

Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

This cold January morning I have a stewing hen simmering away and while I wait for it to finish cooking I'll start my letter to you. There will be time to write quite a bit before I take out the chicken and add some homemade noodles to the broth.

All through the years when our children were growing up we had our main meal at noon. Then things worked out that we changed this and had our main meal at night over another long stretch of years, but we're back again to the way we started out in 1913 when we were first married, and now our big meal is at noon.

When I think of the meals I used to fix it seems to me that even our main meal these days is almost a lunch by comparison. We're at the age where we need very little to eat and in reading your letters I see that this is pretty much the rule for all people in their seventies. Most of us have a doctor who lays down the law when it comes to calories—Mart and I have had the same family doctor since about 1926 and he keeps a close eye on us.

Today we're having more than usual because Dorothy will be coming home from the Kitchen-Klatter office to eat with us. I don't believe she's mentioned this in her letter, so I'll go ahead and say that beginning with the December issue she made arrangements to come down once a month and spend a week here helping to see that our Kitchen-Klatter magazine is addressed and gotten ready to mail. It is a big job to see that Kitchen-Klatter goes out right on schedule and an extra hand was needed to come in for a week every month.

Before all of this came up, Dorothy had decided that since we can no longer go away for the winter months she would plan to come down and spend a few days with us once a month, and because she has a real knack for running complicated machines it all worked out that she decided to be the extra hand at the office and combine this with her visit to us. If she had several children to get off to school it couldn't be managed, but Kristin is very capable and she and her Dad get along fine. Dorothy says it's so nice to eat some meals she hasn't fixed, and we have very good visits in the evening and

get many things done together. Mart and I surely look forward to what we call "Kitchen-Klatter week".

We had one of the longest stretches of dark gloomy days in December and the first part of January that I can ever remember. I believe it was the second warmest December on record in Iowa—much warmer than in November. We had icy highways a number of times and since Wayne had to speak at the convention in Kansas City on January 4th, it was a wise decision to give up the thought of driving and make train reservations back in early December when they could still be gotten.

Naturally we saw quite a change in the children since they had last been here for Thanksgiving in 1958. Alison's hair is much darker—she had very light brown hair, almost blonde, until recently and now her hair is almost as dark as Emily's. Both of the girls seemed quite grown up to us, and Clark had changed a great deal too just as all children change when they start to school and have many new experiences.

Abigail said that she would have to wait until the March issue to get off her usual letter to you friends. She had so many unexpected complications right at the time her letter was due at the printers that she just couldn't make it—after they got back to Denver they had one of those spells when everything happened to upset the usual routine. I hope she'll include some of the details about all the cooking and entertaining she and Wayne did through the Christmas holidays because anyone who has had a lot of company would be interested.

Our little grandson David (Frederick and Betty's son) is still at home and not able to attend school, but he is putting on weight now and gaining strength. His voice sounded much brighter and stronger the last time we talked to him on the telephone, and they were able to have a happy Christmas.

Several of our friends who are minister's wives have written to say that they felt 1959 must have been a very hard year for Betty and wondered how she had been able to keep going through so many months of heavy worry and trouble. It was a very hard year and we wished many times that some member of our family could be in the position to drop every-

thing and go to help out. But Betty has told us in letters that the members of their church were wonderfully good and helpful and did a thousand and one things to lighten the load when Frederick was struggling back to his normal routine after his accident, and through the long weeks of David's sickness. It was a comfort to us to know they were surrounded by such faithful friends.

One of these days I'll be cutting out some little outing flannel nightgowns and when you read Mary Beth's letter you'll know why. I'm glad this will be an early summer baby—Katharine and Paul won't be shut up in the house as they are through these winter months and can be outside safely with the new fence that encloses the yard. By the time the worst of the summer heat settles down, Mary Beth will be settled into a routine with the new baby and things will be going on in their usual way.

I'm grateful that my eyes will still permit me to make baby clothes, embroider bedspreads, applique quilts and all the other things I enjoy so much. Maybe some of you readers take good eyesight for granted, but I read so many, many letters from old friends who have had to give up both sewing and reading that it makes me realize how fortunate I am.

So many of you folks had relatives and friends coming and going over the holidays that probably at least several of you had an experience something like Donna's and Tom's. They knew there would be very heavy travel and decided to avoid complications by getting plane reservations many, many weeks in advance—if I'm not mistaken, they took care of this in early October.

It turned out that all of their planning made very little difference. They went from Los Angeles to Denver right on schedule, but in Denver there had been a mix-up of some kind and they found themselves without seats for the rest of the trip. As a result, Mae (Donna's mother) and Tom's parents waited for many hours at the Omaha airport while plane after plane arrived without a sign of Donna and Tom. If they had let things go until the last minute this wouldn't have been surprising, but since they had booked their reservations so far in advance it was certainly upsetting. At least they were able to make the return trip without complications and are now settled down in El Cajon and driving back and forth to Lakeside where they teach.

It's time for the noodles to go in and Dorothy will be coming up from the Kitchen-Klatter office soon (Howard and Mae drop her off since they go right by our house on their way home), so I must take my papers off this kitchen table and think about the rest of our noon meal.

I've told you many times that the morning mail is the high spot of my day and this is still true. Do write to all of us whenever you can find time.

Affectionately yours,

MARRIED SWEETHEARTS PARTY

By

Deleta Landphair

In many churches the young married people have their own Sunday School class and also meet as a social group occasionally. If you have a wide-awake group, or one that needs waking up, try having a Married Sweethearts party complete with supper.

Make this a cooperative buffet supper but give it a gracious touch by decorating the dinner tables. Make name cards by cutting out two large red hearts. Slightly overlap these hearts and interlace them with white ribbon. Leave enough length on the ribbon to add on a smaller heart for each of the couple's children. Use white poster paint to print the parents' names on the big hearts and the name of each child on separate smaller hearts.

Some people, men in particular, don't enjoy eating by candlelight so leave on the usual room lighting. However, several lighted candles on the table do give a pleasant atmosphere. Use red candles about six inches long and place these in heart-shaped holders carved out of white plastic foam.

To complete your simple but festive decorations, try making a little heart covered basket. For each nutcup, cut four red hearts 5/8ths inch taller than a nutcup. (You can easily purchase these little nutcups in any variety store.) Staple a heart to each side of the nutcup extending the point of the heart 3/8ths inch below the bottom of the cup. Staple on a basket handle made of a pipe cleaner. Many variety stores carry these pipecleaners in several different colors.

The president or appointed toastmaster may extend a welcome to the group after everyone has finished eating but has not yet left the table. For a little added fun, award prizes to the newest married couple, to the couple with the most little hearts on their ribbon and to the couple with the heart representing the newest baby.

Wind up the meal with some of the old favorite love songs such as *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* or *When You Wore a Tulip*.

Be sure to include a few games to round out the evening. Almost every group has a few old favorites which they particularly enjoy, but here are some which might be a little different.

Memories

(A variation of spin the bottle)

Seat everyone in a circle. (If your group is quite large, make two or more circles.) Appoint one person as leader of each circle. Place a bottle in the center of the circle and give it a spin. When the bottle stops spinning and points out a certain person, the leader reads off one of the following questions which the person must answer.

1. Tell how you met your wife (or husband).
2. What was your wife (or husband) wearing when you met?
3. Where did you go on your first date with your wife (or husband)?
4. Describe your wedding day.



Last summer in Washington, D. C., Dorothy snapped this picture of Mother and Dad with our old, old family friends, Mrs. Flora Claybaugh and her daughter, Mrs. Desha Nelson. Mrs. Claybaugh, 97, has had several fractured bones, plus major surgery, since her 90th birthday, but is still amazingly well and active!

5. Where did you go on your honeymoon?
6. Describe your first home or apartment.
7. Describe the first meal you (or your wife) cooked.
8. What was your first purchase for your home?
9. Describe favorite gift from your spouse before marriage.
10. What is your favorite gift from your wife (or husband) after marriage?

Tying The Marriage Knot

Have on hand two lengths of clothesline cord about three feet long. Divide the group into two teams. (Again, if you have a very large group, divide into several teams.) The head couple is given a length of the rope. Each person holds one end of the rope and together they must tie it into a single bow knot. This is slightly difficult to do facing each other but try it back to back. After each couple manages to tie the rope, they pass it to the couple next in line who must retie the cord. The first team finished wins the game.

Do You Know Your Mate?

Make out enough lists of these questions ahead of time and distribute one list to the men, the other to the ladies. Ask the men to sit across the room from their wives so there won't be any chances for consultation. At the end of the appointed time, ask each couple to check their answers. Award a prize to the couple who has the most coinciding answers.

Men's List

1. What is your wife's favorite color?
2. What does your wife think is your worst fault?
3. What size shoe does your wife wear?
4. What is your idea of a good vacation?
5. When is your wife's birthday?
6. What date did you meet your wife?
7. What is your favorite food?

8. Which leg of your trousers do you put on first?
9. What is your wife's worst extravagance?
10. What is your wedding date?

Wife's List

1. What is your favorite color?
2. What is your husband's worst fault?
3. What is your shoe size?
4. What would your husband enjoy most on vacation?
5. When is your birthday?
6. What date did you meet?
7. What is your husband's favorite food?
8. Which leg does your husband put in his trousers first?
9. What is your worst extravagance?
10. What is your wedding date?

The type of party outlined here would not be difficult to plan and carry through, and very possibly could make all the difference towards injecting new life and fellowship into a group that was beginning to drift and show symptoms of dwindling interest.

Be sure you appoint a chairman who will use good judgment in planning the menu and assigning various dishes. Most young couples must watch their grocery money very carefully and cannot enjoy parties that are a burden. Look for the festive, gay touches that are not expensive, serve the meal with a flair, keep the entertainment moving at a good clip—and you'll have a wonderful February party.

COVER PICTURE

Whenever you get a family as big as the Driftmiers, there is practically an endless combination of people to put together for a group picture!

This particular combination was "put together" last summer in Springfield, Mass. We think it's one of the best family pictures we've ever had.

It would sound more natural to our own ears to list the names and nothing else, but such a tremendous number of subscriptions to Kitchen-Klatter were given as Christmas gifts that we realize our new readers must be filled in on who's who and what's what.

Seated on the arms of the davenport are Mary Leanna and David Driftmier, the only children of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Field Driftmier of Springfield, Mass. Between the children are their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier of Shendoah, Ia.

In back are the children's parents, and standing directly behind David is his aunt, Dorothy Driftmier Johnson of Lucas, Ia.

The three Iowans were on a happy summer trip—Dorothy drove for her parents. And even though it will sound as odd to you old friends as it does to us, we should explain to our new readers that Mrs. M. H. Driftmier is Leanna Field Driftmier, founder of this magazine and the Kitchen-Klatter radio program. Dr. Frederick Driftmier and Dorothy Driftmier Johnson are two of the seven Driftmier children who grew up with radio and took for granted the fact that their mother was "on the air".

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a quiet Sunday afternoon, a winter afternoon in January, and probably it will sound a little odd when I say that I have spent the last hour bird-watching!

Until this winter I always found it a trifle mysterious that people could actually spend precious daylight hours as bird-watchers and get real pleasure out of it. I *tried* to understand how this could be, but somehow I could never quite grasp what it was they found so absorbing and interesting.

Well, I now grasp fully what I had never before understood, and my name must be included in any list made up of bird-watchers.

The explanation for this new interest is simple enough: our new windows across the end of the living room, plus my own room, that look out over the garden and open up the entire outside world. For the first time we can actually *see* what is going on, and since Russell installed two new feeders there is so much to see from early daylight until dusk that it is something like sitting in a theater and watching what is going on behind the footlights.

There are many people who are as indifferent to birds as I used to be, so I don't want to go on and on endlessly about them, but I *do* want to make just a few observations about what I've seen thus far this winter.

The steadiest customers at those feeders are sparrows, of course, and they've gotten so big and fat they look like clowns. I cannot find one single endearing feature about those sparrows and on occasion they irritate me so much I'm compelled to remind myself that they too have a right to live! The only bird that drives them away from the feeders are the two big and beautiful bluejays that arrive every morning around 8:00 and take charge. Not one single bird of any size or variety dares to go near those feeders when the bluejays are on deck. Occasionally some adventurous soul decides to have a go at a little food and flutters very near the bluejays, but one swift flash of wings settles the matter and after this the rulers are undisturbed as long as they choose to linger.

I had always heard that bluejays are arrogant, bold, nest robbers and all the rest. I haven't seen them robbing any nests to date, but I have seen them guilty of every crime that's ever been laid at their doorstep. Unless you've sat and watched them, it's hard to believe that only two medium size birds can keep at bay at least a hundred birds of several varieties. I'd never question anything I ever heard about bluejays, and I'm sure that when Spring comes and we can watch them through these windows we'll see them robbing nests right and left.

Another observation has to do with cardinals. We have a pair that spend much time in the trees and bushes in our garden, and if you can tell me anything more beautiful than a blazing red cardinal against white snow



December, 1913—Lucile and Howard Driftmier, three and four years old.

and somber evergreens, I'd like to know what it could be.

Through the years I had admired this sight as I glimpsed it on rare occasions, but until recently I had not known anything about the behavior of cardinals. (I'll add that I hadn't cared the least bit *how* they behaved!) Well, it came as quite a surprise to me to discover that the male cardinal, probably as beautiful a bird as there is in this world, is terribly timid and fearful and unable to look out for himself.

This fairly good sized bird, breath-takingly beautiful, is hard pressed to get anything to eat. The moment he settles down on the feeder, some of those sparrows turn up and drive him away by pecking at him. He makes no attempt to defend himself—just gives up and flies away. This would be bad enough, everything considered, but he also permits them to drive him right out of the garden! Two or three clowns run him completely off the property and see to it that all day long he is lucky if he can creep back a few times when they're off-guard and grab a seed or two before they can gang up and run him out. He looks so handsome and impressive, but he's as helpless as a new born babe! Never once has he made one move to defend himself.

Now the female cardinal is another matter entirely. No sparrow has ever been able to deter her from getting to that feeder and staying as long as she likes. She never leaves until she gets ready to leave, and none of the clowns gang up to run her off. She controls the situation entirely and doesn't even need to bother to defend herself. I often wonder what in the world she must think of her gorgeous husband cowering in the elm tree next door while he studies the feeder hungrily!

These cardinals, by the way, are the only birds that spend much time right on the ground—not out on a flat expanse of snow, I should add, but around the hedges and bushes. At first we thought this was an instinct that warned them their brilliant coloring made them highly conspicuous in the winter landscape and that they were safer around plant growth, but bluejays are equally conspicuous, if not more so, and we've never yet seen them tarry a second on the ground.

Another thing that's impressed me so much this winter is the fact that *all* birds forget their bickering and fussing and unite in the face of a common danger. Our old cat, Saccafrass, takes it into his head now and then to lie down in some bushes near the feeder and wait hopefully for some careless bird to come within striking distance. The birds who see him settle down form themselves into a committee and it is perfectly clear from their agitated flying and chattering and fussing about that they are warning *all* birds not to get near the feeder. Only when Saccafrass gets weary of his hopeless vigil and trots away do things calm down in the garden. We've seen that committee go out to head off bluejays, so it's perfectly apparent that all hostilities go by the boards in the face of a common enemy.

Well, I've written more than I intended about birds, but it's plain to be seen that they furnish a great deal to think about if you have a place where you can observe them day in and day out. Until this winter I've never had a chance to study them.

During the last few weeks I've read all kinds of forecasts about what lies ahead for us in the years between 1960 and 1970. It's everyone's privilege to agree or disagree with these forecasts of things to come, and it's also everyone's privilege to figure out his own forecasts. Now maybe someone wrote this or said this and I just plain missed out, but nowhere did I find the suggestion that in the decade to come there will be a tremendous revival of interest in crafts and skills—the kind of thing that has been termed a lost art in our country.

It seems to me that there are several good reasons to expect this. For one thing, we are now in a period of tremendous change and when the whole situation begins to simmer down it will mean a considerably shorter work week. A lot of "authorities" seem to think that people will use this leisure time to tear around aimlessly, but I don't see it their way. I think that as people get used to the idea that they can make a living in fewer hours than anyone would ever have dreamed possible at one period, they will get real pleasure and satisfaction out of projects that take quite a chunk of time. That's one thing about crafts and arts and skills—they *sure* take time! You can throw something together and get by on these do-it-yourself projects, but with more time and more peace of mind, you can tackle things that are challenging and what you might call almost permanent in nature. (Fine furniture of heirloom quality is an example of what I have in mind.)

Cooking and sewing are going to be revived, so to speak, and we'll settle down with all the tremendous changes of the last ten years and put them in their proper place and start out afresh. I think most of us women are just now getting over the shock of all the food that's available today! Almost every trip to buy groceries held a fresh surprise for us during these

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THE BABY BOOK

A Stork Shower

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Proud parents delight in recording every detail from baby's birth through the first few years, so what more appropriate theme for a stork shower than "The Baby Book"?

Pink and blue were once the only accepted colors with which to welcome a new arrival, but in recent years, maize, mint green and even orchid share the color spotlight in nursery items. For this book party, mint green and maize are the chosen color scheme.

Invitation: The invitation is in the form of a booklet with the cover of mint green in a heavy paper and the inside pages of a pale yellow. Trim the cover pages of the booklet about one-fourth of an inch on the outside edges so that when the booklet is put together the inside yellow pages will form a border for the cover. The pages should be about four and one-fourth by five and a half inches before folding.

On the front cover, with gold ink, write "Baby (baby's surname) Book." A sketch of a stork or a little cherub face might decorate the cover. The invitation is written on the inside pages and reads: "We are having a baby shower for Baby (surname) and mother, Mrs. (name) at the home of (hostess's name) on Tuesday evening, February 9th (your date) at (time). Please come and join the fun as we fill some of the pages of little Expected (surname) Baby Book." Tie the booklet together with pastel yellow ribbon.

Decorations: If you are using a tea table or having a luncheon, then by all means try to make a Baby Book cake as a centerpiece. Decorate the top of an oblong loaf cake like the pages of an open book. First ice the cake (after it is cut and shaped as a book) in white icing. Use a pale green around the lower edge to mark the "cover." Use yellow icing for the lettering and for a few yellow roses to decorate the corner pages, and perhaps around the base, as well. The inscription on top, written in yellow icing, should read like a page from baby's book, such as "Baby's name _____, Date of birth _____, Weight _____, Color of hair _____, Color of eyes _____."

Around the room place decorations suggestive of the information found in a baby book. Borrow a baby scale and fill the basket part with flowers, or with small gift-wrapped packages, rattles and toys. The photograph section might be represented with pictures of the expected baby's grandparents, as well as other relatives.

Then for "fun decorations" you might blow up balloons and decorate with baby faces carefully painted on to show baby in every mood—laughing, crying, pouting, angry, etc. Use these balloons by fastening them to curtains, over the doors, or around a mirror.



December, 1959—46 years have thundered over the heads of those two little children on the opposite page, and this is the way they look today.

Other decorations might be illustrated Mother Goose rhymes. For example, "Baby's boat's a silver moon" could be a cardboard boat covered with silver foil, filled with rattles and tiny toys and "sailing" upon a large mirror.

Along with the decoration theme, may I suggest a corsage for the guest of honor? Make up a pretty novelty type by using pastel green and yellow ribbon with a tiny baby rattle or perhaps one or two toy miniatures instead of flowers.

Another conversation piece for a baby shower which may be used on a buffet, on the table for a centerpiece, or the center of the gift table (if gifts are to be presented in this way) is *The Baby Tree*.

On a small tree branch painted mint green which is anchored firmly upon a needlepoint holder base (or in a pot of sand) hang tiny rattles and toys and little swirls of curled ribbon in the chosen colors of yellow and green. By keeping your eyes open in any large Five and Ten you will see many unusual little toys to put on this baby tree such as the tiny doll nursing bottles, brushes and combs in the doll section. Or, the tree may become *The Baby Book Favor Tree* by hanging tiny favor Baby Booklets for each guest upon the tree. Each book might carry the parents' names, a short poem about baby, the date of the party, and a list of the people present at the party.

Favors to consider other than the book idea above include small baby bibs cut from plain plastic (buy it by the yard in the two colors and make half the bibs of each color). Type a different nursery rhyme on each one and use them later as part of the entertainment by having each guest act out her rhyme for the others to guess. Prizes for the best actress might be a baby rattle or toy which is later presented to the honoree.

Or, how about a Baby Bonnet for each guest to wear at lunch time, made by decorating the paper cake cups (buy them in the colors you are

using) decorated with ribbon rosettes on either side and with streamers to tie under the chin? These are quickly made and add a lot of fun.

Entertainment

Still a stand-out as the most fun I ever had at a baby shower was the one when all of the guests completely surprised the guest of honor by going to the party so that we greeted her when she arrived with every single one of us in a maternity dress! We were all ages and some of the guests were quite elderly, so that our clothing made it hysterically funny for everyone concerned and got the entire party off on a gay and light-hearted note.

Baby Clothes: There have been such radical and drastic changes in baby clothes these last few years that most young mothers would be greatly intrigued by seeing the kind of clothing we once prepared for the expected baby. See if you can round up some of this clothing that has been saved and hold up the items to contrast them with today's clothing. If you can possibly find anything dating back many years it will be of genuine interest to everyone, although anything used as recently as fifteen or twenty years ago will be of real contrast.

Keeping the Record: Hand to each guest a "page" from the baby book scrapbook which the hostess will assemble and give to the guest of honor after the party. This first page should have the baby's record on it such as Baby's name . . . Date of birth . . . hour of birth . . . weight . . . color of hair . . . color of eyes, etc. Let each guest fill in the blanks with her guess as to the name, etc., and then sign her name. These will be read aloud and then put in the scrap book so that when baby arrives, the mother can see who made the closest guess on the various items of information.

Photographs for Baby's Book: This is a lot of fun! Give each guest a sheet of paper and a crayon and instruct her to draw a picture of the person on her right as she thinks that person looked when six months old! Very few people have much ability to draw and their attempts will be hilarious. These should be signed and added to the scrap book.

Baby's Layette: Give each guest a tiny celluloid doll and two or three tiny pieces of cloth and a needle and thread, but NO scissors. The person who dresses her baby in the neatest and cleverest fashion in the allotted time wins the prize—a pair of scissors!

Guess What? In a baby's diaper tie up ten or more different baby items such as a bar of soap, bunch of safety pins, sponge, rattle, teething ring, etc. Allow each guest a minute to "feel" as the diapered package is passed around. The guest who can write down the most complete list of things in the diaper wins the prize of a can of baby powder.

Baby's Fortune: This is another page for the scrapbook. Down the left hand side of the sheet print the letters to spell B-A-B-Y B-O-O-K. Ask each guest to write the baby's fortune using adjectives. For example: B—

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A VISIT WITH FREDERICK

Dear Friends,

As I sit here in my office writing this letter to you, I am filled with anger—righteous anger! Let me tell you why. For at least the tenth time this year I have been tricked; I have been "taken in"; I have been bamboozled!

My big church is right on the edge of the business district of the city, and through our office doors there passes a constant stream of beggars, panhandlers, outcasts, the down-and-outers. Sometimes their requests for help are really demanding of our consideration, but more often than not, they are asking for money under false pretenses.

The first year that I was here, I gave help to almost everyone who came and asked for it. All of the stories seemed so genuine; all of the people looked so needy. In no time at all, the requests increased until I had no more money available for that kind of help. Other ministers warned me to be careful of the help that I gave, but always I remembered the teachings of Jesus, and my conscience would hurt whenever I refused anyone. However, I lived and learned, and as I ran out of money, I became more discriminating and turned down more than I helped.

I have been tricked so often, that I have gradually learned to be very cynical about requests for help. A few months ago on a Sunday morning, a young mother came into my office and said that she, her husband, and five children were on their way from California to her parent's home in Maine, and they had run out of money. The children were hungry and needed breakfast. She said that they were members of the Congregational Church in San Marino, California and asked me if I knew their minister, a Mr. Crist. Well, it so happened that I *did* know the minister, and we talked about him briefly; then she told me that if I could lend them some money, they would send it to me just as soon as they got to Maine on the following day.

Certainly she sounded genuine enough. Certainly she appeared to be a member in good standing of the church in San Marino. Certainly I did not want any little children to go hungry on Sunday morning or *any* morning. So I found my heart warming up a bit and decided to give her fifteen dollars, but before doing this I asked her where the husband and the children were? She said that they were in the car just around the corner from the church. I said that I would like to see the children and that while I was getting her the money I would like her to go ask her husband to drive the car up into our parking lot.

Some of my Sunday School teachers overheard my conversation, and they were a bit put out with me when I insisted that the lady bring her husband and the children to the parking lot. After all, she seemed so genuine, and so pleasant, and so much in need.



Katharine Driftmier's haircut and jumper make her look much older all of a sudden. She's a loving big sister to little Paul.

The teachers were embarrassed that I insisted upon seeing the family, but insist I did.

To make a long story quite a bit shorter, we never saw that woman again, but later that day I received a call from the Police Department asking me if I had seen that family, and telling me that they were not from California but from Wisconsin and that every police department from Wisconsin to Springfield had been searching for them. Had I given that family help, I would have been assisting fugitives from justice.

But this is not what angers me right now. Yesterday I was completely fooled by a case that I was *sure* was a genuine case of honest need. I had checked the man's identification. His story seemed so very plausible, and before leaving my office with my personal check he made arrangements to pay me back on the following day.

That bum (excuse me, dear friends, but I really must call him a bum!) went to a market across the street from the church and cashed the check. Later in the day he returned to the market, bought fifteen dollars worth of merchandise and then paid for it with a check in the amount of sixty dollars. The owner of the market remembered the man as the one who had had a personal check from me, and thinking that he was probably all right, gave him the merchandise and forty-five dollars in change. And now the police are calling me again!

I know that Jesus said: "I was hungry and ye gave me food; I was naked and ye clothed me; I was in prison and ye came unto me!", but how much longer will I continue to give charity to people who are not worthy? How does one discriminate between the good and the bad? I have to learn, for right now there is someone sitting outside my office door waiting for help.

One Christmas a few years ago my church helped twenty needy people.

We asked the people never to mention that they had been helped by South Church, but the next year we received requests from about seventy people for help. We asked them not to tell anyone that they had been helped by South Church, but last year we gave help to one hundred and eighty-seven people. It is not always easy to know where to stop once one begins to help the needy, and yet stop somewhere one must!

I have heard many reasons for people not going to church, but yesterday I heard a new one. I was having lunch with a friend who told me that he had decided to stop attending church. Now when a friend tells you that he is going to stop attending church, it makes you sit up and take notice.

His reason was a strange one. "I am going to stop going to church because you make me cry!" he said. "Every time I go, you preach a sermon that makes me sad. I don't like to hear about all the suffering in the world. I have enough of it right here at home."

I don't think that my friend was being completely serious, for I am sure that he will not give up his church all together, but I do know the point he was making. There is something about a strong Christian sermon that does bring tears to the eyes of a sensitive person. The Christian faith is a faith for people who want to become emotionally involved, because in that involvement there is for those who mourn a spiritual satisfaction that nothing else in this life can give.

Never did I realize this more than on a Sunday morning when I was one of 2,000 worshippers in the Baptist Church of Moscow. Every American who visits that one protestant church in the Russian capital city of five and a half million people, comes away with an observation about the amount of weeping done by all the people during the service. Like the other Americans present, I tried hard not to weep, and when the tears did come, it was with some embarrassment. It was then that I found myself praying that God would forgive me, for surely the Christian Gospel is in the world to produce a society of men and women who know what it is to weep at all the ugliness, the sinfulness, the heartlessness, the cold indifference that keeps this earth from becoming the Kingdom of God.

There at the luncheon table I told my friend something that I believe to be absolutely true. The Church need never to be ashamed nor apologetic for making people weep! People who cannot mourn, are the enemies of a society that is meant to be a binding together of men and women into one great bond of sympathy that will awaken the pity to end all cruelty, and that will produce the beauty to banish all ugliness. I think that the saddest thing in the world is not a soul that sorrows, but a heart so dull that it is incapable of feeling grief at all.

Sincerely,

Frederick

SO YOU HAVE THE WRITING BUG!

By
Evelyn Birkby

Whenever someone says to me, "Oh, you are a writer!" I get an uneasy feeling and turn around to see about whom she is speaking. Me a writer? But that is a word which applies to a Hemingway, a Pearl Buck, Shakespeare, Sholam Ash and the like. I'm just someone who writes.

Recently a letter came to me asking the whys and wherefores of my writing career. The woman who wrote was interested in how I began, my background and training. Also, would I please send along some tips on being a local news correspondent?

So many helping hands have pushed, pulled, shoved and sometimes even slapped me into whatever stature I've achieved as a writer, that it's hard to know where to begin handing out plaudits.

I was fortunate indeed to be born into a family full of lively enthusiasm, glowing faith and sympathetic awareness of others. A minister's home is surrounded by people of all walks of life, all races, all types of problems.

My parents spoke well. Their grammar was excellent, and through the years of living in a family which used a fine vocabulary, plus my own early tendency (which my mother describes as hilarious!) to use huge words myself, my own vocabulary developed.

My father taught me to observe and express myself. He helped me overcome a very deep-seated feeling of inferiority by having confidence in me himself and insisting that I do anything and everything requested of me which involved being in front of people.

In college I had the good fortune to have an excellent public speaking instructor. He was one of the rare teachers who honestly inspires his students to do the very best of which they are capable. In learning to write and present a good speech I learned basic facts which held true just as much through the written word. And Mr. Bloxom was the first person who told me he felt my talent would carry me into both speaking and writing fields professionally.

But it took a combination of events finally to propel me into writing. By this time I was married and had one tiny child and a farmer husband to care for, but here and there from time to time I did a little "public speaking." It was after one of these "speeches" that the editor of our small weekly newspaper told me one day that she felt I could put my thoughts into writing and become an interesting columnist. Frankly, I didn't take her the least bit seriously.

However, the very next month I picked up the daily paper published in Shenandoah and read that the editors were anxious to find a woman who could write a weekly column on folksy, homey subjects. I read this, put down the newspaper and went out into the kitchen to tackle the supper dishes. But when my husband read



Here are the four men in Evelyn Birkby's life—Craig (4), Jeffrey (6), Bob Jr. (10) and Bob Sr. (11?). (This is what Evelyn wrote on the back of the snapshot and it tickled us.)

that same article he said: "Evelyn, this is something you can do. Go and apply."

After several days of sputtering ineffectually that I had never written anything except college assignments, Robert insisted that I sit down and see what I could put on paper. That done, he plopped my hat on my head, placed the infant column in my hand and pushed me out the door. He was so well aware of my difficulty in adjusting to the new life on the farm that he was willing to do *anything* to help me find an outlet above and beyond my daily work. His understanding was tremendous and his knowledge of my need for something creative beyond my own home was amazing.

I drove down the lane with confidence only in the last words my husband spoke as the door was closing: "You can do it."

The editor was kind. He took my story, said he would print it and I should send in something every week. As long as interest was maintained he would print it, he said.

For ten years now, rain or shine, inspired and dull, full of energy or with aching head, that column has been written and has found its way onto the pages of the newspaper. The Kitchen-Klatter family grew to know me and asked me to write for their magazine five years ago . . . a continuing, happy association. I do freelance writing as limited time permits.

So, as you can see, it took many, many people to help me achieve what measure of success has been mine. I have tried many techniques; I have made many errors. Some opportunities came easily and seemed to be laid on my very step. Others were doors I deliberately knocked upon or pushed open for myself. Needless to say, sometimes the door slammed shut, but at least I tried.

The friend who wrote mentioned that many women collect local news for publication and she wondered just how to go about obtaining such a position. My suggestion would be to go right to the editor of a nearby newspaper and present to him the ideas you have in mind. Tell him about your locale and the reasons why you think it is newsworthy. Your main qualifications may be interest and enthusiasm for your neighborhood. Convince him of these facts. Then find out his needs and interests and purposes in connection with the kind of service

you can give. It is possible you might want to take a sample for your first interview, or you might prefer to talk to the editor and find out a little about his ideas before writing out something to present for his approval.

Once your project is launched you'll need a list to phone for your news items. Write down the names of the people you know well; the outstanding leaders in your community; the active workers in the various clubs and churches; your own neighbors; peruse the telephone book. It will not take long before you'll have your regular calling list of people you are confident can give you newsworthy notices. And don't forget, people are definitely interested in the ordinary, everyday activities of other folks. The personal columns are the backbone of many a newspaper.

To get back to the writing of a column or article type material, my main suggestions would be: read prolifically, perfect the mechanics of typing a manuscript or find someone who will do it for you, be continually aware of what is going on around you, study life and its situations, give sympathetic understanding to all you meet, approach new experiences with anticipation and a positive viewpoint, face each new day with a fresh outlook and develop an imagination which can make even a windmill a thing of exciting wonder.

What of the days when no muse is present, no ideas are forthcoming and no inspiration arrives? Well, you can always write a column about the difficulties of writing a column!

For example:

"It should have been obvious from the beginning that the day would not go as planned. Making a drastically definite statement was out of order to start with. 'Today I am going to write . . . ALL DAY!' That was the rash remark I made as I rose enthusiastically this morning.

It was a beautiful bright day. Sunshine came in through the windows to elevate my spirits. This is the day, I promised myself! No last minute rush to meet a deadline, no sandwiching a paragraph between the ironing and cooking dinner. Today is going to be different.

Breakfast preparations should have given me warning. The stove, usually so responsive, did not show the usual lovely blue gas flame. Now I had to stop, dress and go outside to turn on a new bottle of gas. I shouldn't complain, the extra bottle of gas WAS close at hand.

Next Jeffrey got up with his usual grumpy pre-breakfast disposition. Instead of wanting the oatmeal I had prepared he decided he wanted cooked wheat cereal instead.

"But the oatmeal is all cooked and you DO like oatmeal," I cajoled. Now you can see immediately how ill-prepared I was to cope with the day. A statement like that impresses Jeffrey (especially before breakfast) as much as if I had said, "Here is some castor oil, it tastes good." Knowing full well his disposition would improve only when fed, I sighed and cooked

(Continued on page 14)

DOROTHY'S WARNING MAKES SENSE!

Dear Friends:

This has been the most peculiar winter weatherwise that we have experienced since we returned to this Iowa farm from California in 1946 to make our home. We have had unseasonably cold weather and unseasonably warm weather. This is the first year since we started farming, that we have still had corn standing in the fields not yet picked, in January.

We had several snow storms early in the season which halted all corn picking, and by the time the snows had melted the fields were so wet that the only time you could get into them with a corn picker was a couple of hours real early in the morning, if it got cold enough to freeze any during the night. Then we had a week or two of real warm weather when it didn't freeze at all, in fact, all it did was rain. It seemed more like Spring than Winter and we wondered if we were going to get the corn picked before time to start plowing again. As I write this we still have a few loads not yet picked.

Our section of Iowa had a wet backward year in 1959 and there is quite a bit of corn unpicked in Lucas County. We have seen several fields of beans not yet harvested.

The warm weather at least made good beaver trapping for Frank and his Uncle August Johnson. Usually by the time the season opens the water is frozen over and it is too cold for the beaver to come out very much. So far this season the weather has been ideal and they have done very well.

A few years ago when Frank caught his first beaver a neighbor of ours asked for the carcass for a friend of his who was very fond of beaver meat and considered it a great treat when he could get one. This happened several times and Frank talked with other men who had tasted beaver and they all thought it was delicious. Somehow we just never got up nerve enough to try it in spite of the fact that we did a lot of talking about it! This past summer Uncle August went on a fishing trip to Wisconsin. The people who owned the cabin where he stayed brought him over some beaver all cooked for his supper one night. He came back home and reported to us how good it was, and how you couldn't tell it from roast beef except it was so tender.

When Uncle August and Frank caught their first beaver this year Frank brought in a big piece of it to cook for supper. It was right at the time that I was "knee-deep" in Pixies and he said I didn't need to stop working to fool with it, that if I would just tell him what to do he would do it. Never having cooked beaver before, and not knowing anyone I could call who had ever cooked beaver, I didn't know what to tell him. I went to the kitchen to look at it and since it just looked like a nice beef roast I told him to put some salt and pepper on it, and a little garlic, put it in my big black

iron skillet and stick it in the oven. He kept a close eye on it and I must admit it was "done to a turn." Kristin fixed the rest of the meal and when they had it all on the table they called me to supper.

I will admit that I was a little hesitant to taste it, but Kristin, who is willing to eat anything that her Dad will eat, could hardly wait to taste it. It looked good, it smelled delicious, and it really *was* good. In fact, Frank dressed one today and it's in the refrigerator now. I'm going to have it for dinner tomorrow. Frank is very anxious for me to fix it Greek style like I do rabbit and beef sometimes, but right now I don't have anything in the house that I need for preparing it that way. If any of you Kitchen-Klatter readers have ever cooked beaver I would love to hear from you as to how you fixed it.

We enjoyed a lot of squirrels this year during the squirrel season. In fact, the squirrels were so thick around here this year that they did a lot of damage to our corn, so Frank tried to get rid of as many of them as he could. I like squirrel, but I like rabbit just a little bit better, and so far this year we hadn't had a single rabbit until just the other day and it was really funny how Frank got that one. Our front porch (before the windstorm took it off) had four white pillars, hollow inside, that held up the roof. A couple of these pillars are still lying on the cement floor of the porch and the other night Frank heard one of our dogs putting up an awful fuss all night long on the porch. The next morning the dog just sat by this one pillar and whined so continuously that Frank decided to investigate. He could see this rabbit inside so he called me to come and lift up the pillar while he stayed at the other end. Result? Rabbit for supper. Frank thought that was a lot more simple than taking his gun and walking for miles.

When Kristin started taking typing in school this year she wanted the typewriter in her room here at home because she thought if it was handy she would use it more and get a lot of practice. Her Aunt Bernie Stark gave her a sturdy stand for it, so now when I write my letters I am sitting in her room rather than at the kitchen table. Right in front of me is her bulletin board and I notice that she has posted her New Year's resolutions where she will be sure to see them every day. I think this is a good idea.

One of these resolutions is "I resolve to do more sewing." I was very happy to see this and I will tell you why. All of you who have very young girls who are just old enough to become 4-H members and perhaps will be taking sewing this year, *please heed what I have to say and don't make the same mistake I did.*

Kristin has always loved to embroider and does a very nice job, but she has never liked to sew on the machine and I blame myself for this. She was very young when she had sewing and instead of seeing to it that she worked at it gradually all year long I let her keep putting it off. She kept saying she would have all summer to do it.

But when summer came she had so much company, or else she was gone somewhere visiting, and finally just two weeks before the 4-H achievement show she still had five articles to make. For those two weeks she sat at that sewing machine day in and day out. The sewing machine was new to her, she was slow, and being a perfectionist she ripped and did it over, ripped and did it over, many times in tears. She had those five articles finished in time for the Show and got all blue ribbons, but she has done precious little sewing since that time. I think she has made one apron and one skirt. I love to sew and just wish I had more time for it and I sincerely hope that this year Kristin will overcome her grudge against the sewing machine.

I have a huge ironing to tackle tomorrow so it is high time I bank the fires and get into bed.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

PRAYER FOR FEBRUARY

Please help the birds and small wild things

To find enough to eat

When snow has deeply hidden

All the berries, seeds and wheat.

And help them, God, to find a nook Protected from the storm,

Where they may hide and rest themselves

And keep their wee feet warm.

Amen—

Marjorie Anderson

WINTER SONG

Above the world the winter stars,

The lovely stars, look down

So clear and fair, so calm and bright,
God's glory in the night.

Across the dark the winter dawn
Comes slowly up the sky,

Of rose and gold and red unfurled
Above God's lovely world!

Nancy Turner

PRAYER FOR CONTENTMENT

Let me be an island, Lord,

For a little while each day,

Completely inaccessible

To everyone, I pray.

And let a wide blue gulf of peace

Divide me from my kind,

Whose harried, hurried, worried ways
Clutter up the mind.

Let me bask in the sun of solitude

And rest in the shade of prayers.

Renew my strength for daily tests

Of meeting the Mainland's cares.

Yes, let me be an island, Lord,

Be Thou the bridge thereto;

A quiet refuge—an escape

From me and mine, to You.

—Beverly Lyden

FLOWER NOTES

By
Russell

This is the first winter I can honestly say that I've had completely satisfying success with houseplants.

The reason they have thrived so wonderfully well in our remodeled home is due to the fact that we now have a large expanse of glass facing the southwest and it provides the required light. In addition to this, we have a heating system that furnishes an even temperature. We no longer have strong blasts of heat and then sudden chills.

Inadequate light and extremes of temperature are two main causes for failure in growing plants indoors. When I look back through the years and remember the two tiny slits of southwest windows we had for light, and the old one-register coal burning furnace, I marvel that we ever had anything growing in our house.

I started pretty much from scratch with houseplants this last fall, sticking with foliage plants only, such as various *philodendrons* — everything from the small variegated leaf types to the very large cut leaf varieties—several kinds of *dieffenbachias*, grassy looking *draecenas*, *ivies* and *sansevierias* (snake plants).

Some came from the Five and Ten and some came from the florist or greenhouse. (One handsome *dieffenbachia* came from a super-market in Kansas City, their opening day special and I just happened to stop in on another errand and spotted it — a great bargain.)

Most of these new houseplants needed re-potting so I made up a mixture using equal parts of sand, vermiculite, compost and good black dirt. This insured good drainage, yet the vermiculite kept the pots from drying out rapidly. I have added nothing but enough water to keep them moist up until this date (they should be kept on the dry side until late January or early February), but as the days lengthen I will add liquid fertilizer to encourage the new growth.

Dust can be very destructive to foliage plants. Not only will they look better with a good cleaning but they will grow better. About once a month the leaves should be cleaned with a soft damp cloth — don't rub hard even on the heavy rubber plant. Just be sure the cloth is very damp as the leaves will bruise easily. Be sure to remove faded leaves when this occurs. This is better for the plant and it will certainly improve its appearance.

Early this winter I chopped out of the frozen ground small plants of several kinds of *vinca minor*, *Baltic ivy* and various types of *euonymus*. They were thawed gradually on the back porch and then moved to the basement.

I made up more of the potting mixture mentioned earlier and put these small plants in little pots or tucked them in at the base of some of the larger plants. They are surely suc-



Anyone reading this magazine who thinks she has a lot of ironing to do should just give thought to Mrs. LaVern Zunkel of Ogden, Iowa. In front, from left to right, are her little triplets, Deborah Kae, Denise Fae and Deanna Mae. Standing behind them are Cindy Lee, Vickie Luverne and Patricia Marie. The triplets made darling models for a fashion show put on by Mabel Nair Brown and her Golden Rule store, and that's how we first heard about them.

cessful used in the latter way — have now made a fine ground cover for the big *dieffenbachias* and *monstera*s. The others have developed into attractive houseplants. Next spring they will be planted outdoors in some of the new areas of the garden, and next fall I plan to start some of these plants earlier (before they must be chopped out of frozen ground, for instance) and see if they do as well.

Our first potted hyacinths are now in full bloom. I waited until the color showed before I brought them up from the basement and put them in the sunniest spot I could find in front of the new living room windows.

Hyacinths seem to get alone fine in a warm room during the day, but the flower stalks last longer if they are moved to a cooler spot at night. Don't forget to keep your potted bulbs moist or you won't have any bloom, and be sure to keep them wet after they are brought to the light. If you have hyacinths in a large pot, sprinkle a little grass seed on the surface about a week or so before they are brought upstairs. It softens the trim straight lines of the flower stalks and makes a more pleasing sight.

WE THINK MOST OF US SHARE KRISTIN'S SKILL!

Dear Friends:

When Juliana and I started writing to you friends we were supposed to take turn about and for a while it worked out that way, but this school year Juliana has so terribly much home work all the time she never does a thing but study. Some of her classes are just like college classes, from what I've heard about college. I have almost no home work to do by comparison, so I told her I'd just keep on writing until things let up a little bit for her when school is out.

In my last letter I told you about the plans our newly organized youth group were making. Since then we have had a very successful bake sale which helped launch one of our projects.

Three days before Christmas a large group of us went caroling at seven

o'clock—in the rain! Then we came back to the church for a chili supper, gift exchange, and devotions before going home.

Our young minister and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Longer, left our church the first of the year to accept a church which was closer to their former homes in northeastern Iowa. This was a real blow to the young people in our church because we all thought so much of them, and they had been such a help to us. Of course, we were really glad for them but we will miss them very much.

The other day in typing class our teacher wanted us to have some practice in thinking and typing our thoughts. Up to this time we had only typed prepared material. There were four topics in the book from which to choose. I chose "The Skill I Have." I thought you might be interested in what I wrote on this subject:

"The skill I have is that of doing the right things at the wrong time and the wrong things at the right time. This may seem quite funny, but believe me, it's not! In fact, at times it can be very embarrassing. If you are one of those people who can always think of the perfect thing to say an hour after it should have been said, you'll know what I mean.

"Everyone, especially me, envies the person who is always calm, poised, and graceful. I admire someone who can keep his wits in a critical situation. A good goal for anyone to set for himself is to be serene and composed at all times."

Although I didn't get an acting part in the Junior class play, "Gidget," I had fun being part of the stage crew. My job was to work the lights. This included the house lights, stage lights, and the spot light. Since the lights had to be changed for just about every scene, I was kept quite busy. Probably almost every teenage girl is familiar with the movie "Gidget." Some of the campfire scenes and the beach party scene were beautiful, and all in all the play, in my opinion, was quite a success.

During these long winter evenings, after I finish my homework (which comes first, you know) I have been doing some embroidering. This is something I love to do. I have recently finished two pillow cases, two tea-towels and at the present time I'm working on a dresser scarf. Usually Mom makes cocoa or popcorn before bedtime which is nice, but very bad for the figure and the complexion.

Sincerely,

Kristin

PEANUT PIXIES

Let these colorful little men help you with your entertaining—perch them on your table centerpiece, use them as favors. Made entirely by hand with red or green trimming. 12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely handmade so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

NEWS FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

I am attempting the impossible this morning. I am trying to type this letter while Paul is up and at 'em. A whole collection of complications, far too involved to try and describe, are responsible for the fact that I have my typewriter here on the table and Paul perched right beside me studying the situation with deepest interest. Everything about this typewriter is "out of bounds" and it's plain to be seen from the expression on his face that he can't figure out why this wonderful machine is actually on the table in full view.

I must confess that after all this time I'm still surprised at the number of things he can get into that I had never even thought about! He can't climb right straight up a bare wall like a human fly, but that's about the only thing he can't do. I've really appreciated the letters sent on from Shenandoah in which mothers of small children tell me they too have a little boy or a little girl who is on the move from early morning until 'way past bedtime. They say you notice it so much more if the first child is the quiet type!

I don't know where your children prefer to play, but Paul's favorite place in the entire house is right under my feet while I'm in the kitchen. Have you ever known a child who can resist a cabinet full of pots and pans? In the lower part of my stove there is a drawer that pulls out and every evening while I fix supper I have about a dozen different pan lids to step over. We have bought him toys that fit together, but he still prefers to pile up pan lids or make rows of them on the kitchen floor.

Another toy that is an all-time favorite at our house is a big long cardboard box. Originally it had a lid, but that lid never gets put back on properly. You wouldn't believe how many hours Paul and Katharine have spent with that box! Sometimes they use it for a boat, other times it's a bed, other times they cram into it everything they can haul around (including my pots and pans) and other times they simply sit in it and look at their books. I'm not exaggerating when I say that they'll play in that old cardboard box by the hour, and often, particularly right after this last Christmas, I wondered why in the world we ever spent our money on toys when an assortment of big cardboard boxes would probably be much more successful.

Donald and I have concluded that most people go through about the same experiences we've had on this whole subject of toys and playthings. There are all kinds of good, attractive, well-made and educational type toys on the market today and from our viewpoint these seem just the thing. Somehow Katharine and Paul don't seem to share our viewpoint. The big cardboard box is a good example of



We could be mistaken, of course, but after studying this picture of Paul Driftmier we've concluded that eventually he'll be as tall as his father—6 feet and four inches.

what I mean. And to this day we've never found any kind of a toy with half the appeal of an egg beater, clothespins, pans, etc., etc.

Donald has been in town all this week and my! what a difference it makes to have him here to help me at the end of the day. I can tackle supper with a happy heart knowing that he will be coming home to sit down and eat with us, and to share the bathtub-bedtime routine. When both of us pitch in to get the children bathed and tucked into bed we manage to get through early enough that we can sit down in the living room, enjoy a second cup of coffee, and have a nice evening ahead to visit and work on the various things we're always trying to get done.

I guess the only wives who can really understand what such a week means are the ones whose husbands are "on the road" nine-tenths of the time. It's just one of these things that have to be and you make your peace with it, but grown-up talk is a real comfort after a day spent with small children. I've noticed that both Katharine and Paul snap to attention when their daddy is at home in the evening and don't try to wind up the day by tearing all over the house and giving mama a good chase. Paul's favorite game is to crawl under the bed just beyond my reach and the only way I can pull him out is to get down on the floor and crawl in after him. If he tries this when daddy is at home there isn't any problem—Donald can reach him with one swoop of his arm in much less time than it takes me to write about it.

I have been wound up in an entirely new experience lately. Katharine got one of these new 14-inch Betsy McCall dolls for Christmas and one of its virtues or selling points is the fact that there are printed patterns made especially for her in the McCall magazine. I have thus far ploughed my way through one package of patterns and

what a revelation it has been!

These minute dresses are harder to make by far than any adult dress. I came across one nightgown pattern that called for lining under the entire bodice. This whole piece didn't measure more than an inch and a half in length, and to try and line it was difficult—to say the least. I did stick with it through the whole series of outfits in the package, but I have a strong feeling that the next time I'll do a little revising on my own and not turn out doll clothes fit for a queen.

As I mentioned earlier, Donald travels most of the time and a couple of weeks ago I had my first real emergency to cope with alone. It happened when I was in the kitchen cooking supper and the children were playing in Katharine's bedroom. I had just stepped out the back door with the milk bottles when I heard Paul let loose with one of his lusty screams. I headed back for the house and by the time I reached the utility room, Paul had been herded out to meet me. What a sight greeted my eyes! Blood was streaming out of his mouth and from the looks of his clothes and shoes and the pink linoleum I couldn't imagine what could have happened to produce so much bleeding.

Up to this point Katharine had been following behind him and hadn't had a chance to see his bloody face, but when I scooped him up she got her first real glimpse of his condition and instantly backed off as white as a sheet. For a little bit I thought she was going to faint and I'd have two stretcher cases on my hands. I hastened to assure her that Paul would be all right and between her wracking sobs and his screams I tried to find out what had happened. Finally it came out that she and Paul had been jumping around on the bed and he had tumbled off and struck a toy that was on the floor. I had a hard time getting him quieted down enough to look into his mouth, and when I did I found that one of his front teeth had been knocked out or pushed completely out of sight—I couldn't tell which.

Donald was in Des Moines so I had to take action quickly on my own. I called a friend who was good enough to drop her supper preparations and drive me down town to the dentist—I caught him just as he was preparing to leave and he agreed to stay until we got there.

It turned out that the tooth hadn't been knocked out but was pushed completely back into the gum. The dentist managed to pull it forward so that when it begins to work its way back down it will at least come down straight. Other than that, there was nothing he could do. We won't know until the tooth either darkens or doesn't darken whether the nerve has been damaged.

This doesn't write up as a very upsetting experience, but I was pretty shaken up by it—the first accident of any kind we've ever had with the children and the fact that I was holding down the house by myself took me

(Continued on page 14)

Recipes Tested

by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

KITCHEN FUN

Serve a laugh with meat loaf,
Serve a smile with steak,
Serve a grin with gingerbread
And chuckles with a cake.
Whistle with the waffles,
Sing a song with salad.
Hum a tune while kneading dough—
Don't you know a ballad?
Beat time with a rolling pin,
Tap dance while you fry,
There's kitchen fun for everyone,
Who'll make it?—Why not try?

A GOOD VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 No. 2 can yellow wax beans, well drained
- 1 No. 2 can french green beans, well drained
- 1 No. 2 can kidney beans, washed and drained
- 1/2 green pepper, cut in fine slivers and chopped
- 1/2 med. sized onion, cut in fine slivers and chopped

Dressing

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper

Mix these ingredients thoroughly.

Pour the dressing over the vegetables and let stand for 24 hours in a covered dish. Stir once in a while to make sure everything comes in contact with the dressing.

This salad *must* be made in advance. It isn't a dish you can make up in a rush at the last minute! It is delicious served with fried chicken and hot rolls for a perfect lunch topped off with a favorite dessert.—Lucile

WAKIKI PORK CHOPS

This is a delicious way to prepare pork chops that takes almost no time at all, and I like to serve them to company since they don't require any attention.

I prefer pork chops about an inch thick so if you are having them cut by the butcher, I suggest that you ask him for extra thick chops. Salt and pepper the chops and place in a large pan. On each chop put a slice of pineapple and fill the center with a cooked prune. Add a little water and bake in a slow oven until tender. With pork chops cut quite thick it will take about 1 1/2 hours, but less time, of course, if they are not very thick. You may need to add a little water from time to time. — Mary Beth

ELEGANT NEW 24 HOUR SALAD

I don't believe I have ever run across anyone who doesn't like a good 24 Hour Salad. Whenever I serve it at home it is eaten with such gusto that I'm a little embarrassed because I don't serve it often enough!

This makes an ideal club refreshment because it HAS to be made the day before so you aren't bothered with last minute food preparations.

- 1 No. 2 1/2 can sliced pineapple, drained (Save juice)
- 30 large marshmallows, cut in fourths
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup pecans
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 1/2 pint whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 whole eggs, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. flour

In a large bowl combine the pineapple cut into chunks, quartered marshmallows, chopped celery, pecans and grated cheese.

In the top of a double-boiler combine the pineapple juice, vinegar, beaten eggs, salt and flour. Cook, stirring, until thick; remove from heat and cool. Fold in the cream which has been whipped and then fold the sauce into the fruit mixture. Chill 24 hours or more. Serve in lettuce cups.

This was one of the four salads I prepared when I entertained the Strom family for Oliver's birthday dinner in December. — Margery

Kissing don't last. Cookery do.—Meredith.

BAKED OYSTERS

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 pt. oysters, drained
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/3 stick of butter, melted

Combine flour, salt and pepper and roll drained oysters in it. Then dip oysters in beaten egg and press fine cracker crumbs all over them. Put oysters in a greased shallow pan, pour melted butter over them and bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

This is wonderful for those who are avoiding fried foods and yet is more "stick to the ribs" than oyster stew. The three of us really enjoy this dish and it's quick to fix. — Lucile

COMPANY LUNCHEON CRAB DISH

- 1 can crabmeat
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/4 lb. salted cashew nuts
- 1 3-oz. can chow mein noodles
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste.

Combine all ingredients, turn into a buttered casserole and bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes. Crabmeat is expensive and by the time you've also used cashew nuts you don't have a cheap casserole, but this is extremely delicious and will really make a hit with everyone.—Mary Beth

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Maple
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Orange

Strawberry
Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Cherry
Banana

Mint

Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

GREEK STYLE RABBIT

Cut the rabbit into serving pieces, salt and pepper it and put it into a large kettle with 1/2 cup olive oil, 2 Tbls. of mixed spices tied in a bag and 8 or 10 garlic beads. Braise and stir occasionally, adding a little water or tomato juice from time to time. When the garlic is tender mash it against the side of the kettle. Cook this for about one hour and do not let it stick.

Peel 15 or 20 small onions (size of walnuts) and put over the top. Add 1 can of tomatoes, 1/2 cup of olive oil, 1 cup of vinegar, 1 cup white raisins, and 4 or 5 bay leaves. Cook slowly for one more hour.

We have a very good friend who is Greek. He owns a restaurant, is a superb cook and every time he comes to see us he brings the food and prepares the dinner! Of all the things George fixes for us, this is Frank's favorite dish. I asked George for the recipe because we eat a lot of rabbit during the winter months and it is such a different and unusual way to fix it. I hope the next time your husband goes hunting and brings home a rabbit you will try fixing it this way. — Dorothy

APPLE DELIGHT WITH SAUCE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 egg
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups chopped apples
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Cream together the sugar and butter. Add egg and vanilla. Sift together the flour, soda, nutmeg, cinnamon and salt and add to creamed mixture. Stir in the apples and nutmeats. Bake in 8x8-inch greased and floured pan at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Sauce

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3/4 cup water

Mix sugar and cornstarch in saucepan. Add orange juice, flavorings and water. Stir as the sauce cooks until thickened and clear. Serve hot over the pudding.

VERY TASTY BAKED HAM CASSEROLE

- 3/4 lb. baked ham, ground
 - 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
 - 1 cup sharp cheese, shredded
 - 1 large green pepper, minced
 - 1 small can sliced mushrooms
 - 1 (12 oz.) pkg. noodles, cooked
 - 4 cups medium thick white sauce
- Combine all ingredients, turn into a 2-qt. casserole and bake for one hour in a 350 degree oven.

GERMAN CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 small head cabbage, shredded
 - 4-6 slices bacon
 - 3 or 4 onions, sliced
 - 2 Tbls. white vinegar
 - 2 Tbls. water
 - 1 Tbls. sugar
 - Pepper and salt
 - 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- Shred cabbage and soak in ice water. Drain very thoroughly. Dice bacon and fry until crisp. Remove bacon and add onion, vinegar, water, sugar, salt and pepper to drippings. Bring to boil and pour over cabbage. Sprinkle bacon over top and garnish with slices of hard-cooked egg.

This is a refreshing salad to run into on a winter night — will remind you somehow of summer! — Lucile

COFFEE BARS

- 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1/2 cup shortening
 - 1 egg
 - 1 1/2 cups flour
 - 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup strong coffee
 - 1/2 cup chopped dates
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Cream together the brown sugar and shortening. Add egg. Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda and salt and add alternately with the hot coffee. Lastly, add the dates and nuts. Bake in a well-greased 7 x 11-inch cake pan in a 350 degree oven. When cool ice with a frosting made of melted butter, powdered sugar, cream and Kitchen-Klatter Burnt Sugar Flavoring. Cut in squares and serve with good, hot coffee. — Leanna

GOLD SALAD

- 1 can (29 oz.) apricots, cut fine
 - 1 can (29 oz.) crushed pineapple
 - 2 pkgs. orange jello
 - 2 cups hot water
 - 1 cup small marshmallows
- Drain and chill the fruit, reserving the juice. Dissolve the jello in hot water and add 1 cup of the mixed fruit juice. Chill until sirupy, then fold in the fruit and the marshmallows. Chill until firm and spread with the following topping.

TOPPING

- 1/2 cup sugar
 - 3 Tbls. flour
 - 1 egg, slightly beaten
 - 1 cup combined apricot and pineapple juice
 - 2 Tbls. butter
 - 1 cup cream, whipped
- Combine everything except butter and cream in the top of the double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick. Stir in the butter and cool. Lastly, fold in the whipped cream and spread over the top of the Gold Salad.

This is a large recipe and a fine one to make up for club refreshments. Half of these amounts will serve for family use.

GOOD OLD SPANISH RICE

- 1 lb. ground beef
 - 1/2 cup chopped onion
 - 1/2 cup diced green pepper
 - 3 Tbls. shortening
 - 1 No. 2 1/2 can tomatoes
 - 1/2 cup water
 - 1 Tbls. chili powder
 - 3 cups cooked rice
 - Grated cheese
- Stir meat, onion and green pepper in the hot fat until cooked through and tender. Add remaining ingredients (aside from cheese), plus salt and pepper. Cook on low heat about an hour. Add rice and turn into casserole. Keep warm in very slow oven until ready to serve and then sprinkle top with grated cheese.

MOTHER'S FROSTED GINGER CREAMS

- 1 cup white sugar
 - 1 cup molasses or sorghum
 - 1/2 cup lard
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 1 cup hot water (not boiling)
 - 2 level tsp. soda
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 - 1 Tbls. ginger
 - Pinch of salt
 - 4 cups flour
- Cream together the sugar, shortening, molasses and vanilla. Add the soda to the hot water to dissolve and then add to creamed mixture alternately with the flour. (You will probably need to use more than 4 cups of flour — it depends upon the richness of the shortenings and whether you use molasses or sorghum. Just add enough more so that you have a nice soft dough that can be rolled out and cut on floured board or pastry cloth.) Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 10 minutes and watch closely so they do not burn. When cool, frost with boiled icing or powdered sugar icing. — Leanna

DATE-NUT CAKE

- 1 cup boiling water
 - 1 cup chopped dates
 - 1 tsp. soda
 - 1/3 cup softened butter
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 egg
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 1/2 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Pour the boiling water over the dates and soda. Allow to stand while mixing the cake batter. Cream the butter and the sugar until very smooth and creamy. Add the egg and vanilla and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Mix until well blended with the creamed mixture. Stir in the nuts and the date mixture. Pour into a greased and floured 13" x 9" x 2" cake pan. Bake in a 375 degree oven for about 35 minutes.

We think this cake is delicious and it is good either plain, with frosting, or just a little whipped cream. — Dorothy

THERE'S A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

In all my life I have never known a man who did not like oysters. True it is that some do not like raw oysters on the half shell, but all men like cooked oysters. For some it is an acquired taste, but for the most part boys learn to like oysters long before other members of the family. I can't remember a time when I didn't like them, and some of the pleasant memories of my boyhood are the oyster stew suppers we used to have on Sunday nights.

I have a very good friend who is a chef in a large private club, and the other day he taught me how to make an oyster sauce that is perfect for serving over toast as a supper snack, or that is just the thing for pouring over a cooked white fish.

Oyster Sauce a la Springfield

3 dozen raw oysters
Pepper and salt
Celery salt
1/2 lb. or 1 can of mushrooms
4 Tbls. butter
5 Tbls. flour
3/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups milk

Melt butter and fry the sliced mushrooms until lightly cooked. Add flour, salt and blend. Add milk and cook over low heat until thickened. Meanwhile, cook oysters over low heat until edges just begin to curl. Add to creamed mushrooms with pepper and celery salt. Mix thoroughly. Serve over toast, in patty shells, or pour over any ordinary white fish. This amount will serve six.

I recommend that you use this sauce poured over any white fish that you may have available. You know, plain white fish of any kind can stand a little dressing up, and this sauce will make the most common fish dish a real delicacy. Actually, this can be made with fewer oysters, if you like, and if you like a thinner sauce, just use less flour.

The other day I walked into a restaurant and saw something on the menu that gave me a real thrill! Don't laugh now when I tell you that it was Lentil Soup! Years ago I used to eat Lentil Soup every Saturday night for my supper, but that was when I was living outside the continent of North America. Almost never have I seen Lentil Soup on an American menu, and I can't understand why that is so. It is such a good soup when properly made; I have never known children not to like it once they have tried it; and it is a wonderful source of iron. If you haven't a good recipe for Lentil Soup, try this one.

Lentil Soup

2 qts. boiling salted water
2 cups lentils
1 can tomato sauce
1 chopped onion
1/2 cup alphabet noodles
Butter to taste

Pick stones out of lentils and wash well under cold water. (Just why there

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should be so many stones in lentils I do not know, but there are, and you be careful.) Add lentils to boiling water and simmer for 1 hour. Now add the tomato sauce and onion; simmer for 45 minutes more. During the last 10 minutes before serving, add the alphabet noodles. Serve with a pat of butter in each bowl. This pat of butter is absolutely essential.

Your children can make a meal out of lentil soup, and it will be one of the cheapest meals you ever served. I once knew a school over in Egypt that was called by some "The Lentil School" because it served so much lentil soup. In Egypt it is a very cheap food, and thus the school so named was thought of as a poor man's school.

From the time I was just a youngster I have been interested in cooking. As a matter of fact, one of my secret ambitions during the first 25 years of my life was to be a famous chef! At every opportunity I used to visit with chefs wherever I met them.

I remember the day I became acquainted with a famous hotel chef out in Estes Park, Colorado. I had overheard him say that his meat supply was too heavily loaded with wieners (hot dogs) and so I asked him what he would do to use them in a res-

taurant as famous as his, and I shall always remember his reply. He said: "Son, some of the most expensive and exotic dishes are made with the common old hot dog. What I have here will go into Vienna Pie, and it will be the most expensive dish on the menu as far as the customer is concerned, and the cheapest dish for us to make."

Well, I never did get his recipe for Vienna Pie, but I do have a recipe for something just as good.

Hot Ziggities

1 lb. of hot dogs, ground
Blend in 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
1 slightly beaten egg
Sift together:
2 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. salt
Cut in 2/3 cups shortening

Combine 1/4 cup tomato catsup with 3 Tbls. cold water. Sprinkle over the flour mixture, blending lightly with a fork. Divide the dough in half. Roll out each half on floured board to 12x9 inch rectangle. Cut each into four, 6x4 1/2 inch rectangles. Now divide the hot dog mixture equally on pastry rectangles. Fold over pastry so that 4 1/2 inch edges are together. Seal edges well. Bake on ungreased sheet. Serve hot. Children love these little turnovers.

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MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

completely off-guard. If Donald had been there the whole thing would have affected me so differently. Well, no matter what may happen in the future it won't give me the same sensations because I'll know that it's up to me to keep my head and work out whatever has to be worked out.

I've written this at one sitting because Paul loaded the cardboard box with pans and lids and has been happily occupied getting into the box with them, getting out, getting back in, etc. Katharine has spent this time sitting on her new chair at the kitchen table with a coloring book and her crayons. We had two kitchen chairs to start with. This last Christmas we decided we should get a third so Katharine would no longer have to perch on a stool, and then we took stock of the whole situation and realized Paul would graduate from the highchair to the stool before too long and really should have a chair instead of that stool. Then we thought some more and decided that while those particular chairs were still available we really should be getting three of them while we were at it because when Paul gives up the highchair it won't be put out in a corner of the garage. A year from today that faithful highchair will have a new occupant, so those of you who are beginning to try and figure out how you'll keep your household going while you're in the hospital around mid-June can know that I have exactly the same problem!

Always sincerely,

Mary Beth

THE WRITING BUG—Concluded

the wheat cereal and happily watched him down a soup bowl full followed by an egg, a piece of toast and a cup of cocoa. Now we could live together.

AAAah, everyone was fed, the two older boys were off on the big yellow school bus and Robert had rushed off to the office. Now I could really settle down and type. But no, the three shirts which had not been finished with the ironing last night nagged me into getting out the ironing board first. The task seemed to be interrupted far too many times for Craig could not get the small green combine to hook onto the red wagon to hook onto the miniature plow which in turn he tried to hook onto the toy tractor. Just as this long row of implements would fasten to each other and creep across the floor one of them would thoughtlessly uncouple and Craig's howl of protest was nerve shattering. This is not conducive to completing even three shirts in record time!

Now, if I could just think of something stimulating to write about. Now I was going to write. Yes I was!

Craig tugged at my skirt... "Make some cookies mama."

So, as you can plainly see, instead of writing the inspiring, thoughtful column which had been planned, I settled on the difficulties of trying to write on that particular day.

Writing is fun. It is stimulating and



One morning last August Mr. and Mrs. Don Benson of St. Edward, Nebr. stopped by to pay a call on Mother (Leanna Driftmier), and this picture of Beverly, their daughter, was snapped in the corner of the folks' living room. We were happy when the Bensons sent a print of it.

a very worthwhile, creative means of expression. It is also plain hard work. Good luck to any of you who are interested in trying your hand at this fascinating hobby. Have the courage to try and see what you can do.

THE BABY BOOK—Concluded

beautiful, A—angelic, etc. The guest of honor will read these fortunes and then the pages can be added to the big scrap book.

Baby's Future: Pass a sheet of paper to each guest and ask them to write the things that will be taken for granted when this new baby is fifteen. It will be interesting to hear what people expect in the world of the future, and since these pages will be added to the scrap book, it will make highly significant reading in fifteen years.

PRESENTING THE GIFTS: Borrow a large bassinet (perhaps if there are several hostesses this might be their gift) and place the gifts in the bottom of the bassinet with a pretty baby blanket over them. Lay a large doll on the blanket. At the time of presentation, place the bassinet before the honored guest and tell her you are all anxious to see how quickly and nicely she can wrap the "baby" in the blanket. When she does this, she will discover the gifts!

PRAYER TIME

The while she darns the children's socks

She prays for little stumbling feet;
Each folded pair with its box
Fits Faith's bright sandals, sure and fleet.

While washing out with mother pains
Small dusty suits and frocks and slips,
She prays that God may cleanse the stains

From little hands and hearts and lips.

And when she breaks the fragrant bread,

Or pours a portion in each cup,
For grace to keep their spirits fed
Her mother heart is lifted up.

O busy ones, whose souls grow faint,
Whose tasks seem longer than the day,

It doesn't take a cloistered saint
To find a little time to pray.

—Ruby Weyburn Tobias

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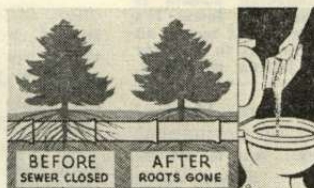
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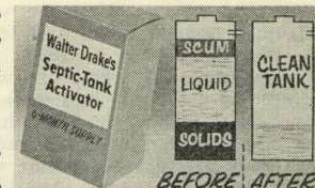
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MARGERY REPORTS ON THE "OLD-FASHIONED" DINNER

Dear Friends:

It is very doubtful that I will get far from the dining room table today since I am looking over the Christmas cards and letters we received this year. Before putting them away I like to take a day to go through them again, sorting out some of the letters that contained surprising news items in hopes that I can get another note off in reply. When you hear from some friends only once or twice a year there is a lot to report on family happenings, and there are a few letters I want to acknowledge before January slips into February.

Now, I *do* have a room in this house that I call my *office* but, as I mentioned, I am at the dining room table. I can't be nearly as efficient here because I am constantly distracted, but it is much more pleasant. From this table I can see the homes of fourteen neighbors! Isn't that surprising? It isn't that I'm nosy—it's just that it gives me a friendly feeling to look out this window or that window and see what is going on.

There is Mary out in front of her house helping Lori learn to ride the new bike Santa brought. I think Lori is doing very well and it will please her if I call after while and tell her that I saw her and that it won't be long until she can ride her bike to school. There is the gorgeous white cat that belongs to a neighbor two houses north of us. He jumps up onto the window box at the kitchen window and meows when he wants in. He just jumped down and is running to the back door, so they saw him. I remember the white cat we had a couple of years ago and were so sorry to lose. I wish I had another white cat, but Martin wants a dog. We've half-way promised him that we would look into this dog situation when spring comes. Enough day dreaming. I guess it isn't hard to see why I like to do my work at this dining room table!

Our redecorating is finished upstairs and it was nice to get the rooms straightened up again. There are a few odds and ends to take care of but they can wait a while. We have the electric train set up in the upstairs hall-room. It is a wonderful place for it is not the least bit in anyone's way and can be left up.

I'll have to tell you folks that Abigail had warned me in advance that to Clark, coming to Iowa meant "Martin's train" and that I should be prepared. With this word, Oliver and Martin got busy cleaning the tracks with alcohol, checking the transformer and switches, oiling the engine, etc., and had everything ready when the Denver Driftmiers arrived. There was even a new Diesel engine for we had gotten Martin one for Christmas—we try to add a little to the set each year. This train set-up is developing into a nice hobby that Oliver and Martin can enjoy together, but I do believe that



The three Stroms pause for a typical tourist snapshot—that dashing Canadian stream is SUCH a contrast to Southwestern Iowa! It's a very good picture of Margery but not at all good of Oliver, so we're grateful to him for being "broad-minded" and letting us use it.

Oliver has more fun than Martin! They would like to set up permanent tracks in the basement, but a lot of work needs to be done down there first. The basement is a little too cool and damp and there is danger of rusting unless some piping is added to heat the room where the track would be set up. The neighborhood boys have had the train down there once in a while but it hasn't been left for any length of time.

Our next door neighbors, the Alexanders, are in Arizona as I write this letter. We do miss them so much when they are gone. Both their daughters and families live in Tucson, so for several years Howard and Elton have been spending Christmas and most of the month of January with them. Oliver and I look after their house when they are gone and I always hold my breath that I can keep their lovely houseplants alive until they get back. (So far, so good!)

This trip we were really anxious about Alexanders because they had no sooner started out from Shenandoah when we heard that there was a terrific blizzard raging through the Southwest. We just *knew* they couldn't have missed it so we had some uneasy days until the first word arrived. They had been forced to stay over in Tucumcari, New Mexico until blocked roads were cleared and then had a great deal of one-way traffic for many miles. I remember that Mother, Dad and Howard ran into a blizzard one year when they were returning from California and had a most unpleasant time.

So far this winter hasn't seemed long. I guess they call this an "Open winter." As I write this there has been very little moisture and the temperatures haven't been very low for any great length of time. I suppose that one of these days we will have more snow and ice than we care for. But it won't be too much to suit Martin! He received both skis and ice skates

for Christmas so he definitely is in favor of all the snow and ice we can get.

Last year a large area down near what used to be called the old fair grounds (it is now called "Sportsmen's Park" but will always be the old fair grounds to me!) was flooded and people of all ages swarmed to the ice on cold days. I understand it was so popular that they intend to flood more ground this year. There just weren't enough ice skates to be had last year and were bought up quickly this year in anticipation of the good skating to come.

The skis have been on the "want list" for a number of years. Martin has always listened wide-eyed to his Uncle Donald whenever he recalled the skiing he did in the mountains during the years he was in the service. The plain truth is that skiing doesn't amount to very much in this part of the country, but the slopes are gentle for beginners. We were pleased to see skis in one of the trading stamp books and although they are small ones, Martin can use them this year to get the "hang of it" and then pass them on to some younger child. Skiing and skating are both good outdoor activities and just what boys need this time of the year.

I promised you friends on our radio visit that I would tell you the details about the Silent Bazaar we had in our church before Christmas, and it seems wise to put it down in print right now so you can refer to it for your own future needs. This is the third year that we have had a silent bazaar instead of a big bazaar for selling homemade items to the public. It has worked out so successfully that we plan to continue raising money in this manner.

The theme the first year was a "Pig Dinner"; the theme the second year was a "Wild Game Dinner"; and this year it was an "Old-Fashioned Dinner." All of our family was so pleased that Mother and Dad were able to go this year and they said that they didn't know when they had enjoyed themselves more.

Letters were sent out to all of the members of the church in advance. The details of the dinner were given and a big, high-buttoned shoe made of construction paper was enclosed. This paper shoe was double in thickness and pasted around the edges except for the opening at the top where we were supposed to deposit our checks or bills. The shoes were brought to the church the night of the dinner and deposited in an enormous cardboard shoe.

Old-fashioned food was served buffet style. The menu consisted of roast beef, roast pork, baked ham, baked beans, cole slaw, assorted cheeses, breads, relishes and for dessert, apple pie and coffee. I was chairman of the cheese committee, and I might add that all of the food we served was donated by members.

We ate at tables covered with red and white checked paper cloths, ten people at each table. Enough old kerosene table lamps had been located so that there was one at each table.

(Continued on next page)

They added a great deal of charm to the theme, and incidentally, I heard many a comment that those lamps made people a bit homesick!

Almost everyone was in costume, at least in part. Some just wore regular clothes but donned a false mustache, a big pocket watch or perhaps carried a cane. It didn't make any difference to what degree you were in costume for in a crowd of 275 people there was enough costuming to give you the old-fashioned feeling!

The Junior and Senior High boys and girls waited on the tables. The girls wore long dresses and the boys had on snappy vests, white shirts with arm bands, bow ties, false mustaches, and both the boys and girls wore big white aprons. These young people went about their business of waiting table with a flair as if all they did at home was juggle plates and cups of coffee. And not one accident!

There was a delightful program after the dinner. We sang old songs and had old-time readings. Everyone enjoyed himself tremendously. It is the type of dinner that can be put on with very little effort and where your own originality can really shine.

Well, I see Lori and her mother have gone into the house so I'll pick up the phone and compliment Lori on her bike-riding before I start reading over some of these nice letters I want to answer.

Sincerely,

Margery

SEASON SIGN

Now winter is and cold winds blow,
The dull sky drops its sleet and snow;
So Junior must, morn, night, and noon
Leave wide the doors he slammed in June!

Enola Chamberlin

Some folks are like fences . . . they run around a lot without getting anywhere.

Pray as if everything depends on God.
Work as if everything depends on you.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

last ten years, and those of us who grew up with the proposition that we'd do well to have the first fryers of the summer by the Fourth of July, blinked hard when we saw big turkey sales on that date.

I think we've all had some adjusting to do in this matter of food, and I think that most of us are ready now to put the prepared things in their proper place and get back to the pleasure of real cooking, the most creative thing in the world.

I know that many of you are shaking your heads and telling me that all you do is cook! I don't doubt you for a second! I've read repeatedly that here in the Midwest we have clung more closely to old values and the old ways than anywhere else in this country. I believe this. But I also know that those of us who live here are keenly aware of the fact that there are tremendous changes between the way we live today and the way we lived only a generation ago. The outsider might not see this since he's comparing us with another region, but we know it.

In short, I think everything pertaining to our homes will be increasingly important to us in the years between now and 1970 and we will get our greatest joy and pleasure from the creative things we do in our homes. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe the "authorities" are right when they envision all of us ripping through the air and tearing around and living in a mechanical way. But somehow I have a feeling in my bones, a hunch, that people have a powerful amount of common sense to draw upon, and that this common sense will turn them back from a dehumanized kind of life and set them again to the lasting satisfactions of creative things. I haven't heard anyone else suggest this, so I surely hope I'm around in 1970 to see if my lone wolf prophecy has come to pass!

Next month there will be a picture or two taken someplace in this remodeled house (probably the fireplace and dining room) and I'll try and give you a down-to-earth account of how we've settled in.

Until then . . .

Lucile

Life is short and we have not too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark way with us. Oh, be swift to love! Make haste to be kind!

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them.

The more we know, the better we forgive; Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.

KNOCK! KNOCK! MAY WE COME IN?

It's time for Kitchen-Klatter, and this means a 30 minute visit every morning of the week aside from Sunday. We try to manage a good recipe every day, but it's perfectly true that sometimes we just sort of get wound up visiting about everything under the sun.

We're not fancy home economics specialists, you know, with heads crammed full of brisk, scientific know-how. We're just people who have the same kit and kaboodle of responsibilities and experiences that most of you folks have.

Anyway, we get a chance to visit with you every morning over the stations listed below and we hope you'll start the 60's by getting acquainted with us.

When Kitchen-Klatter first started years and years ago, there were just a handful of radio stations in the whole country. Today there are more stations than you can shake a stick at. We'd like to be on more Midwestern stations in the decade before us, and if we have your support we can do this.

We don't know when we can add another station to this list or where it will be, but check your copy of Kitchen-Klatter every month and the minute you see a new station listed, rally 'round!

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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WRITE TO DEPT. 21

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STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

Back in the October issue when I read that you wondered if anyone could make a go of a catering business in a small town, I decided that I'd like to tell you about my experience.

Probably you couldn't really call this business of mine a catering business because it isn't anything like a big city catering firm where the person doing the entertaining isn't responsible for a thing except paying the bills, but I've worked out something that I think of as catering.

Our town is around 5,000, but so much of my work is done in very small neighboring towns and at farm homes too that I think you could live almost anywhere and carry on your business. Of course you have to be able to drive unless your husband is retired or not able to carry on a full time job of his own and is free to do all of the driving for you. But everything considered, it's better not to have to depend upon anyone else to take you where you must go.

I got into this by accident. My two oldest children were married and the other two were away at college. I was feeling lonesome and worried about money but couldn't figure out what to try in the line of a job when a telephone call changed everything. An old friend of mine was expecting to have a big dinner for the family her daughter was marrying into, and the day before they were to come from Milwaukee, she came down with a terrible migraine headache and was so sick she couldn't do a thing. She asked me if I could come and see her through.

That was the beginning. I went in there and took complete charge of all the food that was served—not only the big dinner, but a late breakfast the following morning and then an afternoon tea for the local friends and relatives who were to meet these people from Wisconsin. My friend had made complete plans and done some of the advance baking and cooking, so I just stepped in and carried through.

At the time I didn't realize what this might lead to, but before I knew it I was getting emergency calls to take over here and take over there. Word got around that I was able to handle dinners, luncheons, teas, even late breakfasts, and before I had time to think of it as a business, I was really *in* business. That was ten years ago and I've had more experiences than you could possibly begin to imagine and I've learned a lot.

It seems that almost no place today can you find a good cook, a good organizer to go into a home and prepare and serve a delicious meal or even light refreshments. Unless a woman can manage everything by herself, she entertains people at a restaurant or a cafe—anyplace but her home.

But most women like to entertain at home and what they need is someone who can see the whole thing through from beginning to end, and

that's where my services are needed.

I'll still drop everything and run on the kind of an emergency call that started it all, but most of the time I know well in advance exactly what is coming up.

I'd like to tell you, for example, how I manage a dinner when there is a wedding coming up and the bride's mother has more than she can manage to plan, prepare and serve a big dinner.

I go to the house at least a week in advance and check over the menu. Sometimes the entire meal has been planned, but most of the time I'm asked to figure out exactly what is to be served. This is all written out and everything agreed upon.

Then I check over all the dishes, linens, silver, pots, pans . . . all the items that will be needed. (The pots and pans are very important because you don't want to find yourself starting to fix a turkey without a large enough roaster, or a kettle big enough for potatoes, etc.)

If anything is to be borrowed, and generally there is, we mark off all these items on the list so we know exactly where we stand. I have used my own china, silver, pans, etc., countless times and really prefer doing this—if anything gets chipped or broken, and it rarely does, I'd rather have it be my own since I'm doing the work. But no matter what, every single thing is accounted for so that on the day of the dinner I'll know exactly where I stand.

I prefer doing the shopping and keep all sale slips. My own kitchen is so well organized that I am glad to do as much of the cooking there as possible. Once in a while someone prefers to have all the cooking done right there at home, but most women are glad to have as much prepared food brought in as possible.

I set the table, arrange the centerpiece and take care of all these details if they have been agreed upon in advance. Once I arrive, the woman of the house knows that she doesn't need to spend anymore thought or worry about anything connected with the meal. I'm responsible only for the food, but there are times when everything goes wrong and I'm glad to pitch in then and help slick things up—not heavy cleaning, of course, because there's no time for that, but last minute things that didn't get done for a dozen different reasons.

After the meal is served and the dining room and kitchen are in perfect order, I'm free to slip out and go home. If I've used any of my own things, I take them with me. If the housewife has borrowed things from relatives or friends, she is responsible for returning them.

My charge depends entirely upon the type of entertaining, the number of people and the work involved. All expenses are itemized (including an amount for electricity agreed upon in advance if I do some of the cooking in my own kitchen), all sales slips put together, and these go to the housewife. My own "fee" has been settled when we meet to make our plans.

This is very important—to settle the amount in advance. If a woman feels you are charging too much to cook and serve a big dinner, you can arrive at a figure that is satisfactory to her or you can decide that this is an affair you should pass up. But *always* settle this right at the beginning.

I feel that you must like and enjoy people to carry on such a business. You must be as dependable as the rising sun—only a critical emergency would justify letting down someone who is depending upon you. Of course you must be in good health for this is hard work. You'll learn quickly how much you can do without overtaxing yourself.

Organization is extremely important—never leave anything to chance and never have just a general understanding about anything. This is why all details must be written out, all equipment checked, all expenses agreed upon, etc.

There are real advantages to such a business. You are your own boss. You can turn down affairs that seem to have the possibility for trouble. You can "relax" after a big dinner by serving tea and sandwiches for an elderly woman who is so happy to be able to have old friends in for an afternoon—if only she had someone to help her.

There are financial rewards but there are human rewards too. I could count on two hands the number of times I've felt that my work didn't make a tremendous difference. Most women really love to entertain in their own homes and simply need an experienced hand to see them through. I get real pleasure out of making other people happy.

So, if you love to cook and can turn out delicious food, if you are in good health and free of complications at home, and if you know how to line up things and see them through, you should consider this type of work. I got started by accident. If you're serious about such work, don't wait for an accident but put your mind to the things that are coming up in your community and go to talk to the women who are involved. They'll be surprised, since no one seems to do this work, but the chances are you'll make contacts in short order that will start the whole thing going. Best wishes for your success.

—Mrs. J. J. Minn.

You can give without loving, but you can't love without giving.

WORK HAS ITS OWN MEANING

If you can think about your work
As being help to someone else,
You soon will find that that alone
Will make your task a happier one.
And if you add some little touch
That goes beyond what is required,
Your work becomes a thing of art
And leads you out into a realm
Where pleasure lives and drudgery
dies.

And this domain of artistry
Has ample room for hope and dreams
And spreading wings and lilting songs
To make the day eternal dawn.

—Unknown

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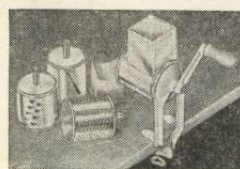
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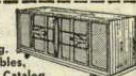
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