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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 23

JANUARY, 1959

NUMBER 1



Photo By Verness

MISS JOSIE PRANNEBECKER  
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by  
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY  
Shenandoah, Iowa  
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Dear Friends:

These years are going by too swiftly! Here we are, putting together the January issue of 1959, and it seems only a couple of weeks ago that we were rounding up final plans for the January issue of 1958.

As you long time friends know, the last thing that goes to the printers is this letter to you, and every year at exactly this time in December I realize how many circumstances can change between the time I write and the time you will read it.

If (and I always feel this should be in capital letters—IF) our present plans work out, we will be on our road to California just about the time you find this copy of Kitchen-Klatter in your mail box. We agree with our children that we shouldn't start out on the long trip alone, so Dorothy will go with us this year and help her Dad with the driving. We are all looking forward to it and keeping our fingers crossed that nothing comes up to change these plans.

After we have arrived at the hotel in Redlands where we've stayed now for quite a few years, Dorothy will go with us on short trips to see relatives and friends. Then she plans to take the train to San Francisco and see some old friends whom she hasn't had a chance to visit with since 1946. After a few days there she will go to Denver by train to visit Wayne, Abigail and the children, and then back home to the farm. If you've read Dorothy's letters in recent months you know that she's certainly worked very hard and can do with a little vacation. Kristin will take over at home and during part of the Christmas holiday, Juliana will help her out. Both of the girls have been taught to work and to take responsibility, so Dorothy can leave with a light heart.

The closing weeks of 1958 have been a happy time for us. We were blessed with a most bountiful harvest in Southwestern Iowa, and Indian summer held on for many weeks. It gave us a good chance to plant bulbs and put the garden to bed for the winter.

Then Thanksgiving rolled around and brought all of our children together with the exception of Frederick's and Donald's families. No one watched the weather reports more eagerly than we did just before No-

vember 27th because we knew that a severe storm would prevent Wayne's family from driving home, but at the last possible moment a bad blizzard veered to another direction and they were able to make the trip.

Our house is so quiet most of the time with just Mart and me here that it surely seemed like turning back the years to have a crowd at the table those too few days. All of us noticed a big change in Emily, Alison and Clark—they really had been gone from Shenandoah only about sixteen months or so, but they've had many new experiences in Colorado and these things hasten along the process of growing up.

We sat down to the table for Thanksgiving dinner about 1:30 in the afternoon—ten of us at the big table in the dining room, three at a card table near the big table, and Martin, Emily, Alison and Clark at a card table in the little office. I stuffed a 20 lb. turkey and fixed the relish plates, and then the girls took over and saw that all the rest of the food was prepared. We all agreed that we'd never had a better meal.

Dorothy and Kristin came down late in the day, and when we had turkey sandwiches, the rest of the pie, etc., everyone was pleased to see the first soft snow of the winter drifting down. We cleaned up the kitchen and then had family pictures taken that we'll be sharing with you in the months to come.

It was a happy Thanksgiving too for my sisters, Jessie and Martha. After many months in the Des Moines hospital, plus several trips to surgery, Martha was able to return to Clarinda just in time to have the holiday at home. Jessie's son Bill and his family (you saw a picture of Bill's children on the October cover of Kitchen-Klatter) came down from Des Moines to spend the day and they had a nice big turkey dinner.

Our Christmas decorations went up earlier than usual this year because I entertained one of my clubs during the first week of the month. We didn't have our tree up, of course, but we had some of the decorations out to give things a Christmasy feeling.

Our children who live in Shenandoah will be here for a Christmas Eve dinner and we'll open our gifts later in

the evening. We hope to get together with our Driftmier relatives sometime during the holiday season, but final plans aren't made yet on this.

Right now I must thank all of you for the beautiful cards you have sent. Each one means a great deal, and I only wish that I could send, in turn, a card to each one of you. Since this is impossible I can only say that these cards through the years have given us great happiness and have always added a great deal to our Christmas.

Frederick called us the other night—they are all well and carrying on their usual busy lives. Clergymen are always busy, but Christmas and Easter bring them many added responsibilities.

We know how happy Mary Beth and Donald must be to have their first Christmas in their own new home. We would have loved to make a quick trip there to see them, but it didn't work out and now we are looking forward to going to Anderson after we get home from California.

Donald is the first one of our children to build a brand new house, but two of our other children are working on plans these days. Howard and Mae hope to start building this coming Spring on a lot they purchased several years ago, and Lucile and Russell are going to do some remodeling on their house. Probably Lucile will tell you about this as things go along, so I won't try to describe what they're going to do.

I made my fruit cakes back in early November so that much is done in preparation for Christmas. Now I'm busy lining up my cookie cutters and decorations for Christmas cookies. None of our children and grandchildren would ever feel that Christmas Eve was really Christmas Eve unless we had several big trays of decorated cookies.

It is getting on towards dark now and I must clear off these papers from the dining room table and begin getting things together for supper. I've been thinking as I wrote this about many of you who have been friends since your children and our children were all small and all home together. It's been many, many years now since we first got acquainted and most of you I have never met face to face, but your friendship has been an inspiration and comfort to me all through these years, and I trust that we can all continue to be good, if unseen friends, in the years that lie ahead.

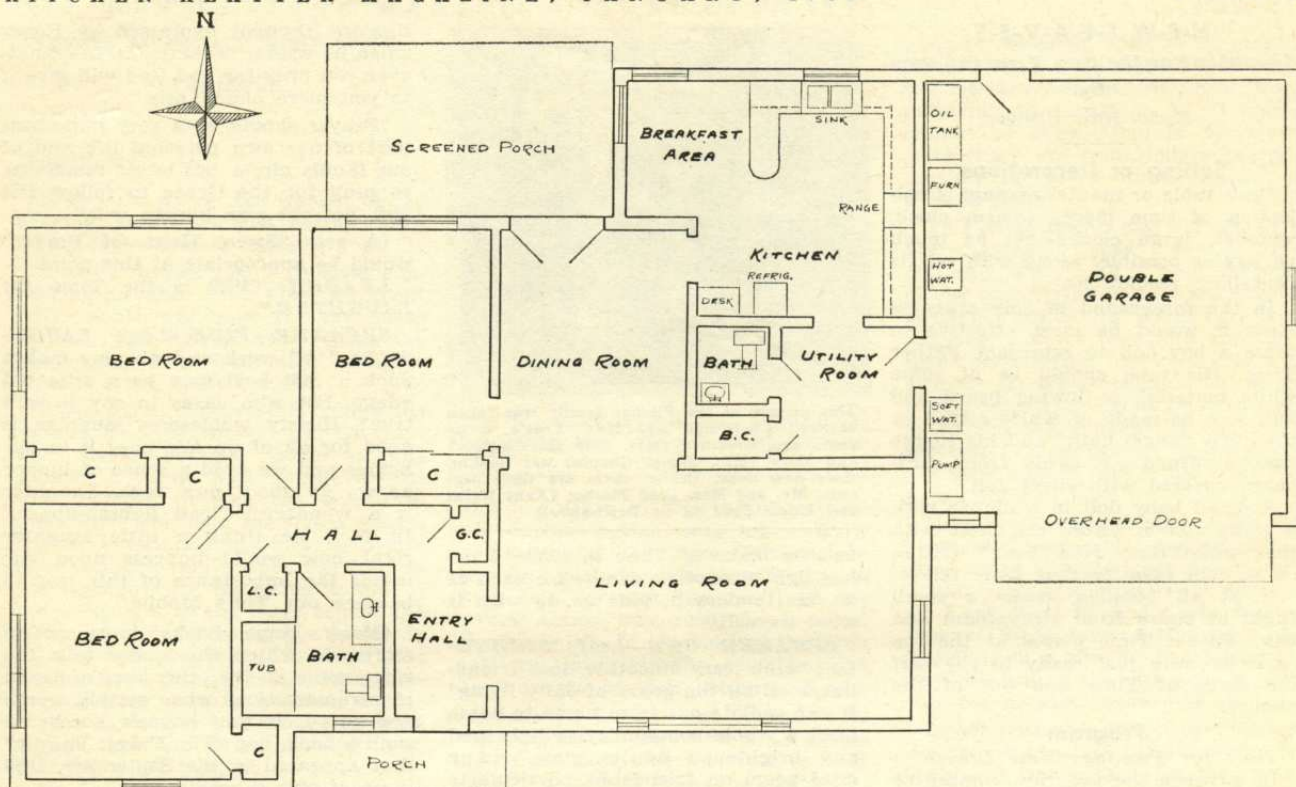
May 1959 bring to you peace and love. These are the only things that matter, the only things that endure.

Affectionately yours,

### TIME

A wondrous fountain yet unsealed,  
A casket with its gift concealed . . .  
This is the year that for you waits  
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.





### LETTER FROM DONALD

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

The drawing on this page is one I put together after work one night and it doesn't pretend to be done to the last fraction of an inch, but at least you can get a pretty clear picture of what Mary Beth and I planned for what we hope will be our permanent home.

We didn't realize so many people were building right now all over the country until letters came in after Mary Beth first mentioned our new house. After reading just a few of those letters that were all forwarded on to us I realized that a lot of you folks were just as inexperienced as we were when it came to building a house, so perhaps some of the reasons behind our final decisions will be helpful to others. We're all settled now, and believe me, there's nothing like having your own roof when you've been renters in cramped quarters.

First of all, don't get the idea that we think we built a perfect house. Far from it. Like practically every one else I know, we had a certain space requirement and only a limited amount of money available to obtain it. It boiled down to making the best use of what was available and incorporating as many of the features as possible from our "dream house."

Another thing which may be well to clarify is that I am not a believer in getting the most living space per dollar. A home is an investment which you may or may not have to turn into cash, or use as trading stock, at some future date. Therefore, I believe in the use of conventional architectural materials and designs. Because of this

don't expect to read further and find any amazing new revelations on lower cost per square foot.

An entry hall is somewhat of a luxury because it is transient space which is not lived in. The space required by our entry hall would have made two large closets (not in the same location, of course). But you will all agree that it is nice to have an entry hall, and Mary Beth and I agreed to cut space from the other rooms in order to get it. This hall is 5'x8'. The guest closet adjacent to the entry hall is smaller than most that I have seen, but how often do you need a large guest closet?

To the right of the entry hall is the living room. Note that it is not possible to see down the hall into the bedroom area from the living room. We felt this to be very important, especially when there are small children in the family. It also serves the purpose of more or less insulating the living area from the sleeping area. Conspicuously absent in the living room is a fireplace. It seems that almost all house plans that I have seen recently have included a fireplace. It would have been nice to have had a fireplace, but I doubt that we would have used it more than two or three times a year. For approximately the same price, we got the screened-in porch on the rear of the house, which I think we will use almost continually during the hot Indiana summers. The living room is 13'x22'.

The living room opens rearward into the dining area, which is 10'x12'. Note that the opening between the living room and dining area is 9' wide. We gave the width of this opening considerable thought. We wanted a separate dining room, but decided in

favor of the wide opening in order to add the effect of spaciousness, and to allow the dining table to expand into the living room if necessary. Incidentally, the height of the opening is normal door height rather than all the way to the ceiling. This height allowed better structural strength for this wide opening, and also tended to retain the feeling of a dining "room" rather than "area."

At the north end of the dining area are the French doors leading into the screened porch. I had always wanted sliding glass doors, but again we made a compromise. The French doors will be somewhat harder to drape in the event that we eventually drape the entire north wall of the dining area, and they are more space consuming, but the dollars we saved provided other little luxuries we felt more important. We are planning to install a removable serving counter in the kitchen window which opens onto the porch.

There is another dining, or rather breakfast, area in the kitchen. It should be possible for you to make out the arrangement of the kitchen from the sketch. The cabinets extend all the way to the ceiling, which provides adequate storage space for those seldom used pieces of cooking and dining equipment. The lower cabinets and sink are two inches higher than normal. With Mary Beth at 5'9" and myself at 6'4" we could have used them higher yet. But as I said, we didn't want to be too unconventional. The sink is double, and made of stainless steel. We had a stainless steel sink in our former apartment, and Mary Beth loved it. (At least she loved it as well as anyone can love a sink.)

The utility room is small, but it really is only a laundry room since all

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## N-E-W L-E-A-V-E-S

Thoughts For the New Year Program

By

Mabel Nair Brown

## Setting or Decorations

On a table or mantel arrange a collection of time pieces (alarm clock, watches, large clocks—get as much variety as possible) along with scrolls containing resolutions.

In the foreground of this arrangement it would be most effective to dress a boy doll to represent Father Time. His robe should be of some white material, a flowing beard and hair can be made of white cotton or the curly "angel hair," and his scythe can be turned out easily from cardboard covered with silver foil.

A small baby doll in a diaper with a white ribbon across his chest with the words "Baby New Year" written on it, will identify that little fellow.

If at all possible, make a small flight of stairs from strayafoam and have Father Time poised at the top as if he were just ready to pass off the stage of Time and out of the picture.

## Program

## Time for Turning "New Leaves"

In advance the program committee should make a large "Time" mobile to be suspended from a doorway for the program, or hung on a wall over the setting described above. The main part of the mobile will be a large clock face in the center of a strip of heavy white cardboard. The mobile will hang from a string attached to the top of the clock face.

There will be strings attached to the main part so that a mobile is formed which will be properly balanced when completed—as many strings are attached as there are people taking part in the program.

Each person is given a large white paper leaf with the designated word printed upon both sides of it, and she fastens it to the proper string before she does her part in the program. (Use tape to fasten leaves to string.) Some suggestions to be used for these leaves are: Friendly, Forgive, Smile, Pray, Kind, Laughter, Praise, Learn, Grow — each leader may choose "leaves" for which songs, poems, readings, etc., are available. The program can be as long or as short as she desires. The program that follows is presented as a pattern to give you a clear idea as to the way you can outline one to fit your own needs.

**LEADER:** "Much more important than the passing of the years is what we do with those years. Time does nothing but pass away with each tick of the clock.

"We hear folks say, 'Time will tell,' 'Only Time can heal,' or 'Time will show what that person is really made of.' But isn't this foolish talk? Time will only come and go. Man must help himself—Time will not help him a bit. How we use time—that is what really matters.

"**THE TIME IS NOW, 1959.** We always say we will turn over some new leaves as we begin a New Year. But let us think about those Leaves, the



This picture of the Fischer family was taken between Christmas and New Year's many years ago. Gretchen (Mrs. Clay Harshbarger) and Mary (Mrs. James Chapin) are holding their new dolls. Behind them are their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fischer (Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred to us Driftmiers.)

use we make of Time in 1959. "Time has lighted another candle for each of us. He tenders it, bids us do with it what we will."

**SPEAKER ONE—Leaf, FRIENDLY:** "How very smoothly does friendliness oil all the gears of daily living! It can radiate out from home to home until a whole community is lightened and brightened by its glow." (Any good poem on friendship, particularly "Let Me Live In A House By the Side Of the Road and Be A Friend To Man" is suggested at this point.)

**LEADER:** "1959 is the Time to FORGIVE."

**SPEAKER TWO—Leaf, FORGIVE:** "Two famous quotes sum up the importance of forgiveness: 'To err is human; to forgive is divine' and 'A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness shall begin on ours.'"

"Certainly old grievances and grudges have no place in this brand New Year." (Suggested music at this point: "If I Have Wounded Any Soul Today.")

**LEADER:** "1959 is the Time to SMILE."

**SPEAKER THREE—Leaf, SMILE:** "Visitors from other countries have made the comment over and over again that Americans wear an habitual frown, that the rarest thing they see is a warm, cheerful smile. All of us have known the quick uplift of heart that comes from meeting a total stranger on the street who looks directly at us and smiles! There isn't a one of us who hasn't been pulled out of melancholy spirits by encountering a warm, friendly smile. It costs nothing—and it bestows wealth beyond measure. Let us try and remember this in 1959."

(Group singing at this point in a light vein is to be suggested. A parody "Smile Awhile and Give Your Face a Rest" to the tune of the popular old song "Till We Meet Again" can be found in many of the Golden Song Book series, as well as other such books for group singing.)

**LEADER:** "1959 is the Time to PRAY."

**SPEAKER FOUR—Leaf, PRAY:** "Prayer in its most simple definition is simply a wish turned Godward. I

like the thought expressed by Pusey when he wrote: "Practice in life whatever you pray for and God will give it to you more abundantly."

"Prayer should be a very important part of our own personal life and of our family circle, but let us remember to pray for the Grace to follow His will, not our own human will."

(A solo "Sweet Hour Of Prayer" would be appropriate at this point.)

**LEADER:** "1959 is the Time for LAUGHTER."

**SPEAKER FIVE—Leaf, LAUGHTER:** "'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' may be a trite old adage, but who dares to say it isn't true? Hearty wholesome laughter is good for all of us. We need it in our homes and we need a sense of humor as we go about our work. Laughter is a wonderful 'load lighten-upper.' In fact, we think a little laughter right now would impress upon our minds the importance of this leaf to balance our Time Mobile."

(Many game books have action stories in which the leader tells the story while all the others are assigned to various actions when certain words are heard. If you haven't access to such a book, use "The Fidget Family" that appeared in the September, 1958 issue of this magazine.)

**LEADER:** "1959 is the Time to PRAISE."

**SPEAKER SIX—Leaf, PRAISE:** "All of us hunger for praise. Mark Twain is often quoted as saying, 'I can live for two months on a good compliment!'"

"Every normal person yearns to be appreciated—it is just a human trait common to all of us. Whenever we recognize a good deed, a job well done, a thoughtful act, we can show our appreciation by a word of praise—and the person hearing it is made a little richer and happier. When used properly, honest and sincere praise possesses wonder-working powers:

It helps to win and hold friends.  
It stimulates interest and enthusiasm.

It encourages cooperation and efficiency.

It promotes happiness and good fellowship.

It increases self-confidence and loyalty.

It stimulates a feeling of importance and self-respect.

It is a remedy for some of the ills and discouragements of Life.

(From Sunshine Magazine)

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The pattern outlined with these "Leaves" will give you a clear idea as to how to utilize any others suitable for your needs. Appropriate poems and music should be interwoven throughout.

**LEADER:** "And so we see, in conclusion, how all of these important LEAVES which we will be turning in the Book of Time for 1959 have a part in balancing our clock mobile. So our lives will be balanced and our use of Time will be worthwhile and useful to mankind. Each of us can

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## YOUR MONTHLY VISIT WITH FREDERICK

Dear Folks,

Here it is, nearly ten o'clock in the evening, and I am just sitting down at my typewriter to write to you!

A few minutes ago I finished conducting an adult Bible class for about fifty people, and now the last class member has driven away from the church and I am here alone with the strange sounds of the night.

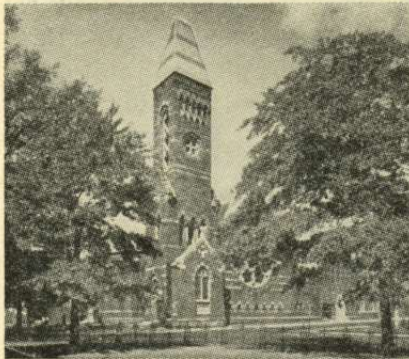
When I first came to this church the sounds used to bother me, but now they mean nothing. Some of the sounds I know and recognize—the wind coming through the cracks in the chapel windows; the steam pounding in a radiator upstairs; a drunk man trying to shake open the door to the kitchen; the humming sound of the neon light in the outer office; the whirr of a bat leaving the tower to fly through the downstairs corridor; the pressure pump for the water system clicking away in a far-off corner of the basement—but there are other sounds, new and different each night, that leave me puzzled.

In our Bible class this evening we were discussing the problem of evil in the world, and I pointed out that the very fact of our concern about the presence of evil is evidence of our belief that the world is ruled over by a good God of love. The next time someone tells you that he doesn't believe in God because of all the evil he sees in the world, you just remind that person of the fact that evil is no problem at all in a world where God is not good. The very fact that one is worried about the evil is proof that he actually *does* believe in God. The problem of evil is a problem only for those who believe in a good God.

One of the men in the Bible class tonight asked me a most interesting question, and I want to pass it on to you for your consideration. When you have an opportunity, present this problem to your family. Suppose that you are walking along a street and a dirty little urchin sticks his tongue out at you and calls you a name just to show off. And suppose that you give the urchin a kick that sends him sprawling out of the way at the very moment a cornice stone falls where he had stood. You saved the boy's life by kicking him just in time.

Or suppose you see a little girl of six dash into the street for her ball just as a truck bears down upon her. At the risk of your life you shove the little girl from the path of the truck, but shove her right into the path of a falling cornice stone as the driver brings the truck to a sudden halt inches before he would have reached the child. You killed the child.

Now the question is, how are you to be judged? Should you not be punished for kicking the boy and honored for killing the girl? You should be punished for kicking the boy and praised for being willing to risk your life to save the little girl. That the stone missed the boy and struck the



The big South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., where Frederick serves as pastor.

girl is neither to your credit or discredit, for neither was intended by you or could have been foreseen. In the first instance you were wrong to kick the boy, but the result of the wrong action was good, for it saved the boy's life. In the case of the little girl, you were morally good, but the consequence of your action was bad.

There are times when life is just as complicated as that, and it all points up to the fact that we must be very careful before we judge the conduct of a person.

I am sure that all good Christians are meant to be peaceful people, but I have just been involved in one of the biggest fights of my life. I was chosen to lead the protestant community of Springfield in a big fight against state-sponsored, legalized gambling. The Roman Catholics and the Jews all joined with us to defeat a referendum that would have brought to our city a horse race track and a dog race track where pari-mutual betting would have been legal.

All of the criminal element wanted the tracks, and all of the church people did not want them, and what a fight we had! The church people won by an overwhelming vote in a complete reversal of the way the election went four years ago when the gambling interests won by an overwhelming vote.

I don't know whether you believe in gambling or not, but I can tell you this—a race track can ruin a community. Wherever you find legalized gambling, there you will find vice and crime of all sorts. When the tracks were here in Springfield a few years ago, they just about ruined the town. Hundreds of families had to be evicted from their homes because their rent money went to the races. Many of the big stores were hit terribly hard by families that could not meet their installment payments on merchandise because the money was lost at the races.

Just the other day one of my friends was kidding me about being such a fighter. He said: "Christian people are not supposed to get mad, but you surely are mad at these people who want to legalize gambling in this community again!"

Well, he was right. Christian people are supposed to keep the peace, but when it comes to dealing with a

gangster element, I know of nothing better than a good fight. Don't try to tell me that you can get rid of illegal gambling by legalizing it! It simply cannot be done. Here in Massachusetts there are four dollars gambled illegally for every dollar gambled at a legal track.

This same friend said: "Isn't all of life a gamble?" And I said, "No, it certainly is not!" All of us spend much of our time trying to take the element of chance out of life. When I fly in an airplane, I don't take any gamble. I make certain that there is as little an element of risk as possible. All of our traffic rules and regulations are made to reduce the element of chance. A successful businessman is one who has been able to reduce his risks to a bare minimum.

Here in my study located in the very heart of a busy city I counsel with a great many unhappy people, and there is one thing that I often ask them to do. I ask them to read *Helen Keller's Journal*. What a wonderful story that is, telling in a humble, heart-warming way the life of the one who is probably the greatest woman of our day.

In her journal Helen Keller tells how she believes that God gave us life for happiness, not misery, but that many persons have a wrong idea of what constitutes true happiness. Some people believe that true happiness is a matter of self-gratification when actually it always is a product of fidelity to a worthy purpose. Miss Keller, blind, deaf, and well along in years says that the order of nature will always necessitate pain, failure, separation, death; and that these will probably become more menacing as the complexities and dangerous experiments of a vast world civilization increase, and she believes that it is in this kind of a world that the delicate task will remain ours to ensure God's gift of joy to his children. Our greatest happiness will come out of our efforts to bring happiness to others.

Yesterday when I was making calls in the local hospital, I visited with an elderly lady who has about as good a reason for being filled with resentment as anyone I ever have known. Not so long ago she was done an enormous injustice, and yet through the entire experience she has kept her sweetness and good will. I asked her how she managed to overcome her resentments, and you will be interested in her reply.

She said: "Oh, I could never afford to be resentful. I long ago found that resentment has a way of poisoning me. My stomach cannot stand resentment; my blood pressure cannot stand resentment; my complexion cannot stand resentment. When I find my anger turning into resentment, I just start doing all of the good that I can do, and the more I do for others, the more I am able to bear any unkindness done me."

What a wonderful philosophy she has! She does to her troubles what the oyster does to an irritating grain of sand. The oyster builds a pearl around the sand, and when things are

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## FROM A MOTHER'S NOTEBOOK

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

One day Barbara, our nine-year-old, was watching as I bathed and dressed our new-borne son. "Mother," she asked, "don't you ever get tired of all the things you have to do for Billy?" Instinctively I wanted to answer, "No, because I love him."

But was that the truth? Sometimes the laundry seems an insurmountable task; sometimes my patience wears thin as Billy spits vegetables all over his clean clothes. Can I really say that I never get tired of it?

A moment's thought led me to the truthful answer. "Yes, sometimes I do get tired. But I love Billy, and I want him to be clean and comfortable and happy, so I do these things even when I'm tired. Besides, I was once a baby myself. Somebody did these things for me. Now it is my turn to take good care of my babies."

We don't have to love *all* our tasks; but we perform them conscientiously, even happily, if they benefit those we love.

\* \* \*

I save the second-class mail that arrives at our house . . . the kind that ordinarily ends up in the wastebasket. On rainy days the girls like to play "Mailman" with a big stack of real honest-to-goodness mail. Sometimes they erect shoebox mailboxes on fence posts, etc., and use their bicycle and tricycle to "deliver the mail."

We like to play "Library," too. A friend who works in a department store saves the re-order cards from hose and slip boxes for our girls.

\* \* \*

Sometimes in the rush of providing and caring for the physical needs of the children, I wonder if we are neglecting anything that is not so tangible but no less important to their eventual well-being? How we hope that our young folks may grow to be cultured, poised, intelligent, devout adults! Music, literature, the arts, religious training, the sports that add such zest to life . . . how are we to find time for all of this? I cannot depend on school and church alone, for I see all too well their limitations in this respect. Somehow I must create the opportunity to teach these things, too, or to make them available to my little ones.

\* \* \*

For the first time in my married life, I am holding no offices in various organizations, doing no community work, attending very few of the endless meetings that are always being called. Up until a few months ago I was working hard on the re-organization plans for the Centerville Community School, but even that has been curtailed now. Paul has been faithful to all of his church and school duties, and I find it is very nice to stay at home.

\* \* \*

It is time to feed young William Edward. I am sure that life will hold few years as happy as this one.



Kristin's a great one for keeping busy with fancy work. Every time she comes to Shenandoah she brings along something she's embroidering. Her work is amazingly good too.

## "THE THINGS I KEEP TELLING MYSELF"

By

Esther Sigbee

Often we are the victims of our own little white lies. I have found, when I trouble to ask who I am kidding, the answer can often very well be me. For example, here is a partial list of my most frequent falacies—the things I keep telling myself:

I can get by without doing the laundry for just one more day. It isn't going to rain tomorrow anyway.

Everybody gets a little pudgy around the middle after they've had three or four children. Exercises would only make me hungry and I'd eat all the more and get all the fatter.

I can get by without cleaning real good before the party. Nobody except the hostess notices a little dirt in the corners.

My Old Man isn't any worse than any other husband, but when I think of all the men I *could* have married . . .

They won't elect me to an office in the club if I stay home from the meeting.

I have the same measurements as Marilyn Monroe—only I've got her bust measurement at the waist and her waist measurement at the top.

We have a pretty good supply of food on hand so it won't cost much on this trip to the store.

I could do it too, if I had as much time as she has.

I'll put this button where I can find it and I'll sew it on later.

It isn't the cost of the gift that counts, it's the spirit in which it is given.

I wouldn't have gone even if I had been invited.

I'll let the pans soak until morning. Then I'll have lots more time to do them.

I could look as good as she does if I had all the money she spends on hair, skin, clothes and good girdles—and if I could be her age again.

They'll think I got this run in my stocking after I arrived at the party.

I'll leave the living room messy just this once. Nobody is going to drop in, anyway.

I'll eat just one handful of this popcorn.

I'll charge these gifts until after the holidays. There won't be so many expenses then and it'll be easier to pay the bills.

I'll watch the beginning of this late TV show. I only want to know how the movie starts out.

I don't really need to have a dental check-up. I haven't had any toothaches so I certainly couldn't have any cavities.

That was a wonderful letter I received in the mail this morning. I'll sit right down after lunch and answer it.

It does a person's hair good to wait a while between permanents.

Certainly it won't do any harm to go to bed without removing my make-up as long as I am so tired.

I'll take a nice, long soak in the bathtub. The kids are all well occupied and that telephone call I'm expecting probably won't come through, anyway.

Well, even if I was a little lax in that department, at least they know I mean well.

We'll sell the baby buggy, the play pen and the high chair. We won't have any more use for them at our house.

If a little of this detergent is good, a whole lot should be better.

What if we can't afford it? It's the little luxuries in life you remember long after the necessities are forgotten.

Let's stay out just a little bit longer. There's not too much I have to do tomorrow and in the afternoon I'll take a nice long nap.

## AT THE GATE OF THE YEAR

I said to the man at the gate of the year:

"What light canst thou lend to those entering here?"

I never have traveled this pathway before;

Thy help and thy counsel I humbly implore.

How can I discover what lieth ahead, That I may walk safely wherever I tread?

The man at the gate, turning kindly to me,

Spoke words of assurance that answered my plea:

"The way that seems dark can be cheerfully trod

By putting thy trust in the guidance of God.

He goeth before thee, He knoweth the way;

Just follow His counsel from day unto day."



## NEWS FROM OUR COLORADO DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

What are your thoughts as you approach the finish of one year and the start of another? Are you grateful that 1958 is almost past history? Are you impatient to make a fresh start on better living with 1959? Or do you reluctantly take your leave of a happy and fruitful twelve months, fearful that the next twelve cannot possibly be equally fine?

Perhaps you are like myself and have mixed feelings about the past and the future. There are many things I had hoped to accomplish this year that never got done at all. Other things were done poorly when, with more effort, I could have done a better job. And yet I can have few regrets about 1958. Mostly I feel terribly grateful for the blessings of good food, good housing, health and happiness showered upon our family.

It would be pretty hard not to feel gratitude after the quietly refreshing day we have just enjoyed. Even though it is winter, the weather is so warm in Denver that we can be outside in shirtsleeves. The grass is green and the alysium is still in full bloom.

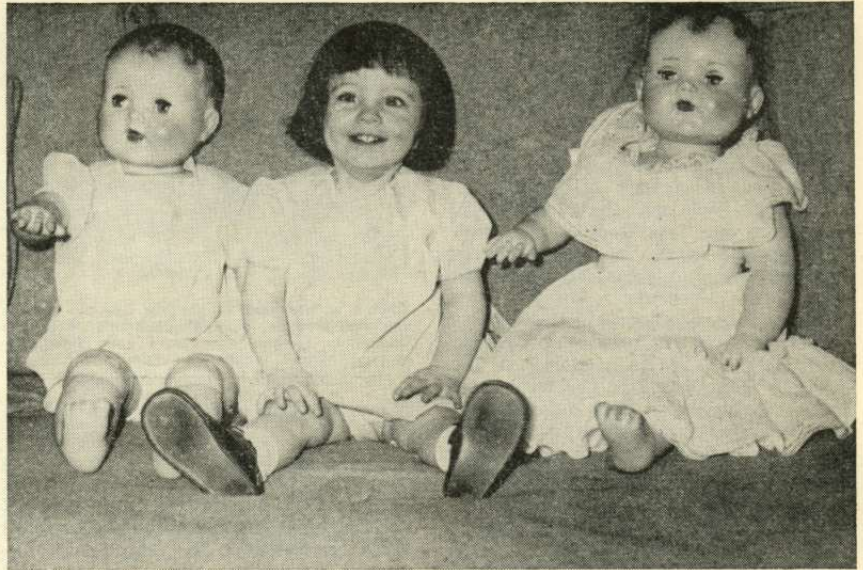
There was a bit of a scramble this morning for the children and me to make it to 9:00 o'clock church services a few minutes early. Emily and Alison sing in the children's choir and I teach a class of fourth graders. Wayne sings in the adult choir at the 11:00 o'clock service so we have to hurry home to get the car back for his use.

After Sunday dinner and dishes were out of the way, we changed into warmer clothing, piled jackets and children (including a few from the neighborhood) into the car and took off for the mountains. We drove up Bear Creek Canyon to an inviting spot just beyond Evergreen, Colo. The children had a marvelous time sailing pine cones down the partially frozen stream, climbing over the rocks up a "great huge cliff" and following the trail through the "forest." There was just enough snow and ice about to make things really interesting.

We arrived home again just after dark with ravenous appetites that made short work of a mountain of popcorn, apples and hot cocoa. After such a strenuous workout the children were soon fast asleep, and Wayne and I settled down to a leisurely session with the Sunday papers.

Now, I'll grant that this kind of day doesn't give one the great sense of accomplishment that comes from a day filled with hard work, but what a reward it is to our busy lives to relax occasionally with simple recreation after morning worship!

In addition to his weekly church school classes, Clark has two extra school mornings a month. He attends one of the Jefferson County pre-schools each second and fourth Monday morning. Frankly, I could have selected a more convenient time for pre-school, but the Board of Education didn't consult me. The pre-schools are actually only a by-product of the



This is one of our very favorite pictures from the family album. Emily is sitting between two of Juliana's dolls and we've always thought she looked just like a doll herself!

Adult Education Department. It is basically an educational program for mothers in the growth and development of pre-school age children. While the children meet for supervised play in one room, the mothers meet for lectures and discussion in another room.

One surprising disadvantage of our residence in Jefferson County is the pitifully inadequate library facilities. We have the poorest excuses for libraries that I have ever encountered. Denver has a very fine and very beautiful main library. (Those of you who have been here may remember seeing this handsome modern building located in the Civic Center complex down town.) Recently, however, the fee for library cards for non-residents was increased to ten dollars.

The nursery business is relatively quiet at this time of year. Wayne is free to spend almost every evening helping install an accoustical tile ceiling in the basement of our church. The church school is overflowing with children and the noise problem is acute.

Wayne is also a member of the "Bishop's Committee," the executive body of our mission church. He served in a similar capacity in the church in Shenandoah. Both churches are about the same in size of membership but some of the problems are quite different.

For instance, here the preparation of an accurate parish roster of names and addresses is a major problem. There are so many, many people moving in and out, and visiting around that it is almost impossible to keep the list up to date. Some attend one church for several Sundays, then switch to a different church. One family may want to be included after their first Sunday, while the next may attend for years and never transfer their affiliation.

All denominations have a real problem in building enough space to house the ever-growing population. It is no small challenge to prepare and operate a church budget under such circumstances.

I haven't had an opportunity to tell you that at the last moment we changed plans about Thanksgiving. After planning to be in our own home in Denver, we decided to join the family in Shenandoah. Needless to say, we had no sooner completed the necessary arrangements for the trip when a new weather forecast came out predicting highly unsuitable driving weather.

Fortunately, the snow-section of the storm veered north of our route. It was cold, but the highways across Colorado and Nebraska were completely free of snow and ice as we headed east. We drove on highways 6, 34 and 2. As far as we are concerned, the state of Nebraska desperately needs a road-repair program for their highways that we encountered! While traffic was light, the poor roads were not a strain. But as the Thanksgiving traffic increased late in the afternoon, driving became quite difficult.

We appreciated one feature near the Nebraska highways very much. I refer now to the great number of beautiful plantings of trees and evergreens. Although designed as a soil conservation measure, they add tremendous beauty to the state. The scenic contrast between western Nebraska and eastern Colorado is a real tribute to good conservation.

We left Denver shortly before 6 a.m. Mountain time and arrived in Shenandoah at 8 p.m. Central time. And we observed all the speed limits! We stopped only for lunch, dinner and to service the car. I had packed a light breakfast of fruit juice, coffee and breakfast rolls in one of our picnic baskets. This we saved until we had gotten beyond the stops and starts of the traffic lights in Denver.

You can easily realize that we had a marvelous time visiting with family and friends. It was a real joy to find everyone so well and happy. Surely God has blessed us all.

Cordially yours,  
Abigail



## PORTRAIT OF A CHURCH

By

*Evelyn Corrie Birkby*

When you travel into the Windy city or see a picture of the skyline of Chicago, look near the center of the loop area and you'll find the high, cross-topped spire of the Chicago Temple. It is significant that over the top of the skyscrapers, up from the noisy and crowded streets stands high the cross. It is in its proper perspective. Because of its location it has come to mean much to the weary, the tired, the heartsick, the lonesome. In its own way it is a beacon upon which many lean, even though they may never have stepped inside the doors of the sanctuary.

The First Methodist church, known as the Chicago Temple, is a building—a construction of stone and wood and steel. It houses in its twenty-four floors of offices many church and philanthropic organizations. The church is contained in the first three floors and the basement, a unit in itself; and is completely dependent upon its own budget for running expenses just like any other church.

High in the spire under the cross are the chimes that ring out across the city at noon, in the evening when people are going home from work, on Sundays and on days of special religious significance. The chimes are the familiar Deacon variety, played electrically from rolls which look all the world like player piano rolls. It is interesting to stand by the store on the corner and watch people as the first strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers" or "Rock of Ages" begin to penetrate through the sound of the buses, heavy traffic and the policeman's whistle. Some stop and listen for a moment, calmer for the sound of an old familiar hymn. Perhaps they are even transported for a moment back to their childhood when they sat with their father and mother in the pew of a little church back home.

Just below the chimes but still in the spire is a space which proves that dreams *do* become reality in some instances. Once inhabited only by spiders and dust and big cross-beams, it now is the home of an exquisite jewel, the Chapel in the Sky. Four hundred feet above the noise of the city street it is a place of quiet and peace and beauty. The great beams have been covered with carved oak and woven into the design of the room. The octagon-shaped chapel has a large cross in the dome which includes the symbols of eternal life—the peacock, the fig tree, the heavenly bodies and the butterfly.

Sixteen stained glass windows depicting different periods of church and Bible history now fill the space previously held by dull plain window-lights. The altar itself has an unusual outline cross of metal, and the front of it is a wood carving of Christ looking over the city. Upon close scrutiny the city is easily recognized as Chicago. The view depicted is exactly the



Evelyn at her desk in the big Chicago church she describes for you. Undoubtedly there are thousands of you who have seen this skyscraper church when you visited in Chicago.

same as that seen from the Temple spire.

The room itself holds from sixteen to twenty people. It is used primarily for personal devotions, meetings of small church groups and an occasional wedding. Tours to the chapel are conducted each day and a number of times on Sunday.

Beneath the sky chapel another section of the spire contained two more unused floors. Huge nineteen foot windows were in each section of the octagon. Ceilings soared high. But again, it was a place to dream and in the end the vision became a reality. A beautiful, very adequate parsonage is now completed in the two-story space and there the minister and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Charles R. Goff, make their home.

The first floor of the parsonage, reached from the twenty-second story of the building by a tiny private elevator, includes a large living room with dining area. The walls are deep coral with chartreuse window recesses to match chartreuse draw draperies. The warm cocoa brown of the ceiling is echoed in a pair of brown leather cushioned chairs. Green plants under the big round glass-topped coffee table and next to the wrought iron chairs and table in the dining area add pleasant accents to the room. Carpeting in the room is gray, as is much of the furniture. Yellow cushions piped with green are on the dining room chairs.

Just off the dining area is a lovely kitchen and utility room. The walls are a bright sunny yellow. False ceilings reduce the height of the rooms and the windows. The irregularities created by the buttresses were woven into the design of the room by the building of window seats.

North of the living room a flat roof was transformed into a terrace. This is not only a lovely place for the minister and his family (three married daughters and six grandchildren) but for the groups of young people who frequently have "sings" on the high pinnacle above the city.

The second story of the Goff's skyscraper home contains two lovely bedrooms. Rich blue-green, white and gold are the colors in one room. The other bedroom uses the same three colors with the addition of red.

At night the lights along the North and South Shore drives, the boats on the lake, the small dots of cars skittering to and fro all make jewels in

the setting of the city. Many times Dr. Goff has said, "Just listen to that symphony! To some people the city is full of noise and confusion, but to me it is a symphony."

Dr. Goff has created much of this symphony of hope. When he came to the Chicago Temple in 1942 it was considered a dying church. With confidence that the needs of the people in the heart of a big city were the same as those in any other location, Dr. Goff began preaching the simple story of Love. His sermons were homey and down-to-earth where people could catch hold and take them into their own lives. No matter what the needs, no matter how grave the problems the answers were found within the quiet sanctuary or in the counseling moments in the pastor's study. Dr. Goff brought the message of Christ to the very center of the skyscrapers and the offices. He has truly earned the name of "Shepherd of the Loop."

A church is a building, yes, but it must be more than that. Telling about the Temple is difficult because it is mainly a personality. It is a quiet muted sanctuary with singing angels carved high on wooden beams. It is a beautifully colored stained glass window with Christ holding out His arms in welcome. It is an altar with softly glowing candles, an organ sending out melodious chords, a choir's lilting voice, a peaceful chapel, an inspiring picture of Sallman's "Head of Christ." It is a big recreation room full of laughter and happiness. It is the faces of those of every race and religion who come within its walls. It is worship, friendship, compassion, comfort.

How well I remember one gloomy, rainy day (and the city can be a dismal looking place at such a time). I sat in the office where I did my exciting work as Director of Youth Activities and watched the gray of the misty day come filtering in through the window. My mood matched the view and it was difficult to find the joyfulness which should be part and parcel of church work. I began longing for the sight of a sunset such as my native Iowan's know so well. Just to see the bright range of colors would lift my flagging spirits, I knew. But there was little chance to find such a sight with tall skyscrapers blocking every view.

I peered wistfully out the window at the one tiny triangle of sky between the giant buildings. There, in that infinite small space, was a cloud. As I watched, it began to reflect the rosy hue of some far away sunset. Surely it was shining just for me! It reached a glorious glittering pink, then gradually faded.

That pink cloud is very carefully tucked away in my memory. Now I know that no matter how gloomy the day, if I can only keep my sights high I can catch a glow, a reflection of the greatness God has put upon the earth for us. Whether we are in a big city and go to a large church or if we live on a farm and attend a small country church, keeping our goal high and having the glow of the love of Jesus in our lives is of primary importance.



## MARGERY REPORTS ON A CHURCH DINNER AND A TRIP

Dear Friends:

Everyone is scurrying around getting ready for Christmas. Our season's decorations are spread over fresh newspapers on the workbench in the basement so we can locate broken ornaments, test light cords, etc., before bringing them upstairs, and by the time you read this letter it will all be over! In place of spending the evening over Christmas lists we will be making plans for the new year.

We are waiting until the holidays are over before starting the redecorating on Martin's bedroom. So far we are still undecided as to how much we will do. The carpenter's estimates are in our hands now for some of the changes but our minds have been too full of other things to come to any decisions.

You may recall that last year our Congregational church had a Silent Bazaar in the form of a Pig Dinner. It was so successful that we planned a similar dinner this winter except that wild game was the meat course instead of roast pig. We had pheasant, wild duck, rabbit, venison, antelope, moose and buffalo as well as turkey, roast beef and ham. It was called a Pilgrim Dinner for we had many of the items of food that the Pilgrims had during that first hard winter. A large picture one of our church members had sketched of some Indians and Pilgrims, trees, a log cabin, and table was the center of attention.

As we arrived, each of us drew a slip of paper from a basket that told what we were to add to the picture. Martin drew a squirrel, Oliver a rabbit and I chose the easiest thing of all to draw—a pie! It was interesting to see the progress of the picture as each "artist" added his bit.

The men and women who served were dressed as Pilgrims and the young people who assisted were dressed as Indians. And of course, another main feature was the big Pilgrim hat into which we put our gifts of money for the church.

Since I wrote to you the last time we have had a very enjoyable trip to Iowa City. Oliver had to attend a conference at the University and I decided it would be an opportunity to visit cousin Gretchen Harshbarger and her husband Clay. I also arranged to see an orthopedist about a back ailment of many year's standing which had given me a great deal of pain in recent months.

You never know just what to expect in the line of weather when you start out at this time of the year, but fortunately we had quite mild weather the five days we were gone. The morning we left the sun was shining and the ground was dazzling white with frost. We stopped at Frank and Dorothy's for lunch and then drove on to Iowa City, arriving at the hotel around 4:30. I had written Gretchen that we would spend the first night at the hotel for they were in New York City that week and weren't positive what day they would return.

The next morning just as we returned from the coffee shop Gretchen called and asked us to come on out to the house for breakfast. Since we are early birds and had just eaten, we told her we would look around the University first and drive out in time for lunch. It had been fifteen years since I had spent any time in Iowa City and, like most colleges and universities, a great many buildings had been built in that time. (Several years ago we passed through as we were returning from a vacation but that day it was raining and we couldn't see much.)

Gretchen had a lovely lunch waiting for us when we finally arrived and we settled down to as much conversation as food! Foremost I was interested in their new home which I had never seen before. It has the most gorgeous view of any home I have ever been in—right on the bank of the beautiful Iowa River. The living room facing the river has walls of glass and standing there you feel you are a part of the out-of-doors. I told Gretchen I didn't think I could ever do any work if I lived there for wanting to sit and admire the view! She says it is especially fun in the summer for on weekends there are many motor boats and fishermen on the river.

We spent a good deal of time sight-seeing. Iowa City has many beautiful old homes. Grant Wood's home I thought especially lovely.

One of the high spots was visiting the home of one of the first governors of Iowa. The old Lucas home is now a State Historical Site and is called Plum Grove. History is one of my favorite subjects so you can know that I was extremely interested in going through it. The caretaker is an antique collector himself and some of his own collection was on display, as well as the heirlooms of the Lucas family and other items in keeping with the period. If ever you visit Iowa City do make an effort to visit "Plum Grove" for it is open to the public and certainly worth the time.

After our stop here we drove to West Branch to visit the birthplace of Herbert Hoover. There is such a nice little park near the house, reached by crossing over the west branch of Wapsinonoc Creek on a footbridge. It is in this park that the statue of Iris, the Goddess of Life, stands—the statue which was presented by a committee of Belgian school children, Belgian refugees and soldiers in recognition of the distinguished services rendered by Hoover in administering Belgian relief during and after World War I. I hope you will have an opportunity to stop here some time too.

One evening we drove to Amana to have dinner at the famous Ox Yoke Inn. I know many of you have eaten at some of the restaurants in the various Amana Colonies and know what wonderful food is served. I wish I had been able to spend some time going through the well-known Amana factories, but with my back condition it just wasn't possible.

I was greatly impressed with the

size of the University Hospitals as well as the attention one receives there. My appointment was at the Children's Hospital where the office of the orthopedist was located. You will remember that Mabel Nair Brown's daughter Sharon was there for some time and Mabel wrote a detailed account about the hospital in an issue of Kitchen-Klatter last summer.

Martin reminded me that I promised to make some popcorn before he went to bed, so this must be all for now.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

## WHAT THE NEW YEAR BRINGS

He comes across the wide white world,  
The world of ice and snow,  
Just as the Old Year, worn and wan  
And weary, turns to go.  
And young and fair, with smiling face,  
And footsteps light and free,  
The New Year marches blithely in,  
And greets us cheerily.

And as the Old Year slips away,  
He kindly with him takes  
The pages we have blurred and  
marred  
With failures and mistakes.  
The blighted hopes and needless fears  
Are gone beyond recall,  
And ours once more the fair, clean  
page  
The New Year brings to all.

A fair, clean page where we may write  
A record good to read,  
Of noble thought and lofty aim,  
And kindly word and deed;  
Of many things worth-while achieved,  
Of duty nobly done,  
Of righted wrongs, and grudges laid,  
And evil overcome.

And so we greet the glad New Year  
With strong, courageous heart,  
And putting all mistakes away  
Resolve to do our part  
To overcome all hindrances,  
To make all weights our wings,  
And all our failures stepping stones  
To higher, better things.

—Author Unknown

## COVER PICTURE

One day last Spring when Russell and I were driving on the old highway between Lawrence, Kansas and Topeka, we saw this country church. The brilliant early morning light struck it in such a way that it simply glistened against a brilliant blue sky.

We drove up into the churchyard and Russell snapped this picture because somehow it summoned up to us all country churches in all of our Midwest. We don't know the denomination of this church and we don't know its exact location, but we do know that it seemed to stand on the hillside like a rock of simple Faith and Belief. All of human life, its sorrows and its joys, have been encompassed within those plain white walls.

—Lucile



## THERE'S A MAN IN THE KITCHEN!

By  
Frederick

My Betty says that she has as much right to tell me how to drive from the back seat of the car, as I have to tell her how to cook from the dining room table. There is much of truth in that, and since she is soon to write a book on the womanly art of backseat driving, I think that I should begin the practice of expounding some of my ideas about the kitchen.

My first word of advice to you good ladies who hold court in the kitchen is to open the windows! Do you know that most women never think to do anything about the clouds of heat that pour into a kitchen? Just last week I went into one of the three big kitchens here in our church parish house, and there I found about twenty women practically prostrate with heat!

"For goodness' sakes," I said, "why don't you open some windows?" And do you know what they said in reply? Well, they said exactly what my Betty has said on many similar occasions. They said: "We are too busy to bother with that!"

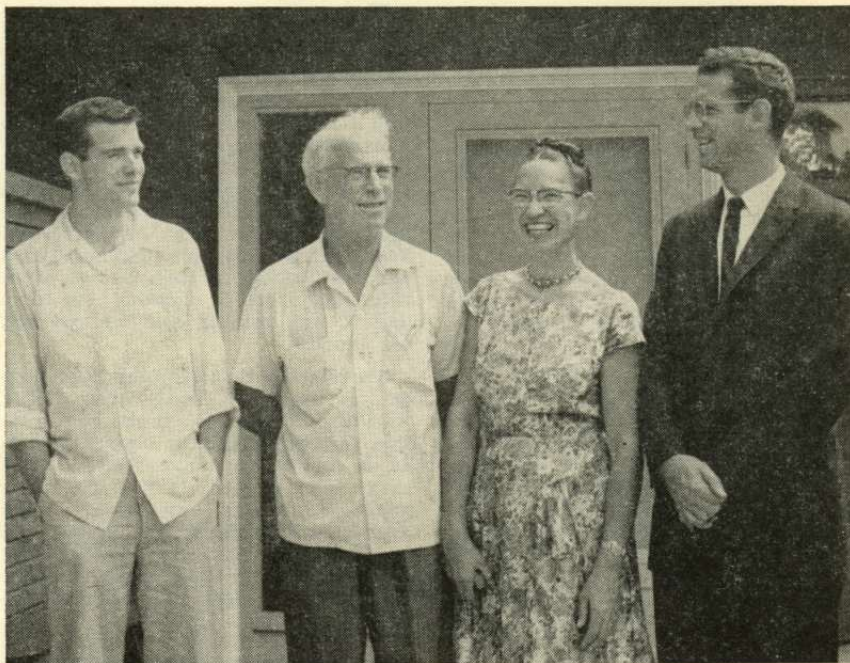
Many times in my work as a parish minister I have been invited into the kitchen of a home for a cup of coffee. You see, most of the women know of my interest in cooking, and they like to show me their lovely kitchens. If the women have been working in their kitchens when I call, I am almost 100% certain to find the temperature far, far too high for comfort. I would like to know how you women stand it? Certainly no man would tolerate such working conditions. When I work in our kitchen at the parsonage, the very first thing I do is to open all windows and doors. There is absolutely no sense in cooking one's self!

My second word of advice to you this month is to get a tray! Just the other day I was a guest in a home where I saw the hostess make at least fifteen round trips from the kitchen to the dining room while in the process of setting the table and putting on the dinner. First she would carry in the silver, and then she carried in the glasses, and then she carried in the sugar and the cream and the salt and pepper. And on and on, marching back and forth until the poor dear must have been nearly exhausted.

With the use of one good tray of restaurant size, she could have set the entire table with not more than two trips from the kitchen, and she could have put all the food on in just one trip.

Really now, I ask you, *why* do you ladies refuse to use trays? Do you have some kind of a martyr complex that drives you to such sacrifice? I'll admit that while most men may not know how to set a table *properly*, I am quite certain that they know how to set one *easily*. Whenever Betty permits me to help with the table setting, I pride myself on being able to do it all in one round trip.

Here is my recipe for this month—



This recent picture of the Harshbarger family was taken in front of their new home in Iowa City that Margery tells you about in her letter. At the left is Karl—he is spending this academic year at the U. of Nebraska in Lincoln. Professor Clay Harshbarger is the head of the Department of Speech at the U. of Iowa. Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger is known to many of you as a garden writer, and their eldest son, Fritz, is a specialist in nuclear physics.

tried, tested, and consumed by a devoted and long-patient family. Have you made any Hungarian Goulash lately? I had some in Paris on my last trip there, that was really something right out of this world. The chef of the little sidewalk cafe where I ate the Goulash would not or could not tell me the secret of his success, but to the best of my ability, I have reconstructed it.

- 1 1/2 lbs. of beef chuck
- 4 small onions
- 1/4 cup of shortening
- 1 cup of chicken broth (drainings from a roast)
- 1 small can of mushrooms
- 1 small can of tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. of vinegar
- 1 cup of light cream

Any exotic seasoning you have the nerve to use

Cut meat into small pieces and sprinkle with vinegar. Brown the onions in the shortening and then add the meat and chicken broth. Add seasoning and cook slowly for one hour. Add the tomato sauce and the mushrooms. Cook slowly for another half-hour. Just before serving, add the cream.

When served with rice this goulash is superb. Something like this needs imagination in the seasoning. Throw off all restraint, girls, and add that something extra you always have wanted to try. Be brave! This dish may make you famous!

### SOME REFLECTIONS ABOUT FOOD

As all of you know, if you have known us for any length of time, we're great believers in good, sound, honest food.

This means, in turn, that we're great

believers in sitting down to the table as a family for at least one meal every day. We put it this way because in countless homes today there are complications that make it impossible for the family to gather together except for one meal.

But you'd be amazed at the number of families who *could* sit down together for this one meal—but don't. We think such families are missing a great deal. And if you disagree, think back to your own childhood years when it was taken for granted that the family would sit down at the table on schedule and eat the food placed before them. We've noticed, from reading all your letters through the years, that most people place right at the top of the list of their happy memories connected with home, the warm and comforting memory associated with all of the family together at the table.

If you've slipped into the habit of running what might be called a short order service and letting the kids grab up whatever strikes their fancy at whatever time they please, why don't you turn over a new leaf with a resounding bang as 1959 comes around the corner?

There'll be rumpus and protest for a while and frequently it will be a big temptation just to let them do as they please, but if you weather this stormy time and stick by your guns the day will come (and sooner than you think) when they'll take for granted the fact that they're expected to be right at the family table right on schedule. They'll be thankful, in years to come, that you insisted upon this.

Good luck to you in your campaign. You'll need it!

—Leanna, Lucile, Margery



## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

### HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU FIXED . . .

Creamed eggs on toast?  
Corned beef hash?  
Baked custard?  
Floating Island pudding?  
Deviled eggs?  
Salmon patties?  
Rice pudding?  
Home-made doughnuts?  
Baked apples?  
Home-made gingerbread?

These are all simple things, all very good when made right, and all slip so easily from mind that now and then it comes to you with a sense of shock, "Why, I haven't fixed any rice pudding for a long, long time." Any of the above things can be substituted for rice pudding; it's just that we have a way of forgetting this dish or that dish for months on end.

### CHICAGO HAM LOAF

There are so many recipes for ham loafs that to distinguish this special one I have called it "Chicago Ham Loaf." This is the delicious meat we were served at our friend's home when we spent a night there enroute to Nova Scotia.

1 3/4 lb. ground ham, cooked or uncooked

2 lbs. fresh lean pork

1 cup cracker crumbs

1 cup milk

1 egg

1 small onion, grated

2 Tbls. pimento

1/2 green pepper, chopped

2 Tbls. chopped parsley (if on hand)

Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients and handle in one of two ways: bake in two bread loaf pans about 1 1/2 hours at 350 degrees, OR make into individual servings, place on baking sheet, and bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Be sure individual loaves are uniform in size and shape.

During last 10 minutes of baking period, baste three or four times with the following Glaze:

1 cup brown sugar

1 Tbls. prepared mustard

1/4 tsp. ground cloves

2 Tbls. vinegar, pickle brine or fruit juice

Bring this to a boil and pour over ham, basting as mentioned above.

A big chop platter with these individual ham loaves and candied apple rings or pickled peaches or crabapples makes a very handsome sight, and it is wonderful eating.

### SUNDAY GREEN BEANS

These green beans are expensive to fix, but oh! so good! They were also served that night in Chicago, and Juliana and Kristin had about three helpings of them!

2 lbs. fresh green beans

1 small box fresh mushrooms

1/2 stick of butter

Salt—fresh ground pepper and

A dash of fresh nutmeg

Boil beans until just tender in salted water. Do not overcook—they should be almost crisp. Brown the mushrooms slowly in the butter, leaving cover on for first two or three minutes. Combine with beans and seasonings just before taking to the table.

My friend says: "Sometimes I make a cream sauce to 'bind' the beans and mushrooms together, but only if I have chicken fat on hand. It gives a flavor you can't get from anything else."

### ABIGAIL'S SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

(This is cheap, simple, and good enough for company dinner.)

Place a layer of cooked sweet potatoes in buttered casserole. Combine 1 cup apple sauce with 1/4 cup brown sugar and 1/2 teaspoon of nutmeg and spread over them. Top with dots of butter and 2 tablespoons of chopped nuts. Bake for about 20 minutes in 375 degree oven. This is delicious served with sausage.

### CHEESE BAKE

This dish comes in handy when we have a couple of Juliana's friends at the table for lunch. They all "go for it" and lick the dish clean.

12 slices day-old bread

1/2 lb. American cheese, thinly sliced

4 beaten eggs

2 1/2 cups milk

1 1/2 tsp. grated onion or a dash of onion salt

1 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. dry mustard

Remove crusts from bread and cut on the diagonal. Butter a baking dish 11 1/2 x 7 1/2 and arrange 6 slices of bread in it. Cover with cheese slices and then add remaining bread. Combine all other ingredients and pour over bread. Let stand in refrigerator at least one hour. Then bake in a 325 oven for around 40 minutes or until puffy and golden brown.

(I like to serve link sausages with this—makes a hearty and satisfying lunch, topped off with fruit and cookies for dessert.)

### COCOANUT MACAROONS

2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

1 cup sugar

2 cups cornflakes

1 cup shredded cocoanut

Add sugar, cornflakes and cocoanut to egg whites. Drop on greased and floured sheet and bake 15 minutes in a 300 degree oven.

### CHERRY-PINEAPPLE PIE

You can't beat a good cherry pie, and pineapple pie can be mighty fine eating too (this is one of Russell's great favorites), but once in a while, just for variety, this combination of fruit is a real pleasure to run across.

2 1/2 cups pitted sour red cherries

1 cup sugar

3 Tbls. cornstarch

3/4 cup cherry liquid

1 cup crushed pineapple

2 Tbls. honey

Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter

almond flavoring

2 Tbls. butter

Few drops of red food coloring, if desired

Combine sugar and cornstarch in saucepan. Blend in cherry juice. Add pineapple and cook until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add remaining ingredients. Pour into 9-inch unbaked pastry shell, cover with top crust, and bake in a 400 degree oven for about 40 minutes. This is extra good with a scoop of vanilla ice cream on top.

### TASTY SPICED CARROTS

6 medium size carrots

1/2 cup vinegar

1 Tbls. white mustard seed

2 whole cloves

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup water

2 sticks cinnamon

2 cloves

Scrape carrots, cut in narrow sticks and cook in boiling salted water until barely tender. Combine all remaining ingredients, simmer for 10 minutes, strain, and then pour over carrots and chill.

I fix these now and then to go on a big relish plate—find them a nice change from plain old carrot sticks. I make them up about three days in advance of the time I expect to use them and keep them in a covered jar in the refrigerator. They should be served icy cold.

(The liquid drained off comes in handy for adding a little extra zip to Harvard beets.)

### BAKED HOMINY WITH CHEESE

3 Tbls. butter

6 Tbls. flour

1 tsp. salt

1/8 tsp. pepper

1/2 tsp. dry mustard

2 cups milk

1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

1/2 tsp. grated onion

1/2 lb. American cheese, grated

2 No. 2 cans hominy

1/3 cup dry bread crumbs

Melt butter; add flour and seasonings; blend. Gradually add milk and cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Stir in Worcestershire sauce, onion and cheese. Place drained hominy in a 1 1/2 quart greased casserole. Pour over the cheese sauce. Sprinkle crumbs on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 30 minutes. Serves 6.



## RECIPE OF THE MONTH

I can't remember just when we've given a recipe that caused as much stir as our Scrumptuous Velvet Chiffon Burnt Sugar Pie.

It seems to me, from reading your letters, that half the women in the Midwest have had the happy experience of running into a piece of this for club refreshments. If you wanted to serve a dessert for some church supper or luncheon that people would never forget, and would talk about for months, this Burnt Sugar Pie would be the thing to fix. Anyone who is willing to follow directions can turn out one that is perfect.

People who've eaten all over the country, from Coast to Coast and from Canada to the Gulf, say it has the most delicious flavor of any Chiffon pie they've ever eaten. We hope you try it right away. I might add that I always spread whipped cream over the top even though it *can* be served plain. Sure this adds to the calories, but a lot of people don't need to think about calories, and even people who *do* keep a sharp eye on the subject are entitled to a tiny little fling when they go out and look forward to refreshments or dessert.

So here we are with a recipe you'd better not pass up if you want to make your reputation as a fine cook—and such an easy way to make that reputation!

### SCRUMPTUOUS VELVET CHIFFON BURNT SUGAR PIE

- 1 cup milk
- 1 envelope plain gelatine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Baked 9-inch pastry shell

Put cold milk in top part of the double boiler and add to it the gelatine. Let gelatine dissolve thoroughly before turning on fire.

Beat the 4 egg yolks, add 1/4 cup sugar and salt. Add this to the milk-gelatine mixture, and cook, over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats a spoon—in other words, until it reaches the stage of a thin custard.

Remove from heat and add Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Chill until thickened, but not firm. Beat 4 egg whites until foamy and gradually add the remaining 1/2 cup sugar, beating until stiff, but not dry. Fold this meringue into gelatine mixture and pile lightly in pastry shell. Chill until firm.

Can be served plain or spread with whipped cream that has been sweetened with powdered sugar and flavored with 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring. This is an absolutely delicious pie.

An Old Timer is one who remembers when we counted our blessings instead of our calories.

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### CHURCH SALAD

- Combine 2 cups fresh cranberries
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sugar

Cook for five minutes. Then take potato masher and mash up berries. Add 1 pkg. of any red colored gelatine to hot liquid, plus 1 envelope plain gelatine that has been dissolved in 1/3 cup cold water. Turn half of this into a glass baking dish, 7x11 and let stand until firm. Have at room temperature:

- 1 8 oz. pkg. cream cheese

Mix this with 1/2 cup orange juice. Add to it 1 envelope plain gelatine that has first been dissolved in 1/3 cup cold water, then melted over hot water. Add 1 cup of very well-drained crushed pineapple.

When bottom layer of red cranberry mixture is firm, add the cheese-pineapple layer.

When cheese-pineapple layer is firm, use remaining red cranberry mixture to spread over top. You have a three-layer salad, very firm. This is tart. A small square of it served on a piece of lettuce on a plate will add much color to the plate, and also is firm enough not to melt down or soften and spread into other food.

### QUICK BACON-NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups noodles, or 1/4 lb.
  - 8 slices bacon, halved
  - 1/4 cup bacon drippings
  - 1 clove garlic or shake of garlic salt
  - 1/2 cup minced onions
  - 1 No. 2 can tomatoes or 2 1/2 cups
  - 1 cup soft bread crumbs
  - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. sugar
  - 1/4 cup grated parmesan cheese
- Cook noodles and drain. Meanwhile cook bacon until crisp, remove and pour off drippings. Return 1/4 cup drippings to skillet; add onion and garlic and cook until onion is just tender. Add remaining ingredients saving some of the crumbs and cheese to sprinkle over top. Bake in covered casserole for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove lid to brown top crumbs and cheese.

### OLIVE DRESSING

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- Add:
- 2 Tbls. chili sauce
- 2 Tbls. chopped stuffed olives
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup cream, whipped



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

At the time you read this we'll be suspended in the last few hours before an old year ends and a new one begins.

Some people may spend this period in a gay, hilarious frame of mind, but I'm not among them. For me, it is a period of taking mental inventory. I cannot help but look at the twelve months so soon to be concluded and ponder upon all they have held; I cannot help but stack the entire picture against what I expected and hoped for exactly a year ago. It never ceases to astound me; how different it can all come out!

Well, men and women have been reflecting upon this since the beginning of Time and there seems to be only one conclusion to draw—it's simply the natural condition of being alive in our world! We hope, we plan, we dream, and we try to do better. Reality always falls far short of all these expectations, but it seems to me that human beings are to be given credit for the fact that they always yearn for the courage and the strength to create a better world. Not until this yearning ceases (and I don't think it ever will) could there be any justification for abandoning one's hopes for the new year that lies before us.

Last month I didn't write to you for the reason given in my note on page 9, but this month I'd like to answer some of the many questions that have come to me from people who are turning over in their minds the possibility of going to Nova Scotia. (Our trip to Nova Scotia was one of the big surprises of 1958! How could we know, when the year opened, that Frederick and Betty would write and ask if we could join them there?)

How you feel about a place is determined by two big things: the conditions under which you are there, and the weather. We were with members of our family whom we love—the hours we spent together will always be treasured memories. This made an enormous difference. But even the weather cooperated to make it a glorious holiday, for the Nova Scotians with whom we talked said that it was the finest weather they'd had all summer. We were just plain lucky. And I want to make this climate aspect very clear because it could certainly be a disappointment to go all that distance and never see anything but heavy fog and drizzle.

If you have all the time in the world and money enough to fool around indefinitely (we don't fall in this bracket) you can drive all the way to Nova Scotia. A study of the map will show you how this could be done. It's also possible to take a boat from Boston, but in addition to being expensive, you'd miss seeing some of the most beautiful country in the world. I think it's safe to assume that by far the greatest majority of people will be interested in driving most of the distance—and then taking a boat.

Frederick and his family drove to Bar Harbor, Maine, stayed overnight,



Juliana's idea of sheer bliss is to wind up her homework and then settle down with a good book or magazine.

and then picked up the S. S. Bluenose for the six hour trip over to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Russell, Juliana, Kristin and I drove on past Bar Harbor, crossed the Canadian border, and ended in Saint John, New Brunswick where we expected to spend the night and then board the S. S. Princess Helene WITH OUR CAR for the three hour trip to Digby, Nova Scotia.

We pulled into Saint John at 6:00 o'clock—a strange city, dense fog, and no clear idea as to exactly where we were going to spend the night. Our heads were full of the sight of the Reversible Falls, one of the most fabulous wonders of the world. Saint John is on the Bay of Fundy, with its unbelievable tides (up to 45 ft.) of great ferocity. Right in the heart of the city one can stand at a look-out point and see the tide rushing in with such enormous power that it makes the water run backwards UP the falls. I couldn't believe this until I saw it with my own eyes. And frankly, I found the spectacle of such boiling, powerful waves downright frightening.

Our heads were full of this, as I said, so as we groped our way through rush hour traffic, narrow streets and heavy fog, it seemed to us sensible to go directly to the Steamship office and buy our tickets for the next day's trip. The girls and I waited in the car while Russell went in to take care of this business, and when he came walking out I could see (after 21 years of marriage you can see such things) that he was mad and fit to be tied!

"We might as well just turn around and start home," he said, "because the first time we can get on the boat will be August 12th and it's only July 31st right now."

We were stunned! We'd driven 2,000

miles to be with Frederick, Betty and the children in Nova Scotia, and it looked as if the whole trip had been in vain. I can never recall feeling more shocked and appalled! Well, to make a long story short, it finally occurred to us that IF the boat would take us as passengers without the car, and IF Frederick would be willing to drive 80 miles to meet us when we docked, we could actually get to Nova Scotia. That's the way it worked out too. We left our car in a hotel garage and Frederick met us—so the whole trip was saved.

But let me urge anyone who is contemplating a trip where *any* kind of a boat is concerned, to be sure he makes reservations far in advance. We were extremely fortunate to have Frederick on the other side with a car so he could meet us, but other people in the steamship office were almost in tears of disappointment . . . no way for them to get their car aboard and no one in Nova Scotia to save the day. We felt sorry for them because many of them had driven almost as far as we'd driven.

We had a brilliantly beautiful day to cross the Bay of Fundy, and it was a great thrill to walk down the gang-plank and see Frederick standing on the wharf. I told him that the last time we'd told him goodbye in Omaha in May as we waited for his plane, we didn't dream that the next meeting would be under such circumstances so far, far from home.

Nova Scotia is a beautiful country and the people are extremely friendly and cordial. It struck us as a place where you could feel *safe* traveling about freely, and that's more than you can say for some places in this day and age. Fishing is their foremost industry, and premium quality lobsters are shipped out daily during the season.

"Before the days of radio it was a terrible life for women," I was told by Mrs. Roberts who cooked the wonderful meals we enjoyed so much. "We never knew when our men went off to the Grand Banks if we'd ever see them again, and many times they never returned and we never knew what had happened. Now there is always warning before a great storm and not nearly as many lives are lost."

But there are still hazards aplenty and I'm glad Russell goes to an office in the Midwest rather than out into the vast Atlantic. A fishing boat can be a puny thing in the face of towering waves.

When we left Nova Scotia we picked up the Princess Helene once again, settled back into our car at the garage in Saint John, and then drove for an hour or so until we reached a motel. On our return trip we decided to take U. S. 1 down the Maine Coast in order to see more of the country, and I can honestly say that every inch of that journey was wonderful and exciting. If you take the Maine Turnpike one way, do see if you can't take U. S. 1 the other way.

We saw old and dear friends in Saunderson, Rhode Island, skirted the edges of New York City (how

(Continued on next page)



exciting it was to see the N. Y. skyline from the George Washington Bridge) and our next stop was with Mary Fischer Chapin and her family at Glen Gardner, N. J. The next day we spent in Pennsylvania Dutch Country, and then we headed home on the familiar Turnpike route.

We were gone about three weeks and we drove close to 5,000 miles! All in all it was a marvelous trip, one that we'll remember with pleasure as long as we live.

Here are a few last pointers I'd like to mention.

Anyone who has a passion for china will go wild in Canada! After we crossed the border we found all kinds of shops in even small-sized towns, and the difference in price is staggering. You are allowed to take out \$200.00 worth of goods per person without paying duty, and you can't imagine how much fine bone china you can buy in Canada for \$200.00. I bought only a very few pieces, but someday I'd like to be in a position to buy more!

Rates of exchange go up and down, but it came as quite a start to us to find that our U. S. \$20.00 traveler's cheque brought only \$18.75. We were advised to change our money in city

banks, if possible. Gasoline is high—55¢ per liter when we were there—that's a little more than our gallon. Motel and hotel rates seemed about the same as they are in the U. S., and food was priced about the same too.

Now it is time to get out to the kitchen and do some cooking. We're expecting our old Chicago friends to spend Christmas with us, and one of the high points of my year is getting ready for them.

May 1959 be a good year for you, and may all of us acquire deeper grace to change the things that can be changed, to accept the things that cannot be changed, and to have the wisdom that will enable us to know the difference.

Faithfully yours,

*Pucile*

### FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

irritating us, we ought to build a pearl of character around the irritant.

My elderly friend in the hospital had a little poem near her Bible on the bedside table, and she gave it to me to read. It is such a lovely little

verse that I want to pass it on to you. It is called A PRAYER by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear  
The little, pricking, thorn;  
The hasty word that seems unfair;  
The twang of truths well worn;  
The jest that makes our weakness plain;

The darling plan o'eturned;  
The careless touch upon our pain;  
The slight we have not earned;  
The rasp of care, Dear Lord, to-day,  
Lest all these fretting things  
Make needless grief, O give, we pray,  
The heart that trusts and sings.  
And my fondest wish for you is just  
that kind of a heart.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

### NEW LEAVES—Concluded

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**KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.  
**KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.  
 Leanna, Lucile and Margery

## MARY BETH WRITES FROM THEIR NEW HOME

Dear Friends:

This has certainly been one of the finest holidays I've ever had the pleasure of enjoying!

Our new house was finished so close to Christmas time that I felt as though there should be a great big ribbon tied around it! I never would have guessed when I boxed up our ornaments last January that I would open them up again in my very own home.

For the first time in five years I don't have the annoyance of other people driving in and out of my driveway. This doesn't sound like much of an annoyance, but because of it I have had to keep track of Katharine's whereabouts every second that she was outdoors. And for the first time in many years I can put the children to bed for their naps and be sure they won't be awakened in fifteen minutes because the neighbors are running their vacuum cleaner or turning on a loud radio. There are many people who have lived in multiple dwellings and can nod their heads in perfect understanding of what I mean.

How I love living in the country! Even though this is a residential area, it is so far removed from any busy roads that it is as quiet as though it were wide open country. Down the road from Oak Park there is a big farm where we have been buying eggs for more than a year and now Katharine and Paul and I make it our weekly walk to buy our eggs.

Before we moved such a funny incident happened that I don't believe I'll ever forget it.

One Sunday morning after Katharine and Donald had come back from Sunday School we were all busy when suddenly Donald called me to come into the living room. He pointed to the middle of the living room rug and there, stretched out peacefully in what might have been a quiet nap, was a brown, furry house mouse! I supposed that he had just dropped dead in a quick trip across the living room, but Donald said, no, that he had been dead quite some time.

We thought it would be a good opportunity for Katharine to see a mouse up close instead of the usual story book variety, but instead of surprise at what we had to show her she greeted the mouse like a long lost

(Continued on next page)

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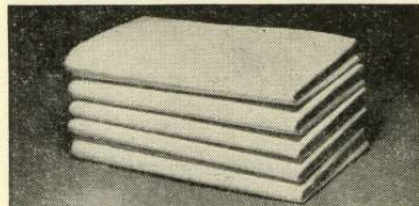
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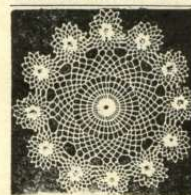
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## DONALD'S LETTER—Concluded

of the utilities are in the garage. The washer and dryer are along the south wall. The lavatory is just large enough for a wash bowl and toilet. Since there are no windows in the lavatory, there is an exhaust fan in the ceiling which operates automatically with the lights. The very small broom closet serves nicely as a hanging space for half-dirty work clothes. There is a trap door in the floor.

The two bedrooms on the west end of the house are very similar, except that the front bedroom has two small closets, and the rear bedroom has one large closet. In anticipation that our family will continue to expand, we thought private closets would be nice for the two children occupying the front bedroom. The west windows in both of these rooms are high allowing more flexible furniture arrangement. Both of these rooms are approximately 12'x15'. The middle bedroom is slightly smaller (10'x12'), and because of the door opening into the dining area, it can very well substitute as a den until needed for its primary purpose. The north windows in this room are full length.

The flooring is also conventional. The living-dining area is carpeted in one of the new synthetic fibers so good at resisting stains and so long lasting. The entry hall has a vinyl tile floor. The hall is carpeted with the scraps left-over from the living-dining area. The balance is oak hardwood except the kitchen and utility rooms, which are again of vinyl. The wood-work and doors are of natural Philippine mahogany, as are the cabinets.

I suppose the most conventional of all is the exterior. When I first started planning a house, I had visions of all the little things which I would do to make my house look distinctive! I have found that like the automobile business, lumber yards and mills also have what they consider standard parts. Deviations from these result in rapidly increasing costs (at least this is true in the Anderson area). The exterior is brick veneer with white trim. The color of the brick is a medium red. I've forgotten the fancy name the brick manufacturer gave to "medium red."

Incidentally, you will notice that I have not mentioned a basement or cellar. Very few homes in this part of Indiana have them. I think this is mainly because Indiana winters are not as severe as in Iowa and points north and west, and also because of the water problem. This part of Indiana is quite flat, and the soil does not absorb water very readily. Consequently, unless you have a very well sealed basement you are in for trouble. Under our house we have a 30" crawl space, and many of the new homes are being built directly on a concrete slab. This last year many people have even had trouble with water standing in their crawl spaces. However, our foundation is well sealed and our lot has a good slope to carry water away from the foundation. Frankly, I will miss a basement since I am sort of a

pack rat and hate to throw anything away that may conceivably have some future value to me, my friends, my neighbors, or anyone else.

The heating system is hot air-oil and is interesting. The hot air is forced through uninsulated ducts in the crawl space and enters at the baseboards. The heat loss in the crawl space warms the floors and is not wasted. The return air vents are located in the ceiling in order to draw off the hottest air in the room. The return ducts are in the attic, and are insulated. Since the hot air is re-heated, the system is quite efficient.

Being outside the city limits, we had to provide our own water and septic system. Our well is 65 feet deep. The jet type pump is located in the garage. Like most well water, it is hard enough to make a softener worthwhile. The zeolite system softener is also located in the garage. The water heater is a 55 gallon electric quick recovery heater.

We are very happy with our plans, and moving into a home of our own has been a great experience. I hope that the above will answer any questions you may have had, and that it may be of some help to those now making their plans.

Sincerely,

*Donald*

## MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

friend! She was ready to take it out of Donald's hand when we cautioned her that it was very dirty and germ-y and shouldn't ever be touched. When Donald proceeded to carry the little thing out to the trash cans she screamed that he wasn't to do that because it was *her* mouse. After much questioning we discovered that several days earlier she had found it in a box in the neighbor's trash. Since we shared a common trash burner she had apparently been foraging in their rubbish—which fact makes my blood run a little cold when I think of what she might have gotten into. For two years now I had lectured her about not playing near the burner or ever getting into the trash cans, but for once she had reverted to her youthfulness and not to mamma's orders. Finally, we learned that she had brought the mouse into the house many days before and had packed it away in her toy box. He was definitely one of her new treasures. I'm just grateful that I didn't find him in some unsuspecting moment of moving.

My Mother, bless her heart, has been helping me make drapes for our new house and what a tremendous job that is. She's such a fine seamstress that I believe these drapes are better made than they would have been if we had been able to afford to have them made professionally. In Katharine's room I bought plain Indian Head cotton and then trimmed it with pink cotton ball fringe. It's quite youthful and yet not so juvenile as some of the printed yard-goods that we looked at in the department stores.

(Continued on next page)

## NEW COMPLETE COFFEE MAKER

Big 48-Cup Electric  
**PERCOLATOR**  
**GIVEN** TO YOUR  
CHURCH  
OR GROUP  
Without 1¢ Cost!



NO OTHER COFFEE MAKER HAS ALL THESE AMAZING NEW FEATURES:

★ Makes up to 48 cups of perfect, delicious percolated coffee.

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★ Safer—Easier to use. No chances of scalding by carrying or pouring boiling water.

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★ Liqua-Level Gauge shows quantity of ready-to-serve coffee remaining in the Percolator.

## SEND NO MONEY!

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Would you like this brand new 48-Cup Electric Percolator for your Church or Group? Then let me send it to you **now**—and it **won't cost you a single cent!** All you need do is fill out the coupon below and mail it to me. **DON'T SEND ANY MONEY!** I'll ship you the Percolator and 50 bottles of my famous Double-Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring (\$1.00 size) by Freight Collect. (I'll also send you enough extra bottles to cover all shipping charges)—all on credit—I trust you! Then you simply have 10 members of your group each sell only 5 bottles of my Flavoring, send the money to me when all the bottles are sold, and the 48-Cup Percolator is yours to keep **without costing you one penny.** Take up to 60 days. Just fill out the coupon below, completely... and mail it to me **TODAY.**



**ANNA ELIZABETH WADE**  
2139 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Va.

**ANNA ELIZABETH WADE**

2139 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Please ship me the 48-Cup Electric Percolator and 50 bottles of your Double-Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring (\$1.00 size) by Freight Collect. Also include enough extra bottles to cover fully the Freight Charges. We agree to remit the \$50.00 to you within 60 days.

SHIP TO .....  
(Must be an Officer)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

NAME OF ORGANIZATION.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Please have another officer write name & address below)

NAME OF ANOTHER OFFICER.....

ADDRESS.....

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☐ Check here if you prefer to earn Cash for your Church or Group





Katharine picked the last mums of the season just before they moved to their new home.

We made these curtains pull drapes and then behind them we have hung pull blinds that are interlined with black fabric that completely darkens a room in the daytime. I can't recommend these blinds highly enough where there are little ones taking daytime naps.

We have not yet decided what color we shall paint the walls in the house. We were advised to delay a while before putting paint on newly plastered walls, so we are planning on painting in the Spring. I do have the kitchen walls painted a most beautiful shade of pink. I had a pink kitchen once before in an apartment and I'm sure I worked harder and more refreshed in my pink kitchen than in any kitchen I've had since.

Our bathroom is done in shades of light and dark oatmeal. The floor tile is light oatmeal with a dark chocolate brown glazed tile in the design. Then the walls are dark oatmeal with light oatmeal trim and soapdishes and towel holders. I bought a shower curtain and window curtain to match in a water resistant taffeta in a butter-scotch color. Because the water resistance is questionable they sell a plain plastic shower curtain to hang inside the taffeta curtain. There was so much material available for the curtains that I was able to rip the hems out of them, put buckram in the top hem and pleat them into pull drapes. Now I can pull these curtains back beyond the window frame and the beautiful leading effect that the window was finished in will show without any detraction.


I hung a rather sheer curtain on the French doors. We put a rod at the top and bottom and then gathered the curtain on quite full, to allow the maximum privacy and yet get all the possible light. Because our rug is a light ivory I believe we'll be able to paint the walls a rich pastel.

I'm awfully happy to be moved into our house, but I certainly hope I don't have to move again. At least not so long as I have little children. It's a

very exhausting process on everyone involved and I'm certainly glad it is over. I hope that by the time I sit down to write you again I have every single thing in the garage put away in its proper place.

Until then, we all send you our best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

*Mary Bell*



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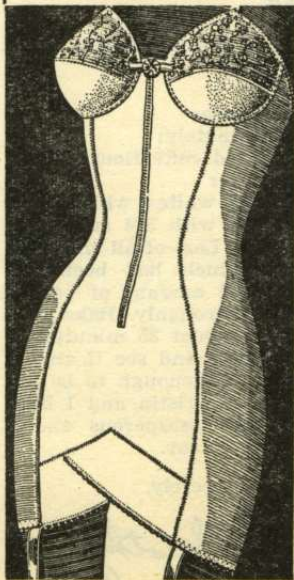
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## DOROTHY THINKS HIGHLY OF THIS CAKE RECIPE

Dear Friends:

Supper is over and the dishes are done. Kristin has settled down to study and Frank is reading the daily paper, so I thought this would be a good time to get out my typewriter and write my letter to you.

There is a very cold strong wind blowing tonight and with snow in the forecast for tomorrow, I hope it doesn't turn out to be a blizzard. Whenever we have a real strong wind like this I am always so grateful to Father Johnson for building this house mostly of walnut because it never shakes or quivers and I feel as if I were living inside the Rock of Gibraltar.

I made pixies all morning and right after dinner I decided to do a hand laundry, but by the time I had sorted out all the things Kristin and I needed the pile was so big I decided I might just as well roll out the machine and do it all. I hung the clothes on the line, but before they were clear dry the wind had gotten so strong I was afraid they would whip to pieces so consequently I have damp clothes hanging all over the house tonight. I never miss not having a basement in the summer, but in the winter I certainly need a place to hang the washing.

My job with the construction crew was all over by the middle of November, and although I enjoyed every minute of it, I will admit that it has been nice to be at home again during the day. I made a lot of friends and I hated to say goodbye because I know that most of them I will probably never see again. I shall never drive that particular stretch of paving on my way to Des Moines without remembering how happy those men were on cold windy mornings when they saw my little blue car drive up with fresh rolls and hot coffee.

Right now I am anxiously looking forward to the short vacation trip I am going to have this winter when I drive Mother and Dad to California. Kristin and Frank both want me to go and now that Kristin is a capable little cook and housekeeper, I have no qualms about leaving them because I know they will get along beautifully without me for a couple of weeks.

We had a nice Thanksgiving at our house. The Johnson family is now so small that it doesn't take a very big table to seat us. We had turkey with all the usual trimmings. Then Kristin and I took the late afternoon train to Shenandoah and spent the rest of the weekend so that we could visit with Wayne and Abigail and the children. It had been over a year since we had seen them and I still can't get over how much the children have grown.

One of these days Frank's sister, Edna Halls, is coming early in the morning to spend the entire day with me and we are going to get busy on our decorated Christmas cookies. We have decorated our cookies together for the past twelve years and it is

simply amazing how many we can get done in a day. The rest of our cookies will be Kristin's job because she loves to bake cookies and she has been sorting out and trying lots of fancy recipes. She will have to give you some of these cooky recipes in her letters from time to time.

We drove to Allerton last Sunday to have dinner with Edna and Raymond, and their buffet was just covered with the most beautifully wrapped Christmas packages I have ever seen. Edna informed me they were all empty boxes that she had wrapped to take to a club meeting where they were supposed to bring some Christmas ornament or decoration they had made. She had decided to show them what beautiful packages you could wrap by using ordinary things you always have around the house. For instance, her lovely raised letters saying "Best Wishes" or "Merry Christmas" were just Alpha-Bits cereal painted gold. An attractive design on another was made out of old Christmas cards. A beautiful ornament on a large package was made with snap clothes pins painted gold.

Frank has been scouting the timber for our Christmas tree. He hasn't yet found exactly what he wants, but he still has several days before time to put it up. Kristin and I must get busy next week and start making our candles. We need all new ones this year. Our favorite topic of conversation while we do the dishes these days is all the things we want to get done and the order in which we must do them. What a wonderful time of year this is for family planning and family fun!

Last month I promised to give you the recipe for the delicious chocolate cake that Mrs. Floyd Scadden of Marshalltown had baked and brought down to her husband one weekend while he was here working with the paving crew. I asked her for the recipe and she brought it to me the next weekend.

### Cold Water Cocoa Cake

Cream together:

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
  - 1/8 tsp. salt
  - 1 cup sugar
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Vanilla
- Blend and add:
- 1/2 cup cocoa
  - 1/3 cup cold water
- Then add alternately:
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
  - 1 cup cold water

Fold in 3 egg whites which have been beaten stiff with 3/4 cup sugar beaten into them. Last of all add 1 1/3 tps. of soda which has been dissolved in a small amount of boiling water. Stir in thoroughly. Bake in a 350 degree oven about 35 minutes.

I must stop now and see if any of the clothes are dry enough to be put away. Frank and Kristin and I hope you have a very prosperous and a very happy New Year.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*



Dorothy has just turned up with piping hot coffee for the hard-working construction workers. She found out that most of the road crew knew all about Kitchen-Klatter—some of the men said they'd grown up on it! From left to right are: Floyd Scadden of Marshalltown, Ia., Roger Wilde of Jamestown, Mo., Dorothy, and Jim Miller of Des Moines.

## JANUARY PARTY PEP-ER-UP-ERS

It's a new year and you will find a "new" somewhere in every answer.

1. Part of the world's best seller.  
New Testament
2. Handy on a stairway.  
Newel post
3. Shh!! Musn't gossip! Newsmonger.
4. Often the coffee cup's companion.  
Newspaper
5. Made famous by a President of the U. S. New Deal
6. A famous place and a "man's best friend"? Newfoundland
7. Could be your address.  
New Jersey
8. You will see America's most renowned lady there. New York (Statue of Liberty)

## HOW ABOUT A MAN HUNT?

Each of the words begin with Man. See if you can fill in the blanks with the correct letters to finish the word. The definition should help you.

1. Man- Found on a horse's neck.
2. Man- Numerous.
3. Man- A domestic cat without a tail.
4. Man- Courageous.
5. Man- To control.
6. Man- Shelf over a fireplace.
7. Man- The human race.
8. Man- A large dwelling.
9. Man- An order.
10. Man- A musical instrument.

### Answers

1. Mane; 2. Many; 3. Manx; 4. Manly; 5. Manage; 6. Mantel; 7. Mankind; 8. Mansion; 9. Mandate; 10. Mandolin.

—Betty Cooper

## HORSE SENSE

A horse can't pull while kicking—This fact I merely mention—And he can't kick while pulling, Which is my chief contention

Let's imitate the good old horse  
And lead a life that's fitting;  
Just pull an honest load, and then  
There'll be no time for kicking.



## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

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April ads due February 10.  
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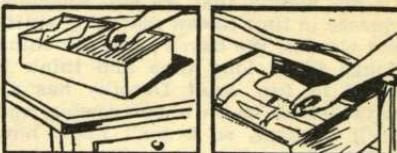
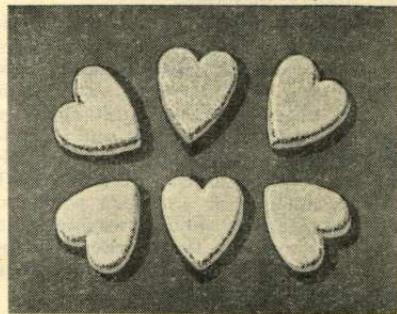
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The sweet odor of lavender will set your senses tingling. Hearts are solid lavender and are guaranteed to retain their scent for at least 5 years. Use them in dresser drawer to keep the family things smelling spring-like and fresh. Attractively packaged in a decorative glass vial containing 6 hearts. Only \$1.00 Order Now. **WESTLEIGH PRODUCTS CO.**, P.O. Box 28-K, Lake Forest, Illinois.

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WRITE TO DEPT. 21

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## WORD FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

Christmas! The very word seems to spin magic for me!

It is as though each Christmas is better than the last, and with as many plans as our family has, this year will be no exception. We have some very dear friends coming from Chicago to celebrate the holidays with us, and then I plan to spend the rest of the vacation with Kristin on the farm.

Just three years ago Uncle Richard, my father's brother, came with his family to spend Christmas with us, and I returned with them when they went home to Minneapolis. That was the most fun! I remember riding on the buses down into the Loop and visiting the huge department stores. And ice skating! That was my first experience on a big lake and my ankles were so weak I could hardly stand up. My little cousin Boletta who was only five years old at that time was also doing her first skating, and to my disgust she managed much better than I managed.

But to get back to the present. Kristin and I have many plans for things to do between Christmas and New Year's. We will be on our own to a certain degree because Aunt Dorothy will have left with Granny and Grandpa Driftmier for their trip to California. This means that Kristin and I will be chief cook and dish washers, plus cleaning the house, washing the separator, feeding the chickens, keeping up the laundry, and all the other chores on the farm.

I am hoping that we can somehow squeeze in time to sew matching skirts and blouses. We haven't had matching things for a long time and think it would be fun. Aunt Dorothy has always helped us with our sewing and she'll be gone, so I don't know how we'll make out.

One thing that Kristin and I still enjoy is taking walks. I can't think of anything that gives me more peace of mind than a long walk through the timber. As a result, I know those big woods fairly well. I say "fairly well" because there are so many acres of trees, trees, trees that I could get lost easily. Once I did get lost and it was scary to turn in every direction and still not know the road out. That time I just found a little trail and followed it, and when I came up over the hill and saw the farm below it was a beautiful sight.

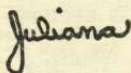
This is the time of year when I begin thinking about New Year's resolutions. Every year starts out so well, but I blush a little when I look at my list last year and think how I fell by the wayside.

Most of all I resolve to hold my temper and to do my homework faithfully. I'm afraid I wasn't blessed with a perfectly even temper and I must learn to control what I have. My homework has taken a beating in preparation for the holidays, so when school begins again I must get busy and really study.

Next month you will hear from Kristin, and then I will be back in March. By that time I will have had my sixteenth birthday and passed my driver's examination, so I can tell you about my experiences in learning to drive our car.

With all good wishes for a happy New Year, I am

Sincerely yours,



## WILL YOU DO THIS?

Every day we read letters from you friends in which you say that accidentally you stumbled on our Kitchen-Klatter program and were so surprised to find you could get us.

If you listen to Kitchen-Klatter, will you tell your friends about it? We broadcast daily over KFEQ in St. Joseph, Mo., and KWBG in Boone, Ia. at 9:00 A.M.; KWOA in Worthington, Minn. at 9:30 A.M.; and WJAG in Norfolk, Nebr. at 10:00 A.M.

Radio reception is always much better during the winter months than during the summer months, so please make it a point to tell your friends and relatives about our daily visit.

We realize that many of you are still beyond reach of our voices, but as fast as we can we'll try and remedy this. Radio time is very expensive and only a faithful audience makes it pos-

sible to carry a half-hour program. We hope that when 1959 ends we will have gotten acquainted with many more people on another station or two. That's our dream—and we hope we can turn the dream into reality.

—Your Kitchen-Klatter Family

## NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

I've shut the door on yesterday,  
Its sorrows and mistakes,  
I've locked within its gloomy walls  
Past failures and heartaches.  
And now, I throw away the key  
To seek another room  
And furnish it with hope and smiles  
And every springtime bloom!  
No thought shall enter this abode  
That has a hint of pain,  
And every malice and distrust  
Shall never therein reign.  
I've shut the door on yesterday  
And thrown the key away.  
Tomorrow holds no doubts for me  
Since I have found today!

## A NEW YEAR'S PSALM

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills  
and behold how on yonder horizon the  
rising sun is gilding the arch of hope  
on another new, unstained year.

What dare I wish that this year may  
bring me? Only that which shall not  
make the world poorer because of me,  
nor become mine at the expense of  
others, yet which shall gather worth  
as it passes through me.



## FOLDING PEDESTAL BANQUET TABLES

## SOLD DIRECT AT FACTORY PRICES AND DISCOUNTS

Over 50 years of manufacturing experience and service are back of Monroe Folding Tables and other products. Largest in the world selling folding tables direct to churches, schools, lodges, clubs, hotels and other institutions. Over 50,000 organizations have purchased Monroe Tables from us.

## NEW 1959 CATALOG

Full MONROE LINE described and illustrated, many in actual colors. Write for this great book and get to know Monroe Quality and Savings!



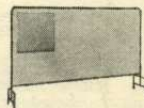
## ALL STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS

Monroe-approved chairs in attractive range of styles, sizes and direct prices. Excel in comfort, durability and ease of handling.

## EASY TO ROLL TRANSPORT TRUCKS FOR FOLDING TABLES AND CHAIRS



Any room set up or cleared in a jiffy. One person can do it. For both moving and storing. Model TSS shown.



## PORTABLE PARTITIONS

Smooth Masonite panels in tubular steel frames, sliding easily on swivel glides or casters. Ideal space converted to useful room areas. Also chalk board finished, with cork boards, as shown.

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Ideal for classroom, meetings, etc. Used with own folding standards or wall hangers. Perfect surface for chalk, also thumbtacking pictures, etc. 3 handy sizes.



## THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FOLDING TABLES

## Monroe No. 3B Deluxe Folding Table 30 by 96 inches

With exclusive Monroe Ormaceel Blon-D top material, hard, durable, handsome.

## MONROE FOLD LITE UTILITY TABLES

Constructed like Monroe Folding Pedestal Tables except with conventional steel folding legs, 16 sizes from 32" x 32" up to 3' x 10' and 4' x 8', special sizes to order.

## ADJUSTABLE HEIGHT FOLDING TABLES

Can be adjusted any height 20 to 30 inches. Folding pedestals or legs. No tools required. Will not slip or collapse.



## MONROE FOLDING RISERS AND PLATFORMS

Most modern, practical, safe and economical units for staging orchestras, choral groups, bands, commencements, etc. Ruggedly built sections with steel folding legs. Many standard settings or specials to order. WE ARE ALWAYS HAPPY TO HEAR FROM NEW FRIENDS. OLD ONES, TOO! Write for catalog, discounts and terms.

