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# Kitcher-Klatter

## Magazine

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John Frederick Driftmier

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## Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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## DOROTHY'S LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This is a fairly nice day considering that winter is officially here. Last week we had a flood and the creek froze over while the water was still very high. When the water dropped, the ice broke up in chunks, and there are some really funny sights to see along the road. Great big pieces of ice are hanging from low limbs, with others resting on branches. I told Frank I wanted to be sure to get some pictures before the ice was gone.

When my *Kitchen-Klatter* arrives in the mail I'm just like all the rest of you—I sit right down and read it from cover to cover. My letter is the only thing I've read, which leaves me 23 pages of interesting material. The January issue came the other day and the article, "Winter In a Country School" by Fern Christian Miller, brought back a lot of memories. Fern was a pupil in such a school in 1916 and I was a teacher in one in 1949. Although 33 years have elapsed between the two dates, everything was much the same for me as it was for her.

The first year I taught, there was a big furnace in the back of the schoolroom and since I had grown up in a home with a father and brothers who took care of the furnace, I had quite a struggle keeping this brute going. My sixth-grade boys were a big help. They carried the coal in from the shed and Frank drove me over in the morning so he could get the fire started, and came after me in the evening when it was real cold to bank the fire at night. The second year, at my request, the board put in an oil burner, so the schoolhouse was a little warmer on Monday mornings. Now that I stop to think about it, it is no wonder the schoolhouses were drafty—storm windows were not used in the winter, and no screens were put on in the spring and fall. I wonder why?

There were no "snow days" allowed on the school calendar as there are today. The only time school was closed be-

cause of the weather was when the teacher couldn't get there and this didn't happen very often. We had a jeep with four-wheel drive for me to take to school, and when the weather was very bad, Frank would take me over and come after me.

One trip to school I will never forget. We really lived only about five miles from the school where I taught if the dirt roads were good and I could drive straight across. It was quite a bit farther to take the gravel roads all the way which had to be done when it was muddy or snowy. To take the shortcut, I had a very, very steep hill to go down. In fact, when I was at the top of the hill, I thought I was at the end of the world until the car started down the other side.

That particular winter we had had a lot of snow, so it had been a long time since I had gone on the road and I didn't know that the maintainer hadn't been over it. The rest of the roads were pretty clear because there had been a rain and a lot of thawing, but the moisture would freeze hard at night so the dirt roads were usually passable early in the morning.

Frank was going to take me over that particular day and we discussed which way we would go and decided we wouldn't have any trouble cutting through because the roads were frozen hard enough to hold up the jeep. Kristin was just five and she always begged to go along to see my school, although when the weather was bad, we usually left her at Grandma Johnson's. This particular morning she wanted to go with us so Frank said she could.

Everything was fine until we got to the hill. The north side still had snow on it which had thawed just enough to make it icy. We stopped and looked down the slope and Frank decided if he put the jeep in low tractor gear, we should be able to make it alright. It was just as if we were on a sled with no control at all. There were no ditches on either side, for-

tunately, and after the jeep had made three complete spins, we hit one of the banks which broke our speed.

All I could hope was that we would get straightened out before we came to the bridge that crossed a stream that was bank full of rushing water. None of us had said a word all this time and we were as white as sheets. We spun around one more time and just before we got to the bridge, we hit a big rut and straightened out. Kristin was the first to speak after we got to the other side and she started to cry and said, "I never want to see your old school again as long as I live." At that moment I don't think Frank and I wanted to either.

Lots of nice things happened for me before Christmas. Frank's and Bernie's sister, Ruth McDermott, and her husband, Frank, had been wanting us to come and see them in their home in Kansas City for a long time since several years have passed since we were last there. We get to see them quite often when they come here; Frank travels all the time and when he has calls to make up this way he often brings Ruth and drops her off for a visit with us and picks her up at the end of the week, so it isn't as if we never see each other. This year we finally made our trip shortly before Christmas.

We got an early start and reached Ruth's home before eleven. She had a special place nearby where she wanted to take us for lunch. I believe the name of it was "Costellos". The food was good and the surroundings were like eating in a large greenhouse. It is a very popular place and there is always a big crowd eating there. Ruth fixed a delicious dinner that night and invited two of her good friends to share it with us. Ruth's Frank was there too and after we had eaten, he took us for a long drive around the city to see all the Christmas lighting, which is especially beautiful in Kansas

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The cattle on Frank and Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson's farm wait patiently for the huge bales of hay which are used to feed them in the winter.



## FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Since the birth of our grandson, John Frederick Driftmier, I cannot bring myself to tell you what our long-distance telephone charges are to Calgary, Alberta. We just have to call up David and Sophie every few days to ask about the baby. Always the news has been good. We learn that John Frederick (already we are calling him Little John) is eating well, sleeping well, and in every respect being the perfect baby.

Although we have yet to make a trip to Calgary to see our new grandson, we are comforted by the knowledge that only a few blocks away from the baby's home live his maternal grandparents and two great-grandmothers. Babies just have to have grandparents to teach them what only grandparents can teach. Later this spring, we shall be visiting Little John for the first time. Then, we hope that his parents will be able to bring him to visit us sometime this coming summer.

A few minutes ago, I completed my daily hike along the road which makes a circle around our peninsula. Normally, I walk just four miles, but today I added on a few extra blocks and brought the mileage up to five. Whenever I start one of these daily hikes, my left jacket pocket is filled with flavorful dog biscuits and my right jacket pocket is filled with little shredded wheat biscuits for the beautiful riding horses which keep an eye out for me.

Three years ago, every dog along my hiking route barked his or her head off at me, but now they are all my friends. Most of the dogs are tied up, but I have asked permission of their owners to make friends with the dogs. There is one stretch of road, however, where four dogs are free to run out onto the road to greet me. I make the four of them all sit down in a row, and one by one I feed them. There are days when the four dogs walk in single file right behind my heels. The parade lasts all the way to our house, and then the dogs turn and race back to wherever they live.

On my hikes, I go by two farms where horses are free to stick their heads over a fence bordering the road. Never having had any experience with horses, it was hard to know what they would like to have as a treat. I tried lumps of sugar, but the horses didn't like sugar. When I offered them some of the dog biscuits, they acted insulted! Then I decided to try shredded wheat, and that was just to their taste. Now, when they see me coming down the road, they race to the fence



David and Sophie Driftmier's home in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, is this lovely house. It has been brightened considerably by the recent addition of little John Frederick to the family.

in hopes of getting a treat.

Betty suggests that it is quite enough for me to feed two hundred and more ducks twice a day, plus the swans and all the wild garden birds. But I love all animals so much that I cannot resist the temptation to please them with goodies to their liking. Actually, the ducks are the main expense, for I am feeding them two and a half tons of grain a year.

Did you ever have a tree house when you were young? We Driftmier children had several of them over the years, and even now, I am fascinated with them. On my walk today, I looked carefully at five different tree houses. Two obviously had been built by professional carpenters who had built in windows and doors, and even balconies. As a child, I would have considered such a tree house the absolute ultimate in luxury. The other three houses on today's hiking route were built by the children themselves. In not one of the three was there a single straight line! The houses leaned this way and that, and ropes and chains and odd pieces of board dangled every which way. However, the children who built their own tree houses surely have enjoyed them to a degree not yet appreciated by the proud owners of the deluxe models built by the professionals.

What is there about children's seemingly natural desired to build tree houses that is so universal? All over the world tree houses are built. Do you suppose that it is something in our genes, something that thousands of years on this planet earth has not yet taken from the human species, something that ties us into our relationship to the cave men of old?

During the winter months here in New England, it is impossible for Betty and me to be bored. With every snowstorm comes the excitement of getting the car down our steep driveway. Believe me, it

is a harrowing experience to slide even a few feet down the driveway, and if one of us ever let the car get started downhill with no hope of traction on the ice or snow, it would mean a tragedy of the first order. Over the years, we are learning that the only possible safety measure to be trusted is that of putting pounds and pounds of rock salt on the surface of the driveway. The salt doesn't always give the car the traction it must have to prevent a serious accident, but it does at least ninety percent of the job. Even with all precautions, after a bad ice storm I feel like calling an ambulance just to stand by for any emergency when I back the car out of the garage and get ready for the downhill slide! I joke about it, but it really is no joking matter.

Here in this part of Connecticut, I have a reputation as a naturalist. Churches and organizations of all kinds request that I give lectures on the feeding of wild birds, particularly wild ducks and swans. What most people do not know is that far from being a lover of all bird life, there are certain birds with whom I have a running battle, a daily war of attack and counter-attack! High on my list is my dislike of pigeons. This probably arises from my

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## COVER PICTURE

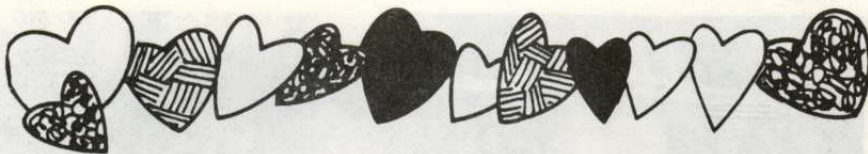
It is always a pleasure to welcome a new baby into the family. John Frederick Driftmier, son of David and Sophie Driftmier of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, arrived at 1:56 A.M. on November 24, 1982. He weighed 7 pounds, 13½ ounces and was 21½ centimeters long.

This baby is the proud bearer of two fine grandfathers' names: maternal grandfather, John Lang, and paternal grandfather, Frederick Driftmier.

Pictured with John Frederick on our cover is his happy father, David Driftmier.

—Lucile





## A Valentine Luncheon

by Mabel Nair Brown

Valentine's Day offers the perfect theme for a guest-day luncheon. Decorations and program can be full of the frills and color often considered dear to a woman's heart.

### DECORATIONS & FAVORS

Let the *Central Display* for the party be a collection of old valentines fastened to a huge heart-shaped bulletin board. Cut the heart from a large cardboard carton. Perhaps a furniture dealer will give you a shipping carton used for a mattress. Cover the front side of the heart with cotton batting. Cover the padded heart with red material and add the quilted touch by tying it at intervals with small white ribbon bows.

*Heart Chariot Centerpiece:* For the body of the chariot, you will need an ob-long box; a matchbox will do fine. Cover the box with red paper. The sides of the chariot cab are two large paper hearts cut from red construction paper or poster board. Make two small heart-shaped cutouts in the upper part of each heart to act as windows of the coach. Cut a door in the heart point of one heart. Leave the door hinged (uncut) on one side. Glue narrow, ruffled lace around the edge of each heart. Glue a heart to each end of the box, the point at the bottom of the box. Fill in the ends of the coach with strips of red paper if needed, depending on the height of the box. Cut circles of cardboard for the wheels, paint red and mark the spokes with black marking pen. Glue a small white paper heart to the wheel as the hubcap. Glue wheels to chariot. Make the tongue of red cardboard. Attach red ribbons as driving lines attached to "horses" which are fashioned of red or white chenille-covered wire. Make the horses' heads in the shape of small hearts.

*Valentine Box Centerpiece:* Decorate a box as a beautiful valentine similar to the ones we had in grade school—complete with the slot in the top. Run streamers from this out to several valentines which are set up around the box or down the length of the table.

*Living Centerpiece:* If you have some lovely blooming African violets or other house plants, dress them up with the paper lace doilies and red or pink ribbons and set them on doily mats for beautiful "living" centerpieces.

*Valentine Animals* make darling conversation piece table decorations. Large

ones can be centerpieces, smaller ones can be used as favors. These may be shaped from the red chenille-covered wire or a combination of construction paper and the wire. Use your imagination with larger hearts as the body, medium size as heads, small hearts as ears, elongated hearts for rabbit ears or the body of a duck, etc. If construction paper is used, mark in the eyes, a heart-shaped mouth, etc., with a marking pen. Glue on toothpick whiskers. Add a tail of the size and shape each animal would require.

*Happy Face Favor and Place Card:* Glue a large, dry marshmallow to the center of a red paper heart. Use pink icing in a decorating tube, or a toothpick dipped in icing, to mark a smiling face on the top of each marshmallow. With a white marker, or white ink, make a fluting around the outside edge of the heart, then write the guest's name in the remaining space.

### PROGRAM IDEAS

Develop a *Mini-Fashion Show* with "Romantic Fashions" being modeled at intervals throughout the luncheon hour. Short love poems can be read to introduce each model and love songs and wedding music presented between the fashion displays for variety. Another idea would be to use romantic dresses of yesterday instead of current fashions. If this is done, the songs and music used should tie in with the period in which the dresses were originally worn.

A talk about the history of old valentines, such as those on display, could provide an interesting part of the program.

### REMEMBER-THAT-SONG PARTY

Couples' parties are fun and when you add a theme of "Songs We Remember" and make it a costume party you cannot help but have a party that will be the talk of the town.

### INVITATION

Make up the invitations to resemble phonograph records. For the cover, use black construction paper cut in a circle. Make a "record label" for the front of heavy blue paper and write the party theme on the label, writing in circular form around the label in gold ink. Punch a center hole in the record cover with a

paper punch.

On a white sheet on the inside, write the invitation: "A love song, a fox trot, a waltz or a novelty tune—what has been your favorite through the years? Dress in costume to represent your favorite song and come to our 'Songs We Remember' party." (Give date, time and place and and sign your name.)

### DECORATIONS & FAVORS

If you can locate dozens of sheets of popular music of yesteryear to display on walls and tables, you'll have a real conversation starter from the moment the first guests arrive. Add more atmosphere by having a record player softly playing the old favorites as guests arrive.

Suspend cutout musical notes from ceiling, doorways and light fixtures. For the front door, fashion an arrangement of a piece of sheet music and streamers to which musical notes are attached.

*Nut Cups & Name Cards:* Cover nut cups in blue paper to match that used on record label for the invitation. Make a miniature record to staple to each nut cup. The guest's name may be written on the label so it serves as a name card.

*Favors* might be little booklets with the cover made up as a miniature piece of sheet music (a variety of titles could be used on these). Inside print the words of several popular old songs to use during a sing-along.

### ENTERTAINMENT

*Mixer:* For the first game, give each guest paper and pencil and allow some time to mingle and write down the song title each guest is costumed to represent.

*Musical Games:* Looby Loo, Musical Chairs, Virginia Reel, any musical games which fit the space can be used. Most areas have square dance clubs nearby who would be happy to bring an exhibition square and could teach the guests simple, fun square dances. Another fun musical game is to blindfold the girls as they are seated about the room (can also be seated in a circle). At a signal, each boy selects one of the blindfolded players, drops to his knees in front of her and begins to sing a love song. When the blindfolded player guesses his identity, she can remove her blindfold. When all have made the decisions, the roles are reversed and the game is played with the girls singing to the blindfolded boys.

*Refreshment Partners:* When the guests arrive at the party, have name tags cut in the shape of musical symbols (notes, staves, clefs), records and instruments. Use the front for name tags. Write half the title of a popular song on the back of one tag and half on the back of another, separating the men's tags from the women's by some identifying mark or color. When time for refreshment partners, ask the players to find the other part of their titles.





## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I am so pleased to be able to announce that Emily and Rich DiCicco are the parents of a fine baby boy. His name is Martin Joseph. He was born on December 12, 1982. Emily called me a few hours after Martin arrived and told me that they were just fine. She did say that there were some anxious minutes when she thought that they might not make it to the hospital for the birth.

The morning of December 12 was the height of a blizzard that hit Washington, D.C. The roads had not been plowed and the DiCicco's little car had trouble getting up some of the hills on the route to the hospital. I know how busy Emily must be with the new baby and two-year-old Stephen. My two children, James and Katharine, were two years apart in age and I well remember that first year after Katharine was born as being incredibly hectic.

I am also pleased to report that my mother, Lucile, is feeling better. So many people have written to say how much they missed hearing her on the radio and reading her letters in the magazine. There comes a time when people just have to slow down a bit. Mother will be 73 this spring and her health has not been good for several years. All things considered, it is time for her to take a long, richly deserved vacation and rest. When her health permits, she will be able to participate in Kitchen-Klatter again. Until then, she is enjoying all the letters that her Kitchen-Klatter friends are sending—she feels very close to all of you.

On the home front here in Albuquerque, I am looking out at a very unusual sight—snow. After all that bragging in my last letter about how we NEVER got snow in the city of Albuquerque, I have been proved 100% wrong. The main streets have been cleared, but our side streets are like skating rinks—ice on the bottom with a layer of snow on top. Albuquerque drivers do not know how to cope with these driving conditions. As you can imagine, the auto body repair shops are doing a booming business.

The weather patterns this winter are not behaving in a normal way—at least in the Southwestern area of the U.S. El Paso, Texas, which is 280 miles south of Albuquerque, has had tremendous amounts of snow. Chris Crouse, my friend who lives in El Paso, is very concerned about her semi-tropical plantings. She has been able to grow poinsettias and African amaryllis bulbs right in her flower beds. We both doubt that these plants will survive the cold. News photos of El Paso show palm trees covered with and surrounded by eight inches of snow. Gracious!



Juliana Lowey (on the right), her daughter, Katharine (in the center), and their good friend, Robin Justiz, pause long enough to have their picture taken before Robin leaves for Washington, D.C.

One thing I like to do to break up the long winter weekends is to invite people over to Saturday night dinner. Fortunately, we have many friends who like to experiment with different types of cooking . . . and are willing to eat the results. Not long ago, we had a Mongolian hot-pot dinner. This unusual type of meal is cooked in a Mongolian fire pot which is basically a pot for soup which fits over a metal base containing hot charcoal briquettes. Let me say right now that we left the dining room door to the outside open a crack to prevent the buildup of charcoal fumes.

Preparation for the meal was simple. I fixed very thin slices of several kinds of raw meats—chicken, beef and lamb. The guests brought fresh shrimp and fresh whitefish. Also at hand were shredded Chinese cabbage and fresh spinach. We filled the soup pot with boiling chicken broth. The charcoal briquettes kept the soup boiling for the duration of the meal.

Each person had a small, wire mesh basket with a long handle. (I had seen these implements in Oriental markets and couldn't figure out what they were used for until I learned about the hot-pot cooking.) People chose from the meats and vegetables available. When the little baskets were filled, they were placed in the boiling soup to cook for about five minutes. As the food cooked, little pieces of meat and vegetable fell out of the baskets and into the broth. At the end of the meal, the enriched soup was ladled up. That is my favorite part of the meal.

Traditionally, several condiments are served with this type of menu: soy sauce, minced ginger and garlic, cider vinegar, pepper flakes in oil and peanut butter.

There was also a big mound of fluffy, white rice.

The Mongolian pot that we used belongs to our friends. We all enjoyed the food so much that a Mongolian hot pot is now on my list for next Christmas. Until we get one, I intend to try this meal using my electric wok. I think it should work as long as I can figure out what setting to use to keep the soup at the proper temperature.

My houseplants are another joy to me during these winter days. I have two unexpected plants which have added their flowers to my collection. Several pots of herbs are in my south windows. These herbs were outside all last summer. Somewhere along the way, some seeds must have blown into the pots. The result is that I now have little, bright blue lobelia blooming in my pot of creeping thyme. The pot of rosemary has the cheery little faces of a viola or Johnny-jump-up peeking out of the greenery. Next year I think I will plant these flowers deliberately. I hope they don't have to be accidental to be successful. Volunteers always seem to do better than many of my carefully nurtured specimens.

Winter weather is finding our son, James, happily using his Christmas gift. We were able to get him used skis and ski pants. He has several friends who enjoy the sport so we take turns driving the boys to the slopes. I skied about twenty years ago and naively hoped that James could use my old equipment. From the looks of the skis being used today, my old skis belong in the Smithsonian!

Katharine's Christmas gift was a new bicycle; her old one had been ridden to death. We let her pick out her new bike. I halfway expected her to want a ten-speed racing bike. Nope! She wanted a bicycle motocross, dirt bike. I think she made the right choice when I see her flying up and down the dirt mounds near our house. A ten-speed bike wouldn't have lasted a day with that kind of punishment.

I have just reread Clark's letter in the January *Kitchen-Klatter*. In this letter he reports about his brush with another person's death in the Colorado Rockies. It reminded me of a similar experience I had quite a few years ago. Jed and I had gone back to his home town of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, to visit his family. When the day came for us to go to Boston to catch a plane back to Albuquerque, it was pouring rain. We left extra early and had a long wait in our departure area at Logan Airport. The flight that was leaving next to us was delayed which gave us a good opportunity to notice all the people who were waiting. I struck up a conversation with a young mother who had children the ages of James and Katharine. Eventually, both flights left. It was with absolute horror

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## Grandma's Recipes for Fun

(For Children)

by Erma Reynolds

When grandchildren visit, they are a joy, but sometimes little visitors become bored during their stay and mope and whine, "What can we do now, Grandma?" That's when Grandma can suggest some of the following pastimes which use material usually found around the house.

**Bubble Blow:** For a pipe substitute, supply a soda straw, funnel, or empty spool. The bubble solution is made in a shallow dish by gently mixing three or four big squirts of dishwashing detergent into half an inch of water. The child dips the pipe substitute into this solution and blows through it, or waves it in the air, and out come bubbles.

**Jigsaw Puzzles:** Have the youngster cut a colorful picture from a magazine, and a similar size rectangle or square from the side of a large cereal box. He applies a coat of glue to the printed side of the cardboard and presses the picture onto the glue, smoothing out any wrinkles. He can then cut the picture apart in jigsaw-shaped pieces. Finished result—a puzzle ready for the assembling. (For small children, Grandma can make puzzles with large pieces.)

If no glue is on hand, paste can be made by adding 1/2 cup of flour to 1 cup boiling water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick and shiny. Let cool before using.

**Snowflakes:** Snowflakes can be made from squares of thin white paper or shelf paper. Show the child how to fold the paper, first into a half, then a quarter, and finally an eighth. The child can then snip away, cutting off chunks here and there, including the corners of the paper. When the paper is unfolded, there's a snowflake.

**Mystery Writing:** Dip a clean pen point into lemon juice. Write a message on a slip of paper with the juice. As the paper dries, the message disappears. When the paper is thoroughly dry, hold it over a lighted electric bulb. If the child is small, supervise this procedure to avoid burned fingers. Now comes the magic. The heat from the bulb causes the vanished message to reappear. (Older children can do the writing as well as the heating over the light bulb.)

**Cardboard Kazoo:** In a short cardboard tube (toilet paper size), punch three holes with a sharp pencil or screwdriver. Cover one end of the tube with waxed paper, holding this in place with a rubber band. The youngster then "makes music" by humming into the

open end of the tube.

**Comb Harmonica:** For more "music", fold tissue paper or toilet paper over a comb. The little musician holds the comb to his mouth and hums on it, harmonica fashion.

**Button Toss:** A muffin tin and five buttons are all that are needed for this skill contest. Place the tin on the floor. The contestant, or contestants, stand about six feet away and toss the buttons at the tin, trying to land them in the compartments. Each button that lands, and stays, counts five points. If only one child is playing, he keeps shooting, trying for a better score. Where there is more than one player, they take turns tossing. At the end of a set time, player with high score is the winner.

**Toothpick Trick:** This is a stunt for more than one player. Place a drinking glass on the floor. Give each player ten toothpicks. In turn, they stand in front of the glass and drop the picks, one at a time, trying to land them in the glass. Winner is the one who lands the most toothpicks.

**Toothpick Pileup:** Equipment for this contest is an empty pop bottle and lots of toothpicks. One toothpick is laid on the bottle top, followed by another . . . another . . . another. The object is to see how many toothpicks can be piled on the bottle before they topple over. When there's more than one player, contestants take turns placing the picks. Now, each toothpick added to the pile before it falls, counts one point. Player with highest score wins.

**Card Toss:** A hat, or similar small receptacle, is placed on the floor. Player, or players, stand about three feet away and toss playing cards, trying to land them in the hat.

**Bag It:** One large bag, and five small paper sacks (half-pound size) are needed. Open the large bag, and set it up in the center of the room. The small bags are blown up, and their tops tied firmly so the air will not leak out. The child then tries to throw the small bags, one at a time, into the large bag. Stunt sounds easy, but the air-filled bags are temperamental and have a way of floating away from the opening of the big bag.

If the kids didn't ask questions, they would never learn how little adults know.

Beware of the half truth. You may have heard the wrong half.

## OPERATION SATURDAY

by  
Evelyn Witter

"What can we do today?" children often ask on Saturday. Time can drag if active minds and bodies aren't busy.

For this reason, advance planning each week for "Operation Saturday" pays off. During the week we talk about what we are going to do on Saturday. Everyone has a chance to give his opinion and choose what he wants to do.

Our thirteen-year-old Jim and my husband prepare all week for this fun day. For the past three Saturdays they've made bookshelves for Jim's room.

Our seven-year-old Louise and I have chosen remnant-material sewing for our Saturday operations. Pre-shrinking and ironing the prettiest material and choosing the patterns are done during the week so we are ready to work on Saturday.

On some Saturdays there have been group projects for all of us, like painting basement shelves to get them ready for storage space.

And don't forget that final preparation of your church school lessons, Bible memory work, and a time of prayer for services on the Lord's Day.

"Operation Saturday" brings our family closer together for work and fun, and our time is spent usefully doing activities we enjoy.



### WHY PIGS HAVE CURLY TAILS

Once there was a little pig  
Who loved to run away.

His mother scolded him and still  
He did it every day.

At last she thought she'd tie him up—  
The plan was good.

She did not know where to find a rope  
But did the best she could.

She led him to an apple tree,  
Poor piggy turned so pale

When Mother turned his head around  
And tied him by the tail!

And when at last she let him go,  
He squealed in great delight;

But oh! he wept so hard to find  
His tail was curled up tight!

His mother rubbed it very well  
And kissed his little snout,

But that cute curl was there to stay;  
It never did come out!

—Evelyn Witter



# Robin Writes

Ice-coated tree branches sparkled in the sun on that long-ago cold February morning as I glanced out the breakfast room window. I made a small fist and pressed it carefully on the last valentine-shaped cookie that I was gluing to the paper snowflake-like doily.

My first-grade class at Forrest Park School in Shenandoah, Iowa, was exchanging valentines that afternoon, and despite the fact that I was recovering from the chicken pox, I wanted my messages of friendship to be there at the school party with all of the other valentines.

There was a small hope that my homemade valentines would help my friends remember me (remember me? . . . I had been out of school for only a few days) maybe even miss me just a little.

It has been years since that uneventful childhood illness and that special Valentine's Day, but I can remember even now the honest feeling of hoping my valentines would be a reminder of me. It is almost as if I had just glued that cookie to the doily and made a secret wish.

1983's mid-February celebration will find me away from old friends again. This time I will be with my husband, Manny, and new friends in Washington, D.C. We should be somewhat settled in our temporary home ten floors above the exciting and intriguing business of our nation's capital.

Too busy this year to get out the usual Christmas cards, and traveling too many places to receive them, I became determined to reach old friends and new and to straighten out the change-of-address situation by February 14. After all, at the heart of Valentine's Day is our desire to make someone else feel special and loved. I wanted to get my mail, too, even if I had moved.

Family roots are deep in the Midwest and moves are not as frequent as they are in other parts of the country, but it seems everyone knows someone who is planning a move. Vance Packard in his book, *A Nation of Strangers*, says that most Americans move 14 times in a lifetime; 40 million change their addresses once each year.

Some of my findings about moving and mail may be helpful:

The Albuquerque Post Office is large, but I began my systematic approach to the change of address by calling them. A pleasant man suggested that I talk to customer service and that he would transfer

my call. A pleasant woman answered and suggested that I talk with someone else who suggested I talk with someone else. Finally, I was told to go to my neighborhood post office where I stood in a line of people that wound out the door to the only patch of sun in front of the building. I wondered if everyone was trying to mail Christmas cards and packages in January. At last it was my turn.

"Moving can be almost a pleasant experience if friends' letters and subscriptions arrive when they're supposed to," chuckled Mr. Griegos from our neighborhood post office as he handed me a prepared booklet about change of address. "At least something can remain the same—you'll get all your bills," he added.

With my move imminent and the Valentine Day date in mind, I pored over the booklet which told me to . . .

1. Always notify your local post office for forwarding authorization.
2. If you don't know your new ZIP code, phone your local post office to get it.
3. A month before you move, mail a "Change-of-Address" card to friends; don't forget stores and businesses.
4. Notify publishers. Send along your old address label; it can help.

The forwarding authorization that I signed would notify our neighborhood carrier to pull out our mail. Our mail would be sent back to the main office where a computer would kick out a yellow label, and our mail would be sent to Washington, D.C. First-class mail would be forwarded free for one year. Magazines and similar items would be forwarded for 90 days; however, we would be charged with forwarding postage on these items.

The problem of what to do with second-class and bulk mail seemed to be the complication. If I checked the small black box on the post office's card beside "I agree to pay forwarding postage . . .", we could pay more for a magazine than the over-the-counter cost. I would also pay for all of the sometimes unwanted fliers and pamphlets. I decided not to check that box but to notify publishers in plenty of time.

Also, if the mail were stamped "forwarding and return mail guaranteed", the Albuquerque, New Mexico postmaster said that the addressee would still be charged for all forwarding costs. The addressee has the option of refusing mail rather than paying postage due; the postmaster and I agreed that this was a gray area.

As I was puzzling over the forms, Mr. Griegos yelled, "Hey! Remember to notify your new postmaster that you are moving. Tell him about when you'll be there and ask him to hold all your mail until you arrive."

I finished the forms and hurried home



Robin Justiz has enjoyed cooking in the large, country kitchen in her Albuquerque home. Now that she and her husband, Manny, are in the process of moving to Washington, D.C., she will be adjusting to a small, apartment-size kitchen.

to get out my address book. I designed my own change-of-address cards. After all, I hadn't sent Christmas cards, and thought it might be fun to extend the good will of Christmas into February. All my valentine change-of-address cards have now been mailed with the wish that I be remembered, even missed a little. I've done everything with the post office to get some cards back. I really do love Valentine's Day—even in a new home.

Yes, Valentine's Day is upon us with red paper hearts pierced with cupid's arrows, beribboned boxes of chocolates, bouquets of flowers, love poems that begin "Roses are red . . ." The time of lovers supposedly commemorates a martyred Roman priest of the second century, but Valentine's Day is deeply rooted in pagan tradition. If I haven't thought of everything to be certain that my mail gets through by V-day, I'll mark the occasion by honoring Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love, with a loving candlelight dinner for Manny and hope to hear from my friends by Easter.

**EDITORIAL NOTE:** Those of you who can listen to the Kitchen-Klatter Radio Program are already well acquainted with Robin Read Justiz.

Robin and Juliana Verness Lowey have been lifelong friends. The two girls lived just a few blocks apart in Shenandoah, Iowa, were in the same class and attended the same schools. Both attended the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, married and settled in that Southwestern city.

Eventually, Robin and Manny will return to Albuquerque.



## A NOTE FROM ADRIENNE



Dear Friends:

Isn't it wonderful how quickly things change? I last wrote to you almost a year ago today from my dorm room at college. Christmas vacation was over, and academics had definitely moved to the back seat in my mind as I anxiously interviewed for jobs.

I enjoyed those last two semesters of school more than any of the others. As the idea of graduating became increasingly real to us, the feeling of camaraderie strengthened among the seniors. All of us shared a common concern about our futures and we spent the final months feeling sentimental, nostalgic, and a little removed from the year-younger juniors who could not share our excitement and anticipation.

When it came right down to the wire of deciding where I wanted to work, I had to choose between a job in Production Management for Detroit Diesel Allison in Indianapolis and an engineering job for the Marine Bank in Milwaukee. The two jobs offered very different challenges, but the decision was easy to make because I knew I wanted to move back to Milwaukee.

Almost all of my classmates were lucky enough to find jobs, so now the group of friends that had grown close during that last year finds itself spread out all over the country. Three of us started our careers with banks: one in New York, one in Chicago, and one in Milwaukee.

After my 1981 summer internship of running time studies in a foundry, I never really imagined that industrial engineering could be clean and quiet. I had traded the heat and grime, steel-toed boots and safety glasses for a briefcase and business suit. It was hard for me to understand why a bank would want to hire an industrial engineer, since I had never seen the back office where more than a half of all bank employees work. The purpose of my job (I am called a Management Engineer) is almost exactly the same as it was at the foundry. My department of four people moves from one operating area to another, measuring the time it takes to perform different services for individual and commercial customers. More than a hundred people, mostly women, work strictly with checking accounts alone, processing checks, balancing accounts, and sending out monthly statements.

I had been totally unaware of how many stops a check makes on its way through the bank, and the number of hands that must handle that important



Adrienne's work in Milwaukee is near enough to the family home in Delafield, Wis., that she can live at home. She is pictured sitting on the railing of their attractive deck area.

little piece of paper. Americans write over 150 million checks a day and collecting these checks quickly and crediting and debiting the related accounts is a very important job.

My duty is not only to measure the work required in these areas, but to help devise easier, more efficient ways to keep the checks speeding on their way to the computer.

During my three months at Grede Foundries, I studied the work habits of the men who melted the iron, those that pushed the massive ladle holding 1,000 pounds of glowing molten metal and those that poured the iron from smaller ladles into molds made of an oily black sand. In order to figure out the manpower costs to make a casting for a Caterpillar or John Deere tractor, the managers needed to know how much time their men spent per mold. Being an industrial engineer in an environment like that was very exciting.

The instant the iron reached the proper temperature in the furnaces, the men had a brief 12 minutes to move the entire batch and pour the molds. Any delays would weaken the quality of the castings. One had to be alert and on his toes to work safely. I had to be ready to dodge forklifts, front-end loaders and splashing buckets of 2,500-degree iron. The urgency of the workers, the intense heat of the foundry in August and the roaring of the giant furnaces were an incredibly powerful and physically draining combination.

Since I had anticipated a full-time job in a production atmosphere like that, it took quite a bit of adjustment to enjoy the lower key, quiet environment of a bank. My first assignment sent me to the basement of our 22-story building to up-

date a study done in the currency vault. Big department stores, grocery chains and restaurants send their deposits to the bank by armored truck, and special tellers in this highly secured area count these deposits and credit the customers' accounts. The workers are very quiet and efficient, their silent figuring interrupted only by the hum of automatic bill counters and the click of old adding machines.

Our bank was one of the first skyscrapers built in Milwaukee. Cooperating in an effort to modernize downtown, the original stone building located on the bank of the Milwaukee River was torn down in 1955 and was replaced by a beautiful building of green-tinted glass. The 22nd floor housed the restaurant renowned for the most spectacular view in Milwaukee. When Dad traveled for Guide Lamp, he ate in what is now our employee dining room with that wonderful panoramic view of Lake Michigan and the Milwaukee River. It makes a beautiful break to leave the windowless vault and lunch in this 22nd-floor dining room.

When I interviewed with the bank last February, they were expanding again. The main bank building is in the hub of the city but now most of the operating departments have moved six blocks away to larger quarters.

My desk and department are in this building, but the currency vault is not, so after I check in for messages each morning, I head over to the other building for the day. A very nice walk in the summer, but not so pleasant in January!

The first of the year marked my six-month anniversary, and I am now beginning to run into employees who are newer to banking than I am. I hope they will enjoy their jobs and the people at the bank as much as I do.

Sincerely,

*Adrienne*

## WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do much in the years to come,  
But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry a tear,  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer,

But what did we speak today?

We shall reap the joys in the by and by,  
But what have we sown today?

We shall build mansions in the sky,  
But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,

But here and now do we do our task?  
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask;

What have we done today?

—Unknown





Helen Myers says that turning the telephone exchange center into a public library in Ellisville, Ill., was "a dream come true."

## FROM TELEPHONE BOOKS TO LIBRARY BOOKS

Most towns the size of Ellisville, Ill., (population 140) don't have a library. But thanks to Helen Myers, the Ellisville library is housed in a tiny building once used as a telephone exchange center. Just as people talked to Central for information, they now come to the library for answers to their questions.

The building measures 10'x14' and claims the title, "Smallest Public Library in Illinois".

In 1966, Mrs. Myers, her husband, Kenneth, and several friends, began renovating the library. Books were donated by area libraries, former residents of Ellisville, and others who heard about the project. Today, the library has approximately 2500 volumes—some of them collectible, including several first editions of Zane Grey books which Mrs. Myers displays on request.

The library attracts a great deal of attention every fall during the "Spoon River Valley Scenic Drive", a self-conducted automobile tour which passes through Ellisville. Helen Myers gives each visitor to the library a card that says, "You have just visited the smallest public library in the state of Illinois."

"Many people say their home library is larger," the librarian reports. "Some say only a clothes closet is smaller."

Usually 15 to 20 people, both children and adults, patronize the library each time it is open. "Most people in Ellisville think we are lucky to have this local resource," Helen Myers says. "They support our money-making events very well."

The library was a dream come true for this small-town librarian. She even donated 400 of her own books to the library collection. Thanks to her hard work and perseverance, many people are sharing the pleasures of reading, and an old, vacant building has been preserved and put to good use. —Dianne Beetler

## A LIBRARY IS A MARVELOUS PLACE

by  
Virginia Thomas

It is so easy for us to take a library for granted. It is hard to imagine a town, a school, or a college without a library. Many churches have excellent libraries, also. It is truly one of the wonders of the age that in most parts of America, children have a library available to them from the time they can turn the pages of a book—even earlier since many parents introduce their children to the wonderful world of books as small infants.

Someone once said, "The library is the memory of the human race." Like a giant brain, it seems to remember all that people have been and done, all that they have thought or dreamed, all that they have discovered. It is a record of the cultures of the world.

In the homes of some of the early pioneers were found fine private libraries. The pioneers recognized the fact that books were important to the growth of a democracy in the New World.

Within two years of the founding of Harvard University in 1636, a library was begun, the first library established in the colonies. It was started with 3500 books which were left for that purpose in the will of John Harvard. Its volumes now number in the millions.

Public libraries, as we know them, were started in 1830. Through the years, many ways and means were tried to get the financial support for these local facilities in towns both large and small. Philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, who came to America from Scotland, did much to help finance such centers across his adopted country.

The American Library Association was founded in 1876 for the advancement of the status of its members and the improvement of library service. We now have state library associations, county and district associations—all working to improve our libraries and the services they offer.

On the list of almost every tour to Washington, D.C., is a visit to the Library of Congress, said to have one of the most magnificent interiors of any building in the United States. It was opened to the public in 1897.

Besides reading and research rooms in this library, it has rooms exclusively for the use of the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The millions and millions of books and pamphlets in the Library of Congress are partly due to the fact that a law of the United States says that *two copies* of every book copyrighted in our nation must be deposited in this library!

Libraries are not just for books anymore. They now offer many other services, literally bringing the world to our

doorsteps. Paintings, music, crafts, census records, newspaper files, historical files, genealogy files, are just a few of the resources now available in many libraries. Most librarians have access to sources through which materials can come to you on loan within a few days even if a local organization does not have them.

Browse around your local library, take time to think about all the millions of pages on those shelves and the years spent by the authors who wrote them. Note the headings of the various sections and think of the vast amount of knowledge about the universe and the people in it which those shelves contain. Talk to the librarian about some of the different services offered. Look at the displays. Perhaps you'll be inspired to try a new art or craft. Take time, too, to thank the librarians for all of the skill and knowledge they use in guiding the patrons in the use of the facilities.

A library is a marvelous place—use it often.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS QUIZ

Name the authors of the following books:

1. *Les Miserables*
2. *Silas Marner*
3. *Robinson Crusoe*
4. *Gulliver's Travels*
5. *Vanity Fair*
6. *The Old Curiosity Shop*
7. *Innocents Abroad*
8. *Don Quixote*
9. *Ben Hur*
10. *Captain's Courageous*
11. *Pride and Prejudice*
12. *Swiss Family Robinson*
13. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*
14. *Kidnapped*
15. *Wuthering Heights*
16. *Ivanhoe*
17. *The Scarlet Letter*
18. *The Last of the Mohicans*
19. *Pilgrim's Progress*

## ANSWERS:

1. Victor Hugo
2. George Eliot
3. Daniel Defoe
4. Jonathan Swift
5. William Thackeray
6. Charles Dickens
7. Mark Twain
8. Miguel de Cervantes
9. Lew Wallace
10. Rudyard Kipling
11. Jane Austen
12. Johann Wyss
13. Harriet Beecher Stowe
14. Robert Louis Stevenson
15. Emily Bronte
16. Walter Scott
17. Nathaniel Hawthorne
18. James Fenimore Cooper
19. John Bunyan —Dianne L. Beetler



## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

My fingers are pale green upon the keys of my typewriter today. I've just had my first shot at redecorating and have come to the conclusion that winter is a fine time to paint. The pictures which we had taken in the backyard on the occasion of Adrienne's graduation from Northwestern University and Katharine's birthday have now been developed and framed. Thus the issue again raised its ugly head as to which wall would they hang upon and what color were we finally going to paint these walls.

Having inherited none of the proper intuitive urges toward pleasant color combinations, I determined that it would be wise to seek the advice of someone whose skills lay in such work. There is a woman living down the road from us who has retired from the active business of interior decorating and limits herself only to *advice giving*. This is, you understand, considerably cheaper than consulting. She came into our house and started Don and me on a schedule which kept our free minutes occupied right up until now, and we have worked on only the three most visible rooms of the house.

With all of the furniture which I had packed into this space, there was no need for this advisor to recommend any furniture purchases. She did tactfully suggest that less was better than the quantity lined up along the walls. Her primary suggestions were connected with paint. Because we have pale green grass cloth wallpaper in the dining room, which is on the sunny south side of the house, we began with pale, celery-green paint.

I really believe that the last time this house was worked upon was in the mid-fifties. There were natural grey, wood-toned doors and door frames chopping bland spots into most every wall of every room. We painted everything which could not be removed or which was not glass in this lovely, pale, celery-green color. Suddenly, these large grey doors faded into inconspicuous green parts of the wall. It was quite a revelation to me that anything so simple could have such dramatic effects upon the appearance of a room. Suddenly, our not-so-large dining room grew by what seemed to be six feet in length and width. Don grunted and struggled with the drapery rods and moved them from the top of the windows to the ceiling and again, like magic, the room grew in height.

Soon our paintbrushes led us from the dining room into the living room which required the mixing and adding to our collected paint pots some gallons of



Paul Driftmier pauses just long enough to have his picture snapped before driving off to work.

semi-gloss paint for the wood around the fireplace and the miles of window frames. Previously, almost the entire house was painted white so the addition of celery green was an easy color to cover and to see where we were working.

There were major nail holes to patch with plaster and even more prolonged work to do when we reached the louvered doors. I have, since completing five such doors, walked around the house and I am stunned to realize for the first time, we have louvered doors in every room of this house and I hate to paint louvered doors!

In the summer, it would be possible to spray paint them, but it wasn't and we couldn't. The only remedy was to pull the doors off their hinges and, after laying a pad of newspapers on our deep green carpet, to begin brushing the paint on allowing gravity to pull the paint down into the crevices where the brush refused to go.

Very quickly, I found a pleasing fabric to recover a very, very worn two-piece couch which had been stuck away in the basement when Katharine moved to Washington. Its down cushions became storage shelves for books. I was not as confident as the man who had undertaken the task of rebuilding these old, sturdy pieces. He knew his business, though, because the cushions are now as full and puffy as they must have been when they were new. One of my neighbors kidded me by saying we bought too much fabric for the couch so we made drapes out of the scraps.

On the longest, unbroken wall of the living room, the new pictures are now hanging. I have a group picture of the five

of us, a group shot of just the children, and a picture of Don and me all hung in separate, unmatched frames. Paul's classmate, Eric Reber, who is working on his Master's degree in physics, is an exceptionally talented photographer. He printed our pictures on "Cibachrome", a registered material for printing pictures which guarantees retention of the color for life. As a result, these photos are difficult to distinguish from paintings. Eric also volunteered to do the framing for me.

I did not, as I had planned, hang the largest picture over the fireplace mantel. Instead, I hung my mother's medium-sized, gold-framed mirror which is just the right size. I must share with you our joy at finally being rid of the barroom-quality mirror which was pasted to the wall over the mantel. It covered that area from end to end and mantel to ceiling with a painfully truthful reflection of everything in its scope. One could get a secondhand view of the road out in front of the house, the green grass and/or brilliant white snow, and, as an added bonus, announced to anyone driving down the road exactly who was in the front room.

You will not be surprised to learn that it took four of us to successfully pry this oversized reflecting monster from the wall with no splinters or shards of glass showering down upon our heads. Nor will it shock you to learn that because it remained in one piece, Paul immediately put first claims on it for his apartment. Since his apartment is several months into the future, his decision meant taking the mirror carefully down the hall to his bedroom where it is now leaning at a safe angle against one of the walls. Its presence in Paul's room has not yet registered with me. As a result, when I am alone in the house and walk down the hall, I am startled (bordering on terrorized) to see someone walking toward me from his room.

I cannot be annoyed with the boy's propensity to save things. He is going to be hard pressed, however, to find an apartment large enough to fit in all of the things he has so lovingly saved. In addition, he will have to take those things which I have already decided *must* go with him. It will be an enormous relief to have his book collection out of the basement. It has become a standing joke that when a piece of furniture is moved downstairs, the promise is made that the first kid to move out gets to (or has to) take it.

Time has surely slipped by. With the judicious use of some of the leftover meat in the refrigerator, I shall be able to set a fairly respectable table before the workers from downtown roll into the driveway.

Sincerely, *Mary Beth*

### MY TELEPHONE

My phone is one little luxury I hold dear, It's one thing I am thankful for indeed. A great invention I have learned to treasure

In countless ways, my friend in time of need. —Verna Sparks



## GAMES, GAMES, GAMES

by  
Evelyn Birkby

It may be because our family lived so many years without TV, but the fun of playing games continues to be very much a part of the enjoyment we have when we can all be together.

When Craig knew he was going to come home for the holidays just past, his first order was—"Put up the Ping-Pong table." (His second was, "Cook plenty of food and let me sleep a lot.") Sure enough, Bob and Jeff arrived first and had the Ping-Pong table up and warmed with some of their emotional matches before their younger brother arrived.

Fortunately, Craig left Denver at a time when the storm did not prevent his traveling—his timing was terrific. Even our trip on Christmas Day to Elkhorn, Nebr., to the home of our niece and nephew and their three children, was not hampered with any kind of weather-related problems.

After Christmas dinner, the three little nieces introduced us to a new game, "Kensington". This was developed by two Britishers. They named it after Kensington Park where the two had developed the game. On the back of the game cover is the statement that Kensington Gardens is "London's most civilised park." We found the game simple to learn but complicated enough to spend hours without being bored.

I found the story of the background design particularly interesting. The two originators of the game, Brian Taylor and Peter Forbes, were wandering through Kensington's Portobello Market and discovered a book of ancient Islamic patterns in the secondhand stall. It was in this book that they found the background for their game board—an ancient Islamic design of triangles and squares.

In somewhat the same way, Bob found a unique game in Seattle, Wash. In this northwestern city is Pike Place Market which started over 75 years ago as a farmer's market. Produce, seafood, meat, and the usual items found at such a place were sold from open-air booths. Now a roof covers most of the area; about half the space is still taken up by food displays but the remainder is used as a place where artistic men and women can sell their crafts.

A committee screens the items to be sold. They must be handmade and of high quality. The sellers must be in their booths at least two days of the week plus the big shopping day on Saturday. This pattern guarantees the market being open for business throughout the week.

It was while shopping in Pike Place Market one day that Bob discovered Gordon Dodd. Gordon has researched and now makes handmade pioneer toys of exceptional quality. Among these are



Jeff, on the left, put on his Nebraska Wesleyan straw hat, Craig, in the center, pulled on his Iowa University cap and Bob, on the right, plopped the famous University of Arkansas hog hat onto his head as the three got ready to watch their favorite teams play football on television.

such old favorites as "Sky Hooks", "Jacob's Ladders", blow-pipe games, items made from spools and reeds and, Bob's favorite, "Hooey Sticks".

The "Hooey Stick" looks simple. It is about seven inches long with little triangular notches up the length of three sides. At one end is nailed what looks like a small propeller. Fastened to this entire contraption is a string with a small stick attached. The idea is to rub one of the notched sides with the smaller stick to make the propeller go around. The "Hooey" comes in when the player yells, "Hooey" and the propeller reverses and whirls in the other direction.

Simple? Nope! There is a trick to making the "Hooey Stick" work and I won't spoil the fun by giving away the secret, but it is a delight to give this simple little game to someone and watch the person struggle through all kinds of movements to try to get that propeller to go around. Everyone who came to visit us over the holidays had a try and the results were hilarious. No need for video games, complicated toys or TV programs; a simple "Hooey Stick" kept us entertained for hours!

Another new game which started on an Iowa kitchen table came to our attention over the holidays. Called "Aggie", this game was designed by Joanne and Chuck Kuster of Indianola, Iowa. Similar to Monopoly in some ways, it is played with farm life, its successes and failures, as the basis for the action. It is still made at home by the Kusters and is available through the mail and at the Living History Farms near Des Moines, Iowa. (More information can be obtained by writing to the Kusters at 704 W. Iowa Street, Indianola, Iowa.)

Sometime during every visit home, our boys and any of their friends who happen to be around (and this year there were

several who were in and out throughout the vacation period) pull out the Scrabble game. One of this year's Christmas gifts was a book of obscure and little-known words and the players drove each other crazy with some of the combinations of letters. One evening, phonetic spelling got into the act. By the time Craig had used "wein" and "geni", Jeff tried to get by with "hawgstyx". That was going too far and the game went hilariously downhill from there. That Scrabble game provided many a late-night entertainment in front of the fire.

As you can see, television rated a very low priority during most of the holidays. However, it finally came in for its share of attention. It played a predominate role when THE GAMES came into view. Football games (what else) filled with players, bands, cheerleaders, referees and noisy crowds filled the screen for our pleasure. Before the holidays were over, each had enjoyed his favorite—Craig the University of Iowa where he took his medical training; Jeff, Nebraska University at Lincoln (he did his undergraduate work at Nebraska Wesleyan also in Lincoln, and Jeff says that makes him a Nebraska fan); the University of Arkansas where Bob did his graduate studies.

So, the popcorn was popped, the snacks kept appearing on and disappearing from the table, and the whooping and hollering for the favorite team reached a fever pitch. Enough, I might add, to last me for an entire year.

Perhaps playing the piano would not count as a "game", but ours came in for its share of use. It is located in my small office-study-library which is in a far corner of the house. Whichever son felt the urge to do so would wander into that room and play away with vigorous enjoyment. Bob did the most, for he is scheduled to return to southwest Iowa in February. He will be presenting a piano concert for the Shenandoah Civic Music Association on Feb. 17 at the High School Building. This will be open to the public and single admissions will be sold. Bob is considered "local talent" with a small token fee so the program will be primarily a fund-raising event for the association. Bob has planned an unusual and happy evening and I'm really looking forward to attending the event.

Now the boys have all returned to their respective homes. We were grateful that for yet another Christmastime we could all be together and that a number of their friends could be with us to share in the fun. I am glad, also, that even those like me, who never did quite master the "Hooey Stick", could still find great pleasure in being around these happy, caring young people. It is something I'll remember in the lean, gray days of late winter.





# Recipes for February

## POLYNESIAN GREEN BEANS

- 2 15-oz. cans French-cut green beans, drained
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- 1 8-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 1 16-oz. can bean sprouts, drained
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 lb. process cheese spread
- 1 3-oz. can onion rings

Combine the green beans and melted margarine. Add the water chestnuts, bean sprouts, mushroom soup, onion and garlic powder. Spoon into greased 9-by 13-inch baking pan. Slice the cheese and place on top. Bake for 15 minutes at 400 degrees. Remove from oven and scatter onion rings on top. Return to oven for about 10 more minutes.

A can of sliced mushrooms may be added if desired. —Dorothy

## SOUR CREAM FRUIT SALAD

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 15½-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drain and save juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 bag miniature marshmallows
- 1 small jar maraschino cherries, drained and chopped
- 1 11-oz. can Mandarin orange sections, drained
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

In a heavy pan, beat the eggs until frothy. Stir in the sugar and flour. Add drained pineapple juice and flavorings. Mix well. Place over low heat and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Set aside to cool. When cool, stir in the sour cream.

Place the pineapple, marshmallows, maraschino cherries, orange sections and nuts in a bowl. Toss together. Pour the cooled sour cream mixture over the fruit and stir well. Chill until time to serve.

—Dorothy

## CHEESE ENCHILADAS

- 6 corn tortillas
- 1 cup grated Monterey Jack cheese with jalapeno peppers
- 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup sliced ripe olives (optional)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 10-oz. can or jar of either Mexican-style tomatoes, enchilada sauce or taco sauce

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Wrap tortillas in foil and place in oven until they are soft—about 10 minutes.

Combine cheeses, sour cream, onion, olives and salt. Place 2 heaping Tbls. of cheese mixture down the center of each tortilla. (There will be extra cheese mixture; reserve for top.) Roll tortillas and place, seam side down, in a shallow baking pan. Pour tomatoes or enchilada or taco sauce over tortilla rolls. Spoon remaining cheese mixture over top. Bake uncovered for about 20 minutes, or until enchiladas are heated through.

—Donna Nenneman

## CHOCOLATE-WALNUT CLUSTERS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 to 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped English walnuts

Cream butter or margarine and sugar together. Add eggs and flavorings and mix well. Stir in melted chocolate. Sift dry ingredients together and blend in. Lastly, stir in nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees about 10 minutes. Do not overbake—cookies will be slightly moist when removed from oven. Let cool before removing from pan. These cookies may be iced with a butter icing if desired.

—Evelyn

## ITALIAN PORK LOAVES

- 2 lbs. lean ground pork
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3/4 cup coarsely crushed crackers
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

- 4 Tbls. catsup
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Combine pork, eggs, milk, crushed crackers, onion and salad dressing. Mix well. Shape into three or more individual loaves. Place in a shallow baking dish. Spread catsup over loaves. Sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Check baking time for smaller loaves. —Hallie

## POTATO SQUARES

- 1 cup milk
- 4 medium potatoes, peeled and grated
- 2 Tbls. dry onions
- 3 Tbls. chopped green pepper (can use part pimento)
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Use a well-buttered 8-inch square baking dish. Pour the milk into the pan add the grated raw potatoes. Scatter the onion, green pepper and pimento and cheese over top. Salt and pepper to taste. Add beaten eggs. Press the ingredients down with a large spoon. DO NOT STIR. Dot with the butter or margarine. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes to 1 hour until brown. Cut into squares to serve. —Hallie

## OLD-FASHIONED BUTTERMILK POUND CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/2 cup homogenized shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream butter or margarine and shortening. Gradually add sugar and butter flavoring. Beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each is added. Dissolve soda in buttermilk. Set aside. Combine flour and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with buttermilk. (Begin and end with flour mixture.) Stir in remaining flavorings. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube or bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour and 5 minutes. Test with toothpick. Cool cake in pan for 10 to 15 minutes. Remove onto rack to finish cooling.



**FEBRUARY SPECIAL CHERRY PIE****Crust**

1 cup flour  
 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans  
 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 1/2 cup margarine or butter, softened  
 Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Lightly spoon flour in measuring cup, level off and combine with the rest of crust ingredients. Turn into 10-inch pie pan. Bake 20 minutes, stirring twice while baking. As soon as removing from oven, measure out about 1/2 cup of the mixture and set aside. Using the back of a spoon, press in the bottom and up sides of pie pan. Chill well. Prepare the following filling:

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 20-oz. can cherry pie filling
- 1 cup whipped cream, lightly sweetened (do not substitute)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Blend cheese, almond flavoring and powdered sugar. Spread in bottom of cooled crust. Fold cherry pie filling into whipped cream, adding cherry flavoring. Spoon over cheese layer. Sprinkle the reserved 1/2 cup crumbled mixture over top. Chill one hour before serving.

—Dorothy

**CAKE MADE WITH COFFEE****Filling**

1/2 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed  
 1/2 cup raisins  
 1/2 cup chopped walnuts  
 2 Tbls. cocoa  
 1 Tbls. ground cinnamon  
 2 tsp. instant coffee powder (dry)  
 Combine the filling ingredients and set aside.

**Cake**

3/4 cup unsalted butter, softened  
 1 1/2 cups white sugar  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 3 eggs  
 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1 1/2 tsp. soda  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 2 cups plain yogurt  
 Cream the butter. Gradually beat in the sugar, beating 4 to 5 minutes until light and fluffy. Add the flavoring. Add the eggs one at a time. Combine the flour, baking powder, soda and salt and sift two times. Stir flour mixture into creamed mixture alternately with the yogurt in three additions. Spoon one-fourth of the batter into a 10-inch tube pan. Sprinkle on about a third of the filling mixture; repeat layers, ending with batter on top. (Should have four layers of batter and three layers of filling.) Bake in center of oven preheated to 350 degrees

for about 1 hour, or until cake tests done. Cool cake and unmold onto plate. Frost with the following:

**Coffee Icing**

2 tsp. instant coffee powder (dry)  
 2 Tbls. hot water  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
 3/4 cup unsalted butter, softened  
 1 1/4 cups sifted powdered sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 Pinch of salt  
 Additional raisins and chopped walnuts for garnish

Mix the coffee powder and hot water together. Let cool to room temperature. Beat the cream cheese and butter together. Gradually beat in powdered sugar. Add the flavorings, salt and coffee mixture. Beat with electric mixer for about 4 minutes, or until double in bulk. Frost entire cake. Sprinkle top with additional raisins and walnuts. —Robin

**BAKED TUNA ROLL**

2 cups flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 4 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 cup shortening  
 1 egg, beaten  
 3/4 cup milk (divided)  
 1 cup tuna, flaked and drained  
 2 tsp. chopped onion  
 1 1/2 Tbls. chopped parsley  
 1/4 cup chopped pickle  
 1/2 tsp. salt

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together. Cut in shortening. Add egg and 1/2 cup of the milk. Mix well. Roll out as for biscuit dough.

Combine the rest of the ingredients, including the remaining 1/4 cup milk. Spread over dough. Roll like a jelly roll. Bake on greased cookie sheet at 425 degrees for 30 minutes. Cover with the following sauce:

1 cup grated cheese  
 3 Tbls. butter  
 3 Tbls. flour  
 1 1/2 cups milk  
 Combine sauce ingredients and cook until smooth and thick. —Hallie

**IDA'S SWEET ROLLS**

1/2 cup lukewarm water  
 2 pkgs. yeast  
 1 tsp. sugar  
 1 1/2 cups lukewarm milk  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 2 tsp. salt  
 2 eggs  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 7 to 7 1/2 cups flour  
 Combine lukewarm water, yeast and 1 tsp. sugar. (I always add a tsp. of sugar to this mixture to aid working of yeast.) Stir in remaining ingredients in order given, including enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured breadboard,

adding enough flour to keep from sticking to the hands. Knead until smooth and elastic—about 5 minutes. Put into greased bowl, turning once, to cover dough with grease. Let rise until double in bulk. Punch down. Let rise again until almost double—about 30 minutes. Knead a bit and then shape into rolls as desired. Place in greased baking pan. Let rise "until light" or almost double—about 20 or 30 minutes. Bake at 400 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. Turn out on rack to cool or serve immediately. (If they cool in the pan, the bottoms can sometimes get soggy—true for all breads.) —Evelyn

**TURKEY TOSSED SALAD**

- 2 cups diced cooked turkey
- 2 cups bean sprouts, drained
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup shredded carrots
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing

2 Tbls. soy sauce  
 1/4 tsp. salt (optional)  
 1/2 cup mayonnaise  
 1/2 cup toasted slivered almonds  
 In a large bowl, combine everything except mayonnaise and almonds. Toss the mixture well, cover and refrigerate. Just before serving, stir in the mayonnaise and almonds. Serve on lettuce leaf. —Verlene

**BULGARIAN CHICKEN AND SOUR CREAM**

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 clove garlic, sliced lengthwise
- Meaty chicken pieces for 6
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups sour cream
- 18 fresh mushrooms, quartered
- 3 Tbls. minced fresh parsley
- 1 Tbls. dry dill weed
- 1 tsp. cumin
- 3 scallions, minced (include some of the tops)
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- Juice of 1 lemon

In baking dish, heat the butter and oil. Add garlic and cook until garlic flavor permeated oils. Brown the chicken pieces in the garlic-flavored oil. When meat is brown on all sides, remove from pan along with the garlic and set aside. Add the flour to pan drippings and stir to blend. Turn heat to very low and add the sour cream. Stir constantly over the low heat until just heated. Add the mushrooms, parsley, dill weed, cumin and scallions. Return chicken pieces to pan. Turn meat to coat on all sides. Sprinkle on the lemon rind. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Sprinkle on the juice and return to oven for 30 minutes more. Serve over cooked rice or noodles. —Juliana



### ITALIAN CAULIFLOWER

- 1 medium head cauliflower
- 1/2 of medium onion, coarsely chopped
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 1/4 tsp. Italian herb seasoning
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/3 cup grated cheese

Break or cut cauliflower into bite-size pieces. Cook in boiling water until tender-crisp. Drain and set aside. Saute the onion lightly in a little oil; set aside.

Melt the margarine in a small pan. Add the flour, pepper and salt. Cook about 3 minutes. Over low heat while stirring, slowly add the milk and salad dressing. Stir in the herb seasoning and flavoring. Cook until slightly thick.

Layer the cauliflower in bottom of greased baking dish. Add the sauteed onion. Pour the sauce over top. Bake in moderate oven until bubbly and heated through. Remove from oven and sprinkle cheese over top. Return to oven for a few minutes to melt cheese. —Juliana

### DELICIOUS COOKIES

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup margarine or butter
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup crisp rice cereal
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup chopped nuts (optional)
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt

Mix in the order given. Shape dough into balls and place on baking sheet. Dip a fork or glass bottom in granulated sugar, then use to flatten cookies. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

This is a large recipe which will make about 100 cookies. —Dorothy

### GARLIC BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 1/2 cup milk

Mix the sifted flour, sugar and baking powder together. Add the salad dressing and milk. Mix until moistened. On a floured board, knead mixture lightly 5 or 6 times. Roll out to about one inch thick. Cut with a floured biscuit cutter. Place one inch apart on an ungreased baking sheet and bake at 425 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes or until golden. Best served warm. —Verlene

### ROYALTY SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. red raspberry gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. red cherry gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 large can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1 can blueberry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Dissolve the 2 pkgs. of gelatin in boiling water. Stir in crushed pineapple, pie filling and flavorings. Place in a 9- by 12-inch pan and refrigerate until set. When firm, top with the following:

- 1 cup marshmallow creme
  - 1 cup prepared whipped topping
  - 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- Blend the topping ingredients together and spread on set gelatin layer. Chopped nuts could be sprinkled on top.

A delightful accompaniment to a sandwich luncheon or a full coarse meal.

—Hallie

### DARK RED PUNCH

- 1 1/2 pkgs. (makes 3 qts.) powdered lemonade mix
- 1 pkg. (makes 2 qts.) sweetened raspberry instant powdered drink (like Koolaid)
- Scant 1/2 pkg. (makes 3/4 qt.) grape sweetened instant powdered drink (like Koolaid)
- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
- 2 6-oz. cans frozen orange juice
- 6 qts. water
- 1 cup sugar (to taste)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 3 tsp. red food coloring
- 1 qt. ginger ale

Combine all ingredients with exception of ginger ale. (The size of the packages of dry mix indicate the amount such packets make when mixed; i.e., 3-qt. pkg. lemonade mix means that size package make 3 quarts according to directions. However, put in the dry mix and then use liquids as given in this punch recipe.) Add more grape mix if a deeper red color is desired. —Evelyn

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## IS A STOVE NECESSARY?

by  
Winifred Peterson

Having been a homemaker for many years, I have prepared meals on a number of different stoves. The same techniques are applied on each one. Heat is the necessary ingredient. This may be brought about by various fuels but the end result is the same.

In 1933, when my husband and I started housekeeping, we had a shiny new kerosene stove. This was later replaced with one which was white porcelain and burned butane gas. Then we supplemented our heating with a white enameled wood-burning cookstove. I enjoyed the warmth it radiated in winter and the satisfaction of simmering food with little attention on the back, less hot, section of the range. Now we enjoy the luxury of a microwave oven and clean electric heat from our kitchen stove.

At present, my husband and I are spending nearly a year in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, South America. My responsibilities cover keeping guest rooms ready and furnishing meals to those guests if requested. We were told before we left the States that there would be commodities that we were used to that wouldn't be available.

The first few weeks were frustrating and required several adjustments. My first "jolt" came from the kitchen stove. It looked innocent enough. It is a nice-looking, six burner, white porcelain, gas stove. It has a griddle and two ovens. But there its innocence ends. I have been accustomed to turning a knob to the desired heat. Now I find that each time a burner is lit I must get a lighter out of a drawer and flick it until a fire flames. There are two settings on each burner. They are "hot" and "not so hot". However, one burner does not get as warm as the others so I use it for simmering. Each time it is used, the oven is lit with a match.

Having been used to a thermostat on the oven where one could put food in at a certain temperature and know it wouldn't vary until I changed it, I have had to learn to stay close by. Now I have to peek in occasionally to read the portable oven thermometer. Fortunately, a few weeks' experience has helped. I have learned that when the temperature gets to the desired degree, I must lower the setting. It must be watched or it will not stay hot enough. Baking has become a game of peeking and changing the heat knob. I burned more food the first week than I would in months at home.

It was hard at first to adjust to coarse flour and sugar. We have now found a source for better flour so cakes and bread are not solid but light and fluffy. Brown sugar was almost black and seemed to ooze liquid. We have recently



Since his retirement, Frederick Driftmier has had more time to indulge in one of his favorite pastimes—cooking. He is basting a chicken on the rotisserie and probably has equally tasty foods simmering away in the other pans on the stove.

discovered that brown sugar can be bought in a large cake, about 6x10 inches which has to be grated to be used. Before we found this, I learned that I could make a fairly good substitute by adding light molasses to white sugar.

There are very few convenience foods in the Santa Cruz markets. Cake mixes and canned cream soups that had seemed a necessity in my stateside cooking have become practically a thing of the past. These can be bought at a price but are imported so are extremely costly. Most of my cooking and baking is done from "scratch". Tomato soup can be made by using tomato juice instead of milk in the white sauce. Chicken soup can be thickened chicken broth. Unfortunately, the tomatoes and chicken have to be prepared and cooked first as we have found very little canned goods on the supermarket shelves. Nearly all fruits and vegetables are sold in outdoor markets which are small spaces under a roof or on the sidewalk. Some produce is sold door to door.

Food products are reasonably priced. In fact, they are very cheap compared to stateside prices. I am a banana lover so now can have all I want and not feel extravagant. My husband is fond of pineapple; one region here has delicious ones that are sweet and juicy. Strawberries have been plentiful so we have enjoyed them as well as making quantities of strawberry jam. I have learned to make a papaya pie that is quite tasty. We are looking forward to the fruit from the mango tree in our yard—it supposedly tastes similar to peaches.

One big surprise was a *guaperu* (pronounced waperoo) tree. We noticed little pimples or bumps coming out on its bark. These became large as marbles and turned purple when ripe. They make delicious syrup for pancakes and if

cooked long enough will jell. Our yard boasts several grapefruit trees, so we have good grapefruit in season. They are a juicy, yellow-meated variety and are delicious and full of seeds. Oranges are plentiful, also.

My husband and I are enjoying our stay in Bolivia, South America. Any place is home if we are together. We feel we are being useful in our retirement and are relieving a missionary couple who are working to help better living conditions and carry on a program of evangelization for the nationals. If I had any moments to feel sorry for myself in my new kitchen, I lost the feeling when we visited "up country". We were in homes with dirt floors, no running water nor refrigeration, sparse furniture and a campfire in the backyard in lieu of a kitchen range. My husband ate a delicious meal of soup, rice and vegetables cooked over an open fire. I couldn't have cooked a decent meal that way, but that national pastor's wife did.

Food is prepared the world around; it is a necessity of life. Every woman learns how to effectively cook with her particular source of heat. Whether it is cooked in a microwave or over a campfire, food serves the purpose for which it was made and nourishes the bodies that receive it.



### Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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



## GETTING TO KNOW YOU

A Program for Brotherhood Month

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Have ready large letters which will spell the word C-O-M-M-U-N-I-C-A-T-E. Since February is also Boy Scout Month, the letters can be made in blue and gold and the program adapted for a Scout banquet. The person holding the letter mentioned by the leader steps forward, and remains holding the letter up until all are in place.

### PROGRAM

**Leader:** Leads group in saying the "Pledge of Allegiance".

**Song:** "America" by all.

**Leader:**

Herein lies the tragedy of the age:  
Not just that men are poor—  
All men know something of poverty.  
Not that mankind is wicked—  
Who is wholly good?  
Not that men are ignorant, indifferent —  
What is truth?  
Nay the tragedy is that men should know  
So little about each other!

—Adapted from an unknown author

**Introduction:** Much of our coming to know one another depends upon our ability to *communicate*. To communicate is comparatively easy if the other person speaks the same language we do, uses the same slang, reads the same newspapers, watches the same TV programs, is of the same age, of the same race and the same religion.

The test of true brotherhood comes when we attempt to see just how well we communicate with others regardless of our differences. All of us can look at the peoples of the world, those nearby and



Aaron Brase, fourteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Art Brase, of Torrington, Wyoming.

those far away, and see that there are differences. The question is "Can we communicate and learn to appreciate and value those differences?"

**Narrator:** (Reads the following as letters are held up for audience to see.)

**C — COURAGE.** Communications take courage to relate to our fellow man in spite of differences, in spite of criticism. It takes courage to face up to our own faults, wrong thinking and prejudices.

**O — OFFER.** Communication requires that we offer friendship, help and knowledge to others.

**M — MUCH.** With much tolerance, sharing of ideas, much listening to what the other person is saying, this is how we communicate.

**M — MORE.** More love and good

will, more "doing unto others as you would have them do unto you," more giving of yourself. No one can hold back and still communicate.

**U — UNDERSTANDING.** There must not be any halfway measures here. We must really try to put ourselves in the other person's shoes and listen sympathetically with an open heart and mind to what he has to say and to understand.

**N — NOW.** Now is the time to give, share, to love, to reach out, to care, to listen. You will never be able to communicate if you keep putting off contact and interaction with others. Communicate now!

**I — INTERESTED.** Don't be lukewarm about other people's needs, their problems, their joys. Make an effort to know them. Be interested in what they are really like, in how they live, in how they feel, in how they think.

**C — CATCH.** To communicate you must catch the spirit of friendship, of neighborliness, of compassion, of sharing. That is truly the basis for brotherhood.

**A — ACROSS.** We must really strive to reach across the barriers of our differences. Reach across races, colors, creeds and barriers of languages. Reach across and be assured we are truly "getting to know you, getting to know all about you" like the words of a popular song.

**T — TOUCH.** Touch hands, touch lives. You cannot really communicate until you get close, close in thought, close in aims and aspirations, close enough to touch in some way the lives of others.

**E — EDUCATION.** This may well be one of the greatest aids to communication. Let us never cease trying to become educated about each others needs, problems, ways of life, and help others learn more about us. Then we all can communicate because we know and understand our fellow man.

**Leader:** In closing, I'd like to quote these lines on brotherhood:

The same skies arch above us  
And all people of the earth;  
The same dear Father loves us,  
Tho varied our station and birth.  
Oh, teach us, dear heavenly Father,  
That together we stand or fall,  
That we but live in separate rooms—  
The same roof covers all.

—Sunshine

**Song:** Close with "America the Beautiful" or "Bless Be the Tie That Binds".

### THIS IS BROTHERHOOD

We are all the children of one father. In His wisdom, He has provided a huge, magnificent mansion with doors that lead to countless rooms. But the fact remains that different though each room is, only one roof—His roof—shelters that mansion and keeps its people safe.

*Give to your heart's delight!*

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## Needle Notes

by  
Brenda Carl Rahn

Smocking, gathering cloth into folds with decorative stitches, has been around since before the thirteenth century. Today this lovely style of handwork is enjoying a comeback, and not just for little girls' clothes. Smocked inserts can be used for men's shirts, pillows, aprons, curtains and more.

The best fabrics for smocking include: linen, muslin, cotton blends, 100% cotton, smooth soft wools, even silk. The general rule of thumb is to allow 2½ to 3 inches of fabric for every inch of completed smocking. Use a good quality embroidery floss; metallic threads can be used as well as strands of Persian wool. For beginners, three strands of cotton embroidery floss seems to work best.

The pleating of the fabric is the most important step. If the fabric has a regular pattern (such as dots, stripes or checks), use the pattern as a guide for the gathering threads. You can use a pencil, tailors chalk or dressmakers carbon to mark evenly spaced dots at intervals less than 1/4 inch apart on fine fabrics and about 3/8 of an inch apart on heavy fabrics. Always work on the back of the fabric. And always be sure that the fabric is cut on the straight of the grain. (See your sewing book or your *Kitchen-Klatter* "Needle Notes" for May, 1982.)

After the dots have been placed on the fabric, pick up each dot by pushing the needle through one side of the dot and out the other, working from right to left. The color of the gathering threads should contrast with the fabric so they can be easily seen to be pulled out after the smocking is completed. Knot the threads at the end of the lines to prevent them from slipping out.

When all the dots have been picked up, carefully pull the threads as tightly as possible to form the pleats; a rule of thumb is to pull up the pleats one inch smaller than the finished area. Set the pleats by holding a steam iron over them—do not press down with the iron. Now, gently pull the pleats apart so the gathering threads just barely show, and tie the free ends of the gathering threads. The pleats should be fairly close together.

Now you are ready to work the design on the right side of the fabric. The pleats will be held in place with embroidery stitches. Most stitches are worked from left to right, catching the top third of the pleat with the smocking stitch. Work one pleat at a time and try to pull each stitch in the direction it comes out of the pleat until it is snug. If you hold the fabric rolled over your hand, the pleats will fan apart and be easier to work. Do not pull your stitches so tightly that the pleats have no



This lovely checkered dress was smocked in a most interesting pattern with little flowers embroidered in the spaces between the smocking. Many of the Driftmier granddaughters wore similar dresses when they were small.

elasticity.

The basic stitches for smocking are found in your embroidery books. These include *outline* and *stem* stitch. Keep the thread above the needle for the outline stitch and below the needle for the stem stitch. Other stitches which can be used are the *cable*, *trellis*, *wave*, *feather*, *Van Dyke* and *chain*.

You can easily design your own smocking from a combination of stitches, or follow patterns from the new leaflets on smocking.

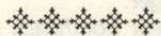
One handsome idea for a man's dress shirt is to smock two panels horizontally and then sew them lengthwise into the front of the shirt on both sides of the plackets.

I have seen darling dresses in which the smocking is rather open and in the spaces in between small flowers are embroidered.

When smocking is completed, steam it with an iron but do not press down on the fabric. Remove the basting threads. Pull the smocking to the desired width.

You can use a regular commercial pattern by allowing three times as much fabric for the piece to be smocked. Do not cut out the piece but mark the outline with tailors chalk after expanding the pattern to the greater width. For a blouse, shirt or dress, the shoulders will not be outlined very evenly until after smocking. Do not smock within the seam allowances. Once smocking is completed, cut out the piece and sew as usual. This is effective in loose, flowing styles.

Enjoy and happy smocking!



## JULIANA'S LETTER — Concl.

that I learned that the other flight had gone down and all the passengers had been killed. Until then airplane disasters had seemed very remote and unreal. I felt very aware of my own mortality that day.

This is the month of my 40th birthday. It will be a relief to no longer be 39; it is easier for me to cope with decade birthdays than with the year preceding them. I hope for forty more birthdays so that I can accomplish most of my plans and see more of the world.

Sincerely,

*Juliana*

## ON MY BIRTHDAY

- One more year to love  
My family and my friends.
- One more year to be thankful  
For what I have.
- One more year to smile and laugh,  
And to help my fellow men.
- One more year to praise and see,  
The wonders of this world.
- One more year to practice love  
Wherever I may be.
- One more year to grow wiser,  
As I should. —Annette Lingelbach

There is a good deal of food for thought in an old prayer of the American Indians: "Grant that I may not criticize my neighbor until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

"A writer's greatest pleasure is revealing to people things they knew but did not know they knew," writes Andy Rooney, and for nearly twenty years, he has been doing just that, both on television and in print.

His latest, *And More By Andy Rooney* (Atheneum Publishers, \$12.95), contains the finest of his nationally syndicated newspaper columns. They are witty, wise and a pleasure to read. Essays in the book explore everyday life and skewer pomposity. Subjects range from presidential candidates to the Andy Rooney Upside-Down Diet.

He introduces himself: "This morning the scale balanced at 203 pounds. I'm 5' 9". My mother always called me 'sturdy' and said I have big bones. A little fat is what I am."

His rules of life:

Any line you choose to stand in during your life will usually turn out to be the one that moves the slowest.

The best things in life are not free, they're expensive. Good health is an example.

If you wonder what anyone thinks of you, consider what you think of them.

If you think you may possibly have forgotten something, there is no doubt about it. You've forgotten something.

If you want something you can't have, it is usually best to change what you want.

One of the best things about life is

that we are happy more than we are unhappy.

I believe you'll agree that he hits the nail on the head with those thoughts. Mr. Rooney began his writing career as a correspondent for *The Stars and Stripes*. He became a radio and television writer. He has produced many specials. In 1979, he began writing a column for the Tribune Co. Syndicate which now appears three times a week in over 223 newspapers across the country. His down-to-earth writing almost guarantees his books will be best sellers.

*A Few Minutes With Andy Rooney* was mentioned in the June, '82 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*.

Through photography and text concerning nine exciting vehicles, readers are invited into the drivers' seats with the book, *In The Driver's Seat*, by Ron and Nancy Goor (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$10.50 ages 6-9). Experience the exhilaration of guiding a blimp over Dulles Airport, of harvesting wheat with a combine, of knocking down a brick wall with a crane, and piloting a supersonic jet. What especially impresses me about the book is the detailed account of how each vehicle operates. There is no "writing down" to the young person and facts are carefully stated. *In The Driver's Seat* sets the scene thus for the Concorde Jet:

You are now over the Atlantic Ocean flying at 630 miles per hour. You push the throttles forward more, edging the plane toward Mach 1. In order to pass through the sound barrier, you must use the afterburners to provide extra power. Neither you nor your passengers feel the plane pass through the sound barrier, but if you were outside the plane, you would hear a tremendous boom. Supersonic jets always pass through the sound barrier over the ocean so the shock wave is absorbed by the water and will not disturb people on land.

My feeling is—I want to read more about each vehicle, and believe me, there is more. *In The Driver's Seat* is a most detailed book that is sure to especially fascinate boys.

An absolutely spellbinding book called *The Great Southwest* by Charles McCarry with photographs by George Mobley is published by the National Geographic Society, \$8.50. The author says the Southwest is a state of mind as much as it is a geographical region. Woven into the fabric of the story are the threads of many cultures, each of which has left a legacy of adventure and romance. Through the book you are able to meet the people of the Southwest: artists, river guides, astronomers, and a former Texas ranger.

*The Great Southwest* combines history and promise for the future.



## TUZZY MUZZY VALENTINE

"The rose is red, the violet blue, lilies are fair, and so are you." So goes an old Valentine's Day sentiment. Since ancient days, flowers have played a part in cupid's work on his sentimental day. This year why not adopt a charming custom of Olde England and send a "Tuzzy Muzzy".

A Tuzzy Muzzy! What in the world is that? It's a nosegay that English suitors used to present as a valentine to the maiden they loved. The red rose is the love symbol, but a Tuzzy Muzzy, made up of a combination of flowers with romantic meanings, is a different and charming way to demonstrate love. A red rose must be included in the bouquet to say, "I love you" or a red tulip, which also symbolized "I love you."

Here are other romantic blooms as interpreted in the floral language:

LILY OF THE VALLEY — You're a darling.

PURPLE PANSY — You fill my thoughts.

FORGET-ME-NOT — Never forget me.

SWEET PEA — I long for you.

PINK CARNATION — I'll never forget you.

VIOLET — I'll be ever true.

WHITE CARNATION — You are sweet and lovely.

JONQUIL — Please return my love.

HELIOTROPE — I adore you.

When sending the Tuzzy Muzzy, include a card bearing this verse:

"These flowers I send on Valentine's Day

Tell the ways I love you, in a nosegay."

On the reverse side of the card, list the romantic interpretations of the posies found in the bouquet.

Send a Tuzzy Muzzy on Valentine's Day. Let flowers convey your message of love.

—Erma Reynolds

The origin of Valentine's Day concerns a priest named Saint Valentine. He was supposed to have the power of healing lovers' quarrels and often was asked to bring back straying lovers. His gentle sweetness of character made him so beloved that the emperor feared for his throne and had Saint Valentine beheaded. After his death, it became the practice to celebrate his birthday with giving sweets and flowers.



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## TO WASH OR NOT TO WASH

by  
*Ruth Townsend*

Have you ever ruined a garment because you washed it incorrectly? I imagine a good many of you could say yes. I know I would have to. Recently, I couldn't find the tag with the laundry directions on one of my son's shirts (I found out later he had taken it out because it was scratchy) and I threw the shirt in the washer with some other clothes. That turned out to be a mistake and both he and I were sorry.

If the instruction label is not fastened to a garment when you buy it, or if it is taken out for any reason—scratchy or showing through a thin garment—it's a good idea to put it in a file. Tell all the members of your family about the file so they can help keep track of all tags. As each tag is filed, it should have a notation on it of what garment it's from and, if possible, the date when the item was purchased. The file should be kept near your laundry area so you can refer to it easily.

Most garments do have labels. Some manufacturers put them on a long side seam or on a facing. Some companies print the information on a pocket. I have found a tag way down at the bottom of a long seam when I've almost given up and decided it must be gone.

If there is no tag anywhere, and you don't have any information about the garment, there are some things you can do to help launder properly:

Sometimes a close examination will give you a good idea of what the fabric is. Compare it with some article of clothing you already have. Sometimes the "extras" on a garment will be a clue to how to take care of it—if there is a lot of special embroidery or beadwork on it or

some unusual shaping or more interfacing than is usual, it might be best to have it dry-cleaned.

If you think a garment is washable but aren't sure, find a place that won't show much and wash a tiny area—or, cut off a little piece and try washing it.

If you want to try identifying the fabric, a burning test can often identify fabric content. Unravel a bit of yarn or thread from the edge of a seam. Hold it with tweezers over a sink and use a lighted match on the fibers. If the thread burns brightly and rapidly, leaving a white feathery ash, it's probably cotton, linen or rayon. Fabrics of this type are usually washable, but may shrink. If possible, wash a small area to check on shrinkage.

If the yarn ignites slowly and smokes while burning and leaves a hard bead when the fire is out, it is probably nylon or polyester. If it drips flaming melted material while burning, it is probably acrylic or acetate. Fibers which burn the least are flame-resistant ones such as modacrylics. Fabrics of these types of fibers are usually washable in warm water with a cool rinse.

To determine if a sweater is wool or acrylic, ravel off a few fibers and put them in a small jar of full-strength liquid chlorine bleach. Wool fibers will dissolve, but acrylic ones will not. Wools often need to be dry-cleaned while acrylics are washable. (Do not use chlorine bleach when you launder sweaters, this is only a test for fiber content.)

If your garment is made of blended fabrics, you will get mixed test results which won't help much, but usually a test might be worth trying.

Labels may be only little things, but they're worth looking at—and keeping.

## SNOW

A day of deep snow is like a gift —

Of silence,  
Of beauty,  
Of diamonds in the cedar,  
Of peace,  
Of perfection,  
Of redbirds at the feeder.

A day of deep snow is like a gift—

Enjoy it! —Elaine Derendinger

## Can You Hear the KITCHEN-KLATTER Radio Programs?

Tune in to one of the following radio stations for the friendly **Kitchen-Klatter** visits:

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



## ANNIE—A PET LAMB

by  
Annabelle Scott Whobrey

Farm life is never dull because there are no two days exactly the same. One needs to be conditioned to the unexpected that comes along.

My role as a farm wife has often been interrupted by the cries of an orphan or unclaimed animal. Whatever the circumstances, I've tried to stand ready to be a makeshift mother, mostly to little lambs. Often, a ewe is the mother of triplets and sheep have accommodations for only two! Then, there is the unexplained reason of some ewe mothers not claiming their own little one. A dog appearing on the scene suddenly can bring out the mother instinct to solve the problem.

The pitiful plight is when a ewe dies giving birth, leaving her offspring an orphan. This is part of the reproduction process and happens in the area of animal life but it still turns my heart sympathetically. So, I've never been able to turn down the bleating of a baby lamb, which sounds like the cry of a human baby, especially when one is placed in my arms to depend on me for its survival. I still recall many of the pet lambs during our years of farming.

The invasion of the killer coyotes put out the profit in sheep farming years ago and only memory brings to mind the many pet lambs I tended during our years of farming—especially Little Orphan Annie.

The moment that helpless little lamb was placed in my arms I was hooked! Quickly, I was warming milk, sterilizing pop bottles and testing nipples to see if they were free flowing. We arose before daybreak and worked until after dark and it over-stepped my happiness to have to crawl out of bed and tend a hungry lamb in the middle of the night. Most lambs arrive in wintertime and heading into a cold wind took more than monetary gain to get me going. It was the knowledge of a hungry charge depending upon me for survival that got me motivated. Annie was no exception and she did know how to tug at my heart-strings. She arrived at a time when there were no other bottle babies so she ended up on our back porch. She cuddled up while being fed and patted me furiously with her tail.

If you have been acquainted with a flock of sheep you already know they're a lot like humans—no two are alike and their personalities shine through their eyes. Annie harbored quite an ego hidden sheepishly under her woolen clothing.

Annie was quartered on the back porch and this gave us more time to become attached to the fuzzy little funny face. Those ears were attuned to our every move and she received our un-

# From Our Family Album

Those of you who live on farms and ranches know that February is the month when many baby lambs are born. Feeding an abandoned or motherless lamb with a baby bottle is the happy task of many youngsters.

My daughter, Juliana, was five years old when this picture was taken on Dorothy (Driftmier) and Frank Johnson's farm up near Lucas, Iowa. The Johnsons had two baby lambs that spring that were bottle fed—Snowball and Abbie-the-Lambie. If I remember correctly, the lamb with Juliana in this picture is Snowball. Left to her own devices, Juliana would have fed Snowball every hour!

Sadly, later that spring, Snowball contracted pneumonia and died. Poor Abbie became so lonesome that the Johnsons had to take her down to a pen so she could be with other sheep.

Juliana (Verness) Lowey, who now lives in Albuquerque with her husband, Jed, and children, James and Katharine, loves animals just as much now as when she was five.

—Lucile



divided attention. She was certain she was an important part of our household and I was never sure but what Annie was correct! We suspected we had a spoiled pet.

When it became necessary to move Annie outside to a pen, she constantly was on the lookout for a way back to the house. Her honest eyes questioned why the human children roamed at will and she was confined to a pen.

What a day of frustration and sadness it was when the chopping block was set up; docking day had arrived! I wisely put the two children to bed for naps so they could escape watching this necessary cutting off of the lambs' tails. Kerosene was drawn for medication as each lamb's stub was doctored. While Annie watched me helplessly, I blew my nose and recalled the Bible verse about our Lord being as a lamb, dumb before the shearers—true also of the creatures who had to have their tails shortened so they could stay clean and healthy.

Annie was not all sugar and spice because she showed her distaste for outside living by trimming my shrubs, trampling my petunias and tramping into the house uninvited. Sometimes she was similar to a jumping jack when she stood

loose and relaxed, then would suddenly fly into the air a foot high! But, she never forgot my voice, even when she became a mother ewe, another reminder of the Bible referring to the sheep knowing their shepherd's voice.

It was a delightful experience to have a pet lamb, especially one like Little Orphan Annie.

\*\*\*\*\*

## LADIES, LADIES, LADIES (A Quiz)

Each answer contains the word "lady".

1. An insect.
2. A former president's wife.
3. Demure and well-mannered.
4. A kind of cooky.
5. An attendant of a queen.
6. Slang for a man who likes women.
7. His sweetheart.
8. Poem by Sir Walter Scott.
9. Spring flower.
10. A wife.

ANSWERS: 1. Ladybug, 2. Ladybird Johnson, 3. Ladylike, 4. Ladyfinger, 5. Lady-in-waiting, 6. Ladykiller, 7. Ladylove, 8. "Lady of the Lake", 9. Lady-slipper, 10. Lady of the house.

—Evelyn Lyon





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

There are four new All-America Award winners for 1983—three flowers and one vegetable. The flowers are a hybrid grandiflora petunia, 'Red Picotee', a kochia, 'Alcapulco Silver', and an ornamental but edible hot pepper called 'Candlelight'. The single, award-winning vegetable is a hybrid cucumber named 'Sweet Success'.

'Red Picotee' petunia is a bicolor that remains true to form and color. For years, patterned petunias reverted back to solid reds and whites, stubbornly resisting the plant breeder's command to break up into a more constant pattern. With this new hybrid, the flowers finally got the message and break up into strongly marked blossoms with red centers and pure white margins. The effect is breathtaking and beds of 'Red Picotee' are bright and exciting. It is such a vast improvement over other patterned petunias that you will want to try it this spring.

Kochia 'Alcapulco Silver' grows 3 to 4 feet tall and 1½ feet wide and should be used for an accent plant in the background of a border or for a temporary hedge. With its silver-tipped foliage, this kochia appears to have been hand-painted. Yet, with the arrival of fall, the bicolor turns maroon, then red, giving it its common name, Mexican firebush. Kochia grows best if seed is planted where the plants are to remain as it resents transplanting.

The ornamental pepper, 'Candlelight', bears up to a hundred or more slender peppers per plant. Initially, the light green, thickly clustered, upright fruits contrast vividly with their background of dark green foliage. Come late summer, the peppers burst into red flames of color. Pencil-thin and 1½ inches long, the peppers sit above the foliage in majestic splendor. Try them in containers, in beds and borders.

Thanks to the award-winning cucumber, 'Sweet Success', delicious slicing cucumbers are no longer a luxury. You can grow greenhouse quality cucumbers in your own home garden. The vines adapt readily to trellis growing where they will produce a bumper crop of straight, medium dark green fruits that are burpless and crisp. 'Sweet Success' is genetically resistant to cucumber mosaic virus, watermelon mosaic virus, scab, and target leaf spot. It is also tolerant to mildews.

You will find all four winners in catalogs of seed and nursery firms across the nation.

## "Magic" Indian Oil CATCHES FISH LIKE CRAZY!

I made this remarkable discovery when my son went on his first fishing trip with me. We hired this old Indian guide in a small town in Wisconsin.

When our guide showed Mark how to bait his hook, I noticed that he rubbed something on the bait just before Mark put the line in the lake. Within minutes Mark had himself a beautiful bass. You can imagine how pleased I was and Mark, of course, wanted more.

So the whole thing was repeated—the guide put on the bait, rubbed it again, and up popped another beauty. Meanwhile, I sat there patiently waiting for my first fish.

This went on all morning. Mark caught 30 bass and I got eight.

When I pulled the boat in at noon and paid off our Indian guide, I noticed that a small, unusual seed had apparently fallen from the guide's pocket into the bottom of our boat. The odor from the seed was quite strong and certainly different from anything I had ever smelled before. This was what he had rubbed on Mark's bait!



It works for me—  
wouldn't be without it.  
D. Hulbutt, Duluth

When we returned home the next day, I gave the seed to a chemist friend of mine. He analyzed it and duplicated it into a spray for me.

I could hardly wait for my next fishing trip. What I discovered on that trip was absolutely unbelievable. I have never before caught fish like that. Every time I baited my hook, I sprayed it and up popped another fish.

I tested some more. I put spray on one bait and nothing on another. The sprayed bait got the fish almost immediately. The unsprayed bait got some nibbles, but nothing more.

I gave some of my friends samples of the spray to try and the results were the same—they caught fish like never before.

I named my spray "CATCH FISH LIKE CRAZY" cause that's just what it does and it works with all kinds of fresh or salt water fish. It works equally well on artificial or live bait.

Here's what fishermen say about my spray: "What you say is true. I caught fish like crazy—it really works!" K.S. Evansville, Ind.

"I read your ad and found it hard to believe—but sent for it anyhow cause I'm not very lucky—after one day, I'm a believer—I caught Snook and Sea Bass—it was easy!" D.D. Naples, Fla

"I always keep a can in my tackle box. It's fantastic!" K.V. Highland Park, Ill.



I used your spray  
and caught all these fish  
J. Hannon, Chicago

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**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
childhood belief that pigeons have an intense dislike of me.

Very early in life, I observed that pigeons do not treat me the way they treat other people. Put me in a place where pigeons are—and they are just about everywhere—and it is easy to see that they consider me as somewhat lower than other human beings. They will follow me; they will fly all around me; indeed, I have even had them light in my hair, but just as soon as I begin to show an interest in them, they fly off to feed from someone else's hand. Then, if I have something that I definitely do not want them to have, they always find a way to get it.

Ducks trust me. Swans trust me. Cardinals, chickadees, nuthatches, finches, robins and even squirrels trust me, but not pigeons. I often ask myself: "What did I ever do to pigeons to cause them to glare at me the way they do?" It must be some kind of an international pigeon conspiracy, for in whatever country I travel, pigeons treat me as though I were more to be despised than a cat. Pigeons are great moochers, particularly from tourists, but whenever I am a part of some gathering of tourists, these birds not only refuse to accept food from me, they actually leer at me and deliberately

try to offend me.

So help me, right this moment there are seven pigeons sitting on the roof of my car talking about me! I am sure that the only reason they are there is because the car was washed and polished yesterday.

What can I do about this? If they are chased off the car, they will just fly over to Mr. Davis's farm and get some of their relatives and friends to join them in their aggravating program of insults. Lately, I have decided to best them at their own game. When they leer at me with their red-rimmed eyes, I shall leer back at them. When they sit on the roof and make disgusting sounds in their throats, I shall make a few disgusting sounds myself! If pigeons want to treat me as though I were nothing but a scoundrel, then I shall never overlook an opportunity to tell all those willing to listen what I think about pigeons. Enough is enough! I wonder how roast pigeon would taste for breakfast?

I never heard of New Englanders eating pigeons for breakfast, but certainly in the old days they ate just about everything else. Whatever happened to the early-American custom of eating steak and pie for breakfast? I have often read about the big, thick, fruit pies that used to grace the New England breakfast table, but never have I been offered such. I have eaten fried cod cakes, oyster stew, baked beans, and johnnycakes for breakfast, but no pie.

Betty and I like a good breakfast served before six o'clock in the morning. The earlier we arise, the more we like to eat for breakfast. On a birthday or some special holiday, or when guests are present, Betty is sure to serve one of three breakfast dishes—chipped beef on toast, baked eggs in bacon rings, or fried flounder. My choice would always be to take the flounder for I dearly love fish for breakfast. When Betty's father is here with us, I often join him in a delicious breakfast of baked fish heads.

I do wonder how pigeons could be prepared for breakfast.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

the carriages were different. When we saw how many people, both adults and children, were waiting in line for rides, Frank said he wished he had thought of that idea because the price per person was pretty high.

We also drove around to see the lighting at Crown Center, which was just as spectacular, but was all done with white lights, whereas all colors are used at the Plaza. Bernie and I had both been to Crown Center in the daytime, but seeing it at night during the Christmas season was a first for us.

After a leisurely breakfast and lunch the next day, we started home. We both had a nice time, and the weather co-operated beautifully.

We have been seeing lots of wild turkeys and are really enjoying using the powerful binoculars Kristin and Art gave us for Christmas with which to watch them. The deer season has come and gone and all the fellows from around Kanawha who have been coming for the past fourteen years to hunt came right on schedule. Unfortunately, the weather was so horrible they stayed only one day. It rained all the time and the men looked miserable when they came in for coffee.

I must go watch the gate for Frank while he drives through with a big bale. The cattle are standing right inside waiting for him. Until next month . . .

*Dorothy*

## HINTS FROM THE MAIL

To cook parsnips: Scrub clean with a brush, remove any blemishes (do not peel). Steam until done. Brown in a little butter and drain on a paper towel.

—A.H., Worthington, Minn.

\*\*\*\*\*

I take a recipe card and mark on it what is in a drawer. Then I put the card in the drawer so members of the family don't have to paw through to find what they want. I do this for every drawer in the house. Then, I have a spiral notebook and I list the drawers in each room and what is kept in each. It helps me find things, too. Also, I can send young members to get items for me.

—Mrs. J.B., Baxter, Iowa

\*\*\*\*\*

When I make dresses for myself and my daughters, I always make at least one handkerchief out of the leftover material. Each time the dress is washed, I wash the hanky too. This way, if the fabric fades, I have material to use for patching which is the same color and shade. It also saves money on buying paper tissue for the girls to carry to school.

—B.R., Pipestone, Minn.



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## DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

City.

The gorgeous lighting in the Country Club Plaza is well known and people come from great distances to see it. The traffic at night is bumper to bumper, so it was wonderful to have Frank to do the driving. He also knew his way around and knew the best places to go to see the most decorations.

Something new had been added to the Plaza this year—horses and carriages carrying people around the streets. There must have been at least 25 and all



## "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.

April ads due February 10

May ads due March 10

June ads due April 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.

**RECIPES:** Snickerdoodles, Pistachio Pudding, Pecan Pralines. \$2.00 — All. SASE. 2119 South Lamar, #103, Austin, Texas 78704.

**ATTENTION POPCORN LOVER'S!** 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.

**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.

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

**CENTENNIAL CHURCH COOKBOOK** — \$7.50 postpaid. Mrs. Evelyn Quastad, Armstrong, Iowa 50514

**SWEDISH RECIPES!** Authentic and delicious. Easy to fix directions. 5 for \$2.00. SWEDISH HOUSE, Box 5661, Lincoln, NE 68505.

**CROCHET** Mickey Mouse memo pad—\$4.00. Roaster art foam for refrigerator—\$4.00. Mrs. Julius Bisek, 313 East Main, New Prague, Minn. 56071.

**WOULD YOU** like a letter? Send stamp to: Letter, Box 86KK, Cutten, CA. 95534.

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

**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

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

**OUT OF PRINT** Bookfinder, 4051 KK — Walnut — 8, Eureka, CA 95501. Send wants.

**HICKMAN FIREMANS AUX** Cookbook. \$4.50 plus \$1.00 mailing. Marie Porter, Box 341, Hickman, NE. 68372.

**FAVORITE RECIPES** — Overnight coffee cake with warm cinnamon sauce. Pecan bars, delicious gooey filling. \$1.00 SASE. B's Kitchen, Rt. 1, Box 191, St. Anne, Ill. 60964.

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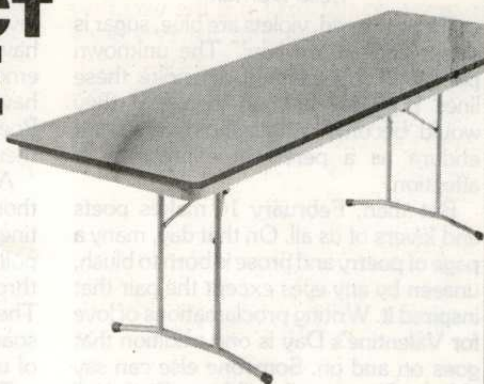
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**40 TOWEL CO.**  
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Dept. B-943  
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## WANTED: ONE SWEETHEART

by  
Leila Dornak

"Rose are red, violets are blue, sugar is sweet and so are you!" The unknown poet who first penned or spoke these lines probably had no idea that they would become a household verse and endure as a perennial expression of affection.

But then, February 14 makes poets and lovers of us all. On that day, many a page of poetry and prose is born to blush, unseen by any eyes except the pair that inspired it. Writing proclamations of love for Valentine's Day is one tradition that goes on and on. Someone else can say "Merry Christmas" or "Happy Birthday"

for us, but not a secondhand "I love you"—that one's got to come straight from the heart.

Though some want their message seen by no one except their one special love, others are not so shy. Skywriters have been known to blazon their emotions across the heavens. Some have had them painted on billboards. Poets and composers have immortalized their loves in songs and sonnets.

And then there are those who put their thoughts in classified ads. On Valentine's Day, the classified ads in a metropolitan newspaper cut a cross section through the heart of human emotion. These "love lines" run the gamut from soaring excitement to the hopelessness of unrequited love.

The basic message is always there over and over again, "I love you." Others add a few personal embellishments:

"My darling husband, your kindness and unselfish actions have kept me hopelessly in love with you. We'll have our first child soon and you'll have a family to be proud of."

"Honey, you've been my sweetheart for twelve years, and I've learned to love you a lot." Or "To my sweetheart: After all our twenty-nine years, love is still great."

Not all are so happy:

"How can you mend a broken heart?"

"I wish I could have happened to you the way you happened to me."

Others are more philosophical:

"My last valentine to Jane. Love has gone and left the pain, but I hope it wasn't all in vain."

"Dearest, my heart aches for your love, like the shining stars above."

"I will always love you. I hope we can be together again. Since you left me, I'd rather be dead than live without you."

"Till you come back again, no pride is left for me. It washed away every tear. My cry and my plea will always be, 'Please come back to me.'"

Then there are those who take a more light-hearted attitude:

"To my husband: May I give you the most exhilarating Valentine's Day you will ever encounter!"

"Hearts are red, skies are blue, you're my buzzard and I love you!"

"When do we get to go out?"

"I've seen you in the meat market and I'd like to be your valentine!"

"Hey, Baby, meet me in the prayer room after class."

Some writers become eloquent:

"I love the moments we share, the plans we make, the dreams we dream. I love the feelings we put in words, and the feelings we can't put in words, like the happiness I always wish for you because I love you."

"I wish you love, I wish you joy and shining hours. I wish you hopes that bud and bloom like precious winter flowers.

Far more than you could ever know, far more than words could ever say, you're on my mind and in my heart with every passing day."

And then there are those special ads that simply defy description:

"I am so glad you like anchovies."

"Did you find a way to wrap my present yet?"

"Your candy's in the closet."

"I'd eat a frog, I'd bite a dog, I'd skin a moose, I'd pluck a goose, I'd smoke a cord of rotten wood . . . I'd take a bath in Ripple Wine, if you would be my valentine." Whoosh! Doesn't that make you want to run right out and find yourself a sweetheart who'd do all that for you? Or maybe you're lucky enough to have one already.

Lift an idea from the classifieds. Say "I love you" on Valentine's Day in whatever way is special for you.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



Just as a Boy Scout takes pride in his appearance, you take pride in the way your house looks when it is sparkling clean and fresh.

Let **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** help, it is **ALL YOU NEED** for those cleaning tasks around your home (and office, too). Great for washing walls and woodwork, makes windows shine, softens water, lifts grease and does all this and more without leaving froth or foam. For all who take pride in their work.

**You Go Through  
The Motions;  
KITCHEN-KLATTER  
KLEANER  
Does The Work.**



Ask for it at your local store.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS



Be the best Valentine cook in your neighborhood. Get all 17 of the excellent **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Use with your February salads, cakes, cookies, etc., for an incomparable taste treat.

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

Check your grocers for our flavorings. If they are not available there, 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.