatmeal and steaming hot tea. Across the lake somewhere our solitary compatriot must have dined on similar fare.

Our original plan was to use Snowmass Lake as a base camp. From there we would venture forth to do some non-technical mountain climbing; that is, scrambling up gentler slopes without the need for ropes or climbing hardware. We especially wanted to climb 14,092-foot Snowmass Mountain, one of Colorado's loftiest summits, but the new snow, however light, ruled out any climbing that day since an icy route could cause slips, falls, and other unpleasanties. So we lounged around camp all morning, waiting to see if the weather would break.

Shortly before noon, a reluctant sun peeked out intermittently from behind swirling, dark clouds and its warmth began to melt the snow. We decided to take a three-mile excursion up another trail to the top of Trailrider Pass—like Buckskin, a lonely, exposed saddle, beyond which lay a valley even more isolated than the one in which we were

camped. As we hiked up the trail, we saw only one set of footprints imprinted earlier that same morning in the fresh snow. I remember thinking, "Well, the snow has driven away most of the hikers, but here's someone even more intrepid than we."

At that time I didn't know it, but those were the very footprints of the hiker who was, within a day, to die of hypothermia. He had started out earlier than we, still alone, and hiked over Trailrider Pass beneath a sky that might change at any moment, either towards full sun or further snow. Descending the long, steep series of switchbacks on the far side of the pass, he continued on into a remote, treeless valley where he was to spend his final evening.

Bill and I admired the fine, wild view from the top of Trailrider Pass. From there one could see much of the central Colorado Rockies, a churning mass of ever-uplifting rock, pushed by powerful underground forces into gigantic ranges called by Will Rogers "the Ridgepole of the Continent." Hundreds of peaks, named and unnamed, stretched up towards a sky that started closing in and darkening even as we stood there watching. Knowing Colorado weather as we did, how it could change from sunny warmth to biting cold within minutes, we high-tailed it back to Snowmass Lake and the cozy dryness of our sleeping bags.

Monday morning we woke up early and found the sides of the tent bulging inward. That meant only one thing—snow. After struggling to unzip the frozen entrance flap, we stepped out into a white world marked by huge, wet snowflakes and a steady wind. The ground was hidden by seven inches of snow, gleaming a dull white in the foggy air, and the storm showed no signs of letting up. We discussed the options for a full fifteen seconds before arriving at a chilly conclusion. (Continued on page 19)



New-fallen snow on a trail shows footprints of someone who has just hiked by.

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

When I wrote to you last month, I had dim expectations that the next four weeks held dramatic adventures for me. Usually at supper the four of us giggle over the day's horoscope predictions which are printed in our daily newspaper. Paul and Adrienne disclaim any predicted romantic surprises but they are certain that their business successes are just around the corner and they are alert to read about these opportunities. As proof that these imaginative horoscope predictions are faulty, I was caught with almost no time to prepare for a six-day trip to Florida.

My sister's son, Jim, and his bride-to-be, Lorraine, sent us an invitation to their wedding and although I had known for months exactly when the happy event was to be, I did not in my wildest dreams suppose that Donald would want to take the time from his job for this kind of event. Men usually attend weddings kicking and screaming right up to the minute they step across the church threshold.

The key word which made this trip come to pass was *Orlando*. The wedding was in Orlando, Fla., where Jim has been living since the summer of 1974 when he and three of his Anderson, Ind., high school classmates secured jobs at Disney World for just one summer. That one summer stretched into a career for Jim and served as the place where he met his future wife. They are both employed at Disney World, although Jim has now been transferred into the EPCOT division.

Don was ready for a break from his sixteen months on his new job which has really meant working many seven-day weeks. Although we missed the bridal dinner hosted by my sister, Marjorie, and brother-in-law, Bill, we did catch a flight into Orlando the morning of the day of the wedding.

Sister Marjorie had reserved rooms for us in the motel where the guests from Anderson were staying which was, fortunately, within walking distance of the bride's church. This location was very close to downtown Orlando, so did not have resort-type prices. The bride was beautiful, the groom, very dear to us, made the event special even though we knew precious few of the guests.

By two days after the wedding, all of our acquaintances had returned to their homes which left Don and me without a car; however, this problem was easily solved thanks to the locally operated bus service which came to our motel each morning at nine o'clock, took us to EPCOT, and returned to bring our ex-



When Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier flew to Florida, their primary purpose in going was to attend the wedding of their nephew, Jim Maroney. Following the ceremony, Mary Beth posed with the newlyweds—Jim and Lorraine Maroney. To the right is Mary Beth's brother-in-law and father of the groom, Bill Maroney.

hausted bodies back to the motel. I cannot remember when we've both had such a good time as we managed to squeeze into those six days.

I shall not give you a step-by-step description of the many points of interest at EPCOT, but it is so outstanding that anyone twelve to ninety-nine should make it a point to visit there. The ninety-nine is not a joke because wheel chairs are probably among the hottest rental items at the park. Little children should be given their time at Walt Disney World, and then the balance of the family should, if at all possible, spend a minimum of three days at EPCOT.

EPCOT means *Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow*. The center covers twice the area of Walt Disney World. It is divided into two parts: Future World and World Showcase. The latter must be similar to a world's fair (although I have never been to one). Nine nations—Canada, Mexico, Japan, China, France, the United Kingdom, Italy, Germany, and America—have constructed buildings which are meticulously detailed examples of their cultures.

Most of the nations have a section reserved for their ethnic foods which were, without exception, deliciously cooked and authentically served. There was another section devoted to gift shops where one could find treasures to take home as mementos, and a third section reserved for geographic details such as Circlevision movies showing the beauties of that country. China, Canada, and France had theaters which on a 360-degree screen took visitors across their country with thirty-minute films.

The American Adventure, probably the most photographed and written

about pavilion in World Showcase, was absolutely brilliant. Paid for by American Express and Coca-Cola, the buildings include such historical reproductions as Constitution Hall. Ben Franklin and Mark Twain are so dramatic and inspiring in the tales they tell that it is difficult to believe they are only computers. Thirty-five performers come to life in a program that made shivers run up and down our backs.

Future World sought to illustrate new ideas and innovations in communications, energy, transportation, the land, and imagination of tomorrow. Participating in Future World were the Bell System, presenting *Spaceship Earth*, the eighteen-story center of attraction which looks like a gigantic golf ball. Exxon created *The Universe of Energy*, done in a solar-powered building the size of three football fields. General Motors produced *The World of Motion*, dramatizing man's development of motion with Audio-Animatronics which cannot help but delight everyone. Kodak constructed *Journey into Imagination* where we saw the newest 3-D movie in which objects came so far out into the theater that I was sure we could have touched them. Kraft developed *The Land* on six acres with a ride, film, shows, and an actual greenhouse where food production is going on without soil. Sperry Univac has achieved *Epcot Computer Central* which, because of its super computer technology, cannot be described adequately. In 1983, General Electric will open a *Horizons* pavilion showing life styles coming in the 21st century.

The architecture in Future World is one where the buildings' forms fit their function. In World Showcase, the

(Continued on page 19)

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

The Mystic Seaport Museum called me recently to ask me to relieve one of their staff for the day. In a matter of minutes I was on my way. The night before, I had baked two different kinds of cookies, so I took along to the museum a box of them to share with some of the staff. For weeks, I had been promising to give them some of my cookies, and their reactions were just what I expected: "Great!" "Wonderful!" "How do you make them so thin?" etc. etc.

On that particular day at the museum, I had the delightful experience of meeting some of our Kitchen-Klatter friends from Jackson, Minn. Neale and Jean Strom happened to walk into the building where I was assigned, and I knew almost immediately that they were radio friends when they said what I hear so often: "Your voice is very familiar. Do you speak on the radio out in the Middle West?" Right away, I asked them if they were related to my brother-in-law, Oliver Strom, but they were not. Neale and Jean had been touring New England, and they were most enthusiastic about this part of the country.

Recently, on a Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcast, my guest was a young man who is a cook on one of our big United States Navy submarines. Scott Somers is a splendid young man, and Betty and I had such a good time with him the day he paid us a visit. Scott had grown up in the church where I was the pastor for so many years, and we were so pleased that he would want to visit with us after we had not seen him or had any contact with his family during the years of our retirement. Scott remembered that I had come from Iowa, and he was so proud to tell us that he had married an Iowa girl, Sharon Lease, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loren Lease of Clear Lake, Iowa.

Early this winter, I had a very narrow escape from death. A few days before we were to have our sailboat taken out of the water for the winter, I decided to take one more sail. That last sail was almost the last one I would ever take. I was alone on the boat, but was about to pick up a friend who was to meet me at the last marine pier before leaving the river and sailing out onto the ocean. I arrived at the pier a few minutes early and brought the boat alongside with considerable difficulty. There was a very strong tide running, and against that tide there was a strong wind blowing. That wind and tide combination brought the boat into the



Frederick Driftmier loves to sail near his Pawcatuck, Conn., home. This picture was taken on deck during a beautiful, sunny, warm afternoon, not at all like the one he tells about in his letter.

pier in such a manner that I was afraid it was about to bump into another boat tied up nearby. I leapt out onto the pier and attempted to bring my boat to a halt by holding onto the narrow lifeline which runs around the deck to the boat about hip-high. Instead of my pulling the boat up against the pier, the boat pulled me off the dock and into the water! There I was, hanging onto the lifeline, my body down into the water right up to my waist, so heavily clothed that had I let loose and gone down into the water, I would have sunk like a rock. In that tide, there was no way that I could swim back to the pier.

I tried desperately to climb up onto the boat, but that proved impossible; the boat is too high off the water for anyone to climb aboard without a ladder. All I could do was to shout for help at the top of my lungs.

In less time than it takes me to write this, the boat was swept out into the main stream of the river and headed out toward the ocean. I shouted and shouted until, finally, a man on the opposite shore heard me. He got into his boat and came to the rescue. Just as I was pulled out of the water and into his boat, my strength vanished. Had he not gotten to me when he did, I surely would have drowned!

What did I do then? Well, the man wanted to take me to shore and then go back and rescue my boat, but I would have no part of that. I had him put me right back onto my boat so that I could motor it back to the pier where my friend stood waving to me. I changed clothing on the boat, and in a matter of minutes my friend and I were having a great sail.

There was a bit of irony in that entire situation. My boat holds enough life-

saving equipment to save the lives of sixteen people, but not a piece of that equipment did I have on. Eight life jackets, four lifesaving cushions, four water ski belts and one lifesaving coat (anyone of which would have held me up in the water) were on that boat that day. What is the moral to this story? "If you sail alone, be sure to have on some kind of lifesaving gear!" I have learned my lesson—that is, I think I have.

New England has a most unusual fall and early winter. Almost into December we still were having days of Indian summer. I kept the boat in the water much longer than usual, and Betty and I were able to do some beautiful sailing. The two of us have such good times on the boat for we both love to watch the sea birds and like to poke into little bays and coves all along our Connecticut and Rhode Island shores. Post-season boating is a lonely kind of sailing because there are so few other boats out. Sometimes, we sailed all day in late November and never saw another boat.

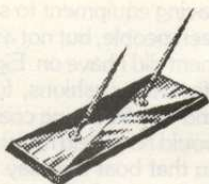
After some of the tragic accidents we had in this neighborhood a year ago, we had hoped to get through the boating season of 1982 with a better safety record, but that was not to be the case. Two days after I had my narrow escape, a very stormy day with lots of wind appeared. Neither I nor any of my sailing friends would have dreamed of going out onto the ocean in such weather. I could not believe my eyes when I saw two men board a small cabin cruiser loaded down with all kinds of fishing gear and head out to sea. Those men never came back—their boat just disappeared under the waves. How sad a sight it was when their families came to get the two cars that the men had parked a short distance from our house.

I have a new volunteer job at the local hospital. When I was asked by the Director of Volunteers what I wanted to do at the hospital this year, I replied, "Whatever it is that you cannot find anyone else willing or able to do." That reply resulted in my being given the job of "Hospital Visitor". One day each week I give over to visiting hospital patients, particularly patients who have few if any other visitors. It is a very rewarding job because I do enjoy being able to give others comfort and cheer, but there is just one thing that I do not like about the job: it is too much like the pastoral work from which I am supposed to be retired! After visiting hospital patients every week for thirty-five years, it does seem to be a bit of an old routine.

You would never guess what I have for a new plaything: a small electronic organ which plays through our stereophonic system. Betty gave it to me as a Christmas gift and it is great fun. Most of my hours at the keyboard are spent playing

(Continued on page 21)

DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

As I sit down to write this letter to you today, it is one of those bleak, dreary days when we all find it so hard to get motivated to do anything worthwhile. However, I am knee-deep in a project that I will never understand why I started in the first place.

As I was taking a load of wash to the utility room the other day, I noticed just how scratched and beat-up that utility room door was beginning to look. I had been aware for a long time that this particular door was badly in need of refinishing, but had always told myself that one of these days Tom and I would have to get around to doing something about it. I still don't know what got into me that particular day, but I went directly to a nearby paint store, purchased the necessary equipment to undertake this project and started sanding that very afternoon.

One thing I forgot—our utility room is just off our family room which meant that the entire family room would also have to be redone. So, I started with the baseboards in the family room. Since I had never refinished anything in my life, I figured that any mistakes I made there could always be covered up with furniture.

When I got this sudden surge of ambition, never once did I dream that it was going to be so time-consuming. Our family room is approximately 14'x24' with two doors and seven windows and, needless to say, is the largest room in the house. It is difficult to understand why I didn't start out in a bedroom or, better yet, something nice and small like a bath. At this point, all of the baseboards are finished and that horrible-looking utility room door is in the garage with sanding and finishing work on it well underway.

It is possible the project might be all done in time for Christmas with the exception of the windows. They are the type that roll out and they are going to have to wait until spring. In order to do them right, they will have to be taken off and, naturally, that can't be done during winter in Omaha. Needless to say, I will be very relieved when this project is finished.

This past fall, it seemed like every weekend Tom and I could be found in the yard trying to keep up with all the necessary chores. This is the first year that we haven't been able to keep ahead of the leaves. We love the shade our trees are finally (after twelve years) providing us in the summertime, but they certainly create a lot of work come fall.

I can't believe that, as I write this let-



Natalie Nenneman, sixteen-year-old daughter of Tom and Donna Nenneman, is a junior this year at Millard North High School in Omaha. Natalie's grandparents are Howard and Mae Driftmier of Shenandoah, Iowa.

ter, Christmas is only days away. Last year I had all of my shopping out of the way early, but never did get my Christmas cards addressed and mailed. There was really no good excuse for this, so this year I put my Christmas card chores before shopping; for some reason, the Christmas shopping always gets finished. It may take until Christmas Eve, but it all gets done, including the presents being wrapped and placed under the tree in time for Christmas morning.

This year, I haven't done nearly as much holiday baking as usual. To begin with, none of us need all of those extra calories. But, primarily, it is because I can't locate some of the recipes that have become a holiday tradition in this household. Now, I've known for a long time that I really needed to sit down and weed through my recipe box and reorganize and this is proof that I should have. I have never been much for New Year's resolutions, but this year my one and only resolution is going to be to buy a larger recipe box and do some serious reorganizing.

Even though I couldn't find all of my recipes this year, we will have a nice selection of cookies nonetheless, as one of my neighbors had a cooky exchange recently. This neighborhood has had lots of salad luncheons over the years, but not once in all these years has anyone had a cooky exchange. It was really a nice change.

Our group started having neighborhood salad luncheons quite a few years ago. In those days, we had so many little ones running around that these luncheons really were a lot more work than they were fun. We are now down to only one preschooler on the block (out of 26 children) so it really seemed quiet this fall when we had one of our luncheons and there was only one little one to entertain.

Both Lisa and Natalie say they are looking forward to Christmas this year.

However, not for the same reason they used to look forward to the holidays. They both think they need a break from school and all the other activities that keep them so busy.

Just think, only a few more days and it will be 1983.

Happy New Year,
Donna Nenneman

VINEGAR TIPS

by
Norma Tisher

Vinegar is a sour liquid obtained by acetic fermentation of dilute alcoholic liquids. It is used as a condiment or preservative in cooking. We can purchase vinegar in three varieties: white, cider, and wine. It is the vital ingredient in pickling, marinades and salad dressings.

Here are a number of versatile uses for vinegar:

A few drops of vinegar added to final rinse water helps to remove lint from solid-colored clothes. You can remove a fold line which appears on polyester fabrics when sewing or lowering a hem by wringing out a press cloth with a solution of half water and half white vinegar. Lay the press cloth on wrong side of the fabric or garments and press out the line.

Vinegar relieves the sting and itching of insect bites when applied full strength. The scratchiness of a sore throat can be eased with a gargle of one teaspoon vinegar in one cup of warm water. Vinegar applied directly to sunburned skin immediately after exposure will prevent peeling.

To clean eyeglasses without streaks, add a drop of vinegar to the water. Fruit stains from your hands are removed with vinegar.

When wrapping packages for mailing, add several drops of vinegar to water, and use for moistening gummed tape. Vinegar helps the tape stick better. When filling cracks with plaster of Paris, use vinegar instead of water. It will not harden so quickly. Hardened paintbrushes will soften when placed in hot vinegar for several minutes, then rinsed with warm suds. Spots on stainless steel equipment can be removed by rubbing the spots with vinegar-dampened cloth. To remove the fish odor from your hands and the skillet, use a small amount of vinegar in the dishwasher.

Add a drop of vinegar to the liquid for a flaky pie crust. Poached eggs will hold firm if you add vinegar to the water. To keep syrup from molding, rinse lids with vinegar; do not dry it off. Repeat every few days. Sour milk can be made from fresh by the addition of one tablespoon white vinegar to each cup of milk. Always check acidity on vinegar used for vegetable pickles. It should be from 4 to 6 per cent.

TRUST ME

by
Bob Birkby

Not long ago, my brother Jeff called me from his home in Helena, Mont. "Hey," he said, "we've got three feet of fresh snow on the ground. Why don't you get your camping gear together and let's go backpacking in Hawaii?" I live in Seattle, where the cold winter rains had taken out a long-term lease on the sky. But was there backpacking in Hawaii?

"Certainly," Jeff assured me, although he'd never been there either. "They've got mountains and seas and hula girls in the breeze! There are mangos and mongooses. You like mongooses, don't you?"

"What's a mongoose?"

"Trust me. It'll be a trip you'll never forget."

He was certainly right about that.

A thousand years ago, the island of Hawaii was encircled by a wide, smooth trail known as The King's Road. When he wished to visit the various tribes of his domain, the Hawaiian king had himself carried along the path. He also guaranteed safe passage to anyone else traveling his road, and it became a major route connecting the island's coastal valleys. Jeff's plan was for us to hike The King's Road across the lush, sparsely populated floor of the Waipio Valley, up a thousand feet to the top of the valley's far wall, then through miles of dense jungle to the remote, wild, Waimea Valley. I kept a journal during the trek, and note here some of the entries:

Day 1—The Waipio Valley is green and gorgeous. Thin waterfalls spin down the fluted folds of valley walls that rise sheer and jagged into clear skies. Once the valley was home to several thousand Hawaiian tribesmen, but now it all belongs to a sugar company that limits access to its own people.

We followed a dirt road down the valley to the ocean and there learned about tides and currents as we tried to wade the Waipio River where it enters the sea. Waves crashing into the mouth of the river made the water at the crossing belly deep, but every few minutes the waves would abate, the stream would drain, and the ford would become momentarily shallow. We took off our boots, timed the waves, then ran through the foam and wet sand. A wave ambushed Jeff from behind, and he fought his damp way to shore, battling hard to keep his camera, pack, and nose above the surf.

Soon we began the thousand-foot climb. It was steep, the trail worn smooth on lava rock by centuries of bare Hawaiian feet. We reached the top in an hour, and the rest of the day followed the trail as it contoured through a dense tropical forest broken by a series of small valleys. The once wide King's Road has become overgrown with jungle foliage shoulder



Bob and Jeff Birkby enjoyed their backpacking vacation together in the Hawaiian Islands. They discovered many beautiful areas such as this one with waterfalls and lush vegetation which are typical of this tropical paradise.

high and we worked hard for every mile. Huge leaves swatted us, the edge of the trail crumbled away under our feet, and fallen guavas and papayas filled the humid air with a sweet, decaying smell.

As the sun began to set, we realized there was no clearing large enough for us to make a camp, so we put up the tent in the middle of the trail. The earth all around had been loosened as if by a gardener with a spade.

"Wild pigs," Jeff explained. "They dig up the ground looking for roots they can eat. We'd better hang our food in a tree to keep it safe."

"How high?" I asked.

"How should I know? You know how tall pigs are, don't you?"

"Sure, but they might be on stilts. They might build pig pyramids so the top hog can grab the food. Maybe they've got little pig ladders and . . ."

"Just hang the bag and let's go to bed."

I hung the bag and we slept well. The pigs went hungry.

Day 2—We hiked hard all morning, fighting the foliage. At times we lost the trail altogether and had to backtrack carefully to find it again. We had heard of hikers disappearing in these wilds never to be heard from again, and we made sure

FOR THIS NEW YEAR I WISH:

- To live each day one at a time;
- To greet the morn with joy sublime;
- To give praise for rain, wind and sun;
- To sigh with pleasure when my day's work is done;
- To hug my children all with my might;
- To know they are precious in His sight;
- To give thanks for daily tasks to perform;
- To hear a bird's song at dawn;
- To pray for love in a world of peace;
- To strive for good and never cease;
- To listen to the voice within;
- To trust in God as the New Year begins.

—Sue Morris

that wouldn't be the case with us.

Just after lunch, we came to the high lip of the Waimea Valley. Half the size of the Waipio, it seemed even more green, more lush, more the perfect Pacific island paradise. The descent to the valley floor was difficult, the trail steep, overgrown, and slick with mud and rotting fruit. But the scenery was wonderful, as if we were going into a land man had not only forgotten, but seemingly had never known.

We made camp on the beach, then swam in a river and explored the coastline. Up the valley, waterfalls spilled in stages down the cliffs, and a few low clouds hung on the valley rim. We cooked a feast of trail food, read awhile by candlelight, then in the quiet of a moonlit tropical eve, crawled into the tent to sleep.

Day 3—During the night, a storm blew in from the sea, and it was all we could do to keep from being blown away. I went out in the wind and rain to tie the windward side of the tent more securely to a driftwood log. In the morning, we brewed tea on the camp stove and listened to the thunder of the waves and the steady beat of rain. We napped. We read. We waited. Finally, late in the day, the storm eased. We packed our gear and climbed back to the top of the valley wall, our clothes soaked with sweat and rain. In a small clearing far above the sea, we camped, and the moon came out again.

Day 4—Rain! All day it rained and all day we hiked back through wet jungle. The switchbacks down into the Waipio were slick, the waterfalls that had been the color of fine crystal ran blood-red with eroded soil. By the time we reached the river crossing, we were so wet we didn't even stop to take off our boots or gauge the speed of the waves, we just plunged across and kept on walking.

That left only the climb out of the Waipio. We told each other bad jokes, got into guava fights, and began longing for a hot shower and a dry bed.

An hour after we'd reached the end of the trail, muddy, wet, and full of the satisfaction that comes from a strange and successful adventure, we checked into an old hotel in a small Hawaiian town, our room equipped with big beds and hot showers. We turned on the television. In Helena, Mont., another foot of snow had fallen. In Seattle, Wash., the cold, grim rains had decided to take up residence for the winter.

And, in Hawaii, Jeff was making new plans. "How did you like that hike?" he asked, plopping his stinking laundry on the scruffy floor. I had to admit I liked it a lot.

"Great," he said, "because tomorrow I've got something really enjoyable for us to do—snorkeling around the coral reefs, unless there are too many sharks."

"Sharks?"

"Trust me," he said and headed for the shower.

RECIPES for January

SURPRISE CUPCAKES #1

- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) orange cake mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- Dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter clear vanilla flavoring

- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

Prepare cake mix according to package directions, omitting 1/4 cup water and adding the orange flavoring. Fill paper-lined muffin tins cups 2/3 full of batter.

Cream the cheese and sugar together. Beat in egg and dash of salt. Stir in vanilla flavoring and add chocolate chips. Drop rounded teaspoonful of this mixture into center of each cup of batter. Bake according to directions on cake mix box. Makes 30 cupcakes.

SURPRISE CUPCAKES #2

- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) chocolate cake mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

- 1 6-oz. pkg. peanut butter chips

Use the same method for mixing and baking as given above for Surprise Cupcakes #1. —Juliana

COLORFUL FRUIT SALAD

- 1 21-oz. can apricot pie filling
- 1 16-oz. can sliced peaches, drained and chopped
- 1 15½-oz. can pineapple chunks, drained and cut (or 2 cups fresh)
- 1 11-oz. can Mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 cup maraschino cherries, drained and cut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 4 bananas, sliced

Combine all ingredients except bananas. Toss gently. Cover and chill. Just before serving, add the bananas. Serves 10 to 12. —Evelyn

CARROT BUNDT CAKE

- 2 cups self-rising flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup oil
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 3 cups grated raw carrots

Combine the flour, sugar and cinnamon. Stir in the oil. Add the flavorings to the beaten eggs and add to rest of mixture. Fold in the remaining ingredients. Turn into a well-greased and floured bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Cool in pan for 15 minutes, then turn out. Dust with powdered sugar. —Juliana

FREDERICK'S SHORT RIBS OF BEEF

- 3 lbs. short ribs
- 1 can tomato soup, undiluted
- 1 envelope onion soup mix
- 1 lb. frozen small onions
- 10 to 12 medium-size carrots
- 20 6-inch long pieces of celery
- 4 or 5 potatoes, peeled, quartered and partially cooked
- Mushrooms (optional)

Place the ribs, soup, onion soup mix, onions, carrots and celery in a Dutch oven or large covered casserole. Bake at 225 degrees for 5 hours or longer. Thirty minutes before serving time, add the partially cooked potatoes and the mushrooms. (If excess fat appears to be floating on top, skim off before adding potatoes and mushrooms.) Other vegetables of your choice may be added.

INDIAN FRY BREAD

- 2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup instant non-fat dry milk
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbs. shortening
- 3/4 cup water
- Oil for frying

Mix the flour, dry milk, baking powder and salt together. Work in the shortening with hands. Using a fork, stir in the water until dough clings together. Turn out on floured board and knead until smooth. Divide into 6 portions. Shape each portion into a ball, then flatten to form a 6- or 7-inch round. Cover each round immediately with waxed paper. (Do not allow them to dry.)

Place about 1½ inches of oil in a deep, wide pan. Heat to 375 degrees. Fry one round at a time until puffy and brown on both sides. Drain on paper towel. Serve warm with powdered sugar or honey. Can also be folded and filled with taco filling. Can be reheated for a few minutes in a 375-degree oven. —Robin

MAKE-AHEAD CASSEROLE

- 1 7-oz. pkg. dry macaroni
- 2 1/2 cups coarsely ground ham
- 1 small jar pimientos
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 Tbs. butter or margarine
- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup (One can of cream of celery and one can of cream of mushroom soup could be used.)

- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 lb. grated Cheddar or American cheese

- Buttered bread crumbs or croutons (optional)

Saute onion and celery in the butter or margarine. Combine with all the remaining ingredients except crumbs or croutons. Spoon into greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Refrigerate overnight. Let stand at room temperature for 45 minutes before baking. Bake at 350 for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Top with the buttered crumbs or croutons the last 15 minutes of baking. —Verlene

NOODLE-BURGER BAKE

(A microwave recipe)

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 1/2 cups dry noodles
- 1/2 of medium onion, chopped
- 1 #303 can peas, partially drained
- 1 1/2 cups tomato juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Layer beef in a 2-quart casserole. Place noodles and onion over meat. Add the peas, then the tomato juice. Do not stir. Cover and microwave on high for 15 minutes. Stir. Add the salt and pepper and stir again. Return to oven, uncovered, for 3 more minutes. —Robin

TOMATO-MEAT SOUP

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 lb. ground pork
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 4 cups canned tomatoes, juice and all (or fresh, peeled tomatoes, mashed, whirled in blender or food processor)
- 1 15-oz. can kidney beans, mashed with liquid and all
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 2 medium carrots, sliced
- 1 14½-oz. can beef broth
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Raw potatoes, diced or small ones with skins
- Salt to taste

Brown meats and onion. Drain excess fat. Place in large kettle with all remaining ingredients except potatoes and salt. Cover and simmer for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Add the potatoes and salt the last half hour of cooking. —Juliana

CHICKEN & DUMPLINGS

- 4- to 5-lb. stewing chicken, cut up
- 3 to 4 cups water
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 or 2 stalks celery, cut into 1-inch pieces
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 1/2 to 3 cups frozen mixed vegetables

In large pan or Dutch oven, combine chicken, water, onion, celery, salt, bay leaf and pepper. Heat to boiling; reduce heat. Simmer, covered, 2 to 3 hours or until chicken is tender. Cool; remove chicken from bones and cut into desired pieces. Skim fat from broth. Reheat broth.

Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup; level off. Blend the flour into the 1/2 cup water until smooth; stir into hot broth, stirring constantly until thickened. Add vegetables and chicken pieces; heat to boiling. Prepare the following:

Dumplings

- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. parsley flakes
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 egg, slightly beaten

In medium bowl, combine flour, parsley, baking powder and salt; stir to blend. Combine milk, oil and egg; add to flour mixture. Stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Drop dumplings by rounded tablespoonfuls into the hot chicken-vegetable mixture. Cover tightly; boil gently for 12 to 15 minutes or until dumplings are fluffy and dry. Serve immediately. Serves 4 to 6. —Verlene

OLD-FASHIONED OATMEAL PANCAKES

- 1 cup uncooked quick rolled oats
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted and cooled
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine rolled oats and buttermilk in a bowl; cover and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Add egg, butter and raisins. Stir just to blend. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture, along with butter flavoring. Stir just to moisten. If too thick, add a few more tablespoons of buttermilk. Fry as usual for any pancake. —Evelyn

GOURMET POTATOES

- 6 medium potatoes, cooked unpeeled
- 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 cup melted margarine
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 2 Tbls. chopped green or regular onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter
- Paprika

Peel cooked potatoes; grate coarsely.

In pan over low heat, combine cheese and melted margarine. Stir frequently until cheese is melted. Remove from heat and blend in sour cream, onion, salt and pepper. Fold into the potatoes. Spoon into greased casserole. Dot with the butter and sprinkle paprika over top. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. —Dorothy

MEXICAN CORNBREAD

- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup oil
- 1 can chopped green chilies
- 1 9-oz. can cream-style corn
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 cup yellow cornmeal
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese

In a large bowl, beat eggs with oil. Add green chilies, corn, sour cream, cornmeal, salt, baking powder and 1 1/2 cups of the cheese. Blend well. Put into greased 8- or 9-inch round or square baking pan. Sprinkle the remaining cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour, or until it tests done. Delicious warm or cold. Freezes well. If frozen, wrap in foil and reheat in oven.

YUMMY PRUNE CAKE

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 cup chopped stewed prunes

Sift flour, soda, baking powder and spices together. Set aside. Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Add flavorings. Stir in flour mixture alternately with sour milk. Fold in prunes. Bake in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan for 40 to 45 minutes at 350 degrees. May also be baked in layer pans for a shorter length of time. Cool and frost as desired, or serve with whipped topping. —Dorothy

LEMON-CARROT COOKY

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup finely shredded raw carrots
- 2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups chopped walnuts

Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar until creamy. Beat in the remaining flavorings, egg and carrots. Combine the dry ingredients and stir into first mixture. Add nuts. Drops by level tablespoonfuls, 2 inches apart, on greased cooky sheets. Bake at 375 degrees for about 12 minutes, or until edges are just brown. Makes about 6 dozen. —Robin

HOT MASHED BEAN DIP

- 2 cups cooked mashed pinto beans
- 1 Tbls. finely minced onion
- 6 drops Tabasco sauce
- 2 Tbls. bacon or ham drippings
- 3/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- Salt to taste

Combine the mashed beans, onion and Tabasco sauce; blend well. Melt drippings in a chafing dish; blend in the bean mixture. Add the cheese and salt and stir until cheese is melted. Serve warm with corn chips. —Robin

DOROTHY'S PORK LOAF

- 3 eggs, hard cooked
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 3 medium stalks celery, diced
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh ground pork
- 1 cup fresh bread crumbs
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/3 cup water
- 2 Tbls. minced parsley
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing

Additional French dressing for coating
Boil the 3 eggs. Peel and slice in half lengthwise. Set aside.

Heat the oil in a large skillet. Saute the celery and onion. Remove the celery and onion from skillet and combine with the meat, bread crumbs, slightly beaten egg, water, parsley, salt and 2 Tbls. French dressing. Place half the combined mixture in a baking pan. Layer the sliced eggs on top. Put the rest of the meat mixture on top and shape into loaf. Brush with additional Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 1/2 hours. When done, remove from oven and brush again with French dressing. Slice and serve.

JULIANA'S OATMEAL BREAD

- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1/3 cup dark molasses
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 5 to 6 cups flour
- 2 Tbls. rolled oats

Soften the yeast in the 1/2 cup lukewarm water. Set aside.

In another bowl, combine the 1 1/4 cups boiling water, 1 cup quick rolled oats, molasses, shortening and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add the 2 cups flour and beat well. Add the beaten eggs and yeast mixture; beat well. Add enough flour to make a soft dough (5 to 6 cups). Knead, adding flour as needed. Place dough in greased bowl, turning to grease on all sides. Cover and let rise in warm place until double (about 1 1/2 hours). Punch down and form into 2 loaves. Grease two loaf pans and sprinkle 1 Tbls. of rolled oats into each pan. Put loaves in pans. Let rise again until double in size (about 30 minutes). Bake for 40 minutes at 375 degrees.

UNUSUAL BAKED BEEF STEW

- 2 lbs. sirloin butt, cut into 1-inch cubes (or any inexpensive beef cut)
- 1/4 cup oil
- 1 1/2 Tbls. butter
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- 3 large onions, sliced
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 1 small bay leaf, crushed
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. vinegar
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1 cup apple cider
- Sliced fresh mushrooms

Rye bread slices, spread with mustard and cut into small squares

Cooked, parsleyed, buttered noodles

In a skillet, brown meat cubes well in oil and butter. When browned, remove to heavy casserole with tight-fitting lid. Salt and pepper meat to taste. Drain excess fat from skillet, leaving a little in which to saute lightly the onion and garlic. Combine the water and flour and shake or stir well. Add to skillet along with the parsley, sugar, vinegar, seasonings, cider and mushrooms. Stir well and pour over meat in casserole. Cover and place in 350-degree oven for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Twenty minutes before serving, lay the prepared rye bread squares on top of stew and return to oven, uncovered, for 20 minutes longer. Serve over the noodles. —Robin

**GRINGO CHICKEN CASSEROLE**

- 1 chicken
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 green bell pepper, chopped
- 4 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 cup chicken broth
- 1 10-oz. can green chilies and tomatoes (or 1 small can green chilies and 1 small can stewed tomatoes)
- 1 10 3/4-oz. can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
- 1 pkg. corn tortillas, cut in 1-inch strips
- 10 ozs. grated Cheddar cheese

Cook the chicken in boiling, salted water until tender. When done, drain and save chicken liquid. When chicken has cooled, bone and cut into small pieces. Skim excess fat from chicken broth.

Saute the onion, garlic and green pepper in melted margarine. Stir in the 1/4 cup chicken broth, green chilies and tomatoes, and chicken soup. Dip the tortilla strips in chicken broth and put a layer in bottom of greased casserole. Put on a layer of half the cooked chicken, followed by a layer of half the vegetable-soup mixture, then half the cheese. Repeat with another layer of tortillas, etc. ending with cheese on top. Bake at 375 degrees for about 30 minutes.

—Juliana

SPICY RAISIN COFFEECAKE

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1 1/2 cups raisins

Cream the margarine and 1 cup sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Blend in the flavorings and sour cream. Sift the flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Add to the creamed mixture in three or four portions, mixing well after each addition. Spread the batter into a greased 8- by 12-inch baking pan. Combine the 1/2 cup sugar, spices and raisins. Sprinkle over top of coffee cake. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until it tests done.

—Juliana

QUICK & EASY PEANUT BUTTER PIE

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup creamy peanut butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 8-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed
- 1 prepared pie crust (pastry, graham cracker, or vanilla wafer)

Mix the cream cheese, peanut butter, powdered sugar and milk together. Beat with electric beater until very creamy. Add flavoring and stir in topping. Spoon into pie shell. Refrigerate several hours. Serve chilled. —Dorothy

CREAM CUSTARD

- 1 pint whipping cream
- 4 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Additional sugar for topping

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place cream in heavy pan and heat over low heat until bubbles form around sides of pan. (Do not boil.) Beat egg yolks and the 1/2 cup sugar together until thick. Slowly beat the warm cream into egg yolk mixture. Stir in flavoring and pour into custard cups. Place cups in a pan which has a little water in bottom. Bake for 45 minutes or until set. Remove from oven and immediately place in refrigerator to chill. When chilled, remove from refrigerator and sprinkle 2 tsp. of sugar on top of each custard cup. Put under oven broiler for a few minutes until sugar on top turns brown. (Watch closely.) Remove and again place in refrigerator until chilled. Serve cold. —Frederick

MUSHROOM TARTS

- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 cup instant minced onion
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup shredded Swiss or Jack cheese
- 2 Tbls. minced fresh parsley
- 1/4 cup milk
- 5 slices bacon
- 1/4 lb. fresh small mushroom, sliced
- Pastry for 2-crust, 9-inch pie

Combine the egg, onion, soup, cheese, parsley and milk. Set aside.

Cook the bacon, drain and crumble. In about 2 Tbls. of the bacon drippings, saute the mushrooms. Add the bacon to mushrooms and combine with the first mixture.

Roll out the pastry dough very thin. Using a 2 1/2-inch cookie cutter or glass, cut into about 36 rounds. Use rounds to line small muffin cups or tart pan. Spoon about 2 teaspoons of the mushroom filling into each shell. Bake, uncovered, at 400 degrees for about 20 minutes.

Can be frozen, then reheated when ready to serve. —Robin



Let's Have a Popcorn Party

by
Virginia Thomas

Popcorn is good at anytime of year, but it is especially enjoyed as a winter-time snack here in the Midwest. Since it is not only good eating but can be used in making attractive decorations, it is a perfect keynote for January entertaining.

DECORATIONS

Popcorn Swag: Make popcorn balls, tinting small batches of the syrup in bright colors. Thread string in a darning needle so that you can tie the balls to ribbon like a swag. Add a big bright bow and hang the swag on a door or in a prominent wall space.

Popcorn Candles: A single candle has long been a symbol for the new year. Shape large ones for the centerpiece from the syrup-covered popcorn in color of your choice. Make smaller ones for individual favors. Loose kernels of white popcorn can be stuck around the top and to "drip" down the sides to represent the candlewax. Stick a yellow gumdrop or jelly bean on top for the candle flame and you have a pretty, edible favor or decoration.

Popcorn Wreath or Candle Ring: Shape the untinted popcorn ball mixture into a wreath shape. For decorations, use candied cherries, gumdrops or small hard candies.

Popcorn Winter Wonderland: This would make a lovely centerpiece or an arrangement for a coffee table. As a base, use a large mirror for a lake. Using green-tinted popcorn ball mixture, form it into pine tree shapes in several sizes to stand around the edge of the lake. Use the white popped corn to shape into snowdrifts around the lake and trees. Shape small snowmen from the untinted popcorn ball mixture and give them black paper hats and red scarves. Cinnamon red-hot candies can be used for buttons. Use bits of felt for the facial features. One snowman could appear to be dancing with an evergreen twig "broom". Other snowmen are fastened to small candy cane skis to go skating on the mirror lake. A log cabin house fashioned of the popcorn mixture can be placed amid the trees along with a miniature deer or two.

Popcorn Ball Favors: Using tinted

syrup make up popcorn balls, making one side of the ball flat so it will stand firmly on a tray. Stick a birthday candle in each. The candles might be lighted just before everyone begins to eat refreshments, each guest making a secret wish before blowing out the candle.

ENTERTAINMENT

Snowball Pass: Make a North Pole by fastening a short length of a tree branch or broom handle to a base so it will stand upright. Wind the pole with transparent tape (sticky side out). Each player is given three small cotton balls or wads of cotton. Players stand some distance away from the pole and toss their snowballs at the pole. If one sticks, the player gets a point or is awarded a candy kiss.

The Passing of the Year: Divide the players into twelve groups (can be played with twelve individuals). Hand each a slip of paper on which is written a month of the year. Each group, in turn, is to put on a pantomime appropriate to the particular month named on their slip. The rest try to guess the name of the month.

Popcorn Dictionary: Give each guest pencil and paper. They are to write the word popcorn ball across the top of the page. At leader's signal, they have ten minutes to see who can get the longest list of words for each letter spelling out "popcorn ball". Prizes might be awarded for the most words under "P", under "O", etc., and for the most words altogether. Give a sack of popcorn for each prize.

Detective Pop: On a table place a large bowl of popcorn. As the leader slowly reads the following list of questions (add more of your own making), each person who must answer "yes" must go to the bowl and pick up a kernel of popped corn. At the conclusion of the questions, players count their kernels. A prize is awarded to the player having the least kernels of corn.

QUESTIONS: 1. Do you like dill pickles? 2. Have you a red dress or red shirt in your closet now? 3. Have you ever dated a redhead? 4. Have you ever eaten a raw oyster? 5. Have you ever played the game of post office? 6. Have you ever danced a polka? 7. Have you read the book, *Gone With the Wind*? 8. Have you ever entered a contest found in a magazine?

Popcorn Quiz: Each answer contains either the word "pop" or "corn". 1. Some people like this music. 2. A talkative one. 3. A material some prefer. 4. Pretty in the woods. 5. Often seen in the fall. 6. Favorite breakfast treat. 7. A boy's toy. 8. Nonsense (you can be sure). 9. An instrument in a band.

ANSWERS: 1. Pop concert. 2. Popinjay. 3. Poplin. 4. Poplar. 5. Cornucopia. 6. Popover. 7. Popgun. 8. Popycock. 9. Cornet.

HOW CREATIVE ARE YOU?

by
Gertrude Perlis Kagan

How would you like to stretch your imagination and at the same time do a little budget stretching? You can achieve an original and distinctive look to any creative project by using a little ingenuity.

Have you been wanting a pair of extra heavy bookends that will not topple at the slightest jolt? Two ordinary bricks painted white (or any color that will blend with your room) will make a sturdy set. After they have dried, shellac them and they will have a smooth and glossy finish. If you wish to give them a more ornate look, paint them gold or silver.

If you wish to go into a bigger project, create bookshelves by stacking one or two rows of bricks spaced several feet apart on each side. Then place a smooth, shellacked or painted board halfway between them and one on top to accommodate your tallest and heaviest books. The bricks can be painted any color desired.

Here are cues for protecting your books against soil: If they're schoolbooks, a piece of clear plastic will do the trick and protect them against rain, snow and inclement weather. If you have an assortment of books and are a real book lover, vary the covers to create interest. Use road maps—or any kind of maps for that matter—as covers. In this manner, your books will be informative outside as well as on the inside. For color interest, cover your smaller books with bright shades of construction paper. Aluminum foil, gold paper, leftover wallpaper or shelf paper are other variations.

A pencil box is a must if you don't want to go searching for pencils when you need them. An empty frozen juice can or any empty circular tin can painted and decorated with decals will serve the purpose. A teaspoon of detergent added to about three teaspoons of paint will make the paint adhere to a metal, shiny or waxed surface. For a matching letter box, use a circular or square cardboard box. Remove the cover if it has one and decorate the box to match pencil box.

Use boxes from your typewriter ribbons to hold clips, rubber bands, etc. Decorate and label as desired.

Discarded cushions from a re-upholstered sofa make ideal prop pillows if you're reading in bed, watching TV or justolling around. Cover these with slipcovers to match your draperies or wall covering. Leftover drapery material makes attractive covers for throw pillows, too.

Once you get started on creative projects you will not only be surprised but well pleased with your ingenuity.





Recycle Your Poinsettia

by
Dianne L. Beetler

According to tradition, Joel Poinsett introduced the poinsettia to the United States over 150 years ago. Since that time, the colorful plant has grown in popularity and is now considered a traditional Christmas plant.

Poinsett was the first U.S. Minister to Mexico. He was also an amateur botanist with a great love for plants, and it is believed he discovered the poinsettia in Mexico where it grows wild and brought it to his home in South Carolina. It is named in his honor.

The bright red bracts make the plant a popular Christmas decoration. Many people mistakenly believe these bracts are flowers, but they are leaves. The flower of the poinsettia is actually the small yellow center of a group of bracts. Although poinsettias are sometimes white or pink, red remains the most popular color.

While the poinsettia is thought of as a Christmas plant, it is possible to enjoy the plant year-round. Why not recycle your poinsettia for more beauty next Christmas?

Keep your poinsettia's soil moist and make sure it gets about four hours of sunlight during the day. The plant should be kept away from drafts—warm or cool.

In February or March, the bracts will fade and begin to drop. Place the pot in a dark, cool spot such as a basement or closet. Water infrequently, as the soil should be almost dry.

When spring comes and the danger of frost is past, you can move your plant outside. First cut it back to a height of approximately six inches.

You can rebloom the original plant, or take cuttings from it to start new plants. If you plan to use cuttings, remove the plant from its pot and put it into the ground. If you plan to use the original plant, simply move it outside.

Make sure your poinsettia gets plenty of water. Remove weak shoots and cut back to two leaves whenever new shoots reach six or eight inches in length.

If you plan to use cuttings, remove four-inch shoots from the plant in August or early September. Put rooting compound on the cut ends and place the cuttings in a container of moist sand. Cover with plastic to maintain a high humidity and a temperature of 70 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and place the container in a shady spot. After the cuttings

have rooted, plant them in small pots. As the cuttings grow, they should be repotted in a larger pot.

If you plan to rebloom your original plant, do not pinch back after September 1.

Bring your plant or cuttings inside when the nights get cool, but before there is a frost. During the day, see that it gets as much sunlight as possible, and make sure it has at least twelve hours of complete darkness each night. Complete darkness is very important, and even artificial light should not shine on your poinsettia plant. Feed it a soluble fertilizer every other week.

When the green bracts begin to turn color, place your poinsettia on display. Don't allow the soil to dry out or place the plant in a draft.

With a little perseverance on your part, your recycled poinsettia will be a blooming success.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Each spring, bedding plant growers and garden centers offer seed geraniums to the buying public. The term "seed geraniums" means the plants have been started from seed instead of cuttings from a stock plant. Gardeners are finding that geraniums grown from seed have advantages over those grown from cuttings. First, a seed geranium has a fresh start in life whereas a cutting may acquire a virus disease from its parent. Geraniums grown from seed do not have the long bare stems of cutting-started plants but begin branching near the base and usually spread to a width of 18 inches, thus necessitating fewer plants to fill a bed or form a border.

Major seed companies (such as Pan-America, Denholm and Goldsmith) have made giant strides in producing several early-flowering, large-flowered hybrids that come readily from seed and within the ken of the average gardener. Use a sterilized soil or a commercial mix recommended for seed starting. Follow directions on the mix for preparing the seed pans and use bottom heat if at all possible—a small electric heat cable will do the trick, or better yet one of the miniature greenhouses with a heating

element in the bottom and a clear plastic dome over the top.

Ideal soil temperature is 72 degrees Fahrenheit and this must be maintained during the first week following planting for the production of healthy seedlings. Remove the plastic cover after a week, letting the night temperature get down to 60 degrees. This treatment will keep the seedlings short and stocky. Transplant the little seedlings as soon as the leaves have expanded—usually 15 to 18 days after sowing the seed. Use 3-inch pots filled with half soil and half Jiffy Mix.

To help your small geranium plants develop good root systems, you should maintain a night temperature of 72 degrees for two weeks, then cooler, 60 to 70 degrees, until time for outdoor planting. Seeds started about the first of February should give you blooms in early June. An early-March sowing will produce blooming plants in mid-July.

Last season, I paid \$2.30 for a 20-seed packet of Orange Punch hybrid geranium from Stokes Seed Co. (Buffalo, NY 14249—in case you wish to get their free catalog). I grew 19 healthy seedlings from a March 1 sowing. The plants were set in a circular bed and started blooming July 20. Only 16 of the seedlings were a true salmon-orange, the others were a bright rose-pink. The leaves were distinctly zoned chocolate brown and attracted as much attention as the large, tightly packed flower heads. The total cost of the seed, energy expended and planting medium was less than \$4.00—not bad for the excitement and fun of growing one's very own geraniums from seed!

NEW YEAR'S—ANCIENT FESTIVAL —Concluded

The Jewish New Year is Rosh Hashana. It is observed at the end of the autumn harvest season near the end of September or the beginning of October. This is traditional practice among both Orthodox and Conservative Jews.

Many Christian people believe all our yesterdays are reviewed on New Year's Day. The Roman God, Janus, from which January gets its name, looks both ways. This two-faced God has one face which looks forward and the other looks backward. The month of January derives its name from the word "janua", meaning "door"; this door swings both backward and forward. So, modern-day Christians try to review the past year and ask God's pardon for all their mistakes. They try to make firm resolutions to do better in the year ahead.

While many people have jolly fun with friends on New Year's Eve, they then rest, meditate, and make plans for the coming year on New Year's Day. Thus, a clean slate or a blank page is begun. A fresh start is an inspiration anytime.

LAI D OFF? OUT OF WORK?

by
Dorothy Sandall

We live in an area of high unemployment. People who have held factory jobs many years have been laid off and some jobs have been discontinued. Due to fewer children and financial difficulties, schools are closing, eliminating teachers and other personnel. The lack of buying power soon became evident in the retail stores, causing some to close.

Here are some ideas that might be helpful to others in a similar situation: Don't panic. It is not a crime to be laid off or out of work temporarily. Prayer, imagination, and willingness to work will get you back on your feet again.

First, figure out your priorities. Obviously, food and shelter are more important than entertainment, but each family's list of what is necessary, or can be gotten along without, will vary.

Second, this might be a good time to try a different kind of work, take classes at a nearby college to gain new skills, or turn a hobby into a profitable business. The employment office will tell you of any available jobs, but don't give up if you don't find one there. Think about your assets, talents, education, experience on and off the job, health, hobbies, property, savings, and what you enjoy doing. What does your community need? How could you do something better than it is being done? What can you do that a person or business needs to have done? Get the word out that you want work and will try most anything.

Does your wife have a job or can she get one to tide you over until you find permanent employment? If she is working and you are not, do other constructive things like caring for your children, cooking, shopping, or cleaning and repairing the house. Newspapers, magazines and T.V. are full of information about saving money on food, energy, etc. Trading skills and work with no money involved is another idea that can be beneficial. Volunteer your services to a good cause. You are better off busy than sitting around worrying. This is a challenge for the whole family to work together earning and saving money for the good for all. When in season, share excess garden produce and watch for those who can share with you.

Our church office became a center of information for members wanting work done and those needing work. For example, if someone needed a house painted, he called in to find someone who could do it. Or, if a person was willing to do yard work or house cleaning, he let our office know. Individuals work out the pay privately.

The women of one of our church circles are providing a day's menus and two favorite recipes to be published in our

church's weekly newspaper. These food ideas are both nutritional and economical. We share information about good nutrition. For example, milk, meat, vegetables and fruits, breads and cereals should be included every day in each person's diet. Children require three glasses of milk, teenagers four, and adults two each day; however, cheese, ice cream and other milk-made foods can supply part of this. Powdered milk is cheaper and almost as good to use in cooking.

Two or more servings of meat, fish, poultry, eggs or cheese are ideal but you can use dry beans, peas, or nuts as protein alternates. Poultry and eggs are a bargain now and peanut butter is less expensive.

Four or more servings of vegetables and fruits are needed daily. These should include dark green or yellow vegetables and citrus fruit or tomatoes. A big garden is a good source, besides, you also benefit from the fresh air and exercise. Whatever is in season, on sale, or ripe in the garden can be included as you plan your menus. Discount stores and generic items are often cheaper.

Enriched or whole-grain breads and cereals are improved nutritionally when milk is added. Four servings a day are necessary for good health. Macaroni, noodles, etc., contain protein and when combined with cheese and milk are tasty and economical.

What our church is doing is trying to help people to help themselves. "If you give a man a fish, he eats today, but if you teach him how to fish, he eats a lifetime." So, don't panic, you can create a better life for yourself and your family in the days ahead.



Just like Miss Sue in Fern Christian Miller's remembrances, Evelyn Clayton of Hamburg, Iowa, demonstrates the manner in which teachers managed eight grades at once.

COUNTRY SCHOOL — Concluded events and gossip. Noon was a fun time. After lunch, we all wrapped up and played "fox and geese" until time for the first bell. That was our signal to get drinks and visit the backhouses.

Afternoon brought the reading classes, history, geography and spelling. On some days, studies were alternated with agriculture, writing, art and some other subjects. Although our little school was poorly equipped compared with today's, it was very interesting and the children did learn a lot. I suspect much depended upon the poorly paid teachers. Today, I think of my few grade-school teachers with love and gratitude.

School was much more fun than staying at home, although now and then someone continued to give me a sly grin over my embarrassing sleigh accident.



KITCHEN-KLATTER BLUE DROPS LAUNDRY DETERGENT

**Welcomes in the
New Year!**

As we get off to a fresh start, let us make a New Year's resolution that will last all year long—promise to use the **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** in every single load of wash that is done in 1983.

Blue Drops is a fine, concentrated laundry detergent which works in any temperature of water from hot to cold. It is a highly concentrated, superior product with controlled suds to keep out unwanted froth and foam.

For the finest energy and money-saving laundry detergent available today, resolve to always make it **KITCHEN-KLATTER BLUE DROPS LAUNDRY DETERGENT**.

Ask for it at your local grocery store.

WARM WATER THERAPY

by
Lois M. Hunter

Seventeen- eighteen-nineteen-twenty. Change legs—one-two-three- . . . Five times a week for one hour this count echoes through the moist hot air of the swimming pool. Even when it is snowing and below zero outside, the fifteen people in 85-degree water work and sweat.

These people all belong to a minority group, actually two groups: over sixty years old and all handicapped—mostly arthritic. They are working a minor miracle on themselves.

It all started locally when Alice Holmes was accidentally seated next to a lady at a church convention. This seventy-year-old woman had been earlier stricken overnight with rheumatoid arthritis so severely that she could not tolerate even to be touched. Nothing helped, but she was told by several doctors to get into water and exercise. She took their advice and a book of exercises was the result: *Miracles of Water Therapy for Arthritics and . . .* by Stella May Slo- necker. The author is now a very active person, even attending this convention.

Alice bought the book and decided she had nothing to lose by giving it a try. She filled an old tank (which they had used to hold bait fish for their shop) with warm water and started to exercise. However, the tank just wasn't big enough so she started going to the public pool. About that time, she talked to the city recreation director and he was very receptive. He arranged for her to use the pool an hour before it opened to the public. She and a few neighbors decided to give the project a try. That worked fine all summer but winter came and the pool closed.

Our town has a state training school for retarded children, and they have a heated indoor pool. The problem was that it is the only indoor one in the town and they had more requests to use it than there were hours. This is where the "minority" bit comes in—the government says we older people are special, and so time was provided. We are trusted with a key and can use the pool in the evenings when the children can't.

Alice herself had given me all the details—just come, bring a suit, and that was it. Free, and no rules, except to take it easy and don't overdo. But what was I to wear? This is a small town and no swimsuits were available. Alice informed me that this was not a beauty contest. We were all about the same age, all but two were overweight, and all, both men and women, were handicapped. Home-made shorts-and-top sets were used by most. I could hardly wait to begin.

The warm water was all I had anticipated, and even now, each time it is won-

derful to sink down to my neck and relax. I don't swim and neither do half the participants, but I was not in the least afraid while two or three have been absolutely terrified. But they gritted their teeth, climbed down into the water and did not give up.

The first day all I did was float, hanging on to the steps, but it took the pressure off my recently damaged back and I could almost feel it healing. Did you ever try to climb out of a pool, straight up three high-rise steps, in a lined polyester two-piece shorts-and-top set? The fabric absorbs about eight to ten pounds of water, and you go from weightless one second to your own weight plus more the next. You can barely move, let alone climb. Well, I was lucky enough to make it without having to be pulled and pushed like many first-timers do.

The exercises are easy, not too strenuous, and all but one done underwater. It was a happy moment when I realized that I could do a high kick and touch my chin to my bent knee.

We have the easiest of all persons with which to get along. No one is in charge, no one is pushed to do anything he or she doesn't want to, we just help each other to do what we feel we can. Your doctor



From Our Family Album

Mother, Leanna Field Driftmier (shown at the left in the photograph), first sat in front of a radio microphone in 1925. Little did she realize at that time that she would become a radio homemaker and her broadcasting career would continue for fifty years. Many of you friends write that you remember some of those early days as well as the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* which began as the *Mother's Hour Letter* in 1926. Those are treasured memories for us all.

Mother's family always meant a great deal to her and whenever any of them could be together it was a happy time. This "Family Album" picture, taken about 1959, shows Mother with her sisters, Jessie Shambaugh in the center and Martha Eaton on the right. All three were avid crossword puzzle fans. When they could get together, they rarely missed an opportunity to sit down at the dining room table with a dictionary, well-sharpened pencils and a fresh puzzle. As I remember, the harder the puzzle the happier they were.

—Lucile

should give approval for this program as some arthritics should not exercise and some should do only very easy ones. Start out very slowly. In our group, we take turns counting and just do whatever exercise someone suggests, no routine.

Just the discipline of getting away from home four or five times a week and making the effort is beneficial. Among these participants, blood pressures have fallen and increased strength and energy are very evident. We have one person with a new pacemaker, and one who has had recent surgery. Both are under their doctors' care, but still out in the pool.

I'm not selling the book, and am sure that you could devise your own routine, but Stella's book does have it all worked out, using almost every muscle.

If you have physical problems of any kind, and have access to a pool, please investigate and see if your recreation people won't help you get the use of it, probably without cost, and start yourself a group of exercisers.

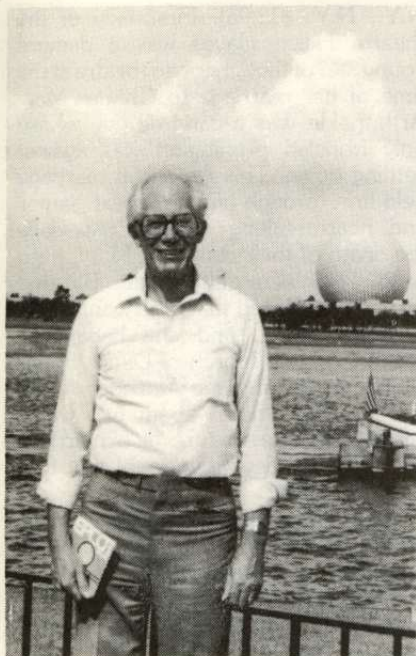
TO GET — GIVE

Want respect? — Give it!

Want liberty? — Teach it!

Want love? — Share it!

Want peace? — Live it!



Donald Driftmier poses at EPCOT in Orlando, Fla., with the giant Space-ship Earth in the background.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

nationality determines the architecture. What has been done with Fiberglas and paint makes such masterpieces as the Temple of Heaven in the China pavilion more than the mind can accept as simply a facade. The craftsmen who have been enlisted to work here have made themselves proud.

All of this was free upon entry into the grounds. Don said it was the biggest bargain he had ever bought—for \$35 each, we purchased a three days' admission pass which entitled us to full use of the Monorail so that if we chose to spread our time between EPCOT and Disney World, we would have transportation and unlimited use of the attractions at EPCOT. If we had brought a dog, there was even a kennel right near the main gate.

It was a real thrill to be there. We were absolutely done-in with tired feet and tired everything. But it was no time to allow sore limbs to keep one from trying to see as much as possible. When we got very tired, we would stop at one of the many places available to eat and restore our energies with some of EPCOT's coffee and desserts, or a cool drink.

EPCOT, to be properly appreciated, must be seen by both daylight and night-time illumination. Both are spectacular. The flowers are indescribable! The cleanliness is unbelievable. Every group that I saw were in awe of the beautifully kept grounds. If at all possible, do go to EPCOT.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

CLARK'S LETTER — Concluded
sensus; it was time to get out, fast. No more excursions, climbs, or waiting to see if the weather would improve. To us, it was frostily evident the direction in which the weather was turning. We made sure to eat a good, hot meal, packed up the tent and the frozen water bottles, then dressed in our warmest long johns, wool outfits, and parkas. We also wore waterproof rain suits to keep out the cold wetness which could quickly sap one's heat, then strength, then judgment, leading eventually to uncontrolled shivering and death.

As we hiked up towards Buckskin Pass, the storm worsened, becoming a full-fledged blizzard after we passed timberline and entered the open, unprotected tundra where winds whipped the snow into a blinding whiteout. The trail became just a faint depression in the snow, now over a foot deep. The top of Buckskin Pass we never really saw due to the extremely poor visibility, but we knew the worst was past when the trail turned downward.

By the time we reached Maroon Lake, the snow had changed into a light drizzle mixed with fog. Our car surely looked inviting as we took off our soaked backpacks and dripping rain gear, then sat comfortably drying out as we talked about the trip and ate our remaining trail "munchies." The drive back to Denver was uneventful, and we considered the trip a success even though it was cut short by the snow.

For the solitary hiker, however, the day ended quite differently. No one knows exactly what happened, because the young man was alone, but the Aspen County coroner provided the following scenario: The hiker awoke, far from friends and far from shelter, in the midst of a swirling blizzard. Without a warm coat, and without a companion to share his fears, he panicked. Not taking the time to get a precious and essential hot meal, he hastily broke camp and raced back towards Trailrider Pass. The wet snow soaked through his windbreaker and light shirt, chilling him as he tramped hurriedly up the steep switchbacks. He must have felt utterly exhausted and decided, in his faulty judgment, to make a dash to Snowmass Lake, because he abandoned his pack and with it the tent and sleeping bag that could have saved him. Totally confused and tired out by the time he reached the saddle, he wandered off the trail into the engulfing whiteness. Two days later, his body was found covered by snow in a rocky depression a few hundred yards from the pass. He had died of acute hypothermia even though the temperature that day never got much below 25 or 30 degrees Fahrenheit.

Believe me, this incident was quite sobering for Bill and me. As young, healthy

HEARING AIDS

UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS ★

BUY DIRECT • NO DEALER MARKUPS
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL • TERMS ARRANGED
Body Aids \$99.50 up. Also, Behind-the-Ear Aids. Largest selection of fine quality aids. No salesman will call. Write for FREE literature.

CALL TOLL FREE 1/800/323-1212
LLOYD, Dept. KT, 128 Kishwaukee St., Rockford, Ill. 61104

PUBLISH A BOOK THROUGH CRESCENT PUBLISHING, INC.

Cookbooks, Anniversary Books, Church or Community History Books

Each Book Is Custom Designed To

Specifications From Individual Organizations

1. Steel Spiral Binding
2. Heavy High Gloss Cover
3. Excellent Type Styles
4. Attractive & Easy To Sell Features

Excellent Return on Investment, References Available

— WE HELP FINANCE —

Write Or Call For:

FREE BOOKLET

Crescent Publishing, Inc.
Box 98, Hills, MN 56138
Phone (507) 962-3239

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.

SUGARLESS COOKBOOK

NOW ENJOY cakes, cookies, pies, jam, candy, milkshakes, desserts. NO Honey . . . No Saccharin . . . A good way to satisfy that desire for sweets without the added sugar . . . Beautifully designed . . . Perfect bound . . . easy to follow cookbook by Addie Gonshorowski . . . Only \$5.99 . . . Ideal for gifts . . . 2 books \$10.99 . . . 3 books \$14.99 . . . 6 books \$28.99 . . . (Postage paid to one address).

SEND CHECK TO:

AD-DEE PUBLISHERS, INC.
2736 Lincoln - P.O. Box 5426 - Dept- KK1
Eugene, Oregon 97405
(Money back if not satisfied)

guys, we consider ourselves more or less immune to any serious mountain mishaps. And yet, a man equally strong, with good equipment that could have kept him alive, ended up dying nearby even as we laughed and ate our snacks. Only four things separated our fate from his: warm clothing, companionship, good judgment, and the unfathomable Grace of God.

I continue to venture into the mountains to discover its vast beauties and mysteries. But my old feeling of immunity is gone. I've developed a new caution when I hike, climb, or backpack in the high country. I hope that any of you who come to find the same beauties and mysteries will do so with much preparation, and a healthy respect for the unforeseen dangers that exist in the Rockies.

Sincerely,
Clark Driftmier



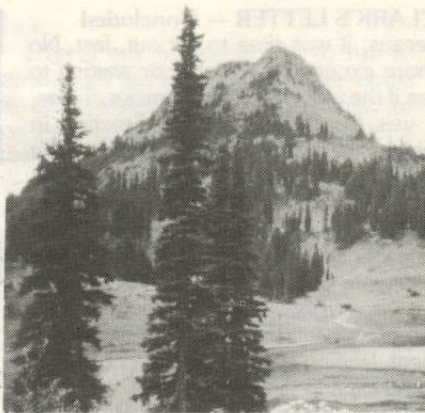
Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Since our trip to Washington to see our daughter Ann and her husband David, as well as my husband's cousins who live in the Tri-Cities area, we have had the great Northwest on our minds.

The magnificent rain forests of the Olympic National Park in the state of Washington are featured in *A Forest Is Reborn*, (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$8.25) a book about the natural world by James R. Newton, a teacher in Tacoma, Wash. He writes frequently for the National Wildlife Federation, and lives only a short distance from the national park.

How the forest renews itself is told in *A Forest Is Reborn*. After a jagged spear of lightning strikes an old tree and there are sparks, in just a few days a lush green forest is destroyed. Soon the purple patches of fireweeds spring up, then birds and animals return, buried roots sprout, new vegetation appears, and, finally, small trees. In time, a mature climax forest stands in the place of the old one. Mr. Newton captures the poetic drama of the forest cycle in this picture book for children, ages 7-10. The book is beautifully illustrated with graceful pan-



Mount Rainier National Park is one of the well-known parks in the state of Washington. This scenic picture shows a spectacular view of a mountain peak with forest and meadow—the best of nature's beauty.

oramic scenes and close-up plant identifications by Susan Bonners.

A Forest Is Reborn offers a graceful study of the cycle of forest renewal and the process of plant succession.

Not since Dr. Spock's book, *Baby and Child Care*, has there been a book on parenting that is as essential and comprehensive as *Whole-Life Parenting* (Continuum Publishing Co., 575 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$12.95) by James and Mary Kenny. This practical book is written by two professionals in the field of family living. Themselves the parents of twelve children, they offer step-by-step guidance in the methods of preparing children to meet the challenges of living at every state of their lives—from infancy to adulthood. The authors stress all the qualities which contribute to character development. Parental goals, strategies, and techniques are discussed in the first part and the second part deals with the seven developmental stages toward attaining adulthood. The Kennys provide original approaches to discipline and moral development that are positive and result in the formation of life-long friendship between parents and children.

In the preface of *Whole-Life Parenting*, they write, "Writing this book has been like raising our family—a shared task, a frustrating and discouraging process, an occasion for exultation and delight, a labor of love. We give you our thoughts on raising children, learned through mistakes, hammered out on the anvil of everyday demands, salted by education, and tempered by the reality of raising twelve children." That will tell you, if you are a parent, that the book has to be a winner!

A portrait of an American marriage that held firm through times of great glamor and heartbreaking tragedy is *Front Page Marriage* Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur by Jhan Robbins (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Ave.,

N.Y., N.Y. \$12.95). First lady of the theatre Helen Hayes was a demure young star of the American theatre at the time of her marriage to Charles MacArthur. He was a carefree guy whose only ironclad prohibition was against settling down. This American marriage held firm through times of great glamor and heartbreaking tragedy, especially the death of their daughter, Mary, from polio. They were disconsolate. But one day Helen realized that God wanted her to help others, and she became a speaker for the March of Dimes Foundation. In *Front Page Marriage*, Jhan Robbins has written about two warm people and the texture of a marriage which proves beyond a doubt that true love does exist.

I like what Helen Hayes had to say about Americans: "The essence of an American is courage and kindness. There's not much written about the majority of Americans, who are secret doers of good—the secret good, good people."

Front Page Marriage tells of the prince of wit and the princess of Broadway in another interesting Jhan Robbins book.

BE WARMER THIS WINTER

by
Ruth Townsend

Would you like to be warmer this winter without turning up your thermostat or throwing another log on the fire? It's possible. In fact, it's quite easy. It's a matter of winterizing your furnishings.

Iowa State University has made a study of this need and advises us to arrange our furniture so the most-used pieces, such as sofas and chairs, are against the warmer interior walls. Also, it's a good idea to put on slipcovers of some warm, textured fabric. Wool, corduroy and other nubby materials will actually make furniture seem warmer.

If you have any unused windows or seldom-used doors, covering them with decorative blankets, quilts or tapestries can reduce those chilly drafts that often make a person feel cool even if the room temperature is not lowered. With careful planning of what to put up and where things will look best, attractiveness of the room can be enhanced at the same time warmth is added.

Colorful throw pillows, afghans and small rugs can make a room seem cozier too, just by being there. Use warm colors, such as shades of red, yellow and orange. Tests have proven that such colors make a room feel psychologically warmer by two or three degrees.

This winter, try decorating with warmth in mind and discover that such attention to detail does count up and puts your fuel bill down.

* * *

WHAT A WAY TO START 1983!

Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook

Recipes for everyday and company cooking are included in the 463 pages of this collection of home-tested recipes.

\$6.00, each

The Story Of An American Family

A fascinating story of the Field and Driftmier families. Written by Lucile Driftmier Verness.

\$4.25 per copy

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

Each issue has lots of ideas all through the year. Helps for homemakers, family letters, photographs and interesting articles will brighten the days of any who read the pages of this magazine.

\$5.00 per year, 12 issues

\$6.00, foreign subscriptions

ORDER FROM:

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Iowa residents, please add sales tax.)
We will send gift cards, if you ask us to.
Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded old hymns or melodies which were popular fifty years ago when I was a school-boy. Although quite small, and taking up very little room in my den, the organ has an amazing variety of sound effects. Just by pushing a button it makes the sounds of drums, chimes, bells, pianos, organs, orchestral instruments of all kinds, and other effects too numerous to count.

When I am not playing that new instrument, and still wanting to play something, I turn to my venerable, old autoharp which has been packed away in the attic for years. Recently I got it out, had it tuned by a local musician, and began using it to accompany our hymn singing. What memories that old autoharp brings to mind—those many happy summers in Nova Scotia when we would have so many of our church members as guests. There at the summer place we used to have hymn sings around the fireplace several nights a week. I really gave the autoharp a workout in those days.

How happy Betty and I are to begin a new year with a new grandson. John Frederick Driftmier has arrived on this earth just in time to give new hope that 1983 will be one of our best years. Born in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, to Sophie and David Driftmier, John Frederick was named for his two proud grandfathers, John Lang and Frederick Driftmier.

I hope that the year 1983 will be a good one for you, one of your very best. Of course, neither you nor I know for sure what will happen to us during the twelve months of the new year. About the only thing we can be reasonably sure of is the fact that the end of 1983 will find us one year older than we are right now. (I must not forget the lifesaving equipment!) Many persons who do not like growing older will admit that birthdays do not bother them, but New Year's Days do. It is a matter of perspective.

Perhaps you have heard the story about the senior citizen who complained to his doctor that he was not feeling well. The doctor smiled and said: "I am doing all that I can to help you. After all, you know very well that I cannot make you young again!"

"Listen, doctor," said the old man. "I am not asking you to make me young again! I just want a chance to keep on growing older!"

Isn't that what we all want? After the narrow escape I had, I am very, very grateful for the chance to keep on growing older.

Sincerely,

Frederick

Laughing is the cheapest luxury one can enjoy. It stirs up the blood, expands the chest, electrifies the nerves and clears the brain.

Great Mail Order Offer Brings You... THESE LOW VITAMIN PRICES

We probably could not offer you quality vitamins at these advantageous low prices if we sold in stores. But with mail-order, they're yours. So act now. Save as you've never saved before!

NATURAL VITAMINS • ORGANIC MINERALS • HIGH POTENCIES

FREE! GROW SPROUTS IN YOUR KITCHEN Free Sprouter makes it Easy!

**FREE
SEED
SPROUTER
WITH YOUR
ORDER**

Now you can have fresh sprouts every day—grown right in your own kitchen for just pennies. These sprouts can be used in dishes like chop suey, omelets, soups, or casseroles—or eaten raw in salads. Fresh crunchy and delicious sprouts add zest and food values to your diet.

VITAMIN CONTENT INCREASED UP TO 600% AS SEEDS SPROUT
Bean sprouts have been used by the Chinese for thousands of years. Now it has been discovered that the vitamin content of various seeds and beans can increase up to 600% in sprouting.

HOW THE SPROUTER WORKS

There are only 2 easy steps—Nature does the rest. You just put a spoonful of seeds in the sprouter and fill with water. Snap on the perforated cover and invert sprouter to drain off excess water. Repeat morning and evening and in 2 to 5 days the jar will be filled with delicious crisp sprouts. Check the box in the order blank and return it with an order for any of the items in this ad and we will include without charge a SEED SPROUTER and packet of seeds. Growing sprouts is fun! Offer expires Jan. 31, 1983.

GRAPEFRUIT DIET PILL

Contains one of the strongest diet aids available without prescription. Includes modern, effective diet plan that lets you enjoy 3 delicious meals and snacks everyday as you lose weight.

90 FOR \$2.98 500 for 9.85

VITAMINS FOR HAIR CARE

Same Formula as others charged \$9.95 for 50 Day Supply

100 Day Supply 7.49

50 Day Supply NOW 3.95

250 Day Supply 16.49

SPECIAL C-500

500 mg Vit. C Plus
Rose Hips 100 mg
Biotin 50 mg
Rutin 25 mg
Hesperidin

100 TABLETS 2.49

500 for 10.98

ALFALFA

Tablets

100 TABLETS 49¢

500 for 1.95

DOLOMITE

Calcium Rich

TABLETS 49¢

500 for 1.85

VITAMIN B12

Super Potency 500 MCG

100 TABLETS 1.49

500 for 6.25

MAIL ORDER COUPON

VITAMIN E

400 UNIT CAPSULES

MONTH'S SUPPLY 68¢

100 for 1.69

500 for 8.25

1000 for 15.98

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

VITAMIN C

500 MG with Rose Hips

100 for 87¢

500 for 3.99

1000 for 7.59

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

N793 Expires 1/31/83

Enclose Coupons Above With Order.

Enclose Coupons Below With Order.

MAIL ORDER COUPON

VITAMIN C

1,000 Mg. with Rose Hips

100 For 1.98

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

500 for 9.49

1000 for 17.98

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

LECITHIN

19 Grain Capsules

100 Capsules 1.49

300 for 3.98

600 for 6.85

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

VITAMIN A

25,000 Units

100 for 89¢

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

500 for 4.15

1000 for 7.98

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

GINSENG

250 mg. Tablets

100 For 1.49

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

500 for 6.95

1000 for 12.49

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

ZINC

10 Mg.

100 For 39¢

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

500 for 1.89

1000 for 3.49

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

Our "Top-B" B-Complex "50"

Famous Formula at a Sensational Low Price!

Every capsule contains

50 mg. B1, B2, B6,

Niacinamide, Panto Acid,

Choline, Inositol, 50mcg.

B12, Biotin, 50mg. Paba,

100 mcg. Folic Acid.

100 for 1.89

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

500 for 3.49

1000 for 7.98

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

"BIG 4"

Kelp, Vit. B6, Lecithin and Cider Vinegar

100 For 79¢

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

500 for 3.50

1000 for 6.49

N793 Expires 1/31/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

Garlic Oil

Capsules

100 For 68¢

Limit One of Any Size to a Family

500 for 3.28

1000 for 6.39

N793 Expires 1/31/83

"B-15" ORIGINAL RUSSIAN FORMULA

100 TABLET BOTTLE 2.28 300 tab BOTTLE 6.18

VITAMIN E CAPSULES

FINEST QUALITY—100% PURE ALPHA TOCOPHERYL GELATIN CAPSULES

100 UNIT CAPSULES 98¢ 4.85 9.49

200 UNIT CAPSULES 1.89 8.99 17.59

400 UNIT CAPSULES 2.89 14.49 28.49

1000 UNIT CAPSULES 7.89 37.98 69.85

BREWERS YEAST

TABLETS

250 Tablets 95¢

1000 for 2.95

KELP

Tablets (Iodine)

100 TABLETS 49¢

1000 for 2.49

Desiccated LIVER

TABLETS

100 TABLETS 89¢

500 for 4.19

VITAMIN B6

50 MG. 1.39

100 for 1.39

500 for 5.50

Higher Potency 100 MG. Tablets

100 for 1.98

500 MG. Tablets 100 for 7.49

PRICES IN THIS AD GOOD UNTIL JANUARY 31, 1983

THE BEST TIME TO SAVE IS NOW!

Money Saving MAIL ORDER BLANK

RUSSIAN Your Order Here to: NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS

104 West Jackson St. N793

Carbondale, Ill. 62901

List items you wish here:

QUANTITY SIZE NAME OF PRODUCT TOTAL PRICE

Handing charge (Disregard if order exceeds \$10.00) \$1.00

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED TOTAL AMOUNT

MASTER CARD and VISA accepted on orders over \$10.00. Give card number and expiration date. We reserve the right to limit quantities.

SEED SPROUTER FREE

If you check this box and mail your order before January 31, 1983, we will include in your order a seed sprouter

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

© 1983 Nutrition Headquarters

PRAYER FOR JANUARY

O, Lord, thank you for the gift of a new year.

May I use it wisely and with love and compassion.

May every minute count in doing something good for someone else.

And may my heart be always thankful, and my ways Your ways,

All through this New Year. Amen.

—Annette Lingebach

ROLL CALL SUGGESTIONS

January: My most exciting moment.

February: A Valentine verse.

March: A happening caused by the wind.

April: A gardening tip.

May: Happiness is . . .

June: Most memorable meal I ever ate.

July: The easiest way to get into trouble.

August: A summer adventure.

September: Old schoolday memory.

October: Something you want to do this fall.

November: Thankful for what?

December: When do you open your Christmas gifts? —Ethel Bickford

A CONVERSATION PIECE

by
Dorothy M. Traunicek

Sometime back, someone on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program told how she and a group of ladies made a pretty tablecloth, with each member writing her name on the cloth and then embroidering it.

That is exactly what I did. I bought a nice, heavy piece of Indianhead-type material in a pretty bright pink to fit a large-size card table, not the standard size but the next size table. Each member wrote her first name and first letter of her last name, then embroidered it in an outline stitch, using black embroidery floss.

The tablecloth was passed around to each member (some took it home to complete) until all names were completed. Then my mother hemmed it and stitched on some black lace around the edge to finish my very pretty conversation-piece tablecloth. Some members have moved, some joined other groups, so the cloth reminds me of our friendship. This would make a lovely farewell gift for someone leaving a group.

Our ambitious club ladies also made a pillow out of a heavy material. All the members' names were embroidered on one side. The name of our group and year was on the other side. It was filled with a soft pillow filler. The pillow was given to a shut-in as a gift. Comments were many and an appreciated gift was enjoyed.

How can you repay a good neighbor?
Be one.

In the company of friends, be friendly;
in the company of fools, be gone.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

of projects to tackle. One is to make some more embroidered sweatshirts. I don't think I have ever mentioned exactly how I do them. The very first step is to find a terrific sale on sweatshirts. Look for light colors as it is difficult to put transfer patterns on the darker shades. There are many books of transfer patterns available at craft stores. I have one that features flowers and another that is all nursery designs. Most transfers require that the fabric to be used have at least part polyester so keep that in mind while selecting the shirts. Put the transfers on the fabric as directed.

For those of you who hate to split embroidery floss, this is the project for you. Using all six strands of floss actually looks MORE effective on heavy sweatshirt material. I use a tapestry needle to make threading all six strands easier. My embroidery hoop is adjustable to allow for the heavy material. I do almost all of my designs in satin and outline stitches with French knots for accents. There is no particular reason why any stitch couldn't be used except I did have problems trying to use a lazy daisy stitch with such thick floss.

These sweatshirts make wonderful, personalized gifts. I have used lots of prehistoric pottery designs on gifts for my fellow archaeology workers. A friend who went to Egypt has a sweatshirt with a scarab beetle embroidered on the back. A karate enthusiast has a Chinese dragon shirt. You are only limited by your imagination. Time isn't a problem because the work goes very fast using the six strands of floss. My next batch of shirts will be for my cousins' children. I may even try some for the new babies in the family.

In the space of time that it has taken to write to you, the sky has become grey in places and positively black in others. The Sandia Mountains have totally disappeared behind a layer of heavy clouds. Mr. Weatherman, you may be right this time!

A big pot of soup would hit the spot tonight. I think I'll thaw out the final remains of the Thanksgiving turkey and add any likely leftovers in the refrigerator and call it dinner.

Sincerely,
Juliana

SNOWSTORM!

Most children are fascinated by paper punches. Let this fascination be the beginning of a project they will enjoy.

Give the child a 15-inch piece of waxed paper. Instruct him to punch as many holes as he can from this paper. Collect the punch circles in a jar, add water, and seal the top with the jar lid. Whenever the jar is shaken a snowstorm ensues!

—Evelyn Witter

1000 GOLD STRIPE LABELS 75¢

FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX

1000 Gold Stripe, 2 Color, gummed, padded Labels, printed with ANY name, address & Zip Code. 75¢ + 10¢ pstg. & hdg. or 85¢ in all Or. 3 sets, all the same or each set different, only \$2.40 pdd. Fund raisers write for quantity prices



Money Back Guarantee. FREE GIFT BOX! Pls allow up to 6 wks. for delivery

LABEL CENTER Dept. GS-341, 1602 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo. 63103



Henry Field's RED BIRD TOMATO

BIG FAMILY-SIZE PACKET

10¢

Ppd.



I'M HENRY FIELD'S EARLIEST TOMATO!

You'll enjoy a bumper crop of flavorful, medium-sized tomatoes only 70 days after planting. Highly resistant to disease and cracking, Red Bird is just one example of the many fine items available in our new spring catalog. We're out to make friends, not money, with this offer — so send 10¢ for a packet of seeds and a FREE catalog, too. One offer per customer.

Henry Field Seed & Nursery Co.
Shenandoah, Iowa 51602

MAIL THIS NOW!

Henry Field®
SEED & NURSERY CO.

Dept. 82, 1132 Oak St., Shenandoah, IA 51602

☒ Yes, please send me a big packet of Red Bird tomato seeds and a FREE copy of your big new spring catalog.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SINCE 1892

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 45¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

March ads due January 10
April ads due February 10
May ads due March 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

ATTENTION POPCORN LOVERS! If your popcorn doesn't pop, who's to blame? (It's NOT the popcorn!) FREE details, recipe's, "How to pop corn". BRINKMAN POPALL POPPER, Inc., 4544 (C-KK) Wanamaker, Topeka, Ks. 66610.

PECANS: Quart each halves, pieces, meal. Three-quart sampler \$11.95 postpaid. Tenepco, Box 638-K, Rutherford, TN. 38369

STONY MOUNTAIN Proven Food Program. Earn money for yourself, church, schools, clubs. Send \$3.00 SASE to: SMC, Box 906-A, Payson, AZ. 85541.

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$1.75. Leman Publications, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

HEART SACHETS—nostalgic lace-trimmed red calico prints. Specify floral, strawberry, spice scent. Completed sachets 3/\$3.98. Kits, instructions, all materials 3/\$3.98. Pattern, instructions only \$2.00. Sami's Sampler, 1606-B 41st St., Des Moines, IA 50310.

HOME-MADE Cross Bookmarks—Ideal gifts! Small \$2.50, large \$3.50. Voss, Box 117, Lakefield, Minn. 56150.

PRESIDENTIAL popcorn, cocktail meatballs. Recipes \$2.00 and SASE. Enfield, 212 So. 22nd., St. Joseph, Mo. 64501.

DELICIOUS homemade Portuguese beans. \$2.00. Recipes, P.O. Box 542, Newman, Calif. 95360.

EARN EXTRA money selling recipes by mail. Detailed information. \$5.00. Recipes, P.O. Box 542, Newman, Calif. 95360.

CASH for Boxtops/Labels . . . Details—SASE \$1.00. Baron's, Box 855-K, Mineral Wells, Texas 76067.

LOSE 15 POUNDS mixing two cooking ingredients! \$2.00. Recipe, 2060 East Second, Fremont, Nebraska 68025.

500 DELUXE kitchen labels \$2.00; Oriental flavorings directory \$2.00. ZIQ, Box 651 (KKJ), Maplewood, NJ 07040.

COOKBOOKS FOR FUND-RAISING Church groups and other organizations. Your recipes. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

LARGE-SIZE MAILBOX holds all your mail. Request free literature. Associated, Box 141, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

GOT THE SANDWICH BLUES? 25 sensational sandwich ideas—put excitement and nutrition back into their lunches! Send \$2.50 and SASE to Kitchen Inspirations, Box 158, Dept. A, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11219.

FREE color catalog of gifts, housewares, jewelry, toys. Spectacular values. Inspirations, Box 158, Dept. A, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11219.

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

Cookbooks Are Our Specialty

BEST-WAY PUBLISHING, LTD.

BOX 779

IOWA CITY, IOWA 52244

Ph: 319-354-4048, 319-338-7194, 319-351-7507

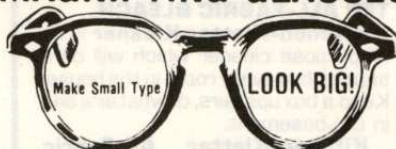


DISCOVER THE JOY OF "NO MORE CLUTTER"

Modern 3 tier collapsible mesh hanging baskets magically organize your plants, veg., toys, baby needs, vitamins, yarns, cosmetics—101 fabulous uses for every room in the house! 35" long. 6.95 + 1.50 for p. and h. Save! 2 for 13.50 + 1.85. Money-back guarantee.

Inspirations, Box 158
Dept. A, Bklyn, N.Y. 11219.

MAGNIFYING GLASSES



A Blessing For Folks Over 40

Easily read your phone book, Bible, ads or labels! 30 day home trial. Not for astigmatism or eye disease. U.S. made impact resistant lenses. State age/sex. Only \$7.98 + 75¢ handling. Precision Optical, Dept. 143-X, Rochelle, ILL. 61068



HEARING AIDS

THIS IS ALL YOU WEAR

SAVE \$\$\$

All-in-the-ear Hearing Aid! Nothing over, under, or behind the ear . . . no cords, tubes or wires. Simple slip-in fit. Full range volume control. 30 day trial. NO salesman will call. Order your free catalog! Write Rhodes today!

RHODES HEARING AIDS

Dept. 143-A, Brookport, IL 62910

40 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

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. Pls. include 50¢ extra for pstg. and hdlg. 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. Pls. allow up to 6 wks for delivery.

40 YARDS LACE \$1.75

LACE — LACE — LACE . . . 40 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, insertions, etc. Assorted beautiful designs, colors and widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length—none smaller. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as home facing. Only \$1.75 or double orders \$3.35. 3 orders just \$4.95. Pls. include 50¢ pstg. and hdlg. with EACH set of 40 yards you buy. Satisfaction guaranteed! FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS! 50 New, High Quality Buttons. Assorted colors, sizes and shapes. Sent FREE with each lace order. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery.

AUTOMATIC NEEDLE THREADERS!

SPECIAL! 3 for \$1.45

Save time, and frustration and eye strain. Threads ANY style or size needle INSTANTLY — AUTOMATICALLY. Just drop needle into funnel, push button — and PRESTO — it's threaded. Make great gifts. SPECIAL! 3 threads only \$1.45 — 50¢ pstg. and hdlg.

RUSH ORDER FOR ABOVE ITEMS TO:

TWO BROTHERS, INC. DEPT. TLT-34
1602 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo. 63103

FREE

Table & Chair Catalog

BUY DIRECT & SAVE

Buy at low, factory-direct prices and save on quality Monroe tables, chairs, risers and more! Get your free Monroe Catalog just by calling us toll-free, today!

1-800-247-2488 Ext. 51

(Iowa residents call collect: 515/674-3511)



THE MONROE COMPANY

51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054



BORDERLESS BILLFOLD PHOTOS



FULL COLOR
20 FOR \$2.50

NO LIMIT
FAST
SERVICE

2 1/2" x 3 1/2" prints on silk finish paper. Any photo copied (11 x 14 or smaller). Send color photo, neg. or slide. One pose per order. Your original returned. Add 60¢ for first class service. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. F-49
543 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50302

LARGER PICTURE
SILK FINISH
ROUNDED CORNERS

Happy New Year!

from the folks at Kitchen-Klatter.



Start out the New Year with one of our special boxed sets of **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**. Remember, the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** help with your food budget and are great for those who watch their weight. Look for them in your local grocery store or send for one of the boxed offers given below.

Send check or money order with your name and address for the offers of your choice to: **KITCHEN-KLATTER**, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

Box #1—\$6.00 for each box containing 6 bottles of your choice of the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Please list the 6 flavorings you wish. No. of Box #1 desired _____ @ \$6.00 per box.

Box #2—\$18.00 for the "Special Holiday Gift Pack" with 18 bottles of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**: One each of the 17 flavorings plus a bonus bottle of vanilla. No. of Box #2 desired _____ @ \$18.00 per box.

Offer #3—\$3.25 for 3 flavorings of your choice. List which 3 **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you desire. No. of Offer #3 desired _____ @ \$3.25 per offer.

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

on the label of your magazine.
Renew at least 2 months in
advance. Only one notice will
be sent.

KITCHEN-KLATTER Kleaner & All-Fabric Bleach



As the sun rises on another New Year, we hope you all have a fresh start with bright and shining tomorrows.

Two ways to keep your surroundings bright and shining are found in your local grocery store: **KITCHEN-KLATTER ALL-PURPOSE KLEANER** and **KITCHEN-KLATTER ALL-FABRIC BLEACH**.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is an all-purpose cleaner which will do a super job in every room in the house. Keep a box upstairs, downstairs and in the basement.

Kitchen-Klatter All-Fabric Bleach helps keep white clothes white and brightens all colored clothes safely. Rough on stains; easy on fabrics.

Remember—for a fresh start for 1983, it's **Kitchen-Klatter** products.

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO PROGRAMS

Can be heard each weekday over the following radio stations:

KUVR	Holdrege, Nebr., 1380 on your dial—2:00 p.m.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
KGGF	Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:00 a.m.
KFAL	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.

WE MEASURE UP In Every Way

But you already know that, at least you do
if you've used any or all of our great

KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS

No other dressings are like ours—we've taken special care in picking only the finest, freshest ingredients and then blending them into our three secret recipes.

Variety for every taste can be found in the *fabulous* **French**, the *incomparable* **Italian** and the *creamy* **Country Style**. Try all three and see for yourself how we really do measure up in every way.

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

"You'll love them all."