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# Kitchen-Klatter<sup>®</sup>

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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NUMBER 1



*Adrienne Driftmier wishes a Happy New Year to you.*





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

"Ring out the old!  
Ring in the New!"

I remember so well when I was a little girl and we listened for the bells and whistles at 12 o'clock welcoming the New Year. It was always a thrilling experience that I'll never forget. When we were very young, we were sent to bed but do you think we went right to sleep? Not for a minute! It was an effort, but we managed to stay awake until we heard the bells and whistles.

On New Year's morning we would see who could be the first to bound down the stairs to wish our parents a Happy New Year. This "first to wish a Happy New Year" has stayed with us even to this day, for Jessie and I try to beat each other to the phone to send our special greetings. Our children do the same, so this old family custom has carried on into their generation and is very likely to continue.

But back to the bells and whistles - - -. With the disappearance of this custom, I feel that our grandchildren are missing one of the big thrills that I enjoyed so much as a child. Perhaps the reason for the discontinuance is because there are so few bells to ring and whistles to blow. Many churches and schools have done away with bells and electricity has taken the place of the steam boilers that blew the whistles in earlier days. Whatever the reason, they have been missed by many of us older folks.

I don't believe New Year's resolutions have been entirely abandoned. Even though many of them are made only to be broken, they are good while they last. Did you happen to hear Sophie Tucker on a television program this fall when she said that she made a resolution at fifty to make a business of staying young? That would be a good one for all of us past fifty. We should keep ourselves as physically fit as possible, take care of our personal appearance, keep busy doing for those we love, and not worry about growing old. Be happy, cheerful and prayerful. This is the best advice I can offer for the start of this new year.

My sister Jessie and I spend as much time together as possible. Recently we spent a happy day visiting while picking out nutmeats at the kitchen table. Jessie had bought some hulled walnuts and since we have a

walnut cracker, she brought them over here for Mart to crack for her. Bertha, our brother Henry's wife, came in that afternoon and helped us.

I had written you that Bertha was visiting a brother in Oregon who was very ill, but that we expected her back before long. She called when she returned and I was happy that she could come up and visit while Jessie was here. Since coming home she has been busy getting her house plants organized, starting new little shoots, etc. There is always so much to catch up on when one has been away for several months.

I heard on the radio that we are to have a mild winter this year; then a newspaper reported that we were to have just the opposite! We are fortunate that weather science has been developed to such an extent that forecasts are quite reliable and we certainly depend upon the long-range predictions when we're preparing to start out in the winter time for any trip. Our plans right now are to leave for California soon after Christmas, so if we are to have a severe winter, we hope that storms hold off until after we leave Iowa.

Mart has been pouring over road maps these days. We usually take the same route for these trips west, but Clara, Mart's sister who is going with us for a visit with California relatives, has never made the trip before and we want to include as much sight-seeing as possible. This will make the drive a very happy one for us, for she will be so interested in all of the new country she will see.

Two of my sister Sue's daughters live in California and we are anticipating seeing them. Both have five children—two still at home. A letter from one of them, Mary, says that their eldest son is in the submarine service and is on one of our nuclear subs, the Triton. She has a new little granddaughter and one of the things I plan to do this winter is to make a smoked dress for her.

The other niece, Frances, is a nurse in a large hospital in San Bernardino. We hope to have some good visits with her on her days off. How frequently we can manage this will depend upon her present working schedule.

Jessie will be visiting her daughter Ruth near San Francisco so perhaps there will be opportunities to get together. At least we hope she can join us in Redlands for a few days.

Mart's brother Harry lives in Glendale so we're planning to spend some time with Harry and Edith and their families also. We feel so much at home on the west coast with these and other relatives and close friends that the time skips by, and before we realize it, we are having to say goodbye!

Thinking over the past year, we have had our joys and our sorrows. Although we lost dear Martha, we gained a new granddaughter. Little Adrienne had a poor start in life, but as you can see from her picture on the cover of this issue, she is now a very healthy little girl. We can also be very grateful that with the passing of the year Frederick's little son David gained strength and seems to be improving with each passing month.

By the time you read this issue of the magazine, Christmas will be over. I hope that you were able to have some of your loved ones around you.

Our Christmas gathering will not be large this year, but no smaller than last year. However, a year ago we were expecting Wayne and Abigail and their children soon after Christmas, and the fact that presents were waiting under the tree for them seemed to extend the holiday and include them in it. They won't be coming home this year since we visited them in Denver this fall.

We don't know where we will be greeting 1961. One year, on our way to California, we went further south than we usually do in order to visit old school friends. We were in Houston, Texas on New Year's Eve and were most surprised to see a fireworks display. The only other time we had seen such a welcome for the new year was when we were in Honolulu the winter of 1948-49. The weather was so balmy it was difficult to believe that it was not the 4th of July that was being celebrated in this fashion! We thought then that it was *only* an Oriental tradition, but obviously it is not.

Some people may prefer entering the new year with celebration, but the older one becomes, I believe that the experiences not the need for celebration, but the need to be more prayerful for having lived to see a new year born. I, myself, think of a poem by Lillian Gray which reads in part:

"Let us walk softly, friends;  
For strange paths lie before us all untrod,  
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,  
Is thine and mine, O friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;  
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,  
How soon these precious years be overpast;  
Let Love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;  
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,  
And help some halting comrade on the way;  
And may God guide us, friend."

Faithfully yours,



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings Good Friends, One and All—and a happy, happy New Year to you.

This makes a rather drawn-out beginning to a letter and looks a little odd to the eye, but it says what I want to express and therefore will just have to look odd!

Most of the time I don't sit down to write to anyone when ten people will be seated around my dining room table in less than an hour, yet that is exactly the situation on this December day. The ten people are Juliana's classmates who work together every week getting out the school paper. I've never heard of another editorial crowd that combined a potluck supper with putting together a paper, but that's what this crowd does.

It always comes as a surprise to me to see how efficiently the food is organized. Gone are the days when everyone turned up with potato chips or a package of store cookies. Now the whole meal is planned right down to the last crumb and it's balanced well enough to satisfy any teacher in the department of Home Economics. If you are the mother of young people around fifteen or sixteen years old and think anxiously that they'll NEVER plan anything beyond what we call "stuff and junk" as opposed to "good, sound, honest food", take heart. Whether you believe it or not, you're getting real close to the end of the trail on "stuff and junk".

It is the responsibility of the student who furnishes the house to furnish the main dish, and tonight it's going to be chicken pie. I have the creamed chicken all together and the biscuits are on a cookie tin in the refrigerator. The only thing that needs to be done is to slide them from that tin to the top of the chicken that's in my largest glass baking dish and put it in the oven. This is the beginning and the end of my responsibility, so you can see why I'm able to sit here at my typewriter and visit with you even though a crowd will soon be arriving to eat a hearty meal.

Only one thing about these editorial potluck suppers frets me: if big bowls and pans aren't taken home immediately I begin to worry and stew! I think all of us women have bowls and pans we depend upon and it's maddening to reach for one only to remember that it went to so-and-so's house and here it is, three days later, and still not home! I've done so much old-fashioned nagging about this that Juliana knows it's just about worth her life to leave any bowl or pan she hauls out of here. This is something that has to be learned sooner or later, and I'd rather have the stormy scenes sooner and get the whole matter settled. If you've ever been the chairman of a committee for covered dish affairs you know full well that a surprising number of young married women are still happily absent-minded when it comes to rounding up their bowls or pans and getting them home.

January of this year somehow seems to me more of a genuine beginning to



Our cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin, of Glen Gardner, New Jersey, steps out on a wintry day. Mary and Jim have two sons, Elliot and Jared.

a decade than January of 1960. Probably the fact that we are soon to see a new president inaugurated has a great deal to do with this. Most of the time I feel hopelessly confused when I think of the world in which we live today! Everything is changing so swiftly that it scarcely pays to think at all!

We can never turn back Time and thus it does no good whatsoever to yearn for a world in which a sober, responsible citizen had fulfilled his duty to Democracy when he worried about only his own country and helped as best he could to remedy injustice and misery. Now we must be concerned about the whole world, every part of it, and whether we like this or not doesn't enter into the situation in any way whatsoever. The fact remains that only Outer Space remains alien and remote, and probably before the Sixties are over we won't even be able to say this!

Some things come to my attention that leave me feeling stunned. I find it hard to encompass, for instance, the fact that in only twenty years, one-half of the population of our country will be living in cities that don't even exist today. This was stated on a TV program devoted to the plight of the city, and after making our trip East last summer I could certainly grasp the idea that our big cities are in a plight. (After all these months Russell and I are still grateful every single day that we can get down town to work or to buy groceries without fighting streets that are choked with traffic.)

Yet the one great modern city that has been planned and built right from scratch, Brasilia, the new capital of Brazil, strikes me as being a dehumanized place to live. I don't think I could ever get my roots down in one of those vast apartment houses that look like beehives. In fact, I'd rather

have a two-room shanty in that construction workers' town that's sprung up outside the gleaming new city. At least you'd have the sensation of human life going on around you.

But if the pictures of Brasilia left me feeling less than enthusiastic, imagine my reactions to the sketches that were shown of cities now on the drawing boards of architectural firms. One of these cities has an apartment house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright that rares up into the sky one mile high. Maybe my grandchildren will be able to enjoy bacon and eggs while they're sitting at a table 5,000 ft. or so above the ground, but I'd never be able to stand it!

And as for the city to be built entirely under water . . . well, that one gave me nightmares for weeks.

At the conclusion of this unnerving program one of the participants said uneasily: "Where do these men live who are designing such cities?" And then added quickly: "I'll bet they live in wooden houses out in the country." And the spokesman for all of these brave new world architects said: "Yes, they live out in the country with trees around them."

Personally, I don't think that Man is ever going to be able to adjust himself to living one mile up in the sky or under the water or even in these tremendous beehives where all activity is engineered right down to the last inch. I think the closer we stay to the ground the better off we are, and there's still a vast amount of ground left on this planet. In New Mexico and Arizona alone we could keep millions of people right on the ground simply by converting sea water to fresh water and piping it in. Science has been working on this water problem full tilt and it seems to me that once it is licked we can take care of our population twenty years from now without putting them up a mile in the sky or under water or even in massive beehives.

Well, you can see what it leads to when you think about the future! Probably one reason it's uppermost in my mind on this December dusk is because I overheard Juliana's editorial crowd discussing that TV program when they were here last month, and they were all for these new kinds of cities. None of it seemed the least bit bizarre and fantastic to them. In short, they represent the world of the future and all of the things about this world of the future that seem impossible to us seems entirely possible to them. I guess it's a question of adjusting our middle-age thinking—or not thinking at all!

The letters that you folks took time to write about your young people and this problem of college certainly meant a lot to Russell and to me for we could see that our perplexities were run-of-the-mill, so to speak. It turns out that many young people from very small towns have gone to huge universities and gotten along just fine after the first rough period of adjustment. As one mother said: "College is a hard thing to adjust to at the outset no matter how far from home it is

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## A PRAYERFUL THOUGHT FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH

By

*Frederick Field Driftmire*

1. Our Father in Heaven, we pause at this early hour of the day to give Thee thanks for all Thy many mercies. Whether or not we have been deserving of them, we have received Thy blessings. Hasten the day when we shall have the wisdom to see and to understand how little we are able to do of ourselves, and how much we need Thee. Amen

2. Our Father in Heaven, hear this our prayer. Write Thy Name upon our hearts this morning, and help us to remember how great is Thy love for us. No matter how busy this day may be, let us find in it a place for doing Thy will. Give us of Thy strength; give us of Thy wisdom, give us of Thy patience; then help us to give ourselves to Thee. Amen.

3. Our Father in Heaven, help us to see the bright side of this day. Save us from the sin of despair. Light the lamp of hope in every heart. Whatever else we may learn this day, let us learn that ruined lives may be rebuilt, that shattered hopes can be mended; and that there is forgiveness with Thee. Amen

4. Our Father in Heaven we Thy children give Thee thanks for all Thy loving care. How glad we are that today we still possess the good gift of life, and how grateful we are for its fellowships and friendships. Go with us through every passing hour; keep our feet from unbidden paths and our eyes from tears. Amen

5. Our Father in Heaven, we are wishing and hoping that often through this day, the thought of Thy nearness to us, of Thy presence with us, may spring into our consciousness, that we may see what Thou art showing us, and may know what Thou art telling us, and be happy to do what Thou dost will for us. Amen

6. Our Father in Heaven, help us throughout this day to realize that Thou canst be nearer to each one of us than the nearest and dearest of friends. Let us hear Thy voice today. Let us feel the inspiration of Thy presence. And let us know what we must do to obey Thy most holy will. Amen

7. Our Father in Heaven, give us this day some work to do for others, some kindly word to speak, some helpful unselfish deed to fulfil in Thy name. Be with us each and every hour of this day, and may we so live that Thy will may be done and Thy Kingdom come within our hearts. Amen

8. Our Father in Heaven, our hearts overflow with gratitude when we recount Thy mercies. We feel our unworthiness when we remember all of Thy loving kindnesses to us. Be patient with us, O God, and let us use this day to prove ourselves more worthy and more deserving of Thy loving care. Amen

9. Our Father in Heaven, grant unto us the gift of faith. When mountains

of difficulties loom in our pathway, grant that we may have the faith to remove them. Help us to live forgetful of self, and to lose ourselves in the doing of good for others. Let this day be for us a day of duties well-performed. Amen

10. Our Father in Heaven, how glad we are for the knowledge of Thy love for us. Grant us grace to please Thee in all that we think and plan and do this day. Help us to share our blessings with others, and to find in our privileges an obligation to minister to those around us who need our help. Amen

11. Our Father in Heaven, we do not ask for miracles. We only ask for strength to meet the tasks of this day. Give us courage to overcome our fears, comfort to overcome our sorrow, faith to overcome our doubts, quiet to overcome the turmoil of our souls, and self-control in the face of temptations. Amen

12. Our Father in Heaven, at the beginning of another day we come back to Thee and ask for Thy blessing. In spite of all our trouble, we come to Thee with a song on our lips. Forgive us our careless speech, our impetuous thoughts, our thoughtless deeds, and let this day be for us a new beginning. Amen

13. Our Father in Heaven, for thousands of years people have trusted in Thee, and have known their prayers to be answered. Now we ask for Thy help. We ask for pardon of all past offenses, and for all habits of thought, speech and conduct which have hurt others, and dishonored Thee. Amen

14. Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for this new day of our lives. Deliver us from impatience and anger. May we be tender-hearted, forgiving and courteous. When the record of this day ends, may we have nothing to regret, and much for which to be grateful. Preserve our lives from harm and our hearts from evil. Amen

15. Our Father in Heaven, help us to know that Thou art walking beside us all the day. With Thee we will walk modestly all day; we will work helpfully all day; we will do things which shall not need to be undone at the close of day. Fail us not, O God, that we may not fail to be at our best for Thee. Amen

16. Our Father in Heaven, we pray for the grace which we need for the labors and duties of the day. Grant us the gift of the sensitive conscience we need for the decisions we must make before this day is over. And give us as the ruling passion of our lives, the desire to be worthy of Thy great love. Amen

17. Our Father in Heaven, as we begin this day deliver us from all our doubts, all our fears, and all that destroys confidence in ourselves. Draw us near to Thee by all those encouragements which comfort the soul and which strengthen our faith, our hope, and our loyalty to Thee. Amen

18. Our Father in Heaven, because we know that underneath are Thy everlasting arms, we turn to Thee at the beginning of the day to ask for Thy help. We pray that Thou wilt make our strength great when our burdens are heavy, and that Thou wilt

give unto us the patience and the faith to meet whatever this day brings forth. Amen

19. Our Father in Heaven, we pray that Thou wilt give unto us Thy blessing, that through every hour of this day we may prove to be a blessing to all those over whom we have any influence. If this day brings us any special temptations and trials, may we have enough faith in Thee and confidence in ourselves to resist and overcome them. Amen

20. Our Father in Heaven, Thou knowest how great the burden of anxiety each one of Thy children carries on his heart, and Thou knowest how much we need Thy help. So guide us, in all our ways, that we may keep our faces always toward the light, that our shadows may lie behind us, and that our hopes be held as banners before us. Amen

21. Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for all of life's blessings. All we have comes from Thee, and all we do is the strength Thou dost give us. Help us through all of this day to love Thee with all our heart, and to serve Thee with all our strength. Where we are in doubt, give us faith. Where we are afraid, give us courage. Amen

22. Our Father in Heaven, in spite of every sorrow, in spite of every hardship, we give Thee thanks. In Thee do we live and move and have our very being. Bless our activities, our occupations this day. If adversity be better for us, make us patient and faithful in trial. Help us to be the people we want to be. Amen

23. Our Father in Heaven, we pray that Thou wilt bless the work of this day. Fit us to thy duties and responsibilities. Overrule all our mistakes, and pardon all our sins. Help us to know Thy will for our lives, and then make us ever ready to do all that Thou desirest. Amen

24. Our Father in Heaven, help us to feel more than once today that the good thoughts and the good wishes which we feel in our hearts are signs of Thy presence there; and may we learn to look for Thee thus within our own lives. May we make this day, a day of love, of gladness, of charity, and of faith. Amen

25. Our Father in Heaven, how glad we are that Thou dost share with us — not only our sorrows, but also our joys; that Thou art delighted when life delights us, and that Thou dost take account when virtue and faithfulness lead us to higher levels of thought and purpose. Help us to make this day one of our best. Amen

26. Our Father in Heaven, how good it is to know that Thou dost love us, even though we have not loved Thee enough. We realize the shortness of our vision, the imperfection of our judgment, and the weakness of our effort, but we know that Thou dost understand, and that Thou canst make our failures work for Thee. Amen

27. Our Father in Heaven, give us today the sympathetic heart, the kindly look, the gentle speech, the helping hand. No matter how difficult this day may prove to be, make us a channel of blessing to those about us.

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## FREDERICK OFFERS SOME GOOD ADVICE

Dear Friends,

As I sit here writing this letter, I am looking across the room at something I would like very much for you to see, and if you ever do pay me a visit, you shall see them. I refer to some silver candlesticks recently given to the church. They are five feet tall and are so heavy that it is all I can do to lift them one at a time. When they were brought into my study, I gasped with surprise. I knew that such beautiful ecclesiastical furnishings existed, but even in all of my travels I never had seen anything quite like these candlesticks. A church does not need possessions for possessions' sake, for these are things of the world, so to speak. Yet, the church has needs for beauty for often such beauty speaks to the people for the Lord.

It is said that an army marches on its stomach. If this particular church marched, that could be said of it too, for this is a church that delights in putting on nice luncheons and dinners. None of them are for the purpose of raising money (although they do make a little profit), but are a part of the regular program of church activities. The only outside groups we ever serve, are religious groups of one kind or another. My Betty is working in the kitchen a good part of the time. In the past two weeks I know that she has worked on a kitchen team at least five times.

I never cease to be amazed at the amount of work the women of a church can do! Certainly it is true that no church could survive without the sacrificial efforts of the women. If the churches of this land had to depend upon the men for their Sunday morning attendance, and for their willingness to work with their hands not on just one or two projects a year, but day after day and week after week, then I am sure that at least fifty percent of our churches would soon close their doors.

A short time ago a famous movie actor was granted a divorce from his wife on the grounds that "she embarrassed him before company." Do you realize what this means? Just think of all the ways that wives can and quite often do embarrass their husbands before company. The decisions of the courts now make that dangerous business. Dr. Halford Luccock, formerly a professor at Yale University and a very good friend of mine, has pointed out a few ways to embarrass your husband that must now be avoided at all costs.

Don't say, "I've heard that one before, dear." Of all the sad words, those take the prize. A husband's highest pride is always as a raconteur, a teller of tales. To be stopped in full flight in the midst of a masterpiece is an embarrassing deflation. Edwin Booth played Hamlet a thousand times. Why shouldn't your husband recount as often as that the drama of when he put someone in his place?

Don't interrupt your husband to cor-



Frederick, Betty, David and Mary Leanna look through a new book purchased for the church library.

rect him before company. Don't strike a sour note by exclaiming, "You are wrong, sweetheart! That didn't happen at Santa Monica, California, but at Caribou, Maine. Remember?"

Don't reveal publicly that your husband is a liar. Remember that imagination is a divine gift. Don't wither it. Don't break in on a tense climax by correcting some statement.

Don't seize the moment when all eyes are on your husband to brush off imaginary lint from his coat, as though you were a Pullman porter or the mother of a little child.

Don't apologize for your husband's limitations. When the roast chicken comes onto the dinner table don't say, with a cheerful giggle, "Poor dear Anthropos never learned to carve. The chicken will be off on the floor in a minute, or in your lap. Watch out!" That may add to the gaiety of the party, but it is now grounds for divorce.

When your husband goes to sleep in the midst of the lecture, or in the living room while the guest of honor is giving her autobiography, don't wake him up abruptly and ostentatiously, so that his bewilderment becomes a public merriment. Be subtle. Easy does it.

I am sure that you could add many more words of wisdom along this very line. Dr. Luccock originally made these observations to point up the fact that the American divorce courts have now reached the final point of absurdity in the making of their decisions. Why don't you ask your husband if he agrees?

A little more than two years ago an enormous road building project began just a city block from our home. As we watched old familiar landmarks go down under the crush of bulldozers, and as we saw hundreds of trees being cut down and burned at the edge of the park, we viewed the project with great alarm and with some real sorrow. One of my neighbors was so distressed with it all that he moved out of the city saying that he would never return.

Everyone in our part of the city tried to stop the project. We sent

telegrams to the statehouse in Boston and to our congressmen in Washington. We signed lengthy petitions and wrote letters to the editor of the local newspaper. We even marched on the city hall! None of our efforts stopped the project, and for many months hundreds of men and machines have kept the air filled with dust as the intricate traffic circles and interchanges were built from the bank of the river right up to our block.

Tomorrow the work will stop and there will be a ribbon-cutting ceremony by the Mayor and other local and national dignitaries. Last night I walked down through the construction area to view all that had been done. Some of my neighbors went along with me, and although we hate to admit it, we are pleased. As a matter of fact, we find it hard to remember now what it used to be like before the construction began! It really is a big improvement over the narrow winding roads with their continuous traffic jams and frequent accidents.

I have to smile to myself when I think back to the fight that we made to prevent the project. Other people had a vision that we did not have, and they had an objectivity that the people in our neighborhood did not have. The fact is that we simply did not want a change, but now that the change has been made we like it. Isn't that often the way things are in your town and in your church? We oppose change just because it is a change, and then when the change is made we find that it is what we really wanted all along.

Yesterday I sat with a group of church people representing a number of smaller churches in this area. Among the subjects we discussed was the problem of the church trouble-makers. The church trouble-makers are the people more concerned about having things done their way than they are concerned about keeping the spirit of Christ in the church. There are some of them in every church, but the smaller churches seem to have more than their share. If you have a chance to use your influence in a church, I hope that you will use it to keep the peace. If in this new year some change is about to be made that you don't like, be patient, and above all, be Christ-like. Just remember that nine times out of ten you will find that the change is what you really wanted all along.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

## A NEW YEAR DAWNS

Another year begins! Dear Lord, I cannot know  
What changes time will bring. But let thy presence shine  
To light each step along the way that I must go,  
And hold, I humbly ask, my trembling hand in thine.  
Then shall I meet each day with strength beyond my own,  
Assured, through sun or rain, I do not walk alone.

—Cleo King



## BABY NEW YEAR'S SHOWER

A Skit

By

Mabel Nair Brown

### Cast of Characters

**NARRATOR:** Program chairman

**FATHER TIME:** Dressed in traditional flowing robes (a white sheet drapes nicely) and wearing a long white cotton beard.

**BABY NEW YEAR:** Woman wrapped in blue blanket, wearing frilly bonnet.

**JANNY JANUARY:** Hostess for the shower

**GUESTS:** The other eleven months of the year. They each wear a wide paper sash across one shoulder and down to the waist with their name on it. Use silly names such as: Windy March, Drizzly April, Rosie June, etc. Each guest carries the particular gift designated for her in the skit. She hands her gift to Father Time when her turn comes.

### Scene

Mrs. January's living room. In center back stage is a small table where Father Time places the gifts as they are given to him for the new baby. Father Time has a seat of honor beside the table. Baby New Year, wrapped in the blanket, is curled up in a large easy chair near Father Time. He gurgles, coos, chews his fist and uses other baby tricks to keep the audience laughingly aware of his presence.

### Playlet

**NARRATOR** (steps to right front of stage):

Have you ever wished you had the nerve to peep into an inviting, lighted window? Well, sit back and enjoy yourselves, for today we are going to do just that! We are going to look into Mrs. January's living room where she is hostess at a shower for Baby New Year. He and his Daddy, Father Time, are already at the party. Mrs. January has invited the other eleven months of the year to be her guests. We're just in time to see the guests arrive. (Narrator takes seat in audience)

(Guests arrive—some singly, some in couples. Each new arrival stops to admire the baby, making some remark or cooing and chucking baby under the chin. When all are seated in a semicircle, Mrs. January arises.)

**JANUARY** (speaks in a gushing manner with exaggerated gestures):

Now girls, we have all seen the dear little rascal . . . isn't he precious? We're anxious to show Father Time and Baby New Year what we have brought. Fickle February, will you please start and the rest of you follow in turn?

**FEBRUARY** (hands Father Time a baby shirt, then turns and speaks to Baby):

Oh, I know, little Tootsie, a shirt doesn't seem like a very glamorous gift. But you are surely going to need it when you come up against some of the frustrations life has in store for you. No matter what happens to you in your short, busy life, no matter

how many times you'd rather bawl than coo, fight than smile or run away than stay and work on a problem, just remember to **KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON**. This gift may well save the day, not just for you, but for many others as well.

**MARCH** (presents a baby ring):

A ring can mean many things; the center area of a circus, for instance. Oh, Baby, wouldn't you like that kind of a gift with all the color and animals and clowns! A ring can also be an enclosure used for boxing matches, but somehow, you just don't look like the kind of year which needs to be always fighting to get things done.

I would much rather give you a ring which I feel is far more important than any other kind. My gift to you is a **CIRCLE OF FRIENDSHIP** which will bring you unending happiness. It is the joy found in love and good friends which will far outweigh all the troubles and trials which will come to you.

**APRIL** (gives a rattle):

This is to remind you that all that rattles does not have a screw loose. There is many a time coming when stones and ruts will jolt you around, when the world will crash down around your ears, when you won't have the slightest idea what to do next and when you'll just be all shook up! But keep going! Yes, sweet babykins, you'll find that it is always best to face up and **RATTLE ON** when adversity arrives.

**MAY** (brings a gift of baby oil):

Oil the baby and stop the squeak—of irritation, that is. No little dimpled darling should ever face a day of cooing, gurgling, bubble blowing, toe inspecting and brief squalls, without being fortified with a good soothing grease job! Whether it is for lubricating the baby or if, in later life, it is for soothing the squeaking gears of a neighborhood quarrel, a PTA session or a church board meeting, a little **SWEET OIL** comes in mighty handy.

**JUNE** (presents rubber ball):

This, little man, is a reminder that the sooner you get with it the better off you'll be. Oh, to be sure, life, like a ball, may bounce right back in your face—wham! But take it like a man and learn to ignore what cannot be changed and accept what cannot be helped. But be sure you discover the things which do need changing and which can be helped . . . then you, Baby New Year, **GET ON THE BALL** and do something!

**JULY** (shows baby a bar of soap):

Don't scowl at me like that! You may be allergic to soap—most babies are—but just remember that a little **SOFT SOAPING** at the right moment may have its reward. There is nothing like it to wheedle Mom out of a freshly baked chocolate cake or get Daddy to take you to the river fishing. It's good for many other things, too, from unsticking zippers to smoothing the rough slide in life ahead of you.

**AUGUST** (holds up baby shoes):

Isn't it funny that we can hardly wait to see a baby in a pair of real shoes? You, Baby New Year, are stepping into someone else's shoes. I warn

you—it is always a hard thing to do. Somehow, the other fellow's shoes look just right until we step into them. My, they really are big when we try them on for size! Most of us have to blunder around and trip over our own feet in embarrassment before we learn how to **WALK IN ANOTHER'S SHOES**. My hint to you is not to get overanxious. It takes a lot of growing, it takes a lot of living, it takes a lot of doing and then, someday, you will be ready to step out and step into 1960's shoes.

**SEPTEMBER** (gift of baby mittens):

In life you meet all kinds of situations and many different kinds of people. Sweetie Pie, you might just as well be forewarned that you are sure to meet up with many people and get into many situations which you'll have to handle with **GLOVES ON**. There are many times when, if you're smart, you'll tread lightly, keep a happy smile and handle the situation gently.

**OCTOBER** (presents a pillow):

Thus far everyone seems to be preparing you to face up to the oft repeated blows dished out by life. So I'm presenting you with this pillow so you'll have a nice soft landing. I'm imagining how handy it will be when you forget all of this advice and fly off the handle! Try always to remember to have a **SOFT CUSHION** somewhere to fall back on when you come up against the hard knocks of daily life.

**NOVEMBER** (gives a tiny cap):

Life is real; life is earnest. Life slows down and it speeds up. Life is a ride on a "souped up" roller coaster. It is a swan dive from the highest diving board. Let this cap be your symbol to always be ready, brace your feet and **HANG ONTO YOUR HAT**, for you are truly going for the ride of your life!

**DECEMBER** (holds up a blanket):

My gift is very practical. You may think of many things which can be done with a blanket; you can sit on it, cover up with it, chew on the corner and rub the soft satin against your little button nose. But it will fill a much more important place in your life. When you feel you've had it, when you think that you are a square peg in a round hole, when you wish you had been sure your brain was engaged before putting your mouth into gear and when everything goes wrong and it's your own fault, then you'll want to crawl into a hole and pull a blanket over your head. Well, Baby, here is the **BLANKET!**

**JANUARY** (hands Father Time a large safety pin):

To me is given, not only the honor of being your hostess, but also I am the one to launch you on your tour of twelve months. Surely, this safety pin is the best gift I could give you to start out your year's journey. It is good to hold things up, pull things together and mend the torn and the worn. But most of all I want this gift to remind you that the feeling of **SAFETY** which comes to one secure in the love of a devoted family circle is the most important possession in the

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## ABIGAIL HAS HAPPY PLANS FOR 1961

Dear Friends,

A year ago at his time we were all peering ahead attempting to fathom just what 1960 might hold in store for each of us. For some it has been a long and difficult twelve months. Others have found that time has raced by as one tremendous event after another made 1960 a monumental year in their lives. For our own family it has been a good year, filled with many happy events.

We greeted 1960 in Shenandoah amid family and Iowa friends. Throughout the past twelve months our travels took us into Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, and, of course, Colorado. The past year has brought many happy visits with our relatives and old friends. And those who used to be our new friends in Denver have grown into old and dear friends.

A great variety of experiences made 1960 most stimulating for us. One starlit Saturday evening in August there was the experience of listening to a magnificent concert by the New York Philharmonic Symphony in Red Rock Theatre. It was a setting and performance of such splendor that not one of the thousands present could hope to describe it with any justice. Yet, just a short time later, we found the utter stillness of another starlit evening around a campfire way off in the mountains equally rewarding. We watched the Royal Ballet of Great Britain dance with completely refined and disciplined artistry. But we also saw the gyasers and mud pots in Yellowstone erupting in totally unrefined natural energy. We cheered loudly at the Denver Bronco pro-football games and sat quietly contemplating the implications of the play, "J. B."

The family roster increased with the addition of a new niece and nephew, Adrienne Driftmier and Clark Stephen Morrison. Our own children grew and developed much during 1960. Alison sailed through a tonsillectomy and through school and was chosen for a special award in the third grade. In September, Emily made the big jump into junior high school, dug in and made the honor roll the first six weeks. Clark appears to be breezing along in first grade. His teacher made an eloquent plea that he begin some training in music so we have just squeezed a spinet piano into our home.

As we look ahead to possible events during the next twelve months we are making plans for only one occasion and otherwise we'll just take things as they come. The one trip we really hope to make will be in July when the national convention of nurserymen is held in Washington, D. C. This convention moves to Denver in 1962 so Wayne and I need some firsthand experience if we are to help host such an undertaking.

July certainly isn't the best month of the year to visit the East but we're not feeling particular on this point. I



Clark Driftmier loves First Grade and we think his new school picture shows it.

have spent only one day in the nation's capital; so much of interest is awaiting me. And, as anyone who knows me could guess, I'm going to get to New York City if I have to crawl. I spent the summers of 1944 and 1945 studying and working in New York and I loved every minute of it. Since this may be my only chance for another sixteen years to get in the vicinity, I won't let this opportunity go to waste.

Several of my old college friends live in New York and a very favorite cousin of mine lives just outside the city. I'd love to see my old neighborhood around Columbia University, attend a concert at Lewisohn Stadium and squeeze in a play or musical if possible. In spare moments I must find time for a long walk down Fifth Avenue, including a special stop at Lord and Taylor's where I clerked; a visit to the United Nations which didn't exist when I lived there; and a trip on the Staten Island ferry just for sentiment's sake. Indeed, there is so much that I have to do that many a long January day's ironing can be spent just figuring out what will be possible in the short time we'll have.

Mentioning long winter days reminds me that there isn't any better time of year than January and February to entertain. I'm speaking now to those of you who have accumulated a long series of social obligations that are beginning to weigh heavily on your conscience as a hostess. If the list looks rather long and overwhelming, you might be interested in trying something we did. We held three dinner parties and an open house within a nine day period and got all our debts caught up at once.

The explanation for my entertaining in a series is simple. I love to do party cooking and arranging when I'm in the mood and I'd just as soon do a lot of it all at once. This also makes it possible to dovetail the cooking and make efficient use of the food. This way it can be prepared in large amounts and used in a variety of ways.

Now, I did make one mistake and that is why I decided to write about this for January rather than an earlier month. My mistake last year was in having these parties during the Christmas-New Year's holidays. There is just too much going on then for guests to really appreciate another social evening. And if you have children you are busy when they are home on vacation. We have never had special parties during this period before and I've decided not to do so again, at least as long as we have school-age children and the custom persists for every club and organization to have a Christmas party. If you wait until people have recovered from the holidays, your invitation will be received with much more joy and anticipation.

Ham, turkey and shrimp were used as main courses for the three dinner parties and the leftovers showed up in the sandwiches for the open house. I made and froze an enormous quantity and variety of cookies ahead of time. An army could have been served by the time I finished doubling and quadrupling all my pet cookie recipes.

I also made a great many tiny two-bite size pecan pies. To do these you need the very smallest size tea muffin pans and the smallest size paper baking cups. Cut the pie dough with a round, fluted cookie cutter and fit into the baking cups. Fill with pecan pie filling and bake until set. These were also frozen. I have one tip to pass along—when you are ready to defrost and serve them, pull the paper baking cups off while they are still frozen. It is much quicker and the crusts won't break as easily. Replace in new paper cups if you wish, since these are meant to be eaten with fingers, not forks.

For a confection at all the parties I made candied grapefruit and orange peel. This seemed to make a big hit, probably because no one around here makes them.

The salads at the three dinner parties were fruit; the olive ring mold, our favorite cranberry-pineapple-spiced grape mold, and the reliable and delicious alternating slices of avocado and pink grapefruit on lettuce with honey dressing.

Invariably for dinner parties I serve a vegetable with cheese sauce in a casserole so that it can stand and keep hot. The usual choice is broccoli, cauliflower or small whole onions, depending primarily on what color and taste fits in best with the main course. Also I serve either foil-wrapped baked potatoes with sour cream and chives, twice-baked potatoes, or candied sweet potatoes.

If we were having a complete meal, cookies were the dessert. But on the night we served baked ham, I deliberately eliminated serving rolls and one vegetable so that our guests could enjoy hot mince pie.

Our open house was held from 3:30 to 6:30 on a Sunday afternoon. The sandwiches were all very small in size; sliced ham on rye bread, miniature puff shells filled with a chopped shrimp mixture, ground turkey on white bread, and date-nut bread filled

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## MARY BETH IS A BUSY YOUNG MOTHER

Dear Friends:

I've just finished bathing and tucking into bed the three busy little people who keep me so constantly on my toes these days. Adrienne is always tired and she accepts her bed like it was her best friend. But Paul is an entirely different story. All through the undressing process he is wiggling and jumping about. Trying to dry him off after his bath is like trying to wipe down an eel. He doesn't stop jumping around until the lights are turned off and fatigue finally catches up with him. Katharine considers herself so grown up that she gets herself to bed with no supervision. She shakes her head sometimes and sympathizes with me when Paul is so spirited.

These are long, lonesome weeks with Don working in Milwaukee. He drives home on Friday evenings, getting in about 11 o'clock. Then he has to start out again at 5 o'clock on Monday morning. Regardless of how much I miss him, the children miss him far more. When he is home Paul tags after him all day long and insists on going with him on every trip he makes away from the house. Katharine asked me tonight if Daddy was going to have to start out on another trip every Monday morning? I explained to her that until we found a house to live in in Milwaukee he wouldn't be able to spend much time at home with us.

We are still working on our housing problem at Hales Corners. We have received some drawings of a house that would satisfy our needs but the problem of expense has loomed mighty big. Donald called this week and said that he had been talking to some realtors about houses and there are two more places he wants me to see. Despite the fact that we would like to build a house, the problem of having to live apart for the six months it would take to construct a house and having Don drive down from Milwaukee every weekend through the winter, makes us both hesitant to say a final "yes" to the contractor.

Our hopes that we could sell the Anderson house to our good friends didn't jell. If wishing could have made the house theirs they would have moved in a month ago but they were unable to sell their own house. Donald finally ran an ad in the local paper for a total of five days and I am proud to say that of the four people that came to see the house we had two families who really wanted to buy it. Right now we have a prospect we hope may be the future owners. The girl graduated in my class in high school and she is a lovely person. She and her husband have two children so they are appreciative of the fenced in back yard. Only time will tell whether they buy it or not—Donald and I are trying to be patient.

If you are considering selling a house yourself, let me give you a suggestion that was passed along to us and certainly proved satisfactory. We ran a large, descriptive ad in the pa-



These bright-eyed youngsters are the children of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier. Katharine and Paul are so proud of little Adrienne that they thoroughly enjoyed having this picture taken with her. However, Mary Beth wrote that getting the youngsters to sit still for the photograph was a real triumph!

per on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We listed the price in big bold print so we wouldn't have people coming who could not consider the house from the price aspect. Also, we did not give our address, but, rather, we used a box number. This way people weren't dropping in at inconvenient hours, nor were there folks coming who were strictly curiosity seekers. If anyone was thinking seriously enough about buying a house, like the one we advertised, to write us a note in care of the box number and ask to make an appointment, then we could be pretty sure they *were* interested. And that is exactly the way it worked out.

I just now took a quick walk around through the bedrooms to pull up blankets over sleepy little people. Paul was sleeping the wrong way of the bed and believe me, hefting him around when he is sound asleep is no small task.

The first thing tomorrow morning I have to fill up the washing machine and wash all the clothes I have on my back right now. While I was feeding Adrienne tonight she got impatient at my slowness with the spoon, even though I passed it from the bowl to her mouth as rapidly as humanly possible. She started switching her head from side to side hunting the spoon and wiped cereal and peaches all over the sleeve of my blouse. Then during dinner with the older youngsters, Paul dumped his entire glass of milk across the table and it ran all over my skirt, dripped down to the floor and splashed over my hose and shoes. This was just another meal of many punctuated by a trip to the garage for the sponge mop and a quick clean-up of the kitchen floor.

Incidentally, I have had to wean Adrienne and she made the transition to straight homogenized milk without

a ruffle. Most of the time she eats sitting up in a highchair unless she is exceptionally hungry. Then she is much too impatient to take the extra time to sit up. Our wee one does admirably in a highchair considering the fact that she does not yet sit unassisted. I have to snug the tray up pretty close to hold her straight, but she is learning rapidly to adjust to this new style of eating.

I went to visit Katharine's kindergarten several weeks ago and it was really a revelation. I believe I am enjoying Katharine in kindergarten almost as much as she likes to go. I was so proud of the way she and the other children behaved. When I sat down in the classroom the teacher, Miss Gehrke, asked Katharine to make the introductions. She did an admirable job of it. She said, "Boys and girls, I would like you to meet my Mother, Mrs. Driftmier." Then the entire class replied in unison, "How do you do, Mrs. Driftmier."

This surprising group of five year old children knew the Pledge of Allegiance and the tune and words to *America the Beautiful*.

Each time one of the children walked in front of me he always said, "Excuse me," very quietly. I was tremendously impressed. Miss Gehrke never raised her voice. She spoke very softly and in so doing the entire atmosphere was one of quietness and relaxation. This must be difficult to do with so many boys and girls who are prone to loud voices and natural vigor.

I must close now and get to bed. Next month I want to tell you about the lovely farewell parties that our friends have given for us.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



## A VISIT FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

When the alarm went off at 5:00 this morning I snuggled down under the blankets for that last luxurious five minutes I allow myself before getting up to start the day. Mentally, I made a list of all the things that should be accomplished today and said to myself, "It's physically impossible for you to get all of this done, but you'll have to make a stab at it." Maybe that extra five minutes did some good for I planned my line of attack on the day, stuck to schedule, and it looks as if I'm making out all right.

At 10:00 last night when I was wrapping pixie orders to be mailed this morning, we had a long distance telephone call telling us that friends were coming this afternoon to spend the week-end. We were very excited because we dearly love to have them come, but my! The house needed cleaning, the washing was sorted and waiting, (I wished I had done it earlier in the week!), and the larder was practically empty. There was also my letter to write to you friends. It seemed to me that the printer's deadline had priority, but I knew that every time I would glance up from the typewriter, I would think about the dusting to be done or the cake to be baked, etc. The best plan would be to slick up the house, bake a cake, ignore the laundry, and THEN, perhaps my mind would be at ease and this letter could be written while I waited for our company. I'm grateful once again that Kristin can drive for she was able to take care of the grocery detail.

I get letters every once in a while requesting ideas to use the peanut pixies. It is difficult for me to find time to answer these letters individually because every spare minute I have is devoted to *making* the pixies. It occurred to me that I might include suggestions in my letters occasionally which might help you in arranging a novel centerpiece to use when you entertain your club.

January is the month of snow and snowmen. Styrofoam balls in various sizes are generally available in ten-cent stores at reasonable prices. Perhaps you could make a snowman for the center of your table. His top hat could be made from black construction paper; the eyes, nose and mouth, also made from black construction paper, will stick to the styrofoam with a bit of glue. Put the snowman on a sheet of white cotton. The pixies could be placed to look as if they were making the snowman. (Straight pins will hold them in place.) One could be putting the hat on, another climbing up the side, two rolling a snowball, while others could be playing in the snow nearby. A tiny plastic sled such as I've seen in the ten-cent stores could hold a couple more. In other words, just fix up a cute winter scene with the big snowman as the focal point.

It is also very easy to make a cake snowman for a January birthday party. Bake the cake in a 9x13x2-inch pan and when the cake is cool, cut out

two pieces measuring 3 1/2 inches down from the top and 2 1/2 inches in from the side. Put your cake pieces on a pretty tray, placing the two small pieces you cut out in position for arms. Frost the entire cake with a fluffy seven-minute icing. Be sure when icing the head to swirl the frosting around the corners so he won't be a "square-head"! Use black gumdrops for his eyes, nose and buttons, and a red gumdrop for his mouth. A construction paper top hat propped against one corner of his head would give him a jaunty look. Peanut pixies could be used much in the same manner I suggested for the styrofoam snowman.

For the past few weeks Kristin's English class has been reading Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and they were given ten extra projects dealing with the play that had to be completed and turned in before the end of the six week's period. I think Kristin is typical of most young people—gets her daily work done on time, but puts off the extra things until the last minute.

Now the minute Kristin comes home from school she changes into her jeans, bundles up and looks for Frank so she can help him with the chores. When she didn't go outside the other night, he came in looking for her and found her sitting on her bed making a dress for her doll. The expression on his face was one of complete shock and he said, "For goodness sake! I thought you had outgrown dolls." She laughed and said that Marian might look like just *any* doll at the moment, but if he wanted to stick around a little while he would see her transformed into Lady Macbeth!

Some scraps of material left over from a party dress I had made for Kristin, worked very nicely for a robe. She made a crown out of cardboard, painted the outside with glue, and then sprinkled it with gold glitter we had left over from Christmas decorations we had made. She really looked like a very well-dressed Lady Macbeth when Kristin finished with her. This was one of the ten projects that came under the category of "fun".

Speaking of sewing, I've wanted so much to get some sewing done for

Kristin, but *every* dress and skirt she and I owned were much too long for this season's styles. Consequently, sewing time has gone into taking out and putting in hems. With each one I wondered if the dress designers would come out next year with a new *longer* length! You can always make clothes shorter, but you can rarely make them longer without the hemline showing. Of course I realize that the purpose behind the changes is to sell new clothing, but I'm one who hates to part with old favorites when they are still in good condition.

Glancing out the window, I see Frank leading Kristin's horse, Stardust, to the front pasture. Stardust had never been broken for riding, for as long as Kristin had Paint and Bonnie to ride, no one seemed to find the time to help her break Stardust. She has had a saddle on several times and Kristin has ridden her bareback but always when someone else was on Bonnie and leading Stardust with a rope. Since she lost Paint last fall she has been more and more anxious to get Stardust broken. Frank found a young man who said he would be glad to take over the job, and they came out one evening after dark with their horse trailer. The two young men, Frank and Kristin worked for an hour trying to get Stardust into the trailer but she flatly refused to be loaded. This was unexpected for she is usually very gentle and tame, and since the horse responds so beautifully to Kristin, we thought her presence would be helpful. As the evening wore on, they gave up and decided to come back in a few days and try again.

The next trip the boys brought a small truck and it took over an hour to get Stardust loaded and roped to the front of the truck near the cab. Then the fun really began! She rared so high she lifted the rack off of the truck! We hated to see her so frightened and Frank was afraid she would put her foot through the back window glass. He decided that the only safe way to get her into town was to ride old dependable Bonnie and lead her. This solved the problem for the boys

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## IT'S KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME!

Here are the seven stations where you can tune in each weekday morning and get your second wind while folks from the Kitchen-Klatter Family come to visit. If you can't think what to cook next or if you're just plain lonesome for "woman talk", we hope our half-hour radio visit will give you a lift.

<b>KWPC</b>	Muscataine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
<b>KLIK</b>	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
<b>KCFI</b>	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KFEQ</b>	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KWBG</b>	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.



## JANUARY MUSINGS

By

Evelyn Birkby

One of the Christmas gifts which is giving us a great deal of pleasure is a red and white checkered tablecloth. My mother made it for us. Somehow our meals have tasted better since we have had the bright, cheerful cloth upon which to serve them. It even seems to encourage me to make hearty stews, baked beans, homemade loaves of bread and other old-fashioned combinations which just seem to fit on such a table covering.

After the supper dishes are cleared away, Bob gets out his arithmetic book and settles down at the dining room table to do his homework. Soon Craig and Jeffrey pull up chairs and begin drawing bright, fanciful pictures on big sheets of paper. Robert brings out work from his office and makes room at the table for his books and papers. I have to get near enough to enjoy all of this family activity. A round table covered with a bright checkered cloth is a good place for me to mend socks or look through mail order catalogues.

If I should ever go into politics I will campaign, not just for a 'chicken-in-every-pot' and a 'car-in-every-garage', but also for a 'bright-checkered-tablecloth-on-every-table'.

We have had such exceptionally mild weather the last few months I am going to *try* and keep from complaining when the cold winds do blow and the January snows arrive. Last winter we were so fortunate. We had no serious illness in the family and very few sniffles and colds. And, amazingly enough, even though it was one of the worst winters on record with ice, snow and cold in huge quantities, never once did the elements keep me from arriving in Shenandoah in time for a broadcast for which I was scheduled.

I might explain that our home is next to the highway. The minute the snowplows go by we can *move* even though our neighbors who live back up the side road may be several days getting out. For eight years we did live six miles out of town on a back country road. A long lane wound up from the road to our home. This was all very pleasant and scenic in the summertime, but I know full well the cooped up feeling which comes from days and days of being snowed tightly into the homestead. That, fortunately, is not the situation in our present location. If anything can move at all, we can!

The one time I almost missed a broadcast came about on a cold, cold day last January. In fact, the thermometer registered 14 degrees below zero. I'm confident that if my husband had been here the emergency would not have occurred, but he had driven out very early that morning to attend an ASC managers meeting over 100 miles away. Since he needed the car for traveling such a long distance, my vehicle for the 18-mile drive to Shenandoah was our camping pickup. Although it is awkward, bulky and slow, it is *usually* trustworthy.



January is a snowy month in many parts of the country. Jeffrey Birkby is happy that Iowa receives its share so he can scoop the walks at his Grandmother's home in Sidney.

But not this particular morning! Perhaps the pickup sensed that the master of the house was gone. Undoubtedly the feminine touch was not firm enough. At any rate, after I had the two older boys safely off on the school bus and Craig well bundled for his trip to Grandma's house, we went out to start on our way . . . or at least that is what we thought.

Into the pickup we climbed. I turned the key, pushed the starter and nothing started. That pickup just plain sat there and did nothing. I tried every trick Robert had ever instructed me to do under such circumstances; pumped the foot feed several times, turned on the switch, pulled out the choke, pushed my foot slowly on the clutch, pushed the starter button, **NOTHING HAPPENED!**

In desperation, knowing that broadcasting must be done on schedule *no matter what*, I rushed into the house and phoned the garage to send out the wrecker.

That pickup knew when it was licked. A man, a wrecker and a few good pushes and it sulkily chugged into action. Without breaking any speed limits or jarring my own sense of safety, I sped to Shenandoah and arrived in time to do the work needed for the morning. Since that day I frequently say a prayer for the many, many folks who have to get up early and drive a distance *every morning* to get to their work. I sincerely hope none of them ever have the combination of a day when the country cold is deep, the snow is high, their vehicle becomes balky and all family helpers are gone.

It may well be that the high spot on a January day for many a farm wife is the walk to the mail box. If a lane needs to be traversed it can be an exciting experience. Myriad of neat little rabbit footprints appearing in the snow, the friendly racing of a big dog, the sun sparkling on the drifts and frost coating the stark branches of a leafless tree, are a few of the sights which may make such a walk a joy. However, if the wind is sharp and cold the beauty may be lost in discomfort. When a few bills and an ad or two are all that are found in the box the effort seems hardly worthwhile. But when a letter from a friend arrives, the path back to the house

is taken in a rush and the shared message makes the day bright indeed. How welcome also are the seed catalogues and travel magazines which often arrive in January.

The first month of the year should be slow and peaceful. It should be a time to catch up on all the little neglected tasks pushed back during the busy holidays. It should give more hours to sew and paste pictures into a scrapbook and straighten dresser drawers. It should motivate the cook of the home to try new recipes and produce hearty fare. And it should be a month which gives more leisure hours for reading.

Just the other day a friend remarked, "Thank goodness I can find a little more time to read now that winter is here." Another friend passed on words of wisdom when she mentioned that she had done very little reading aside from the daily paper and a few magazines. Then she discovered that she could pick up a book for ten or fifteen minutes at a time and, in a surprisingly few days, have it all read. "I have no excuse for not reading. I can do it in little bits. I used to think I couldn't read books because I didn't have long uninterrupted periods of time. Now I find I can get far more reading accomplished in short snatches than I ever dreamed possible."

January should bring for all mankind an unwinding, a slowing down from the ordinary, hectic rush. Too often we cannot, or do not, take time to unwind. Nature is so much wiser than we. Under the fresh, deep white drifts the tree roots, the grasses, the brooks, the seeds and the very earth itself are resting. Nature knows that she must have a time of intense activity and a time to refresh and recoup her strength. We would be wise to do the same.

How can we enjoy the smell of beans bubbling on the stove and cornbread toasting in the oven if we are too busy to stop in appreciation? How can we enjoy our children if our schedule does not include time to have a few hugs and kisses, a story time, happy minutes to sit on the floor and play a game and the fun of sharing a cupcake and news of the day with a child just home from school? The tiny, perfect head of a bird perched on the feeder, the swirls of snow atop a sparkling drift, the quiet peace of evening in the warmth of a cheerful living room—these are all activities which cannot be rushed if they are to be appreciated to the fullest.

In fact, we may not even notice these common, everyday incidents if we do not take time, slow down and savor the simple pleasures which each day brings. One of my favorite statements goes something like this . . . Who shuns the simple things knows not where beauty lies. A simple roadside pool may hold a star.

Wishing you all a very blessed New Year, twelve months full!

Be thankful for the little things  
That always come your way.  
For little things to large things  
Maybe, will grow some day.



## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### FAVORITE BEEF VEGETABLE SOUP

- 3 lbs. boiling beef
- 2 qts. water
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/3 cup barley
- 1/2 cup celery tops, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups celery, diced
- 1 cup carrots, diced
- 1 cup green beans
- 1 cup potatoes, diced
- 1 cup cabbage, cut fine
- 2 cups onions, chopped
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1/2 cup butter

In a large kettle put the beef, water, garlic, salt, barley, celery tops and onion. Cover and simmer until the meat is tender. Cool and skim off the fat from the broth. Remove the meat and add the tomatoes to the broth. Melt the butter in a skillet and stir in the celery, carrots, beans, potatoes and cabbage. Cook for 7 minutes, stirring. Add these vegetables and the butter to the broth. Cook for 20 minutes. Remove any bones and fat from the meat and return the meat to the soup. 1 cup finely chopped spinach or 2 cups of peas may be added. Simmer for 10 more minutes. Taste and add more salt and pepper if desired.

This makes about 5 quarts of soup. It is well worth making the entire recipe for it freezes perfectly and will make many a good meal for cold winter days. You may vary the vegetables, putting in the favorites of your family, or substitute rice for the barley, but keep the basic soup stock as it is.

### UNUSUAL CORN BREAD

- 1 cup chopped onion
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 cup sharp cheese, grated
- 1 small pkg. corn muffin mix
- 1 cup cream style corn
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/2 cup sour cream

Saute the onion in the melted butter until tender, but not brown. Remove the onions. Combine the corn muffin mix, egg, milk and corn to make a soft batter. Place in a greased 9-inch square pan. Top with the onions, then drop the sour cream over the top. Lastly, sprinkle with the grated cheese. Bake about 30 minutes, or until golden brown.

This makes a most unusual bread for a mid-morning "brunch". It is literally a complete meal.

### SPARERIB - BEAN CASSEROLE

- 4 lbs. spareribs
- 1/3 cup soy sauce
- 3 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 medium onions, sliced
- 1 cup celery and leaves, cut
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- A dash of pepper
- 2 1 lb. cans baked beans

Combine the soy sauce, honey and 1/2 tsp salt. Brush this over the spareribs. Lay the ribs in a 3-quart casserole and bake, covered, at 350 degrees for 2 hours.

Brown the onions, celery and leaves in hot salad oil for 5 minutes. Stir in the beans and the seasonings. At the end of the 2 hour baking time, remove the spareribs from the casserole and skim the surface fat from the drippings. To the drippings, add the bean mixture. Top with the spareribs and if any of the honey sauce is left, brush it over the ribs again. Bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes. This makes 8 servings.

### FRIED MUSH

- 3 cups water
- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup cold water

Heat the 3 cups of water in a heavy saucepan until boiling. Stir the corn meal into the 1 cup of cold water. When this is well mixed, stir into the hot water. Add the salt and cook until thick, stirring often. Cover and cook over low heat for 10 minutes longer.

Remove the mush from the fire and pour into a greased loaf pan. Chill well. Slice about 1/2 inch thick, dip each slice in flour and fry in hot fat for about 20 minutes or until golden brown on both sides. Served with eggs and fruit, fried mush makes an excellent breakfast dish, or perhaps you would prefer it on a supper menu.

For scrapple, simply fry out sausage or bacon while the mush cooks the first time. Just before pouring into the greased bread pan, drain the meat well and stir it into the mush. Chill, cut and fry as directed for plain fried mush.

### RED AND GREEN STEAK

- 2 cups beef cut into cubes or strips (steak, roast or cubed stew meat)
- 2 Tbls. fat
- 2 cups water
- 2 beef bouillon cubes
- 1 cup sliced green pepper
- 1 cup quartered tomatoes
- 3 Tbls. corn starch
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1/2 cup water

Brown the meat in the hot fat. Add water and the bouillon cubes, cover tightly and simmer slowly for 1 hour or until the meat is tender. Add the green pepper and the tomatoes. Salt lightly and simmer for 5 more minutes. Blend together the corn starch, soy sauce and 1/2 cup of water. Add this to the meat mixture and cook, stirring gently until the sauce is thick. Serve over cooked rice.

### LOW CALORIE ORANGE SWEET POTATOES

- 4 medium sweet potatoes
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Peel and boil the sweet potatoes in salted water until almost tender. Arrange in a shallow baking dish. Combine the remaining ingredients in a small sauce pan. Heat through and pour over the potatoes. Bake, uncovered, in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. Baste frequently.

This is an excellent dish for those who must be on a low calorie diet. It has the flavor and appearance of "candied" sweet potatoes. Butternut squash are also good prepared in this fashion.

For variety, use 2 Tbls. of lemon juice instead of the orange juice called for in the recipe. The lemon-orange combination makes for mighty fine eating.

### PORK CHOPS WITH RICE

- 6 pork chops
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup uncooked rice
- 3 cups tomato juice
- 4 Tbls. chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 3 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Season chops with salt, pepper and paprika and roll in flour. Brown in butter. Add uncooked rice, tomato juice, parsley, green pepper, salt and pepper; pour over chops. Cover and cook over low heat about 1 hour or until rice is tender. I frequently cover and put in the oven instead. Be sure you use a low heat (about 300 degrees) and bake for about 1 hour.

### RAW APPLE MUFFINS

Nothing seems to perk up a "skimpy" meal better or quicker than hot bread. These muffins will certainly add to any meal.

- 1 egg
  - 1/4 cup shortening
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1 1/2 cups flour
  - 1 Tbls. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
  - 2/3 cup milk
  - 1 cup finely chopped raw apples
- Cream the shortening and sugar and add the egg. Beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Lastly, stir in the chopped apple. Fill muffin tins 1/2 full.

#### Topping

- 1/4 cup brown sugar
  - 1/4 cup chopped nuts
  - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- Sprinkle a little of this mixture over each muffin and then bake for 20 minutes at 400 degrees. Delicious!



**MARSHMALLOW FUDGE BARS**

1/2 cup shortening  
 3/4 cup sugar  
 2 eggs  
 3/4 cup sifted flour  
 1/4 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 2 Tbls. cocoa  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 flavoring  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans  
 12 soft marshmallows

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Blend in vanilla and chopped pecans. Pour into a 12x8-inch pan which has been greased and floured. Bake in a 350 degree oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cover the top of the baked bars with 12 soft marshmallows cut in half and return to the oven for three minutes. Spread marshmallows evenly and cool.

**Frosting**

Combine 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1/4 cup water and 1 square of chocolate in a saucepan. Let this come to a boil and after the chocolate melts, cook for three minutes. Remove from fire and add 3 Tbls. butter and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. When the butter has melted, blend in 1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar.

**ABIGAIL'S OPEN HOUSE FRUIT PUNCH**

1 small can frozen orange juice,  
 diluted according to directions  
 1 tall can pineapple juice  
 1 tall can apple juice  
 1 bottle lemon juice  
 1 bottle lime juice  
 1 quart ginger ale (add just before  
 serving)  
 Sugar to taste

Mix up some of the punch ahead of time, with the exception of the ginger ale. Pour a small amount in a ring mold and arrange red or green maraschino cherries or fruit which will match your color scheme in an interesting design. Freeze this until solid, then fill the mold the rest of the way with additional punch and freeze. When you are ready to serve the punch, loosen the ice ring from the mold and float it in the punch.

**MINT-O-GREEN FROSTING**

Melt 2 Tbls. butter in 2 1/2 Tbls. cream. Stir into it two cups sifted powdered sugar and 1/4 tsp. salt. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring. Beat until smooth and thick enough to spread. Very good on Brownies or chocolate cookies.

**RECIPE OF THE MONTH****Chocolate Roll**

Goodness knows this isn't a brand new recipe, sensational and different, but through the years it's been a wonderful standby when I wanted a dessert that looked unusual and could be made in advance.

Another thing to be said in its favor is the fact that it's bound to turn out beautifully every single time IF you follow directions carefully. In spite of the whipped cream it's not an overpoweringly rich dessert. You can cut thin slices if it follows a substantial meal, or you can make the slices good and thick if you're leaning on the dessert to get people up from the table feeling well satisfied.

1/2 cup powdered sugar  
 3 egg yolks  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 flavoring  
 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour  
 2 Tbls. cocoa  
 Dash of salt  
 3 egg whites  
 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar  
 1 cup heavy cream  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 flavoring OR  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint  
 flavoring

Take time to sift the powdered sugar. Then add it gradually to the egg yolks that have been beaten until creamy. Add vanilla. Sift together the cocoa, flour and salt. Add to egg yolks. Whip until stiff and rather dry the egg whites and cream of tartar.

Fold the egg whites carefully into first mixture.

Line a shallow pan (approximately 8x12 inches) with heavy brown paper and grease it well. Spread the dough in it evenly to about 1/4 inch thickness. Bake in a 325 degree oven for around 25 minutes.

Let cake cool in the pan for five minutes and then turn on to a cloth that has been wrung out of hot water. (Wring out as much water as possible.) Trim off the hard edges and then roll up cake as if it were a jelly roll.

Whip cream until stiff and flavor it as suggested. Unroll the cake, spread it with the cream, and then roll back in the cloth. Chill for a minimum of one hour—but it can stand much longer if you wish. I have frequently made this in the morning and served it at night, so that gives you an idea.

When ready to serve, remove the cloth, place the cake on a platter and cut it into thin or thick slices. Personally, I feel that it is gilding the lily to serve this with a chocolate sauce as I've known some people to do. Not only does a sauce spoil the attractive appearance of the dessert, but it "bogs down" the delicate flavor. I've heard lively arguments on this subject, but my own opinion is that chocolate sauce should be reserved for something else.

And one final comment should be made about this Chocolate Roll: 2 Tbls. of flour is correct. I was sure this couldn't be right the first time I made it, but it is.—Lucile

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<b>Lemon</b>	<b>Mint</b>
<b>Almond</b>	
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## THE UNIVERSITY PUT ME ON A DIET

By  
Evelyn Witter

My very first day at the university was a turning point in my life in more than an educational way, because on that day I had the physical examination which helped nominate me as a dietary guinea pig.

I had been sent off to college with a super deluxe wardrobe plus appropriate accessories and told to have a well-rounded, complete college life, but I sensed that it would take more than a good scholastic standing and a fine wardrobe to make me acceptable. I was a fat girl and an oddity!

"Well" I told myself consolingly, "After all, the real purpose of college is learning and I'll content myself with my studies."

I prepared to drown my feeling of inadequacy in study. While other girls were dating I "plinked" away at my typewriter or read myself blurry-eyed over the Romantic poets. When the girls came in from their dates I couldn't resist joining in on the jam sessions to hear the glowing accounts of good times. But after the sessions, when everyone was asleep, the tears spilled onto my pillow. The Romantic poets began to lose their fascination. I wanted to hear what some male student had to say rather than read the beautiful poetry of Bryon or Shelly.

When I saw a freshman mixer advertised I decided to try my luck and launch the social side of my college career. I walked over to the gym and noticed happily that the crowd was almost evenly divided—there were an equal number of girls and men. But my evening began and ended alone.

Can anyone describe the feelings of a wallflower — a wallflower who had always been treated with the utmost consideration at home, who had a sensitive disposition and who had built up years of dreams and yearnings for a full enjoyment of college life? I doubt that they can. All I can say is that I was miserable.

Although I had graced the honor roll consistently in high school, I was notified by the university at the end of the first semester that my grades were so poor I was on probation. This news only added to the dilemma of unhappiness that engulfed me. I hated college, the pretty girls around me, men and the explanation I would have to give to my mother.

At the beginning of the second semester, a notice from the Health Service proved to be the saving of my college career. I recalled the physical examination I had had the first day on campus and wondered if, after all, something was wrong somehow. I was ushered into the doctor's office. She smiled at me and said she wanted to talk to me about a serious matter.

"We have selected you for experimental purposes," she began and I shivered inside. "We need three girls who are carrying a lot of excess fat but who are otherwise healthy. The

government has allotted funds for this research, probably because an alarming number of people are going on freak diets or buying harmful or inadequate drugs for reducing. We are trying to chart a scientific course for weight reducing. This is a new diet which we are going to formulate by watching its effect on you girls.

"But," she smiled, "We have to have complete assurance that the girls will cooperate. This is an expensive undertaking and one which will involve a staff of people to execute, therefore it cannot be muffed by eating whims or a change of mind during the experiment."

"I'll cooperate," I offered, realizing what a golden opportunity was being handed to me.

"Before you fully agree let me tell you all that we expect of you for the next six weeks. If you don't feel you can muster up enough gumption to see it through you must say so now, not later.

"You'll eat *all* the food you consume for the next six weeks at the experimental apartment of the Women's Building. Senior Students in home economics will prepare the food under the guidance of two instructors of dietetics. The food will be divided into four weighed portions. Three of these will be eaten by you girls and the fourth will be sent to the chemistry lab for analysis. Each girl will be expected to submit daily samples of urine and feces for testing also."

"I'll do anything," I said enthusiastically.

"And," the lady doctor went on, "We'll also map out your physical activities. You'll be called in for a checkup on blood pressure, metabolism and such, several times during the reducing period."

"I'll do what is expected of me," I assured her again.

I took an oath on my honor that I would not fail them and the next morning started the diet by weighing in. I was the smallest, weighing only 186, while Ruth weighed 196 and Cecile, 208. We found the practice apartment lovely with a shining mahogany dining table adorned with simple but pleasing appointments. There were fresh cut flowers and gay peasant doilies and napkins.

Much to my surprise the meals were adequate. I remember the first day's menu perfectly because it impressed me so much. For breakfast we had half of a grapefruit in ice, half of a glass of skim milk, a cup of steaming fragrant coffee and a piece of melba toast on which lay two beautiful poached eggs. At noon we were served a baked green pepper stuffed with ground beef, cole slaw, a hot bran muffin with a pat of butter, half of a peach in a frosty sherbet glass and half of a glass of milk. That evening they placed before us a gelatin salad of raw vegetables, shrimp on a bed of lettuce topped with mineral oil dressing, two whole wheat crackers and butter, and half of a glass of milk. We were given an apple to take home for a late evening snack.

As time went on I simplified the

menu to the daily requirements as follows:

- 1 1/2 glasses of skim milk
- 2 servings of meat or substitute
- 1 egg (or sometimes two)
- 3 small slices of bread or equivalent
- 2 pats of butter
- 3 servings of fruit (one or more citrus)
- 2 servings of raw or cooked vegetables (or sometimes 3)
- Coffee, unlimited

Wednesday and Sunday nights we had a treat for dessert, usually ice cream or sherbet.

Our physical education program was strenuous — two hours a week of soccer, two hours a week of gymnastics, and a choice of any other activity. (I chose swimming.) I also walked many miles during the experiment.

Every day we weighed in and every day we weighed less and less. I looked forward to my meals because WHEN MEALS ARE SERVED ATTRACTIVELY THEY ARE PLEASURABLE, even if the fare is scanty. The home economic girls knew this technique and provided those important little touches like a change of china, an unusual garnish, and even candle light, making each meal an occasion!

At the end of the first week I had lost seven pounds. I'll admit that I was hungry and five or six times during the experimental period I stood and drooled before a bakery shop window, but I had given my word and I understood very well what a calamity my breaking faith would be to many people. I would have hated to face the dietician who was weighing every gram of food I ate, or the chemist who was keeping painstaking records.

Six weeks went by. I weighed 159, Ruth weighed 168, and Cecile, 181. We felt like sylphs! When we were released from the experiment the three little guinea pigs were genuinely sorry for it had been so nice.

Shortly after the experiment I had a phone call from one of the men in my literature class. He wanted a date! The rest of that year and the next and the next and the next, I loved college. The University Diet had taught me how to eat. With this knowledge and will power built with the thought, "I did it before: I can do it now", my college weight averaged about 155 pounds.

There were football games, dances, teas, coke dates and swimming dates. With a changed figure and a changed social life, so changed my grades for I was happy and well adjusted. Little had I guessed that first day when I stepped on the scale that I was stepping into four glorious years of fun, fashion and health along with my highly prized college degree!

Now, over twenty years and two children later, my weight is 161 pounds. The doctor suggested yesterday that I shed six or seven pounds.

"I can do it!" I told him with confidence. And I can!

(Editor's Note: The fact that this happened over 20 years ago does not make it untimely, since the problem and solution are the same today as they were then. Weight is controlled by proper diet. Unfortunately, those

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## MARGERY REPORTS ON A CHURCH DINNER AND A TRIP

Dear Friends:

Time rolls on incredibly fast, doesn't it? It seems such a short while ago that I was making a concentrated effort to date checks 1960. It sometimes takes the entire month of January before it becomes automatic to write the new year correctly! Oh dear, perhaps I shouldn't have given myself away like that! But *surely* I'm not the only one who goes through this every year.

Sometime this month many of you will be sitting in on committee meetings to plan a church dinner and might be hard-pressed to think of a new and different theme. Last month I said that I would give you the details of our last Silent Bazaar. Perhaps you can utilize these ideas in your planning.

A week before the dinner every church family received the following invitation accompanied by a little colored burlap bag complete with draw string.

"If Mr. Bemis only knew

The plans we had in store for you,  
He'd have made his bags in fancy  
hue—

Pink and green and orange and blue.  
We've colored one to stuff with loot;  
The other isn't half as cute.

It'll be delivered, with time to boot,  
For you to sew a tricky suit  
To wear Bazaar nite and look  
divine

When with us you come to dine.

is the date;

Five o'clock sharp—Now don't be  
late.

The whole family should be in tow  
To eat the dinner and see the show!"

This bag was to be filled with a generous "extra" contribution for the Women's Fellowship, the money to be used for some special projects. (We much prefer a Silent Bazaar within our own membership to a Public Bazaar.)

As you might have guessed from the invitation, additional burlap "not half as cute" was to be delivered. In a few days, real burlap sacks were brought to our door—one for each member of the family. They were accompanied by another note which read as follows:

"To our Bazaar this you must wear,  
So add to this as much as you care,  
Or use just part—that's still fair!  
Sew a plain or fancy seam.  
(In this bag you'll be a scream!)  
There'll be fun and laughs galore  
As you're met at the church's door!"

We studied the sacks to determine just what we could do with them. (We weren't nearly as original as many members were!) Oliver, being a most conservative man, cut a strip of burlap for a bulky necktie. I made an apron.

Martin used his sack, plus the remainder of ours, for a pair of trousers, a shirt, and a hat resembling one Robin Hood might have worn. Adding a large yellow plume, he *did* look like Robin Hood!

I was asked to make two large salads as my contribution to the dinner.



This is the plantation home near Diamond, Missouri, where George Washington Carver spent his childhood.

All food was solicited with the exception of the meat (turkey and roast pork), which was purchased by the Fellowship and prepared by a committee.

When we arrived at the church we tied our little money bags onto a large tree branch. Indeed, we had a real "money tree", a very clever idea, we thought.

A mixer game was planned, but as you might suppose, there really was no need for organized entertainment at this point for everyone was so intrigued with the unusual, interesting, but more often *ridiculous* costumes that it was somewhat difficult to get people rounded up for a game.

The dining room was decorated to carry out this "primitive" theme. Clever little scarecrows were the centerpieces and large Delicious apples (to be eaten for dessert) were beside each place setting.

The entertainment following the dinner was on the whole unrehearsed, for different members were called from their places at the table to take part in a skit, contest, or pantomime. Everyone was a good sport, of course, which added greatly to the fun.

The fellowship that we experienced that evening will long be remembered. We all wore burlap to church and gave generously! It is something to ponder about, isn't it? It served as a lesson to all of us.

This month I promised to tell you about the short trip we took to the Ozarks. Radio and magazine work keeps us pretty much "on deck", so it is a real occasion when one of us can manage to get out of town for a few days. This trip was planned long in advance because Oliver had a few days left of his vacation time.

It was not fully decided that Martin could make the trip with us until just before departure time. A great deal depended upon his class assignments. We were delighted that things worked out so that he could go for the trip was most educational.

We drove south on Highway 71 with no definite stops or destinations in mind, but well-stocked with letters from you friends suggesting things to see. From here on I will give you some of the high points of the trip.

In Carthage, Missouri we stopped to

see Kendrick House, a historic old home of Civil War days. The house is open for tours from April 15th to September 15th. We were out of season, but found the occupant-owners at home and when they learned of our great interest in old homes, the doors were opened to us. This is the fourth generation of the Kendrick family to occupy the old mansion and naturally they have a genuine love for every brick, every floorboard and every item (many priceless) that makes the house of historical significance.

Our next stop was in Diamond, Missouri to visit the George Washington Carver National Monument. Although we had read a great deal about Dr. Carver, we hadn't retained the fact that he was born in our neighboring state. Our tour through the memorial building, the path to the little brook he loved so much, the old Carver plantation house and cemetery all took on great meaning to us—a most unforgettable experience.

A drive south and east through Roaring River State Park brought us to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, a very unusual city for there are no cross-streets. The main street winds around and around, lined with picturesque little shops. We actually had the feeling of being in a foreign land.

I might mention a delightful dinner we had at the Ozark Village Restaurant, operated by Joe Parkhill. Mr. Parkhill was very gracious and patient in answering my questions about seasonings and food preparation. We ordered the featured dinner, Ozark fried chicken, accompanied by hot biscuits and honey. Incidentally, it was here that I had my first taste of huckleberry pie!

Southern Missouri is noted for its numerous, beautiful caves. We toured through Fairy Cave and Marvel Cave. These are located in the Shepherd of the Hills Country near Branson, Missouri. As a matter of fact, Harold Bell Wright wrote his famous novel, *Shepherd of the Hills*, only a few miles from Marvel Cave. (Perhaps you remember his references to the cave.) We stopped to see Uncle Matt's cabin, the lovely statues at Inspiration Point and numerous other attractions in the vicinity.

Another stop we enjoyed was at Sycamore, where we saw an old grist mill. It was built in 1861 and has been in continuous operation. A cotton mill once stood beside it, also operated by water power, but it is no longer there.

We found Bennett Springs State Park near Lebanon a delightful place. A crystal clear pool formed by the spring was full of Rainbow trout! The spring starts a river and I understand that trout fishing is very good. Oliver, Martin and I decided that it would be a fine place to camp sometime and no doubt someone reading this will say, "We have camped there!"

I know we have mentioned this before, but I would like to repeat it again—and that is, that driving through the countless towns, large and small, we think of our many friends living there. Higginsville, Independence, Sedalia, Harrisonville, Nevada-

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## JANUARY MERRYMAKERS

Since January begins on momentous New Year's Eve it sets a merry tone for the parties of the month. These Merry-makers can be put together to form the basis for an entire evening's entertainment. However, you will find several excellent suggestions which may be used with a club group for a short bit of fun.

**Invitations:** Cut silver paper into the shape of bells. The invitation may be written on plain paper and fastened to the back of each bell. Or cut an hourglass shape from cardboard; cover the front with clear cellophane to make it look like real glass. Print the message on the back.

This verse needs only the time and place added to complete the message: Ring out the OLD . . . Ring in the NEW

That's exactly what we'll do!

Meet us at — on Saturday night  
And help us start the NEW YEAR right!

**New Year Hats:** Have an assortment of crepe paper, newspapers, ribbons, bows, lace, pins, needle and thread, glue, etc., laid out on a table. When the first guest arrives have him go to the table and design an original New Year's baby bonnet. As each guest comes he takes his turn choosing materials and making a bonnet.

There are a number of ways in which this activity may be varied. Each guest can make a gay party hat. The pointed, plume-trimmed style which ties under the chin is very popular for a New Year's party. Or you can give each guest the name of a different month of the year and have him make a hat which is appropriate to that month. Later in the evening the rest of the guests try and guess the month the player is representing with his hat. Examples: April . . . a dunce cap; January . . . cap with earflaps; June . . . a bride's veil; May . . . a flower.

**Baby Days:** If the hat creations were made to look like baby bonnets, have all the guests put them on. Play a variety of simple children's games such as: "London Bridge", "Ring Around the Rosie", "Button Button" and "Drop the Handkerchief". Have the guests suggest some of the games they enjoyed playing as children to add to the hilarity.

**March of Time:** Divide into groups and let each group dramatize events anticipated in 1961. This could include: the inauguration, launching a man into orbit and a happy vacation situation. Be sure and use several humorous events which include people present. A coming wedding, a new job, an expected baby could all provide ideas for funny skits.

**Resolutions are in Order:** Give each player a pencil and paper. He is to write out a New Year's resolution but each word in the resolution must begin with a letter in the name of the person sitting at the player's right. Thus, if the name of a guest was Margaret Ohlson, her neighbor would write something like this: "Make a real, good, awesome, righteous effort

to only have liver Sundays, or nothing."

Another way of writing out resolutions is more simple. Take the words **HAPPY NEW YEAR** and have the resolutions written using only the letters in the three words in the order given.

Have a time limit for writing out these resolutions. The hostess then reads them and the group votes on the one most clever. A fresh tablet or a date book would make a nice prize for the winner.

**Melt the Snowballs:** Hang four small popcorn balls with strings from the ceiling so they will hang about five feet above the floor. These are referred to as "snowballs" not popcorn balls! Select four players and at a given signal have them begin eating the "snowballs" without touching them with their hands. The player who eats an entire ball first wins. A plastic snowball such as used with Christmas decorations or a big popcorn ball wrapped in bright paper would make a nice prize for this game.

**New Year's Hunt:** This game is successful played in a church basement, a school recreation room or in a home. Before the party begins the hostess hides twelve objects. Each one represents one month of the year. If an actual object is not available, pictures of the object will do just as well.

Each player is given a paper on which he writes the names of the months. He is to search and when he finds an object he writes its name down beside the name of the month it represents. No one is to help anyone else or give away the hiding place of an object he has found.

Suggestions for objects to represent the months are: January . . . a plastic snowball or a copy of January *Kitchen-Klatter*; February . . . small hatchet, bust or picture of Lincoln or Washington or a can of cherries; March . . . shamrock, toy lion or lamb or an Easter bunny; April . . . dunce cap or umbrella; May . . . flower seeds or a May basket; June . . . bride doll, diploma or a rose; July . . . flag, paper firecracker or book open to the Declaration of Independence; August . . . vacation gear of any kind; September . . . pencil box, tablet or school book; October . . . ear of corn, toy pumpkin or cut out of a black cat; November . . . miniature turkey, Indian doll or cornucopia; December . . . Christmas decoration, tiny reindeer or a picture of Santa.

### MERRYMAKER DECORATIONS

**Winter Scene Centerpiece:** Make an Eskimo igloo of marshmallows or sugar cubes "glued" with powdered sugar frosting. Add trees made of twigs stuck into plastic foam bases. Put several small plastic reindeer in the shelter of the trees. Sprinkle the scene with artificial snow.

**Skating Scene Centerpiece:** Use a mirror for the lake. Fashion skating figures using pipe cleaners, a round white paper tag for the head and frilled white crepe paper for the short skirts. Place these in graceful poses on the mirror. Frosted white twig "trees" are stuck in modeling clay and put around the lake's edge.

Fasten large paper doilies to a mirror and stand up as a backdrop for either of these all-white decorations to form a snowflake backdrop. Paper doilies can also be used to make snowflake nut cups and snowflakes for decorating the windows and wall mirrors.

**Clock Centerpiece:** Cut a large circle of gold paper for the outline of the clock face. Indicate the hours using Christmas tree ball ornaments. Anchor each one in place on the clock face with a bit of modeling clay. Put a big gumdrop in the center of the clock and stick two pipe cleaners into it to make the hands. Push a small gumdrop on the end of each hand. Outline the clock face with a tiny circlet of greens.

If you are using paper plates to serve refreshments, color a clock face on each one. Small paper plates with clock faces painted or colored on can hold a package of gum or a large mint and serve as nut cups.

Bright balloons suspended over the table add color and atmosphere.

**Refreshment Suggestions:** Open-face sandwiches can be made to carry out the clock face idea. Frost with a cream cheese spread and denote the hours with bits of pimiento. Sandwiches cut in bell and hourglass shapes are equally attractive and appropriate. Cookies can be cut and decorated in any of these shapes to carry out the theme of the party. If gelatin is set very firm it can be cut into circles and decorated by marking the hours and clock hands with whipped cream or salad dressing put through a pastry tube.

## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By  
Frederick

This may be an old story to you, but it is wonderful news to me. I have just learned the perfect way to cook a pot roast. The one I cooked weighed three pounds, but this same recipe could be used for any size of roast up to five pounds.

Put the roast on a piece of aluminum foil large enough to cover the meat with considerable to spare. Turn up the edges of the foil to make a container that will hold the meat plus all of the gravy that will be made. Over the meat pour one can of cream of mushroom soup. Over the mushroom soup sprinkle the contents of one package of French onion soup—dry. Now close the foil to make a closed container. Wrap the whole business in another piece of foil and place in a baking dish in the oven. Bake the meat at 300 degrees, one hour for each pound of meat.

When you open the foil after the meat is cooked, you will find that the blend of sealed-in juices, mushrooms and French onion soup has made the most delicious gravy, and the meat will be delightfully tender. This recipe is a real time-saver with no browning of the meat before-hand, and with no making of gravy afterwards. It is all done in one neat operation.



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City.....Zone.....State.....

### MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

and in many others, I could call some of you by name. I thought of you good friends as we passed through your towns or passed roadsigns leading to them.

In closing, my prayer for you is that 1961 will be a happy and prosperous year for all of you.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

### PRAYERFUL THOUGHTS—Concl'd.

Help us to be true to our own accepted standards and to our own best selves. Amen

28. Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for all that makes life worth living. We thank Thee for every little happiness, and for the hope and the opportunity to make this day a blessing to others. Help us to correct the mistakes we made yesterday, and give us confidence in the power of thy love for us. Amen

29. Our Father in Heaven, we ask Thee to walk with us today; be Thou our friend, our counsellor, our guide, our brother, the sure staff on which we may lean when the way is hard. May love for Thee and for our fellowmen always fill our hearts to overflowing, and may others see us close to Thee. Amen

30. Our Father in Heaven, we are grateful for Thy good providence whereby we enjoy the comforts and blessings of this life. We humbly and earnestly pray for faith, hope, and love. We pray for purity in our lives, and for that trust in Thee whereby anxiety is banished and true peace is found. Amen

### UNIVERSITY DIET—Concluded

dieting twenty years ago had to forego almost entirely the taste of sugar. Thanks to such products as our own Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener today's diets can include foods using this sugar substitute without adding a single calorie.)



### EDGINGS IN FILET-CROCHET

1. Ch 8, tr in 8th st from hook.
  2. Ch 5, miss 2, 1 tr (for 1st sp), ch 2, t tr in same st with last tr, to widen 1 sp.
  3. Ch 7, tr in top of t tr, to widen, 2 sp.
  4. Three sp, widen.
  5. Widen, 4 sp.
  6. Two sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, widen.
  7. Widen, 2 sp, (4 tr, 1 sp) twice.
  8. Two sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, narrow (by omitting the 2 ch, and working a t tr in next.
  9. Five sp.
  10. Three sp, narrow.
  11. Three sp.
  12. One sp, narrow.
- Repeat from 2d row.
- A very dainty Vandyke edging. For insertion to match, ch 20.
1. Tr in 8th st, 4 more sp.
  - 2, 3. Five sp.
  - 4, 6. Two sp, 4 tr, 2 sp.
  5. One sp (4 tr, 1 sp) twice. Repeat the pattern, 3 rows of sp between.

My life is but a weaving  
Between my Lord and me.  
I cannot choose the colors  
He worketh steadily.  
Oft-times He weaveth sorrow,  
And I in foolish pride  
Forget He sees the upper  
And I, the underside.  
Not till the loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly,  
Shall God unroll the canvas  
And explain the reason why  
The dark threads are as needful  
In the weaver's skillful hand,  
As the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned.  
—Author Unknown

## KITCHEN-KLATTER SWEETENER

NO CALORIES!

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Here is the No-Calorie Sweetener that really tastes RIGHT!

No bitter taste. No aftertaste. Just the natural sweet taste we get from sugar — and not a single calorie!

If you're watching your weight, Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener will be a priceless help. Now you can enjoy the sweet taste you crave without worrying about calories. And if a member of your family is on a diabetic diet, you can take a whole new lease on cooking.

Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener will never bake out, boil out or freeze out. Its delicious sweet taste is there to stay.

Buy a bottle of this wonderful new Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener today and see for yourself how delicious non-fattening foods can really taste.

You'll find Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener on the same shelf with our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. Be sure to save the cap liners from each bottle so you can get in on the terrific premiums we offer with our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings.



## FINGER GAMES

(Note from Mary Beth: While I have been sitting with Paul in the Nursery Department of our Sunday School I have been learning some of the finger games that are taught the two, three and four year old youngsters. I thought perhaps some of you mothers with pre-school children might enjoy teaching these exercises to them when they are shut indoors these cold winter days.)

## THIS LITTLE BOY

This little boy is going to bed;  
(First finger of right hand lays in palm of left hand)  
Down on the pillow he lays his head;  
(Thumb of left hand is the pillow)  
Wraps himself in the covers tight;  
(Fingers of left hand close)  
This is the way he sleeps all night.

Morning comes, he opens his eyes;  
Back with a toss the cover flies;  
(Fingers of left hand open)  
Up he jumps, is dressed and away;  
(Right index finger jumps up and hops away)  
Ready for frolic and play all day.

## MY GARDEN

I dig, dig, dig; (make digging motions)  
I plant some seeds; (place imaginary seeds in holes)  
I rake, rake, rake; (make motions)  
I hoe some weeds; (bend over, pull and yank)  
I wait and watch; (place hands behind back)  
And soon right there (point to garden)  
My garden sprouts.  
It's in God's care.

## FIVE LITTLE FROGGIES

This little froggy broke his toe.  
This little froggy cried, "Oh, Oh, Oh!"  
This little froggy laughed and was glad.  
This little froggy cried and was sad.  
This little froggy, kind and good,  
Hopped after the doctor as fast as he could!  
(Start with the thumb and wiggle one finger at a time. On the last line have the little finger hop away.)

## TWO LITTLE BLACKBIRDS

There were two little blackbirds  
Sitting on a hill,  
The one named "Jack"  
And the other named "Jill".  
(Clench fists with thumbs out. The thumbs are "Jack" and "Jill")  
Fly away, Jack,  
Fly away, Jill,  
(Thumbs "fly" inside fists)  
Come again, Jack,  
Come again, Jill.  
(Thumbs pop out of fists and wiggle)

## THE BEE-HIVE

Here is the bee-hive,  
Where are the bees?  
Hiding away where nobody sees.  
(Double up fist with thumb tucked inside)  
They are coming out now,  
They are all alive!  
One, Two, Three, Four, Five.  
(Bring one finger out at a time until all fingers are outstretched)

## A NEW YEARS PSALM

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

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

A few sincere friends who understand my loneliness, yet remain faithful because of my silence.

A capacity to understand and respond to the sufferings of others, knowing that they fight as hard a battle against many odds, even as I.

A sense of justice tempered with mercy; a conception of work as a privilege, and a feeling that responsibility is my debt for the right to live in a world where great ends are at stake.

A task to do which has real value, without which the world would be poorer, and the good I might produce be eternally lost.

A sense of humor and the power to laugh; the grace to forgive and the humility to be forgiven; the willingness to praise, and the art to enjoy a little leisure with dreams.

A sense of the eternal hills, the un-resting seas and the horizon—fusing plains; and withal a capacity to appreciate something beautiful the hand of man has made.

A few wistful moments of quiet amid the garish fever of the day; and at nightfall a sense of the presence of God.

Then the patience to wait for the coming of these gifts, that the sunset of each day shall not be darkened by the clouds of my haste and the mists of my fretting doubt. Then as my little day closes, to feel the encircling arms of "the love that will not let me go".

—Selected

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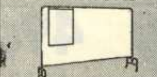
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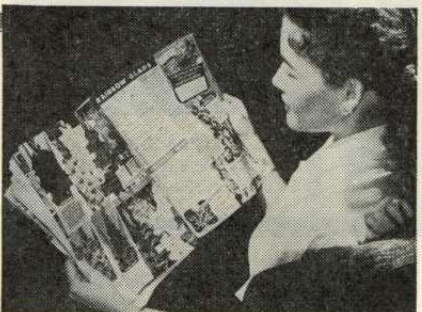
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**DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded**  
reported back that they made the twelve-mile trip with no difficulty whatsoever.

Last Sunday afternoon was a happy day for Stardust was brought home. Kristin has ridden her every night after school when she went out to find Frank to help him with some job and says that she is the easiest horse to ride that she has ever had. During her absence she had literally "grown up" and developed into a fine riding horse. We decided that she had been so obstinate because she just plain didn't want to leave home!

Kristin and Frank just came in to remind me that our company will be arriving very soon, so I'll cover the typewriter and "high-tail it" to the kitchen to get the coffee pot on.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

### PEANUT PIXIES

Everyone who sees these gay little fellows falls in love with them! They're unique—clever as can be to perch on plants or a table centerpiece, to add the unexpected and charming touch when you're wrapping a gift package, or to use for favors. Made entirely by hand with red trimming ONLY—12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely hand-made, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

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### BABY NEW YEAR—Concluded

world. Never underestimate the blessings of a happy home.

*(Baby New Year begins to cry. He gives a loud howl or two and then subsides into quiet sobs.)*

**FATHER TIME** (walks to the doorway, pauses to look over his shoulder, winks at the months of the year and speaks):

I do not blame him for howling at some of the prospects ahead for him, but I'm a firm believer in discipline! This youngster will have to learn that crying will get him nothing—just a smeared face and a red nose. It is a tough old world—and yet a very wonderful one, too, as he will learn. Be good to him, will you girls?

*(With a wave of his hand Father Time is gone.)*

Curtain

### SOME THINGS TO LEARN

Learn to like the sunrise and sunset, the beating of rain on the roof and the windows, and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.

Learn to keep your wants simple, and refuse to be controlled by the likes and dislikes of others.

### LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT

We think this is one of the loveliest applique quilts Mother has made. Choosing the colors and making this Pansy quilt will brighten the winter days for you. For pattern and instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

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This package holds the answer to every single cleaning problem in your house where water can be used.

Greasy dishes? Grimy walls? Sticky woodwork? Gummy stove? Clothes so dirty you don't see how you'll ever get them clean?

Let the expensive chemicals in Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner go to work. They'll do a perfect job every time.

Even the hardest water turns to soft water when Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is used, but never, never will your hands feel "burned".

Look for Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner today. Buy it! And save every box top for the kind of wonderful premiums you've come to expect from the Kitchen-Klatter Family. There are many more sensational premiums coming up. We're proud to offer them with the very finest All-Purpose Cleaner that is manufactured today.

*To all of you who have written to say that KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER is by far the best product you've ever used and begged us PLEASE not to change it, we give you our word of honor that no one is going to tinker around with it in any way whatsoever. We make it ourselves. We have the finest formula that can be put together. And we're keeping it this way.*

### IMPORTANT

Under no conditions can we mail our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner to individuals. Postal charges would make it far too expensive. Ask your grocer to stock it. If enough people ask, he'll get it. And like countless Midwestern grocers today, he'll be amazed at how fast those boxes move from his shelves.



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ALL OCCASION  
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21 really deluxe  
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for selling only 100 boxes of our Parchment Charm All Occasion assortment, \$32.50 for selling 50 boxes, \$15.00 for 25 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys boxes of All Occasion Cards.

Cut out Business Reply Card below—mail it today—and free samples of personalized stationery—plus other leading Greeting Card box assortments will be sent you immediately on approval. No experience necessary.

### IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

Last year some folks made only \$25 to \$50 while others made \$150-\$250-\$500 and more selling our entire line of greeting cards. Many church groups, organizations, schools, lodges, etc. do this year after year.



**DELUXE EVERYDAY**  
GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE  
20 large colorful sheets  
plus matching tags.  
Terrific value



**WHITE ROSE**  
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE  
Dainty raised white design  
on rich blue vellum with  
charming ribbon tie.  
Just lovely

**FREE**  
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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY  
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Guaranteed by  
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IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fill in Name And Address On Reply Card Below—CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY—No Stamp Necessary

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**AT RIGHT TODAY**  
FILL IN AND MAIL  
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April ads due February 10.

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Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Oliver Goldsmith

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

and no matter if it's big or small, so if you understand this it makes everything easier."

We don't know where Juliana is going to college but we do know one thing for sure: we're not going along with her! When September of this year rolls around she'll be going *someplace*, but we'll be keeping the home-fires burning right here in Shenandoah.

There are hopes and dreams that I have for this year ahead and if even a few of them work out I would like to tell you about them in the months to come.

However, at this exact moment I hear the clattering approach of high school students who are undoubtedly starved to death, so I must take out the chicken pie (I slipped out and put that in the oven about a half-hour ago) and put it on the table. The house has been very, very quiet while I visited with you, but now it's full of laughter and voices and someone has turned on the phonograph . . . and all in all, it's full of life and warmly comforting.

May 1961 be a truly good year for you.

*Lucile*

## ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

with cream cheese. There were platters of assorted cookies and a tray of several kinds of fruit cake. Again we served the candied grapefruit and orange peel. With this there was a choice of hot coffee, tea or fruit punch. We kept the atmosphere very informal and just asked the guests to serve themselves.

Now after all this writing about coking, I think I'd better end this letter and see about feeding my family tonight. Good luck to all of you in 1961!

Sincerely, Abigail

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