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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

50 CENTS

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NUMBER 1



*Happy New Year!*

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AUG.  
MISS HELEN SEAVERN  
802 PARK ST E 2  
GRINWELL IA 50112



## Kitchen-Klatter

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

### MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends,

For many, many years when you opened your copy of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* you found a letter from me in this space. The deadline for getting that letter written was as fixed in my head as the simple fact that the sun came up in the morning...and went down at night.

These last two or three years my health hasn't allowed me to do countless things I once took for granted, and my monthly letter to you was one of these things that I could no longer accomplish. But even though I could no longer write to you, I want you to know that I read your letters and enjoyed them very much.

Given these circumstances, you can see why it seems totally unreal to me to face the stark fact that this letter I am now writing is the last one you will ever receive from me. And to countless people who looked forward to getting a copy of this *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, it probably seems equally unreal that you will never again take an issue out of your mailbox.

There has to be some point where you try to begin a report on how the whole thing began. So I'll just go back to the days when I was a high school student here in Shenandoah and tell you how different our noon hour was in those long ago years when school lunch programs had never been dreamed of.

It was up to all of us Driftmier "kids" to tear home from school and sit down to dinner, our main meal of the day. As soon as we had finished eating, we jumped up to head for the kitchen and to get every single dish and pan washed and put away.

While we were doing this, Mother was getting together her box of papers; and just about the time we were through in the kitchen, she was prepared to hurry out the front door and head down to the original KFNF broadcasting station at the other end of town. This tight schedule for the Driftmiers never varied



**Leanna Field Driftmier**

The founder and inspiration of sixty years of *Kitchen-Klatter*.



**Lucile Driftmier Verness**

Lucile continued the traditions after Leanna's retirement.

in any way whatsoever, and no one in our neighborhood needed to glance at the clock to see what time it was.

From the very beginning, we had a genuine sense of friendship with the people who wrote to us; because those letters were stacked up on the old-fashioned sideboard in our dining room. We all read those letters and had the strong feeling that the people who wrote them were our friends.

I want to mention just one thing that really describes how we felt. When I wrote the first edition of *The Story of an American Family*, I concluded it by telling what happened as we grew up and began to start out into the world on our own.

As soon as Dad knew exactly where we were headed for, he got out the file boxes which contained cards with the names and addresses of the unseen friends who had written to us. He copied down this information and handed it to us with instructions for us to call anyone whose name appeared on that list and ask them for help in case we ran into terrible weather or had bad car trouble.

On a number of occasions, we ran into bad storms or had car trouble, and so we checked our list of names and addresses and called on these friends for help. Never once did they let us down. And I realize how fantastic this sounds when you look at today's world...but that's exactly the way it was so many, many years ago when we knew that these people whom we'd never before met face to face were really old friends.

There are seven of us Driftmier brothers and sisters and this means that many milestones have taken place through the years. These milestones never took place without a response from our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends who heard about them from the daily radio program or, if they were beyond the area where they could hear our voices, they read about them in our *Kitchen-Klatter*

*Magazine*.

I could write pages and pages about the way you friends responded to these milestones, but I'll mention just one thing to serve as an example of what I mean.

When word got out that Mother and Dad were expecting their first grandchild, they were surprised to begin receiving boxes that contained all kinds of baby gifts—the kind of things received at a baby shower. They decided to hold these things in Shenandoah and then ship them on to our address in Los Angeles when the first grandchild was safely here.

Now in Juliana's baby book there is a long list of those gifts with the names and addresses of friends who'd gone to the work of making blankets, embroidered jackets or nightgowns, stuffed toys...well, you name it and it was there. Whenever I visit Juliana at her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I look at that long, long list and wonder with a strange sense of nostalgia where those women are today (if they are still living) and what has happened to them in the years that have passed since Juliana was born on February 25th, 1943. I really cannot find the words to describe how I feel when I look at that list.

To the best of my knowledge, our *Kitchen-Klatter* program is the longest enduring family program in the history of radio. Little did any of us dream what the years ahead would hold when Mother first faced the microphone.

Given all of the vast difference that the *Kitchen-Klatter* program and the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* have meant to us seven Driftmier brothers and sisters, you can understand how completely unreal it seems to me to say that this is the last letter you will ever read from any of us.

I can only say that in the whole history of mankind, there has always been a *Time* and a *Season* for everything. And,

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THEIR IOWA FARM

Dear Friends,

As I sit at my typewriter today knowing this is the last time I will be writing a monthly letter to you, I am feeling very emotional. I have shared my life for so many years with all of you loyal and faithful readers of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and the countless thousands who have listened to our Kitchen-Klatter radio program daily for almost sixty-one years. It is hard to realize this is coming to an end. When I have been out presenting programs, meeting and visiting with so many of you friends, you never seemed like strangers to me. How can anyone be a stranger who has shared your life since you were eleven years old?

It hasn't always been easy to write my letter. When I sat down at the typewriter, there were times it seemed as if nothing worth writing about had happened in the past month. Then I would think about all the friends who would write and say, "My husband and I love your letters. We used to live on a farm and your letter is the first one we read." I would get out my daily journal and just write our experiences as they were recorded. I knew someone was going to enjoy reading about the possum who came up to eat with our cats and what our crops looked like, and this kept me going. Now, I must write my last letter for *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and tell you what has happened at the Johnson farm during the past month.

I got a microwave popcorn popper the other day and really do like it. We tried the kind you pop in the bag and didn't have very good luck with it. I followed the directions, but I ended up with a big charcoal mass of popcorn in the middle, with a smell I thought I would never get out of the microwave or out of the house. Frank said, "Never again." Everyone else I have talked to likes the bagged popcorn, but I certainly did something wrong. This new corn popper is wonderful and we now have three different kinds of popcorn poppers in our house. Judging from this, would you say someone around here likes popcorn?

I am so disgusted with myself. We had lots of wonderful walnuts this year, and I didn't get a single one picked up. Last year we got a lot picked up and didn't get them hulled, so this year I told Frank I was going to hull them in the timber as I picked them up. The fall of the year has always been a busy time for me. Besides going to Shenandoah every other week to broadcast, we had so many programs scheduled to do in between times, there never seemed to be time to get to the timber.

The other day one of our friends, Robert Pettinger, came to do a little



**Andy Brase, son of Kristin and Art Brase, enjoys spending Christmas at home with his family in Torrington, Wyoming.**

squirrel hunting and said he wanted to pick up a few nuts. Where he planned to go was far from the house but Frank offered to show him where there were some closer. They came back empty handed. Frank said I had waited too long and the squirrels had beat me to the nuts. There wasn't a single nut left. Every year I send Frederick and Betty black walnut meats and this year I bought some from a friend to send to them.

Twice during the month, Frank's sister, Ruth, from Kansas City, spent four days with us and with Bernie. Frank McDermott, Ruth's husband, travels and has several customers he calls on in Iowa. Whenever she can get someone to come in and take care of their dog, it gives her the opportunity to come and see all of us. Frank drops her off on his way through and picks her up on his way home. She bought a Christmas present for us while she was here the last time. We had so much rain in November that our driveway was pretty muddy, so Ruth purchased a load of rock for our driveway.

One evening we had Robert and Erville Pettinger come over. The Johnsons and the Pettingers love to get together and reminisce about the old neighborhood and the good times they had when all of them went to Plimpton School together. Erville and I didn't grow up here or go to Plimpton School, but we still enjoy hearing their tales.

Our good friend, Clarence Meyer, drove down from his home in Aplington to bring Frank a wood-burning tank heater. He almost arrived in time for breakfast. He helped Frank get the heater set up in the tank. Clarence had planned to do a little pheasant hunting while he was here, but it started to rain. After dinner we had a good visit, and about the middle of the afternoon he started home. Years ago, we went to his place to hunt pheasants; but there isn't enough cover for pheasants in the northern part of the state any more and

they have all gone south. We have seen a few around here; but since our corn wasn't out yet (and still isn't as I write this), it wouldn't have been very good hunting even if it wasn't raining.

The first of the month I met Hallie and Verlene in Newton, where we spent the day in the radio station KCOB booth in the mall, greeting and visiting our friends who listen to the program. We did our daily broadcast from there, which is always fun. They were having a cookie fair in the mall and had asked the three of us to be the final judges. Other judges had already selected the best three in all five categories, and we had to judge the best in each category and a "best of all." I think judging food is a hard job. It rained off and on all day. In fact, I drove to Newton and back in the rain. Poor Hallie and Verlene had to drive back to Shenandoah on icy roads.

I was home two days and then drove to Aplington, Iowa, to appear all day at the Women's Club annual Christmas Fair in the Amvet hall. I had done this once before in 1977 and that time my friend, Angie Conrad, went with me and visited her daughter in Cedar Falls. Angie went with me again this year. We drove over half way in pouring rain and the rest of the way in fog and mist, but it didn't freeze.

Clarence and Sylvia Meyer took me to Cedar Falls for dinner at the Broom Factory. I had eaten lunch there in 1977 when they were still doing a lot of work turning the old factory into a fine restaurant. It looked a lot different this time than it did then.

We spent all of the next day at the hall. They had a big crowd and I had a good time visiting with everyone and showing the embroidered sweat shirts Marge made for me. A lot of people thought they were for sale. I told them I would never sell them. We ate lunch there, and that night Sylvia had a good dinner for us and we spent the evening visiting.

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**Julian Brase has been taking piano lessons for about two years. Julian is the son of Kristen and Art Brase, Torrington, Wyoming.**





## INSTALLATION SERVICE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

You will need to have these props: a large bulletin board on an easel, or a large piece of dark-colored fabric fastened to the wall and in plain view for all of the audience. During the service, the parts to form a big wheel will be assembled on this backdrop. Beforehand fasten a large cardboard circle in the center of the bulletin board or fabric. This will become the hub of the wheel. In black letters print the name of your organization on it. From cardboard, cut as many "spokes" for the wheel as there are officers to be installed. (You can also use the empty cardboard tubes from waxed paper or paper towels, etc., for the spokes.) Paint spokes white. Print name of each officer on a spoke. Have pins or thumbtacks ready to fasten each spoke in place as the name is called in the service. Cut the rim for the wheel from cardboard, and paint it black. In white letters print the word "members" in several places around the rim. If rim is too large, you may need to cut it into two or three sections, having that many persons pin it in place at the appropriate time.

Before the service begins, the spokes and rim are given out to the proper persons. When the speaker calls a name, that person steps forward and places her spoke on the bulletin board or fabric. She then steps forward and to the right or left so that a semi-circle is formed with the wheel in the center after all officers have been installed.

**Installation Leader:** New beginnings in our lives as individuals are important and significant occasions, and new beginnings in group life such as our (name of group) have multiplied possibilities. We have met for these moments to install those persons whom you have chosen as leaders for this year.

Those of you who have been chosen and set apart for special service to (name of group) will please step forward as your name and office is called:

**PRESIDENT (Name),** you will be the first spoke in our wheel for the new year and will lead us in our projects and business and in the fellowship we share together. It will be your duty to not only lead us, but also to work with us, and through us, so that all members may have an opportunity to share in every way possible the activities and projects of the club. May your enthusiasm be great!

**VICE-PRESIDENT (Name),** you are to be ready at all times to take over for the president in her absence or in emergencies, and to act as chairperson in all program planning for the club. May inspiration and imagination be with you!

**SECRETARY (Name),** as secretary, you will keep the attendance record, complete and accurate minutes of our meetings, notify members of special meetings, and take care of the correspondence for our club. We'll keep you supplied with a good pen and may your fingers be nimble and tireless!

**TREASURER (Name),** you hold our purse strings, collecting dues and dispensing our money as directed, keeping accurate written records of all of our financial transactions and reporting them to the club. Oh, yes, in case some of us forget to pay our dues, don't hesitate to jog our memories.

**REPORTER (Name),** this year we want you to be a good "tattler," seeing that our local paper has a notice of each meeting, telling when and where it is. Follow up by sending the paper an account of what we did at our meetings and any special plans we make, or projects we do. "Know all, hear all, tell all" should be your motto for the year.

**HISTORIAN (Name),** as historian, we hope you are literally *behind* us in everything we do, keeping a record of the milestones of our club, the work we do and spiced up with pictures—include some of our fun times, too! Thus, your notes in the historian's book will let those in the future know our part in the history of our community (or our church).

**Leader (Continues):** By now you can see, if you've a good imagination, that we have part of a wheel on our bulletin board—no, it is not a whirligig though right now it may resemble one! It is a wheel, but a very important part is yet to be placed, can you guess what it is?

**THE RIM—THE MEMBERS,** of course! It is the members who will hold the whole organization together and let the wheel turn smoothly. It is all of us working together, each doing our part to make this a successful, happy year for (name of group). (The RIM is placed.)

Do each of you, as officers and leaders of (name of group), thoughtfully and sincerely accept your individual responsibilities and promise to fulfill them to the best of your abilities?

**Officers (in unison):** We will endeavor to do our best to fulfill the purpose of our organization in our lives and in our leadership.

**Leader:** I declare these officers and members of (name of group) duly installed for the coming year.

**Hymn:** "A Charge to Keep I Have."

**Benediction**

## ROLL CALL TIME

**JANUARY:** My worst blizzard experience; What I do when I'm snow-bound; Some humor seen recently in the news, or on T.V.

**FEBRUARY:** The valentine I remember best; How I met my husband; An Abe Lincoln story I like; A new dessert I've tried recently.

**MARCH:** How I limit lengthy telephone calls; An Irish friend I have known; Something green I like; A fact I know about Ireland.

**APRIL:** How my family observes Easter; Something I like to plant in the spring and why; The spring hat I remember best.

**MAY:** My favorite housecleaning hint; One of my children's funniest tricks; My mother's favorite flower (or song).

**JUNE:** Where I received my first proposal; The most unusual visitor I ever had in my home; My favorite memory of my father.

**JULY:** My favorite quickie food in hot weather; A Fourth of July I remember; The best picnic spot I know.

**AUGUST:** An idea for keeping cool; A memory I have of a good neighbor; A vacation I'll never forget and why; Something I remember connected to watermelons.

**SEPTEMBER:** Something naughty I did in school; A dress I remember from my school days; A memory of my first day of school; A book I'd like to read.

**OCTOBER:** Something funny that happened on Halloween; A good safety hint; A food I like to prepare in the fall; The loveliest fall outing I had.

**NOVEMBER:** A Thanksgiving memory I cherish; Birds I watch in the winter; Other than turkey, what one food I expect on the Thanksgiving table; The food I remember best that my mother fixed.

**DECEMBER:** A Christmas program I enjoyed; The decorations I like best at Christmas; My favorite doll; The food I always cook at Christmas.

—Mabel Nair Brown



## WINTER IN IOWA

Was it only yesterday  
With the sun so bright,  
Making gentle breezes warm  
And being out a delight?

Today the sun is hiding,  
The blowing wind is cold,  
The ground covered with snow,  
With more to come we're told.

Such is winter in Iowa,  
Variety seems the thing.  
I know that's spice of life,  
But I'd rather have spring.

—Celina Judge



## MARY BETH REPORTS FROM WISCONSIN



Dear Friends,

The 1985 Holiday Folk Fair, which our DAR chapter purchased 1000 Lady Liberty pins for, is over now, and it bears telling about. This was my first time to assist in a serious manner, and as a result I found it to be one extremely impressive experience. The reason I want to share the most interesting parts with you is that scores of people who came to our Historic America selling booth were from out of state. Many folks came by tour bus and spent ten hours seeing all of the attractions. From what I have been able to surmise, the forty-third Folk Fair in 1986 will be bigger and better than this year's, and I highly recommend it to everyone.

In downtown Milwaukee there is a convention center called MECCA which spreads out over an entire city block. Connected by a covered walkway to the sports arena is another city block of buildings where another part of the entertainment was held. It is a BIG ethnic celebration. Each of the fifty-four groups participating in the Holiday Folk Fair represent some nationality which has emigrated to America, become citizens, and now live in the Milwaukee metropolitan area. In one weather-sheltered building, they present to the public a sample of their roots by means of a cultural exhibit, performing troupes of dancers, or offers of ethnic foods at thirty-seven sidewalk cafes.

This year the Folk Fair honored the English, Scottish, and Welsh as the saluted groups at the Folk Spectacle. Because of the royal visit of Prince Charles and Princess Diana, the planners thought it was appropriate to feature these groups. An elaborate show was staged twice each day in the connected arena. And was it impressive! Two international groups, the Exeter Morris Men of England and the Royal Regiment of Canada, joined the Milwaukee bagpipe players and Scottish dancers with 40 ethnic dancing groups in a presentation of a "Tattoo," a traditional military pageant. In the Morris dancing, six or eight men, called a "side," performed turn-of-the-century dances with handkerchiefs, sticks and a "rapper" sword, a short flexible steel sword with a handle at both ends. This was originally used in the coal mining district where they would scrape the sweat from the mining donkeys by bending the sword over their backs to wipe away the wetness. This was worked into a magnificent dance of very, very ancient origins.

The Royal Regiment of Canada was at the Holiday Folk Fair wearing their tall,



Many ethnic specialties from recipes passed on from generation to generation were served at the Holiday Folk Fair in Milwaukee. Tina Kim (left) and Kristina Koch of Milwaukee represented two of the many ethnic groups.

black bear-fur hats and scarlet uniforms. This band has performed for all reigning monarchs in its 123 year history, and I didn't have to leave Milwaukee to see them. I was truly pleased when the men in these groups stopped by our booth and bought the Lady Liberty pins for themselves and as keepsakes to take home to their children.

The Milwaukee bagpipers and the Scottish dancers were outfitted in beautiful tartan kilt skirts, kilt shirts, bonnets, and evening sashes pinned at the shoulder in both the ancient weathered, and modern tartans. The boys and girls danced around the sabers which were placed at their feet, with the handles extended out forming a square where the points touched at the center. You can imagine the hours which they must have spent practicing to be good enough to perform with the English and Canadian professionals! It was magnificent.

The three honored ethnic groups were featured with special exhibits. There was one English woman giving demonstrations of Fair Isle knitting, Shetland lace knitting, and Dorset feather stitchery used on aprons and beautiful bedding. There were other cultural exhibits demonstrating the tying of the Czech and Turkish wedding knots. There were house fronts with windows so one could peek in to see the Bavarian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Korean, Finnish, Spanish, and Vietnamese settings. The French were demonstrating their perfume industry; the East Indians, their spices; the Germans, their toymaking; the Irish, their lacemaking; and the Filipinos, use of capiz shells. The Dutch-Indonesians displayed their shadow puppets and the Norwegians and Swedes exhibited their troll scenes.

At our Historic America booth, we DAR ladies had samples of the Deerfield embroidery which was only done with

indigo dye of a particular shade. We had set up our cultural booth as an eighteenth century living room with a fireplace and the ladies sitting near a cradle doing the stitches on a tablecloth. These cultural demonstrations were, by comparison, at the quieter end of the building, while the selling booths across the building separated by the ethnic food booths was the section where the fun of hawking one's goods took place.

Because the DAR was the only group representing America, we chose only items related to historic America. We had worked many months collecting things to sell. Don was working at the front of the booth demonstrating Gee-Haw or Whimmy Diddle Sticks, and Idiot Sticks, and Jacob's Ladders. Kids' night was Friday when school busses brought them in by the thousands and they could not buy these things fast enough. Even though there were no batteries to operate them, the kids were fascinated. We sold all of the Jacob's Ladders which were so time consuming to make. If we had had twice as many, we would have sold every one. The Idiot Sticks and Gee-Haws lasted until noon on the third day, fortunately.

We had also made mobcaps in four sizes and both white and print styles. The large ladies' sizes, which matched the costumes of early America which we sellers were wearing, sold the first evening. These were a labor of love to make, too, because hemming a circle can be tricky and putting on the bias tape even more tedious. Then inserting the elastic makes many, many hands busy. We must have sold between three and five hundred mobcaps. Ladies bought them for their children and infants, and the little children bought the size made for the Cabbage Patch dolls! Some of the women had knitted red sock Christmas tree ornaments. There were dozens of other historic American items for sale which people were eager to buy.

We had a very successful three days and the pins sold very, very well. I would say the primary group buying the pins were the folks over forty, and they smiled when they saw my display tucked into the front corner of the booth.

The flag, which we bought to replace the worn one which is dramatically unfurled at the closing of each dancing Folk Spectacle, was literally larger than life. It weighed twenty-seven pounds and required six big dancers gripping the hand-straps to run it to the edge of the dance floor. There a representative of the forty dancers lifted an edge high above their heads while the audience sang, if they could while tears ran down their cheeks, "Oh say can you see,...." The arena was too dark for a good picture and I found no one willing to unfold the flag just for a picture for me, so

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## JULIANA'S LETTER FROM NEW MEXICO

Dear Friends,

I am looking out on a snowy landscape and thinking about the warm, sunny beaches of Ecuador. It does seem a million miles away. I promised in my last letter to tell you more about the project and living conditions in Salango, Ecuador, so I'll just let my thoughts go to the warm, sunny beaches.

The "Earthwatch" crew was housed in several bamboo huts which we called fuzzy-topped houses. They were very small—just room for two built-in bamboo bunk beds, plus just enough room for two people to stand up and move around a bit. The regular crew lived in a large "hacienda" which had been a private home at one time. They had individual rooms on the second floor and the bottom level housed the laboratory and store rooms.

The kitchen-eating area was a separate building. The entire cooking facilities consisted of two burners connected to bottled gas and an outdoor wood-burning oven. About thirty people a day were fed so the cook had her job cut out in no uncertain fashion. I was constantly amazed at the wonderful meals that were prepared under these conditions. The regular cook did have some help while we were there. A visitor showed up who was a trained French chef. She volunteered to help and turned out some wonderful desserts most of which were made using the local fruits and an old bottle for a rolling pin to make pastry.

Our diet was based on whatever fish had been caught in the early morning. Because we were in a fishing village, fresh fish was always available. We did not eat meat the whole time I was in Salango—not even chicken as the Ecuadorians use a lot of eggs and therefore do not kill their chickens. Rice and beans are grown in Ecuador and played a major role in the meals as did fresh fruits and vegetables.

There was no running water and we depended on a huge water tanker that came once a week to fill up the cistern. All of the water that was used in cooking and for drinking had to be boiled. Our showers were taken in another small building and involved pouring buckets of salt water over our heads. It didn't take long to work out a system of showering that was effective. I did feel as though a salt layer was building up on my skin that I would never get off.

My first duty was to work in the laboratory. I have always been interested in prehistoric pottery and I was in my element. After I became familiar with the different kinds of pottery, I was allowed to sort the broken pieces and fill out



In her letter, Juliana describes the bamboo hut she lived in for several weeks in Ecuador.

forms to make a record of what kind of pottery was found in the different areas of the excavation. I also worked on a process of screening the soil for tiny samples of vegetable and shell materials. This process is called flotation. It was interesting to find tiny seeds and realize that they had been used by people who had been gone for two thousand years. Much can be learned about the diet, ecology and agricultural methods from studying the end results of flotation.

My next assignment was to do actual excavation at the archeology site which was titled with a computer number—SL141B. I think those letters and numbers will be permanently etched in my brain, as those numbers had to appear on every form that was filled out about the site—and there were LOTS of forms to fill out. The digging or field work was done meticulously and a millimeter at a time. Much information was being gathered and there were several important finds made while I was there. Several whole pots and two burials were unearthed. My personal prize find was a stone figurine which was crudely carved but featured a large stone nose on the face area. Of course, I nicknamed the figurine "Jimmy Durante." All of the finds are being stored in hopes a museum will be built on the site at a later date.

We did not work on the weekends which gave us time to explore the immediate area. One weekend all of us boarded a small fishing boat and went to La Plata Island and did some snorkeling. The fish in these waters were beautiful. Their brilliant colors reminded me of the fish I had seen off the coast of Greece. On the boat trip, we were lucky enough to see several whales, a school of high-leaping dolphins and a huge manta ray.

Exploring on the mainland involved riding the local buses. I have to admit I

got hooked on Ecuadorian buses. They were very inexpensive to ride and so slow that the passengers could get a real feel for the countryside and the small villages. Chickens and pigs shared the buses with us, and I became almost fond of a rooster that was on the floor next to me on a three-hour ride. Every time someone got on or off the bus, he would greet them with a tremendous crow.

Well, back to the wintry landscape. It does give me a strange feeling to realize that this is the last time I'll be sharing an adventure with you. Many things change in this world, and I know I have many friends whom I haven't met but are still my friends. I'll miss not communicating with you via the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, but I do know you are there and it gives me a warm feeling.

Sincerely,

*Juliana*



Juliana rode local buses to explore the mainland in Ecuador.



## FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT

Dear Friends,

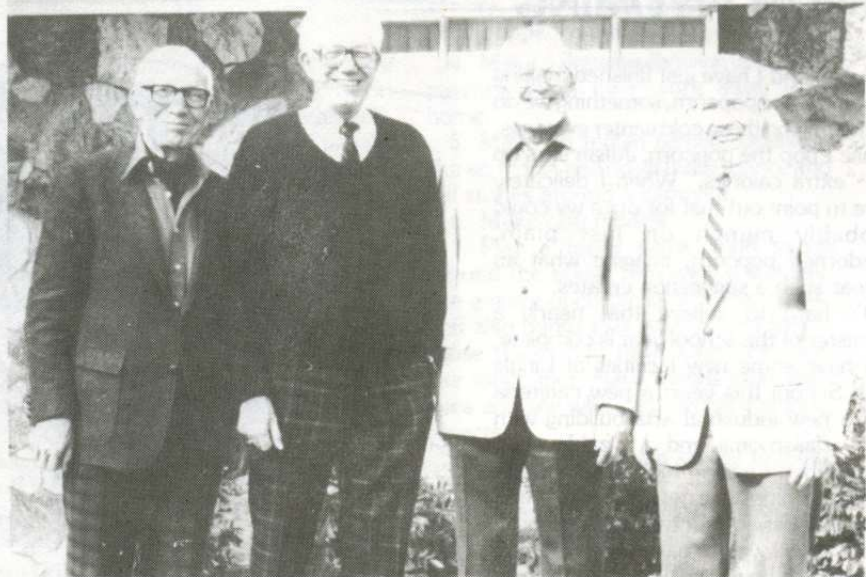
Remember my telling you about our buying a new electric generator so that we never again would have to suffer with a loss of electrical power? Well, we have had two opportunities to learn that the generator really does work!! Twice the high winds off of the ocean have blown down electrical wires; and had we not had our new generator, we would have gone for several hours with no lights, no heat, and no water! Perhaps, we never again in our years here will experience the kind of electrical blackout we had at the time of the 1985 hurricane, a blackout that lasted for five days. If it should come, we are ready for it.

I am going to long remember the very first time we had to use the generator. I was stirring up a batch of bread in the kitchen when I thought I heard a jet plane flying right over the roof of the house. Thinking the plane was about to crash in our back yard, I looked out of the window to see, not a plane crash, but a violent wind bending the trees to the ground and piling up big whitecapped waves on the water. I saw one tree go down across the road by my lower garden; and then, as quickly as it came, the wind went away. How amazing! The approach of the sudden gale, coming on an almost cloudless day and speeding across what had been a rather calm ocean, sounded just like the roar of a plane.

Those of us who do considerable sailing on the ocean are terrified of that kind of a gale. Those freak storms, carrying such violent winds and dropping down out of clear skies, can capsize a sailboat before the skipper knows what hit it. The boat could ride out such a brief burst of weather violence if the crew could just get the sails down quickly enough, but more often than not, boats caught in such clear weather gales are lost. How glad I am that I was not out sailing the day the storm came over us.

Other members of the family have told you about the wedding in Denver when Clark Driftmier married Mardi Dalzell, and I don't want to bore you with my personal account. It was simply wonderful!! Wayne and Abbie, and the Dalzell family from Wheeling, West Virginia, worked the magic of making the gaiety and happiness of the wedding last for all of a beautiful winter weekend. What a good manager Abbie Driftmier is!! Never have Betty and I seen more calm and unruffled handling of luncheons, teas and dinners for dozens of out-of-town guests.

One event of that glorious weekend was the Denver Bronco football party that Wayne Driftmier gave for everyone brave enough to sit in wintry cold bleachers for all of three hours. If you



The Driftmier brothers, Frederick, Don, Wayne and Howard, enjoyed being together during the weekend of Clark and Mardi Driftmier's wedding in Denver.

ever have seen the Denver Bronco Stadium, you know how enormous it is, and it was absolutely packed the day we were there. Never in all of my life had I seen so many people at one time! You never can guess of what the crowd reminded me! I looked at all of those thousands and thousands of people, turned to my brother Wayne and said: "Just think of it! All of these thousands of people do not even equal in numbers the *Kitchen-Klatter* reading audience!"

You could never guess the book that Betty and I are reading aloud at our breakfast table each morning. I eat much faster than Betty; and as soon as I have finished my toast and cereal and am ready for my second cup of coffee, I usually read aloud something of mutual interest. Lately, I have been reading aloud from Otha D. Wearin's book *Grass Grown Trails*. In brief chapters, he sets forth in a perfectly delightful and entertaining way certain practices and pastimes that years ago were very common and very much a part of everyday life and now are obsolescent. I read one of those brief chapters on the radio a few weeks ago, the chapter entitled: "Box Suppers."

I wonder why people never have box suppers anymore. What fun they used to be, and they could be just as much fun today! What a wholesome way for teenagers to have fun! I can remember when we had a box supper at a Christian Endeavor conference held at the old Manti country school. That was at least fifty-two years ago, but I can remember it as though it happened last week. And I can remember something else about that box supper: the girl who made the box supper that I bought at the auction gave me a kiss! Oh, what teenage bliss!

If I could wave a magic wand, I would

If I could wave a magic wand, I would let you smell the cinnamon-raisin bread I have in the oven right now. Some good *Kitchen-Klatter* friend wrote to me a few weeks ago and asked for my raisin bread recipe. I did not send it because I cannot possibly find the time to answer all such requests. However, I want to tell that lady and to tell all of you just how simple it is to make. Using your own favorite recipe for white bread, add 3/4 cup of sugar, 3 (or 4) teaspoons of cinnamon, and a full cup of raisins that have been steeped in boiling hot water for a few minutes and then drained.

Since the bad winter weather is here and I cannot go sailing or do any gardening, I am spending more time in the kitchen. This past week, I perfected my chili recipe. I don't like it too hot—just *one alarm chili*. Tomorrow, I am going to experiment with chicken pie. Believe it or not, I never have made a chicken pie. When I cook, I always try to add something to my recipe that other people never have thought of adding. I wonder what I can add to a chicken pie that would be novel.

(Continued on page 22)

### COVER STORY

Frederick and Betty Driftmier have a lovely home in Connecticut. Since Frederick has retired from the ministry, they have more time to enjoy sailing, gardening, and many other activities. Frederick wrote each month for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*; and every Saturday, Frederick and Betty broadcasted on the *Kitchen-Klatter Homemaker Program*.



## KRISTIN WRITES FROM WYOMING

Dear Friends,

Julian and I have just finished making peanut butter popcorn, something we do frequently on these cold winter evenings. While I pop the popcorn, Julian stirs up the "extra calories." When I delicately dare to point out that for once we could probably munch on just plain, unadorned popcorn, imagine what an uproar such a suggestion creates.

It's hard to believe that nearly a semester of the school year is complete. We have some new facilities at Lingle High School this year: a new cafeteria and a new industrial arts building with three classrooms and a sizable shop area. When I was in high school in the late fifties, girls were not allowed to enroll in shop classes, much to my dismay. I would have loved to have taken drafting and learned how to make blueprints and house plans. Also, I remember wanting to build a piece of furniture and learn to work with wood. How times have changed! Girls can do these things now.

With the addition of new classrooms, it became possible for me to have a room rather than share a corner of the art room or a corner of the library, etc. Believe me, I am more than grateful for the new arrangement. Previously, I've kept materials in boxes which could be carried each period to the location available at that time. How very nice at last to organize materials on shelves and bookcases at my finger tips. My students have helped make our new headquarters a pleasant, attractive place to be by painting some of the furniture a cheerful yellow to match a built-in cupboard and the window blinds. Up went pictures, posters, and potted plants to add some finishing touches.

Art and I would like to extend our deep appreciation to friends and relatives who expressed interest and concern regarding Art's corneal transplant last August. The eye condition which made this surgery necessary for Art is called keratoconus. About seven years ago, Art received a transplant for his right eye. It was a successful operation, but I am truly amazed at the advances in medical procedures in less than a decade. For example, the first transplant took over two hours, as compared with forty-five minutes this time around. Art spent several days in the hospital seven years ago. He spent four hours in the hospital as an outpatient with his left eye surgery.

Due to news media, etc., I think people must be more aware of donor programs today. At least, this is my conclusion, because Art waited about four months to be notified of organ availability in 1978, and this time he was notified in one week. With confirmation of a donor, we were



Elizabeth Brase, daughter of Kristin and Art Brase, Torrington, Wyoming, likes her new bed and the shelves which hold her toys and books.

on our way to Denver immediately. Incidentally, although a person is never told the identity of a donor, Art has been told that both his right and left cornea's have come from women. Now he insists that he can see everything from "a woman's point of view." (I've yet to be convinced!)

The complete healing of the cornea requires about a year, and the 35 or so stitches remain in the eye for this period of time or a little longer. Art explained to me that a normal cataract surgery, comparatively, is a simple procedure. Usually only two or three stitches are used and they heal much sooner.

Following a corneal transplant, a major complication can be the rejection of the foreign tissue. However, this happens in only a small percent of cases; because the body is "tricked" into accepting the transplant through the use of massive doses of steroids. The complication from doing this is the possible development of a cataract on the eye. This is what happened with Art's right eye. Yet another complication to be avoided is infection, so antibiotics are administered for some time after surgery.

For about three months after his surgery, Art wore an eye shield to bed at night for protection in case either of us would accidentally hit his eye in our sleep. I felt like I was going to bed with a pirate, and if I were a sleepwalker, I'd probably have "walked the plank!"

To conclude my remarks about Art's surgery, I'd like to report that Art's vision is now very good. His vision in the left eye is 20/20. We are very grateful, and offer

our thanks to a kind and loving Heavenly Father.

A big day for Elizabeth came this fall when we took down her crib and put a regular bed in her room. I had thought she might be excited, but I wasn't prepared to have her spend most of the next two days in bed. Because her room is small, the drawers and shelves under the bed are coming in handy. Her little stuffed animals are on one shelf and her books are on the other shelf.

The weather did some very crazy things in November, so we were delighted when it settled down long enough for us to drive to Denver and attend Cousin Clark's wedding. I think the Driftmier Clan will be talking about this happy occasion for years to come. What a source of joy to be together with relatives we so dearly love and so seldom see! I don't know when I've witnessed so many cameras clicking. We all got a chuckle when Emily's husband, Rich, clicked merrily along for some time with no film in Emily's camera.

We were sorry Aaron had to miss the wonderful wedding weekend, but he was involved in the school musical, "Bells Are Ringing." Altogether, he is having a very busy junior year. Andy would have enjoyed the wedding, also, especially the musical aspects. He is enjoying college in St. Cloud, Minnesota, very much.

May God's blessing rest upon you throughout the coming year, and may His generous love remain in your heart forever.

Sincerely,

*Kristin*



## DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

Happy New Year! The Christmas season is always such a busy, happy time. In January, don't we always feel glad that the rush is over? It's good just to have time to sit down and relax a little bit!

At this time of year, it's always fun to take a final look at our Christmas cards. One card this year came from someone whom I had long lost track of. When I was just a little boy, I became ill and was hospitalized for one year. I remember how happy I was with the games and funny get well cards that I received every few days in the mail. I've often wished I could remember who made me so happy then, so I could write and thank the thoughtful person. You can imagine how happy I was when I opened a card from that person, Mrs. Cormack of Topeka, Kansas. The card read, "I am someone that you don't know." Mrs. Cormack, a long-time *Kitchen-Klatter* reader, is someone I certainly remember, but someone whose name and address I had lost. It felt so good to be able to sit down and write a thank you letter after all of these years!

In our busy, highly transient world, many of us have had similar experiences of losing track of people. My wife Sophie had an English teacher in high school who touched and changed her life. His name is Mr. Baylis, and Sophie has looked high and low trying every possible way to find where he lives in retirement. She wants to write a thank you letter for all that he did for her and the other students of Western Canada High School. So far, she has had no luck. It is a great frustration for her!

When I reflect on the major events for the Calgary Driftmiers in 1985, travel to see relatives was certainly one of the best features for us! I have already written about our sojourn with my parents and my sister's family last summer. The fall found us attending a big family reunion with Sophie's family. The occasion was the wedding of Sophie's cousin, Gary, in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. It was on the Canadian Thanksgiving weekend. Sophie's parents, one of her grandmothers, and the three of us boarded a plane and headed east for what was to be three of the most fun-filled days ever. It was a splendid, outdoor, fairy-tale wedding in the groom's family's back yard. It rained often that weekend, but not during the wedding. Through all of the festivities around the big day, Sophie and I had a chance to have good visits with relatives we seldom see. For Sophie's grandmother, it meant a reunion with her brother who lives in Toronto. For Johnny, it meant having

fun with his six-year-old cousin Jessica. What fun they had! They even attended the reception and danced together!

The weekend also provided several hours for us to explore Toronto. What a lovely, big and exciting place it is! Toronto is Canada's largest city, and many internationally known city planners call it one of the world's most livable cities. Like New York City, Toronto has a large ethnic community made up of people from all over the world. It is located on Lake Ontario, just north of Buffalo, New York. The large waterfront on the lake is certainly one of its big drawing cards. There are inexpensive, small ferries which take city people out to the tranquility of several parks located on a chain of quiet, wooded islands. Further to the west, there is Ontario Place, a complex of theaters and restaurants built on wharves out onto the water. At night there is theater and music, in the daytime there are marvellous museums to see. Toronto is the cultural, as well as the business, capital of Canada. I certainly can recommend a stop there on your travels!

I have often written to you about how much I enjoy my job as a teacher. You will remember that I teach in an inner-city school and we have an interesting school population. When all of the students are assembled in our gym, one might think that we form a miniature General Assembly of the United Nations. Our school serves Calgary's Chinatown as well as several other neighborhoods full of immigrant people. Almost every race, colour and creed is represented at my school.

This year, our staff decided to celebrate on October 24th. This was the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the United Nations. We called our special day a Festival of Nations. Students from every grade prepared displays that illustrated other cultures and the contributions they have made to our North American life. Well over half of the students took part in the stage show which included singing, dancing and acting. The other students were busy being guides or serving the wonderful international cuisine prepared by our home economic department.

The day was a fantastic success! Never have so many parents and community people attended an activity at our school. A school board member, who stopped by on her way to the airport, phoned and cancelled her flight reservation because she was having so much fun.

When it was all over, everyone, especially the teachers, were exhausted! The most important thing the whole experience did for our school, though, was give all of us, teachers and students alike, a great sense of pride and well being. The good effects from the project



In his letter, David Driftmier describes the large family wedding in Toronto. Johnny, David's son, had fun dancing with his cousin, Jessica.

are still being felt and will be all year.

I also learned something about planning a successful school curriculum and would like to share my new insights with you. I think the concept can be used in any school or Sunday school.

For several weeks, the curriculum for every grade was built on one theme—the contributions made by other cultures. In science, the students studied and made posters about the great scientists from other lands. In English classes, students researched the words now used in English that were originally from other languages. English speaking students learned to sing in other languages. The poetry, art, and history of other lands were emphasized. Students began to talk to each other about what they were doing in class, and at the festival itself, students could read and view each other's work. Real interest and intellectual curiosity were aroused!

The whole school was involved in one, very big team effort. Every student truly felt that he or she was contributing, thus each and every one of them were justifiably proud of the collective, final success. It was exhilaration all around!

There was much to look back fondly on in 1985. Let's all hope together that 1986 will be one of the best years yet for all of us!

With many fond, good wishes, I remain...

Sincerely yours,

David

This is a good year to do those things you promised yourself to do last year.



## HOT SPRINGS PARADISE

by  
Jeff Birkby

It's snowing again in Montana. The heavy, sticky snow clings to windshields and forms miniature slush canyons cut by the tires of passing cars. It's a snow that announces the end of autumn in the mountains, followed by the powdery, picture postcard winter snows that sparkle on Helena's hillsides six months of the year.

This year the first wet snow of autumn fell a few days after my parents were here for a visit. The snow closed several mountain passes, roads which we had toured only days earlier. It also closed much of Yellowstone National Park, where we had spent part of their vacation.

I always enjoy visiting Yellowstone after Labor Day—having my mother and father along this year was a special treat. The crowds of summer are gone, and it seems more like the wild area that it is instead of a constant parade of tourists snapping pictures of bears. We had another reason for visiting Yellowstone this year. My brother Bob worked in the park earlier in the summer, teaching staff members of the Student Conservation Association how to build hiking trails. He had spent a month building a new trail to Tower Falls, one of the prettiest sights in the northern part of Yellowstone.

We spent several hours hiking along the trail which Bob had built, seeing several elk, a moose or two, and few tourists. Yellowstone can be overwhelming with its geysers, hot springs, wildlife, and the sheer scale of its mountains and rivers. We could have spent weeks wandering the trails and roads and still have seen only a small part of this amazing wonderland. However, we couldn't stay long since we wanted to visit my great-grandfather's homestead near Geraldine in central Montana. As our day in Yellowstone drew to an end, we decided to spend the night just outside the park's north entrance in Gardiner, a normally busy tourist town during the summer but typically quiet in the fall and winter.

Most of the thermal features of the area are off-limits to bathing, but I knew of one hot springs location that could legally be used by the public. Since Gardiner is only a few miles from the springs, Dad and I decided to go back into Yellowstone the next morning for a soak before we headed for Geraldine.

We got up before sunrise, leaving Mom to enjoy a leisurely morning in Gardiner. About two miles down the road, we pulled into a little parking area, locked the car, and headed up a trail along the banks of the Gardner River.

Two elk were grazing on the trail ahead. The day before, we had seen a

bull elk with twenty cows near Mammoth Hot Springs. The bull elk was constantly in motion, trying to keep his herd of winsome cows from wandering off into the woods. He was also attempting to interest his herd in mating by emitting a high-pitched bugle. As we watched him chasing and corralling his harem, I wondered if he thought the fall rutting season was really all it was cut out to be. Certainly keeping an eye on twenty cow elk could lose its allure after awhile. But we only saw two elk, a cow and a calf, on the trail that perfect fall morning as we hiked towards the hot springs. They looked up from their grazing at our approach, and slowly moved uphill towards an aspen grove turned to gold by early September cold.

And then we saw the springs. Clouds of steam were rising off of thousands of gallons of hot water bubbling out of the ground every minute, as if everyone in a town of a thousand people had turned on their hot water faucets. Hot water emerged seemingly from nowhere, formed a steaming stream six-feet wide, and then plunged over ten-foot ledges to mix with the icy waters of the Gardner River. The water was scalding at its source, much too hot for bathing; but at the point where it mixed with the river, its temperature was lowered enough for long, pleasurable soaks.

We stripped down to our bathing suits and stepped into the steam. The pressure of thousands of gallons of hot water flowing past forced us to brace ourselves to keep from being swept into the river. It was a challenge to keep our entire bodies deliriously warm. Our toes could be freezing in the cold water of the Gardner River while, at the same time, our backs were uncomfortably warm under a hot waterfall. We half reclined, luxuriating in the water, alone with the

morning and the elk and the steam in the nation's oldest national park. We loved it.

I remembered a cold day in February several years ago when I was going to graduate school in nearby Bozeman. Some friends and I drove for two hours to reach these springs in the late afternoon, hurriedly stripped off our clothes in the frigid cold, and slipped gingerly into the springs in the fading afternoon light. And then darkness fell on the springs, cloaking us in mysterious fog through which we could see a starlit sky. We waited for moonrise. The moon teased us for more than an hour, appearing to be just ready to burst over the high basalt cliffs cut by the river but moving along the edge of the rim without rising over the top.

Now Dad and I waited for the sun to peek over the same cliff that the moon had hidden behind during my visit years earlier. As with the moon, the sun was frustrated in its attempts to brighten the springs. Finally it cleared the cliffs, setting the mysterious grey steam ablaze with colors of orange and yellow.

With sunrise came other soakers. Our solitude was first broken by a snorkel downstream from us. A snorkel? My father and I looked at each other quizzically. The snorkel elongated and then rose out of the water, attached to the head of a large, hairy-chested man who reminded me of an aquatic grizzly bear. "Great fish in this spring," said the big man. "There's some big trout that like to swim in the warm water, and they get used to seeing people's feet. You ought 'a give snorkeling a try." He adjusted his snorkel, turned, and disappeared upstream in the fog of the hot springs.

The sun rose higher in the morning sky. More people arrived. Our magical

(Continued on page 17)



Robert Birkby enjoyed the soak provided for him by his son, Jeff, and the hot springs in Yellowstone National Park.



# Recipes for January

## HOLIDAY CRANBERRY RELISH

- 1 3-oz. box raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 small can (8½ ozs.) crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 can whole cranberry sauce
- 1 12-oz. pkg. raw cranberries
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/2 cup nutmeats (pecans, walnuts, etc.)

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; add the raspberry flavoring, pineapple, and cranberry sauce. Set aside.

In a food processor or food grinder, grind the cranberries. Turn into a bowl and add the celery and nutmeats. Add this to the cooled gelatin mixture. Cover and chill well. Good with chicken, ham, or pork roast.

—Lucile

## TURKEY CASSEROLE

(Guadalajara)

- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 garlic clove, crushed
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 14-oz. can tomatoes
- 2 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 2 cups diced cooked turkey
- 1 can sliced ripe olives, drained
- 1 7-oz. can whole corn
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 1/3 cup whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. Parmesan cheese

Sauté onion and garlic in melted butter or margarine. Stir in flour and cook until the mixture bubbles. Add tomatoes; stir. Mix in chilli powder, salt, and oregano. Boil to thicken. Stir in the turkey and olives. Put into a buttered 1½-quart baking dish.

Combine the corn, egg yolks, and cream. Spoon over the turkey mixture. Sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Robin

## SOUR CREAM APPLE PIE

- 1 pie shell
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 2 cups finely chopped apples

Sift together the flour, salt and sugar. Add the egg, sour cream and flavorings. Beat well. Stir in apples. Pour into pie shell and bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake an additional 30 minutes. Remove from oven.

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup butter

Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon and butter. Crumble over top of the pie. Return to 400-degree oven for 10 minutes, or until brown.

—Dorothy

## ZUCCHINI BREAD

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup oil
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups grated zucchini
- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. cinnamon

Beat eggs until light and fluffy. Add oil, sugar and flavorings. Add zucchini, mixing lightly but well. Stir in dry ingredients. Pour into 2 loaf pans. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees. Will make 4 small loaves; adjust baking time for size of pans.

—Mary Lea

## MARVELOUS SEAFOOD CASSEROLE

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup thinly sliced green onions
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 2 1/2 cups chicken broth
- 1/2 cup clam juice
- 1/2 cup reserved juice from artichoke hearts
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. dried basil
- 3/4 cup shredded Parmesan cheese (or 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese)
- 2 whole cloves garlic
- 1/2 lb. mushrooms, sliced
- 1 cup canned artichoke hearts, quartered (save liquid)
- 2 cups cooked, shelled, small shrimp
- 2 cups flaked imitation crab meat
- 1 lb. white fish fillets, cut into bite-size pieces

8 ozs. spaghetti, cooked and drained  
Melt 1/4 cup margarine in a saucepan; add onions and cook until soft. Mix in flour and blend in broth, clam juice, artichoke liquid, cream and spices. After it begins to simmer, cook for 3 minutes over low heat. Stir in 1/4 cup shredded cheese (I shredded the Parmesan cheese in my food processor). Set aside.

In another pan, melt remaining margarine; add garlic and mushrooms. Cook until brown and discard the garlic. Combine all ingredients except the remaining cheese. Pour into large shallow casserole and bake at 375 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes. Top with the remaining cheese and bake another 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

This is the casserole I served to Kristin and family. They loved it. My only change was that I had a cup of shredded smoky flavored cheese that I put on the top with the Parmesan. It can be optional. I also doubled the recipe and had practically none left over!

—Juliana

## BACON LOG

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- 12 slices bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans

In a large bowl, combine the cream cheese and Cheddar cheese. Blend well with electric mixer. Reserve 1/4 cup bacon crumbs. Stir remaining bacon into cheese mixture. Cover and chill for 1 hour, or until firm. Combine reserved bacon and nuts; spread evenly on waxed paper. Form chilled cheese mixture into a log and roll in the bacon mixture. Cover and chill several hours to blend flavors.

—Verlene





**EGGNOG POUND CAKE**

- About 2 Tbls. margarine, softened
- 1/2 cup sliced almonds
- 1 1-lb. 2½-oz. pkg. yellow cake mix
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups commercial eggnog
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Generously grease 10-inch tube or bundt pan with the 2 tablespoons of margarine. Press the almonds against the sides and bottom of the prepared pan. Combine remaining ingredients; beat until creamy and smooth. Pour batter into pan lined with almonds. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 55 minutes or until cake tests done. Cool 10 minutes then invert onto a rack and cool completely. —Robin

**HOT BAKED CHEESE PUFFS**

- 1 rounded cup flour (I used whole wheat)
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup butter, softened
- 1/2 lb. grated very sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Sift flour and baking powder together. Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Work with hands until dough forms soft ball. Wrap in waxed paper and chill well. Break off small pieces of dough and make marble-size balls. Place 2-inches apart on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a very hot oven, 400 to 450 degrees, for 12 minutes. This is a good make-ahead recipe. I serve the puffs with a salad. —Robin

**LAZY PEACH PIE**

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 2-lb. can sliced peaches, undrained

Turn oven on and set at 350 degrees. Place margarine in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Place pan in oven and let margarine melt while preparing the rest. Combine the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt, flavoring and milk. Pour batter over the melted margarine in pan. Place the peaches, juice and all, over batter. Bake for about 1 hour or until light brown. Serve warm or cold with topping, cream or ice cream. This could also be made with cherries or berries. —Dorothy

**CHEESE ESCALLOPED CORN**  
(Microwave Recipe)

- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- Dash of pepper
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 16-oz. can whole corn, drained
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/3 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 Tbls. butter, melted

Place green pepper, onion and 2 Tbls. margarine or butter in a 1½-quart casserole. Microwave, uncovered, on HIGH 3 minutes, or until onion is tender. Stir in flour, salt, paprika, dry mustard and pepper. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Microwave, uncovered, on HIGH 3 minutes; stir after every minute to keep smooth and thick.

Mix together the drained corn, Cheddar cheese and beaten egg. Stir into sauce. Microwave, covered, on MEDIUM HIGH for 5 minutes, turning once. Let set 5 minutes. Combine cracker crumbs and 1 Tbls. melted butter; sprinkle over corn. Microwave, uncovered, for 6 minutes. —Dorothy

**CRANBERRY CASSIES**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter, softened
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/3 cup fresh cranberries, finely chopped
- 2 Tbls. broken pecans

Blend cream cheese with the 1/2 cup butter or margarine. Stir in flour. Chill about 1 hour. Shape into 2 dozen 1-inch balls. Place in ungreased muffin pans. Press dough evenly against bottom and a little way up the sides of each. Beat together egg, brown sugar, the 1 tablespoon butter and flavorings till just smooth. Stir in berries and pecans. Spoon into pastry-lined muffin cups (a little less than 1 tablespoon mixture in each). Bake in 325-degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes or till filling is set. Cool in pans. Makes 24. —Mary Lea

**HAM AND SPLIT PEA SOUP**

- 2 cups split peas
- 2 lbs. ham shanks
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 medium stalks celery, finely diced
- 1 medium carrot, finely chopped
- Water to cover

In a large saucepan combine the peas, ham, onion, and salt. Simmer 2 to 2½ hours or until peas are tender and soup thickens. Add the celery and carrots; continue cooking 30 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Remove ham bones. Cut meat into bite-size pieces and return to soup; serve. —Dorothy

**APPLE-CARROT CASSEROLE**

- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon or nutmeg
- 5 apples, peeled, cored, and sliced
- 5 carrots, washed, sliced and partially cooked
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup orange juice

Combine the sugar, flour and spice. Place a layer of apples in a well-greased 9-inch square casserole dish, top with carrots and another layer of apples. Sprinkle sugar mixture on each layer. Dot with butter or margarine. Add flavoring to orange juice and pour over all. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for 40 minutes. —Hallie

**LEMON-APRICOT CAKE**

- 1 2-layer-size lemon cake mix
- 1 1-lb. can apricot halves, undrained
- 3 eggs, room temperature
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 10-oz. jar apricot preserves, room temperature

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Generously grease and flour a 12-cup bundt pan (or 2 smaller ones).

Place cake mix, undrained apricots, eggs and flavorings in large mixer bowl. Beat on high speed for 3 or 4 minutes. Pour batter into prepared pan or pans. Bake the larger cake about 40 minutes (smaller cakes will take less baking time). Cool 10 minutes on rack, then turn out. While cake is still warm, spoon the preserves on top, spreading some on the sides. —Dorothy





**POTATO EGG SUPPER**

4 strips bacon  
4 cups frozen hash brown potatoes, thawed  
6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced  
1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup  
1 cup milk  
1/8 tsp. oregano  
1/2 tsp. onion salt  
1/4 tsp. garlic salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
1 Tbls. instant minced onion  
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese  
Fry bacon until crisp; crumble. Brush a 2-quart casserole with bacon drippings. Layer 2 cups potatoes; then layer half of the bacon and top with 3 eggs. Repeat. Combine soup, milk, and seasonings. Pour soup mixture over layers. Sprinkle Cheddar cheese over the top. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 25 minutes. Makes 6 servings. I serve baked squash as a side dish with this.

—Dorothy

**FINGER TIP PIE CRUST**

1/2 cup butter  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
2 Tbls. sugar  
1 cup flour  
Add butter and butter flavoring to the sugar. DO NOT CREAM, just mix them together. Add the flour. Mix with your finger tips until well blended. Press in a 9-inch pie pan. I used it with the following filling.

**COCONUT-PINEAPPLE PIE FILLING**

6 Tbls. butter or margarine  
3 eggs  
3 Tbls. flour  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
1 cup coconut flakes  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
Melt the butter or margarine. Add the remaining ingredients, mix well. Pour into an unbaked pie shell. Bake 1 hour at 375 degrees, or until set and brown.

—Verlene

**CREAMY APRICOT RING**

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin  
1 12-oz. can apricot nectar  
1 egg white, unbeaten  
1 1-lb. can whole apricots, drained and chilled  
1/2 cup whipping cream  
1 8¼-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained  
Apricot halves, drained  
1 cup whipping cream  
2 Tbls. confectioner's sugar  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter clear vanilla flavoring  
1 1-lb. can whole apricots, for garnish  
Place gelatin in medium bowl. Bring apricot nectar to boiling. Pour over gelatin. Stir to dissolve. Refrigerate until cool. Add egg white; refrigerate until almost set. Remove pits from whole chilled apricots. Place gelatin and apricots in processor or blender. Process till blended. In large bowl whip the 1/2 cup cream. Fold into gelatin with pineapple. Line bottom of mold with apricot halves—round side down. Pour gelatin over; refrigerate overnight. Whip the 1 cup whipping cream; flavor with confectioner's sugar and flavoring; spoon into center of molded salad. Garnish with whole apricots. —Juliana

**CARROT CASSEROLE**

1 medium onion, chopped  
3 Tbls. margarine  
1 lb. carrots, sliced, cooked and drained  
1 10½-oz. can cream of celery soup  
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese  
Prepared bread dressing  
Saute the onion in the margarine. Mix the carrots, sauteed onion, cream of celery soup and cheese; place in a casserole and top with the dressing. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

**SIMPLE TURKEY CASSEROLE**

5 to 6 cups diced turkey  
1/2 cup margarine  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
3/4 cup chopped celery  
1 onion, chopped  
3 cups bread crumbs  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. pepper  
1/4 tsp. poultry seasoning  
1 egg, beaten  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
3/4 cup broth or milk  
In a 2-quart casserole arrange the diced turkey on the bottom. Melt the margarine in a large skillet; add butter flavoring. Saute' the celery, onion, and bread crumbs. Stir in salt, baking powder, pepper and poultry seasoning. Beat egg; mix in soup and broth or milk. Add to crumb mixture and pour over diced turkey.  
Bake, uncovered, 45 minutes to 1 hour at 350 degrees.

—Verlene

**JULIANA'S SHRIMP-MACARONI SALAD**

1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice  
1 Tbls. vegetable oil  
1 cup elbow macaroni, cooked  
1 1/2 cups diced shrimp  
2 hard-cooked eggs  
2 Tbls. chopped green pepper  
1 tsp. chopped onion  
1/2 cup chopped celery  
1/2 cup diced fresh tomato  
1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives  
2 Tbls. sour cream  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 cup mayonnaise  
Mix lemon juice and vegetable oil. Combine with macaroni, chill several hours. Fold in shrimp, eggs, green pepper, onion, celery, tomato and olives. Blend sour cream, salt and mayonnaise together. Fold into macaroni mixture.

**SHRIMP CREOLE**

1 large onion, sliced  
3 stalks celery, chopped  
3 Tbls. olive oil  
1 Tbls. mild chili powder  
2 Tbls. flour  
1 large can tomatoes  
1 cup cooked green peas  
2 tsp. sugar  
7 drops (or more) Tabasco sauce  
Salt to taste  
1 cup apple cider  
1 lb. (or less) cooked, cleaned shrimp  
6 cups mixed wild and long grain brown rice, cooked and drained  
Saute' onion and celery in the oil. Stir in the chili powder and flour. Add the tomatoes and peas; bring to a simmer. Add the sugar, Tabasco sauce and salt. Stir in the cider and simmer 15 to 20 minutes longer. Add the shrimp and cook only until heated through. Serve on bed of hot rice.

—Robin

**BROCCOLI & GREEN LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE**

1 box (2 cups) frozen broccoli pieces  
1 box (2 cups) frozen green lima beans  
4 cups rice Chex cereal  
4 Tbls. butter or margarine  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1/4 tsp. curry powder  
1 can cream of celery soup  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
Prepare broccoli and lima beans according to package directions in separate pans. Drain. Saute' the rice Chex cereal in the butter and butter flavoring. Add the curry powder. In a large mixing bowl, combine the vegetables, rice Chex mixture, and the soups. Stir well but gently. Pour into a large buttered casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Hallie





**PEACHES AND CREAM SALAD****Cream Layer**

1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping (use only 2/3 of the container)  
 1/4 cup chopped pecans  
 Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; add the orange flavoring. Cool and refrigerate until slightly thickened. Whip the softened cream cheese and fold into the two-thirds of the whipped topping. Add the pecans and fold all into gelatin. Pour into a 9-inch square baking dish. Chill until almost firm.

**Peach Layer**

1 3-oz. pkg. peach gelatin  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring  
 1 21-oz. can peach pie filling  
 Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; add the peach flavoring. Chill slightly and add the pie filling. Pour over top of cream layer. Chill until firm; serve.  
 Note: Can use the red gelatins with cherry pie filling. —Verlene

**PORK ROAST CASSEROLE**

2 cups uncooked macaroni, your choice  
 1 large onion, sliced  
 1 cup chopped celery  
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 2 1/2 pounds pork shoulder, chops or roast, cut into strips (or 2 cups cooked pork)  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 1 can (or 2 cups) tomatoes  
 1 can (or 2 cups) lima beans, drained  
 2 4-oz. cans mushroom stems and pieces with liquid  
 Partially cook macaroni and drain. Sauté onion and celery in butter or margarine. Remove from skillet. Place pork in skillet, brown on all sides; salt and pepper. Drain excess fat. Combine all ingredients in a 3-quart casserole. Cover and bake at 325 degrees for at least 1 hour. Makes 8 to 10 servings. —Hallie

**ONE-DISH MEAL**

1 lb. ground pork  
 1 1/2 cups cooked macaroni  
 1 can cream of chicken soup  
 1 small can evaporated milk  
 1 cup diced American cheese  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 1 cup seasoned croutons  
 Brown the pork and drain; mix all the ingredients except the seasoned croutons. Place in a greased 2-quart casserole. Top with seasoned croutons and bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees. —Verlene

**FRUIT PIZZA**

1 cup butter or margarine  
 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar  
 1 egg  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1 tsp. cream of tartar  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
 1/3 cup sugar  
 1 can sliced peaches, well-drained and blotted  
 1 can pineapple chunks (cut chunks in half), well-drained and blotted  
 1 can mandarin oranges, well-drained and blotted  
 2 bananas, sliced (drop in pineapple juice to prevent discoloring, drain)  
 1 cup apricot preserves  
 Whipped cream or whipped topping  
 Strawberries for garnish (optional)  
 Cream together the butter or margarine and powdered sugar. Add egg and flavorings. Stir in flour, soda and cream of tartar. Chill and roll thin. Place on a large pizza pan or a 12- by 14-inch cookie sheet. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Cool. Mix together the cream cheese and 1/3 cup sugar; spread on crust. Arrange fruits on top of the cream cheese mixture. Heat the apricot preserves (cool slightly) and spread over fruits. Refrigerate. Just before serving, garnish with whipped cream or topping around the edge. Add strawberries, if desired. —Hallie

**BUTTERSCOTCH POPPY SEED CAKE**

4 eggs  
 3/4 cup vegetable oil  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 2 3-oz. pkgs. butterscotch instant pudding mix  
 1 regular-size box yellow cake mix  
 1 cup water  
 4 tsp. poppy seed  
 Place all the ingredients together in your electric mixer bowl and beat until well blended. Pour into a well-greased bundt or angel food cake pan and bake in a 350-degree oven approximately 50 to 60 minutes. This is a quick and easy cake to make, but do not expect the texture to be light and fluffy, it is more like a pound cake. —Dorothy

**EASY CHOCOLATE PIE**

1 envelope whipped topping mix  
 1 cup milk chocolate frosting  
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring  
 1 9-inch graham cracker pie shell  
 Chopped pecans  
 Prepare the topping mix according to package directions; set aside. In a mixer bowl, beat the chocolate frosting, cream cheese and flavorings until fluffy. Fold in whipped topping. Pour into the graham cracker crust. Sprinkle chopped pecans on top. Refrigerate overnight. —Verlene

**DOROTHY'S APPLESAUCE COOKIES**

1/2 cup butter  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 egg  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1 cup applesauce  
 1/2 cup raisins (plump by pouring boiling water over them)  
 1/2 cup chopped nuts  
 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats  
 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1 3/4 cups flour  
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
 Cream together butter and sugar. Beat in egg and flavorings. Add applesauce, raisins, nuts and rolled oats. Mix dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Bake 10 to 15 minutes at 375 degrees. Do not overbake. —Dorothy

**POTATO-BEAN CASSEROLE**

6 medium potatoes  
 6 slices bacon  
 1 8-oz. pkg. frozen, cut green beans  
 3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing  
 2 Tbls. parsley  
 1/4 cup thinly sliced green onions  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. pepper  
 Cook the potatoes in the jackets; drain and cool. Peel and slice in 1/4-inch slices. In a skillet, fry the bacon until crisp; crumble. Cook green beans according to package directions and drain. Place the potatoes in a casserole dish and then place the green beans in the center of potatoes. Mix the dressing, parsley, onions, salt and pepper together; pour over potato-bean mixture. Top with the crumbled bacon. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 10 to 15 minutes, just until piping hot. —Verlene



## THE KITCHEN APRON

by  
Mary E. Wilson

Today the average homemaker wears a pair of jeans and one of her husband's old shirts, tucked up in the back and knotted at the waist in front. If she is the dressy type, she probably wears pantsuits. These clothes are quite comfortable and practical, but they lack warmth and charm. As our way of life changes so must our mode of dress, but there is one piece of apparel I do miss—the kitchen apron. The kind of apron of which I speak would look incongruous with slacks, but consider the conveniences we gave up when we relegated it to the past along with high top shoes and the waist cincher.

This utility garment had more uses than anything else the housewife wore. If she were out in the garden and found a mess of peas or green beans or even mustard greens, she gathered up the hem in her left hand and filled the apron with her right hand. She sat on the back steps and snapped the beans, looked over the mustard or shelled the peas. The peas were deftly slipped into one of the pockets, leaving the hulls in the apron; with a quick flip of the apron, the hulls landed over the fence into the chicken yard. As she passed the apple tree on her way to the house, she again filled her apron, for apple pie would be just the right dessert to go with the fresh vegetables.

The apron held several ears of corn to be shelled for the chickens. After she had them eating, she went into the henhouse and gathered the eggs, once more making a basket of her apron. When those same chickens escaped their pen and came foraging in the garden or flowers, that apron made a wonderful flutter as she shooed them back to the coop.

There is nothing quite as comforting to a child on a chilly evening as to sit on Mother's lap and have her pull the apron up around him as she cuddles him to her breast. The healing powers of that apron hem cannot be duplicated when it is applied to a bloody stubbed toe. As a purple spot shows on the blue checked fabric, Mother pulls a handkerchief out of the pocket, dries his eyes and wipes his nose with one hand while she holds his throbbing toes with the other. For the more serious accidents, many a kitchen apron has been snatched off and torn into bandages or made into a tourniquet. Those big handy pockets which held the money and list for the huckster also were a repository for treasures a child tired of carrying or a ball that had caused an argument.

Many ladies kept a clean apron hanging on a hook behind the kitchen door so when someone knocked, the

dirty one could be thrown off in a wink and she answered the door while tying on the clean one. Those aprons cooled a brow more effectively than a palm or mortuary fan. They could be turned around and thrown over the head and shoulders to shield one from the hot sun or a sudden summer shower.

When a farm wife wanted to call her husband from the field, she took off the apron, climbed up on the fence, and waved it wildly above her head. Even the horses knew this sign and as soon as they reached the end of the row, they waited to be unhitched then started for home in a slow trot. Anyone seeing a lady waving her apron with wild abandon knew it to be a distress signal as effective as sending an SOS by Morse code.

For Sunday, the housewife donned a white apron made on the same pattern but decorated with a few French knots or cross-stitch at the hem and on the pockets. The ties were a little wider and longer for a nice bow with streamers that danced and fluttered, like a hummingbird over the petunia bed, as Mother fried chicken and mashed potatoes at the wood stove after church.

Monday morning usually revealed one white broadcloth and four or five blue gingham aprons on the clothesline, all starched and waiting for the iron to make them slick and crisp on Tuesday.

Time and fashion have evolved the ample kitchen apron, first to a cover up and then to a short version of the original. Fancy party aprons of organdy and silk are now worn for show; other things have changed, too. Kleenex and band-aids are more sanitary but they certainly do not exude the love and comfort of the old kitchen apron.

## BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

by  
Ruth Townsend

Sometimes a little thing can change a sad situation into something much brighter.

My little granddaughter had to have a very serious operation on her skull when she was only 8 weeks old. As soon as she could crawl around, she had to wear a helmet.

The helmet the doctor gave her was plain black. It did the job but seemed depressing to those of us around her and even to others who saw her on the street or in a store. Christina did not care but her parents did. They decided something should be done.

To make the helmet "happier," they had Christina's name painted on it with hearts and flowers painted here and there. It was amazing how much that helped. People would smile and say, "Hi, Christina," instead of looking at her rather sadly when they saw her.

When Christina went back for a checkup, the nurses even were impressed with the "brightened-up" helmet and said they would tell other parents how much better it looked than a plain black one.

Christina is almost three years old now and doesn't have to wear the helmet anymore. But everytime we see her, we think about her helmet and are reminded that "it's better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."



Perhaps fate is determined not by chance but by choice—your choice.

## TAKE TIME TO EXPRESS THANKS!

by  
Norma Tisher

Have you ever performed a service or deed; sent a gift, flowers, or food to a hospital patient or to a funeral? Did you wait for a thank you or a simple acknowledgement?

Moses reminds his people in Deuteronomy 8:7-10 to bless (thank) the Lord for their food and all He has given them.

Express gratitude for kind thoughts and services. It can be a verbal cheerful expression of thanks by telephone or a somewhat informal expression in the form of a postcard or note. Postcards are becoming popular as a message of thanks.

People value the things you do but just neglect to take time to acknowledge. The six-letter word "Thanks" can mean so much. A smile with the expression goes a long way. Expressing appreciation must be taught to little folks so it is practiced at a young age with good manners.

People live such busy lives and just don't sit down and take time to express "Thanks." It is a good idea to send a monetary gift or memorial using a personal check, so that you know the gift was received when the check was cashed.

Often two wishes can be acknowledged with one note, for instance, food and a floral arrangement sent to a bereaved family. Just recently I thanked a favorite niece for a gift jar of tasty strawberry jam with the personal Christmas letter. Intensive care personnel are paid for their *on duty employment*; but after my surgery, I hope I made their days more pleasant with my weak expressions of "Thanks" for their constant nursing care and kind and careful favors.

Thanks so much for reading my article. Take time to acknowledge!

+++++



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

As we think of the new year beginning, there are always ideas for improvement in our lives and resolutions on which to work. One resolution that I try to concentrate on each January is writing the family diary which I began years ago when our children were preschool age. Often there are times when nothing gets written; still, that diary now numbers five loose-leaf notebooks.

Our grownup children like to check to see what has been written recently and comment about some of the happenings of years ago. There's the time Ann landed in the emergency room at the hospital, twice in a short period of time. Also, when Jon won a race in track in grade school, his grandma sent him a letter, telling how she won 50¢ at a Sunday school picnic. She was the winner in the 50-yard dash! Yes, there's a lot of happiness, and sadness, recorded in those pages. It seemed only natural that I start a diary for our grandchildren, Sarah and Laura. Notes about special times in their lives, with appropriate snapshots, will mean much to them in future years.

Author E. B. White, who wrote *Charlotte's Web*, *The Trumpet of the Swan*, and *Stuart Little*, died last fall. Since our son had given us E. B. White's biography by Scott Elledge (W. W. Norton Publishers), I wanted to read parts of it again. Particularly impressive was the letter his father had written to him on his twelfth birthday, describing his most valuable inheritance. The father reminded E. B. White that he had been born an American, in a large family, and had known the companionship of older brothers and sisters. He was the object of great affection of his father and mother. E. B. White was born into a Christian family. His father noted that when he was fretting about the small things of life, he should remember the great things of life that were his. Remarkable thoughts!

In *E. B. White: A Biography*, I turned to the chapter on *Charlotte's Web*, telling how this important book for children was written. White liked animals, and the theme of *Charlotte's Web* is that a pig shall be saved. The pig was Wilbur, and he was saved by a spider named Charlotte. They lived in the same barn and became friends. Mr. Zuckerman, the owner, planned to butcher Wilbur at Christmas, but Charlotte made him believe that Wilbur was an exceptional pig. She wove words into her web—Some pig, Terrific, Radiant. Wilbur got a special award at the County Fair, and Mr. Zuckerman's delight assured Wilbur of a long life. Charlotte then devoted her energies to her egg sac and laying eggs,

and then she died. Wilbur was happy when Charlotte's eggs hatched but would always remember his friend. She was both a true friend and a good writer, in a class by herself.

White was known for his writings in *The New Yorker* and also *The Elements of Style* by Strunk and White. An eloquent tribute by cartoonist Brian Duffy in the *Des Moines Register* showed a fat pig (Wilbur?) and up in the corner, a spider's web with the words "some writer."

Writing has always helped people communicate. It clarifies thoughts and it can express love and other emotions. Writing makes us record ideas and plans. An effective way to communicate with others is by writing. Carol Lea Benjamin has written *Writing for Kids* (Harper & Row Trophy Paper Edition, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$3.95). In the book she explains how to work from sentence to paragraph to finished story or essay. The book helps children get ideas for writing. *Writing for Kids* is full of practical thoughts to help the youngster, ages 8 to 12, become a better writer and enjoy writing more.

*My Doctor* (Harper & Row Trophy Paper Edition, \$3.95) by Harlow Rockwell is a childlike exploration of what children can expect when they visit the doctor's office. For ages 3-7, *My Doctor* shows full-page detailed pictures with a short text on each page. A stethoscope is explained, as well as an eye chart, thermometer, etc. One page shows a needle for giving shots and the text reads, "She has a needle to give shots. But I don't need one today." A reassuring book for little ones going for a checkup, 24 pages.

Mary Stolz is one of today's most distinguished and versatile writers. She is the author of more than 40 books for young readers. Her latest, for ages 9-11, is *The Explorer of Barkham Street* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$9.95). The story concerns Martin Hastings who was the bully of Barkham Street, when he was eleven. Now thirteen and wiser, he spends a lot of time daydreaming of being an Arctic explorer, a basketball star, or the world's greatest saxophonist. He wishes his father were a warmer person, and that he had a happier home life and some friends. Martin also wishes he had his dog Rufus back, and that he could be successful at losing weight. Yes, he had many wishes and dreams. He wanted to be successful at something. An emergency baby-sitting job is the beginning of many surprising discoveries Martin makes about his life. With his growing self-confidence, he finds real life as exciting as his daydreams. Mary Stolz has created a down-to-earth portrait of a boy beginning to explore his world and reach out to make friends.

## HANDWRITING EXPERT

As a parent (and grandparent)  
Let me state these words profound;  
The handwriting on the wall means  
there's  
A small active child around. —Kris Lee

## CUTTING WOOD

There is a real sense of pride in "doing for yourself." Today my husband and I brought in a load of wood, one of many we've cut this winter. Since the day was cold, perhaps 20 degrees, we dressed warmly. My husband chose a medium-sized oak, fell it across the road where we are clearing, and began to cut away the limb ends. I gathered and carried them to a brush pile out of the way. As he continued to cut, I picked up the smaller limbs, leaving the very large ones for him.

As I worked, I became very hungry and my feet were so cold they hurt. Trying not to think of how hungry I was, I loaded the wood and moved the truck forward or back as directed, pulling the larger limbs onto the road. It was easier to "work them up" there.

My husband and I provided for our warm house tonight—at some cost to ourselves, but we feel strong and self-reliant. We used our minds and bodies, withstood the discomforts, and are proud of the warming oak stacked in our back yard.

At 10:30 p.m., I slipped into a bed warmed by an electric blanket. I had enough pioneering for one day!

—Jean Calvert

## IT'S A GIRL

by  
Helen Friesen

See if you can spot these girls' names in the puzzle below. The names go straight in any direction.

B E U L A H A R R I E T  
R A L N Y M M A I R I M  
I N R L A N R E H T S E  
D N I B A S S I R A L C  
G M E N A O M I V L E T  
E L C A R R I E E C W E  
T Y L A U R A I R H E R  
H E A T H E R T A L N E  
E V R A E B Y L L O D S  
L A A N A T A L I E Y A  
V I R G I N I A L L E D

Ann	Nancy	Chloe	Barbara
Una	Ethel	Elsie	Bridget
Eva	Clara	Naomi	Heather
Bea	Laura	Beulah	Natalie
Ella	Della	Carrie	Harriet
Vera	Herta	Teresa	Virginia
Emily	Wendy	Esther	Gabrielle
Mabel	Dolly	Miriam	Clarissa

(Answers on page 18)



## A NEW YEAR

Within each life a  
plan unfolds—joys  
aplenty, some sad times  
too, but His ever-presence  
Outweighs the pain, as we  
start a year anew!

—Marjorie A. Lundell



### MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

I cannot send you a photo.  
One of the new sponsors this year was AT&T who provided a bank of telephones for free international service. AT&T Communications offered free two-minute calls to anywhere in the world as long as it was outside the United States. And, as long as there was not a long line, a person could call as many people as he or she liked. The phones were staffed by volunteers from AT&T. One was heard to say that for three days they were in the reunion business, not the phone business. The company expected to make 1000 calls during the three-day period. Many of the exchange students living in the Milwaukee area were waiting to talk to parents, and many grown-up Milwaukee residents were eager to talk to elderly parents at their old homes across the seas. It was touching to watch these folks from across the room at a coffee shop which was serving ethnic desserts which were one of a kind and delicious, too.

Mark your calendars; and if you're free next November 21, 22, or 23, try to be in Milwaukee for the International Folk Fair. I guarantee you will love every minute.

Until next month,

*Mary Beth*

### HOT SPRINGS PARADISE—Concl.

solitude faded as others entered our steamy world. We reluctantly eased ourselves out of the hot springs into the bright sunlight, and dried ourselves off. Then we headed down the trail and back to Gardiner, suddenly ravenous from the morning's activities. A local restaurant beckoned us with a sign proclaiming the permanent "special of the day": a couple of eggs, two strips of bacon and toast, all for \$1.99. We washed it down with milk and hot tea. I decided to skip the other daily special—buffaloburger. Too early in the morning for that, I thought. As we finished our breakfast, our skin still tingled with the warmth and magic of the hot springs. Through the restaurant window we could see the granite arch at the northern entrance of Yellowstone. Inscribed on the arch were these words: "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." Indeed.

## THE CAN DO BOX

by  
Maxine F. Kessinger

"What'll I do now, Mommy?" days are bound to come. It has a familiar sound in any household where there are children. These "what'll I do" days are usually brought on by a winter's snowstorm, a mild illness or just at a time when the outdoors is unappealing.

When Mother hears that wail, she knows, for the time at hand, the roomful of toys and stacks of games have lost their appeal. But the wise mother has a solution. She has prepared a "Can Do Box" for such occasions. Properly used, it can be the answer to that winter wail.

The "Can Do Box" has suggestions on file cards. The child may pull out a card and follow the suggestion. The "Can Do Box," naturally, must be custom made for each family. The ages and interests of children must be considered.

Rules of the "Can Do Box" are necessary so that the interest will not be lost quickly.

1. The suggestion box must only be used when none of the youngsters involved can think of anything to do.

2. Only use it once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon.

3. Once selected, the kids have to follow the suggestion.

4. Suggestions should not include things the youngsters would think of by themselves.

Here are some suggestions for varied ages:

1. Make a replica of your home out of cardboard boxes. Use building blocks or magazine pictures for the furniture.

2. Have a cocoa party for all of your stuffed animals or for all of your dolls.

3. Make hand puppets from paper bags, using things like buttons, old jewelry, yarn or pipe cleaners. Then let your puppet give a show.

4. Make a drawing showing what your parents do in their work away from home.

5. Make an Indian teepee. Dress up like an Indian and do an Indian dance and tell stories around a campfire.

6. Make clay models.

7. Play a feeler game. Find things around the house that have a soft feel, like a piece of cotton or a downy pillow, and also things that have a hard feel or those things that have a scratchy feel, like sandpaper. Have friends close their eyes and see who can identify the most objects.

8. Use a box of yarn scraps to make yarn dolls.

9. Dramatize favorite nursery rhymes, poems or stories.

10. Design and make your own greeting cards.

11. Make your own comic strips with the commentary.

12. Make a long train from cardboard boxes or a covered wagon train can be made from milk cartons using Tinkertoy wheels and handkerchief tops.

13. A roll of wallpaper will suffice for a mural to record impressions of famous Americans, a holiday or perhaps the mural could illustrate a farm or zoo.

14. Use a map of the United States. Find or draw pictures of each state's flower and paste on the appropriate state.

These ideas are only a spinoff for the child's imagination. The "Can Do Box" is magic for mothers. And the children are enchanted.

\*\*\*\*\*

## LITTLE THINGS

It's the little things in life that count

To give us golden days,

Little things that help us

Without a note of praise.

Like helping someone with a chore

And watching her surprise,

When eyes light up like little stars

To brighten up our skies.

Money buys a lot of things

That we know for sure,

But God who gives us everything

Can help us to endure.

—Verna Sparks

## THE COMPUTER

The whirrs and tocking

Are loud and mocking,

As the machines show

How little we know.

Some wheels revolved

And an equation is solved;

But a man's brain screens

What it all means!

—Mary L. Derr

If you're nice to someone who can do you a favor, you have a good head for living.

If you're nice to someone who can't do you a favor, you have a good heart for living.



## THE SNOWMAN

I saw a little snowman

Sitting on a hill

The wind was blowing,

But he was very still.

His walnut eyes

Were big and black,

His fat little body

Was as full as a sack.

His jolly smile,

And his stovepipe hat,

Drew crowds of children

To the place where he sat.

—Rita S. Farnham





Aaron Brase, son of Kristin and Art Brase, is busy participating in sports and other high school activities.

Thanksgiving at our house was especially wonderful this year, because our grandson, Andy, drove down from St. Cloud, Minnesota, to spend a few days with us. He couldn't leave until about 2:00 P.M. on Wednesday, and the weather forecasts were terrible, everything from freezing drizzle to snow. We spent seven hours on pins and needles until he finally drove into the yard at 9:00 P.M. He said he had good roads until he got to Ames, and from there to Indianola it was slick. To keep my mind occupied while we waited, I got all the vegetables ready for the next day, made the dressing, and baked a pie. The next day, I was glad I had so much done.

Bernie and Belvah were also here for dinner and spent the afternoon. Andy had a good visit with them. Most of Thursday and Friday he spent outdoors with Frank. It was snowing all day Friday, a very light powdery snow that didn't amount to much. Andy probably should have driven back that day, because the worst storm of the season was to arrive on Saturday. He decided to wait until Saturday and have that time with us.

He left Lucas at 9:30 A.M. and called us at 6:30 P.M., nine hours later, to say he was home, exhausted but glad he made it. He had driven on ice from Des Moines to the Minnesota boarder and then was in a terrible blizzard the rest of the way home. He had plenty of food with him and hot coffee, plus a heavy down comforter to keep him warm in case he got stuck; but we were very relieved to receive the call he was safely home. Andy hopes he can go to Torrington for Christmas to see his family, and I know they are anticipating his visit.

Well, dear friends, I have used up my allotted space; and since Kristin has a letter in this issue, she will bring you up to date on her family. Maybe sometime, somewhere, we will meet face to face and have a good visit. Until then, Frank and I

want to wish you the very best in the coming year and the years to come. Thank you for your many wonderful letters and your friendship all these years.

Now I must say goodbye,

*Dorothy*

### NEW YEAR CHALLENGE

I like to think of the New Year  
As a book of pages, pure white,  
Without a blemish of any kind—  
A silent invitation to write.

I pick up my pen and poise it  
Above this chapter of my life  
As I wonder what will follow—  
A story of love or of strife.

Though it matter not *what* happens  
But *how* I handle each day  
And whether I adorn or blotch it,  
The record will live on that way.

—Kay Grayman Parker



### THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

January starts out with a clean slate and it almost seems intrusive to start writing on my clean gardening "slate." I've already made several notations: first, to start thinking about what is new and exciting in the plant world; then, to search through the many 1986 seed and nursery catalogs for the planting materials; next, to send an order while there is an ample supply of the seeds and plants being offered; and last comes a New Year's resolution that invariably is broken before the planting season is barely started. Year after year, I vow to not buy more seeds, more plants and more ornamentals than I have the energy to care for, and time and space in which to plant them. Most dyed-in-the-wool gardeners do likewise, and they vow to *never, ever*, do such a thing again.

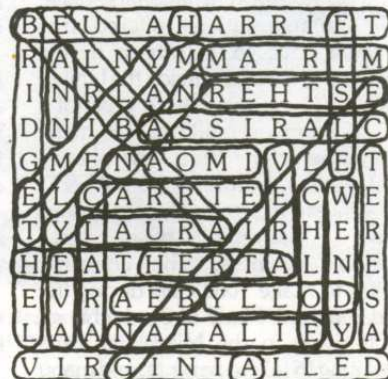
The first seeds started on the heat pad in the small greenhouse are those of petunias, geraniums, pinks, coleus, calendula and dwarf French marigolds. We start the above early so they will be budded or in bloom by Mother's Day. Area Sunday schools order them to present mothers on their day. We also start pansy seed soon after the holidays so the plants will be ready to bloom when set in spring flower beds. Pansy seeds

### TO A GRANDSON

Tiny tot with rosy cheeks  
tangled hair  
and chubby feet;  
Toddling about, arms flung wide,  
giggling, trusting  
by your side.  
Leaving mem'ries, treasured joy,  
as you grow up  
a mischievous boy.  
Clever antics, cute deadpan;  
I wonder what  
you'll be, young man!

—Martha E. Shivers

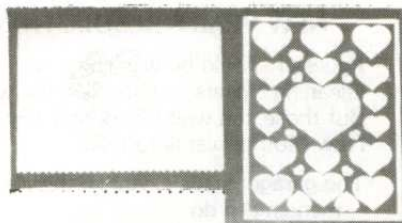
### ANSWERS TO "IT'S A GIRL"



germinate best in a cool temperature and the seed flats do not take up space on the heat pad. If you do not have lots of sunny window space or a greenhouse, wait until March to plant seeds indoors.

A reader asks that I list a number of reliable seed firms and their addresses so that she, and her gardening friends, can send for catalogs. There are many fine seed and nursery firms not included here because of lack of space. The following are firms that have been in business many years which attests to their reliability. Henry Field Seed & Nursery, Shenandoah, Iowa 51602; W. Atlee Burpee, 300 Park Ave., Warminster, PA 18974; Harris Seeds, Buffalo Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14624; Earl May Seed Co., Shenandoah, Iowa 51603; Geo. W. Park Seed Co., Greenwood, SC 29647; Thompson & Morgan, Box 1308, Jackson, New Jersey 08527; Otis Twilley Seed Co., Trevoise, PA 19047; Stokes Seeds, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240; Nichols Garden Nursery, Albany, Oregon 97321; J. W. Jung Seed Co., Randolph WI 53956. If you want seeds for organic-holistic gardening, write for a free catalog to The Naturalists, P. O. Box 435, Yorktown Heights, N.Y. 10598. Grace's Gardens, Westport, CT 06880, offers the seed of rare and unusual flowers and vegetables. For roses try Jackson & Perkins, Box 1028, Medford, OR 97501. Look for the names of seed and nursery firms that advertise in this and other magazines. Most catalogs are free for the asking and can provide you with a wealth of gardening information.





## SPECIAL GREETING CARDS

by  
Danette Hein-Snider

Since I wanted a very special greeting card, I made a trip to the card shop. I must have read at least 100 cards, none of which were to my liking. So what did I do? Did I buy one just because I needed one? No! I went home and designed my own. Now, designing my own greeting cards is a hobby that I really enjoy.

For the card use plain typing paper, pretty stationery, colored construction paper or lightweight poster board. Don't make all of the cards square or rectangular. Be creative with double folded hearts, circles, triangles or any other shape that comes to mind.

The message part of the card can be anything you want it to be. You might consider any of these: favorite poems, Bible verses, jokes, quotations, original poetry, riddles and slams. Pick something for the occasion, and make it as funny or as serious as you like.

Next, you will want to decorate the card. Sometimes the design or color of the paper is enough; but, if it needs a little pizzazz, you can use stickers, pictures from magazines or draw your own funny characters. One afternoon, I experimented with ironing embroidery transfers onto construction paper and it worked. With transfers a wide variety of interesting designs can be made.

For special people, send a "party-in-an-envelope" which contains everything for a party only in miniature: napkin, balloon, candle, card and a tiny favor. This is great for birthdays but can be used for any occasion.

A great idea for grandparents or other out-of-town relatives is to have your child draw a picture and add a message on the back. This same idea could be used for schoolwork, too. They will enjoy seeing how the child is doing in school and the nice greeting.

Other items can be sent in lieu of the traditional card. Three years ago, I crocheted tiny snowflake Christmas ornaments and sent them to people on my "card" list. Everyone loved them. You could also send small books to children as a birthday greeting.

Before you start complaining about not having enough time to design cards, consider how long it takes you to run to the store to pick one out.



We are so pleased to announce the marriage of Clark Driftmier and Mardi Dalzell. They were married in Denver, Colorado, on November 16, 1985. It was a beautiful Episcopal ceremony at St. John's Cathedral in downtown Denver. All weddings are special and this one was no exception.

Weddings are a good excuse for family reunions and many of our family members were on deck for the festivities. Clark's parents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, had arranged for all of the out-of-town relatives to stay in a hotel not far from their lovely home in Wheatridge. Our rooms were right next to each other, and you can imagine all the visiting that went on.

The night before the wedding, we all attended the rehearsal dinner and had a wonderful time catching up on family news while getting acquainted with Clark's bride-to-be and her family. The day of the wedding, Uncle Wayne took the family members on a tour of the Wilmore Nursery facilities, which is his place of business. I was particularly interested in his growing area. I would like to have tucked several plants in my suitcase to take back to Albuquerque. After the tour, Aunt Abigail provided lunch for us. In fact, Aunt Abigail was so well organized that we ate almost all of our meals in their home. She had prepared delicious buffets for breakfasts, lunches and dinners.

It was a late afternoon wedding. The ceremony was taken from the *Book of Common Prayer*. Uncle Frederick Driftmier was a participant in the service which gave the ceremony special meaning for all of us.

From the cathedral, we went directly to the famous, old Brown Palace hotel for the wedding reception and dinner which were hosted by Mardi's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Dalzell. Music was provided by a Dixieland band. Clark had been a member of the band and was talked into performing several numbers with them. I doubt that many bridegrooms perform on the tuba at their own wedding receptions. I'm sure that no one could have had a more appreciative audience.

All in all, it was a terrific weekend.

Juliana

P.S. Clark and Mardi spent their honeymoon traveling in New Mexico. They stopped to see the Loweyes in Albuquerque. I got a good chance to visit with them. Clark is such a fine young man and Mardi is a delightful young woman. Our family is fortunate to be able to include her in our growing tribe.

## WINTER SONG

The quietness of snow fills up our woods,  
Winds whisper through the silence,  
Spruce and pine shelter cardinal, chickadee, and an eager robin.  
—Rita Farnham



## MALLWALKING: A HEALTHY, HAPPY EXPERIENCE

by

Dianne L. Beetler

Most walkers agree walking is physically, mentally and emotionally beneficial, in spite of the occasional angry dogs, mud puddles and sudden rainstorms encountered along the route. Nowadays, mallwalking, which eliminates these unpleasant hazards, is increasing in popularity.

Indoor shopping malls across the country are developing special programs for people who like to walk indoors. The first mallwalker may have been a heart patient whose doctor suggested he take up walking. As the numbers of mallwalkers increased, many shopping malls began programs specifically designed for these people.

Malls have much to offer—long aisles ideal for walking and a controlled climate. The thousands of people who walk daily in indoor shopping malls have discovered mallwalking can be a great social experience as well as a beneficial exercise. Most mallwalkers start early in the morning before the stores open and the shoppers arrive. It's easy to walk briskly when you don't have to thread your way through crowds of shoppers or screech to a halt when a child runs in front of you.

There is not a typical mallwalker. You'll see all ages from grandparents to toddlers. They wear a variety of clothing from business suits to jogging togs. Parents push babies in strollers while other people rely on crutches to help them down the aisle. Some mallwalkers feel they're doing good to make it up and down the aisle once, but others walk several miles daily. Some people enjoy walking alone, while others prefer the company of friends or family members.

Motivations for walking vary, too. Some walkers are doing so under doctor's orders. Others walk to maintain good health, and many people walk just for the fun of it. Almost all walkers are friendly, although they don't stop to visit much. They are intent on getting their exercise but do have time for a smile and a quick "hello," as they pass.

Many shopping malls work with local hospitals to develop walking routes that often include stops for exercises.

An in-service coordinator at a hospital devised simple exercises such as neck and arm rotations to be performed at eight stops along the walking route. "We encourage walkers to use the exercises for a warm-up prior to walking and also to cool down," she said. She recommends that all walkers consult their physicians before beginning a walking program.

One mall has approximately 350

people registered in its "Walk Through the Park" program. Registrants fill out cards with their names, addresses, next-of-kin, and doctors' names. These cards are filed at the mall office. Registrants are issued green-and-white buttons which identify them as members. Their names are taped to the backs of their buttons, allowing them to be identified quickly in case of a medical emergency.

This mall sends a monthly newsletter to members of the program. The publication informs them about upcoming monthly meetings sponsored by the hospital. These meetings focus on health topics such as nutrition and aerobic exercise. For a February meeting, a doctor spoke about "the sensuous heart."

Another mall sponsored a special St. Patrick's Day parade with Irish music and refreshments for walkers. Participants dressed in green and wore hats. At Easter time, walkers competed in an Easter bonnet contest.

Mallwalkers also participate in other activities such as a fashion show featuring leisure clothes modeled by the walkers. Although all of these activities are fun, most participants agree that walking is the most fun of all. "It makes you really feel good and helps let out your frustrations," said one mallwalker.

Another walker said, "I feel down some mornings, but walking gets me going. It makes me realize that I'm not the only one who has problems."

The coordinator said, "Walkers are the neatest people to work with. They're so warm with each other. If somebody is gone one day, the next day as they meet along the route, someone will say, 'Missed you yesterday. Were you all right?'"

Most mallwalkers believe that the benefits of walking can't be assigned a dollar value. Mallwalking probably will continue to increase in popularity, not just because it's good exercise, but also because of its added benefits.



### PLASTIC STORM WINDOW

It ripples there in winter gusts,  
Confined and anchored by the  
Frame of laths—with nails and  
Staples biting deep into the  
Porous wood. Hemmed in a bit, I  
Find I still can view my winter world.  
The filmy mist that flutters  
There defeats the howling wind.  
It holds its own against the  
Sweep of drifting snow and  
Pelting sleet—how strange.

I rock in comfort, protected by  
A wisp of plastic no thicker than  
The wrapper on my loaf of bread!!

—Leta Fulmer Harvey

### NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

I guess I should be washing walls  
Cleaning closets or shoveling the walk  
But those can wait till another day  
Now Mother wants to talk.

The garage needs cleaning, there's  
mending to do

The windows need new caulk  
But those can wait till another day  
Now Mother wants to talk.

She'll tell me about her days of youth  
Box suppers and high button shoes  
Her eyes will sparkle like midnight stars  
As together we enjoy her muse.

She'll tell me about the depressions and  
wars

The miserable toll they took  
I'll learn more history from her than I  
could

From a professor or a book.

She'll talk to me of love and peace  
Goals reached and things undone  
Of hopes she has for me and mine  
Of battles lost and won.

I guess I could be washing walls  
But more important is a walk  
A special chance to enrich my life  
When Mother wants to talk.

—Rita Kayser

### MY UGLY DAY

A friend told me if I smeared salad  
dressing on my hair and covered my  
head with plastic, I'd have the finest and  
most effective oil treatment possible.  
One day I decided to try the treatment.  
And, I reasoned, I might just as well try  
the new mud pack I'd received for  
Christmas.

After smearing my head with salad  
dressing and my face with mud, I put on  
my worn-out robe and was just about to  
sit down and let "beauty" take its course  
when the doorbell rang and I opened the  
door. It was our mail carrier, a man I'd  
known for several years, with a  
registered letter. His eyes widened in  
disbelief as he stared at me while I signed  
the registered mail receipt.

"You all right?" he questioned.

"Sure," I told him, wiping away some  
of the salad dressing that was dripping  
on my muddy face.

He just stood there staring.

"I'll be all right," I reassured him. "I'm  
just enjoying an ugly day."

He was still standing there, staring, as I  
retreated into the house. I knew I had just  
seen the destruction of a man's illusions  
about women.

—Evelyn Witter

### A TIGHT SQUEEZE

The cabinets that loomed so large  
when we moved in  
have suddenly become  
very thin!

—Pamela M. Greene



## PURSUING A HOBBY FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

by  
Cecile Moore

"You can do anything you want to do, if you want to do it badly enough," I had drilled into my own children while they were growing up. Now I had retired, the children were all grown up and out on their own, and I finally had the time and the urge to put my own theory to the test. Did I dare?

It wasn't hard determining what I wanted to do. It was whether I dared attempt it at this time of life. Deep down I had always had a secret and burning desire to become a writer. Throughout all of my school years, I had made excellent grades and been praised for my written themes. How I enjoyed the times when we had special assignments, and I was able to communicate to the class the things I had in my head and heart!

Up to now, however, my writing consisted of little poems and cheery nonsensical compositions for my friends and loved ones. If I was ever going to try it out in a real way, now was the time to begin. My mother had written lovely poems and stories; and she had so many God-given talents, I thought surely some of it had rubbed off on me. (That was my first mistake.)

"You're getting pretty old to begin something like that now," my altar-ego argued. "You don't really know how to begin. And you've forgotten everything you ever learned in school. Why you're as rusty as an old hinge!"

"So, what do I have to lose?" I countered. "Everyone has to start somewhere. And since I had always had this great desire and never had the opportunity to pursue it, now for my own satisfaction I was determined to give it a good try."

I tried writing poetry first. But alas, I turned out a lot of verse with no real meaning, instead of poetry. This is where most of us err, because we try to mimic someone else's talents. When we fail to come up to their abilities, we become discouraged and quit. I almost did.

Then one day during the Christmas season, being in an especially mellow mood, I sat down at the dining table and began attempting to describe in detail our Christmas as we enjoyed it in our own home. When I re-read it, I knew I had something. I truly captured the sights, sounds and smells of Christmas as surely as any artist is able to do on canvas. I was elated. So this is how it's done, I exulted!

Curious to find out if it was as good as I thought, I sent it right off to a publishing company. And bingo! They accepted it! In fact, they included my piece in a Christmas bookette they put out the following Christmas, and my joy knew no

bounds. I just knew I had it made.

I nearly beat the old typewriter to death in the next month or two as I sent off story after story. But the editors did not appreciate my marvelous, new talents; and as fast as I sent them off, they sent them right back again. This was the second lesson I had to learn. One can have ever so many talents, but those talents must be developed, channeled, and then utilized.

If I have one weakness that is greater than the legion of others I possess, it is impatience! I have always been a great starter but a poor finisher. But this, too, I was determined to conquer. So I sat down, took inventory of myself and my writing, and found plenty wrong with both. And I decided to start from where I was (which was the very bottom) and begin again.

I checked out several good books on writing from the library and began to study in earnest. This was great fun for me. How marvelous to have access to all of this information and be unaware of it, I thought, as I literally soaked up as much of it as I was able to understand. I also investigated and found a book which contains the names and addresses of the various publishers. Since the material I had studied emphasized knowing the markets and their needs well before submitting the finished manuscript to them, I purchased a copy and went to work with a purpose.

When my first stories began to sell, my joy knew no bounds. Picasso could not have been prouder of his masterpiece than I, of my accomplishments. First one, then another and another sold. As I improved, I began to branch out into different areas: religious, educational and humorous. When I was able to communicate to others the marvelous lessons I had learned from life, I felt humble indeed with the great responsibility and privilege of being allowed to be a small part of it all. At last, I had the sweet satisfaction of realizing a lifetime dream.

There is no greater reward in life than that of creating something with one's own hands. Whether it is painting a masterpiece, writing a book, or baking a good apple pie (not everyone can bake a good apple pie), it fulfills an inward need within all of us. Each of us must search until we find our own particular pathway to joy, peace and deep personal satisfaction, and we realize our own dreams and ambitions.

Once an attractive, eloquent evangelist held a series of meetings at our church, and we were so impressed with his magnetism that we wondered what kind of person his wife could be. One night he brought her along, and we got the shock of our lives. She was the plainest little Jane you could ever meet. Later, upon being asked to say a few

words, she said, "I know all of you are shocked that such a handsome individual as my husband would choose a little mouse like me for his wife. I have no talents, no looks, no attractive features whatsoever; but, I try to make up for all the other talents by loving people. I just try to gather up all of the unloved people I can find and let them know they are loved."

Her whole appearance was transformed. Everyone's former feelings of pity quickly turned to envy. We're never too poor, too sick or old to love! Her's was the ultimate talent and hobby. But it, too, must be worked at. Without love, all other talents come short of complete satisfaction. With it, they are multiplied many times over. The strangest thing about this talent is the more love we give to others, the more we get in return.

I am determined to keep myself busy, my mind alert. And now that life's pace has slowed, I will endeavor to enjoy and appreciate all of the "little things" along life's way. We can truly make the sun-set years the best years of our lives. Increase their quality immeasurably by pursuing a favorite hobby, for pleasure and sometimes profit.

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### FINDING TIME TO PRAY

It's hard finding time  
to pray these days,  
There's always something  
to stand in the way.

With a family to care for  
and a house to paint,  
If I just had my work done  
I could live like a saint.

Diapers need washed  
The house is in dust  
Dinner needs fixed  
The laundry's a must.

But, tomorrow I'll do it,  
I'll take time to pray.  
God can wait just one more day.

Tomorrow is here  
and I've so much to do.  
I need to mow yard  
and sew some, too.

But, tomorrow I'll do it  
I'll take time to pray.  
God can wait just one more day.

The years have gone so fast  
My kids are all grown.  
Many things I've accomplished  
But the Lord I've not known.

I've needed him many times  
in the past I know,  
But I never took time  
to tell him so.

Now, my days are numbered  
I'm dying they say.  
Do you suppose  
It's too late to pray? —Jackie McGee





Juliana Lowey and Kristin Brase (top picture), James and Jed Lowey and Mike Walstad (bottom picture) enjoyed a weekend together at Clark and Mardi Driftmier's wedding festivities in Denver, Colorado.

### LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

by the same token, there is always an end to that *Time* and that *Season*.

This is why we must now say "Goodbye" to the countless friends who made such an incalculable difference in all of our lives. There are really no words that can express how we feel about bringing down the curtain after so many, many years. I can only say that I think you have at least an inkling of what it means to all of us.

And with those words I can only say "Goodbye."

*Lucile*

### THE SNOWFLAKE

I remember how a snowflake  
On a long-ago winter day  
Glittered in its lacy splendor  
A-top my mitten where it lay.  
Every flake has its own pattern,  
Each could seem the very best,  
But this one flake, to me, was special  
'Cause on my mitten it came to rest.

—Inez Baker

### PANCAKES

When my father ate pancakes  
He'd stack them way up high!  
Then he'd thread 'em on his fork,  
And I would nearly die.  
I couldn't eat that many,  
No matter how I'd try.  
The syrup he would slather on,  
And the coffee black he'd drink.  
My eyes would pop until he'd stop,  
And sit back with a wink.

—Lois Leshner

### GO SLOWLY

Go slowly through the world,  
Stop to watch the rain,  
See the sunrise on the hills,  
Smell the rose again,  
Pick up lonely shells that speak  
Of happy memories,  
Go slowly through the world  
Discovering the trees  
That sing and nod,  
Then suddenly you'll come upon  
The one Who made them...God...

—Marion Schoeberlein

### FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

I had a letter from my good friend Richard Kirk Washburn the other day. I had been telling him about some of the difficulty I once had teaching English to Arabic speaking students, and he wrote me some of his sentiments on the subject. He said: "When I think about the recent immigrants to this country such as the Vietnamese, I marvel at the rapidity with which the young people at least learn our language. English must be a very difficult language to learn, if one is not brought up hearing it spoken. Grammatically it may be simple, but a sure grasp of the vocabulary is another matter. So many of our words sound the same and some are even spelled the same and yet they are opposite in meaning."

"For example, when we put up a barn, we raise it; when we tear it down, we raze it. When we say *some* of something, we don't mean the whole of it; yet the *sum* is the total amount, the whole. If a thing has a *hole* in it, it isn't *whole*. If one's clothes are *worn out*, they can't be *worn out*. If we are *dated*, we are not going to be *dated*. A man cannot run if he is *tired*, a car can run only if it is *tired*. A man gasps when he *pants*; others gasp if he is without *pants*."

"*Fits* is another ambiguous word. A Chinese clothing store in Hong Kong had a sign in its window: 'English ladies have fits here. Come in and let us give you a perfect fit.'"

All of this reminds me of the difficulty I had teaching English to my Arabic speaking Egyptian students. For example, it was difficult for them to learn the meaning of our English word *fast*. *Fast* means to go quickly, but if something is *fast* to the floor it does not move at all! We *fast* when we go without food. We speak of an evil person as someone who lives a *fast* life.

How good it is to have this opportunity of keeping in touch with all of you. Do have a good month of January. After all, it is the first month of a new year, and certainly we hope that this new year will be for you and for me one of our very best.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

### WINTER CROP

I love my garden, I really do,  
With its pests to spray, its rows to hoe.  
But I love it better as I watch  
My garden's snow, grow and grow.

—Rhoda Pellor

**NOTICE... This is the last issue of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.**



## "Little Ads"

**FREE QUILT PATTERNS** in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine," plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$3.00. Leman Publications, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

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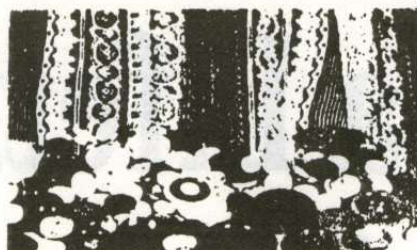
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## NO-SUGAR COOKBOOK

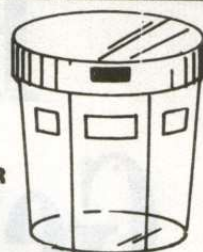
Cut calories and still enjoy delicious cakes, cookies, pies, desserts sweetened with Equal low-calorie sweetener. \$5.99 each. Ideal gifts. 2 books \$10.99. (Add \$1.00 shipping)—(30 day guarantee) **AD DEE PUBLISHERS**, Lincoln Street, Box 5426 3KK Eugene, Oregon 97405. (Over 30,000 sold)

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## NOTICE

The original Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook is no longer available. **Do not order.**

## BLUEJAY ON A BUSH

Bluejay on a snowball bush  
Now bare and stiff and brown  
What a cheerful sight you are  
Dressed in your bright blue gown!

Flying off your perch, I see,  
And now where will you go?  
Goodness! Won't your toes get cold  
A tracking through the snow?

—Roy J. Wilkins

Life itself can't give you joy,  
Unless you really will it.  
Life just gives you time and space—  
It's up to you to fill it.



# How a Stop in a German Shoe Store Ended a Lifetime of Foot Pain...

"We were in Germany on the very first day of our vacation but my feet were killing me already. I thought a pair of more comfortable shoes might help and I fell in love with a pair in a shoe store in Wiesbaden, Germany.

But when I tried them on, they hurt too. I explained my problem of sore aching feet to a friendly clerk and she pointed to a counter display and said, maybe I needed a pair of special Leather Insoles.

I took her advice and was I glad I did . . . the instant I slipped them into my shoes, my foot pain vanished! I've worn them ever since and my painful foot problems are a thing of the past."

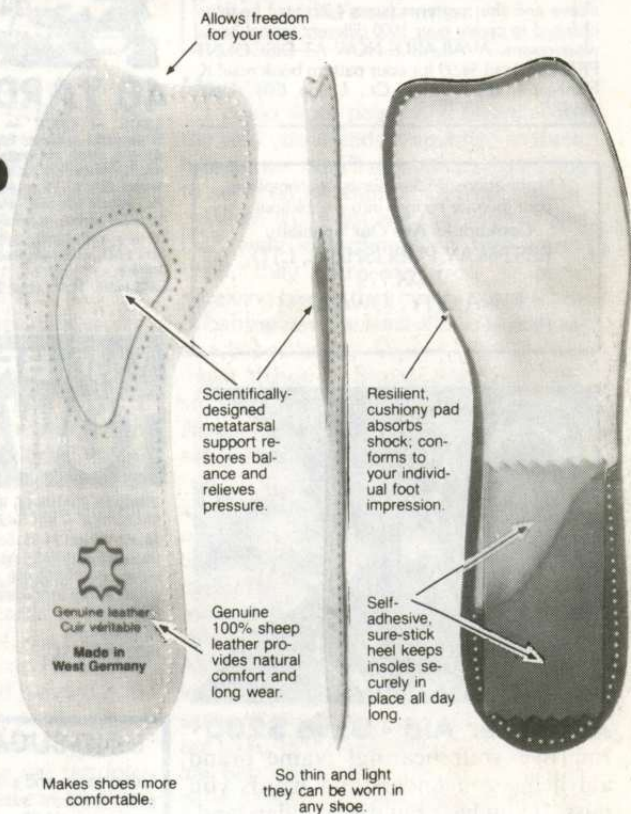
Over the last 15 years more than 8,000,000 pairs of these Leather Insoles have been sold in German shoe stores. They've relieved all types of foot problems for folks of all ages and if your feet are killing you, we urge you to try them.

We brought them to America and call them Luxis Leather Insoles. Wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions-asked refund. What could be fairer?

## LUXIS Leather Insoles

Luxis' scientifically designed metatarsal support allows your feet to assume their proper posture and balance. They redistribute body weight naturally, eliminating painful, uneven pressures that cause Sore Feet, Burning Feet, Corns, Calluses, Bunions, Sore Heels, ankle and foot problems of all types.

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*Luxis* Insoles  
**COST YOU ONLY \$7.95**  
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### 30-Day TRIAL OFFER

Order a pair of Luxis Leather Insoles and wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions asked refund. What could be fairer?

### 30-Day, No-Risk TRIAL OFFER

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Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ pair(s) of Luxis Insoles. If I am not completely satisfied, I can return them within 30 days for a full, no-questions asked refund.

Important: Indicate shoe size(s) below.

Women's size(s) \_\_\_\_\_ Men's size(s) \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ ONE pair only \$7.95 add \$1.50 p. & h.

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Washington residents please add 7.9% state sales tax.

Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD.

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