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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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*Happy Valentine's!*



## 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:

I've been sitting by the window watching the cardinals on the snow. There must be at least twenty-five of them and what a beautiful sight they are. They come into the barn lot, along with many other birds, for feed. One year I wanted a bird feeder so Frank put one up in the yard and we filled it with birdseed. I never saw a bird on the feeder. When we finally took it down several months later, the feeder was just as full of seed as when we put it up.

We see wild turkeys every day now. It takes awhile before they come back close to the house after hunting season closes. The other day Frank saw a large flock of turkeys in the bean field trying to scratch up some beans from under the snow. Frank says the deer tracks are in abundance too.

I don't have to tell our readers in the Midwest what our month of December was like, but many, many readers all over the U.S. have no comprehension of what it is like to go out to do the chores when the wind-chill factor is more than fifty below zero along with blowing snow. Your face can freeze in just a few seconds. Many places were colder than this. One town had a wind-chill of one hundred degrees below zero. That is cold!

Something I learned this winter is that I will never buy a diesel car. Even if you can get the diesel car started, the diesel fuel jells when the temperature reaches a certain low, and the car can stall while driving along. Our tractor is diesel and there were days Frank couldn't get it started to haul hay to the cattle. We will always be grateful for our good friends and neighbors who came to our rescue and hauled the hay for us.

The icy roads and cold weather were the causes of many changes in our activities during December. I did mail Kristin and her family a big box of candy

and cookies which they thoroughly enjoyed. I was chairman of the food committee for our P.E.O. Christmas meeting, but didn't get to go. I wasn't afraid to tackle our ice-covered roads in daylight, but since the meeting was at night, I didn't want to run the risk of sitting in a ditch in sub-zero temperatures. I had a wonderful committee, all of whom lived in town. So the day before, I arranged ten kinds of homemade candy on a big silver tray and took it to town. At least I was able to contribute, and the other women took care of everything else.

Bernie lives on one of the steep hills in Lucas, and ever since the first freezing rain right after Thanksgiving, she hasn't driven her car. Bernie said she had watched too many cars slide into the ditch trying to go up or down the hill. One day just before Christmas I asked her if she wanted a ride to town to do some shopping. I hadn't done my Christmas shopping yet and planned to go and spend the whole day if necessary. Bernie was happy to go. We know people who do their Christmas shopping in the middle of summer, have the gifts all wrapped, and on the shelf ready for giving. But Bernie feels the same way I do—dashing around at the last minute getting everything done is how we get the Christmas spirit.

Frank and I were alone on Christmas Eve, but I went after Bernie and Belvah and brought them to our house for Christmas Day, so we had a real nice holiday.

We were disappointed about one thing. Four of us had planned to drive to Kansas City sometime during the holidays to spend a weekend with Ruth and Frank McDermott, Frank's and Bernie's sister and her husband. We had planned to see the beautiful Christmas lights and decorations at the Country Club Plaza and Crown Center. Bernie and I saw the display last year and enjoyed it so much that we wanted our friends, Belvah Baker and Dorothea Polser, to see the sight. Ruth had invited all of us to come and had plans of other things she thought we would enjoy, but the roads were just too treacherous to drive on. We'll just have to try making the trip next year.

The other day I had the most interesting visit with a young mother, Mrs. Leon (Connie) Ehlers, who lives a few miles from us. The Ehlers have two darling little girls, Laurie, who is five and a kindergartner in the Lucas school, and Lisa, four, who attends the Area Education School for the Handicapped in Chariton. Lisa is blind, and the story of her birth and survival is almost a miracle.

Connie said when she went into labor three months early, her husband, Leon, started to the Des Moines hospital with her, but Lisa was born in the car en route. It was in April, and cold, and they had no blankets; so she held the baby



Laurie and Lisa Ehlers, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ehlers.

and Leon put his jacket over them. The baby was taken to the Variety Club Intensive Care Unit where she weighed in at 1 lb., 12 ozs. and was 13 inches long. Lisa's little legs and arms were no bigger around than one of Connie's fingers. The baby lost weight down to 1 lb., 5 ozs.

When Lisa was five days old, she had heart surgery to close a valve that normally closes at birth. As if this wasn't enough for this tiny little girl, she also had a lung disease called bronchial pulmonary dysphasia. A condition termed R.L.F. caused Lisa's vision to be impaired. It is due to the amount of oxygen that is necessary. The entire six months Lisa was in the hospital blood was drawn from her little heel every four hours and tested to see if she was getting too much or too little oxygen. The doctors are learning more all the time about how to handle this. Since Lisa was there, the babies now wear monitors on their chests which keep a constant check on the oxygen and they no longer have to take the blood samples so often. An eye surgeon tried a new surgery technique on Lisa's eyes, but it failed.

When Lisa weighed 3 lbs, it was a red-letter day because Connie and Leon got to hold Lisa for the first time. When she was six months old and weighed 5 lbs., 9 ozs., they got to bring her home. Until Lisa was a year old, the Ehlers kept her in isolation, letting only the grandparents, a teacher and a therapist see her. When Lisa was seven months old, the Area Agency teacher started coming once a week to work with Lisa. A physical therapist from the Agency came every two weeks. When Lisa was two, Connie started taking her to the school one-half day a week. For the past two years, Lisa has been going two full days a week, and she rides the bus used for transporting the exceptional children.

While Lisa was in the hospital, one  
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## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

The family has gathered and drifted back to their homes and jobs since we last visited. We were all grateful for the chance to be together, bearing in mind the problems which were associated with winter traveling.

Katharine had the furthest to travel. She left the Washington, D.C., airport on schedule, but that was the end of normalcy for her trip to Wisconsin. Upon landing at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, she and her fellow passengers found themselves sitting in a bumper-to-bumper situation on the access lanes which run parallel to the landing and departing strips. Katharine reported that it was exactly like a traffic jam on a super highway.

The major delay at the airport was due to the temperature, of course. The telescoping ramps which snake out and attach to the loading and unloading planes were frozen in an immobile state. As a result, there were many planes whose passengers had been waiting hours to get out of their remotely parked planes.

Katharine was scheduled to catch a bus (from O'Hare of Milwaukee) ninety minutes after her landing time, but she was still sitting in the middle of the acres of land surrounding the airport when her scheduled bus loaded and left. Such was the situation for hundreds of others. Katharine and a passenger seated next to her had arranged that if they were unable to find a bus to take them further, they would meet at the rent-a-car counter and share expenses on an automobile to Milwaukee which was the destination for both of them. However, when they met at the car rental counter, they both were not prepared for the information that there were NO cars left to be leased. It was a big night for being stuck at O'Hare and those folks who had been lucky enough to depart their planes earlier in the evening had rented ALL of the available automobiles. So began the wait for a bus which was due to arrive from Indianapolis on its way to Milwaukee. The bus did not arrive when scheduled but was several hours late due to icing conditions on the roads south of Chicago. Upon arrival, there were very few passengers getting off the bus compared to the number of frozen but eager people waiting to board. Eventually some of the younger college students began volunteering to stand in the rear of the bus in order to make room for the anxious people at the bus door. (Her story reminded me acutely of the standing-up trips which were made on both buses and trains during the World

War II days whenever one attempted to travel anywhere.)

Adrienne was waiting in Milwaukee to meet Katharine's original bus at midnight, and fortunately Adrienne was beginning a few days of vacation because Katharine didn't pull into the city until four o'clock in the morning. It certainly is grand to have grown-up children who can take over the pick-up and housing of late arrivers. Adrienne's downtown high-rise apartment is only ten minutes from the Amtrack station where Adrienne finally found Katharine. Adrienne reported that she had never been out in such cold weather and she especially noticed the strange sounds the car tires made against the streets which were covered with a frozen snow-salt combination resulting from the twenty-below-zero temperatures. Both girls were able to sleep late the following morning, and in the afternoon they braced themselves against the cold and completed their trip by driving out to Delafield.

Paul didn't have any trouble, that I am aware of, getting from his high-rise apartment into the bitter elements. He really worries about his glass car in this kind of super cold weather and with good reason. His schedule kept him in town until mid-evening on Christmas Eve. Don and I both breathed a sigh of relief when ALL of our chickens were inside the house that night. Each kid's car proved trustworthy in spite of the terrible temperatures. The house was warm enough to keep the pipes from freezing and all was well.

The primary act of charity for us during these abnormally bitter days was keeping our poor little birds and squirrels fed. I had hoped that the squirrels would hibernate for the winter but no such luck. They are here en masse.

Don and I set up a first-class operation for the birds this year. We have a thistle feeder for the finches. The birds come all summer to our sturdy concrete birdbath and this year I wanted to see if we could attract a few birds to winter close to the house. Since our big old boy cat, Morris, has passed on to his just reward, I thought we might manage to keep the birds year round. Success is now ours! After loading the finch feeder with tiny Niger thistle seeds, we have been treated to the company of eight finches at a time eating on the perches and cheeping loudly enough to be heard through the double-pane window. Don added a box shelter for the bird-bread which we have ready in a big container. Then we have a third dispenser holding a mixture of sunflower seeds, cracked corn and wild bird seed for the cardinals and woodpeckers.

One night when I was up prowling around, I stopped to train the flashlight on the you-can-read-it-from-any-distance thermometer to see how cold the night was proving to be and there sitting in the moonlight silently munching on bird-bread was a tiny, cold, hunched-up bunny. I guess it's preferable for them to munch on bird food than my wintering bonsai tree or my ginkgo trees' bark. After the sun had come up, I went outside to see if the bunny had left tracks back to its home and it sure enough had. The rabbit had hopped across the deck right along the hedge and made a sharp turn at the first step and disappeared into a small hole through the snow under the deck. It makes me wonder how many other little creatures are spending the winter safely sheltered from the elements under our deck!

The company for which Don works closes their plant for the week between  
(Continued on page 22)



Hidden in the center of this photo is Mary Beth Driftmier sweeping the snow from the doubled over branches of the fir trees in her backyard.



# New World A-Comin'

## For Brotherhood Month

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Setting:** Make a large banner to hang on the wall. On it, in large letters, have the theme, "New World A-Comin'." Make an arrangement on the altar using a world globe in the center and placing around it a toy plow, a doctor's stethoscope, a loaf of bread and a science book.

**Call to Worship:** "Peace is mine at last!" The world has cried and watched in horror the tide of war machines and men creep over tranquil sands again. "Peace is mine at last," the world might say when peoples of all nations kneel as one and pray.

**Solo:** "Let There Be Peace on Earth"

**Prayer:** Spirit of the Living God, our God, our Light Divine, be with us in this hour we pray. Descend to this troubled, warped, old world and make it Thine today. Fill it with love and joy and understanding, with good will and with peace, until the whole world may know Thy love has come to dwell in human hearts, and strife and prejudice shall cease. Teach us to utter caring, healing words of love and truth which all may hear—a language all peoples understand when love speaks, loud and clear. Then every age and race and nation, Lord, will blend their creeds in one and we, on earth, will form one brotherhood. Let this, Thy will be done. Amen.

**Scripture:** composite reading of Leviticus 25:35-36, Romans 12:9-10 and 1 John 3:11.

**Meditation:** There's a NEW WORLD A-COMIN'. No matter how firmly we have resisted changes in our world, changes have come. Are we going to keep on resisting, hanging on for dear life to the old world that was, or are we going to pitch in and vigorously work to make this new world a-comin' a better one, a world of true brotherhood?

NEW WORLD A-COMIN'—a world where peace must be possible because nuclear weapons have made war unthinkable. Recently I read something that put it in a nutshell. I quote: "The ability to destroy ourselves, because we have the power to destroy others, must turn our thoughts to the causes of war and how to eliminate them."

NEW WORLD A-COMIN'—a world that has suddenly become small and interdependent. Our modern communi-

cations have brought the world to our very own doorstep. We know in this new world of today we have all of the technology, the skills and the money to bring an end, or at least radically reduce, the wrongs and ills of mankind. This new world is demanding that we do some things about this. It is not an age to sit back and study, and discuss and sympathize without *doing* anything.

Yes, a NEW WORLD A-COMIN' and it is up to us to do all we can to help see that the changes are the right ones; the ones that bring about the world brotherhood of which we have sung, talked, written and prayed for. It is time for action, for us to make it happen.

**Reading:** (Have copies of these words made so all may join. Soft music may be played in the background.)

1. Let all the world in every corner pray  
For brotherhood.

It matters not that we,  
Of different races be,  
Love changes all you see,

Let all the earth in every corner pray  
For brotherhood.

2. Let all the world in every corner pray  
For brotherhood.

Let every person shout,  
We will not be shut out,  
Love's what it's all about.

Let all the world in every corner pray  
For brotherhood.

**Leader:** Instead of our usual friendship circle, with everyone facing to the center, let us form a circle facing outward, symbolizing our desire to look beyond our community and country. Let us pray:

Heavenly Father, we pray for our world, the people we know who are close to us, and also those whom we do not know by name and who live far from us. Each of them is a child of Thine, a brother to us. Yet grant, O Father, that just because we ask Thy help and blessings for them, we not believe Thou wilt not use us as instruments of Thy peace and Thy love. Teach us to serve Thee willingly in the spirit of true brotherhood. Amen.

No society, no matter how affluent, can deliver more to its people than the people produce.

## IN ALL DIRECTIONS

### Suggestions for Scout Honor Month

Whether it be a banquet or an "Honors" night party to recognize Scouting in your community, take your theme from the weather vane. Combine all of the opportunities that Scouting offers using "directions" as the main idea.

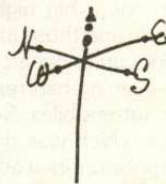
Use weather vanes as centerpieces. Various styles of vanes can be cut from cardboard or thin sheets of styrofoam. Weather vane shapes can also be made by bending wire coat hangers or copper tubing. The Scout emblem can be glued to the centers of certain weather vane shapes. The cardboard or styrofoam vanes might be painted in the blue and gold Scout colors.

To each weather vane, attach a small placard on which is printed one of the experiences or opportunities offered by Scouting—educational opportunities, religious experiences, moral character training, family enrichment, development of useful skills, outdoor experiences, development of hobbies, experiences in leadership training, self-discipline, volunteer leadership training, world fellowship, ecumenical outreach, developing self-esteem, to name some you might include.

Set each weather vane on a large circle cut from blue paper. Lay a gold cord around the outside edge, using a Scout knot in tying the cord at the front side.

Make miniature weather vanes for decorating the nut cups by twisting blue or gold chenille-covered wire into vane shapes. Glue the direction letters (N, E, S, W), cut from white construction paper, at the ends of the direction arms. Staple a weather vane to each nut cup. If program booklets are used, a weather vane may be drawn on the cover.

Speeches given should center around the "directions" theme, and Scouting experiences.



## COVER PICTURE

One of David Driftmier's students snapped this photograph at John Frederick's first birthday party. David's and Sophie's faces show their delight, but it must be said that Johnny felt just a bit shy of the forty students in the room. To Johnny's credit, though, he cried only once for a short moment, although many students took turns holding him. (David gives more details of the party in his letter.)



## FREDERICK'S

## LETTER



Dear Friends:

On a cold, clear night when the moon is high and the winds are calm, we can hear Rudi calling us from the narrows where the river enters the bay. You remember who Rudi is, don't you? He is the lost goose who, for a period of several months, was adopted by a pair of mute swans. Ross and Rozetta (the swans) were on their honeymoon at the time, and their adoption of Rudi was the big topic of conversation amongst all of us in the boating fraternity. Who ever heard of swans adopting a white goose, and while on their honeymoon at that!

Most of the swans have gone now that the bitter cold of winter is here, and poor Rudi is one lonely goose tagging along behind the flocks of wild ducks which inhabit the wetland on either side of our house. His calling woke me last night, and I found myself feeling sorry for him. The farm where he belongs is only a quarter of a mile from here, but stupid Rudi doesn't know his way there. When Ross and Rozetta return from their winter trip, they will have no more to do with Rudi. The swans will be staking out their territory for their expected family, and all of their instincts will be to keep lost geese and all other fowl at a good distance.

David and Sophie found much pleasure in their showing little John Frederick all the wild birds around our home. What a good time all of us had over the Christmas-New Year holiday season. For the Calgary Driftmiers to fly to New England for Christmas was a dream come true!! Some of the happiest Christmases Betty and I ever had were the ones when Mary Lea and Vincent could have their children with us, and now that David and Sophie have brought their child to be with us for an extended mid-winter visit, our cup of happiness runneth over.

I am sure you have observed that whenever a dream comes true, there always is another dream to take its place. So it is with us. The dream we hold now is for both Mary Lea's family and David's family to spend the Christmas holidays with us next winter.

Whenever I would have the opportunity to visit my family back in Iowa, my mother would always have some of my favorite foods—big sugar cookies, fresh bread and rolls, breaded pork chops, and lima beans baked in cream! When David came home this winter, his mother saw to it that he got his favorite foods—steamed clams and boiled lobster! We



**Frederick Driftmier is shown visiting with a group of Cub Scouts. The Scouts came to Frederick's and Betty's to observe and to learn about the swans and waterfowl which inhabit the wetland near the Driftmiers' Pawcatuck, Connecticut, home.**

didn't give little John Frederick any clams, but he did get a taste of lobster. From the very first, that young boy would have nothing to do with baby foods!

The most beautiful thing that has happened since last I wrote to you was having our grandson baptized right here in our house. The baby's godparents were here, and there were other invited guests. I baptized my grandson with the same holy words I used to baptize his father. We had considered the possibility of going back to Springfield, Mass., so that John Frederick could be baptized in the same church where David was baptized, but that did not work out.

David and Sophie had a good opportunity to see Betty and me at work on our volunteer jobs at the Westerly Rhode Island Hospital. One day, I was called to the hospital to work in the snack bar. As David sat at the soda fountain watching me serving coffee, ice cream, soft drinks and sandwiches, I am sure that he could not believe his eyes! His father in a waiter's uniform! When one customer ordered a hot chocolate, I said to David: "Now watch this! I make the best hot chocolates in town. Mine are *really* hot!" One minute later, he saw me dump the hot chocolate onto the counter and all over the floor. The cup simply was too hot for me to hold in my hand! My pride led me to disgrace!

David likes to cook as much as I do, and Sophie is just as patient with his kitchen activities as Betty is with mine. He was particularly anxious to learn how to make the cinnamon bread that I give to all our friends and neighbors several times a year. Do you remember my telling you about this bread two or three years ago? I order the paper-thin Lebanese bread (the kind our Lord Jesus used to eat) from Ghossain's Mid-East Bakery, 2933 Market St., Youngstown, Ohio 44507. The minimum order is for

six packages, with six sheets of bread in each package. Mr. Ghossain includes the bill with the order, and you pay him after you receive the bread. I just brush melted butter over the big sheets of bread, sprinkle on some cinnamon and sugar, and then cut the sheets into pieces. I bake them in the oven for three or four minutes at 375 degrees. Our guests and friends eat piece after piece after piece! I never have known a person to be able to eat just one piece.

When the weather permitted, we took long hikes through the fields and woods and along the ocean beaches. I do that kind of hiking every day when I take our neighbor's little Welsh Corgi for his exercise. The cute little fellow knows all the trails by heart, and he got as much pleasure showing David and Sophie where to go as did I. We timed our hikes for those parts of the day when the hunters were not out in force. Game preserves are not safe for the pleasure hikers early or late in the day.

The duck hunting season ended just after the first of the year, and for that we are so grateful. How annoyed I get when I see hunters sitting out in the middle of the river waiting for "my" wild ducks to arrive for their morning and evening feeding. The middle of the river is the Rhode Island-Connecticut border. The law does not permit the Rhode Island hunters to come one foot closer. All hunters must be at least 500 feet from the nearest house.

The law did not keep some very evil hunters from shooting ducks that were eating right at the edge of our lawn only fifty feet from the house! To make matters worse, the men shot their guns from their cars. That too is against the law. They shot *sitting* ducks; and, while there is no law against it, no true sportsman would ever do such a dastardly thing. When I heard the shots, I rushed out of the house, but on each of the three occasions, I got there just in time to see a man jump into his car while carrying several dead ducks. Off the car sped before I could get the license number.

Betty and I get up very early in the morning. You might say that we live on a farmer's schedule—early to bed and early to rise. For us, "early in the morning" means five o'clock. It always is my job to run downstairs and turn up the thermostat, and as I do that, I look out the windows to see what kind of a sunrise we are about to have. Our winter sunrises are absolutely spectacular, and, considering how close to the ocean we are, we have an unusually high number of days with skies clear enough to make the sunrise visible. More often than not, I call up the stairs to Betty with the greeting: "Betty! Look out the east windows at the sunrise. It is another beauty!"

Can you imagine how beautiful it is  
(Continued on page 20)





## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The sun is absolutely blasting in my south windows! It is hard to believe that just yesterday it was grey and cold. This is just our unpredictable "sunbelt" weather behaving in its normal fashion. I am glad to have the current blast of sunshine. When this letter is finished, I'll try to get outside to do a little yard work. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to find a crocus or two starting to come up. In another month some of my early bulbs should be in bloom. Enough winter! Bring on spring!

This month I am going to try another "Friendship Cake." I can't thank all of you enough for sitting down, copying the recipes, and sending them to me. The interesting thing was that all of the recipes—except for one—were basically the same. Almost everyone agreed that the cake should take thirty days, not two weeks. Also, the starters all contained chunks of fruit. The cake I made did not have any fruit in the starter. Another big difference is that my cake did not call for a cake mix. It was strictly "from scratch." As I said, one recipe that I received did not have fruit in the starter. Yeast was used to cause the fermentation. I suspect that this was the "secret" starter I used. At any rate, I am anxious to give the "fruity" version a try. The recipe sounds just terrific. At the same time I'll make up some of the yeast base starter to see if that is the one I used the first time.

All of this sounds like a lot of time in the kitchen. I like my kitchen, but as noted in previous letters, the wiring is antique and I need more cupboard space. I like to experiment with new cooking techniques and cuisines, and it seems that both of these areas of endeavor require new gadgets and pans. My counter space is shrinking as my collection of kitchen equipment grows. Right now I am toying with the idea of doing something to my kitchen. We'll see if anything materializes. I have heard so many tales from people who have gone through kitchen remodeling that I've about reached the conclusion that one must be truly desperate to tackle that kind of project.

On the other hand, sometimes the simplest job turns into a *real* project. The last time we had friends stay in our little guest house, the friends reported that the plumbing needed some attention. It had been some time since we had cleaned out the line so we assumed that our huge old cottonwood tree's roots had found their way back into the plumbing. When the plumbers arrived, I explained the problem and they set right to work. I knew we were in trouble when I looked out to see that they had dug in the

wrong place to locate the clean-out for the pipe. We got that straightened out. The next thing I knew there was a knock at the door and the workman was explaining that the pipe reamer had "gotten away from them" and that they would have to dig up our brick patio to find the "snake." Oh dear! Two and a half days later everything was put back together.

At least the guest house is fully operational again. Now anyone can visit and not have to worry about the plumbing. We were hopeful that my mother, Lucile, would be visiting by this time. The weather just has not permitted the long car trip from Iowa to New Mexico. Due to Mother's back problems, the trip can take up to a week. Let's hope that a good week will be coming soon! In the meantime Mother and I keep in touch with each other via the phone and frequent letters.

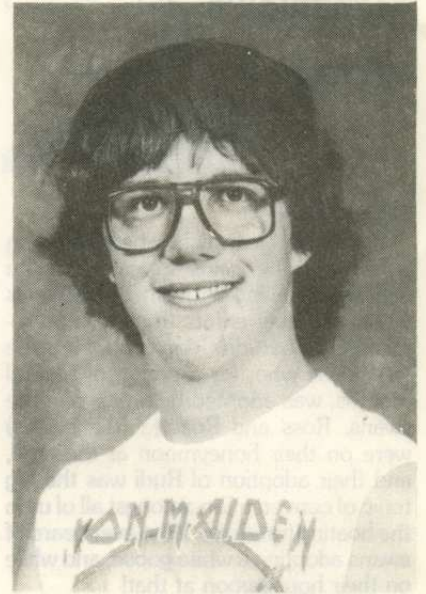
This past Christmas, the Denver Driftmiers—Abigail and Wayne—put together a wonderful letter designed to bring their friends up-to-date with their family's activities. Longtime *Kitchen-Klatter* readers will remember that Abigail, Wayne and their three children moved to Colorado in the 1950s. Due to their extremely busy schedule, Abigail and Wayne have not had time to write a letter for the magazine for some years. I would like to share their Christmas letter with you so that we can all get caught up.

### GREETINGS FROM THE DRIFTMIERS

This year the scene framed by our large glass doors and windows has said "Merry Christmas" for almost as long as the retail stores. A fresh dusting of white powder is covering the remains of Denver's last big snowstorm. Outside one magpie is chasing a squirrel in our big old cottonwood tree while across the way the neighbor's little white poodle is chasing another magpie. Perhaps a last flurry of activity before getting snowed-in again?

Getting snowed-in over Thanksgiving weekend couldn't have been better for us. With the exception of Emily's husband, who was in Asia on a business trip, all of our family was here and the storm prolonged their visits. With quantities of food remaining from our Thanksgiving feast, we just settled in to enjoy family fun a little longer. The family has grown by the addition of two wonderful baby boys since December. Martin Joseph DiCicco surprised Emily and Rich by arriving ahead of schedule in a D.C. blizzard just a year ago. Then in June, Lee Field Walstad arrived to make it a most memorable Father's Day for Alison and Mike. Both babies resemble their fathers with Grandfather Driftmier's dimples added. Both are thriving and their mothers were not long away from their jobs.

Our son Clark has developed into a most valuable addition to our nursery business. His presence has been of



James Lowey, the 15-year-old son of Juliana and Jed Lowey.

great assistance to his father in reducing his workload. However, typical of Wayne, when he gives up responsibilities in one area, he soon takes them on in another. This past summer he accepted the Governor's appointment to the Colorado State Agricultural Commission. The challenge of becoming informed about the other aspects of agriculture besides horticulture is no small one—but very interesting.

The national nursery convention this year was in Montreal; the ten years that had elapsed since we had been there seemed to make that city more beautiful and French than before. From Montreal we flew to London and a reunion with our English exchange student of some years back. Kevin managed as much marvelous sight-seeing and theatrical production as is possible to cram into a long weekend. From London we went to Devon to visit Kevin's parents with whom we had become friends when they explored the western U.S. After enjoying the unique charms of southwest England, we drove north to explore Wales. What a superb trip this was for us!

Just before expecting 1983's spring  
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## ATTENTION

We are sorry if the renewal date is not changed on your **Kitchen-Klatter Magazine**.

Our Graphotype machine is broken—a new part will arrive late January. The renewal dates should be changed by March or April.

Thanks for being patient,  
Hallie



# Robin Writes

LONDON, Dec. 17—At least five people were killed and about 80 injured today when a powerful car bomb exploded amid throngs of Christmas shoppers at Harrods, the famous department store.

Even as I write this, I'm shocked to realize that just a short time after Manny, my parents and I were in London, in fact, in that very department store, Harrods, such a dreadful act of terrorism could occur. That was certainly not the London, we found. We found a reserved, refined, almost serene London. A "proper" London, civilized, and now I realize, quietly brave as I knew it must have been when civilians were dodging bombs during the blitz and "our boys" and theirs were fighting desperately for the same cause during the second world war.

When Manny was scheduled to make a business trip abroad, we decided to pool our air miles and present my parents with a Christmas gift of tickets so that they might accompany us to London. The business trip was canceled, but Manny and I hadn't taken a vacation in over three years, and we decided to go.

Visitors to London may not be able to wangle an invitation to Buckingham Palace for lunch; but anyone can certainly lunch and shop, as we did, where the Queen shops. Certain stores that sell to the Queen are entitled to display the royal arms, but not fly the royal standard.

Before entering the paragon of department stores (Harrods, the very one that was recently bombed), I looked above the elegant display windows and saw dozens of brightly colored coats of arms. Through its long history, Harrods has been a warrant holder to many a crowned head. Henry Charles Harrod's little grocery business on Brompton Road has grown to be the most complete department store in London, possibly in the world. Although four floors of Harrod's building were badly damaged by the bombing, the store's distinctive Christmas lighting display was said to have shone bravely the very night of the daytime explosion.

When I called to tell Juliana we were going to London, ask her what we should see, and if she'd like me to bring her some little thing, her only response was that I MUST go to Harrods. The store's motto *Omnia, Omnibus, Ubique* (Everyone,

Everything, Everywhere) sums up Harrod's unique position of stocking everything under one roof. The food halls are second to none. The walls are covered with wonderful Moorish-style tiles depicting various edibles. These halls, found on the first floor, are internationally renowned with 17 departments in all. Of course, other floors offer fashions, china, glass, houseware, furniture, bedding, sporting goods, and books. Even with the dollar being so strong, a chartered tour bus caters to Americans. (We didn't take that particular tour.) If you don't wish to buy, you can browse at your leisure without being pestered.

Our only London purchase was at Fortnum and Mason on Piccadilly, where we found some English biscuits to bring home for tea. The employees of this store are dressed in red morning coats. They are the grocers and provision merchants to Her Majesty the Queen.

Two other stores of consequence are Selfridges and Liberty which stand imposingly Elizabethan on Regent Street. It's a Tudor-style building, wrapped present-like with a bright red Christmas ribbon and bow.

I'm sure the city remains, visually at its best before and on Christmas; it sparkles and gleams during November and December. The colors of Christmas are supposed to be red and green, but the color of London on a late pre-Christmas night is white. The best of all the Christmas decorations are tiny sparkling white lights that have the effervescence of wee bubbles and the delicacy of fine lace. The lights cover the trees and shops of Oxford Street, Regent, Piccadilly, Old and New Bond Streets, and Trafalgar Square.

Even in the winter, Trafalgar Square is a favorite meeting place for people and a gathering place for pigeons. In the sun, the fountains, designed by Sir Edward Lutyens in 1948, sparkle and spray water lightly over the pavement, and provide a dipping place for pigeons. At night the fountains create a more dramatic mood when they are floodlit. Before Christmas the square becomes a shimmering forest of white lights that is accented by Norway's gift of the immense fir tree. Each year Norway sends a fir tree to show their gratitude for the hospitality England extended to the Norwegian Royal Family during the last war. All is utterly breathtaking.

There is something about the tiny white lights that seems right for a London Christmas. They are celebratory and joyous; but at the same time, they are discreet and formal, in just the right sort of civilized mix.

We did travel to Stratford-upon-Avon and to Oxford, but London, itself, is a wonderful place to visit when you have only a few days. History is everywhere.



Manny & Robin Justiz tour London.

You are in a foreign country but can speak the language. After walking down Oxford Street and through the maze of circles (called circuses) and then through the shadowy twisted alleys and the narrow cobbled lanes, I felt that we were exploring that part of London portrayed so vividly in Dickens and Thackeray.

Some of the city's fog is gone—pollution controls and the demise of the coal fire have taken care of that—but some of this remains in London, in many respects, much like described by Dickens. We enjoyed a gourmet dinner (our only truly good meal) at a charming pub called The Grenadier where a ghost is said to live. To get there and back, we splashed through rain puddles on cobblestones in the alley-like mews.

And still it is the serenity of London that is so startling to me—the ability of the city, no matter how frantic the moment, to seem so controlled and comforting. However, London is far too big and far too busy to be called tranquil, but it is orderly in a way most cities are not; it has a certain way of looking and presenting itself that speak of self-assurance. It certainly has been a city of change and growth, yet nothing seems to have shaken its basic solidity—not even World War II.

It is no accident that in London the taxis are black and spacious, cheap and safe—that the beloved double-decker buses are red—that telephone booths look like tiny red conservatories—that both bobbies, and chestnuts roasting on an open fire can be found on every street corner—and the names of streets are marked on large, clear plaques. It is no accident that unseasoned travelers, such as we, were able to take the wrong train only once as we rushed underneath the city on "The Tube." These consistent and carefully wrought details could only be a part of a civilized city.

There seems to be a commitment throughout London to an orderly

(Continued on page 18)





## ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

Before we are too far into this new year, I would like to take the opportunity to wish each of you health, happiness, and prosperity in 1984. As I look back to the year just passed, I am especially thankful for all the blessings bestowed upon me—a wonderful husband, a lovely daughter, the birth of our precious baby boy, and the love of a warm and caring family and our many good friends with whom to share these joys.

Mike, Lily, Lee, and I were fortunate to have spent the holidays with our families this year. It has been difficult for us to leave our home for any period of time because of the demands imposed on me by my kennel business. The constant care of animals requires such dedication, and until recently I have always felt that, in my absence, no one could look after them with the proper devotion necessary. However, I now have a new "right-hand woman," a lovely lady by the name of Lynda, who lives on a small farm just a few miles from us. She fills my shoes very well when I'm gone, and I have scarcely a worry when she's in charge.

Therefore, when my mother, Abigail Driftmier, phoned and said my sister, Emily, and brother, Clark, would be in Denver for Thanksgiving, I was more than tickled to make our arrangements for a Colorado holiday. With the three of us children scattered to the four winds, I try to make a reunion whenever possible.

It was so delightful for us to be together. Our three-year-old Lily and Emily's three-year-old Stephen made a cute pair together. I could write a book on all their precious questions, responses, and whims, but I won't bore you with all that! Since childhood, my cousins have always had a special place in my heart, and I hope it will be this way for our children as well.

During the Denver visit, Lee had just turned five months old, and that was a terrific age to take him visiting to Granny and Grandpa's house. He was really a little angel, and spent his time cooing, gooing, and grinning—always right on cue! At that particular age, it seems babies love everybody and are willing to giggle at strangers or any face that happens to look their way. I'm sure in a few more months Lee will not want to be held by anyone but his mommy—certainly a frustrating stage for any grandparent to endure.

Often on these cold winter days, I like to warm my heart by thinking back to the



Alison Walstad and her friend, Ellie Henke (on the left), dressed in costume and rode sidesaddle in the parade Alison describes in her letter.

wonderful events of last year. One particular memory comes to mind over and over, and it's an episode I had promised to tell you about in my last letter.

First, let me preface the story by telling you that Mike and I are "Old West" buffs. This simply means that we enjoy our rich Western heritage, and we like to study, collect, visit, and even occasionally recreate Old West history. One such opportunity takes place annually in Lincoln, New Mexico. Located just thirty miles from our home, Lincoln is a small ghost town made famous in the 1800's by what is now called the Lincoln County War. The dispute over who was to supply the beef for the hungry soldiers stationed at Ft. Stanton, a short distance away, entailed a battle between the neighboring ranchers. During the skirmish a local cowboy by the name of Billy the Kid was arrested by the sheriff, Pat Garrett. In a daring escape from the Lincoln County Courthouse, Billy fled, and was later shot by Garrett in Ft. Sumner, New Mexico. Ft. Stanton still exists today, as a state institution for the mentally retarded. As many of you know, Mike runs the medical laboratory at this facility.

Each year the historically preserved town of Lincoln recreates the William Bonney capture and escape in a local theatrical production. Produced, directed, and cast by the townspeople, it has been an annual event since the 1940's, and is one of the few plays in the country to be held on the site where the original event occurred. This pageant is held outdoors in a small amphitheater. The old historical structures of the time are recreated with props, and there is a large area in the front to provide a wide path encircling the stage. This permits the actors astride horses to come racing

across center stage during the action scenes.

Mike has never been inclined towards the theater, and I was a little surprised at the zeal with which he accepted an invitation to portray a character. Although Mike had never before appeared in front of an audience, he and his horse, Rudy, took to it like ducks to a pond. We had previously never been able to appreciate the real "ham" in Rudy's character. It was difficult to tell which of the two was really having the best time! Several of Mike's closest friends (and their horses) were also cast in the play, and most recall the event as the highlight of 1983. It's easy to understand why—if you can imagine, this is a childhood dream come true for five men, who just never quite wanted to grow up anyway. They got to dress, act, talk, and live like they imagined life to be in 1880. We all stayed at a lovely restored home on loan to us for the week. It was located some three miles from town, and once situated, all cars were banned. We rode back and forth to town on horseback. Our very dear friends, the Max Scott family joined the group, having brought their carriage and fine grey driving mare to compliment the atmosphere. By the week's end, all of us were convinced we were residents of the 19th century, and were quite miserable at the prospect of facing reality the following Monday morning!

Because of Lee's recent birth, I declined to participate in the play; however, I did partake in the parade through town on the final morning. Both my girlfriend, Ellie, and I dressed in costume and rode SIDESADDLE. Here I have to give some praise to my horse, Peaches. I had acquired my sidesaddle while pregnant and

(Continued on page 20)



## DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Do you remember I told you last November that I had taken up running? I didn't know if I would really be able to keep on running in the winter. Tonight, I am glad to be able to tell you that I have been able to, even in the winter snow; as a result, I have never felt better! In the winter, I also love to go cross-country skiing and ice skating. We are fortunate to live just one block from a free outdoor skating rink. Even so, last winter I got out to exercise mostly on the weekends. This year, I am finding time to go running during the week and also get out on some weekends for the winter sports. The short periods of time invested on weekdays in running have paid off. I can recommend winter running and jogging to anyone.

I was worried, when I started contemplating running in the cold weather, that I might end up having to buy some very expensive jogging clothes in order to keep warm. I didn't know how much such an outfit would cost until I actually looked at the price tags on such garments. The shock of seeing the high prices sent me home to my closet so that I could rummage through some old clothes. I am very happy in my home-made outfit. Necessity is the mother of invention!

Since writing to you last, our son, John, had his first birthday. It was also a first for us. A child's birthday certainly carries a great deal of meaning for his or her parents. On this first birthday of his, we paused to reflect on our growth and development as parents, who just over one year ago were without any experience and a bit anxious about how to do everything we need to do to raise a child. The first birthday tells the parents that they've made it, and of course, they are so happy to have a child survive the first year. No wonder parents never forget their children's birthdays!

A very nice thing happened on John's birthday. Some of the students I teach at school remembered when Johnny was born last year, so they invited Mrs. Driftmier and John to school on the afternoon of his birthday. The students made cupcakes, decorated the room, and sang a very fine rendition of "Happy Birthday to You." It was one of those moments when teaching young people pays you great rewards.

There are many times in my teaching of junior high school students when my faith in mankind is rekindled and I feel hopeful about the future. There are so many gifted, kind and caring individuals among the students of the inner city school where I teach. Everything that we

of the older generations have held as positive and good can be evidenced in the young people today.

At the same time, I have reached the age where I am baffled and amazed by some of the new technology that my students take for granted. Have you seen the new watches that have come on the market in the last year? Students walk into school with earphones plugged into their watches which double as radios. A boy sits in the back of the room. I think that he is leaning over his desk and concentrating on an assignment. No! He is playing a miniature version of Pac-Man, a video game neatly placed in his watch! Another boy sits poking his watch with a pencil. "What are you doing?" I ask.

"I'm doing my math," he says. He's using the mini-calculator on his watch!

Almost all of these watches have alarms that don't ring bells but play at least two or three different popular tunes when the right time is reached. I am sometimes annoyed when one of these watches starts playing a tune or two in the middle of class. Sometimes they go off by accident. Occasionally, too, there has been an added problem, because it is a new watch, and the student doesn't know how to turn it off!

I am not the only one annoyed with the problem. Several weeks ago I heard the comments of a radio newsman who sat through a lecture given in Calgary for a group of oil executives. Suddenly, about four o'clock, a series of different watches started to play different tunes. "Why?" the newsman speculated. Perhaps different ones had to be reminded to pick up some milk on the way home, while others were reminding themselves to call their stock brokers. At any rate, it seems that the speaker became quite annoyed and cut his speech short.

The other day I told my homeroom class that I was quite amazed with their watches. I then showed them mine, an alarm watch that must be wound and has only a little bell that rings at the right moment. I explained that, when I had bought the watch, it was considered to be quite modern. As the students left the room, I heard one girl say to the other, "Boy, he must have been born one hundred years ago!"

Even though I am not one hundred years old, I sometimes look at the new technology, especially computers, and try to understand how these buttons and screens, that are appearing in more and more classrooms and homes, really make an improvement in the way that we live and learn. I do know there are several contributions that the computer can make in the classroom. Students must spell words correctly when giving orders to the computer, or the machine will not understand and simply not respond. In mathematics, students can watch the graphs that they are plotting being made

as they type in the coordinates on the keyboard.

Even though I do see some of the benefits of computerization, I must admit that I had the following experience at a computer workshop that was held here for teachers a short time ago. I sat down in front of a computer that gave me a "basic sentence" with which I could work. On the screen in front of me, I read: **COMPUTERS IN THE CLASSROOM ARE WONDERFUL.**

The leader of the workshop used this basic statement to show us how we could add and delete words, thus changing the words to read something like "Having many computers in the classroom is a wonderful idea." Well, I was compelled to go ahead and punch my keyboard and get it to say this: **CHALK AND SLATES IN THE CLASSROOM ARE WONDERFUL.** After all, with a swipe of the old eraser, can't you add and delete words? Or, can't you do the same thing with pencil and paper? Will the new, very expensive and complex technology change the quality of our students knowledge? Computers are here to stay, but whether you are writing with chalk or pencil, type-writer or computer, the main emphasis must be placed on what is going on in the mind of the writer!

So, these youngsters of ours are heading into a world where technology has made many changes, but where the basic human condition is the same. Many of the students that I have taught over the last few years are very worried about the proliferation of the military, and especially of nuclear weapon, technology. Since I wrote to you last, many of us in Canada and the United States watched the future depicted in the television movie, *The Day After*. When I look at my own son, and indeed, when I think about the future of all of us and the great, naturally beautiful world that we live on, I too am frightened. I wonder what it is that we can do to make our world a safer place. If you have any thoughts on the subject, I would certainly enjoy hearing from you.

Sincerely,  
David



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## An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

As I sit at my dining room table writing to you, Cassie is sitting on a nearby chair doing her "homework," i.e. coloring in a coloring book. She always wants to do what I'm doing. Whenever I have paper-work—and I have lots of it!—she keeps me company doing her simple projects that are dignified by the name of "homework." She keeps her "vacuum cleaner" (a push toy that makes sounds when pushed) in the closet next to mine. "What is she doing?" asked Isabel, the first time she saw Cassie pushing this toy under my feet, getting tangled in my vacuum cleaner cord. "She's vacuuming," I replied solemnly.

Cassie helps me with the laundry. I put the wet clothes on the open dryer door and she pushes them into the dryer. Then she usually shuts the door so that I have to open it again before I can put the next few items of clothing on it. I hope that you are reading this with a smile of recognition on your face. How many years has it been since you had a wonderful toddler "helper" in your house?

Fortunately, everything Cassie does is cute and funny. I say "fortunately" because if I don't react to her antics with an indulgent smile, the only other logical reaction is anger and frustration. She gets in my way, doubles my workload, and worst of all, **SLOWS ME DOWN.** (I'm one of those people who schedules maximum activity in any given time frame.) And I do get angry, but not nearly as often as I enjoy her companionship and efforts to grow and learn. The hardest thing about growing up is realizing that what we do is no longer cute and funny.

(I just told Cassie I was not pleased about her writing with a green marker on my chair arm. She is lying on her blanket on the rug admiring her green-smeared hands.)

I've been reading Vance Packard's latest book, *Our Endangered Children: Growing Up in a Changing World*. He writes often about different aspects of American society, drawing together recent pieces of research, seeing where we've been and defining the directions in which we're going.

("Together . . . together . . ." Cassie chanted a new word as I tried to wash the stains off her hands. "That's a good word," I said.)

This time Vance Packard is describing how the structure and setting of family life have changed tremendously: both parents working, melded families of children from prior marriages, frequent job-related moves. Our arrangements for our children have not kept pace with these changes: e.g. lack of adequate



Mary Lea Palo meets her nephew, John Frederick Driftmier. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Driftmier of Calgary, Canada.

child-care facilities; calling on the schools to socialize and civilize our children for us. In addition, the outside world is no longer pro-child: more and more housing is *adult only*; our society values careers and late—if any—parenting; children are an economic burden falling in popularity behind a new car.

(Cassie just knocked the heavy Packard book off the table and removed my bookmark. I'm glad the book didn't fall on her toes.)

There is, of course, much more to the book; I just pulled a few ideas out. Looking back at the first point about the structure and setting of family life, I find that I must be average. I have one child from a prior marriage, we have moved 5 times in the last 10 years, and I have had a part-time job during most of those 10 years. I know I've made some mistakes. I am very aware of the hazards to the children from the outside world over which I have little control. Vance Packard didn't write anything that was really new to me, although what he writes is thought-provoking. If you are living on a farm that has been in your family for generations, my life and the things Packard is writing about may sound very foreign. But I doubt it.

Who has not had children move far away from home? Who has not spent some time wondering if the growing popularity of video games is a good or bad thing? Who has not worried about the safety of a child or grandchild who is left alone for some part of the day, or who has not worried about her own safety on the street in the presence of a group of teenagers? Who, in short, has not been affected by the changes in our society?

(Cassie refused to eat the food she

pulled out of the refrigerator and asked me to make for lunch. We compromised: I ate part of her lunch and she's eating an apple.)

I think it's important to acknowledge that there are many problems to be faced in raising children today. But I think it's equally important to have a positive attitude about it. The same things that made good family life in the past do so now: parents have to find ways to get involved in their children's lives. Time may be at a premium, but sharing it should be the top priority. Benefits can come from sharing time within the context of a larger community, such as a Scout troop or 4-H group.

Two ceremonies have impressed me tremendously. One is the baptismal ceremony as it is currently practiced in the Catholic church (and in many Protestant denominations as well). At the same time that the baby is welcomed into the church family, and his parents are charged with their responsibility to raise him in the faith, the whole congregation is invited to renew their statement of faith and charged to support the parents of the baby in their role. The ceremony fosters a real feeling of community and commitment in all present. The other impressive ceremony is the "enemy way" as practiced by the Navajos. In this 3-day (and night) rite, all of a person's friends and clan members gather to support the work of the medicine man as he rids the patient of the evil afflicting his life. It provides an opportunity for all to renew their cultural heritage; and who wouldn't feel better just knowing that many people cared about him?

It is easier to create a feeling of community in a small town than in a big city, but when the feeling is there, it does make a difference. I hope all of you know the warmth of community support. I hope you are community to someone else.

Cassie, who wouldn't take a nap, has fallen asleep on the rug holding her blanket. There's just time to clean up two meals worth of dishes in the kitchen before Chris and Isabel come home from school.

Sincerely,

Mary Lea

### MANUSCRIPTS:

Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* (Shenandoah, Iowa 51601) 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.





## *His & Her Party*

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Leap year and Valentine's Day offer the perfect combination for a special "His and Her" or "Mr. and Mrs." party. The men will receive the invitations which tell them that their wives (or date or lady friend, as case may be) will be escorting them to this party since it is leap year. In the case of unmarrieds, such as a youth group at church, just to say that his "party partner" will be coming to escort him, will include an element of surprise for more fun.

### INVITATIONS

For the front cover of the invitation, use a heart-shaped lace paper doily. Cut a slightly larger heart from red construction paper. Write the following verse on the red heart with a white marker or pen: The twenty-ninth is almost here, The extra day that makes leap year. On this day things are turned askew, And so your wife (or maiden) will call for you.

She'll bring you to this home of ours, Where valentines and hearts and flowers Will help to while the time away, 'Til farewells are said to end the day. Then you must take the maiden (or good wife) home,

For leap year sprites can no longer roam. (Give time, location, and sign name.)

Tie the lacy and red hearts together at the top with a red ribbon bow.

### DECORATIONS

Decorate the party rooms lavishly with hearts—red and pink paper hearts, lacy hearts, pink- and red-checked gingham hearts and quilted hearts (made from quilted material). Some of these decorations may be used as take-home favors after the party.

*My Sweetheart Centerpiece:* This is an edible decoration. Make up your favorite recipe for fudge and pour it into a heart-shaped cake pan to harden. When cold and set, slide it from the pan onto a cardboard heart-shaped base. Use the cake pan for a pattern to cut the base, then cover with foil. Using a knife, slide lace paper heart doilies (cut in half) between the candy and the cardboard base to form a lacy edging. Use a cake decorator filled with white or pink icing to write an appropriate inscription on the heart. Make a fluting around the outer edges. This candy centerpiece might be offered as a door prize, or eaten as part

of the refreshments, if desired.

Perhaps you have saved a heart-shaped candy box. This could be used as a centerpiece by filling it with pink or red silk roses.

### ENTERTAINMENT

As guests arrive, if convenient, it would be fun to have them go to separate rooms to remove their wraps. Reverse the usual order of things so that the men enter a room where there is a dressing table covered with a big array of perfumes, combs, creams, pins, powder puffs, curling iron, eye makeup, etc. There might even be a handsome young man in cap and apron waiting to act as dressing room attendant!

By contrast, the women are ushered to a dressing room which is severe and plain, without fancy toilet articles—maybe one small mirror and a comb and a pair of military brushes.

*Clip the Heart:* A wire or heavy cord is strung up across the room and from it paper hearts are hung at different heights. Each girl is blindfolded and turned around several times. She is given a pair of scissors in one hand and the end of a three-foot string in the other. Her partner holds the other end of the string. Then her partner tries to guide her to a heart by pulling on the string and she tries to clip down a heart. Three attempts might be allowed to clip the heart before another couple tries it. If crowd is large, two couples might play at same time.

*Poetic Valentines:* Beforehand cut valentines into four parts each (as many valentines as there will be foursomes at your party). Hide the pieces about the room. To play the game, the players hunt for one piece and then try to match up with three other players until they have their valentine assembled. Then they take paper and pencil and compose a four-line love poem. These are then read aloud.

*What's My Line?:* Each guest is given a slip of paper on which is written a number and an occupation or activity. The trick will be that the women are given what are thought of as more masculine activities (tying a tie, barbering, sawing wood, playing football, etc.) while the men are given slips listing sewing a dress, mixing bread, doing embroidery work, applying makeup, etc. The leader announces that whenever a number is

called, the person with that number must stand and pantomime his activity or occupation until someone guesses what it is.

*Rhyming Hearts:* Players are seated in a circle. One player begins game by saying to person on the right, "Where is my heart?" That player might say, "My heart is in the valley green." The first player must now add a line that rhymes as, "Prettiest valley ever seen." The second player now follows same procedure with player to his or her right and so on around the circle. Be sure players speak out clearly so all may hear the rhymes.

### FEBRUARY

by  
Luci Dannar

February is such a neat little month isolated between long January and March. Yet, it has so much to offer and is sometimes overlooked. Think about the four days we concentrate on during this month—meditate on what they mean to you.

First, we have Groundhog Day on the second of February. The weathermen always look to this small furry creature as a warning or a blessing. If he sees his shadow on this day, BEWARE! We will have six weeks of severe weather. If not, we will have mild days until spring. This truly has not been documented, but still we always watch the weather on this day.

The twelfth brings us fond memories of the stories we learned in school about the tall, stately man in black from Illinois. Our sixteenth president, Abraham Lincoln will always be remembered for his honesty and the great things he did for our country.

Ah, the love and tenderness we express to our loved ones on the fourteenth, Valentine's Day. At our house it was dubbed "Valenheart's Day" by our last-born daughter, and that is what it has become. When valentines arrive, they are often signed "Happy Valenheart's Day." Maybe you could surprise a favorite person this year by remembering them on this day of "love." It is really true what we sing, "What the world needs now is love, sweet love."

Lastly, we have George Washington's birthday on the twenty-second. What a wonderful time to treat your family to a hot cherry cobbler and hang out the flag—maybe even fill the house with the music of our country. The Father of Our Land is a very special person.

So fly the flag, open a can of cherries, express love to your family and friends . . . enjoy this often forgotten month. Show a little love in FEBRUARY!







# Recipes

## CHERRY CRUNCH COFFEECAKE

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/3 cup nuts
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1 can cherry pie filling

Mix first four ingredients (the brown sugar, 2 Tbls. flour, 2 Tbls. butter and nuts) and set aside for topping.

Beat eggs until very light and thick. Gradually add granulated sugar. Beat well after each addition. Stir in melted, but not hot, butter. Sift together the 1 1/2 cups flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately to the egg mixture with the milk. Beat until smooth. Spread half of this batter in a greased 9-inch square pan. Mix the cherry flavoring with the cherry pie filling and spoon over the batter in the pan. Cover with remaining batter. Sprinkle with topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes.

—Mary Lea

## BROCCOLI-NUT CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 3/4 cup chopped peanuts or cashews
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 medium onion, chopped (or 1 1/2 tsp. dehydrated)
- 1 cup grated sharp cheese
- 1/3 stick butter or margarine
- 2 cups bread crumbs

Cook broccoli according to package directions; drain. Combine broccoli with the soup, mayonnaise and nuts. Add the eggs and onion and blend well. Spoon mixture into a greased 2-qt. casserole. Sprinkle the cheese on top.

Melt the butter or margarine and toss with the bread crumbs. Scatter over top of cheese. Place in 350-degree oven for 30 to 35 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

—Dorothy

## CRUNCHY CHEESERONI

- 2 cups uncooked macaroni
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 can tomato soup, undiluted
- 1 can mushroom or celery soup, undiluted
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 2 cups Colby cheese, cubed
- 1 can French-fried onions

Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Brown ground beef; drain. Mix the macaroni, ground beef, soups, green pepper and pimiento together. Place half of the mixture in a greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with half of the cheese and half of the onions. Top with remaining macaroni mixture, then with the rest of the cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Remove from oven and top with the remaining onions; bake 5 minutes longer. Freezes well.

—Verlene

## SOFT FLUFFY CUSTARD

- 2 cups whole milk
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/4 cup cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Put milk and cream in a heavy saucepan; add the sugar and salt. Over very low heat, scald. It will take several minutes.

In a separate bowl, make a paste of the egg yolks, flour, and 1 cup of the scalded mixture (cooled slightly). I make the paste using my electric mixer so it is especially smooth—no lumps. Add to the remaining scalded mixture and continue to cook over very low heat until it reaches the consistency of a very thick custard. Continue to stir with a whisk as you cook over medium to low heat. This will take some time too.

In a separate bowl, beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into the cooked custard along with the nutmeg and flavoring. Serve immediately or store in refrigerator. May be kept overnight in refrigerator.

—Emily DiCicco

## HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

- 4 egg yolks
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 drops Tabasco sauce
- 1 generous Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 stick butter
- 1 1/2 tsp. Dijon-type mustard

Put egg yolks in heavy-bottomed saucepan and beat. Stir in the salt, Tabasco sauce, lemon juice and flavoring. Place over very low heat. Cook, stirring constantly with a wire whisk until thick. Add butter piece by piece, stirring constantly as each piece melts. Lastly, add mustard and heat for just a moment. Delicious served on vegetables, fish or chicken.

—Katharine Driftmier

## HOT OLIVE PUFFS

- 2 cups grated sharp cheese
- 6 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup flour, sifted
- 1/2 tsp. salt (or less)
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 48 stuffed olives

Blend the cheese with butter. Stir in flour, salt and paprika. Wrap 1 tsp. of cheese dough around each stuffed olive, completely covering olive. Freeze on cookie sheet, then put in freezer bag.

To serve, take out desired number and bake on an ungreased cookie sheet at 400 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes until golden brown. Serve warm.

—Verlene

## RED BEANS

- 1 lb. small red beans
- 4 slices bacon, chopped
- 1 to 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/2 medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup tomato catsup
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 tsp. Tabasco pepper sauce
- Pinch of thyme

1/2 cup diced ham, or 1 ham bone, or any leftover ham

Wash beans. Cover beans with water and let set overnight. When ready to cook, drain off the water. In a heavy pot, cook the bacon, garlic and onion until soft. Add the beans, catsup, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, Tabasco sauce and thyme. Cover generously with fresh cold water. Simmer for an hour. Mash a small amount of the beans (to help thicken the sauce) and return to pot with the ham or ham bone. Cook slowly for 2 to 3 hours, or until beans are tender and the sauce is thick and creamy.

Red beans and rice is a New Orleans specialty, often served on Mondays. Serve the beans with lots of fluffy rice, and put the bottle of Tabasco sauce right on the table for extra zest. I always fry slices of smoked sausage in a little butter to have with these dishes. This meal disappeared fast at my house! —Mary Lea



**SIMPLE CHILI**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 16-oz. can (2 cups) tomatoes, cut into pieces
- 1 16-oz. can red kidney beans
- 1 16-oz. can chili beans
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 to 2 tsp. chili powder

In a heavy skillet cook meat and onion until brown. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Serves 4 to 6. Recipe may be doubled. —Hallie

**EGG CASSEROLE**

- 3 cans cream of celery or mushroom soup
- 1/2 lb. grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 lb. grated Gouda cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 clove garlic, mashed
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1/4 tsp. marjoram
- 1/4 tsp. basil
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 18 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 1/4 lb. bacon, cooked and crumbled
- 2 cups bread crumbs

Heat soup. Add the cheeses and stir until melted. Add the seasonings. Pour a layer of soup mixture into a greased 3-quart baking dish. Alternate layers of sliced cooked eggs, bacon, bread crumbs and soup mixture until all are used. End with bread crumbs on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes until sauce is bubbly. Serves 10 to 12.

—Juliana

**FILLED PEANUT BUTTER CUPCAKES**

- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup semisweet real chocolate bits

Cream peanut butter and margarine until smooth. Gradually add sugar, mixing well. Stir in eggs and flavorings and beat well. Combine the flour, baking powder and salt. Add flour mixture to batter alternately with the milk.

Grease (or use cupcake liners) muffin pan. Place a heaping tablespoonful of batter in each cup. Make a well in batter and put 8 to 10 chocolate bits in well. Cover with another spoonful of batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes about 18 cupcakes. May be frosted with a chocolate or peanut butter icing. —Dorothy

**PINEAPPLE-CHERRY CHEESECAKE**

- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 1 2-layer size pineapple cake mix
- 1 cup water
- 1 20-oz. can cherry pie filling

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a 9- by 13-inch pan. Cream 1 1/2 packages of the cream cheese until soft and fluffy. Gradually add sugar, flavoring and 1 egg. Beat well. Spread evenly in pan.

Blend pineapple cake mix with remaining cream cheese, 2 eggs and the 1 cup water. Beat for 4 minutes at medium speed. Spoon over cheese mixture. Bake 40 to 50 minutes. Cool 5 minutes. Remove from pan and cool completely. To serve, spoon cherry pie filling over cake.

—Donna Nenneman

**SAVORY PEAS**

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 1/2 cups thinly sliced celery
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- 2 Tbls. hot water
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- Pinch of thyme
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley

Melt butter or margarine. Add onion and celery and saute for about 5 minutes until onion is golden brown. Add the peas, hot water, salt, pepper and thyme. Cover and simmer for 6 to 8 minutes. Add the Worcestershire sauce and parsley, mix lightly and serve. —Dorothy

**LAMB STEW (Microwave Recipe)**

- 1 lb. cubed boneless lamb
- 1 pkg. brown gravy mix (dry)
- 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup apple cider
- 3 medium carrots, cut into 1/2-inch pieces
- 2 stalks celery, cut into 1/2-inch pieces
- 3 medium potatoes, peeled and cut into 1-inch cubes

Combine lamb and gravy mix. Place in 2 1/2-qt. glass casserole. Microwave on high for 5 minutes, uncovered. Stir in the remaining ingredients, cover, and microwave on high for 20 minutes. Stir occasionally. Could also be made with pork. —Robin

**HEAVENLY HAMBURGER**

- 1 lb. ground beef
  - 2 Tbls. butter
  - 1/2 clove garlic, minced
  - 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. sugar
  - Dash of pepper
  - 1 8-oz. pkg. noodles
  - 6 green onions, chopped
  - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
  - 1 cup sour cream
  - 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- Brown beef in butter; add garlic, tomato sauce, salt, sugar and pepper. Cook noodles as directed on package and drain. Combine onions (tops too), cream cheese and sour cream. Alternate beef mixture, noodles and cream cheese mixture in layers in greased casserole. Top with Cheddar cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serves 6. —Donna Nenneman

**SUNDAY SALAD**

- 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1 #3 can crushed pineapple
  - 1 3-oz. pkg. orange or lemon gelatin
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
  - 1 cup boiling water
  - 1/2 cup grated longhorn cheese
  - 1 cup chopped nuts
  - 1 small carton whipped topping
- Boil sugar and pineapple together for 3 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Stir the two mixtures together and chill until partially set. Stir in flavoring, cheese, nuts and whipped topping. Spoon into an 8- by 10-inch dish, or a mold. Diced green and red candied cherries add color. —Hallie

**BROWNEO OATMEAL COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 1/2 cups rolled oats
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Brown margarine in a heavy skillet until light brown. Add the shortening and rolled oats. Stir constantly until oats are toast colored. Remove from heat and cool thoroughly.

Sift the cinnamon, soda, flour and salt together. Set aside. In a separate bowl, cream the brown sugar, egg and flavorings. Add the flour mixture and oats mixture. Blend well. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes a crispy, delicious cookie. —Dorothy



### MARGERY'S NO-EGG APPLESAUCE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 3/4 cups sweetened applesauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup raisins

Grease the bottom of an 8- or 9-inch square baking pan. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Combine the butter or margarine, applesauce and flavorings in a saucepan. Place over medium heat and heat until butter is melted (stir occasionally). Remove from heat and stir in the rest of the ingredients. Spread in prepared pan. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or topping. —Dorothy



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| <b>Banana</b>                 | <b>Mint</b>         |
| <b>Almond</b>                 | <b>Black Walnut</b> |
| <b>Coconut</b>                | <b>Burnt Sugar</b>  |
| <b>Cherry</b>                 | <b>Maple</b>        |
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### COCOA-BANANA BREAD

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 1/2 cups mashed bananas (about 3)
- 1 1/2 cups flaked wheat cereal
- 1/2 cup margarine or butter, softened
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Stir together the flour, baking powder, soda, salt and cocoa. Set aside. In a small mixing bowl, stir together the mashed bananas and cereal. Let stand two to three minutes or until cereal is softened. In a large mixing bowl, beat the margarine or butter and sugar until well blended. Add eggs and the butter flavoring. Beat well. Stir in the cereal mixture and the flour mixture. Spread batter evenly in a greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pan. Bake in 350-degree oven for about one hour or until wooden pick inserted near center comes out clean. Cool 10 minutes before removing from pan, then cool completely on wire rack. Drizzle with a thin glaze made from powdered sugar and water.

You may add 1/2 cup of chopped nuts to the batter if you wish. —Mary Lea

### SPINACH MEATBALL SOUP

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and squeezed
- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1/3 cup dry seasoned bread crumbs
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. oil
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 7 cups water
- 8 beef bouillon cubes
- 1 1-lb. can stewed tomatoes
- 1 1-lb. can kidney beans, undrained
- 1/2 tsp. dried oregano
- 1/2 tsp. basil
- 1 cup sliced carrots
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 1 cup uncooked elbow macaroni
- 1 small jar marinated artichoke hearts, chopped (optional)

Combine the spinach, ground beef, bread crumbs, egg, salt and pepper. Shape into 1-inch balls. Place the oil in large Dutch oven and brown the meatballs on all sides. When brown, remove balls from pan and set aside.

To the drippings in pan, add onion and saute it lightly. Add the water, bouillon cubes, tomatoes, beans, oregano and basil. Simmer for 10 minutes. Add the carrots and celery and simmer again for 10 minutes. Add the macaroni and artichokes and simmer 10 minutes. Add the meatballs and simmer 10 minutes longer.

—Juliana

### CHERRY MACAROONS

- 1 1/2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup flour, unsifted
- 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

36 red or green candied cherries  
Combine the rolled oats, coconut, nuts and flour in a bowl. In a saucepan, combine the brown sugar, butter, honey and flavoring. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Pour over the first mixture in bowl and blend well. Grease small muffin cups (1 3/4-inch). Press one level tablespoon of dough into each muffin cup. Top each with a cherry. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes, or until brown. Cool 10 minutes in pan. Remove macaroons from pan onto rack to cool. Cool completely. Makes 36 macaroons.

—Dorothy

### RASPBERRY-APPLESAUCE SALAD

- 1 1-lb. can thick, smooth applesauce (or 2 cups)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup lemon-lime carbonated beverage

Heat applesauce to boiling. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into pan and chill until firm.

—Dorothy

### ORANGE-YOGURT BUNDT CAKE

- 1 cup butter, softened
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 8-oz. carton plain yogurt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 3/4 cups all-purpose flour, sifted before measuring
- 1/4 cup orange juice

In large bowl with an electric mixer, cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time, beating well each time one is added. Add flavorings. In small bowl, combine the yogurt and soda. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the flour. (Begin and end with the flour.) Lastly, stir in the orange juice. Bake in a buttered 10-cup bundt pan or an angel food cake pan in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 50 minutes, or until cake tests done. Cool in pan on rack for 40 minutes, then turn out on plate. Finish cooling completely, then drizzle a powdered sugar glaze over cake.



## WINTER FUN WITH WINDOW GARDENS

by  
Virginia Thomas

Never mind the snow and cold out-of-doors, you can bring spring right inside with a little sun, a little moisture and some tender loving care. It is something adults and children can enjoy together to while away the hours when shut indoors—or just because you like to get your fingers in the soil and to watch things grow. Winter window gardens are fun!

Try plants that bloom quickly from bulbs, seeds and others which provide almost "instant" houseplants. Watch the plants grow, then transplant them to the garden or to pots for bloom next summer. It is an interesting project for home watching and sharing, and the children can take some of their window gardening plants to school to share. They also make wonderful gifts to share with a sick friend or elderly persons in nursing homes.

Let the following suggestions get you started on your window gardening and then try experimenting on your own.

One quick and easy way to get a window garden growing is by purchasing some giant amaryllis, daffodil, tulip or crocus bulbs already potted and ready for you to start watering. You will be amazed at how soon the amaryllis bulb will put forth a big stalk which will seem to grow as fast as Jack's proverbial beanstalk.

Many people, however, respond to the challenge of starting something "from scratch" and that is the kind of window gardening children seem to enjoy most. You might begin with a "carrot fern." Simply slice a thick stem end off a firm carrot and put this stem end, cut side down, in a sauce dish of water. Place near a window and soon the delicate, fern-type leaves will begin to grow. When the plant gets larger, it can be used as part of a pretty table centerpiece. Tuck a few begonia blossoms, or other houseplant blooms and greenery around the base. The "carrot fern" makes a pretty windowsill plant just as is—to bring a breath of spring indoors. Beet tops can be grown following the same procedure used to grow the carrot tops. The results will be an entirely different window plant.

The children might like to put decals on small baby food or jelly jars in which to grow their carrot or beet plants.

A sweet potato makes a very lovely, lush-growing vine. Select a medium-size potato and one showing definite "eyes." Place one end of the potato in a narrow jar or glass filled with water. First, you will see the eyes sprout (but don't grow impatient if it takes a while!) and then the



Juliana and Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, N. Mex., are fortunate to have a greenhouse in which to grow plants. Thirteen-year-old Katharine Lowey is pictured inspecting some of the many varieties.

vines begin to form. Let it vine down over a windowsill, a table top, or use in a hanging basket—beautiful!

Lettuce can be used for a window plant by planting the seed in a dampened sponge (quite wet). Let seeds sprout before setting sponge in the window. The lettuce which has the red around the edges makes a very pretty plant.

A "Kentucky Bird Grass Tree" will delight the children. Soak a corn cob in water, then stick the cob upright on a needle-pointed holder set on a saucer. Sew grass seed thickly all over the cob. It will sprout and grow. Sprinkle the cob if it becomes dry and keep water in the saucer. We like to set this grass tree out-of-doors after the grass covers the cob for a winter feast for the birds.

Orange, lemon and grapefruit seeds, when planted in pots of dirt, will eventually grow into very attractive houseplants. Date and olive seeds can be handled in the same way, but take much longer to germinate.

I particularly enjoy watching an avocado plant grow from seed. It takes several weeks to get the avocado sprouted but then it grows quite fast and makes a beautiful houseplant. After using the avocado pulp, allow the seed to dry overnight, or until the paper-like skin can be rubbed off the seed with your fingers. Insert four round toothpicks well into the seed around the middle. I then place the seed over the top of a round, squatty glass (a cup or mug can be used, but I like to watch roots form), with the toothpicks holding the seed so that only the larger round end is down in the glass, which is filled with water. As time goes by, you will see the big seed start to split lengthwise and roots begin to come out of the bottom end, and finally the sprout and leaves come out the top. All the time

the sprout is growing, be sure to keep cup filled with water. When the plant is about eight inches tall, transplant it into a good-size pot of planting soil and watch it grow.

The succulent, hen and chickens, growing indoors in a pot is fun to watch. Children especially are fascinated when the "chickens" appear and grow.

Use an attractive old stoneware casserole, fruit bowl or similar container in which to create a dish garden, highlighted by a choice figurine or rock, or small toy. Seeds such as parsley, marigold, nasturtium or morning-glory may be planted in the dish garden.

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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

When I was a child, learning to embroider was part of my life. Various stitches, such as cross-stitch and outline, were learned following patterns on quilt blocks or dresser scarves. I can almost hear my mother saying, "Use a thimble; it'll be easier on your finger." And to this day, I do. A thimble is a cap worn to protect the finger while pushing the needle in sewing, and it really does help. Shaped something like a bell, sometimes open-topped, it is usually worn on the middle finger of the hand. The origin of the word is the old English *thymel* or thumbstall; in Germany the name is *finger hut*, meaning finger hat.

Thimble collecting makes a fascinating hobby. One reason is because these finger protectors are small and are easy to display or store. This is why my sister, Amy C. Kirchhoff, chose thimble collecting as a hobby. She now has over 400 thimbles, and recently these and several sewing kits and utensils were on display at the Humboldt Public Library, Humboldt, Iowa, as part of the Friends of the Library's hobby display program.

Amy started thinking about collecting when our parents gave us sterling silver thimbles one Christmas. She received a bone china thimble from a pen pal in England, and thimbles from her grandmothers. The one from her Danish great-grandmother is an open-end thimble. Relatives in Sweden gave her family



Amy C. Kirchhoff (Mrs. Norman) is shown with her display of thimbles and sewing kits at the Humboldt Public Library in Humboldt, Iowa.

thimbles. In Karlshamn, Sweden, the boyhood home of our father, my sister purchased an enamel thimble. This is the area where the movie, "The Emigrants" was filmed. In Ribe, Denmark, the boyhood home of Grandpa Jacobsen, she bought a silver thimble with red stone set in the top. Fond memories of that trip are recalled as she displays those particular ones. Amy has many books on thimbles and belongs to the Thimble Guild, which includes others interested in information about thimble collecting.

One book, *Thimbles*, by Eleanor Johnson (available from "Thimbles Only," 3628 Foothill Blvd., LaCrescenta, CA. 91214, BK103 \$3.50, postage 75¢) is a guide to the variety of thimbles past and present. This paperback opens the door to the charm of the humble thimble in all its variety, from the simple workaday type to the exquisite examples created by craftsmen. A good reference for collectors, photographs show silver, enamel, porcelain, Jasper ware, and even the tiny children's thimbles, with one inscribed "For a good girl." The idea for *Thimbles* originated from requests by collectors for unusual ones, and is intended as a guide to what is likely to be available, be it through antique shops, markets, or gift shops.

As with any hobby, an offshoot of it is meeting wonderful friends with similar interests.

*Thimble Memories* is a collection of poems, paintings and photographs compiled by Marian McKenzie and is a gift-type book for the reading pleasure of thimble collectors. The paintings in the anthology tell visual stories of mother-love and the dedication of the lacemaker. The poems speak of busy hours with

needle, thread and thimble, and women with their friends, spending a social hour with fancywork. The author writes that several books have been published as references for the collector with emphasis on design, decoration and thimble makers' hallmarks. But *Thimble Memories* is memorabilia—a record of our heritage, dwelling on our social past. *Thimble Memories* is available from Marian McKenzie, 296 W. Eisenhower Pkwy., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104, \$6.00, plus \$1.00 postage.

My sister Amy has a poem about thimbles in that book, and has penned others about her hobby, but a very favorite of mine that she has written is:

### REUNIONS\*

Relatives attend funerals in comforting sadness,  
Families come to reunions, united with gladness.  
During our lifetime we attend gatherings of both,  
Count birthdays and note the children's growth.  
People that share the family ties through their days  
Build memories of generations that last, always.  
How precious is a sister!

\*Copyright © 1978, Amy C. Kirchhoff

## TELL STORIES WITH STICK PUPPETS

by  
Evelyn Witter

When you tell your young children stories, especially important stories that have a character-building theme, you can make them interesting and important by using stick puppets.

Stick puppets are nothing more than figures attached to a stick. The figures may be cut from magazines or coloring books, or may be drawn by you.

After you have chosen the figures to represent the various characters in your story, mount each one with cellophane tape on a flat stick (tongue depressor or popsicle stick). The stick should extend about five inches below the puppet figure.

To make a stage for the storytelling and puppets, cut away one side of a big cardboard box, and cut an opening in the opposite side. There should be enough cardboard at the bottom of the opening to conceal your hands. If you want to make your stage a little more elaborate, a cloth can be used for background (hang it on a stick which rests on the sides of the carton).

As you are telling the story, let the listener manipulate the puppets. When your children see, as well as hear a story, they will be much more impressed with it than if they merely heard it.

✱ ✱ ✱

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## HEARTS, FLOWERS . . . AND SHOELACES

by  
Ruth Townsend

Valentine's Day has always been a time for gift-giving. Some of the gifts have stayed virtually the same over the years while others have changed . . . which is where the shoelaces come in, or rather where they go out!

The earliest gifts given or received on Valentine's Day were, very appropriately, hearts and flowers. The hearts were handmade, usually of paper, and were decorated with lace, flowers, drawings of cupids, and so on. Sometimes a special one might bear a lock of the loved one's hair. Today we still give valentine hearts, though many of them are boughten and some are made of candy rather than paper.

The flowers given at Valentine's Day used to come from the giver's own garden. This was possible because Valentine's Day on the ancient calendar was in the spring and flowers were more readily available. Nowadays we can get beautiful valentine bouquets from a local florist.

By the 1600s (in England at least), costly presents were often given by those who could afford them. We know what some of the gifts were because a man named Samuel Pepys kept a very complete diary. He recorded not just his own activities but items about the customs of the day. He tells us, for instance, that a certain Miss Stuart of his acquaintance received a jewel worth 800 pounds on Valentine's Day one year. Pepys also notes that on another Valentine's Day his wife had a special ring made for him, but he doesn't say how many pounds it was worth.

Pepys grumbles here and there about how expensive valentine gift-giving was getting to be. Besides gifts of jewels, he mentions gifts of stockings, garters . . . and shoelaces. Shoelaces don't seem very "valentine-y" to us now but maybe they were hard to get in those days.

Little children also used to receive gifts on Valentine's Day, but they had to earn them. It was the custom for smaller boys and girls to go around singing about St. Valentine and collecting presents from those who invited them in. It was something on the order of modern trick-or-treating at Halloween.

Small paper gloves or real leather gloves were popular gifts if a suitor was really serious. The gloves symbolized the asking for a lady's hand in marriage. If the lady in question wore the real gloves or carried the paper ones when she went to church at Easter time, she indicated that



Three-year-old Lily Walstad feeds her pet dog, Eva, "birthday cake" (dog food). Lily is the daughter of Mike and Alison Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

her answer was "yes."

Ladies sometimes gave their husbands or sweethearts a gift we wouldn't even recognize today. It was a small circle of silk cloth, embroidered with heart and flower designs. It was used to keep dust out of a man's pocketwatch. Men valued the little "dust-catchers" because otherwise they would have to use a piece of ordinary brown paper.

Nowadays Valentine gifts take many forms. I hope all of you receive your share of hearts and flowers . . . and shoelaces!

\*\*\*\*\*

### OLD VALENTINES

I finger the old valentines in my lap,  
Treasured through the years;  
What memories they bring to me,  
Along with smiles and tears.

Some are hearts of peculiar hues,  
Others so dainty, lacy-edged and sweet,  
Some are paste-smeared and smudged,  
The printing far from neat.

Tenderly I tuck them away again—  
What else can a mother do?  
But cherish the years, and the lines they  
scrawled,  
"Mom—I LOVE YOU." —M.N.B.





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## ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

relationship between buildings. London is a crowded city, but not tall; you can always see the sky—between the raindrops. Squares, circuses, and streets are lined with buildings that, though they were built at different times, seem to belong together. In an orderly way, London seems to be going through a building boom and a cleanup campaign, with entire blocks covered in scaffolding. Even Big Ben and the Palace of Westminster have not escaped the crane, and the world's most famous clock now looks more like a Chinese pagoda.

Some Americans are in almost every shop, restaurant (even in MacDonald's and Wendy's), and theater in London as the weak pound creates the best environment for tourists since the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1978. More people in London may make the city slower, but not uglier as it seems to have done in so many cities. Yes, London is probably the most civilized and proper city I know, and there, I think, lies a key to its essence: an ability to withstand and absorb a great deal and not become frantic or so changed.

"Strangely, I do not remember any screaming," said Harry Aspey, a journalist who had just left Harrods with his family. "There seemed to be utter silence, except it seemed I could still hear carol singing." (Quote taken from Sunday, December 18, 1983, *Washington Post*.)

## FEBRUARY TWILIGHT

February twilight  
Is a picture, priceless, rare;  
Its limited exposure  
Can't be captured everywhere  
For it takes a cloud-draped background,  
Well supported by the trees,  
And the whiteness of a hilltop  
Frosted by spring-scented breeze;  
Shadows tinted by the sunbeams  
That have gone to meet the west.  
February twilight—  
Artist Nature at her best!

—Eula Smith Zimmann

## MOONLIGHT ON THE SNOW

It isn't only in spring and fall  
That nature puts on a show,  
She also does it in winter  
With moonlight on the snow.

Dark shadows dance merrily  
On a stage of sparkling white,  
Brilliance added by stars  
From a twinkling, heavenly site.

There's winter charm by day  
Very lovely too, I know,  
But to me it can't compare  
With moonlight on the snow.

—Celina Judge



Clark, Abigail and Wayne Driftmier of Denver, Colorado.

## JULIANA'S LETTER — Concl.

season to get underway, we enjoyed a delightful trip to Oaxaca, Mexico. Fascinating ruins and excellent crafts are to be found there along with the special charm of the "real" Mexico.

1983, for us, has been a year filled with many blessings—new grandsons, visits to and from most of our family and many friends, fine travel, a home we cherish and excellent health. What more could we desire?—only that all of our family and friends have found special blessings in their lives also.

Sincerely,  
Abigail and Wayne

Well, it is time to shift a load of laundry from the washer to the dryer. While that load is drying, I'll go outside to do my yard work. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,  
Juliana

## SPECIAL NAPKINS

Recently my small grandson was looking for fancy napkins to take to school with his birthday treats. The teachers had suggested that pretty napkins were the only acceptable accompaniment to the cookies or cupcakes on that occasion. He knew just what design he wanted, a cartoon character. Luckily we found the one he requested.

Later, I was telling a friend about the incident, and she remembered her niece telling about a party she had planned. When she looked through her drawers, there were a lot of pretty napkins, but no package had enough for the three tables she planned to set for the card party. So she used some she had collected as souvenirs, some for holidays, others she had just thought were pretty. My friend said the guests enjoyed those napkins as much as the card game! It reminded guests of places they had been, or where they had seen similar designs. No one thought that the variety of napkins was an economy measure. Why buy new things if you have something interesting right under your fingertips?

—Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner







## OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

At the age of seventeen, while riding horseback along the banks of the Potomac River where the city of Washington, D.C., now stands, George Washington mentioned that he could foresee that spot as the location of a great city someday. At the time, his young friends laughed at George's "foolish day-dreams," but George steadfastly maintained that someday the capital of a new nation would overlook the Potomac River from that very spot.

George Washington was to become the first president of that new nation but he was not to live in the capital city which was, indeed, built on that site. It did not become the capital until 1800 when John Adams was president.

George Washington was unanimously elected President of the United States at a meeting of both Houses of Congress in 1789. The date to start the new government was set for March 4.

The news of his election did not reach George Washington at his home in Mount Vernon until April 14, 1789. Ten days after receiving the notice, he set out for New York City, the seat of the government at that time.

It was a slow, arduous journey by horseback and carriage, but there were moments of pleasure, too, as crowds gathered at some places along the way to greet the new president. At Trenton, New Jersey, a large triumphal arch was erected "by the directions of the ladies," to greet Washington as he entered the city. On it was the date, Dec. 26, 1776, referring to Washington's victory there during the Revolutionary War. On the arch also was the inscription: "The defender of the mothers will also protect their daughters."

Washington rode by barge from Elizabeth, New Jersey, to New York City, where the inauguration finally took place on April 30, 1789.

George Washington was one of the richest men in America at the time of the Revolutionary War. The fields at Mount Vernon Plantation were well-tilled and fenced. His mansion was beautiful and commodious, set on expansive lawns and providing a view of the Potomac River.

Prudence, someone once said, would

have kept him out of the war and saved his property, but the love of liberty moved him to stake his life and all he owned on winning the war for freedom. History tells us the world owes some of its richest blessings and finest privileges to such men who faced a possible sacrifice of their possessions to help provide a better life for all persons.

## OUR SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT

Abraham Lincoln was a man with very little going for him—his father was an uneducated laborer and his mother, a quite ordinary and humble woman, died when he was only a boy.

Abe grew up in a log cabin home, had no formal schooling, little writing paper, and even fewer books. He just worked hard. There were logs to split, wheat to thresh, plowing to be done, corn to be cut and husked. He was kept busy.

As the boy neared manhood, he was too thin, too tall, and too big-boned. In addition, his black hair was coarse and stood on end, which made his homely face even homelier.

The young man was a failure as a store clerk, his sweetheart died, his health was poor, and he had a nervous breakdown. Times were hard and he was poor. But he bought a store on credit and after several months, the store failed; he was left heavily in debt.

Finally, Lincoln entered politics. He was defeated for the Legislature in 1832, defeated for Speaker in 1838, defeated for Elector in 1840, defeated for Congress in 1843 and 1848, defeated for the Senate in 1855, and defeated for Vice-President in 1856.

To these defeats were added unpolished speech problems, family problems, and money problems. Yes, this was a man who had very little going for him.

Yet, the man was elected President of the United States in 1860—Abraham Lincoln remains one of the world's greatest men.

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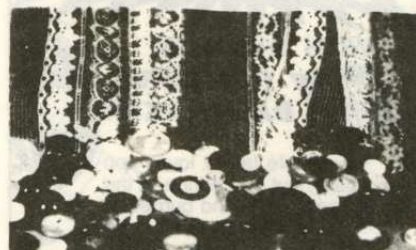
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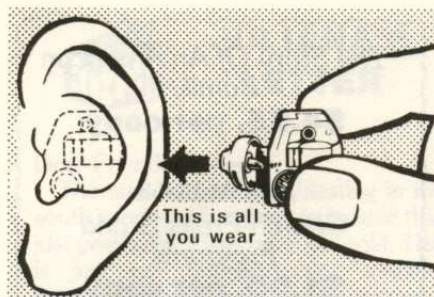
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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
*Eva M. Schroeder*

February is that short month tucked in between January and March where it is the extension of winter, yet the forerunner of spring. It is also the month when the urge to plant something becomes strong in folks who are addicted to gardening. With a few exceptions, it is still too soon to start seeds in windowsill gardens. Slow-germinating perennials are the exception and February is time to also plant pansy seed, dusty miller, foxglove and dianthus.

There are many exciting new introductions for 1984 offered in various catalogs. From Stokes Seeds, Inc., 2154 Stokes Bldg., Buffalo, NY 14240, look for the following in their spring catalog: 'Steady Red,' a new hybrid, double geranium that is a solid improvement in double-blooming types. 'Steady Red,' as its name implies, is "shatter-proof," eliminating the problem of petal drop in double-flowering varieties. The plants mature only a day or so later than the single-flowered early Sprinter types, and will provide double blooms 15 weeks from sowing. The leaves are heavily zoned and the plants are more compact and base-branching than the Marathons in the Double Dip series.

Last spring we grew six plants of 'Red Elite,' a European medal-winning, single-flowered geranium from Stokes Seeds. It bloomed just 14 weeks after seeding. Visitors who saw 'Red Elite' begged for cuttings because the big, round, brilliant-red blooms and heavily zoned leaves were so attractive. You will find these two geraniums offered in seed packets in Stokes' free catalog. Send for one to the address given in this column.

Last year we also grew a complete new series of petunias, called 'Ultra,' in colors of pink, white, red, burgandy and a mixture of all colors. Our 'Ultra' petunias were more compact and seemed more weather and disease tolerant than some of our old favorites. Keep 'Ultra' petunias in mind this spring; you'll like their neat growth habit and abundance of bloom.

In recent years, plant breeders have taken much interest in producing early-flowering dwarf African marigolds. This early-flowering habit has been added to the improved Crush series this year in three colors, 'Pumpkin Crush,' 'Papaya Crush' and 'Pineapple Crush.' These new selections are a full week earlier than the original Crush series. 'Scarlet Sophie' dwarf French marigold is a new red version of 'Queen Sophia,' the All-America winner a few years back. You'll like its brilliant, double 3½-inch blooms born on upright 10-inch high plants.

H.L. writes that she saw a beautiful fragrant rose growing in an acquaintance's garden. It had long-stemmed, big,

double, coral blooms with a heavenly perfume. "I want so much to grow this rose. I was told its name was 'Cloud.' I can't find a rose by that name in my catalogs. Can you help?"

The rose must be 'Fragrant Cloud,' a hybrid tea that is one of only seven roses to have won an award for fragrance. 'Fragrant Cloud' is listed in the Jackson & Perkins Co. (Medford, OR. 97501) catalog.

Mrs. E. L. wants to know if there is a lilac that blooms in both spring and fall. She wants its name and source. The Pali-bianiana lilac blooms in the spring and again in the fall. It is a dwarf Korean-type that grows low and compact. I found it offered in the catalog of K. Van Bourgondien & Sons, Babylon, NY 11702.

\*\*\*\*\*

### ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

hadn't had a chance to test it out. Since the event was only four weeks after my emergency appendectomy, I really had no business on horseback at all, leave alone riding an antique saddle which neither my horse nor I had ever tried before. But seized up in the spirit of the moment, and feeling a little left out of the fun, I threw caution to the wind and climbed aboard. Bless his heart—I have a wonderful friend in my horse, and he plodded carefully and slowly down main street as if he were carrying a basket of eggs. And I imagine that was just about the state of my fragile condition on that day.

Lily was delighted by the whole affair, and accompanied us. She was dressed in a long prairie skirt and matching bonnet. I believe she stole a few hearts from the crowd, perched in front of Mike's saddle. It was a family experience of a most wonderful kind, and we are already thinking ahead to next year.

Sincerely,  
Alison Walstad

### FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

when the pink glow of a morning sky is reflected onto the white feathers of the swans? An adult swan has approximately 24,500 feathers, and about 19,000 of those feathers are on the swan's neck. Each feather, whether a big wing feather or a tiny, tiny little neck feather, is kept so clean and so white that a ray of sunshine can only accentuate a feather's cleanliness. How much pleasure "our" swans give us, and how grateful we are to God for giving this world so much beauty.

Betty joins me in sending you our very best wishes. We hope that it will not be too long before we have an opportunity to greet you personally. It is good to know you are our friends.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

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**MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded**  
 holidays. Therefore, the time that Katha-  
 rine was home, Don was able to be home  
 too, thus enhancing the time to the ut-  
 most. The trips to St. Luke's Hospital  
 which I had to make were thankfully  
 driven by good old Don, and also the one  
 meeting I had downtown I was accom-  
 panied by the same clear-headed driver.  
 Which fact reminds me of a funny tale  
 about Adrienne.

Adrienne came bouncing into the  
 kitchen one afternoon, while she was still  
 on vacation and the terrible cold was still  
 upon us, with the announcement that  
 she just had the most exciting thing of  
 her entire life happen. Katharine and I  
 both supposed that she had met some  
 breathtakingly handsome gentleman  
 who had invited her out for the evening.  
 But, no! Adrienne had been driving down  
 our street and when applying the breaks  
 to stop for the intersection, she dis-  
 covered that she had no control over the  
 car. She commenced into a fish-tail dive  
 down the slope as she initiated a correc-  
 tion with the steering—all to no avail.  
 When she came to a stop, she was sitting  
 softly in a snowbank facing the wrong di-  
 rection with no visible damage to car or  
 self. She had experienced her first adren-  
 alin-pumping spin-out. Sure is a break for  
 all of us, including the man who insures  
 her car, that Delafield is a very small  
 town most of whose citizens stay off the  
 roads when conditions warrant it.

Until next month when we hope it is  
 warmer . . . .

Mary Beth

## OUR COLLAGE — "OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN"

by  
 Charlotte Cleveland

Why not enjoy and admire those pic-  
 tures you have of other people's chil-  
 dren? You know, the ones you traded for  
 or received at Christmas and graduation.

One very satisfying answer to this dil-  
 emma came to me one day in a fit of  
 artistic frenzy. It took some doing to  
 organize the numerous pictures into  
 something recognizable.

The hardest part was to start cutting,  
 yes, up and over heads, cutting out the  
 excess backgrounds, but leaving in the  
 evidence of birthday or Christmas.

Next, a large, not quite antique, frame  
 was chosen. A collage was the only way  
 to go. That seemed the best way to get all  
 the pictures, nearly a hundred, included.  
 I glued the pictures down with just a spot  
 of glue.

While we might spend many dollars to  
 buy a fine painting or reprint, there is  
 none to compare with this collage.  
 "Other People's Children" is priceless  
 and unique.



Pictured are Elizabeth Brase, as she  
 took her first steps, and her brother,  
 Julian, ready to catch her if she fell.  
 The children's parents are Art and  
 Kristin Brase of Torrington, Wyo.

## DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

nurse for each shift was assigned to care  
 for her. Connie told me something I  
 thought was very interesting. The nurse,  
 who became a special friend to Connie,  
 told Connie that when Lisa got to go  
 home where the same people were  
 around all the time, Lisa would start to  
 gain and grow very fast. Connie said it  
 certainly was true. Lisa was actually  
 chubby by the time she was 15 months  
 old. Today she is physically about two  
 months behind the normal four-year-old,  
 and intellectually Lisa is normal to a little  
 above normal for four. Connie and Leon  
 had been warned that Lisa might be re-  
 tard, so they are thrilled that she is so  
 bright.

Lisa can see some objects, tell light  
 from dark, distinguish colors, and with  
 the closed-circuit television used at  
 school is able to read letters and num-  
 bers. She is learning Braille. Last sum-  
 mer Lisa and Laurie took swimming les-  
 sons, and are now both taking piano les-  
 sons. It was a happy experience for me to  
 see these two, sweet, well-adjusted little  
 girls.

Kristin reports their family all had a  
 nice Christmas. Andy was home until the  
 middle of January for a long semester  
 break, so Art and the boys accomplished  
 much work on the house. Julian has  
 started taking piano lessons, and Eliza-  
 beth is busy getting into everything now  
 that she is walking. Basketball takes a lot  
 of Aaron's time, but he loves it. Kristin is  
 just busy keeping up with her family. This  
 catches you up on our family, so until  
 next month . . . .

Sincerely,  
 Dorothy

"Would you live with ease, do what  
 you ought, and not what you please."

—Benjamin Franklin



## "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

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**MANUSCRIPTS:** Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* (Shenandoah, IA 51601) 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 file.

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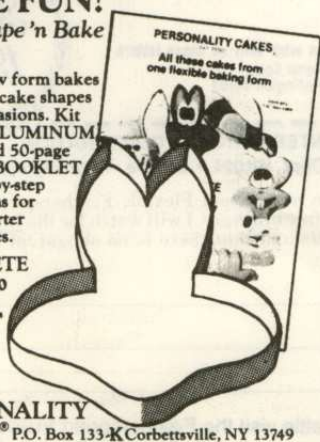
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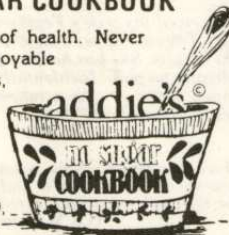
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•  
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•  
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