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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

My, how terribly empty and lonesome the house seems this morning!

Juliana, James and Katharine left yesterday for their home in Albuquerque, and although they were here for ten days it already seems to me that they weren't here at all. No time passes as swiftly as the time they spend with me. I turn around once and they have come and gone.

Juliana has always been wonderfully dependable about calling me the minute she walks through her own door (I'm old-fashioned and worry about planes!), but I began to get very much on edge last night before that call came.

She had expected to take a plane to Denver, and then change planes for the run into Albuquerque — not a bad trip at all; but when she arrived at the Omaha airport she found that her flight had been cancelled and consequently they put her on a plane to Kansas City where she had to change to another plane for Wichita. There was a delay of several hours in Wichita before she could board another plane for Albuquerque, so by the time they got home they felt that they'd been on the road since the beginning of time.

At least they weren't cold, and that's more than people could say who were stranded in old railroad cars without any heat. We heard all kinds of stories after the holidays were over. There may be some winters when it's not difficult to travel, but this winter with its extremely bitter temperatures surely isn't one of them.

Well . . . what shall I tell you about my grandchildren? Sometimes I feel self-conscious when I talk about them, and then I remember your letters and the interest you express, so that gives me heart to go ahead.

Katharine is the funniest little girl I have ever seen in my life. Her observations and comments are simply hilarious. She is three and small for her age, so her speech gives me a constant sense of surprise.

Just at random I'll jot down these things that I remember.

Abe (my Chihuahua) began chewing on one of her new bedroom slippers and she retrieved it and said: "That's a very bad manner, Abey-Boy."

After struggling to get pajamas on her new Christmas doll she said: "THERE! That gives me more confidence to be able to dress her."

One of her gifts was a set of sewing cards that came with its own yarn and she referred to it as her "sewing deal". "Sewing is very responsible and complicated and important work," she assured me, "and I need a lot more patience."

The first morning she came down to breakfast she said: "My pajamas are in terrible shape, Granny Wheels." And she held up her foot to show me that the bottom of her sleepers were hanging together by a few threads. (Juliana told me that her pajamas really in terrible shape had been left at home!)

I noticed on a good many occasions that she indulged in what could only be called feminine wiles. She adores James and is constantly trying to win his hearty approval, so when he "helped" mash the potatoes one evening she said with tremendous enthusiasm in her voice:

"Oh James, these potatoes are delicious, absolutely DELICIOUS!" And when he brought a drawing for me to see she looked at it carefully also and then said with great feeling: "James is such a wonderful artist. I just don't know how he does it."

But the one thing that struck me as the funniest of all was when she turned to her Uncle Frank Johnson at the dinner table and said in a voice of the most seasoned social aplomb: "And how are your cattle enjoying the winter, Uncle Frank?" He assured her that they weren't enjoying it at all.

These are enough of her comments to jot down, but I think you can see why I find her such lively and entertaining company. No wonder I miss her so much.

As I told you in an earlier letter,

James has changed tremendously since he started to public school. He is very guarded and reserved now and is most wary of expressing quick reactions to things. He can get such an intense look of concentration on his face that I told Juliana you could almost see the wheels turning in his head.

Dorothy and Frank gave him a miniature tool set for Christmas and never have I seen a toy so tremendously successful. He spent hours on end sawing scrap lumber, pounding nails and building all kinds of things with pieces of kindling from the garage. I'll never forget the sheer joy on his face when I asked him to get his screwdriver and fix something for me that really needed fixing. He succeeded too and was beside himself with pleasure.

Most of the time he plays with Katharine quite peacefully, but part of the reason for this is that she puts up with an amazing amount of roughhousing. On several occasions when it reached quite a pitch I thought that surely it would end with her crying, but it didn't. One afternoon when they were looking at Sesame Street I went into the living room to find Katharine lying tranquilly on the bottom with James on top of her — and both of them absorbed in the screen. They didn't budge until the show was over.

From the time they arrived and saw the deep snow and borrowed sled they were wild to get outside and play, but it was so bitterly cold almost the entire ten days that much activity outdoors was virtually out of the question. The few snow pictures that we got of them were snapped when it was 15 below zero, so that gives you an idea of how little opportunity they had to go sledding. All in all, June is preferable to January when it comes to visiting in Iowa.

They still go to bed with no fuss or commotion of any kind whatsoever, and this still comes as a surprise to me when I remember how Russell and I used to struggle to get Juliana to bed at that age. I told her this and she looked at me in genuine astonishment and said: "What in the world was the matter with you anyway?" I had to admit that I didn't know — guessed that we must have been very weak and permissive parents.

Every time I am around the children I realize afresh what a vast difference there is between an only child and two or more. They learn so much from each other. When I commented about this to Juliana she said: "Well, James and Katharine have already started to gang up against the 'old folks' and present a united front when Jed and I get after them."

One last thing and then I promise not to talk about my grandchildren at such

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MARGERY & OLIVER ENJOYED A FEW DAYS IN ARKANSAS

Dear Friends:

With a thermometer reading of twelve below zero, I don't believe I'll stick my nose outside for a while. Even our little dog Wendy, who loves the snow and cold, finds the air too icy and is content to snuggle into her soft blanket in the corner of the kitchen and snooze.

Although it is winter outside, I have a bit of spring inside. Wayne and Abigail brought each of us a bowl of started narcissus and mine is blooming now. They are a comfort on such a bitterly cold day as this.

We were so pleased to have Wayne, Abigail and Clark with us for the holidays. Our Martin was home for a week at that time, so Clark stayed with us. Wayne and Abbie slept at Mother's, but of course visited around with the rest of the family. It was a disappointment that Emily's plans didn't work out so she could take her leave from the Peace Corps in Brazil to spend Christmas with us too.

Just before the holidays Oliver and I took a short trip down into Arkansas. (We were beginning to think 1973 would end without getting our vacation time in, and we just barely made it!) Time didn't permit going farther south than Hot Springs, but with temperatures about thirty degrees warmer there than at home, we were out of ice and snow for a few days.

We took Highways 71 and 59 to Fort Smith, Arkansas, to visit the old fort and study the history of the area. The barracks and commissary are all that remain of the buildings and they now house the visitor center and museum.

Our next major stop was to see Petit Jean State Park, and to get there we took Interstate 40. Had we had time, we would have taken a more scenic route, for this is magnificent country. On a previous trip to Arkansas, I missed seeing the Winrock Farms, so was delighted that we could include them this time. Mr. Rockefeller specialized in the breeding of Santa Gertrudis cattle, and his son is continuing this interest. The corrals, stables, show barn, etc., are open to the public. The cattle are red and HUGE. I don't know how many acres there are in the farms, but they seemed to go on forever!

Also on Petit Jean Mountain is the Winthrop Rockefeller Museum of Antique Automobiles. The building that houses them is new and of very modern architecture. The display portrays the evolution of the automobile, a plaque at each giving history and engineering facts. It is tremendously interesting to see cars we'd only read about. We hated to leave for we could have stayed hours longer, but we had to get on to Hot Springs.



It was so cold when Juliana, James and Katharine were here the children could play outside very little, but how they did love the deep snow in Lucile's back yard.

This ancient resort town of Hot Springs is nestled down in a valley of the Ouachita Mountains. The springs were well known to the Indians before the Spaniards arrived and legend says that De Soto no doubt thought he had found the "fountain of youth" he was seeking. For generations people have come to the springs to bathe in the thermal waters. The many large bathhouses are now regulated by the National Park Service.

Oliver and I stopped at the Visitor Center to study the displays, walked along Bathhouse Row, tasted the water at the public fountain, and walked up behind the buildings to see the thermal springs that have been left in their natural state. The thermal waters are collected in underground reservoirs and piped to the bathhouses. We observed residents filling jugs with water at the public fountains so, like most tourists, we got some to bring home.

Years ago I stopped in Little Rock on a trip and remembered it as a lovely city with a fine arts center, which I visited, as well as the museum which was the building in which General Douglas MacArthur was born. I also toured the Arkansas Territorial Capital Restoration. These I knew Oliver would enjoy seeing, so Little Rock was our next stop.

COVER PICTURE

So many thousands of you have met Hallie Kite, our office manager down at the Kitchen-Klatter plant, that we thought you'd enjoy this picture of her only grandchildren.

Kevin Taylor Kite, age 6, and Tressa Leigh Kite, age 10, are in the first and third grades respectively in our Shendoah schools. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Kent Kite.

Christopher Lee Hopkins, age 3, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Hopkins of Omaha, Nebraska, and this is close enough that their grandmother gets to see him frequently. Lucky, lucky Hallie!

Two exceptionally fine exhibits were being shown at the Arts Center. The first was a collection of Edward Marshall Boehm's porcelain birds. The second was an exhibit to Temple Hangings of the Krishna Cult. It was just our luck that a group of high school students was going through at the same time, so we joined in and eavesdropped as the instructor was explaining the exhibits.

The museum is next door to the Arts Center and contains a great deal on the life of MacArthur. It is well worth seeing.

It was only a short drive to the territorial restoration. Since I was there they have added a visitor center and improved parking facilities.

It is incredible that some of the original old territorial buildings, dating back to the 1820's and 30's, survived the hands of man and time and are intact! Considering that some of them had even served time as shops and still could be salvaged and restored is remarkable. The Restoration Commission has done a tremendous service in preserving these famous landmarks.

At this point we telephoned Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert in Mountain Home, Arkansas, to tell them that we were not far away and could stop by for a little visit. In the past we've visited them when fishing was at its best on Norfolk Lake and White River, so it was certainly a surprise to hear that we were in Arkansas in the dead of winter! We had a nice lunch together and reminisced around their lovely fireplace.

Ever since a big bus load of Kitchen-Klatter friends from California, Missouri, visited our plant and told us about the country cured hams from Burger's Smokehouse, Oliver and I have wanted to see what this was all about. This was the ideal time to stop.

We've never been greeted anywhere so warmly! It was a visit we'll long remember. And the tour of the huge building was fascinating. We saw how the hams, as well as bacon and sausage, are cured and aged under natural conditions, just the way the old-timers used to handle it when they did their own. The difference being that they cure thousands upon thousands, their products going all over the country. The Burgers reminded us of our family in their closeness, not only to each other as a family, but in working together in a business venture. And their employees, too, reminded us of our own — people who have worked side by side for many years.

Now I must get busy with some housework, so until next month,

Margery

TOUCH HANDS

PROGRAM FOR BROTHERHOOD MONTH

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Place a globe in the center of the altar. Above it suspend a mobile of hands. These hands are cut from heavy paper in red, yellow, black, and white, and in various sizes. Suspend from a wire mobile frame (a coat hanger can be bent into shape for this) by black thread.

Leader:

I sought my soul,
But my soul I could not see.
I sought my God,
But my God eluded me.
I sought my brother,
And I found all three.

Hymn: "Reach Out". (Note: This is a contemporary hymn found in many folk hymnals. If unable to locate it, choose a brotherhood hymn from your church hymnal.)

Reading:

Aid with thy work the purpose divine
For bettering the world, collaborate
with God.

Go, clear of thorns the road
Of His divine Love!

Seeing Who is the Father: Strength and
Grace untold;

Seeing Who is the Father: Efficiency
and Power;

Because thy soul is free
His will is bound by thee.

Aid Him! If thou couldst only know
How beautiful His purpose is, how vast
His projects, how grand His thought!
Labor and love

With God! —From a Mexican poet

Scriptures: *And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching . . . preaching . . . healing . . . But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd. Then saith he unto his disciples . . . Pray ye therefore . . . Now after these things the Lord appointed seventy others, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself was about to come. (Taken from Matthew 9 and Luke 10.)*

Leader:

THE TOUCH OF HUMAN HANDS

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless in olden days.

The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the Great Physician's eye
And touch Him as He passed.
We have not in our hours of need
His seamless garments pressed,
Nor felt His tender human hand
On us in blessing rest.

Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again,
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good will to men.
Whenever man, his brother man,
Upholds in helpfulness,
Whenever strong and tender clasp
A lonely heart doth bless,
The Christ of God is answering
A sticken world's demands,
And leading back a wandering race
By touch of human hands.

—Author Unknown, clipped from *The British Weekly*

Prayer: Our Father, let Thy hand of wisdom touch our minds and our hearts this day. Forgive us that we use brotherly love so narrowly and poorly. Broaden its domain for us this day so that henceforth it will reach over the boundaries that have so often hemmed it in. Let not prejudice hold it back, nor misunderstanding, nor selfishness, nor pride, nor greed. Grant us good will toward all sorts and conditions of men of every color, every nation, every creed, that lovingly we may touch hands around the world for the common good of us all. Amen

Meditation: An outdated slang expression some of you may remember was "Don't be an old prune!" I've been thinking that a great many of us have become like dried prunes. We've gotten all wrinkled and shriveled and pulled in on ourselves. (I'm not talking about our age or physical appearance, but about our attitude toward life.)

Have you ever had the feeling that everyone is going about spouting gloom; that there is a prevailing attitude of "Let the other fellow take care of himself; if I don't look out for me, nobody else will."? Has it seemed to you that everyone has grown suspicious of change, suspicious of people, afraid to be concerned with, or about, other people?

Are you one who looks back with

nostalgia and wistfully longs for the "good old days"? Are you proud of the pioneers among your ancestors?

I wonder — have we lost that pioneer spirit our forefathers had? I think we need to think of ourselves today as pioneers — pioneers who are needed to explore new ways of living together. We don't even have to leave our homes. The "wilderness" is often right in our own home town.

Every neighborhood has some lonely people, some who are poor and need help, some who need kindness, some who need a friend. The time is upon us when we must face the fact that pioneers in human relationships are needed badly here in our land and throughout the world, so that hands of different races may touch in fellowship and work for the good of all.

I suppose we might call these "frontiers of the spirit which Christians must cross with love".

Those pioneering ancestors of ours weren't dried up old prunes. Think a moment about their friendliness, their helpfulness, their caring, their sharing with their neighbors. They practiced brotherhood every day as they helped a neighbor build a log cabin, or butcher a hog, or loaned him seed or cornmeal. When there was joy in the family — a birth, a wedding — they shared that, too. I know we think the word "togetherness" has been overworked, but has it really?

It isn't enough just to write a check, to send a card, to donate a blanket to some worthy cause or to the needy. It is ourselves we must give. We must be willing to work together, to plan together, to dream together, to laugh together, to know each other as persons. Oh yes, we will have to work at it, for too long we have been COLOR-BLIND, CLASS-CONSCIOUS, even EDUCATION-CONSCIOUS. It is going to take a real pioneer spirit to break through these barriers to new frontiers of brotherhood.

It means not only getting to know our community neighbors and sharing with them in a true Christian spirit, but it means that nationally we must bend every effort to understand our own countrymen — Indian, Spanish-American, black, white — every race.

To understand a person is to know him. We must not just "mouth" brotherhood and the good-neighbor policy; we must put forth every effort to get to know and understand these peoples of races other than ours. Our school children and Sunday school pupils are way ahead of many of us oldsters in studying and learning and coming to appreciate peoples of all races for what they are and what they contribute to the world's culture. So let our clubs and our civic organizations begin to learn

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Each morning as Betty and I sit in our cozy breakfast nook having our morning coffee and poached eggs, one or the other of us looks out the window and says: "My but we are fortunate to have such a comfortable home with plenty to eat, and with friends to share it!" Year after year the good Lord provides food and shelter for all of us, but that isn't always so for our wild animal friends. Winter is the season of narrow margins of safety for birds and all the animals which must live out of doors. Every time we have a snowstorm or an ice storm, I pray that the storm will not last for more than three days, for if it does go beyond three days, millions of birds and other creatures of the forest and field will die. Those that perish will die because they had almost but not quite enough food, or enough extra feathers or fur for warmth, or enough extra fat around their bones to keep them going.

Two years ago we had a week of rain and sleet and snow, and in that week millions of chickadees perished. This year we have only one lonely chickadee coming to our bird feeders, and in a normal year we have dozens of them. Normally, we have eight or ten squirrels entertaining us with their antics, but this year we have only three or four. The month of February is such a crucial month for many little creatures who have almost made it through the winter, and it just might be that the crust of bread we tossed into the shrubbery will be what makes the difference between life and death.

Have you ever thought about the many "narrow margins", the "close shaves", the "near misses", the "almosts" that every living thing has in a lifetime? Only a few nights ago we were sitting in the home of a friend having some good conversation and I began telling about some of my narrow escapes when I missed serious injury or death by such a narrow margin. After describing one fantastic experience after another, one of my friends said: "Well, it is obvious that the good Lord is watching over you!" My immediate reply was: "I'm not so sure that He is. It might be that He has been trying very hard to get me, and I just keep dodging!" We all laughed at that, but there is something to ponder in this matter of getting the Lord involved in our "almosts" and our "near misses".

Do you remember my telling you some five or six years ago about the incredible bit of good fortune Betty and I and our two children had on our trip around the world? That was the time we changed an airplane reservation at the



Frederick Driftmier is pictured visiting with some of the young people of South Congregational Church at a recent Pilgrim Fellowship dinner.

very last moment, and the airplane we were supposed to have been on before the reservation change crashed in a typhoon. Because of that change of reservation, our travel schedule in Japan was changed, and the train on which we had had reservations was washed off the tracks and into a flooded river with the loss of over two hundred lives. Now how about that? We missed the airplane crash and the train wreck all because at the very last minute a friend had suggested a different travel plan and we decided to take his advice. Things like that really do make one ponder the entire question of destiny and divine intervention.

In a world where all living creatures have a tenuous existence at the best, it behooves all of us to make the most of every day of life. Do you know that when I sit and watch the pendulum of a clock swinging back and forth ticking off the seconds of time, I never fail to become pensive. There is something about the flow of time, the ceaseless movement of existence from the past into the future that absolutely fascinates me. I can't understand it, and yet I am always thrilled by it. I read everything I can find on the subject, and I still am perplexed.

Betty and I love to be with the young people and the children of our church, but since the youth work is not my prime responsibility, we have to arrange for special opportunities to be with them. During the winter months we find a day when we can take the forty members of the Junior Choir on some kind of an outing, returning to the parsonage for refreshments. How do we entertain forty children in our house? We don't! We let them entertain themselves. After they have had their re-

freshments, I say: "Now, boys and girls, this parsonage belongs to your parents as much as it belongs to Mrs. Driftmier and me, and so I want you to feel free to explore it from top to bottom. You may open any door and look into every nook and cranny." Like a shot they are off, running all over from the basement to the several rooms on the third floor, and they have a wonderful time doing it. I have yet to see a youngster who did not like to "explore" someone else's house. This parsonage has twenty-four rooms and many closets and pantries, and the boys always are interested in the intercommunication system connecting the various floors with instant voice amplification. I have a gymnasium on the third floor with a rowing machine, and weight-lifting equipment, and other odds and ends for keeping physically fit, and that is an attraction for the young. Without our doing any organized activity, the children have a great time in a way that makes even the most shy feel at home.

The dinner party we gave for the twenty-five high school youngsters at a beautiful restaurant was one of the high points of their social season. First, they came to the parsonage for punch and crackers, and I entertained them with a motion picture I had made of some of their missionary projects. We then went to the restaurant where both the food and the service was superb. After such a party, one that we deliberately plan to give the young people an opportunity to develop their social graces, Betty and I are impressed with the nice thank you notes we receive from the girls and boys. As a rule, only about one-half of them write

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All-Amerrycan Party

A COUPLES PARTY FOR FEBRUARY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Given the month of February with its romantic Valentine's Day and two patriotic holidays, and several couples "in the mood" for an evening of fun, and you have the stage set for an All-Amerrycan Party, starring the "heroes and heroines" in your group.

Write the invitation on a white paper heart in red and blue ink. It will read something like this: The party is All-Amerrycan. Come in costume; that's our plan — as your hero or heroine — but an Amerrycan. We hope you can — "Can what?" you say. Come to our house on the 14th day. Six o'clock P.M. is the starting time, for it's potluck, all share, as we dine. (signed)

The fun begins from the moment the guests appear at the door with their dishes for the potluck supper, only to have the hostess or one of her helpers whisk their baskets away, telling them to be seated with the other guests in the living room, or in another room, if the supper and party is being held in the church fellowship hall.

The hostess and her committee (perhaps with the help of some high school daughters of her friends so that she need not let any of her adult guests "in on the know" beforehand) have set up a dining area as a restaurant, using the bridge tables. In another room or behind screens the food and serving dishes and silver have been set up, as in a kitchen. Each food is given a number, corresponding to one on the menu, as you will note later.

Tin cans, with labels, should be used to hold odds and ends of candles. Other cans might hold small American flags, sprays of artificial cherries or "heart bouquets", made by fastening paper hearts to wire stems. Tin cans are used for the drinking glasses and for coffee.

When all of the guests are assembled, have them find their dinner partners by matching can labels. (These can be some you have collected from empty cans, or can be made of construction paper and pictures cut from the seed and nursery catalogues.) They form in line for the grand march to the dining room.

They find printed menus on the table. If possible, each table should have its own waitress. The waitresses instruct their "customers" to read side #1 of the menu sheet first, and then they may go on to side #2 and order. (Pencils are provided.)

Side #1 reads:

NAME _____

1. The management assumes no responsibility for the health of the guests, or other peculiarities of disposition, other than transportation to the nearest hospital by local family bus.

2. All seating arrangements made by hostess.

3. We offer Alka-Seltzer or Tums free upon request.

4. *Please*, do not pinch the Peter Pan rolls (or the waitresses).

5. Not responsible for lost or stolen articles.

6. Anyone leaving any food upon their plate will be taken care of in the kitchen! Beware!!!

7. We reserve the right to refuse service to any suspicious character.

8. No tips allowed, of the water glass, that is.

9. This is a high class joint. If you have to eat with your fingers, lick them frequently. Don't be messy.

10. We know you are hungry now, but DON'T overdo it — you may order only ONE of EACH item. Happy Eating!

The diners turn to side #2 and order their dinner. The waitress informs them that one course must be finished by all at that table before the next course can be brought. Even the silver service is on the menu, so some might not choose silver until the last course! Toothpicks are on each table, so either fingers or picks may have to be used. One person might have only a fork, a toothpick, a carrot stick and a piece of pie for the first course; while another has bread, a cracker, cake and coffee; and still another have all the hearty dishes in one course — potatoes, meatball dish, beans, corn. The hostess and waitresses can cooperate, since they have the name of each guest on the menu order sheet in the kitchen, and can

make the servings small, or, if one is known for a hearty appetite, the helpings can be generous.

Side #2 (The real names of foods which I have given here would be omitted from your menu, of course. Each guest must use all the numbers and blanks.)

Course I

- A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
D. _____
E. _____

Make up identical sheets for Courses II, III, and IV.

MENU

1. Elvis Presley Shake (gelatin salad)
2. Martians in a Bog (green beans with onion rings)
3. Brazilian Delux (coffee)
4. Atomic Energy (baked beans)
5. Mad Money (mints)
6. Moon in a Canoe (cheese-stuffed celery)
7. Mt. Hood (chocolate cake with white icing)
8. Chip off the Old Block (potato chips)
9. Irish a la Mode (escaloped potatoes and ham)
10. Staff of Life (bread)
11. Can-can Wiggle Special (macaroni and cheese)
12. Moonlight and Roses (spoon)
13. Geometric Delight (pie)
14. Bad Joke from the Sea (scallop corn)
15. Russian Extra (tomato juice)
16. Bee Bees (peas)
17. Crossroads (fork)
18. She's Mate (cracker)
19. Golden Rod (carrot stick)
20. Gangster's Friend (knife)

ENTERTAINMENT

Assorted Cans: The leader divides the guests into four teams, assigning them as peas, beans, peaches, and pineapple. Have ready for each group an envelope in which is some familiar romantic poem which has been typed on paper and each line cut apart. The first group to assemble its poem in the correct order and to read it correctly wins the prize.

Amerrycan Quiz: Answers contain the word "can".

1. Candleholder (candelabrum)
2. Running for office (candidate)
3. Flower (candytuft)
4. Sign of summer solstice (Cancer)
5. Rover (canine)
6. Frankly speaking (candor)
7. Homemaker's friend (canister)
8. Wild (cannibal)
9. Military piece (cannon)
10. A covering (canopy)
11. Food treat (cantaloupe)
12. Unable to figure these answers! (can't)

Candid Camera Cupids: This is the time for the guests to try to guess the identity of each other's hero or heroine by the costumes they are wearing.



Boy Scouts Keepers of the Keys

FOR BOY SCOUT HONOR MONTH

by
Virginia Thomas

Setting: The title might be put up on a bulletin board or easel with an assortment of keys of every size and shape fastened in a hit-and-miss pattern around the words. A striking way to point up the program title would be to fashion a mobile, hung with large keys cut from cardboard. In that case, make the mobile framework of something gold in color, and paint the keys bright blue.

Narrator: Among the thousands of Boy Scouts growing up all over the world, watched and guided, tended and loved, I like to think there is an artist whose paintings will thrill the eyes of the beholder for generations to come. There is a poet whose words will bring joy to the hearts of men, women, and children for years on end. There is a singer whose song will thrill thousands; a writer whose books will be in every library across the land. There is a minister whose words will cause the faith of mankind to stretch and grow, whose words will comfort the sick and lonely; and a scientist who will solve the mysteries that baffle the learned today. There is a doctor who will discover the cures for today's incurable diseases. Boy Scouts — potential unlimited! That's you, lads!

I see you as "keepers of keys". In your hands are the keys of tomorrow as well as of a way of life today. Keepers of Keys! Listen now as some friends speak to us of those keys in your keeping.

1st Speaker: (Holds up large cardboard key to which is attached a label reading FRIENDSHIP.) From the day you first become a Scout you began learning how to have a friend and how to be one. The longer you are in Scouting, the wider grows your circle of friendship. Through the key of friendship you find the opening of new doors, the enjoyment of new ideas, new and different ways people live, new ways to do things. Friendship enriches our lives greatly. "A friendship true is like pure gold — it won't wear out because it's old."

2nd Speaker: (Holds up key labeled

TRUSTWORTHINESS.) A good Scout is one who learns early in the game that to be trustworthy, to be responsible, to stick until the job is done is the only way to get things accomplished. Once he learns this, the Scout holds the key to success in life, for he'll know that the things worth having are worth working to get.

"The boy who sticks has his lesson learned that day. Success won't come by chance — it's earned by pounding away — for good hard knocks will make steppingstones out of stumbling blocks. The boy who sticks has the sense to see he can make himself what he wants to be. If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in — then the boy who sticks can't help but win!"

3rd Speaker: (Holds up key labeled GROWTH.) This key to growth which you hold in your keeping is a most wonderful key. It is one for you to use every day as you come face to face with other persons, and work or play with them. You grow in understanding as you see that, though that person may have a different color skin, or go to a different church, or even have ideas different from yours, still you can enjoy many things together. You grow to respect other persons, what they are trying to do, what they have accomplished, even though it might not be something you would like to do. You grow in kindness as you try to abide by the Golden Rule and treat other Scouts as you would have them treat you. Yes, this is a key to which you want to hang on tight, and use at every opportunity as you try each day to grow into a better YOU, so that you may become the man of honor and worth which you want to be someday.

4th Speaker: (Holds up a key labeled OBEDIENCE.) We cannot overemphasize how important the key of obedience is to every Scout. The Scout who follows the rules, who always strives to do the thing that is right even if it is mighty hard sometimes, is the Scout who is learning honesty and integrity. Integrity is a big word and one which our grandfathers used a lot. They often

spoke of being able to depend on this person's or that person's integrity. It meant that he was a person who could always be trusted to do the right thing, to follow the rules, who always tried to be just in his treatment of everyone. This is what is meant when we say, "It is not if we won the game, but *how* we played it that counts."

This is the key that will lead us to the knowledge that a loyal Scout will obey the laws of his country, his town, his state, and that he will respect his country's flag, and honor those who have helped to give him the good land he lives in today, the many comforts and conveniences he enjoys in his home, at school, or at play.

5th Speaker: (Holds up key labeled BROTHERHOOD.) This month in which Boy Scouts are honored is also Brotherhood Month, and I like to think that through Scouting we are given the key to brotherhood, to the love and understanding of others.

Just a little more interest
In other folks' welfare,
Just a little greater showing
The other fellow that you care.

Just a little more kindness
To those you meet each day,
And a little greater effort
To aid them on their way.

Just a little more determined
To do the best you can,
To help the other fellow
And prove a friend to man . . .

Just to work a little harder
For the other fellow's good,
And to show a bit more friendship —
My friend, that's Brotherhood.

—Author unknown

Narrator: Now you see why I said you were "Keepers of Keys". I think what these keys are saying to us can be summed up in this motto which hangs in a junior high school building: Don't wait to be a great man — be a great boy.

I say "Be a great Scout! You hold the keys."

A patriotic song or the giving of the Scout oath might be used to close the program.

THE ANSWER

I found Him in the evening
Of a weary, troubled day;
Long hours of anxious searching
A solution for my way.

But when the shadows deepened
And wrapped me quite apart,
I found Him with the answer
In the silence of my heart.

I found Him in the evening
Heard above the din of care;
I had tried to solve my problem,
The answer came through prayer.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Since my last letter to you was written just before the holidays, I want to mention something briefly about our Christmas this year. We have never yet broken a tradition that started the first year we moved to the farm, when Kristin was just three. She and her daddy took the sled and the axe and went out into the woods to get our Christmas tree, which was a beautiful cedar. Every year since, our tree has come from our own land. Frank keeps his eyes open all year as he walks over the farm, checking the cattle or mending fence, looking for just the right tree. The one we had this year was just about perfect in size and shape. He always cuts it about a week before we plan to put it up and leaves it sitting in a bucket of water. Then we keep the tree stand full of water and the tree stays fresh and green until we take it down.

For the last few years we have had two trees — a large one in the living room and a small one on the kitchen table. The small one is also a cedar, and has one string of tiny lights on it and 15 red birds. Nothing else. It is really enjoyed by more people than the big one, because all of Frank's friends who come to see him always stop in the kitchen for a cup of coffee with us.

Our family was really small this year, because Aunt Delia Johnson spent the holidays with her sister and family in Des Moines. Our young friend Larry Allen has always spent Christmas Eve with us until this year. He has gone into a law office in Colorado and didn't make it back to Iowa to spend Christmas with his parents, so we all missed him. Bernie and Belvah came out Christmas Eve for oyster stew and chili, after which we opened our gifts. Bernie had dinner with us Christmas day, but Belvah didn't come this year because she entertained some members of her family at her house.

Last month I told you about my trip to Roswell, New Mexico, to visit Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls, and some of the interesting things we did. One of the places I always wanted to see if I were ever in Roswell long enough that we could take the time, was Carlsbad Caverns. This trip Edna was feeling quite well, the weather was perfect, we had the time, so I finally got to go through this



When Dorothy arrived back in Albuquerque after her visit to Roswell, James came running to greet her, wanting to be the first to give her a warm reception.

spectacular cave. When we went into the visitor center, they told us we could either go outside and walk through the natural entrance and follow the trail down to the underground lunch room, or we could take the elevator down. I made the decision to take the elevator because Edna and Raymond had already walked down once before, and I didn't want Edna to overdo. It gave me a funny sensation to watch the elevator hand, which, instead of showing the number of floors, as in a store, told us how many feet below the surface we were as the elevator went down — 100 feet, 200 feet, and so forth, until we reached bottom at 750 feet.

We had a cup of coffee in the lunch room and then took the trail around what they call the Big Room. They say that this is the most majestic of the Cavern's many chambers, and the formations here are massive as well as magnificent. At one place the ceiling is 232 feet above. It is impossible to describe the beauty of this cavern, and until you have actually walked around the trail of this one huge room, you can't really visualize the immensity of it. They say the chambers you go through on the trail from the natural entrance are even more beautiful, so maybe someday I can take the entire tour.

The first permanent settlers in the 1880's knew about the cavern, but they called it Bat Cave because of all the bats that lived in it. I would love to visit there in the summer, because one of the great attractions at the Park is the bats. Each evening incredible numbers of bats fly out through the entrance for a night of foraging. They return from their night-flight just before dawn. When the weather is warm and the night-flying moths and beetles are plentiful, countless bats are present, but during the winter, with no insects available, most of the bats migrate to warmer places. They say that these bats are quite harmless, and because

they destroy harmful insects and also produce guano, a valuable fertilizer, they are very beneficial to man.

We did something else while I was in Roswell that was particularly interesting for me, because I had a lot of questions answered that I had been wondering about since my first trip there. It is ninety-some miles from Vaughn to Roswell, and until you get within a few miles of Roswell you see nothing but rolling ranch land — no houses, no nothing. I knew that somewhere out in that vast land there must be children who had to get to school. How far did they have to go? How did they get there? Edna and Raymond were telling me one day about visiting a rural elementary school a few miles from Roswell, and how much they had enjoyed it. Mr. George Ross, principal for 23 years of the East Grand Plains School in Chaves County, lives in the same court where Edna and Raymond live, so arrangements were made for us to go out and visit the school.

There are four ranch headquarters in this district, and the bus makes a 110-mile round trip morning and night to pick up these children and take them home. The bus goes six miles off the main road to one ranch, eight miles to another. The road into one ranch headquarters is impassable for anything but a four-wheel drive vehicle, so this father brings his two children 27 miles every morning to the bus stop, and comes after them every night. The youngest boy is in first grade and the other in sixth. They get on the bus in the dark and get home in the dark almost all year.

Not all the children in the school come from the ranches. The district line runs through the town of Roswell, so many of the children's parents are in business in Roswell. There are 270 pupils from kindergarten through the sixth grade. 58% of them are Spanish-American, and at the present time there are 30 children who don't speak English. They have a special teacher who works with these children individually to teach them English.

They have a lovely cafeteria and lunch room, where we were invited to stay for lunch. The youngest children, through the third grade, are fed first, and we ate with them. This day we had a hot dog, gelatin salad, corn, an orange, and milk or chocolate milk. It was all very good. We went back to the kitchen and visited with the cooks, who were busy getting turkey ready for the next day. They bake all their own bread, which is delicious.

The children all love Mr. Ross and he can call them all by their first names. While we were eating, he called several of the children to our table to visit

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Do you feel a bit like Alice in Wonderland when you browse through the sewing notions department and see all the new products there? Some of them you feel acquainted with at once, and your fingers itch to use them. But others — well, the mind boggles at the idea of learning new techniques. Maybe you've gotten into a rut, sticking to the old tried-and-true, rather than make the effort? Remaining, so to speak, in the "slow sort of country" that the Queen spoke of to Alice, and then went on to tell her, "Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

Well, maybe. But sometimes it only looks that way. As with the new sewing notions, that you feel overwhelmed by the multiplicity of them, and are sure that your methods have become outdated just since yesterday. New items seem to pop up like mushrooms in the spring, two to replace every one you found before. Like meeting new people, though, these are unfamiliar only at first; after the new wears off, some remain acquaintances and others become your friends.

Let me introduce you to some of the newcomers in the sewing world, and give you a chance to become acquainted before you go to the store (or make out a mail order, as the case may be). For, as a promotion letter I received says, concerning specialized sewing items, "Even the sewing-oriented may not always know about all of the unusual features that are available." With this concept, I'm sure you agree.

Among those new items available, and indicative of the most drastic changes, is the new Inch-Metric Sew & Knit Gauge from Belding-Corticelli. Most of the world already measures by the metric system, and it's in the works for this country to convert, too. This involves all areas of our lives where we measure anything, and of course will mean that patterns, trimmings, and so on, will be measured in centimeters rather than in inches. (Incidentally, one inch is 2.5 centimeters.) The Inch-Metric gauge gives you an easy way to

get used to this change, since familiar inches and unfamiliar centimeters are presented side-by-side. Price marked on the card is 40¢, reasonable for a gadget so helpful with sewing, knitting, homework, home carpentry, artwork, and such varied projects. I suggest that you buy at least two — one to keep solely in your sewing basket, the other for the family to use.

As I look at the second item here, I'm reminded of the football-shoulders style so prevalent during the Forties. No, we've scarcely returned to that, but shoulder pads are back again. Pads? these are featherweight little things, described by Belding's card as *Light-weight Shoulder Shapes*. Totally washable, easy to use, add them to your finer dresses and knit dressmaker suits, to provide the smoothness and subtle shaping at the shoulders that mean the difference between designer-quality clothes and merely make-do.

The third item is a handy, "why didn't somebody think of this before?" sort of thing, although I use it a bit differently than the directions recommend. You know the directions, in so many women's magazines, that show patterns, embroidery designs, and so on, drawn to scale on tiny squares? These, the directions tell you, are to be enlarged to 1" squares. Drawing your own grid is tedious, though, and you may give it up for lack of time. (Or, lack of patience, as I used to do.) The solution? Order the package of four 22" x 34" sheets of pre-printed 1" graph paper, for \$1.20 postpaid. Send your order for this to Sewmakers, Inc., 1619 Grand Avenue, Baldwin, New York, 11510. However, I don't draw my pattern directly on this paper; instead, I spread it out on the table, and fasten white tissue or non-woven nylon Trace-a-Pattern over it. The pattern is then quickly drawn to scale on the tissue or nylon, forming a permanent pattern, AND the graph paper is intact for further use by this method. Money saving, time saving, and quite easy. What more can you ask?

Or, if you have a cutting board that's marked off into the one-inch squares, you can lay white tissue directly over this, and draw the pattern to scale from the graph directions. Handy, hmmm? And even more economical.

Along another line, when you're sewing clothes that use waistband interfacing, have you often been exasperated by the kind that rolls after a few washings and wearings? Bans-Rol, by Belding Corticelli, is one that stubbornly stays flat under the hardest wear or toughest laundering. Yet it's bulkless, giving body and support without destroying the "soft" look currently so modish in dressmaking. For slacks, skirts or jackets requiring waistband elastic, Belding has a no-

roll elastic that's equally superb in performance.

"Scotch tape" has become such a household word that you automatically refer to all transparent tape by that name. Its makers have decided, evidently, that sewing is the "in thing" for the Seventies. Because, would you believe, they've come out with a half a dozen unique new sewing aids, each such a boon to home sewing that I scarcely know which to mention first, and urge you to try them all as you have time and inclination.

For instance, their Scotch Brand Pinless Pattern Holder sprays on the pattern pieces, which you let dry and then position on the fabric. Nothing gummy comes off on the material; when you're through, the pattern can be folded and stored just as usual. It's just different enough that you'll have to try it to believe it. They have flexible fabric fasteners, similar to Velcro tape, that invalids, arthritics, or toddlers often find easier to manage than buttons or zippers. Try sew-on safety stripes for your youngsters' jackets and rainwear; they're made of special "Scotchlite" Reflective Fabric. In short, economy-rate "Life Insurance" for the kids, for the stripes provide extra visibility by reflecting back auto headlights. The company makes magnetic tape that can be cut into strips, to magnetically secure shower curtains, pot holders, needles on your sewing machine — in fact, the uses apparently are limited only by the limits of your own imagination. And, they have a Scotch Brand sewing tape, with markings that make it easy to do perfect top stitching or precisely placed buttonholes. Once again, there's no gummy residue, nothing to come off on your needle or fabric, these products aren't even hard to learn to use — one try, and you're apt to become addicted!

Now, consider scissors and shears, which for the modern polyester knit fabrics, must be exceptionally sharp. The reason for this is that polyester fibers are so tough and strong, even when they appear to be delicate and sheer (as do some lingerie fabrics). Look for special shears such as Belding's Extra Sharp for Knits, or the Serrated for Knits, which have one serrated blade that provides the additional grip helpful for neatly cutting "creepy" fabrics. These have bent handles for convenience when you're cutting. Some women like to use fine quality barber shears (Wiss makes good ones of fine cutlery steel) to cut lingerie and other problem fabrics. Probably the hottest news in cutting tools, however, is the new Fiskars lightweight (3 oz.) scissors with distinctive orange handles, custom molded for extra comfort, and available in both right and left-handed

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WINTER CAN BE STORMY

by
Evelyn Birkby

Come in. Come in quickly, for a storm is in the forecast and from the threatening look of the sky it will not be long until snow will begin falling. Already the wind is blowing with increasing velocity. It makes a mournful sound as it comes whipping around the corner of the house.

A generous supply of wood is in a box in the basement and a good-sized stack forms a pyramid near the back door. Attu looks in through the long east windows of the family room reminding me to put out fresh water for him when I come out to get an armload of logs; the bucket with his water in it now holds only a block of ice.

Attu does not ask to come inside the house, although Robert does take him into the basement for his supper if the weather is especially severe. Our Husky loves the snow and cold. In the midst of a raging blizzard I have seen Attu sitting on top of his large doghouse with his face toward the wind, nose and ears lifted expectantly.

As I look through the window I notice how black the dark hairs outlining Attu's ears are becoming. It gives him a wise, mature appearance. The dark edging is attractive, for his light blue eyes have always been outlined in black just as if they had been painted. His white coat is taking on a more creamy look, especially along the back. The friend who sold Attu to us told us his coloration might change slightly, so we have not been surprised.

The wind is beginning to swoop down the chimney and it is time to light the fire in the fireplace to keep the family room section of the house warm and bright. A kettle of chili sounds just right for our evening meal. We can pull the table close to the fire and light the candles on the mantel to give an added glow.

Some of the wood for our fire arrived in a manner we'd rather not have experienced. The first storm of the winter was *terrible*. It began early in the morning with a cold rain. As the air turned colder, the rain turned to sleet. Before long the trees, bushes, wires, **EVERYTHING** was covered with a thick heavy layer of ice. Later in the day snow began falling, a strong wind came sweeping across the countryside and a true blizzard developed.

As the wind blew, the ice-laden limbs, wires, fence posts and telephone poles came crashing down. Our favorite mulberry tree, which stands near the back of the house, suffered the most damage here at Honey Hill. We watched in despair as one great limb after another bent low, then lower, twisted, splintered and fell to the ground. The branch



Limbs came crashing down all about us when an ice storm, followed by high winds, hit south-west Iowa.
—Sentinel Photo

which had held the boys' swing for many a happy summer went first. It crashed onto a section of the wooden backyard fence with demolishing force. The next parts of the tree to fall were the limbs which held the tree house built by our sons some ten years ago.

"Our memories are falling!" I lamented, and finally turned away from the sorry sight.

When the storm was over the mulberry tree still stood, but it is splintered and scarred. The apple orchard is a shambles and the small "timber" down by the road took a tremendous beating. As soon as he could, Robert gleaned the useable wood to burn in the fireplace: small compensation for our fine trees.

Our losses were slight compared to that suffered by many families, however. Two serious fires were experienced in the Sidney area during the storm and much damage to houses, electric and telephone lines was sustained from the falling limbs and heavy weight of the ice.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the storm I had a phone call from a good friend, Ester (Mrs. Gary) Cox. She reported that their house had been without electricity and thus any kind of heat since 8:00 that morning. With three little ones at home, three-year-old twins and a seven-month-old baby, she was becoming concerned. In a short time Ester and her family arrived to share our warmth and a hot evening meal. (How all our utilities kept going when those around us were out for such a long period of time we'll never know!) The Coxes stayed until electricity returned to their own house. It was fun to shelter these "refugees" from the storm. A plus side to a predominantly difficult experience.

During this particular storm we stayed warm and snug. The furnace worked without ceasing and the fireplace added comfort and cheer. It was not always so in places we have lived. I well remember living in old country farmhouses where keeping warm during a

blustery winter storm was an impossibility. The cold would finger its way up through the floorboards, around the doors and windows and between the siding, to penetrate deep inside.

One bitter cold winter, when the boys were tiny, the only way we could keep them warm was to put the playpen near the oil burner. I hung blankets on three sides of the playpen to make a little enclosure facing the source of warmth. The children were kept off the floor and near enough to the heat to be comfortable. Talk about wearing extra clothing this year of 1974 — we *really* wore layers that winter!

The first heating stove we owned when we moved to the country was not an oil burner, however; it was a wood-, cob- and coal-burning stove, appropriately named, "Warm Morning". It was so fine! It would heat fast and burn anything available, so was extremely economical. It had two problems: resulting dust from the ashes created more cleaning, and the big black pipe stretched in homely splendor across the wall of the living room.

Early each winter morning Robert would go down the narrow, winding staircase from our upstairs bedroom and build the fire. Snug in my bed, I would hear the grate being shaken to rid the firebox of ashes which had accumulated from the banked fire during the night. Then Robert added some cobs and wood, and perhaps a few chunks of coal. The fire would soon be blazing and the house warm and ready for the day.

During those first years in the country we also had a range in the kitchen. This stove, too, would need to have a fire built early in the morning. Robert would shake the grates and I could hear the soft sounds of the ashes sifting through to make room for a fresh fire. By the time I dressed and got down to the kitchen the fire would be just right to begin cooking the breakfast cocoa and pancakes.

Strange how many memories come back when I think of the sound of grates being shaken in the early morning. Back in the days of my childhood my father would arise early on cold mornings and go through the ritual with the furnace and kitchen range of our parsonage homes. He often sang as he worked and the sounds would come up through the register to my chilly bedroom. Not until years later did I realize that Dad did not have a musical voice and was often not in tune. All I knew was that his songs were the sound of love and concern for his family.

It is time to stop reminiscing and set the table for our evening meal. The chili is almost done and Robert and Craig will soon be coming. Pull your chair close to the fire and let the winter storm blow.

AN EXTRA "HAND"

by
Jacqueline Ritter

For 22 years I've worked for the same family. We've shared three meals a day, and every kind of celebration from birthdays and anniversaries down to paper-sack parties for the kids. And on the other side we've spent some long hours together during times of real sorrow.

When I first came to work and live with them we lived in the basement while they finished their new home. During this hectic time I often overheard new plans being made, disappointments being discussed and real joy when each part of the house was completed.

A good "hand" has to know when to be helpful and I tried never to let them down.

When the house was finished we all moved upstairs. It was really nice and I was always invited whenever guests dropped in. Seems like more and more meetings were now held in the new kitchen and showers or church groups often filled the whole house. Regardless of the size gathering I was always on hand. Rarely did I have a day off.

One by one four beautiful children brought much sunshine into the home and it was usually filled with giggles and laughter. Before long my obligations were increased with the addition of PTA meetings, Cub Scouts for the boys and Brownies for the little girl. But some of the busiest times were spent with the boss. We've worked out tractor repairs, had a few choice words over combine headaches, and worried because the crops weren't out of the fields and the weather was getting bad.

You can see why I felt pretty bad when I heard his wife was wanting to replace me. I heard her tell a neighbor it would be nice to have someone a little faster, and I'll admit my appearance isn't what it once was. But I guess I can breathe a little easier now. Yesterday, she gave me a little pat after breakfast and said "You know that new thermostat made you as good as new."

It's nice to be needed and she finally found out something I always knew: With the help of Willie-the-Wired-Hand and a new thermostat *old coffee pots* need never die! They'll just perk away!

DATES TO REMEMBER

- Feb. 1-28 — American Heart Month.
- Feb. 1-28 — Boy Scouts of America Anniversary.
- Feb. 10-16 — Negro History Week.
- Feb. 12 — Abraham Lincoln's Birthday.
- Feb. 14 — St. Valentine's Day.
- Feb. 17-24 — Brotherhood Week.



"New" antique being put to use; the old drawer, with my artistic touch is now a good-looking planter, worthy of a spot of honor in our living room.

The Hobby of Antiquing

by
Shirley Guttentag

My husband is a GP who still makes house calls and consequently I am left alone quite a few hours during the day.

However I don't sit around feeling sorry for myself — I knew before I got married that I would have lonely hours. And, I don't allow my circle of female acquaintances to have a monopoly on cleverness in finding ways to compensate for the busy husband.

I make sure that it is not someone else who earns the tributes, "My, isn't she imaginative?" or "She's really done great things with her house."

I find the opportunity to decorate my own home with *interest* by antiquing accessories and furniture. There are several neighborhood hobby craft stores carrying antiquing kits containing everything required, right down to stirring sticks. To old furniture (and who hasn't got some?) I add the antique look, that certain timeless grace that makes a "diamond" out of "plain glass".

Before proceeding, it is worthwhile to understand clearly a fundamental principle of the antique-concept, which lies in the important difference between "old" and "antique". The notion is incorrectly held by some that making furniture or other household accessories look old is equivalent to antiquing them. Webster's dictionary holds the clue in the word "venerable", which is used to qualify antique.

Thus it is the dignity of age — a patina that can be lent to various "old" pieces in the home by the inventive do-it-yourselfer. The procedure is surprisingly simple.

Latest antiquing kits do away with messy mixing of glazing colors and guesswork about the proper base color. There are kits being marketed which enable the amateur decorator to refinish furniture in only two steps: the base coat is brushed on right over the old finish and allowed to dry for 24 hours, then the glaze coat is applied while still tacky and surface wiped.

For most pieces that's all there is to it. It may be desirable — in rare instances — to add a coat of satin finish varnish for extra durability to table tops and other surfaces subject to especially hard wear.

Antique finishes in Salem green, harvest gold, golden olive, colonial red, driftwood, Florentine blue, wood moss and antique white are easily applied, even though you may not have laid hands on a paint brush since kindergarten. Furniture so treated takes on a "texture" usually obtainable only with great age and through the ministrations of a professional decorator.

Commercial kits come complete with one pint of flat base coat, one-half pint of the color glaze, plus a brush, a pack of fine-grained sandpaper, two stirring sticks, a package of cheese-

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Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

CHERRY CRISP DESSERT

- 2 1/2 cups red canned cherries
- 2 1/2 cups crushed pineapple
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup Minute tapioca
- 3 or 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup bran flakes
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine cherries, pineapple, sugar, tapioca and almond and cherry flavorings. Cook until clear and thick (about five minutes). Combine remaining ingredients and crumble all together. Put over half of crumb mixture in 9- by 13-inch pan. Spread fruit mixture over this; then cover with remainder of crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. Let stand overnight. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

This is very sweet. You might wish to cut down the amount of sugar if you like things more tart. —Margery

SAUSAGE WITH SWEET POTATO & APPLE

- 1/2 lb. link sausage, cut into 1/2-inch pieces
- 2 medium-sized sweet potatoes
- 3 medium-sized apples
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 Tbls. sausage drippings

Fry sausage until well done. Pare and slice potatoes and apples. Mix salt, flour, sugar and blend with cold water. Arrange layers of potatoes, apples and sausage in baking dish. Pour some of flour-sugar mixture over each layer. Top with apples and sausage. Add drippings. Cover and bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes. —Margery

JELLY-FILLED PEANUT BUTTER ROUNDS

- 1/2 cup peanut butter, creamy or crunchy
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Jelly

Cream together peanut butter, margarine and sugar. Blend in honey, egg, milk and flavoring. Sift in flour, soda and salt; mix well. Form dough into a log about 15 inches long and 2 inches wide. Wrap in waxed paper and chill.

Slice dough about 1/8 inch thick and place on ungreased cookie sheets. On half the cookies, spoon about 1/2 tsp. jelly in center. Cover each with another slice; seal edges with fork dipped in flour. Bake at 350 degrees 10 to 12 minutes. Let cool slightly on pan before removing to rack. Makes 2 to 3 dozen. —Margery

LEOTA'S BARS

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- Combine brown sugar, eggs and flavoring; beat well. Add remaining ingredients. Pour in greased baking pan and bake in 350-degree oven for about 30 minutes or until light brown.

DELICIOUS TAPIOCA SALAD

- 1 13-oz. can pineapple tidbits
- 2 11-oz. cans mandarin oranges
- 1 3-oz. pkg. vanilla tapioca pudding mix
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange tapioca pudding mix
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. peach gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 4 bananas

Drain the juice from the pineapple and oranges and add enough water to make three cups. Mix the 2 boxes of pudding mix with the 3 cups of liquid and the flavoring in a heavy saucepan. Cook until the tapioca is thick and clear, stirring constantly. Set this aside to cool. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water and let cool until syrupy. When both mixtures are cool, mix together and add the pineapple and oranges. Last of all fold in the 4 bananas which have been cut in half lengthwise and sliced. Chill. —Dorothy

MACARONI WITH CHEESE & OLIVE SAUCE

- 2 cups macaroni
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 2 cups grated cheese
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 to 1 cup sliced stuffed olives
- Cook macaroni. Make white sauce with butter or margarine, flour and milk. Add cheese, salt and pepper. Stir until cheese is melted. Add olives. Pour sauce over the cooked macaroni as you serve it. Additional grated cheese may be sprinkled over top. —Margery

ONION DIP

- 1 cup creamed cottage cheese
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 pkg. dry onion soup mix
- Combine ingredients and blend well. This may be mixed in the blender if desired. Serve with a variety of crispy crackers, potato chips or other snack foods. —Evelyn

SURPRISE BUNS

- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 3 1/2 to 4 cups flour
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- Large marshmallows
- Combine yeast, water and 1 tsp. sugar. Let set about 5 minutes. Scald milk and cool to lukewarm. Combine with dissolved yeast mixture. Add 1/4 cup sugar, salt, egg and shortening. Beat well. Stir in flour until enough for soft dough. Turn out onto floured bread board. Knead, adding more flour if needed, until dough is not sticky. Knead well, at least 5 minutes, until dough is springy and smooth. Place in greased bowl. Turn once to grease on all sides. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and let rise another 30 minutes. Turn out on board and knead down. Roll out to 1/4 inch thick. Cut into 3-inch circles. Combine melted butter or margarine, 1/2 cup sugar and cinnamon. Dip each marshmallow into this mixture and place in center of one of the rounds of dough. Pinch dough up over marshmallow. Dip top into cinnamon mixture. Place, pinched side down, into well-greased muffin tin. Let rise until almost double. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Surprise! the center is hollow, sweet and very delicious. —Evelyn

BUTTERSCOTCH POPPY SEED CAKE

- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup vegetable oil
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. instant butterscotch pudding mix
- 1 regular-sized 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 but more like a pound cake. —Dorothy

CHICKEN-NOODLE BAKE

- 8 ozs. lasagne noodles, cooked
- 1 10½-oz. can mushroom soup
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1/3 cup sliced olives
- 3 cups cooked chicken or turkey, diced
- 1 1/2 cups buttered bread crumbs

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water. Drain. Put half the noodles in bottom of greased baking dish. Combine mushroom soup, milk, salt and poultry seasoning. Stir in dressing. Heat. Spoon half of this mixture over noodles. Combine cheeses and olives. Spread half of this over soup layer. Top with half the chicken or turkey. Top with other half of cheese mixture; then the rest of the chicken and turkey and pour remainder of soup mixture over the top. Spread bread crumbs on and bake in 375-degree oven for 30 minutes. If desired, pimiento may be used on top for a pretty decorative touch. Let stand 8 or 10 minutes to firm up a bit before cutting. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

—Evelyn

VEGETABLE SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin
- 4 cups boiling liquid (drained pineapple juice and water)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup finely chopped cabbage
- 1 cup pineapple tidbits
- 1 cup finely diced celery

Dissolve gelatin in boiling liquid. Add flavorings. When gelatin begins to set, add remaining ingredients. Pour in mold and refrigerate until firmly set. Serve with mayonnaise added to whipped cream. —Margery

CHERRY BREAD

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 small bottle maraschino cherries
- 1/2 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup nuts (optional)

Cream shortening and sugar together until smooth and fluffy. Beat in flavorings and eggs. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; stir into batter. Chop cherries into quarters and add. Stir in cherry juice (add a little water to juice if needed to make 1/2 cup) and nuts. When batter is well beaten, pour into well-greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until it tests done. A delicious quick bread. Excellent hot with butter, or cold and sliced thin and spread with either butter or softened cream cheese.

SPAGHETTI WITH MEATBALLS

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup Italian cheese (Romano or Cheddar)
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 clove garlic
- Salt to taste
- 2 15-oz. cans tomato puree
- 2 large cans Italian tomatoes (or 4 cups home-grown canned tomatoes)
- 2 6-oz. cans tomato paste
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Pinch of baking soda
- 2 tsp. basil leaves
- 1 Tbls. oregano
- 4 Tbls. parsley
- 1 1/2 cups water
- Cooked spaghetti

Combine meat, eggs and cheese. (If Italian cheese is not available, Romano or Cheddar are fine substitutes.) Soak bread crumbs in milk until moist. Add to meat mixture. Add garlic and salt to taste. If not moist enough, add another egg. Shape into meatballs. Fry until brown. Drain off all but 2 Tbls. drippings. Remove meat balls from skillet. Stir in remaining ingredients except spaghetti. (It is suggested that tomatoes be run through the blender before adding to mixture.) Simmer slowly, stirring occasionally, for 1 to 2 hours. About 15 minutes before serving, add meatballs. Continue cooking until meat is done through. Serve hot over cooked spaghetti. —Evelyn

BARBECUED SAUSAGE BALLS

- 1 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce

Mix sausage, egg, bread crumbs and sage. Shape in about 2 dozen 1½-inch balls. Brown balls slowly on all sides in an ungreased skillet, about 15 minutes. Pour off excess fat. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over meat. Cover and simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally to coat meat balls. Makes 4 or 5 servings. By shaping into tiny balls, these can be used as appetizers. Keep warm in chafing dish. —Margery

CRUNCHY RAISIN COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 3/4 cups natural crunchy cereal
- 1 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup peanuts

Combine all ingredients except for last three. Beat very well. When smooth and well blended, stir in remaining ingredients. Chill for several hours. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 to 12 minutes, or until they are lightly browned. Remove from baking sheet and cool on tea towel or paper towel.

These are good keepers. —Evelyn

BROWNED NUT PUDDING

- 1 cup flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup raisins, plumped in hot water and drained
- 1 cup nutmeats
- 2 cups light brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup hot water

Sift flour, baking powder and white sugar together. Add milk, salt, raisins, and nutmeats. Pour batter in 7- by 11-inch pan. Combine brown sugar, butter or margarine, flavorings and hot water; pour sauce over batter. Bake in 375-degree oven for about 30 minutes or until browned. Makes 8 servings.

—Margery



Good Old February

Cold. Gloom. No flowers. No garden. Spring seems a long way away. And nothing seems much fun.

Now that's not exactly true. Cooking's fun. Look how every face in the house brightens when the oven door opens and those heavenly aromas roll out. Look at Pop's ecstatic expression when he lifts the saucepan's lid and sniffs the steam.

Let's sit down and thumb through some recipes. And, using a little imagination, plan to improve them with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. These magic liquids, with their delightful aromas and lifelike taste, add so much to anything you're thinking of cooking. A little goes a long way, too, and they never bake or steam out. There are sixteen:

Almond	Banana
Black Walnut	Blueberry
Burnt Sugar	Butter
Cherry	Coconut
Lemon	Maple
Mint	Orange
Pineapple	Raspberry
Strawberry	Vanilla

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.00. We'll pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

RUBY'S CHERRY DESSERT

- 1/2 cup softened butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- 3 cups cherries
- 1 cup sugar

Beat together the butter or margarine, eggs, 1 cup sugar and flavoring. Then add the flour, baking powder and salt. Put half of dough in 8-inch square greased pan. Combine cherries and remaining 1 cup sugar to coat. Put cherries on dough in pan. Cover with rest of dough. Bake about 45 minutes in 350-degree oven. Remove from oven and while still warm, spread with the following glaze:

- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 2 Tbls. water
- Combine well.

CHICKEN CON ARROZ

- 2 cups packaged precooked rice
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 chicken, cut up (or 8 half breasts)
- Salt

1 pkg. dry onion soup mix
Mix together rice, canned soups, and milk. Place this mixture in bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Salt chicken and put on top of rice mixture. With a spoon, sprinkle dry onion soup over top. Cover pan and bake at 325 to 350 degrees for 1 hour to 1 hour, 15 minutes. If it gets too dry, add a little warm milk.

—Margery

SOYBEAN-BACON CASSEROLE

- 3 cups cooked soybeans
- 1 onion, chopped
- 4 or 5 strips bacon, cooked and crumbled
- 1/4 tsp. savory

Dash of smoke flavoring
Salt and pepper to taste

Cover washed soybeans with water and soak in refrigerator several hours. (Freezing in ice cube trays for several hours is also good — the chilling and/or freezing helps speed cooking time.) Cook in unsalted water until just barely tender. Drain.

Brown onion in bacon drippings. Combine all ingredients in casserole. Bake in 350-degree oven 15 minutes, or until piping hot. A little bean liquid could be added if desired.

For a completely meatless dish, eliminate bacon. Bits of ham or the bacon-flavored bits could be added.

STUFFED MEAT LOAF

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/3 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground sage
- 2 cups dressing, prepared

Combine all ingredients except dressing. Put half of meat mixture in bottom of an 8- or 9-inch round cake pan. Place moist dressing over in a layer; then top with remaining meat mixture. Bake at 350 degrees about 45 to 50 minutes, or until done. Makes 6 servings.

—Margery

HILDY'S SALAD

- 2 envelopes whipped topping mix
- 1 5-oz. glass Kraft pimiento cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup pineapple tidbits, drained

Prepare whipped topping mix according to package directions. Whip in the cream cheese. Add the remaining ingredients. Chill overnight. Serve in lettuce cups.

—Margery

PIE DOUGH FOR FREEZER PIES

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup sweet milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Cut in shortening. Combine remaining ingredients, beat together with a fork. Add slowly to dry ingredients, blending with fork until moistened. Turn out on floured board and cover with bowl. Let rest 10 minutes. Roll out for two crusts. Prepare and fill as desired. Store in freezer until frozen; then wrap tightly with freezer wrap. (Can be wrapped with foil or plastic before placing in the freezer as well.)

This is excellent to use to line the foil pie pans and freeze as unfilled pie crusts. For easy storage, roll out into rounds, place on round cardboard or a pizza pan covered with foil or plastic. Place foil or plastic between each layer of pie crust. Freeze, then wrap for storage. These can be taken out individually and soon thaw enough to slip down into a pie pan.

A very fine quality pie crust even for those pies you want to bake immediately and not freeze at all! This makes two single crusts or one double crust.

—Evelyn

A BLIZZARD AT HOLIDAY TIME PRESENTED PROBLEMS

Dear Friends:

The house is quiet tonight and not unbearably cold. The temperature outside has moderated sufficiently to allow the snow to fall from the clouds again. We have had day after day of snowfalls lately and it makes for a beautiful scene out the kitchen window. The exposure is due south, and as a result all winter we get direct sunlight through the large Thermopane windows. I have seriously considered the purchase of a tinted transparent shade which would pull down and block out the intense rays of the sun during these days the sun is in the southern hemisphere. When we bought our kitchen carpet we were most cautious to get a colorfast dye, because the entire kitchen is flooded with sunlight many hours of each day. I have to resort to wearing sunglasses during the days when we have a combination of sunlight and snow cover on the ground. Many days last year we had little or no snow, but this year has been different since the first week in December.

We had a house full of anxious students the week that school was dismissing before Christmas. Both of our visiting students were terribly anxious to start for home the minute they were through with their exams, and as fate had it we were caught in the center of a low-pressure system winter storm that dropped a good two days of snow on us. Dan Starck and his sister started out for Woodstock, Illinois, in the middle of a blinding snowstorm with no snow tires on her little sports car. We urged these youngsters to contact their mother before they left, and it was with great reservation that I watched them drive away from the school at noon of dismissal day. Katherine Harris, on the other hand, had to wait 24 hours before her bus to Duluth was due to leave, so she was safely in a big bus before she ran into yet a second snowstorm to the north of us. I understand that if she got home on time she was enjoying 24 inches of the white stuff.

Our Katharine flew home from Detroit the day of a dandy snowstorm. She has only to drive—or be driven—an hour's worth east to Detroit Metropolitan Airport, and from there she can catch a direct flight to Milwaukee. In fact, at one time when we had an hour's difference in time, she arrived in Milwaukee 15 minutes before she had left Detroit.

She has become quite active in a church choir in Hillsdale. It is the campus church, and she wrenches herself out of bed on Sunday morning to walk across campus by herself. She spent several months visiting different churches in the area with groups of



Katherine Harris of Duluth, Minn., one of the students living with the Donald Driftmier family while attending school this year, takes her turn with household jobs. Here you see her kneading bread while Adrienne, Don and Mary Beth's youngest, shakes cream into butter.

young people, but eventually settled on this little church, which happens to be Baptist. We are proud of her for exercising such determined self-control. I can remember trudging to church, but somehow my recollections are tinted with twinges of pinched conscience, so perhaps I meant to go more than I actually did. But from her reports of choir practice and her phone calls to us each weekend, I know she is devoted to her choir group.

She reported to us over vacation that she had applied to Saga for a job, and had been given one, because few of the college students wanted the six o'clock in the morning opening. Saga is the company that prepares the food at the big dining room which is centrally located on campus. All the students eat there except the few who live in sorority and fraternity houses.

So our girl, who dragged her feet about such a multitude of things while she was living at home, has blossomed into a resolute person, studying the amount of hours necessary to keep herself at the top of the freshman class, getting to class on time, which I would have bet she couldn't do without her father or me to stand behind and shout, "Hurry!". She is active in every campus activity that she has time for, which she considers benefits her at the same time, and to top it all off she keeps a daily tab on her time so she will use each minute most wisely. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw her daily schedule. I have always maintained a job sheet with my responsibilities listed, but never to such an exacting degree as she does. Now with her new job she will surely reach a new plateau of time-study achievement. She is quite delighted over the job in

the kitchen. She is dieting to the normal ridiculous degree which most young women in college addict themselves, and I'm wondering how she will hold out over the smell of hot bacon and fresh donuts in the morning.

It finally happened with Adrienne! We have been looking for Sunday shoes for her for months, and were displeased with what was offered. At the ripe old age of 13 I could not see her in an adult style which put her into platform soles and high heels. But she is blessed with long narrow feet (reminds me of a puppy dog with large paws and not yet a mature height) and only women are in that size! So say the clerks. Finally, on our second time around at one particular store, the clerk brought out a shoe quite simple in style with no platform sole but with a little heel. I was so relieved at the simplicity of the shoe that I wanted to grab them and run for the door. But instead we paid for them and although Adrienne was only mildly enthusiastic, she agreed they were the best we had seen. Sunday morning Adrienne was sitting beside me in church, and when we stood up for a hymn, there eye-to-eye with me, sharing my hymn book, was my little girl quite even with me in height. I have adjusted my thinking to Paul now as being a towering giant over my head, but I was not prepared for this jolt! (Juliana had best be enjoying these swiftly flying years before she, too, is looking up to James and eye-to-eye with Katharine.)

One of the high spots of the year for all of us was the final discovery of a shop where we can fit Big Paul. We had gone to a big-man, tall-man shop where Don gets his clothes, but they

(Continued on page 20)



The Meal-Maker

In most of our homes, the salad is the introduction to dinner. It's the first thing we see, and the first thing we eat. No wonder so many homemakers consider it the "meal-maker". If it's blah and lifeless, or so tart it brings tears, it's bound to influence our outlook on the balance of the meal. Rely on **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**.

Rely on **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** to get each meal off to a great start. Whether you choose **Kitchen-Klatter Italian, French or Country Style**, you'll be adding great flavor and excitement to your salad greens. Not too tart, not too bland. Just a great combination of herbs, oils and vinegar. A great start to a great meal.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings



These two little girls are admiring Marigold Showboat, bronze medal winner in the 1974 All-America selections.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Six new flowers have won All-America awards for 1974. They are two new hybrid zinnias, a new dwarf triploid hybrid marigold, a new plumed celosia, a new dwarf dianthus mixture and a new cosmos. Receiving a gold medal was a spectacular new hybrid zinnia called Scarlet Ruffles. Its brilliant, deep scarlet fully-double blooms are produced in great quantity on long stems

that are ideal for cutting.

The new zinnia in the Peter Pan class, the fourth color to be added, is a bronze medal winner called Peter Pan Orange. All Peter Pans combine attractive, large flower size with dwarf plant habit. Seldom growing more than a foot high, the first flowers appear when the plants are six inches high. They remain neat and compact, tolerate adverse weather with ease and produce masses of bloom. Keep all four of the award-winning Peter Pan zinnias in mind for spring planting. I've found them in nearly every new seed catalog that has arrived to date.

Celosia Red Fox has bright, shiny carmine-red flower plumes born over fresh green foliage creating a beautiful contrast. The central plumes are 7 inches long surrounded by many side branches with smaller plumes. Celosia loves sun and tolerates our hot summers with ease even if the weather is dry. Red Fox dries beautifully for winter arrangements. I sowed the seed right in the garden where it bloomed early in the summer and continued until killed by frost.

Dianthus Magic Charms is just that — magically charming. Plants are early flowering and grow only 6 inches high. Flowers freely all summer long.

Cosmos Dialbo is a companion to the Sunset which won an award in 1966. This new introduction is a deeper red-dish-orange color with semidouble 2-inch flowers that open a bright orange but deepen to a fiery red. The plants have an upright branching habit and feathery foliage. Cosmos Dialbo thrives in a wide range of soil conditions — even poor soil.

Marigold Showboat stays dwarf like the French types but grows much larger flowers and in great abundance. The yellow flowers are 2½ inches across, fully double and are produced freely on 12-inch high plants. We tried these All-America winners in our test beds last summer and found them to be as desirable as claimed. You will like them too!

So many kind and generous readers sent me seed of the old garden plant, Kiss Me Kate, or Love Lies Bleeding (botanically *Amaranthus Caudatus*) that I have supplied the reader who made the request and given seeds to the local garden club for distributing to its members. It is impossible to answer each of you personally but I do send the warmest thanks possible.

Fat Girl's Diet

by Ruth
Pfahler
Diet Specialist

- Fat stomach? Thick waistline? Send for special Diet "F." 50¢
- How to stay thin after losing fat. Don't regain pounds & inches. . 50¢
- 7-Day, 7-Pound Diet: Follow it, lose 7 lbs. in one week! 50¢
- High Protein Diet: Keeps up pep, takes pounds & inches off fast! 50¢
- Ruth Pfahler's favorite of all her diets for losing fat stomachs. . . 50¢
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- Easy Egg Diet. Fastest, easiest for 3 to 30 pounds; 2 to 7 inches. . 50¢
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Give me the simple things close to my home —

The things that are familiar, old and dear,

I do not have to wander far, or roam
The Seven Seas — when I have
splendor here. —Author unknown



This young lady is wearing a necklace that is most unusual, but easy to make. Just follow the directions at the right.

WHIP UP A COFFEE-BREAK NECKLACE

by Evelyn Cason & Eva Segar

You know those contrary paper clips that get snarled up in their containers, to elude your fingertips just when you need one to wrap up a rush job?

Take another look; they are good for more than just fastening a few pages together. And without requiring much more than some doodling-relaxation effort to whip up a necklace in about coffee-break time.

Choose a box of the small size, #3 paper clips. Using one single clip after another, fasten a chain of 37 clips into a long rope. Draw rope together by fastening each end of the rope into the narrow end of a single clip. Let single clip dangle. Fasten *three clips* together in a dangle; repeat this step *four times*

for four dangle chains. Fasten top clip of each of the four dangles into the single dangle-clip at end of chain. You will have a rope chain, with one single dangle-clip, and four three-clip dangle chains which will hang in fan-shaped fashion at the end.

Select piece of Contac paper in pattern of your own choosing (a dark pattern will give a polished stone effect, or brighter ones will blend in with your costume). Cut piece of Contac 1/2 inch in length, and of width to wrap around clip in one complete fold, then to meet with ends together on second wrapping. Cover each paper clip with double wrapping of Contac paper, and you will never recognize that tangle of clips which torment you at your desk.

Good for you! Something deceptively, inexpensive, a smart rope necklace to show for your coffee break.

Hello . . .

This Is Your Newslady

by

Mrs. Pat Pijanowski



If you live in or near a small town, then you know the newslady. She's the one who calls every week, invariably during dinner, and asks, "Is there any family news you'd like in the paper this week?"

To some people, newsladies are in the same class as bill collectors and insurance salesmen. To others, the lonely and the elderly, her call is a bright spot every week when they can chat about the newslady's news. Since she's in the news business, she gives the shut-ins a glimmer of what's going on in the community . . . kind of a small-town Louella Parsons, with discretion if she wants to stay in business!

The newslady's lot is not an easy one however. The telephone is her life line, and when a wind blows up, it practically guarantees that she'll be out of business while the phone company affects repairs — a frustrating experience with a deadline facing her! And when a novice takes over an established news column, one that she is not familiar with, the results can be disastrous. All she has to go on are names and phone numbers, no hint of children and their ages, relationships to others in the community, recent tragedies, etc., etc. All these things and more the newslady is expected to know.

Then, too, a newslady, like a salesman, must sometimes be thick skinned.

She may be told flatly not to call again and, just like anyone else who deals with the public, she must smile and say, "Well, thank you anyway."

A community news column is similar to an iceberg. The finished product — "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zilch visited the Casper Milktoasts Friday evening" gives you an idea of only a fraction of the work involved. For every 24" of copy there may have been 93 telephone calls made and three days of work involved.

You may consider community news dull and not worth reading, but it is a small-town newspaper's reason for being. For many in the readership, community news is a *must* every week.

Why do women become newsladies? Like me (did you guess I was a member of this group?), I'm sure they needed some extra money, but it's funny, once you've gotten to know the people on your news list, you become friends with many of them, and you feel obligated to them *and* yourself to do the best job possible.

For example, there are those times when you are busy shopping in town and you hear a familiar voice, one you've heard on the phone many weeks. "Pardon me, but are you Helena?", you ask, "I know your voice, too. You're the newslady!" . . . You have indeed made a friend.



My friends The Twins



I don't know how I'd get through Mondays without them — these two buddies who help me through washday with ease and confidence! The one nearest me means low suds but high power . . . power that gets the dirt out, even the ground-in kind around collars of work clothes. And my friend on the left helps me have sparkling washes (whites, colors, prints) without worrying about bleach rot. Even the new synthetics never yellow. Everything that's washable is bleachable in **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Put it with **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops**, and you have a Monday morning combination that can't be beaten!

Kitchen-Klatter
Safety Bleach &
Blue Drops

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

What is a garden?

A garden is a sanctuary, a place set apart wherein flowers, trees and shrubs live together in leauty and harmony.

A garden is a beautiful vision to the eye, a potpourri of fragrance to the nose and God's greatest gift to the soul.

The above quotations are found in Jerry Baker's *Back to Nature Almanac* #1 (Pocket Books, \$1.25), a unique encyclopedia for nature lovers and backyard gardeners of today. Jerry Baker, who wrote *Plants Are Like People*, has compiled this colorful, practical almanac for those who require a seasonal guide to gardening and living off the land.

Included is a comprehensive garden calendar containing suggestions for you to follow which will ensure your enjoyment of the garden year and keep you from becoming a slave to your garden. This paperback contains tips and quips, little-known facts, inspirational verses, and household hints. It is full



If you can't plan a garden, enjoy plants in a terrarium. Katharine Driftmier enjoys hers very much.

of horticultural knowledge.

In checking the February calendar of things to do, I found these helpful hints:

1. Check the spreading evergreens so that snow doesn't break them in the center. Mr. Baker suggests rolling up huge snowballs, placing them close to the center of the shrub. This gives the drooping bows support.

2. If you had crabgrass last season, you can apply an early-dormant application of a pre-emergence seed killer on top of the snow. You can also put dormant grass seed on top of the snow. He suggests you do this at night so the neighbors can't kid you!

3. Wash the foliage of shiny-leaved house plants this month with soap and water. Feed with fish emulsion and poke a one-a-day vitamin in each pot to supplement the nourishment they miss from summer sunshine.

To have an ecological balance of nature and also an abundant and healthy crop this season, Mr. Baker suggests the "Grandma Putt Method" of gardening. You use what is at hand.

This is what he has written:

"Grandma mixed together the organic, biodynamic and chemical methods of insect, weed and disease control in such a way that they worked in harmony. She never needlessly used a strong chemical unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Grandma Putt had my uncle and me catch toads at the ponds and bring them to the garden each spring. Then we built a small stick pile to house a couple of garter snakes. Ladybugs were brought to the roses and bees were invited to live in the orchard. I was a practicing entomologist — I couldn't even pronounce it — at six years old, thanks to my grandma."

The *Back to Nature Almanac* #1 is a most helpful garden guide. A great gift for a gardener.

(This book can be obtained at your bookstore, where paperbacks are sold, or mail \$1.25, plus local sales tax, if any, plus 25¢ to cover mailing and handling costs to: Mail Service Dept., Pocket Books, 1 West 39th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. Send check or money order.)

Quilt making is no longer a "lost art". Quilting has become a popular "in" pastime. In *Quilting The Modern Approach to a Traditional Craft* (Drake Publishers, New York, \$8.95), the author Ann-Sargent Wooster gives all the information necessary to start you on your way to designing and sewing your own quilts. With the aid of over 270 photographs and drawings, the author fully discusses patchwork, applique, and quilting. She reviews all the newest quilt-making methods. Included are a variety of historical and contemporary quilt patterns. Those who have been quilting for years will also pick up pointers from this book.

The simple definition for a quilt is any textile sandwich of three layers stitched together to cause them to function as one layer. Ways to make patchwork quilts are included, as well as methods for sewing applique. This form is where a smaller piece of cloth is laid onto a large one and sewed.

Perhaps this book is especially appealing to me because during my childhood days my mother was very adept at piecing and quilting beautiful quilts. Once I tried my hand at it, but my big stitches gave me away! The tiny stitches used to complete a quilting pattern were the mark of a good quilter.

Quilting The Modern Approach to a Traditional Craft will help you create your own attractive quilt. Another fine book available is *Rose Wilder Lane's Woman's Day Book of American Needlework*, published by Simon and Schuster in 1963. Yes, she was the daughter of Laura Ingalls Wilder of the "Little House" books.

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HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Dear Valentine, my heart is won!
Held firmly are its strings
In tiny fists locked tightly closed;
New joy your being brings.

Your dimpled smile, rose-petaled lips
And cameo cheeks unfold
To bloom in soft sweet innocence
Though you are three weeks old.
—LaVerna Hassler

LAFEMME PACK RAT

Cathy Ann, Eileen, Martha, Ann Hoffman, Nancy Hanks, Tillie, Laura, Lorna Doone, Gloria, Vivian, Annabelle, Kimberly, Young Bess, Pollyanna, Mary Bell — you ask if I'm picking out baby names?

No! just naming a few, a very few, of the many varieties of African violets. Countless people across the country find this a wonderful hobby. One nice thing about this hobby is that there is no age limit and is also relatively inexpensive.

A beautiful shelf of blooms, started from cuttings from friends and neighbors, is certainly a sight to behold in mid-winter. I leave the naming of plants to the more advanced collector and just enjoy the wide array of colors.

There are groups and clubs which you may join where you can exchange cuttings and hints. Check your local library for more information about African violet collecting. —Mrs. Eugene Kiso

WONDERLAND OF SEWING — Concl. models. These are termed the "largest-selling quality shears in Scandinavia", but a fast survey of the American market indicates that they're the mass market winner here, too. Every knitter's counter I know of, around here, uses these to cut off yard goods for the customer. While they cost \$8, I've yet to see a dissatisfied owner, so — step right up, folks! Next!

Have you tried the spring-loaded thread clips, sharp-bladed and sharp-pointed, that you hold in the palm of your hand for instant clipping? They're fast and handy to use for needlepoint, crewel embroidery, all ripping and remodeling, and can't be beat for easy clipping of threads when you're sewing at the machine. Once you try these, I'm sure you'll count them among your indispensables, too.

Next month I'll share some more information on what's new in the "Wonderland of Sewing Supplies".

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Let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just, and a lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations.

—Abraham Lincoln

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

to us in any particular year, but we have observed how the ones who did not write to us after their first such party, do write to us the next year. Little by little, they learn what it means to be proper ladies and gentlemen.

When Christmas was well behind us and Betty and I had a chance to catch our breath and relax a bit after a busy holiday season, I looked at all the beautiful Christmas cards again. Never have we received so many photographs of handsome families, and particularly of handsome children. We love to get the cards which have photos of children on them, and it is fun to see how the children change from year to year. Again and again, as I reread the family letters, it struck me that the children and grandchildren of most of our acquaintances are very accomplished persons. There is great hope for a world that has in it so many brilliant, high-minded young people who give so much of themselves to the service of the less fortunate. Letter after letter told us about young people active in the struggle for peace with service in the Peace Corps, or Vista, or some other very worthy effort for the betterment of our world. Time goes on, and we older folk look in amazement at the splendid way our successors are preparing to pick up where we leave off. What greater reason have we for hope and faith in the future?

Sincerely,

Frederick

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

informed us that although his arms and legs were long enough for their sizes, his waist and neck were much too small. They directed us to a shop in West Allis, which is a suburb of Milwaukee considerably east of our home, and there we finally located what is called a collegiate cut in clothing for boys that are long and narrow. For the first time in three years Paul has a sport coat. And you can believe he chose red!

Until next month,

Mary Beth

THE HOBBY OF ANTIQUING — Concl.

cloth and, of course, some instructions. Whether it is transforming a drawer from Grandma's treadle sewing machine into a handsome window planter or renovating a decrepit 50-cent picture frame as a wall mirror holder, do-it-yourself antiquing is an uncomplicated method of blending age and innovation in the home — and something of which you can be proud. I know I am!

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By Bryan Auer

For 50 years the J. W. Gibson Company, makers of pharmaceuticals and household items, has been selling more than 275 different products. When I was fortunate enough to take charge of this company, I thought it wise to review all the things we had been selling. As a good manager I made an effort to economize and decided to eliminate more than 150 products. One that I eliminated was called ICY-HOT—a medicated cream that was really different...

Well friends—you can't imagine what happened! It was like the roof fell in—I got hundreds—literally hundreds—of letters from people who suffered from the minor aches and pains of arthritis and rheumatism pleading with me that ICY-HOT was their salvation, and that I'd be letting them down if I took it off the market.

What could I do? The same thing you'd have done. I started making ICY-HOT again. What's more, I felt that if ICY-HOT was



that good, I'd like everybody in the United States who suffers from the minor aches and pains of arthritis and rheumatism to know about it. That's why you're reading this now.

And that's why you can try ICY-HOT on this iron clad guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back. But you won't find it in your drugstore. You

can only purchase ICY-HOT by mail. All you do is send only \$2.00 for a big 3½ ounce jar of ICY-HOT. If you are not completely satisfied don't bother sending back the unused portion of the jar—just send us a note and I will send you your \$2.00 by return mail.

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FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded and look “with love” as we have programs, lectures, study courses, and tours to get to know our fellowman, of all races and all stations in life.

This will mean we must really “touch hands” as we do this; that we plan together, work together, and, above all, LISTEN to each other. Listening is so important in the getting-to-know-you process, to find out what a person is thinking, what his dreams are, who he is as a person. For too long many of us from the “abundant side” of life have tried to do FOR those less fortunate, or different from us, instead of doing WITH them. By listening, by allowing all to have a share in expressing the needs, the problems, and the advantages, we all grow in understanding and friendship.

Here are some commandments for brotherhood which it would do us all good to observe faithfully:

I will respect all men and women regardless of race and religion.

I will work daily to build a friendly world by faith and understanding, striving always to put love where there is now hate.

I will try to be a leader in working toward a wiser, more just and merciful social order, where each individual is evaluated in terms of his true worth.

I will challenge racial superiority by whomsoever it may be proclaimed, whether they be friends, members of my family, dictators or demagogues.

I will uphold civil rights, religious freedom, and equal opportunities for all peoples, whether I agree with these people in all things or not.

I will do more than live and let live – I will live and help live.

Hymn: “They’ll Know We Are Christians by Our Love” or “Jesus, United by Thy Grace”.

(Note: Have someone for this part who will lead the audience in singing the responses to the Scripture readings. The responses are all verses of, or new lines to be used to, the tune of “Kumbaya”. The lines might be mimeographed or the song leader may speak the line immediately before leading the group in singing it. A friendship circle might be formed for this with the Scripture reader standing in the center of the circle or at one side, as preferred.)

Scripture: *If an alien settles beside you in your land, you must not injure him; the alien who settles beside you shall be treated like a native and you must love him as you love yourself.*

Singing Response: Someone’s lonely, Lord. Give him friends. Someone’s lonely, Lord. Give him friends. Someone’s lonely, Lord. Give him friends, O, Lord, give him friends.

Scripture: *Come, O blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared*

for you from the foundation of the world: I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink . . . I was naked and you clothed me.

Singing Response: Someone’s hungry, Lord. Give him food, etc.

Scripture: *I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.*

Singing Response: Someone’s crying, Lord. Give him peace, etc.

Scripture: *Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you . . . pray for one another . . . The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.*

Singing Response: Someone’s praying, Lord. Give him peace, etc.

Scripture: *This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.*

Singing Response: Someone’s singing, Lord, Kumbaya, etc. (Then sing the original words of “Kumbaya”).

Benediction: O Lord, kumbaya, come by here, as our African brother has taught us to sing. Come by here and instill in us the courage, the wisdom, the love we need to follow the command Thou givest us in Thy Holy Word *Comfort ye my people*, that we may every day practice living brotherhood. Amen.

ON THIS DAY

On this day –
Mend a quarrel,
Search out a forgotten friend,
Dismiss a suspicion and replace it with trust,
Write a letter to someone who misses you,
Encourage a youth who has lost faith,
Keep a promise,
Forget an old grudge,
Examine your demands on others and vow to reduce them,
Fight for a principle,
Express your gratitude,
Overcome an old fear,
Take two minutes to appreciate the beauty of nature,
Tell someone you love him,
Tell him again,
And again,
And again.

—Anonymous

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It was Christmas all over again when Juliana, James and Katharine arrived for a post-holiday visit. With gifts to anticipate under "Granny Wheels," tree, it wasn't such a blow to the children to have to leave their gifts from Santa back in Albuquerque. Lucile's tree was up longer than usual, but it held its needles until the excitement died down.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

length until I see them again, and I don't know when that will be.

They don't like candy and this truly amazes me. We had dishes and boxes of candy (Christmas gifts) around on the coffee tables and they never ate even one piece. Personally, I think it's a good idea, everything considered, but I've never before heard of children who didn't like candy.

Right now I want to thank the great number of readers who have been kind

enough to send in the additional 50¢ for their subscription to *Kitchen-Klatter* after we made that awful mistake at our end. My friends in distant parts of the country who heard about this find it hard to believe that anyone would send in a single penny when they had absolutely nothing to do with the mistake at their end, but that's exactly what is happening, and believe me, we are grateful. Every day when the report comes up from the office I look at the figure and realize all over again how staunch and loyal you friends have been.

I'll tell you, it's a caution to be in business of any kind these days. Sometimes it seems to us that what we can't get most surely comes to more than what we can get. Right now we're sweating out the arrival of some spiral binding so we can get more cookbooks together. The factory acknowledged our order and notified us when it would be shipped, but when it didn't come and didn't come we telephoned and then they telephoned back and said that the entire order had simply disappeared from their shipping dock. MY!

I know that a lot of you folks are waiting for your cookbooks, but we are helpless without that spiral binding and hate this delay more than you know. For six weeks we ran a night shift so we could get cookbook orders filled that were intended for Christmas gifts, and just as soon as the binding gets here we'll start the night shift again.

My space is gone, and more too, I'm afraid, so until next month I'll say that I am always faithfully yours . . .

P. Wink



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SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

My first wish is to see this plague to mankind - warfare - banished from off the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusement than in preparing implements and using them for the destruction of mankind.

-George Washington

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

with us, and they were thrilled to death. Before we left the lunch room, several sixth-grade girls came in to help in the kitchen with the clean-up work.

After lunch we went to the teachers' lounge to meet them and have coffee. There are eleven teachers in the school. They have a beautiful library which also includes a large file of filmstrips and other visual aids. I was impressed with this fine modern school. Mr. Ross is proud of his school, and rightly so. In the 23 years he has been there he has seen many changes through his efforts. A big addition was built on a few years ago.

In a recent letter from Edna she said that they and two other couples in the court who have visited the school had packed up Christmas candy and gone out to attend the Christmas program and give the candy to the children. I wish I could have been there to go with them.

I'm afraid I have used more than my allotted space, so news of Kristin and her family will have to wait until next month. Until then

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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SINCE 1892

Talents: be they few or many, we should keep and use them all.



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We visit with you each weekday over the following radio stations:

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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.

THE ABANDONED COUNTRY CHURCH

"Gone But Not Forgotten"

by

Mabel Nair Brown

"How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning To list' to the clear ringing bell."

This afternoon I stood beneath a scraggy, gnarled, old pine and gazed at the little country church — forlorn, forgotten — nostalgic reminder of another passing era in the history of this land.

Among the forces which have worked their regenerative and preservative power upon our nation since the time of our Pilgrim fathers have been the little country churches. Portals of faith, guardians of truth and honor, they have given our nation some of her most distinguished reformers and religious leaders.

Alas, ours is a changing world, and sometimes a world of indifference and neglect. Whatever the cause, the last few decades have seen the rural church "just fade away". Yet they are a precious part of our proud heritage and the part they have played in our history, our lives, should be a treasured memory and a historical fact to be carefully recorded for future generations.

All these thoughts flashed across my mind as I looked at the old church, its once-glistening white clapboards now a weathered gray. In the gathering dusk I peered through the broken windows and saw the well-worn altar rail, the empty pews, the scarred pulpit. My memory spanned the time to other days, other years, and suddenly the deserted sanctuary was peopled with the past.

I saw at that altar kneeling peni-

tents seeking forgiveness and pardon. There, too, the marriage vows were tremulously spoken as the new husband and wife turned to face the happiness AND the hardships of building a home on the raw prairie land, the struggle with life and death on the lonely frontier. Precious infants were brought proudly to this rail that they might receive baptism and be dedicated to God. I saw the altar rail ringed with heads bowed humbly as Holy Communion was given. There I behold the bright young faces of the membership-training class repeating their vows in "awe and trembling".

The pews were filled with families — Father with the open Bible on his knee as his forefinger followed the words as the minister read, Mother wrapping her shawl more snugly around the sleeping babe in her arms, while on either side rosy-cheeked "stairsteps" fidgeted, or dozed, under a stern paternal eye.

In memory the happy Sunday school came to life and the room echoed with joyous voices, a grand mingling of the old and the young, singing praises to the heavenly Father, or studying together the familiar Scriptures.

The grand music — not anthems and oratorios but the soul-stirring hymns sung with lusty vigor, perhaps an inspiring special number by the neighborhood quartette — a sacred memory that will live on, until my years end, in my heart, treasured and imperishable. Is there music dearer or sweeter?

I saw more than the church service. I saw the social life of the community centered there — the Christmas Eve program with treats and popcorn balls for all, the Children's Day picnic when the plank tables were set up beneath the trees on the church lawn, the harvest supper, the literary society and the ice cream social.

As the twilight faded my eyes swung for a final look at the scarred brown pulpit and I saw the arms of the pastor stretched out in benediction — "The Lord bless thee and keep thee . . ."

Yes, many country churches are going, going, gone; but for some of us their memory will remain forever cherished, "a thing apart".



SUCCESS

Success is doing the best you can, And being fair with your fellow man. It is learning how, and knowing why, By thinking positive and aiming high. By having faith in yourself and friends And remaining true to your aims and ends. It is meeting the challenge that spells defeat, Enthused with your work, and keeping sweet. It is striving to overcome with mirth, The burdens encountered on this good earth. It is sharing the sorrow with tender care. And knowing that God still answers prayer.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

The Happy Housewife's Song



I look around my house and see
A thousand things to do.
There's always lots of cleaning
With gobs of scrubbing, too.
From sidewalk to the back porch
From basement to the bay
There's never any shortage
Of dirt to wash away.
Thank goodness for the cleaner
That helps me night and day
That never leaves a residue
To rinse and wipe away.
You'll never find a better one,
No matter what you spend . . .
Than Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner,
The housewife's real true friend!

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner