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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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75TH YEAR OF SCOUTING



## 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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## LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends,

I have found the warmest spot in the house. It is an extremely cold day. Actually, we have had a string of cold weather and the tip of my nose feels like an iceberg! Maybe the warm sunshine at my desk will thaw out my proboscis. Most people complain about cold hands and feet. I THINK I would trade warm hands or feet for a warm nose. At any rate, the sun pouring through my south windows is a welcome spot of solar energy.

New Mexico is using solar energy more and more as an alternative to conventional energy. Huge, bizarre-looking (to my eyes) wind turbines also are used and many old-fashioned windmills can be seen pumping water for cattle in the ranch country. When we visited Greece I was surprised to see many of the large-vented windmills that I associate with the Netherlands. All of the ones we saw were in poor repair, but it was obvious they had been used to grind grain at some time. The windmills lining the harbor of Rhodes were certainly picturesque—if not functional. From the island of Rhodes, we flew to the island of Crete.

Crete is the largest of the Greek Isles and one of the "biggies" on our trip. We were scheduled to see several far-flung archeological sites and the famous museum in Herakleion. Up to this point the trip had gone smoothly—if one discounts Jed's lost luggage and Steve's almost missing passport. Actually, we had decided all the bad luck was taken care of right at the start of the trip. We assumed luck was dished out in certain quantities.....so much good and so much bad.

The minute we arrived at the airport in Herakleion, the capitol of Crete, all of us could tell there was some kind of problem afloat. We had become accustomed to mass confusion in airports, but this was worse than usual. People were milling around, grumbling, and more people were waving signs and banners. What had happened! Every tour guide on

the island of Crete had gone on strike that morning. All the tourists, from large bus loads to small groups like ours, were on their own to find hotels, see sights and do their own tour planning. To people completely unfamiliar with the terrain this was a bit intimidating.

Our group was fortunate to find two taxis, one had a driver who spoke English. We made it to our hotel and hired both taxis for the whole next day. As the result we were able to see the beautiful countryside of Crete on our way to Phistos, Hagia, Triada and Gortyn. Many travelers counted themselves fortunate just to get to their hotels. We were lucky.

I was particularly interested in the ruins at Gortyn. In addition to the usual Greek temples, there is a wall covered with inscriptions called the "Code of Gortyn." It is a collection of laws and institutions of the 5th century B.C. and is the first codified legislation in Europe to survive from ancient Greek times. Next to this display is a 6th-century Christian church. I was really fascinated with the overlapping history found in so many areas of Greece.

Due to plane scheduling we flew back to Athens where, THANK HEAVENS, Jed's luggage was waiting for him. No more nightly ritual of hand laundry. No more *rumpled* look. It didn't help to tell Jed that wrinkles are in this year. Comfortable shoes also made him a much cheerier person.

It would be several hours before our next plane left for Santorini so we used the time to go to the southern tip of Attica to Cape Sounion. This spot is famous for its imposing Temple of Poseidon ruin which dates back to the 7th century B.C.

Next stop...Santorini. If you have seen pictures of "the most beautiful village in the Greek Isles," the chances are that they were of the village of Phira. I would not be one to dispute this claim. Our plane landed on the sloping side of the island. We traveled by bus to the village of Phira and went immediately to our hotel. I was unpacking my suitcase when Jed gasped, "You must come quickly and look!" He had just opened the doors that led out to a tiny balcony. There was a truly breath-taking view! We were on the absolute top of a cliff and looked down upon a whitewashed, welter of houses that clung on the rocks below us. Beyond and straight down about six hundred feet was a brilliant blue harbor filled with cruise ships ornamented with twinkling lights. The sun was just setting and the whole scene was glowing with golden light. It was a sight I have carefully tucked away in my memory banks under "Do not forget!"

I would have been happy to have spent the whole two days on that tiny balcony, but was persuaded to leave long enough



Some of my "stuff" in the lighted curio cabinet is a statue from a New Mexican church, ceramic figures from Mexico, a plate from Turkey, and the little glass box from China.

to see the ancient city of Akrotiri. This site is often referred to as the "Pompei of Greece." In fact, it was completely covered with volcanic ash in 1500 B.C. Unlike Pompei, the inhabitants of Akrotiri had time to escape as no human remains have been found in the city. One of the things that appealed to me was the entire excavation was under a cover. The archeologists who work there never need to worry about rain or sun. What luxury!

We also traveled to the highest point on the island to visit the monastery of Profitis Ilias. Only two monks are left in the monastery and one of them was under the weather. The other monk had posted a note saying "No visitors." These two elderly gentlemen share the top of the mountain with a radar installation operated by the Greek air force. Once again there was an example of overlapping history.

On the flight back to Athens, we had a chance encounter with another passenger which convinced us that it is a small world. The plane was very crowded so none of our group sat together. I struck up a conversation with my seatmate. She had been on vacation at Santorini and was headed back to Arabia where she was a nurse working two years at an enormous, new, fancy Arabian hospital. When we got around to exchanging "where are you from," imagine my surprise when she said "El Paso." I asked her if she knew Dr. Steve Crouse. She did so I told her to turn around because he was sitting right behind us. Before the plane landed Steve had a whole collection of messages to pass on from the temporary Arabian nurse to mutual friends in El Paso.

Now closer to home, we recently solved a problem which I would guess is not unique. Let me pass the solution on to you. My house is an old one that was built in fits and starts and, as the result, (Continued on page 22)





## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

Our weather the first part of this winter has been unusually mild. We had a few foggy days, about an inch of snow, one day of icy roads, and a few days of record-breaking high temperatures. If all the winter months in Iowa could be as nice maybe so many "snowbirds" wouldn't head south.

It was so cold Bernie and Belvah didn't want to venture out of the house on Christmas Eve 1983. This Christmas it was very nice. They were able to come for our traditional chili supper and the opening of gifts. Years ago, when I was first a member of the Johnson clan, it was tradition to have oyster stew on Christmas Eve. As our family became smaller, I fixed both chili and oyster stew. Everyone seemed to prefer the chili, so that is what we have had for several years.

While Bernie was here, we made phone calls to sister Ruth McDermott and her husband, Frank, in Kansas City and to Raymond Halls in Roswell. Frank and I called Kristin and her family later in the evening when all of them would be home, to wish each and every one a Merry Christmas.

In the afternoon our friend, Larry Allen, from Canon City, Colorado, came for a visit and brought a whole smoked turkey. When Larry was a boy still at home in Chariton, Iowa, and even after he went away to college, he always spent Christmas Eve with us. His family had their gathering on Christmas Day. Larry said it didn't seem like Christmas because we didn't have the usual cedar tree that made it smell like Christmas in the house. We had a pine tree that Peggy and Glenn Dyer had cut for us at their place, but it didn't have any scent. For 35 years we have had cedar trees, but the last two years we have had another kind.

When people drive into the yard and come to the back door they will say, "Did you know there is a possum on the sidewalk with the cats?" Yes, there are two of them, and they still come every day to eat what the cats have left. A few friends have wondered why we didn't kill the possums. Frank says we don't have any chickens or ducks and there is nothing around here they can hurt, so why not let them live?

We recently read a very interesting article about possums and learned a lot about them. Unlike most mammals, possums grow throughout their lives. If you find an unusually large one, it will be very old. Possums carry their babies in a pouch like a kangaroo. The babies are carried there for two months and then



Beth Ballard demonstrates spinning. —Photo by Chariton Leader, Chariton, Ia.

are carried piggyback up to a month longer.

Possums have a reputation for being stupid, but actually are smart. In an experiment designed to examine the intelligence of animals, possums were better at remembering where food was hidden in a complicated maze than dogs, cats, rabbits or turtles. Only humans were clearly superior to the possums in such studies. Everyone knows how possums can play dead when they are in danger. They fall on their side and lie perfectly still, eyes half open, mouth in a death grimace, and possums can lie like that for a long, long time. They aren't even roused by prodding. As long as the possums don't cause trouble they can eat with our cats.

A few years ago we sold 25 acres of land to Leo and Beth Ballard, a young couple with three children; thus, I became acquainted with Beth. She is one of the most talented and industrious young women I have ever met. Beth had made a beautiful vest and gave it to me for Christmas. When I asked to tell our Kitchen-Klatter friends about some of her accomplishments, she didn't think she did more than anyone else. I assured her that I didn't know any other person her age who does more, or as well as she.

After the Ballards moved their mobile home onto the acreage, they put up a large building to house their horses and the horses she boarded and trained. Her children helped with the horses. About a year ago Beth's health wasn't good. Tests proved she was diabetic. Beth had to give up her love of working with horses.

Beth was asked if there was one person who had been a big influence in her life. Her answer was, "My Mother

comes first, but after her I would have to say my high school home economics teacher, who not only taught me how to sew but to love doing it."

After Beth and Leo were married she worked outside the home until her first baby girl was born, who is now 14. Then Beth started sewing for others in her home. There was so much sewing stacked up in their small house that she was working day and night. Beth even makes all the clothes for weddings.

Beth decided to try making a suit for her husband and made two, which are in perfect condition. He still wears them. She soon had orders for six, men's suits, and that year she tailored suits all summer. The next summer she sewed square dance dresses for girls who were going to attend a square dance convention.

Beth loves to make quilts and has made ten in the past ten years. Her work is absolutely beautiful and she designs many of her own quilts. Leo made a quilting frame that adjusts to any height and also tilts. Many who saw it wanted one so he made and sold several. One day a lady came quite a distance to buy a frame but Leo didn't have any extra on hand, so Beth took the quilt out of her frame and sold it.

This fall and winter Beth has been working part time in a craft shop in Osceola, her job has been helping women with quilting. She has been asked to teach an adult education class in basic sewing and quilting for Southwest Iowa Community College in Creston.

Another of Beth's accomplishments is spinning. She is an expert on this subject and can reel off a list of facts from the history of the spinning wheel to the  
(Continued on page 22)





## CLIMATE FOR GROWTH

### Scout's 75th Anniversary Program

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

In February thousands of adults and youth throughout America will be gathering to observe the 75th anniversary of Scouting. If you have been asked to help plan a Blue and Gold banquet or party, consider it a privilege to help promote such a worthwhile organization.

**Table Centerpiece:** Make a Scout figure using a large detergent bottle as the body. Push a foam ball down over the neck of the bottle for the head. Cut an arm for the figure from cardboard, making the arm so it is bent at the elbow and the hand is raised to hold the numeral "75". Glue or tape the arm to the body. Cover the bottle body by gathering a piece of blue crepe paper and tying it around the neck. Use more blue crepe paper to make a sleeve for the arm. Make a Scout cap from blue felt, or use the blue paper. Short strands of curled gift ribbon can be glued to the head for hair, arranged so it will curl out from under the cap. Make some Scout figures with brown hair, some with black, some yellow, and some orange if you make several of these centerpieces. Cut a kerchief from yellow fabric and knot it around the neck of the figure. Make a numeral "75" from cardboard and spray with gold paint. Glue numbers to the hand.

**Nut Cups:** Cover small nut cups with blue paper. Cut miniature kerchiefs from yellow fabric and tie one around each nut cup. Or, you might prefer to cover pill boxes like miniature Scout Manuals, labeling them with that title. Place a large mint inside. You can pipe the number "75" on each mint with a cake decorator.

**Decorations:** Cover the dining tables with white cloths, and place a wide runner of blue paper down the center of each table. Cut several of the number "75" from gold paper and scatter these along the blue runners.

Make a giant "HAPPY 75th ANNIVERSARY" banner to stretch from wall to wall across the front of the banquet room.

**Invocation**  
**Presentation of the Flag** and Pledge of Allegiance.

**Song:** "AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"

**Welcome** followed by introduction of distinguished guests or each Scout might introduce his parents at this time.

**Toastmaster:** "What a thrill it is to be gathered here tonight to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Scouts of America. As we learn in the Scout Manual, their history goes back to the wilderness trails. Scouts have gone hiking, camping, swimming and canoeing. They have wielded an ax and cooked over an open campfire as they followed in the footsteps of the pioneers who led the way through the wilderness of America. Like those pioneers, Scouts pause to raise their eyes to the heavens, to stare into glowing embers of a campfire and dream of the wonders of life in store for them."

"Throughout these seventy-five years Scouting has provided a wholesome, wonderful "climate for growth" for our youth. We are going to hear something about our seventy-five-year history and more about this "climate" in which a Scout grows up."

**First Speaker:** gives a brief general history of Scouting, being sure to tell of the Scouting movements new thrust as it moved into the decade of the eighties, to make it continue relevant to the contemporary age.

**Second Speaker:** gives the history of the local troop.

**Third Speaker:** tells what Scouting is and how it provides a "climate for growth" through its teachings and activities.

Conclude the program by introducing members of the local troop and their leaders. A large candle might be lighted at this time for the future of the Scouts of America. All join in singing "God Bless America."

## FEBRUARY IS A PATRIOTIC MONTH

by  
Virginia Thomas

When you entertain in February, decorate your drinking straws by adding a small silhouette of George Washington or of Abraham Lincoln, which has been cut from black construction paper. Make a slit in the top and bottom of the silhouette so the straw will pass through. The U.S. shield emblem might be used in the same way.

How about a "hatchet cake" for an attractive edible centerpiece? Bake your favorite sheet cake. Cut a hatchet pattern out of newspaper and place the pattern on top of the cake and cut around it with a sharp knife. Frost the cake with white icing, using a cake decorator to make the small white rosettes around the edge of the handle and to outline the blade of the hatchet. Decorate with whole well-drained maraschino cherries and leaves cut from slices of green gumdrops arranged as a cluster of cherries on the wide point of the blade.

For a pretty cherry tree centerpiece, use the small branch of a lilac, or similar shrub, anchored to a firm base. Spray white; thread candied cherries on lengths of string and tie to the tree branches. Also tie tiny paper hatchets and tiny bows of red, white and blue ribbon to the tree.

Here are two games for a February party:

**Hatchet Race:** Divide players to form two teams. A cardboard hatchet is fastened to a wooden block so hatchet stands on floor at head of the line, between the two teams. Number the members of each team. When the leader calls out a number such as 4, the two players having that number make a dash toward the hatchet, try to grab it and get back to their place before being caught by the other player. If the player isn't caught, his or her side receives a point. The leader calls a number again, etc.

**Washington Curtsy:** Place three players about the room. One player wears a tricorne hat (fold one out of newspaper), and represents George Washington. Blindfold a player and twirl the player around three times. Then the player is to walk five steps and curtsy or bow to General Washington. There will be lots of laughs as several people try to do this, with most of the players probably curtsying or bowing to a wall or a chair!





## FREDERICK'S

## LETTER



Dear Friends,

How painful it is to look up from the dinner table and see pictures and hear cries of starving people on the television set. Betty and I usually watch the evening news while we are having dinner, but lately, with all of the stories about Ethiopian and West African starvation on television, we can't bear to watch.

Forty-three years ago, an American doctor and I traveled across a major part of Central Africa with a contingent of the Belgian Congo army. We were on a large river boat which was pushing several double-decked barges, each barge as big as the boat itself. The purpose of the mission was to take food and ammunition to a large unit of the Belgian Congo army which had been surrounded and was being starved by the native Ethiopian forces under the command of the Italian army who was occupying Ethiopia. For days and days, our floating supply depot moved at a snail's pace up the flooding Sobat River, moving so slowly that natives walking along the river bank had to wait for us to catch up. What a trip that was! It was so hot, so sultry and, at times, so dangerous!

One of the worst things about that trip was the sight and the smell of food rotting and festering in the tropical sun and rain. That food gave off a frightful odor. It was distressing to dump tons and tons of food into the river because of spoilage when the men we were trying to rescue were dying from lack of food. Due to a combination of circumstances involving international diplomacy, I didn't get to our final destination high in the Ethiopian hills. By the time the rest of the outfit got to the surrounded army contingent, it had been rescued by British forces which had fought their way into Ethiopia from the eastern shores of the country along the Indian Ocean.

The American doctor did travel all the way with the Belgian Congo forces and was terribly wounded as a result. After being stranded there on the Ethiopian border for a while, I finally made it back to the Nile River and eventually back to Egypt. A few months later, I was taken out of Egypt with other Americans fleeing from the advancing German armies and, once again, found myself on the borders of Ethiopia. This time I neared Ethiopia through the country of Eritrea. My adventures in that part of East Africa would fill a book. I was briefly—very, very briefly—involved in an effort to help starving Ethiopians as a volunteer driver in a truck convoy taking



Frederick and Betty Driftmier

fuel and food to war-ravaged Ethiopia. Even in those days, thousands of Ethiopians were starving as a result of the turmoil of war coming after years of poor colonial administration by the occupying Italians.

As I remember the experience, our relief convoy was to move in two sections—one section going on Monday and the second section to follow on Tuesday. Because I was to be a driver with the Tuesday convoy, my life was saved. The Monday convoy was attacked and destroyed on its very first day of the journey. My better judgment prevailed, and I gave up my job as a driver.

The worst mass starvation I ever observed was in India the year Betty and I took Mary Lea and David around the world. As the plane flew over vast stretches of the Indian countryside, we could look down and see the carcass of a starved cow or donkey here and there in the desolate fields burned by the sun. As we drove several miles from one airport into the nearby town, our rented car was mobbed by starving men, women, boys, and girls begging us to give them food. We saw dead people lying by the roadside. It was a terrible, terrible sight—a sight to give me nightmares for months afterwards.

One of the most puzzling things about the starvation in parts of India that year, was the way the Indian states which had no starvation and plenty of food, did practically nothing to help the neighboring states with their starvation problem. When I asked one state official about it he replied: "If we were starving, that state would not help us, so why should we share our food with those people?"

During our weeks in India, we had the opportunity to visit with several high-ranking men in the national officialdom, and we asked them about the ever reoccurring food shortages in India. We were quite surprised to have one of the men reply: "In a way, you Americans are to blame. If you were not so generous

with the relief food you send to us, India would be forced to face up to this problem and solve it. As long as we can count on your help, I am afraid that we shall continue to have times of starvation."

I simply cannot agree with his observation! India's agony of intense overpopulation, extreme poverty, and absolutely erratic and abominable weather produce problems that surely defy solution! If all the available food in every state of India were to be evenly distributed amongst all the people of India, there would still be some of them starving every year.

By this time, you probably have heard via the Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcast about my most recent escape from serious injury or death; but in case you have not, here is the story. On one recent Sunday afternoon, I went down to the front garden to feed the swans and wild ducks just as I do each day. With ducks on the ground all around me I was standing with my back to the road. Suddenly there was the loud crashing of gunfire and the zinging of lead flying through the air all around me. I whirled around to see two ducks dying on the ground right behind me. I looked up to see a gun sticking out of a car window! Two young boys had shot from a moving car! I let out a roar of rage and ran toward the car, but it sped off before I could get the license number.

Of course, I called the police, but there was nothing they could do. I had to call them three times last year with the same story—people shooting at ducks within a few feet of our house. This was the first time anyone had shot while I was standing with the ducks, and I really am lucky to be alive.

If the culprits are ever caught, they can be charged with several offenses. It is against the law in this part of Connecticut to shoot a gun on Sunday, to shoot within 500 feet of a house, and to shoot from a car. It certainly is against the law to shoot in the direction of an innocent human being.

The local newspaper had quite an article about this most recent shooting incident. There was a big picture of me on the front page, showing me down by the water holding one of the empty gun cartridges in my hand. On the back page of that same issue of the newspaper was a picture of fourteen Episcopal clergymen who had gathered for the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the local Episcopal church. One of my neighbors said: "My goodness, Dr. Driftmier. What you won't do to upstage your fellow clergymen. One Congregationalist makes the front page, and fourteen Episcopalians rate only the back page!"

I laughed and replied: "Well, if the Episcopalians had been shot at, the paper probably would have put out a  
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## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

Despite the dated nature of Christmas news, it occurred to me that many of you would be interested in what this family did over the holidays. Our circle was enlarged this year with the arrival of Katharine and her husband, Don Miller, from Bethesda, Maryland. He's a fine young man, an especially welcome addition for Paul, who has been one boy between two sisters for twenty-four years. Don's as comfortable to have around as an old shoe—as the saying goes. He had been in snowy climates before, but Katharine had built his Wisconsin winter image to such a peak that he was anticipating the most severe of conditions. When their plane landed in Milwaukee on Christmas Eve afternoon, fortunately the snow was beginning to fall for just the second time of the season helping disguise the remaining grey-brown weeds, grasses and leaves!

We were prepared to make a stop at Adrienne's for a spaghetti dinner. Because their customers continued to want money until the last hour of the twenty-fourth, Adrienne had precious few hours to decorate her house. However, she and her roommate, Anne, had their rented house looking like Christmas from the front door to the back. When we knocked at her door, we discovered that she was entertaining a flu bug which cancelled all of her well laid plans. Instead we packed Adrienne into her car and Paul drove it out to our Delafield house so she could have a little company while nursing her bug. Only one other member of the family celebrated in a similar fashion, that was Don, the elder.

The severe weather Don Miller expected never materialized, but there was a beautiful snow cover which made the outside of the house look as much in the holiday spirit as the inside. The inside decorations were up, the house was clean and the food prepared *before* any company arrived. The reason there was such fine organization was because son Paul helped. The school term had ended, his final examinations were completed, and when activities with his friends had quieted down, he moved out to our house. Then I had a big strapping helper whose only required pay was a periodic refueling. I had even managed to get my Christmas fruitcake made and aged for several weeks. There were several specials at the market which I took advantage of and stored in my freezer. One of the specials was a leg of lamb which I had boned and painstakingly removed the fell from so it waited for just a rub with olive oil, garlic, and rosemary. There was also a beautiful crown roast of



This view of the bird feeders in Mary Beth and Don Driftmiller's yard is from their window.

pork waiting in the freezer. This was especially fun to fix because there are seldom any occasions when Don and I can use such large cuts of meat.

For the most important holiday meal, we have five-bone standing rib beef roast. Adrienne always prepares Yorkshire puddings and for a finale we have the fruitcake.

Our traditional Christmas breakfast is a bringing together of those brunch-type foods for which the family has a particular fondness. Early in the morning while opening presents, we sip and spoon orange shrub, which is a large scoop of orange sherbet with a generous amount of orange juice served in a tall ice tea glass. This with a hot cup of coffee is quite enough to hold the strongest of appetites until late morning.

Then the cooks pull a slick coup by bringing to the table, with a minimum of preparation, a memorable feast both colorful to the eye and delectable to the tongue. Brunch begins with a thawed bowl of mixed fruits covered with a large serving of whipped cream. Next comes a quiche Lorraine which has been prepared a day or two ahead but not combined and cooked until forty-five minutes before serving. I make my quiche with Swiss lace cheese which has half the normal calories as regular Swiss cheese. I combine the cheese with broken-up bacon and place it in an uncooked pie shell. Just before serving this is covered with a mixture of beaten eggs, half-n-half, and spices and is cooked into a wonderfully thick cheesycustard. Beside the quiche on the table is a red and green cherry encrusted German stollen, which is a Wisconsin bakery specialty. It is a sweet dough, breakfast bread generously laced with candied fruits and topped with a white icing.

Our family has had this identical

breakfast menu for Christmas each year that we have lived in this house. This year we pulled a sixth chair to the table for Don Miller who, from all appearances, enjoyed our traditional breakfast as much as we did.

I noted from the newspapers many retailers were reporting that clothing was very high on this year's list of popular items being purchased for gifts, second only to the high-tech items like VCRs and computers. Our family proved to be on target with the practical items—clothing! The warm knitting I had been draping across my lap the past autumn was delivered over to Don Miller so his stay in our cool house would not be one of miserable chilliness. Katharine and Adrienne were recipients of warm wool skirts and blouses; Paul and Don were given warm trousers and long-sleeved shirts and sweaters from the Long and Tall Man's shop in West Allis, a long-established city between downtown Milwaukee and our western suburb. They truly appreciate having clothes which fit their exceptionally long arms and legs. It is interesting to note that clothing comes in these long and extra-long sizes and are sized according to whether the person is slender, medium or large in circumference. Underwear, sox, dress shirts, flannel shirts, jeans, sweaters, sport coats, suits, overcoats and short winter jackets made by major manufacturers are available, if you have a retailer who is willing to stock these infrequently asked for sizes. For the man whose wrists get weathered and chapped from his arms being longer than the standard sleeve, the availability of these longer sizes is welcome news.

Under the tree Santa left a sweater *not* knit by me but from the needles of Mrs. Jessyr of Clackmannanshire, Scotland. This lovely off-white fisherman knit sweater is a beautiful garment which is as warm as it is heavy. I thought my Icelandic wool creations were the height of warmth, but this dense wool is more perfectly suited to our house.

Adrienne's most exciting holiday surprise was not delivered under the tree, but came from the Marine Trust Company of the Marine Corporation. For the past year she had been a Trust Administrator but she was given a beautiful gold pin at a ceremony designating her to the new position of Trust Officer. She was very excited with this promotion and we were very, very proud of her.

One of my favorite Christmas gifts was a black tempered-glass countertop cooking unit. It fit right into the same cut-out place where the worn-out unit had been. Now I have a four-burner stove which not only works but is beautiful. The second most important gift came from my Oncologist, dear Dr. Hart,

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## ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends,

Since this chilly February does not seem particularly inviting for outdoor activities, I thought I would devote my time to some inside projects. After catching up on some belated correspondence, I hope there will be time left to delve into an unfinished needlework project.

One of the greatest joys from childhood holidays was having my own quaint, colorful, personalized Christmas stocking which Santa filled. My mother, Abigail, had one of these stockings made for each of us children by a woman who belonged to our church in Shenandoah, Iowa. The stockings were constructed of red felt with sequins and beads adorning Christmas symbols and each had a different character. I always thought mine was the best, since it had a rocking horse on it! After lo these many years (some thirty plus..), I still love and treasure my Christmas stocking.

Knowing the depth of my feelings, I thought this to be a worthwhile tradition to hand down to my children. In January 1984, I purchased a needlepoint stocking kit to make for Lily. I was thoroughly thrilled with the one I had bought on sale—an intricate Christmas doll-house design, made by a reputable needlepoint company. As a needlepoint devotee, I'm quite particular about the kits that I buy. Some of the inexpensive brands substitute inferior textiles instead of using good quality yarns. Because needle arts are so time consuming, it's imperative the materials equal the quality of the workmanship involved, and three-ply, Persian wool yarns are really the only acceptable materials for nice needlepoint work.

With plenty of enthusiasm, I left the shop. After all, the following Christmas was eleven months away—surely, an eternity. Who would have dreamed that it is February, 1985, and the stocking is not quite completed yet?

I must tell you the story for two reasons: one—to vindicate myself because I was neither the victim of laziness or procrastination, and secondly—so that some of you readers may avoid the problems I encountered with this kit.

The project came complete with all necessary materials, instructions, and the design printed on canvas. As I started reading the brochure, I was quite amazed to find that the directions called for the use of the continental stitch. I was fortunate to have taken needlepoint instruction under a fine, needle artist. During those classes, we were taught that the continental stitch is one of the least desirable since it causes maximum distortion of your project. This is especially important with something such as a stocking, which will not be blocked and framed when finished and



Four-year-old Lily Walstad and eighteen-month-old Lee Walstad are the children of Alison and Michael Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.



must stand more or less on its own. Without a doubt, the stitch of choice for a project such as this is the basketweave stitch. This stitch causes the least canvas distortion and is worked in a diagonal manner.

Figuring that I was using my better judgement, I proceeded to start the stocking with the preferred basketweave stitch. Unfortunately, what I failed to take into account was this method uses more yarn than the continental stitch. As I worked each color, the yarn ran out before the section was completed! The manufacturers don't include an ounce more yarn than they think is absolutely necessary. What was I to do? When I began to realize this was going to happen with every color section, I had reached quite a dilemma. Should I switch to the continental stitch for the remainder and risk whether the finished kit would even resemble a stocking shape? Or should I continue on using what I knew to be the correct stitch of choice and risk having to complete each section with new yarn?

After choosing the second option and using up the yarn furnished by the manufacturer, my project sat untouched for months. We live in a small rural town without a yarn shop and it is a trip of one hundred and fifty miles to a city where enough selection might be found to duplicate each color needed. Actually, I appreciated the break, because it provided me with a few months respite from my Nemesis.

It was mid-November, before I finally ambled into a large needlework shop and purchased the yarn needed to complete the stocking. Fortunately the colors matched adequately. There's scarcely a noticeable difference in any shade, although my eye can still slightly detect the change.

I don't feel badly about it and even chuckled a little after viewing the

Washington Monument on my recent trip to Washington, D.C. The tour guide pointed out to us where construction had halted for a lengthy period of time. When the final stories were added to complete the top portion, they were unable to match the previous marble in color. As a result, there is a very discernible line midway up the monument where the marble changes. If a noticeable flaw does not hinder our value of a national treasure, perhaps, Lily will feel the same about her little personal treasure!

Lily and I had such an adventure together on our trip to the East coast this winter. We journeyed from New Mexico to attend my cousin Katharine and Don's wedding prior to Thanksgiving and had a wonderful holiday with all the assembled Driftmier family. It was my first visit to my sister Emily's lovely home; and she entertained all of us with such style and grace. Lily was Katharine's flower girl, and she felt SO important. Shortly thereafter, Lily's Granny Abigail gave her a wedding Barbie doll which she promptly named "Katharine." I'll never forget Lily's reaction when we first entered the quaint country church in which the wedding was held. As I opened the door where the girls were dressing, Lily peeked in and turned to me with her blue eyes as big as saucers. "Mommy, there are BEAUTIFUL WOMEN in there!" Lily said as though she had just seen Cinderella.

The rest of the wedding story is not mine to tell. I'll have several years to wait for our family's first wedding. In the meantime I'll try to share a few more stories of our trip, when space permits.

Sincerely,

Alison Walstad







## VALENTINE'S DAY— THE WAY IT WAS

by  
Dorothy Rieke

February fourteenth, Valentine's Day, is very special to many of us. We are delighted to receive a special remembrance such as a card, candy or some small gift. However, few remembrances can equal the excitement and pleasure derived from receiving a penny valentine from a classmate at a school Valentine's party held years ago.

After the Christmas holidays had passed, life seemed dreary to us until we students thought of Valentine's Day and started dreaming of the valentines we'd receive at our school party. Because art projects were scarce for January, our teacher generally let us make valentines in art class during the last two weeks of January. The younger children painstakingly outlined and colored valentines on white paper. Children in the upper-grades worked with colored construction paper often cutting out all sizes of hearts which were used to decorate the schoolroom in preparation for the party.

The teacher showed us how to fold the paper several different ways to make a valentine. We also made valentine figures from small hearts.

One teacher brought some paper doilies to school. These doilies provided a lacy background for our bright red hearts. Paper doilies were the most beautiful things I had ever seen, because they looked just like some lace that Grandma Augusta made.

Our school valentines were placed in a beautiful box made as a cooperative class effort or sometimes, one of the mothers decorated a box. One year my friend's mother volunteered to cover a large box with tissue paper. She added crepe paper ruffles and used flour and water paste to decorate the box with all sizes of hearts. When my friend brought the box to school, it was the subject of many comments. It was so beautiful! We could hardly look away from the box long enough to prepare our lessons. The children of years ago didn't have an

opportunity to see beauty on television or in magazines so we especially appreciated that pretty box.

In later years, decorated individual valentine bags were made and taped to our desks. While this may have been a more creative activity, we never quite experienced a feeling like the thrill of seeing that decorated box slowly being filled with valentines.

It was hard to wait for our valentine party which was usually held during the last hour of the school day on February fourteenth. All of us hated to see the beautiful box opened, but the excitement generated by the thought of those intriguing valentines dimmed our concern for the box. A student whose name was drawn out of a cap was allowed to keep the valentine box.

After the flurry of choosing two children to distribute the small colorful cards, we eagerly awaited their arrival at our desks. Each of us looked at every delivered card, read the message and sought to thank the sender. Some valentines caused laughter, some smiles; an occasional card caused anger or, worse yet, hurt feelings.

The students didn't notice the noisy talking and laughter until the teacher called out, "Not so loud, students!" Everyone quieted some at this warning. The superintendent's office was located near our classroom, and we were afraid of him.

It was a treat to see the teacher's cards and gifts. All of us gathered around her desk to observe her reaction to each card or gift. She usually received small penny cards, but occasionally she opened an envelope to reveal a beautiful ornate card with a sentimental message and a caption, "To My Teacher."

Sometimes the teacher received a small heart-shaped box of candy that nearly every student coveted. How good those chocolate candies looked to us who seldom had a chance to eat that kind of candy!

If a teacher was special, I'd tuck one of Mother's crisp sugar cookies wrapped in a paper napkin in with the card, or share some of Mother's delicious homemade fudge filled with black walnut meats.

The teacher, always aware of her students' feelings, had a favorable comment that applied to each offering. She'd say, "How did you find such a pretty card?" or "What a pretty color!" or "How thoughtful of you to choose this pretty card!" She always seemed to select the right words to please each student. Many found more pleasure in seeing the pleased expression on the teacher's kind face than in receiving their valentines.

When all of the valentines were distributed, several students handed out treats usually furnished by the teacher. Sometimes we'd feast on homemade

cupcakes frosted with rich, pink, powdered sugar icing decorated with red hots, or large flat cookies filled with raisins. Other times we received candy treats such as small pastel-colored hearts which carried sentimental messages such as "I love you" or "Sweet stuff."

All too soon, school was dismissed; our party was over. For the first time in the new year we were sorry to hear the dismissal bell. As we left the old brick school building, we showed our valentines to our friends and marveled over the success of the party as we slowly walked home.

If someone received a valentine that didn't carry the name of the sender or was signed with a question mark, the girls, who were especially curious, spent the following days speculating about who had sent the card and what his motives were.

Yes, those valentine celebrations of years ago were very special. We could reveal our feelings for others using inexpensive cards and gifts, and the love and concern that we felt for others always returned to us in many ways.



## A FAMILY VALENTINE BOX

Make a family valentine box by covering a box with white paper, decorating it with red paper hearts or valentine seals and a red ribbon bow. Give each person in the family a supply of white paper hearts several days before Valentine's Day. Every day, or more often, each person thinks of something nice about another member of the family, writes it down on a white heart, folds the heart in half, and addresses it to the person written about, then drops it in the valentine box. On Valentine's Day at the family dinner time, open the box and pass out the valentines. Have each one read his or her "love notes" aloud.

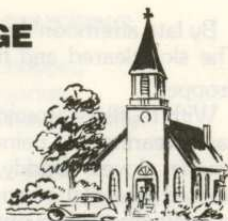
## A "SWEET" FAMILY VALENTINE

Grease a heart-shaped cake pan, line the bottom with waxed paper and grease again. Cook your favorite batch of fudge and pour into the heart pan to cool. When completely hardened, remove from the pan, peel off waxed paper and place candy heart on lacey white paper doilies arranged to frame the candy on a pretty glass plate. Using a cake decorator and white icing, decorate the candy in a valentine motif—perhaps with a message such as "Sweet Thing," "Love Me" or "O You Beautiful Doll." Use as the table centerpiece for family dinner on Valentine's Day and serve it for dessert, if you like. Note: if divinity is a family favorite, make a divinity heart and use red or pink icing for decorating.

—Mabel Nair Brown



## A MESSAGE FROM MARTIN STROM



Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends,

It has been some time since I wrote a letter to you, and much has happened to Eugenie and me during that time. We are in a new location. In November of 1983, I received a call to be the pastor of the Church of Peace United Church of Christ in Norwood, Minnesota. The call was the result of a long process, beginning with decisions that Eugenie and I had to make: what kind of congregation would we be looking for; what part of the country would we be partial to, or willing to consider; what do I say about myself in my dossier, etc.? There were the long meetings with the Pastoral Search Committees, the trial sermons, and finally the congregational vote. It was a long and nerve-racking experience. I ate everything in sight and put on 45 pounds of weight which I lost again when it was all over.

In February, Eugenie and I said "good-bye" to Maple Lake and all the good people of Bethlehem Church and the community. Maple Lake had been my home for over nine years and Eugenie's for more than eight...all of our married life.

Moving is always a wrenching sort of experience which disrupts our lives. Eugenie and I moved only 36 miles, which isn't very far, but it could just as well have been across the country for all the difference it would have made in packing and severing our ties with a community that had been our home for such a long time.

Our move came near the beginning of the Lenten season in the church calendar, which is a sufficiently busy time without getting unpacked and settled into a new life, filled with new people and plenty of new situations. The people of Church of Peace made us feel warmly welcome and, sooner than I expected, feel at home. Sometime in the future, I will share with you some pictures of our parsonage and church building in Norwood.

Shortly after Eugenie and I arrived in Norwood, so did my father, Oliver, who flew up to spend a few days with us before he and I left together for the Holy Lands. This had been a prearranged trip and the Church of Peace congregation was gracious enough to let me follow through with these plans. Some of you will remember that I visited the Holy Lands once as a seminary student and twice as a tour host leading small groups. This time I simply went as a fellow passenger to enjoy this trip with my



**"Oliver of Arabia!"** Oliver Strom looks as though he is enjoying his camel ride. In his letter, Martin Strom tells about their tour of the Holy Lands.

father. It was good to put aside the responsibilities of a tour host and appreciate as much of Israel, Egypt, and Greece as I could. I enjoyed being able to share this with him.

On these tours, I traveled with Dr. Allan R. McAllaster, Professor of Biblical Interpretation at United Theological Seminary of the Twin Cities, who was the senior tour host. His insights into the historical geopolitical context of the biblical story have made each trip more meaningful by his supplemental information. On each of these trips we have visited the major religious sites of Israel, each time appreciating them and their significance even more. We have also seen new and different things on each tour. For example, this year we visited Cana of Galilee as well as the caves above Banias, portions of the ruins at Caesarea by the sea and much more which I had never seen before.

In Egypt, the tour was almost identical to what we had done in the past, with one important exception for me. This time I was able to actually visit the tomb area inside the Great Pyramid. This is not an easy thing to do, because of the narrow passageways, low ceilings over the stairs, and the ever present feeling of tons of rock overhead, but I am certainly glad to have had the opportunity.

While we were still in Jerusalem, I visited one of my favorite shops, which happens to sell "antiquities." This year I purchased several small things, including some oil lamps from 2,000, 1,200, and 150 B.C.E. as well as one from ancient Roman times. I find it exciting to be able to hold in my hands something that somebody made 4,000 years ago. One of the first books I remember having of my very own was a children's book about biblical history and archaeology. Receiving that book must have been one of the key events in shaping my interests in art and ancient history.

On the way both to and from the Holy Lands, we changed planes in Athens, Greece. Each time, there was a seven or eight hour period of time between flights.

On our way going to the Holy Lands, we were provided with a tour bus which took us through Athens, past some of the more famous places and along the coast to nearby Corinth to see the ruins of that once great city. This was an unexpected opportunity, made available only at the last minute, and I wish Eugenie and my mother, Margery, could have been with us. Perhaps, they can some other year.

On our way back home, we were given hotel rooms in Athens and the opportunity to spend several hours on our own sightseeing, visiting the Acropolis or the market, or just walking along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

When Dad and I arrived in Minneapolis, Eugenie and Mom were waiting for us, anxious to hear all the details about our trip and to see the suitcases full of souvenirs. I always take along some old clothes to wear which I can discard, making room in our limited suitcase space. Each of these trips was exciting, but it was always a relief to be home and able to relax from the hectic pace of traveling.

It has been almost a year since Eugenie and I made the move to our new home in this delightful house and community, and more than a year since we first visited here and moved a few token boxes. We have gone through the calendar, doing all the seasonal things in their turn such as decorating for the holidays and preparing programs for church activities. Now the seasons are beginning to repeat themselves, giving us not only a sense of warm comfortable friendship, but also a growing sense of things and events which are familiar. This has been a big change for us, but Eugenie and I are glad to be here and are looking forward to the coming years in Norwood, Minnesota.

There is so much more that I could share with you, but only enough time to get this letter stamped and in the mail. May all of you be richly blessed with peace.

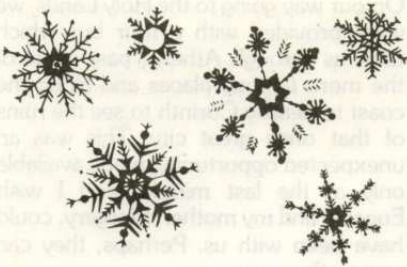
Shalom,  
Martin

### MARTIN'S MICROWAVE MARVEL

- 1 10½-oz. can condensed cream of celery soup
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- 1 6½-oz. can tuna, drained
- ¼ cup milk
- Dash of tamari sauce
- Mix soup, peas, tuna, milk and tamari sauce in 1½ quart casserole. Cover tightly and microwave on high 4 minutes. Stir. Cover and microwave 5 to 7 minutes longer; until bubbly.
- Great served over toast, biscuits, popovers, noodles, or mashed potatoes.







## THE THROES OF A WINTER STORM

by  
Martha E. Shivers

The snow started falling during the cold winter night. By morning the ground held deep mounds of the innocent appearing purity. The Woods children were elated. Thoughts of sled rides, perhaps coasting parties, and rolling and tumbling in the snow seemed promising.

Daddy, Jim, Mike and Fred plunged through the fields searching for the live-stock that might not fare well if a full-blown storm should develop. They drove the animals toward the shelters around the barn and sheds.

Momma started cooking a piece of beef shank and planned a full day of baking and cooking. She enjoyed not only the aroma of the freshly baked and cooked foods but the knowledge that her family would be amply fed, even though the foods were simple. Skeeter and I made sugar cookies. We gave in to Bruce and Amy's pleadings and allowed them to cut out their own designs in the cookie dough, and all of us snatched some of the tasty dough to eat.

"Beth, get the vegetables from the cellar. Better bring up a lot, we want a big pan of hot soup when the menfolk come in from the cold," Momma said.

I piled as many potatoes, carrots, onions and cabbages as I could in the large dishpan, then went back to grab a handful of ears of popcorn. The corn was hanging from one of the rafters. Momma mixed an extra large batch of bread, covered it with a white tea towel and put the satiny dough on the back of the warming oven to rise. Then she, and we girls, peeled and chopped the vegetables for the soup. Bruce kept busy carrying in sticks of wood from the porch that was now used for storage during the cold months.

As the morning wore on, the snow continued to fall. The cold and hungry menfolk trudged toward the house. As they passed the coal and wood shed, each picked up armfuls of wood, and Daddy brought in the big bucket of coal. One never knew just how long such a storm would last, and the heating supply needed to be watched closely. The flakes piled upon each other making large mound-shaped figures around the edges of the buildings and frosted the eaves of

the house and outbuildings with heavy frosting-like coats of snow.

Skeeter took a pan out into the snow and filled it, packing the fluff down, then ran into the warm kitchen where sugar, vanilla and rich cream were poured over the pure snow. The children devoured the delicious "ice cream." Momma asked the men to fill the washtub on the porch with snow and to pack it down. When the snow melted she would have water to use and save trips to the well that was across the yard near the barn.

While eating the hot, pungent soup and warm slices of white bread and cinnamon rolls, along with baked apples, a coziness settled upon the family bringing a closeness within the security of the home. We always told stories while doing the dishes, but this evening the stories were short because everyone was anxious to get out the games, pop the corn, polish the apples and eat the delectable fudge that Momma made. Jim and Mike brought out the carom board from the closet and began their game; Fred and Skeeter chose the checkerboard; little sister was fast asleep in her bed in the folks' bedroom just off the dining room; Bruce and Amy tried to see who could eat the most buttered popcorn; I brought out the book that I had been reading whenever there was a chance; Momma sat back in her rocking chair with a basket of darning and patching balanced against her full apron, a never ending chore; and, Daddy slept in his chair near the stove.

The quiet of the night was jarred by a rising wind. The wind blew, tossed and tumbled the snow and rattled the windowpanes in the house. We ate the candy, popcorn and apples and soon tired of games. Then each of us took wrapped, hot sadirons in our hands and ran upstairs into the icy rooms to undress as quickly as possible and tumble into the soft feather ticks and warm blankets.

As the grey light of day crept upon the horizon, the intensity of the wind increased until the air was filled with white fog. The branches of the trees bent to the ground with their thick ermine-like coats. The tops of the fence posts peered over the white blanket of snow. The telephone poles were only black sticks protruding from the building drifts. Picturesque shapes formed on the white banks where the wind fiercely dealt blow after blow.

To walk more than a few feet at a time was perilous. The family was grateful that the coal and wood shed was close to the house.

"We can't get to the barn this morning, boys," Daddy said as he rubbed his whiskered chin. When it was so cold he wouldn't shave for a week, and we learned to like the bristly cheeks when we hugged him.

By late afternoon the wind died down. The sky cleared and the temperatures dropped.

With mufflers around their faces, and each wearing two pairs of trousers and double gloves, Daddy, Jim and Mike worked toward the barnyard. They sunk to mid thighs with every step. The cows had to be milked, they couldn't wait any longer to be relieved of their milk. Corn, oats and hay were distributed to all of the animals. They could eat enough snow to supply their need for water for at least a short period of time. Only a few eggs were gathered, and some of them were frozen. The chickens did need feed and water.

"Waste not want not," was one of Momma's familiar quotes. She said this again and brought the ragbag from the closet. Momma showed us girls how to cut long strips from worn-out garments and wind those strips into balls. The strips would be made into rugs at a later time.

As the cold continued accompanied by more snow, the roads filled with deep drifts. The telephone line snapped, so there was no way to communicate outside the home. Daddy kept worrying about the dwindling fuel supply and hoped for better weather so he and the older boys could cut the long pieces of wood that had been piled beside the wood shed earlier in the fall. The coal bank was a short distance from the house, but now no one could get to it.

It was no longer fun to play games at night....everyone was too tired from the heavy labors of battling the drifts, the chores, securing fuel, and cooking and baking. When the winds subsided enough to allow the menfolk of the community to scoop out the roads, there were more sore muscles than ever. Relief came when the first bobsled went down the road to the coal bank, and another bobsled went into town to bring back needed supplies. Everyone gave thanks that there was no serious illness.

At long last the schools opened. Little tots still remained home....it was too dangerous for them to walk the long distance in the cold and through some drifts that remained.

The winter lingered on. More snow fell, winds blew, temperatures played games with their up and down movements. The days moved from January to February, then in March the winds changed their directions and it became apparent that the sweet arrival of spring was daring to enter upon the scene.



Convalescence: that vague time when you're better than you were but still not as well as you were before you were as sick as you are now.





## An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends,

I have thoroughly enjoyed the winter so far. This year, more than ever, I appreciated the quiet pace of January as a time of relaxing and winding down from the holiday season. When I didn't have to be out in the bad weather I was quite content to have it keep me home.

We had a very special Christmas thanks to the presence of my parents. We didn't plan extra activities, but there was plenty going on with our normal commitments. They were able to share the Offuttair Christmas party with Vin and me, and joined all of us for a potluck dinner with our family religion class. My parents took all of us to see "Peter Pan" at the Emmy Gifford Children's Theater, and we enjoyed the seasonal church services together.

Mom brought me some of the needlework gifts that I had made for Nana and Grandpa Crandall over the years. I told my parents to keep one item for themselves. The piece they chose was made from a simple little kit but the words were important. It said: "There are two lasting gifts we can give to our children—one is roots, the other wings."

In my December letter I shared some thoughts about roots with you. I noted how all my Crandall cousins as well as David and I feel we have roots in Rhode Island where the Crandall homestead was. Living in the Middle West has allowed me to explore my Iowa roots a little. Driving to and from Shenandoah I have learned to appreciate the unique beauty that each season of the year gives to the fields and bluffs. I like the fields best in the fall when they become a patchwork in shades of brown. The bluffs seem most lovely to me in the early spring when the very first hint of green leaves blurs the outlines of the folded hills.

I've listened with great enjoyment to the stories I can coax from my aunts and uncles about "the way things used to be." My dad has wonderful stories of his Iowa childhood, some I know so well that they have titles in my mind, like "The Night the Dog Bit Father."

In the quiet of this winter I reread a book of memories written by my grandmother Leanna and her brothers and sisters about their childhood on Sunnyside Farm in Shenandoah. Every time I read it I would like to step into the life they describe. When they wrote the book in 1915, they were already looking through the rose-colored glasses of memory. I'm not impressed with the fact their life was perfect, but that they each found something of value at Sunnyside which really formed their lives.



**Mary Lea Palo is a busy mother and spends a lot of time in her kitchen testing recipes for her family and friends.**

In the writing each child's personality comes clear. I wish I could share with you all their pranks and adventures. As I was reading the book I found myself longing to know those irrepressible children, to be able to talk with them. How strange it is to realize that they were old before I was born.

Threads of love and respect tie all parts of the book, and other threads are there: hospitality, service, an appreciation of beauty. Great-grandfather Solomon Elijah Field, the father of these writers is described many times as a man who loved to grow things. Great-aunt Martha Field Eaton wrote this beautiful passage:

Father never knew what it was to have a Mother's love, but as he roamed over the New England hills, he found a very sweet substitute and one which will never forsake him in Mother Nature. Between them there seems to be a very peculiar and mysterious bond and one which gives him infinite joy and satisfaction. She has given him all her choicest confidences and he has ever been her steadfast friend and tender helper and together they have done many wonderful things. As the artist loves his brush or the musician loves his violin, so Father loves the soft, warm earth. Nor could brush or violin yield sweeter things than the earth yields for him when coaxed by his loving hand. Why are Father's berries always the most luscious and his roses the largest and most fragrant? Why do his vines bear when others are empty, and why are his plants laden with bloom when others fail to have flowers? A good neighbor once said that she had guessed the secret, that when she wanted anything to grow she was going to have Father "pat it down" when she planted it for a pat from his hand or a tap from his foot was all that was required, and

so it seemed, for he did it all so lovingly and with so little effort that we could see no other solution. But if you had asked the rose or the vine, it could have told a different story—a story of many strange and unusual things that had blessed it from Father's hands; of numerous stirrings of the earth beneath it and of the cutting away of superfluous parts that sapped or hindered its growth; of tender shelter from cold and careful watering after sundown in hot weather and of many trips to its side just to see how it grew and to give it a loving glance of approval. Ah! Father and the rose and the vine were old "pals". No wonder that they set out the best that they had for him.

Since many of you have ties just as strong to the world of nature around you, I thought you'd enjoy that paragraph. It is my valentine to you: a tribute to all who are stewards of the earth, courtesy of Martha Eaton.

The roots planted at Sunnyside were so strong I feel them even now across the years. It is apparent through the book that my great-grandparents also gave their children wings. The seven children grew up to take on creative and productive roles as poets, artists, teachers, nurserymen and more. For their day they were what we would now call over-achievers. What was instilled in them at Sunnyside that encouraged them to go so far in life? Whatever it was, they passed it on.

One of my favorite pictures of my father was taken in 1939. It shows a pile of luggage and my father standing with one foot up on a suitcase, hat in outstretched hand, looking every bit the adventurer. Having never before left the Midlands, he was bound for Egypt. If that's not stretching your wings, what is? My father's crowning achievement is not having adventures, although it seems that way sometimes, but using those adventures to reach out and touch people's hearts in the most inspired way.

I must have been thinking of wings in 1970 when my Crandall grandparents had their fiftieth wedding anniversary. I'd like to share with you the poem I wrote for the occasion. The reason I've never printed the poem in *Kitchen-Klatter* before is that the poem was just half of a gift. The other half was a beautiful color photograph taken by my cousin Christopher Preston. The photo shows two seagulls sitting on the roof of a fishing shack silhouetted against the setting sun. Trying to reproduce this in black and white would completely lose the depth of feeling contained in the subtlety of the colors. So with apologies to Christopher for what you cannot see here, I hope my words will help you imagine.

(Continued on page 18)



**GERMAN CHERRY PIE**

- 2 1/2 to 4 cups canned sour cherries, do not drain
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4 tsp. to 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

(If you have the larger amount of cherries on hand, use them and the larger amount of cornstarch.)

Sprinkle 6 tablespoons of sugar over cherries and permit to stand for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Drain and reserve the juice.

Sift the flour, cinnamon, 6 tablespoons of sugar and the salt together. Cut in the butter until blended. Add the beaten egg and work the dough until it just holds together. Chill the dough, if necessary; pat it into a 9- or 10-inch pie pan.

Measure the reserved cherry juice. Taste and add a bit of sugar if desired. Stir the cornstarch into 1/4 cup of the cherry juice until smooth.

Place the remaining juice over low heat; when it is boiling, stir in the cornstarch mixture. Stir and cook over low heat for 2 or 3 minutes until the mixture is no longer cloudy. Add the almond flavoring.

Line the pie shell with cherries. Pour the hot juice mixture over them and bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 50 minutes depending on the size of pan you are using.

Serve at room temperature with whipped cream.

—Mary Lea

**HONEY NUT BAR**

- 4 cups rolled oats
- 1 1/2 cups chopped nutmeats
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring

Put the oats and nuts into a large bowl. Add the brown sugar and the salt. Stir well.

In another bowl, mix the butter or margarine, honey and flavorings together.

Make a well in dry ingredients; slowly add the liquid ingredients while stirring until blended.

Press ingredients firmly into a 10 1/2-by 15 1/2-inch jelly roll pan, thoroughly greased. Bake on middle rack in a 450-degree oven for exactly 10 minutes, until golden brown and bubbly. Cool and cut into bars.

—Lucile

**DOROTHY'S BAKED HOMINY**

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 16-oz. can yellow hominy, rinsed and drained
- 1 16-oz. can white hominy, rinsed and drained
- 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- Buttered bread crumbs for topping

Make a white sauce using the butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper. Add hominy. Place half the mixture in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle on the cheese, then the rest of the hominy mixture. Top with the bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes until ingredients are heated through and crumbs are brown.

**CHERRY CHEESECAKE**

- 1 1/2 sticks margarine
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Mix together margarine, graham cracker crumbs, and 1/4 cup sugar. Press into a 10-inch baking pan.

Combine cream cheese, 1 cup sugar, eggs, and vanilla flavoring; beat until smooth and creamy. Spoon cream filling over graham cracker mixture. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes. Cool.

Mix cherry pie filling with cherry and almond flavorings. Spread over the top of cheesecake.

**MACARONI & OYSTERS**

- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 cups milk
- 1 8-oz. pkg. macaroni
- 1 8-oz. can oysters, pieces
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Cracker crumbs, finely crushed

Combine butter, flour, salt and pepper to taste, and milk. Cook until thick and smooth. Set sauce aside.

Cook macaroni in salted water. Drain. Combine macaroni, oysters, celery, onions, salt and pepper.

Butter baking dish very thoroughly; coat bottom and sides with cracker crumbs. Pour macaroni mixture into baking dish. Cover with sauce and sprinkle cracker crumbs on top. Bake in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes or until lightly brown. Lower heat and bake another 30 minutes.

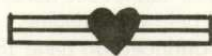
—Hallie

**TOFFEE BARS**

- 15 graham crackers
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 6-oz. pkg. milk chocolate chips
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts

Line a 9- by 13-inch pan with foil; grease well with butter. Arrange graham crackers in the bottom. In a saucepan combine the brown sugar, butter or margarine, and flavoring; bring to a boil. Remove from heat and pour over graham crackers. Bake in a 400-degree oven for 5 minutes. Remove and sprinkle chocolate chips on top. When chips soften, spread; sprinkle nuts over top. Chill until chocolate sets. Makes approximately 24 bars.

—Verlene





**BING CHERRY SALAD**

- 1 1-lb. can dark sweet cherries, drained (save juice)
- 1 8½-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained (save juice)
- 1 3/4 cups liquid (reserved fruit juices plus water if necessary)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. dark cherry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 envelope whipped topping mix
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise

Drain fruits and measure juices. Heat half of the liquid. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot liquid. Add the flavorings and the remaining liquid. Chill until partially set.

Cut cherries in half and remove pits. Stir the cherries, pineapple, celery and nuts into the chilled gelatin mixture.

Prepare topping mix according to package directions. Beat in the cream cheese and mayonnaise. Fold into gelatin mixture. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Additional chopped nuts may be sprinkled on top, if desired. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

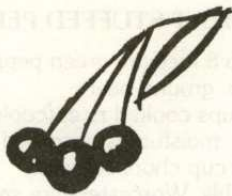
**CARAMEL FUDGE**

- 1 11½-oz. pkg. milk chocolate chips (2 cups)
- 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
- 1 14-oz. pkg. caramels
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup chopped walnuts (I used English walnuts.)

Melt the chocolate chips and vegetable shortening over hot water; add chocolate flavoring. Stir well until smooth. Remove from heat and pour 1/2 of the mixture into an 8- by 8-inch well-greased pan. Spread evenly, refrigerate until firm (about 15 minutes).

In a heavy saucepan or double boiler, combine the caramels, butter or margarine, the water and vanilla flavoring, heat and stir until smooth. Stir in the walnuts and pour the caramel mixture over the chocolate layer. Refrigerate until the mixture is set (about 15 minutes). Pour the remaining melted chocolate mixture over the caramel layer and spread evenly. Refrigerate until firm.

NOTE: I used a double boiler to melt the chocolate chips and another to melt the caramel mixture. This way you don't have to worry about the mixtures sticking or scorching. —Verlene

**CHERRY BREAD**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 small bottle maraschino cherries, drained and quartered
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherry juice (add water to make the 1/2 cup if necessary)
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugar until smooth and fluffy. Beat in the flavorings and eggs. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and stir into creamed mixture. Add the cherries, cherry juice and nuts; beat well.

Pour into a greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes, or until bread tests done. Delicious served with cream cheese. —Dorothy

**LAMB & CARROT STEW**  
(Slow-cooking pot recipe)

- 2 lbs. lean lamb, cubed
- Garlic powder
- 2 cups water
- 5 peppercorns
- 1 onion, coarsely chopped
- 4 potatoes, cubed
- 1 lb. carrots, sliced
- 1/2 cabbage head, quartered
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. caraway seed
- Flour-water paste to make gravy
- 1/3 cup apple jelly
- 2 to 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1/2 pint sour cream
- 3 green onions, chopped
- Fresh chopped parsley

Sprinkle lamb with garlic and brown. Place lamb, water, peppercorns, onion, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, salt and caraway seed in a slow cooker. Cook for 10 hours on low-heat setting.

Stir in flour-water paste to thicken. Add jelly, flavoring, and sour cream and bring to simmer. Garnish with green onions and parsley before serving.

—Juliana

**MARY LOUISE'S MARINATED RAW VEGETABLES**

- 1 small head cauliflower, broken into small pieces
- 3 cups sliced carrots, half-cooked
- 1 onion, separated into rings
- 1 green pepper, cut into thin strips
- 6 ribs of celery, cut into small pieces
- 1 cup of green beans, cooked and drained (optional)
- 2 cucumbers, peeled and cut into chunks
- 4 big tomatoes, peeled and quartered
- 1 can mushrooms, drained (optional)
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

Prepare vegetables and mix together. In blender mix the tomato soup, salad oil, salt, pepper, vinegar, sugar, prepared mustard, Worcestershire sauce and Italian salad dressing. Blend until well mixed. Pour over raw vegetables and marinate for 24 hours before serving.

—Lucile

**PEANUT ROLLS**

- 1 2-layer-size yellow cake mix
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 egg  
3 cups miniature marshmallows  
Combine the cake mix, margarine, butter flavoring and egg; press into an ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes. Remove from oven and cover with the marshmallows. Return to oven for 3 minutes until marshmallows are fluffy but not brown.

- 1/3 cup white corn syrup
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring

1 12-oz. pkg. peanut butter chips  
2 cups plain salted roasted peanuts  
2 cups crispy rice cereal  
While first layer is baking, heat syrup, 1/4 cup margarine, vanilla and chocolate flavorings, and the peanut butter chips in a large saucepan. Stir until chips are melted. Add peanuts and cereal and mix well. Pour over the marshmallow layer. Refrigerate until set. Remove and let set until room temperature. —Dorothy





**QUICK SNACK CAKE MIX**

- 4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 Tbls. baking soda
- 1/2 Tbls. salt
- 3 cups granulated sugar

Combine all ingredients; stir well. Divide mixture evenly into three 2½-cup plastic containers with tight-fitting lids, putting about 2¼ cups of mixture in each. Label and date. Store in a cool dry place no longer than 3 months.

**Applesauce Snack Cake**

- 2 1/4 cups quick snack cake mix
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil
- 3/4 cup applesauce
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. ground allspice
- 1/8 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 cup raisins

Pour quick snack cake mix into an ungreased 8- or 9-inch square baking pan; set aside. In a small bowl, combine all the remaining ingredients except the raisins; beating with a fork to blend. Stir into the quick snack cake mix until blended. Stir in raisins. Bake at 325 degrees about 35 to 45 minutes or until a wooden toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.

**Banana-Walnut Snack Cake**

- 2 1/4 cups quick snack cake mix
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil
- 1/2 cup mashed ripe banana
- 1/2 cup buttermilk, milk or water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Pour quick snack cake mix into an ungreased 8- or 9-inch square baking pan. In a small bowl, combine remaining ingredients; beating with a fork to blend. Stir into quick snack cake mix until blended. Bake at 350 degrees about 30 to 40 minutes or until a wooden toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.

—Mary Lea

**SPAGHETTI SALAD**

- 1 lb. spaghetti, broken, cooked and drained
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 medium cucumber, diced
- 1 medium green pepper, diced
- 1 tomato, diced
- 1 small can mushroom pieces, drained
- 1 small onion
- 1 to 2 Tbls. salad spices
- 1 17-oz. bottle Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

Mix all the ingredients together well. Chill overnight.

—Verlene

**MEAT STUFFED PEPPERS**

- 6 to 8 medium green peppers
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3 cups cooked rice, (cooked until moisture is absorbed)
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 cup meat sauce
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces (optional)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 18-oz. jar spaghetti sauce

Cut tops from peppers and remove seeds. Heat ground beef until no longer pink, pour off excess fat. Combine ground beef, rice, onion and remaining ingredients except sauce.

Stuff peppers and stand up in baking pan. If you have remaining meat mixture add to bottom of baking pan. Pour spaghetti sauce over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to 1 hour.

—Hallie

**TURKEY CASSEROLE**

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
- 3 1/2 cups seasoned croutons (or stuffing crumbs)
- 1 can French fried onions
- 1 can condensed cream of celery soup
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 cups diced cooked turkey (or chicken could be used)
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, thawed

Combine the margarine, butter flavoring and water; stir until margarine melts. Pour over seasoned croutons or stuffing crumbs; toss lightly. Stir in half of the French fried onions. Press mixture on bottom and up the sides of a 1½-qt. casserole dish. Combine the soup, milk, meat and peas; pour into the lined casserole. Bake covered at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Top with remaining onions and bake uncovered 5 minutes longer. Serves 4.

—Verlene

**WHIPPED BUTTERNUT SQUASH**

- 3 eggs, separated
- 6 cups butternut squash, cooked and pureed
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Freshly grated nutmeg

Beat egg yolks well. Stir egg yolks into squash in bowl. Mix in half-and-half, salt, celery salt, paprika and flavoring.

Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into squash mixture. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch baking dish or any 3-qt. casserole. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Bake in 350-degree oven 35 to 40 minutes, or until center is set. Makes 12 servings.

—Dorothy

**AUNT MARY'S SCOTCH SHORTBREAD**

- 1 cup butter, room temperature
- 7/8 cup powdered sugar
- 2 cups flour

Chop softened butter into small pieces and add the sugar. With a pastry blender mix in the flour until like meal. Mix with your hands as you would pastry, just until dough holds together. Pat small amounts of the dough out on waxed paper with just a little flour to a thickness of about 1/4 inch. Cut with a floured cookie cutter. Bake at 300 degrees in a preheated oven until a light brown. These are better the second day and keep well.

—Mary Lea

**MELT-IN-YOUR-MOUTH COOKY**

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup butter, cubed (or margarine and Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour, sifted
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar

Insert steel blade into food processor. Cream the butter and the powdered sugar with on-and-off burst of food processor. Pulse it, until light and fluffy. With the motor on, add the egg, flavorings and dry ingredients, with exception of the 1/4 cup granulated sugar. Process only until the dry ingredients are completely mixed. Do not process too long, just barely mix dough. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet; flatten each cookie with bottom of a glass that has been dipped in the granulated sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes, or until lightly browned on the edges.

—Robin



**BACON STUFFING**

- 2 slices bacon, chopped
- 1 to 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- Chicken giblets, finely chopped
- 4 slices French bread, cubed
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped parsley
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. dried rosemary, crushed

Fry the bacon until crisp, drain well. Add the margarine, butter flavoring and saute the onion until tender. Add the chopped giblets and cook about 10 minutes.

Moisten the bread with the milk; add the parsley, pepper, cheese, egg and rosemary. Mix well. Combine with the bacon mixture.

Stuff a 3- to 4-lb. chicken and roast at 400 degrees for 10 minutes with the breast side down. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue cooking for an hour or until chicken is done. This makes about 6 to 8 servings.

—Verlene

**ISABELLE'S SALAD**

- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 2 3/4-oz. pkgs. instant vanilla pudding
- 1 17-oz. can fruit cocktail, drained
- 2 11-oz. cans mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping

Combine buttermilk and instant pudding; mix well. Add remaining ingredients; stir well and chill for several hours.

—Hallie

**CARROT CAKE**

- 1 1/2 cups Wesson Oil (do not substitute another oil)
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 cups grated raw carrots
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix oil and sugar thoroughly. Add eggs mixing well. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan or make a two-layer cake. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes or until tests done.

**Frosting**

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
  - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
  - 1 box powdered sugar
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Mix all the ingredients thoroughly and spread on cooled cake.

—Verlene

**OATMEAL PAN COOKIE**

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 3 cups rolled oats
- 1 cup unsifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup chocolate bits
- 1/2 cup coconut

Cream together the shortening and sugars. Add the egg, water and flavorings. Combine the rolled oats, flour, salt and soda and beat into the creamed mixture. Stir in the chocolate bits and coconut. Spread into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake 30 to 35 minutes in a 325-degree oven. Cool before cutting.

—Dorothy

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**SANTA FE SPAGHETTI SAUCE**

- 2 cloves of garlic
- 1 medium onion
- 1 medium bell pepper
- 3 stalks of celery
- 1 carrot
- 1/2 cup parsley, tightly packed
- 1 large can of mushrooms
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/2 lb. ground pork
- 1 tsp. red chili
- 1 large can tomatoes or 2 cups fresh tomatoes
- 2 small cans tomato paste
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 pinch oregano
- Cumin
- Sweet basil
- Rosemary
- Thyme
- Marjoram
- Apple cider as needed
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 can pitted ripe olives

Chop vegetables and saute until soft but not brown. Add meat, chili and salt. Mix until meat is brown. Add tomatoes, paste and all herbs. Cover and simmer about 1 hour. Add cider as needed. Serve over spaghetti and garnish with Parmesan cheese and the ripe olives.

—Robin

**YOGURT CUCUMBER SALAD SPREAD**

- 1 medium cucumber
- 2 large cloves of garlic (or 3 small cloves)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. white vinegar
- 1 lb. yogurt (homemade preferred)
- 1 Tbls. olive oil

Run cucumber through the shredding disc of your food processor; set aside in a bowl. Mash the garlic using the work knife in your food processor. Add the salt, vinegar, yogurt and oil; process until smooth.

Add the shredded cucumber to the mixture. Process with on-and-off burst; do not overmix.

Serve on lettuce as a luncheon salad or as spread with crackers or bread.

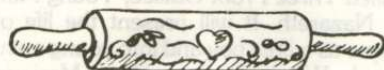
—Juliana

**LEANNA'S TAPIOCA CREAM**  
(Floating Island Pudding)

- 1 1/2 Tbls. quick-cooking tapioca
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sprinkle the tapioca over the milk in a double boiler and cook until tapioca is translucent. Stir frequently. Add half of the sugar to milk and remainder to egg yolks slightly beaten. Combine by pouring hot mixture slowly on egg mixture. Add salt. Return to double boiler, stir and cook until thick. Cool slightly and add flavoring. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve after thoroughly chilled.

—Repeat from 1947

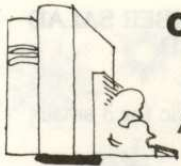
**SOUR CREAM COOKIES**

- 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup butter, or margarine and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sour cream (be sure to use real, not commercial, sour cream)
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 cups unsifted flour
- Nuts, optional

Cream sugar and butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Add sour cream and continue mixing. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Add dry ingredients and nuts if desired. Beat well. Drop by spoonfuls onto greased cooky sheet. Bake 10 minutes in 400-degree oven.

—Dorothy





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Our son Jon's trip to Washington, D.C. included a stop at the stately Lincoln Memorial. This awesome building is constructed of marble, and the 36 Doric columns of the Great Hall represent the 36 states in the Union at the time of Lincoln's death. The cornerstone of the building was laid on February 12, 1915. Sculptor Daniel Chester French has caught in exquisite detail the look of the Great Emancipator.

The Nebraska-Iowa Kiwanis Fall Conference was held at Buena Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa, in December. It is always a learning experience to attend with my husband, because the programs presented for the women are educational and thoughtful.

This year one part of the program featured a telephone interview with Marjorie Holmes, author and native of Storm Lake. She was introduced and interviewed by Kate Mittelstadt and Barbara Tollefson. Marjorie Holmes recalled the home on Seneca Street, and her sincere feelings of affection for Storm Lake people and the community. In 1972 her book *Two From Galilee* was published. She is now working on a sequel, to be published in August or September by Harper and Row.

For three years, Marjorie Holmes has been doing research and writing this new volume. She has made three trips to Israel in the process. The book will be called *Three From Galilee*, Young Man of Nazareth. It will present the life of Jesus as a little boy and into young manhood. We look forward to Marjorie Holmes' latest accomplishment.

*Home Ground—A Gardener's Miscellany* (Farrar Straus Giroux, 19 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003, \$14.95) by Allen Lacy is a book of gardening essays. The author is a professor of philosophy at Stockton State College, New Jersey, and contributes a gardening column to *The Wall Street Journal* and writes for *Horticulture* magazine. The book is about gardens and people; it is not a practical book on horticulture. He does offer advice in an incidental way, along with preferences and prejudices.

Allen Lacy writes that the great success of twentieth century American horticulture is with day lilies. Their form is sturdy, they clump rapidly, and are remarkably free of serious diseases. Of the day lilies extremely wide color range, he writes, "dark velvety reds, pale creams, clear pastel pinks, rich purples, a full complement of yellows and golds, as well as multicolors and blends...." Day



The inscription behind the sculpture of Abraham Lincoln at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., reads, "In this temple as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever."

lilies are addicting, and the addiction, Mr. Lacy says, never goes away!

He reminds us of the simple gardening tool that is often forgotten—the garden journal. It is to keep track of things such as lists of plants bought by mail, maps of where the daffodils are planted, or when spectacular storms happened.

The over 60 short essays in *Home Ground* offer the Lacy pets and peeves of gardening in a most delightful way. This book can be savored as you wish; all at once, or a few essays at a time.

One of the special pleasures of a Let's-Read-and-Find-Out science book is the valuable learning information packed into the text in easy-to-understand sentences. *Comets* (T.Y. Crowl Jr. Books, \$11.50) by Franklyn M. Branley, illustrated by Giulio Maestro, provides an introduction to an intriguing phenomenon, with a special focus on Halley's Comet. Looking forward to the sighting of Halley's Comet—that's Hal-ee, to rhyme with valley—in 1986, this handsome book will prepare young children for the event. Franklyn Branley explains just what a comet is—"A comet is a ball of dust, stones and ice. A comet may also have a tail, made of gases and dust. It can be a million miles long." He writes in detail about the orbits and appearance of comets.

Maestro's glowing, bright drawings of the night world and simple star maps help make *Comets* an interesting science book. This is another book written with an understanding of how children think, and is long enough to challenge them. I highly recommend it.

Harper Jr. Books, known for the I CAN READ books for young children, has a poetry I CAN READ book called *Surprises*, put together by Lee Bennett Hopkins, one of the field's most distinguished anthologists. Here are 38 easy-to-read poems packed with surprises about bees and subways, bugs and hugs, hamsters and snow, nighttime and

peanut butter, and more. Poets include Dorothy Aldis and Elizabeth Coatsworth. The poems feature those things that capture children's attention and imaginations. Megan Lloyd's pictures light up each page, showing the fun things that fill up a child's day. Just the book for the young child (ages 4-8), *Surprises* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$8.95) will acquaint them with some old favorites, as well as some newer ones.

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## BEGINNINGS OF VALENTINES IN AMERICA

by  
Evelyn Witter

A valentine was sent from England to Worcester, Massachusetts in the 1840's. Inspired by this traveling valentine sent to her stationer father, Esther A. Howland, a young lady graduated from Mt. Holyoke College, became America's first valentine publisher.

With her brother's help she sold \$5,000 worth of valentines in her first year and from that time on her business grew. An interesting fact is that Miss Howland, who was in the business of creating lacy and sweet missives of love, died a spinster at the age of 78.

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<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.





## MARTHA WASHINGTON: FIRST FIRST LADY

by  
Erma Reynolds

I'm sure you are familiar with the background of George Washington, our first President, but how well acquainted are you with our first First Lady—Martha Washington?

In 1732, Martha Dandridge was born in the tidewater section of Virginia. At age eighteen she married Colonel Daniel Park Custis, a wealthy planter. Although the Colonel was twenty years her senior, everyone considered that young Martha had made a fine match.

Custis died when she was twenty-five, leaving her with two children.

Though she was much sought after as "the prettiest and richest widow in Virginia," Martha did not become romantically involved until she met and fell in love with a colonial officer of about her own age, named George Washington. When he returned from the French-Indian Wars, George and Martha were married on January 6, 1759.

As mistress of Mount Vernon, Martha had a heavy schedule. Not only was she a gracious hostess, entertaining a continuous stream of guests, she also treated minor ailments of the plantation members; and served as a teacher, instructing the slaves how to cook, spin, card wool and make clothing.

In 1775, the Revolutionary War disrupted the pleasant life at Mount Vernon. During the period Washington was Commander-in-Chief of the colonial army, Martha was with her husband much of the time, including the siege of Boston and at Valley Forge during that terrible third winter of the war.

Often, while enroute between Mount Vernon and army headquarters to join George, Martha would stop off in a town along the way and organize a fund-raising drive to help finance food and clothing for the troops. Soldiers who met Martha

and witnessed her pluck and sympathy, held their general's lady in high esteem.

Martha was fifty-seven years old when, on April 30, 1789, Washington was elected to the presidency of the United States. His terms of office were not happy periods in Martha's life, but with her well-balanced personality, she tried to be as happy as she could, and performed her duties as First Lady with dignity and ease.

Washington declined a third term, retiring from the presidency in March, 1797, and at long last Martha and George were able to return to their peaceful Mount Vernon.

The next two years passed quietly but swiftly for the Washingtons. In December, 1799, George caught cold while riding in the snow. His condition quickly became worse, and on the night of December 14, he died.

Martha Washington survived her husband a little over two years, dying of fever in May, 1802, while in her seventieth year.

This notice appeared in *The Washington Federalist*: "Died at Mount Vernon Saturday evening, the 22nd ultimo, Mrs. Martha Washington, widow of the late illustrious General George Washington. To those amiable and Christian virtues, which adorn the female character, she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy."

### SPECIAL DAYS IN FEBRUARY

- Feb. 2 — Ground Hog Day
- Feb. 12 — Lincoln's Birthday
- Feb. 14 — St. Valentine's Day
- Feb. 20 — Ash Wednesday
- Feb. 22 — Washington's Birthday



## AN OLD TRUNK

by  
Janet Eckmann

This old trunk made a trip across the ocean with it's first owners. It has been in the family for years.

After refinishing the wood, I repainted the black and white embossed covering and the metallic hinges. I papered the inside of the trunk and the lift-out drawer using a flowered pattern.

The lovely old post cards used to decorate the inside of the lid were saved many years by a great-aunt. These cards were my father's. When securing the cards to the lid, I placed some with the address side, postmarks and one-cent stamps showing. I especially wanted the address of Page, Nebraska to show because we named our little girl, Paige Anne after her grandfather's heritage.

The trunk is in our bedroom and holds my hair curlers, blow dryer, etc. It could also be used in a sewing room to store material and sewing notions in.

Living in the lap of luxury isn't so bad except that you never know when luxury is going to stand up.

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## BAKING SODA USES

by  
Norma Tisher

Besides being a leavening agent for pancakes, cakes, cookies and breads, baking soda has many other uses. There are always some routine uses on the box of baking soda. Soda is very inexpensive as it is a common household item.

Here are some uses:

\*A good way to get burned casserole dishes clean is to fill the dish with boiling water and a little baking soda. It really works.

\*Baking soda is used when making peanut brittle. The soda is added with the flavorings and the hot mixture will bubble up when soda is added, so be careful. The soda and the cooling really finish the candy.

\*Baking soda gives off gas when you mix it with food acid such as sour milk, buttermilk, sour cream, molasses, vinegar or lemon juice. One-half teaspoon of soda plus one cup of sour milk or molasses is equivalent in leavening power to one teaspoon of double-acting baking powder.

\*Adding soda to navy, northern or red beans when they are partially cooked makes the broth fizz up. That is normal; the soda cuts down on the gas effect beans have.

\*Keep an open one-pound box of soda in the refrigerator to absorb odors such as onion, cabbage or fish. When changing the box of soda for a fresh one, pour contents of the old box down the drain or garbage disposal to sweeten and clean the pipes.

\*Soak combs and hair brushes in soda water. Rinse well.

\*Soda when heated releases carbon dioxide and prevents further combustion when used to put out a kitchen range fire.

\*Sprinkle a little soda on counter tops, scrub lightly with sponge and rinse clean.

\*Dissolve one-half cup of soda in bath water, it helps to soothe insect bites and prickly heat for toddlers and adults.

\*When the acid builds up on car battery terminals, mix a quarter cup of baking soda with a little water, apply with an old toothbrush, let stand a few minutes, then simply wipe the encrustation away with an old cloth, then burn cloth and do not let drippings fall on the driveway.

\*Make a paste of water and baking soda and apply on sunburn. This will dry and crumble during the night so place an extra sheet on the bed before retiring to catch the dried soda.

\*Sprinkle a little bit of soda on toothbrush when brushing teeth. It is no more abrasive than toothpaste.

Baking soda is a miracle worker and also a home's best and inexpensive friend. Baking soda is one ingredient that always goes a SECOND MILE.

## MARY LEA'S LETTER — Concluded

We've seen life, love, you and I.  
We've flown far and wide and high—  
Faced the storms and learned to  
soar,

Pierced with sorrow to the core,  
Knowing strength comes to the fore  
When we need it—so don't sigh.  
We've seen life, love, you and I.

We've worked hard, love, you and I,  
Learning how to say goodbye  
To every full but transient hour,  
Wresting from each fragile flower  
Peace and beauty we can shower  
On our flock when they are by.  
We've worked hard, love, you and I

We've dreamed dreams, love, you  
and I.

Building castles in the sky  
For our children, goals to dare,  
Heights to climb, ideals to bear,  
Hoping one day they will share  
The grandeur of a sunset sky.  
We've dreamed dreams, love, you  
and I.

May you stand strong and tall in the  
face of adversity, and may you stretch  
your spiritual wings to encompass all that  
is beautiful and true and good.

Sincerely,

*Mary Lea*

A wise mother is one who knows when  
to overlook and when to oversee.

## LOVE IS—

Love is sharing—  
Experiences, joy and sorrow,  
Love is giving—  
Happiness to-day and tomorrow.  
Love is trying—  
To do your very best  
Love is knowing—  
God will put you to the test  
Love is being—  
The person I am to-day,  
Loving is loving—  
God will show you the way!

—Janis J. Lingenfelter

Your conscience can't keep you from  
doing wrong, but it can do a lot to keep  
you from enjoying it.

## MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

whose most recent words to me were  
that my body is responding exactly as he  
hoped and he could report nothing but  
good things to me. Except for the  
constant reminders by the written and  
spoken news about cancer, I have almost  
gotten my thoughts under enough  
control to have a few hours each day  
when the subject does not haunt me.  
With a little more mind discipline on my  
part, I may be able to assume a very  
normal lifestyle this year.

My best to each and every one of you.  
Especially to those who wrote such  
encouraging letters to me during 1984, I  
send a special thank you for your  
thoughts and good wishes. They were  
each treasured.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

For Your Valentine Baking Use:

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Have you tried our 2 new Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings, Chocolate and Cinnamon?

<b>Vanilla (clear)</b>	<b>Burnt Sugar</b>	<b>Butter</b>	<b>Strawberry</b>
<b>Raspberry</b>	<b>Black Walnut</b>	<b>Blueberry</b>	<b>Pineapple</b>
<b>Orange</b>	<b>Almond</b>	<b>Banana</b>	<b>Mint</b>
<b>Maple</b>	<b>Butterscotch</b>	<b>Peach</b>	<b>Lemon</b>
<b>Cherry</b>	<b>Coconut</b>	<b>Cinnamon</b>	<b>Chocolate</b>

(Vanilla also comes in dark color.)

Send check or money order for the offers of your choice to:  
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(includes clear vanilla) Number ordered \_\_\_\_\_

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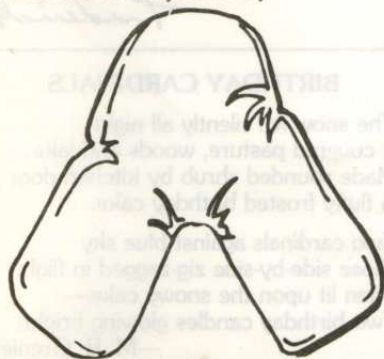
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**We believe** that Tripillow is the most comfortable pillow you'll ever own—or your money back, if returned within 30 days of purchase. Our best recommendation is from satisfied users, who often order more Tripillows for friends or family. Tripillow comes ready boxed for easy gifting or mailing.



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One Tripillow, Two Tripillowcases, plus packing & shipping ..... \$44.85
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2 Tripillows, 4 Tripillowcases, P&S. \$77.70  
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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Perennials that one can grow easily from seed and that bloom the first year if sown early are invaluable to the gardener on a limited budget. The new spring catalogs feature some of these and if you have an insatiable desire to try something new, here are a few perennials to include in your seed orders.

For two years now we have enjoyed a new perennial *Rudbeckia* called 'Goldilocks'. The seed was sent to me to grow in our trial garden. When I planted the seed, I thought it's probably just another *Rudbeckia*. I regret such a dour thought, because 'Goldilocks' is an absolutely fool-proof perennial that bloomed beautifully the first season and grandly the next. The compact plants (in comparison with other *Rudbeckias*) are covered with 3- to 4-inch, double, fluffy, golden yellow blooms all summer until a hard frost. This is the result of a common flower from the field being refined through the breeder's art.

'Goldilocks' garden value is so great that it has been awarded the prestigious Fleuroselect Award. This perennial has all the advantages and beauty of an African marigold, is drought and heat resistant and comes back year after year.

The 'Goldilocks' seed is offered in several catalogs; look in the perennial seed section for this easy-to-grow beauty. Sow the seed on a sterile, moist planting medium and cover lightly. Mist the surface with tepid water and enclose seed container in clear plastic. Seedlings will appear in about 20 days.

Another easy-to-start-from-seed perennial is a coreopsis called 'Sunray', the first perennial to win Europe's coveted Fleuroselect Award. The sturdy, mounded 20-inch plants are blanketed all summer by double, 2-inch, golden yellow blooms. Doubleness increases to nearly 100% by the second year. Thriving in full sun, 'Coreopsis Sunray' makes a brilliant, lasting show all summer long. The 'Sunray' seeds are so inexpensive, a packet of 50 seeds for forty-five cents is offered in the free catalog of Geo. W. Park Seed Co., Greenwood, S.C. 29647. Coreopsis seeds need light for germination so merely press seed into the surface of the moist planting medium and cover with clear plastic.

Dwarf Pacific delphiniums will have blossoms the size of Pacific Giants but grow only 2-feet tall. 'Blue Heaven' is the first separate color in the class—a clear luminous sky-blue with white eyes. 'Blue Fountains' are mixed colors in purple, white, lavender and shades of blue, all with contrasting eyes. These dwarf growing delphiniums are ideal where wind injures the old, taller kinds.

## A SMILE IS THE BEST TONIC

by  
Mrs. S. F. Holoubek

Ann is a good friend who lives up the street from me. Since her husband passed away many years ago, I've helped keep her old White treadle sewing machine in good running order. Even though she's past eighty, she can still make it hum.

One afternoon I had just finished ironing when the phone rang. Ann was hemming some tea towels when her machine started to act up. "Could you come right over?" Ann asked. I told her I had a headache and had promised myself an aspirin break before time to fix supper.

Ann was disappointed as she was in a sewing mood. She continued to coax me, even assuring me that a walk in the fresh air would cure my headache. We hung up on a note of indecision on my part. I told her not to look for me until she saw me coming.

Torn between wanting to help a friend and taking a rest, I finally decided fresh air might be the answer and I was just going out the door, when again the phone rang. It was Ann reminding me to bring along the tools, hers are scattered and it takes too long to collect them.

I finally headed out the door, gathering up a few screwdrivers, flashlight, a large darning needle, tweezers, and the sewing machine oil. My guess was there wasn't much wrong except lint in the machine and all it needed was a "lube" job. Looking around for something in which to put my tools, I spied my husband's tool box on the back porch. Suddenly I had an idea; if I'm going to play the part, I should have the proper "props."

Quickly I emptied his tools and put in my few. Armed with this good-size mechanic's tool box, with my few tools clattering around in it, I appeared at her door, greeting her with the words, "Sewing machine man!" She broke down in laughter and I carefully put my tool box down and proceeded to check her machine. I saw the upper thread had looped over the needle post causing it to skip stitches.

"Hummm," I said. "What have we here? Here's your trouble." And I showed her the looped upper thread.

"Well, madam, as long as I'm here," I continued, "I might as well clean and oil it."

This I did and Ann was surprised at the large pile of lint and bits of thread that I removed. After oiling it thoroughly, I ran it a couple of minutes without thread. Then wiping away all the excess oil, I re-threaded it and asked for one of her towels to give it a try. It worked just beautifully.

Suddenly I dropped my assumed

professional manner and became my old self again. We laughed till tears came to our eyes. She kept pointing to my tool box and finally managed to ask, "Wonder what the neighbors thought?"

Visiting over a cup of tea, I told her that my headache was gone (thanks to her). It bears out the old truth that "A good laugh is the best medicine."

—Reprinted from *The Weekender*

**FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded**  
special edition!" I am taking much kidding about the incident.

Betty and I are leading a very, very busy life these days. My work in the Mystic, Connecticut, Congregational Church is most enjoyable. I shall probably continue helping the church for another several months while the congregation searches for a new pastor, but I don't intend to be working through the best part of the sailing season. We have just had a very successful fund solicitation to help some Cambodian refugees. With the help of several other churches, we brought a family of eleven Cambodians from a refugee camp on the border of Thailand to America. They are living in a nice apartment in the nearby town of New London where there are a few other Cambodians. Little by little, we are getting the family settled in. It is a good work, and I am sure that it must please our Heavenly Father.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

## BIRTHDAY CARDINALS

The snow fell silently all night,  
It covered pasture, woods and lake,  
Made rounded shrub by kitchen door  
A fluffy frosted birthday cake.

Two cardinals against blue sky  
Close side-by-side zig-zagged in flight  
Then lit upon the snowy cake—  
Two birthday candles glowing bright!

—M. B. Grenier

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Offer ends March 29, 1985. A limited number on hand. Send your order to:

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## IOWA'S HYMN WRITER

by  
Ruth Townsend

If you have always thought that all hymn writers lived long ago and far away, you might be surprised to know that one writer of many well-known hymns was born in Cedar County, Iowa, and died only fifty years ago.

Charles Gabriel was born and raised on a farm between Wilton Junction and Tipton. His only musical training came from his father, who taught singing schools in the area when he could get away from his farm work.

When he was very young, Gabriel began to compose religious songs. His mother encouraged him, saying once that she would rather have him write a song that would help somebody than be President of the United States. Charles would often think of songs while he was planting or plowing. Once, he made a whole threshing crew wait while he wrote some words and music on a piece of board. Gabriel often wrote both the words and the music to go with them, though sometimes he wrote only one or the other.

When Charles was only seventeen-years-old, his father died. The young lad took over some of the singing schools his father had planned to teach. Before he was twenty-years-old, Charles took off for California. He taught singing schools all over the South and West and organized classes for "whites, blacks, Indians, Japanese—anyone who wanted him to help them learn to sing."

The first song Gabriel wrote that became universally popular was "Send the Light," which he composed in 1890. Another early favorite, one I've always liked very much, was "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." Gabriel placed that next to the top of his own list of "most favorite songs." His very favorite was "His Eye is on the Sparrow."

Gabriel's first songbook was published when he was only twenty-one years old and was called "Gabriel's Sabbath School Song." Besides Sunday School songs, he composed Christmas cantatas, songs for church choirs and special songs for programs. He seemed to be able to write just about anything anybody wanted. By the time of his death in 1932 his popularity had waned somewhat but his death was noted in many papers, even the prestigious *New York Times*.

Anytime you sing hymns or Sunday School songs, you might check to see if any of them are by Charles Gabriel, Iowa's own hymn writer.



## THE MIRACLE OF MINK OIL

By Michelle Le Claire

I was shocked when I discovered in my mirror those dreaded signs of dryness—that were certain to deepen, if neglected—dryness that takes away from your beauty and make you look older than you are. It seems that the awful changes in climate, temperature, humidity—even soaps and detergents are the causes of this condition.

I had always pampered my skin. Special creams, lotions, costly astringent rinses—I used them faithfully.

So I tried different brands, even more expensive, but nothing helped. I was ready to give up. I thought I'd have to accept the fact.

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

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband about 25 years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were!

I thought about them all that day. I believed there must be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend, and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

After I'd used the mink oil three weeks, I could see a change in my complexion. It was fresher, clearer, smoother looking. Two months later there was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it.

My friends and relatives were astonished at the change in my appearance. When I told them what I'd been using, of course they wanted to try it. Without exception they had wonderful results.

They urged me to make my product available to all women. They said I'd be doing a real service since these problems can be terribly disturbing.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Mink Oil Essential Creme. It contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for.

And, mind you, there's nothing complicated about the application. (Who has time for elaborate beauty rituals? I'll bet you don't.) Just apply Mink Oil Essential Creme at bedtime and leave it on while you sleep. That's when it works its wonders, helping to penetrate below the surface of your skin replacing lost natural oils, restoring moisture balance, leaving a beautifully lovely skin you never dreamed possible.

I'm so confident my Mink Oil cream can do marvelous things for your skin, I offer it to you with an unconditional guarantee. Just try it. See for yourself, in your own mirror, how it helps ease away those unwanted signs that alarm every woman. Many women wrote of gratifying results after only two weeks. Some take longer. But I want you to understand this. If, for any reason, you are not pleased with Mink Oil Essential Creme, just send me your name and I'll mail you a full refund, with no questions asked.

Now it's up to you. Here is your chance to have beautiful, attractive skin—at no risk. Fill out the coupon and mail today.

*Mink oil formula products are considered by research scientists "to come closer to the oils of the human skin than any other ingredient."*  
as seen in Vogue

## I WANT TO BE YOUTHFUL-LOOKING

Continental Quest Research Company, Dept. KK064  
6100 N. Keystone, Indianapolis, IN 46220

Please rush Mink Oil Essential Creme to me. I must be completely satisfied with my results or I may just send my name and address for full refund. Enclosed is:

☐ \$6.95 + \$1 post. for 2 oz. jar. ☐ \$11.90 + \$1 post. (I Save \$2) for 4 oz. jar.  
☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ VISA ☐ MC

CARD # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp: date \_\_\_\_\_

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**JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded**

has a lot of halls with dark corners. I wanted to cut a hole in the roof over the darkest corner and install a skylight. Jed took a dim view of this not only because of the expense, but also because skylights tend to leak. We have five leaking skylights why add another.

The solution was to find a lighted curio cabinet. Why didn't I think of this sooner? I found an inexpensive glass-front cabinet which Jed wired with two lights to illuminate the interior. Now there is light at the end of the hall plus a place to display all the *stuff* so near and dear to my heart. All of this at a fraction of the cost of a skylight and there are NO NEW LEAKS.

Until next month,

*Juliana*

**KNOW YOUR CAKES!**

1. Which cake is like a piece of paper?
2. Which cake is peppered with tiny seeds?
3. Which cake is a vegetable from your garden?
4. Which cake contains a religious recipe?
5. Which cake is an individual serving?
6. Which cake is often jelly filled?
7. What cake is always turned over?
8. Which cake has a dignified name plus a city?
9. Which cake is baked in a tube pan?
10. Which cake is a cleaning article?
11. Which cake is a popular breakfast beverage?
12. Which cake is the month of June famous for?
13. Which cake isn't the bride's but it's the \_\_\_\_\_?
14. What cake needs a sharp knife to complete it?
15. Which cake grows on trees or bushes?

**ANSWERS:** 1. Sheet cake; 2. Poppy seed cake; 3. Carrot cake; 4. Scripture cake; 5. Cup cake; 6. Rolled cake; 7. Upside-down cake; 8. Lord or Lady Baltimore cake; 9. Bundt cake; 10. Sponge cake; 11. Coffee cake; 12. Wedding cake; 13. Groom's cake; 14. Animal cut-out cake; 15. Fruit cake.

**COVER STORY**

Julian Brase, son of Kristin and Art Brase, Torrington, Wyoming, is one of the many Scouts that will be celebrating the 75th anniversary of Scouting. Julian enjoys being a Scout.



This is one of the possums that eat with the cats on the Johnson farm. Dorothy Johnson tells about this unusual situation in her letter.

**ABC'S OF LIVING WITH FOUR SONS**

Arguments, loud music, dirty socks,  
Beds unmade, scattered building blocks,

Crusty chili bowls hidden under their  
beds,

Dogs on the carpet shaking wet heads,

Envelopes needing 20-cent stamps,  
Feet on the couch, books as car ramps,

Guns, ball games, meals on the run,  
Homework forgotten—left undone,

"Ignorant!", "Dummy!", "He did it to  
me!",

Junk in the drive for all to see,

Keys, dates, empty gas tanks,  
Lost gloves, overdue books, loans from  
banks,

Money for lunches, clothes to mend,  
Noise that never seems to end,

Orneriness, teasing, a sad little frown,  
Pep talks for someone who's feeling  
"down",

Questions, fights, tears, hugs,  
Rock music, slammed doors, mud on the  
rugs,

Science experiments that take frogs  
apart,

Toy trains and tractors, cars that won't  
start,

Ugly words, apologies, secrets in the  
dark,

Valentines, volleyball, picnics in the  
park,

Wet towels, hot showers, another  
shampoo,

X-rated movies not allowed to go to,

Youthful wisdom, hope, fear, love,  
Zest for living—thank God above!

—Rita Kayser

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**

various kinds of wool available. Beth is a member of the Spinners and Weavers Guild of Iowa. She takes this art seriously. Beth says a lot of people who can spin yarn have a spinning wheel setting in their living room. As a person who has a real feeling for the past, she is afraid that someday little children are going to look at a spinning wheel and nobody will know how it works. Beth is one of the few lowans who volunteer time to demonstrate spinning techniques at the Living History Farms near Des Moines. She also shares her unusual talent with various 4-H clubs and other groups. Her three children are 4-H members.

Beth said in eight hours she could spin an entire fleece, which would provide enough yarn for about three sweaters. She purchases fleece at an international wool manufacturing center in Des Moines and some from local producers. Beth also buys some wool from New Zealand, where the spinning wheel she uses was made. When she sends overseas for the wool, customs officials have to rip it badly checking for insects that might be buried in the wool, so she worries about the fleece arriving in good condition. Beth also has her own loom and weaves the homemade yarn into blankets and stoles, or she knits and crochets the yarn into sweaters.

Leo Ballard farms his Mother's farm besides holding down a full-time job in town. They raise a lot of hogs and Beth and Leo take turns babysitting the little pigs at farrowing time. In addition to everything else Beth does, she still finds time to visit patients in the nursing home and reads aloud to them.

I'm having lots of fun with my microwave. For Christmas I got microwave baking utensils and a big microwave cookbook. When snowed in this winter I'll try to do more experimenting.

I shouldn't have bragged about the weather. It is now snowing hard and getting colder by the minute. That's Iowa weather for you. Until next month.....

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

**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.





## "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.

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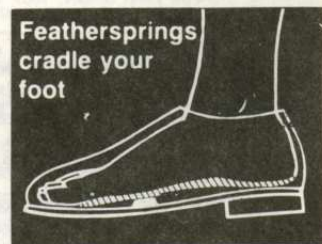
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## What people say in unsolicited testimonials, about Feathersprings:



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Jock Hutchison Jr.  
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"Received my wife's Feathersprings two days ago. They are super—neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is much better... As a retired physician, this result is amazing."

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"... I have thoroughly enjoyed the comfort Feathersprings have provided me. You would not believe the difference they have made my feet feel—before I had such pain when walking because I have severe callus' on both of my feet."

M.W.R./Richmond, VA



"... At the present time I still wear the Feathersprings and indeed they perform well after seven years of use."

G.M.G., Dallas, Texas

\*Actual photos of customers who sent us these letters

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