

TX1
K57x
C.2

Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOLUME 24

JANUARY, 1960

NUMBER 1



MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
RT 1 BOX 146 MAR 60
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

Copyright 1960 by The Driftmier Company.

Dear Friends:

It's cold tonight, the wind is blowing hard, and even though we have only an electric range in the kitchen and not an old-time wood burning range like Mart has always wanted, it's more snug in this kitchen tonight than anyplace else in the house. That's why I decided to sit out here at the table to write to you.

If Kitchen-Klatter were a daily newspaper instead of a monthly magazine I could tell you exactly how our Christmas went, but instead of this I can only tell you what we are thinking about in the days not too far away.

While I'm thinking about all the problems connected with getting any kind of a monthly magazine printed, addressed and mailed right on schedule, I must tell you two experiences in our own family that have made us decide we don't do too badly taking care of Kitchen-Klatter subscriptions.

Each year we have a family draw, since our family is so big, and last year Frederick and Betty got Russell's and Lucile's name. They made inquiries first—this was back in October—and found that they didn't take a certain magazine published every week but would like to have it, so they subscribed to this magazine for them. About the second week in December a nice gift card arrived telling Russell and Lucile that they would receive the magazine every week for a year as a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Driftmier. This is a weekly publication, as I mentioned, and they received their very first issue around the end of February.

Then Howard gave Mae a year's subscription to a monthly magazine as one of her gifts and she also received a nice gift card telling her all about it. That gift card arrived around the second week in December also, but Mae didn't get her first copy of the magazine until May. So you see, with things like this happening, I don't think we do too badly with Kitchen-Klatter. And when mistakes do happen, we surely try to get them straightened out as fast as possible.

Our poor little David has had such a long, long siege. I couldn't begin to list all the various opinions and tests that Frederick and Betty have told us about. There still is no positive and final diagnosis as to what is wrong.

We want to thank all of you friends who have taken such an interest in his sickness and taken time to tell us about children in your family or your neighborhood who had symptoms that sounded so similar to his symptoms. We appreciate those letters and have sent them on to Betty and Frederick. I hardly need add that we are grateful for your prayers and your concern. They mean a great deal.

In a way our Christmas will be taking second place to New Year's this year. We will have a tree on Christmas Eve here at our house and open our gifts. Afterwards we'll have coffee and fruitcake. There are no longer little children to make Christmas seem exciting and thrilling—Juliana and Kristin are poised young girls of sixteen and Martin is in seventh grade and no longer interested in toys.

But on the morning of December 30th someone in our family will be driving to Red Oak to meet the early train from Denver, and then the house will be like old times. Abigail and Wayne decided that it would be too uncertain to depend upon driving across the plains at that date, so they are taking the train. Wayne is scheduled to speak at a convention in Kansas City and such appointments must be kept if it is humanly possible to do so.

Emily and Alison are both past the age too where toys have appeal, but Clark is still little enough to furnish all of us with Christmas excitement. We expect to have a big family gathering while they are here, and so you can see why our thoughts turn more towards New Year's this year. Of course we will get family pictures taken and I hope they turn out as good as the ones taken on Thanksgiving in 1958. We felt that considering the number of people to gather together, that big group picture turned out very well.

The only major change since that 1958 picture was taken was Donna's marriage. She and Tom have had their airplane reservations for weeks and plan to be here during the holidays. They have made many nice friends among the teachers who work in the same school system and can find their way anyplace in all that heavy traffic.

The apartment house they live in sounds very different from what we are used to back here. The entire thing is built around a big swimming

pool—paved areas around it for chairs and tables. Mae took some good pictures of it when she was there and I couldn't help but think how unbelievably things had changed since I first saw that part of California many years ago.

Mart and I don't expect to go to California or Florida this winter as we used to do. Even though one of the children could drive us out and back, we don't think we'd be as comfortable anyplace as we are right here at home. I can always keep busy with something and Mart reads a lot, so the winter days aren't too long.

Jessie and Martha are pretty much shut-in, but they are cheerful and don't complain. When the roads are free of snow and ice we try to get over and visit with them, and of course we expect to have them here over Christmas unless they are able to go to Des Moines. Winter in our part of the country is so undependable that it really doesn't pay to make big plans—it can lead to much disappointment.

Lucile and Russell are practically all through with their big remodeling job and they both say it was worth it, but that they'd never want to go through anything like it again. Lucile said she really appreciated the whole houseplan when it snowed, everything was icy, and she could go right out into the garage without getting anywhere near the snow and ice. Russell has a lot of work to do in the garden next spring since piles of dirt have to be smoothed out, old bricks made into a retaining wall along one side to keep the new back walk from being covered with mud everytime it rains, and many other things too—he says he just can't seem to get real headway made out there in the few minutes he has to garden.

Howard and Mae have their living room (a big room) all finished now, the dining room finished, and are beginning on the bedrooms. Margery and Oliver have cleaned up after their carpenters and don't plan any more major work until the house is painted on the outside. Mart and I are the only ones who haven't done anything to the house this last year. We need to redecorate the downstairs bedroom and paint all of the woodwork at the back of the house, but I'm going to wait until the windows can be open before I start this.

It makes us so happy to have Dorothy able to come down and see us through these winter months when we're tied pretty much to the house. She always brings a big sack of peanuts with her and I sit at the dining room table with her and help her make the cute little Pixies.

Now it is time to wind the clock and listen to the late news and weather forecast. Just about the time you read this we'll have our house full of children and grandchildren if all goes well.

Affectionately yours,



If you will pretend you are standing near those Storage Shelves marked on the drawing and looking toward your left, it will help to get this straight. (The white surface in the right foreground is the end of the Cooking Island.) There are additional pictures of this section of the kitchen on page 18.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

On this page you have the promised drawing of our kitchen, so along with the series of pictures used last month and this month, I guess we can say that we've wound up the kitchen.

I'm now completely adjusted to this kitchen and every inch of it works! I can only say that if I had had it ten years ago, you folks would have had the benefit of many more good recipes. But if it's true (and I think it is) that somehow we can only truly appreciate what we work for and wait for, then I must add that at an earlier date when I was younger it couldn't possibly have meant as much to me.

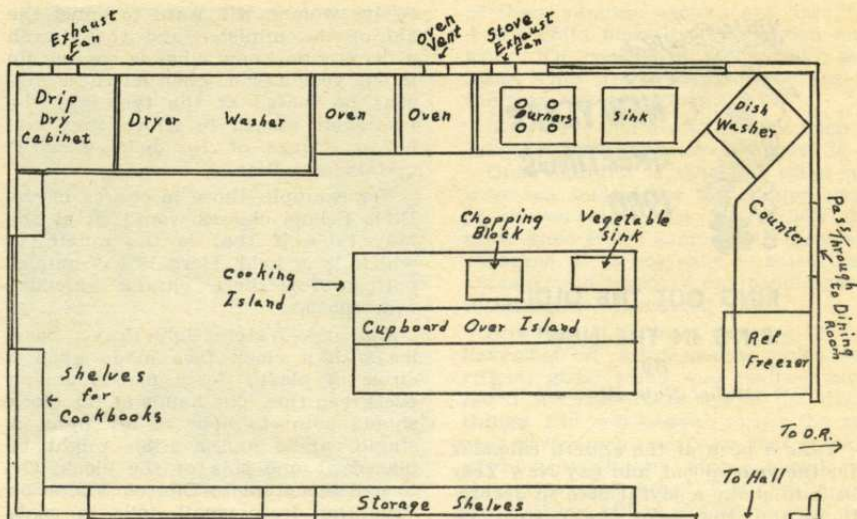
There are a few mechanical details I would like to mention for those of you who will be doing remodeling or building from scratch.

All of the cupboard doors have magnetic latches and this means you never have to shove them to close them, or tug at them to open them. All of the drawers are equipped with nylon runners and move in and out like velvet. Both the magnetic latches and nylon runners are available in any lumber yard of any size, and I can only say that they make a tremendous difference.

The vegetable sink in the cooking island is very small, but when the main sink is equipped with a disposal I find it extremely useful. I could certainly manage without it, you understand, but I do find it helpful to be able to have the extra sink. If you have but one main sink equipped with a disposal, you know exactly what I mean.

I would like to express a perfectly honest opinion about one piece of equipment—the dish washer. I think that for a family of any size at all, it would be extremely important—three times a day you could simply load it and be spared a time-consuming job.

For our family of three people I find it the one modern innovation that I could certainly do without. Unless it's a day when I'm testing recipes or having a real cooking spree, there just aren't enough dishes to justify running it three times. Somehow it goes



against my grain to set that thing into its cycle unless it is really loaded! (I have the pioneer abhorrence of waste in my bones and it frets me to use that dish washer lightly!) You simply cannot expect any dish washer to do a perfect job on dishes, silver, pans, etc., that have stood for hours with food drying on them, so this means you must spend time rinsing off things before you put them into the dish washer. If you're doing this, you might just as well be finishing the job and putting them away.

I've gone into this because I think a lot of women ponder on the subject and wonder exactly what's what. It's another subject too where people seem to feel strongly one way or the other. I think that a family of any size would get the maximum use out of it. It is the one modern appliance in our kitchen that comes in mighty handy sometimes, but I could do without it and not suffer.

So there is my opinion, based on experience, and you can take it for what it's worth.

We have had many questions asked about the exact color of the blue paint used in the kitchen, how the walnut was finished, and how we got the blue shade used to paint the exterior of the house. (We finally got on one coat before bitter weather settled in; next spring it must have a second coat.) This letter seems a good way to answer these questions.

The blue in the kitchen is perfect—exactly right used in conjunction with the walnut and as successful by artificial light as by natural light. I might add that blue is tricky. Our old kitchen looked all right during the day, but very cold and somehow chilling by artificial light.

A regular primer coat was first used. Then two coats were applied of Mautz Paint, number 1124 Satin Enamel Sky Blue. To each gallon of this paint was added 1 tube of T-2. T is the name of the color and 2 stands for the size of tube used. This mixture produced the one shade of blue we wanted to achieve.

All of the walnut was finished by first applying two coats of Cook's

Color Set. This "sets" the beautiful natural color for all time. Following the two coats of Color Set, the wood was given a hard finish to protect it by applying *Deft*. In some areas such as around the sink and around the burners and oven, a number of coats were applied. You might almost say that you could put on as many coats as you could stand to work with in a kitchen or in restoring walnut furniture. Woodwork in a living room, dining room or hall wouldn't need nearly as many protective coats. *Deft* is a wonderful product and produces a finish that looks like countless coats of highly polished wax, but don't plan to use it in the kitchen and cook at the same time. In fact, I could almost say that you shouldn't plan to work with it unless the room can be thoroughly ventilated.

Once before we gave the formula for the housepaint, but there are many new readers who missed out on this, so I'll mention it again.

To every 5 gallons of medium grey housepaint mix 5 1½ oz. tubes of Prussian Blue Oil Coloring and ½ pint lamp black. This gives you a blue that is not dark and heavy, yet not too light and what we call "Easter egg looking."

We're too busy to go in for much entertaining, but on Sunday, December 13th, Russell, Juliana and I had all of the Driftmiers at our house for our first real dinner. There were eighteen of us—a far, far cry from days gone by when thirty Driftmiers gathered for family affairs. This was the first "party" we'd had in our remodeled home, and what a joy it was to have enough room.

You folks are always good to tell us what you serve for family dinners, so I'll tell you what I served at 1:30 on that December Sunday. This meal was served buffet style—people fixed their own plates from food that stood on that big island surface in the kitchen, and then sat down to the big dining room table or card tables. I had both ham and roasted turkey with oyster dressing, mashed potatoes, turkey gravy, candied sweet potatoes, escalloped onions, 24-hour salad, hot

(Continued on page 16)



RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Take a peek at the church calendar for the year ahead, add gay New Year bells to strike a joyful note in decorations and you have the perfect inspiration and theme for a wonderful church family night. You may plan for a cooperative supper with a program following, or choose to make it an evening program followed by light refreshments and still follow through on many of the suggestions made here. Just call your committee together and "mix and match" ideas until you come up with an evening of fine entertainment that will fit your group.

Decorations

Big bells, little bells, white bells, silver bells, tissue bells, foil bells . . . use bells lavishly to decorate dining room and fellowship hall. Silver and blue make a very pretty color scheme combination for this bell theme, and clusters of bells tied with big bows of blue are lovely.

One of the prettiest table arrangements I've seen on this "ring out the old, ring in the new" theme used a base of white plastic foam with large white tissue honeycomb bells attached to a dowel stick placed in the center of the foam base. The bells had been liberally sprinkled with blue glitter after the edges of the "honeycombs" had been first brushed with glue. The bells were tied at the top with a large bow of wide blue ribbon (such as florists use) and the streamers swirled gracefully down over the sides of the bells and around the base. I thought how clever it would have been, too, to have had cunning little pixies placed about the base and holding to the edges of the ribbon as if arranging it in place. A bit of modeling clay makes the peanut pixies stand upright.

Tiny silver bells made by molding aluminum foil around a thimble could be used in many ways and would be especially eye-catching if one were placed in the hands of a little peanut pixie to be perched upon a water glass or around centerpieces.

Bells might be used to announce each number on the program. By looking around the neighborhood, you're sure to find some bells of India, an old fashioned school bell, or even a cow bell!

To carry out the idea of the church calendar year, plan to have twelve table hostesses who will make "centerpieces of the month" featuring some activity the church will be carrying out that month. Of course, these

twelve women will want to enlist the aid of the minister and the church officers who know what is coming up in the year ahead. Then let these persons be seated at the tables of the particular month in which they will be in charge of (or helping with) certain activities.

For example, those in charge of the Bible School classes would sit at the May table if that is the month in which it is held. Here is a "sample" pattern for these church calendar centerpieces:

January—Watch Night Prayer Service with a clock face made upon a circle of plastic foam placed among evergreen tips. The hands of the clock should point to hour of midnight. A single candle and a Bible might be placed at one side of the clock. Or, to call attention to Church Visitation Program, dress small dolls in coats and hats and have them walking out from a small church fashioned of cardboard. They should carry tiny pamphlets, etc., in their hands as if starting out from church on the Visitation program.

February — The Married Couples Class annual Valentine Party will call for an arrangement of hearts, cupids, ribbons and lace. Or, how about an old fashioned Valentine box elaborately decorated and encircled with several pretty Valentine "stand-ups"?

March — Missionary Sunday with guest speaker from Japan will feature tiny paper parasols, paper lanterns, perhaps a ming tree and Japanese figurines. Or, is this the month of the Young Peoples' Chili Supper to raise camp funds? Then use large soup kettles (or fashion one of crepe paper) and around it stand posters advertising the supper.

April—This table will highlight the church's Easter services. Use a white stryfoam cross, flowers and greenery.

May—Mother-Daughter Tea might use large and small doll dressed in identical mother-daughter outfits, or a ladies hat centerpiece might be used. Bible School might be the center of interest for May so a miniature church with a group of pipe cleaner "children" playing about the church could be used.

June—Father-Son Banquet with a centerpiece featuring small catcher's mitt and baseball, a football, or one featuring cakes decorated to represent a man's hat and a boy's cap. Or if the wedding of one of your young couples is to be in June, use a wedding centerpiece. A doll in cap and gown with diploma in hand might represent the June graduate too, and the Sunday service in which your church honors them.

July—Sunday School Picnic—use a small picnic basket, and also use flags and patriotic colors.

August—Church Camp for youngsters. Make an arrangement of a woods scene with miniature trees, a mirror lake, camp trails through the trees, etc. Make little pipe cleaner figures to walk the trails, to sit beside the lake, or to be playing a ball game in a clearing in the "woods."

September—Ladies Aid Chicken Supper and this will feature a big ceramic

rooster, of course! In the event your church doesn't have such a supper in September, make a centerpiece utilizing the back-to-school theme. (To bring such a theme right up to date, place a couple of yellow toy buses marked "School Bus" beside the cardboard school.)

October—Young people's hay ride party with little hay racks made of cardboard and paper. Or, if you have a UNICEF drive, make a centerpiece utilizing posters, the boxes used to collect, posters from foreign countries, etc.

November—Use the Fall Bazaar with tiny aprons and comparable items fastened to a cardboard "booth," or feature Harvest Home Sunday with an attractive arrangement of fruits and vegetables.

December — Christmas using the nativity scene. Perhaps you can have one of the little miniature lighted churches which plays "Silent Night" on a music box and this could be played at appropriate time in program.

Program

The above suggestions for table arrangements almost serve as a program outline. Certain persons from each table, in their correct turn according to months, can tell of the various plans for that month.

It will add life to the program if various audience participation stunts are used. For example, think of the laughs when both adults and youngsters join in learning a Bible School action song during the presentation of the May church calendar! Camp time will call for singing of camp songs, or some game used at camp. June might stage a mock wedding, strictly for laughs. If a school motif is used for September, nothing could be more fun than to line up the entire crowd and have an old fashioned spelling down. People love this type of thing.

Beside the master of ceremonies for the evening place a huge easel on which has been hung large sheets of paper; each sheet is a month on the calendar. As each month is discussed, the leader flips the calendar page into view.

To open the program, the following verse from the WCTU paper is most appropriate.

This Is The Time

This is the time of endings, but of new beginnings, too . . .

God sends us another Year and maketh all things new.

Another hope, another chance, another road to take,

Another star to follow, another start to make.

New beginnings, new adventures, new heights to attain, Golden opportunities to work and to build again.

New and higher aspirations for the future days . . .

Seeking, dreaming, moving on down bright and better ways.

* * * *

In fact, I think it would be very effective to open and close the program with the reading of this verse. Then follow with the singing of "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," and the closing prayer.

WE ECHO FREDERICK'S WISHES

Dear Friends:

A friend of mine was telling me of an interesting bit of incredibility! He said that he saw a driver get into a parked car, turn on the ignition, get out of the car and wallop the top of the hood with a stick, get back in the car, put the stick on the floor and drive off. There's just one slightly surprising element to this story. The driver was a man, not a woman!

You must admit that it is an approach more characteristic of woman, who is rarely subdued by anything that doesn't work. My Betty, for example, can sneak up on our automatic washing machine, shake it, hit it a time or two, and nine times out of ten the recalcitrant washer begins to work just fine.

I wonder if our government boys down at Cape Canaveral have thought of calling the lady across the street to come and take a poke at some of those malfunctioning missiles? Since about one out of every five dollars we pay to the federal government goes to help pay for these attempts to hit the moon, maybe we ought to send all you ladies down there to get some real action.

When I saw our grocery bill this past month I noted, as I never had before, just how high the cost of living has risen. Did you read about the new plan they have out in the East Indies to cut down the cost of marriages? On one particular island, brides and bridegrooms are now asked to produce 25 mouse tails as payment for a marriage license! This exotic currency is part of an effort to stamp out a plague of mice that have been wrecking the rice crop.

We are only beginning to see what can happen to the cost of living in this country. I don't know what your plans are for educating your children, but I can tell you that you had better plan to spend a great deal, and that means you had better begin saving a great deal right now.

I have heard it said in good quarters that in just two years from now, Harvard University will be charging somewhere in the neighborhood of \$4,000 a year just for tuition, without any board or room. Isn't that incredible? You and I didn't spend that much in four full years of college with board and room included.

Harvard, of course, has always stood as a symbol of an expensive education, but all state universities and state colleges are now so expensive that many, many students can only attend if they have the aid of scholarships. Then too, at most places the class load is so heavy that it takes an exceptional student to be able to work at a job and attend college simultaneously.

When I preached in my pulpit on the first Sunday in January 1959, I told my people that none of us had any way of knowing what difficulties we might encounter during the next twelve months. When I think of all the difficulties the Driftmiers have had this past year, I realize that that



See "Cover Picture" on page 24 for an explanation of this picture.

pulpit message was almost an example of "famous last words." It was just six weeks later that I broke my back! On the month that I finally got rid of my brace, our little David became seriously ill, and as I write this letter to you, he is still most unwell.

With David in the hospital for an extended stay, I came to know the hospital in a new and different way. Of course, I know the hospital from the point of view of a minister visiting the sick, and of course I know the hospital from the point of view of a patient, but at last I have come to know the hospital from the point of view of a parent with a sick child.

Believe me, it is quite a different experience. I learned that the parent—even a parent with much hospital experience—cannot be completely objective and non-partial in his attitudes toward the doctors and nurses. The bonds of love are too strong, and the emotional involvement too great.

Not until we had David in the hospital had I ever spent much time in the children's ward at our local hospital. It really is quite incredible the way children adjust to hospitalization!

I used to observe how the children would cry when it came time for their parents to leave them, and then I saw how those same children would be completely at ease with no more tears, laughing and having a gay time just as soon as their parents were out of sight.

I saw too the courage and the fortitude that young children have. Hard though it may be for some parents to realize, their children are often better patients than many adults.

When I wrote to you about my trip to Nova Scotia I don't believe I mentioned the domestic rabbits I saw. One of the farmers on the outskirts of Argyle Center raises them without any cages of any kind. The first time I drove by his house and saw dozens of rabbits running around his yard and back and forth across the road to the fields beyond the barn, I stopped, knocked on the door and said to a child who answered: "Do you know that your rabbits are loose? There are dozens

of them running around out here!"

The child looked a bit puzzled and said: "Of course we know they are loose. They are always loose. That is the way we raise them."

Now have you ever heard of such a thing? I have a picture to prove it.

Once again it is the time when we raise our budget for the coming year of church work. For our church we must have \$6,000 a month to meet all expenses. It is not easy to raise that amount, and many of our people have to make real sacrificial gifts.

However, it is hard for one to believe that all church people make sacrificial gifts, when one realizes how much we Americans spend on other things. Did you happen to see the recent government statistics that revealed how much our people spend on cigarettes each year? Well, while we spend three billion dollars a year on our churches, we are spending six billion dollars a year on cigarettes. Now how about that?

Your church, like mine, may have a hard time raising its missionary budget, but do you know that the American people spend more money on prepared dog food for their pets than they spend in all missionary enterprises combined?

At the same time that I tell you these statistics, I must confess that I don't believe, personally, that the best way to get people to support their church is to shame them into it with this kind of information. The fact remains that when God gets people's total lives, of course he gets their material offerings too. When people give themselves with their gifts, then the gifts become truly effective and acceptable.

It is my personal opinion that people give best not when they are scolded into it, but when they are loved into it. In our church we don't ask people to give until it hurts; we ask them to give until it feels wonderful!

One of the Christian missionaries working in Alaska was speaking recently of the language difficulty, saying that so often missionaries lose opportunities to make converts because of their inability to make the Eskimo understand what the gospel is all about.

He said: "So far as I know, no Eskimo has ever seen a lamb. So it doesn't mean anything to him when you describe Jesus as the 'Lamb of God'. You talk about the 'Baby Seal of God', substituting the seal for the lamb, and he gets the idea. The Eskimo has been cold all his life. You talk about hell-fire and it makes him happy. So you take the word for the coldest glacier in Alaska and you substitute it for 'hell'."

I don't know whether any Eskimos ever read my letters to you, but if they do, I hope they understand what I mean when I say: "God bless you everyone, and may the year 1960 be a wonderful year for you in every way."

Sincerely,

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By

Evelyn Birkby

It has always seemed to me that New Year's Eve should contain something spectacular. Just what this should be is not clear, but at midnight a blazing light across the sky, a loud explosion or some type of beautiful sign saying "Welcome to the New Year" would be something like I have in mind. To have a new year just slip in quietly on an otherwise normal evening simply doesn't seem right.

For some reason, most of my New Years have been more calm than exciting. Naturally, the ones I remember from my young days were connected with the church. The church of which my father was the minister always had a big family watch night party. This was not just for the young people but for everyone. Activities were planned in different parts of the church for the various age groups. Refreshments came along about eleven o'clock and by a quarter of twelve we were in the sanctuary ready to dedicate the new year and watch it come in with the close feeling of God with us.

Those were wonderful evenings. The feeling of unity of a church family was very apparent. Even some of the feuds which had festered along for a time tended to evaporate in the feeling of closeness which such evenings generated. Do churches have those get-togethers any more? Most of the ones I hear about are limited to the young people, or maybe the young adult classes. Many churches do have a midnight service which is certainly worthwhile.

In fact, some of the New Years I enjoyed most were in the formal, beautiful candlelit interior of the Chicago Temple. It seemed just the right place and the right way to start something as important as 365 brand new days of living.

But I still always wondered if something spectacular wouldn't happen on the stroke of midnight! Oh, yes, many people look for it in places other than the church. If the noise produced from some of the night clubs in the city are any criteria, hilarity is present in huge quantity. In the city the huge crowds spill out onto the street as the midnight hour approaches. Noise, confusion, silly tricks, ticker tape from the high windows, the young men ambushing the pretty girls for a kiss, (come to think of it, some of the older men do the same thing!) and the fun of tying up traffic for miles and miles along the city street comprises the height of the celebration in the big city. Since it is bent on fun and loudly proclaims this fact, the greatest damage is usually a few bruises, small property damage and a huge amount of litter waiting for the early arrival of the patient street department.

But even in this huge demonstration the spectacular is not present. The turning over of a brand new leaf of our lives is not appropriately celebrated in such a fashion.



So many people wrote about "Goodby, Dear Silver" in our November issue, 1959, that we thought you would like to see this picture of the much loved pet and one of his little masters, Craig Birkby.

After we founded our own home and began our family, the New Years observance became a very quiet holiday indeed. After all, little ones need rest even on this great night. A big pan of popcorn, several shiny red apples, lovely music provided by the radio and a wild game of monopoly are far more apt to be the ingredients of our celebration than anything more exciting.

But perhaps that is the best way to bring in a new year, regardless of my desire for something unusual. What better places are there to turn into that new untrod territory than in the sanctity of the church or the peacefulness of the home? Here, at least, a few moments can be set aside to look critically at the past year and its weaknesses, at the hopes of the coming year and to rededicate oneself to the purposes of the Creator who gives us this New Year with all of its possibilities.

Reconciled to the lack of the spectacular, I'll turn my mind to the yearly task of making resolutions. It is really a little frightening to look at 365 days of a new year and decide what to do with them. In fact, it seems unfair that we are bombarded with the idea of resolutions which we are expected to carry through such a great length of time. It is no wonder we get a little frightened and end up by listing trivial decisions that we may keep for only a few days and then forget.

Wouldn't it be better and easier to keep our resolutions one day at a time, to develop them just a bit as we go along rather than try to cram on one sheet of paper everything we want to change or wish to accomplish for the entire year? Then we could really dig down deep inside ourselves and come up with some of the things we need to resolve and get around the little surface resolutions which so often hold our attention.

Possibly the first resolution which I would like to list for myself is to be sure and grow a little each day. When we were on our trip to Indiana this summer we saw many roads where repair work was being done. With a sigh

of relief we would come to a sign which said: "End of construction."

Wouldn't it be a terrible feeling to carry a sign around on our backs indicating that we had ceased in our own mental and spiritual growth? Life should be a matter of constant construction, constant growth, constant climbing. When a tree stops growing it dies. When we stop growing we are as much in the process of dying as a plant or a tree.

The other evening I had just concluded a long hard day. After the children were peacefully asleep I gave a grateful sigh. "My, I'm glad this day is almost over."

My husband looked at me reproachfully. "You should never, never say that. You'll never have a chance for this day again. Each day has its good points and you should be thankful for having had today!"

Well, you can bet that brought me to my senses with a start. I've long been concerned about the pessimism which prevails in this, the most comfortable, most highly educated, and most luxurious era we have ever known. And I was being terrifically pessimistic about my lot! So I shall add to my resolutions, be positive, not negative. The law of physics tells us that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. If you are cheerful you cannot be unhappy; if you are busy you cannot be bored; if you are full of love you cannot be fearful; if you are positive in your thinking you cannot be pessimistic.

Added to this thought of positiveness I am going to try and find something each day for which to be grateful. Not once will I say, "My, I'm glad this day is over." I am going to find something in even the most difficult day to say "Thank you, God, for trusting me with this day." Gratitude will become a habit.

I am going to try this coming year to be more gracious to someone every day. If I cannot leave my home to seek out someone who needs assistance, I can write letters of appreciation and send cards of concern. A very happy widow whom I know has a list of all the shut-ins in her community. Every day, when weather permits, off she goes to call on her "old folks." It is keeping her outlook young and growing, she is being gracious in circumstances which many would find limiting. And, my goodness, I can start by being gracious to my own family! A cheerful, happy, loving mother should create an atmosphere where little ones can grow in the right way.

Always, always, I want to remember that I am never limited spiritually. I can always grow upward. I am not bound by space or time. I can go throughout the world, broaden my heart, develop my love and deepen my concern for others.

I can get myself out of the center of my thinking. More and more psychologists and medical doctors are finding that we are our own worst enemies when it comes to the business of getting in our own way. I need something bigger than myself, a sense of mission in this old world. I need

(Continued on page 19)

OUR DENVER DRIFTMIERS

REPORT IN

Dear Friends:

The New Year is bearing down upon us and 1959 seems determined to go out with a rush of hustle and bustle. Usually at this time each year I resolve that next year I will get an early start on holiday preparations. But I have finally realized that I just can't order gifts in September, bake Christmas cookies in October, and write my Christmas notes before Thanksgiving. Somehow the illusion of being terribly business-like and efficient about Christmas has lost any appeal for me. I like the crowded stores, the fresh warm smell of cookies baking and the excitement of the last minute rush.

We greeted 1959 in Phoenix, Arizona. Unless the unexpected occurs, we will greet 1960 in Shenandoah. One necessity connected with the retail nursery business is that vacations of more than 2 or 3 days must be taken in the early winter—just after the late fall planting season ends and before the next season's stock arrives in late January. There are more convenient times for families with school-age children to take vacations. But we are always grateful to have any opportunity to visit with our family and out-of-state friends.

1959 brought an increased number of our favorite people through Denver and we're hoping this will be an annual occurrence. It has been a very happy twelve months for the five of us. Many hours were spent roaming the mountains. Right now I would like to express my very deep appreciation to those of you who have taken time to write to me. I really enjoy learning of your experiences in Colorado. For those of you who have sent me clippings about our adopted state, may I also say "Thank you". Some of these places we have seen and some are on next year's agenda.

We have made several trips into the mountains which I will write about as next year's summer vacation planning time approaches. But I do have one final note for those of you who were among the thousands visiting Rocky Mountain National Park last summer. Our last trip of the year up the Bear Lake road was made this past fall during deer-hunting season. This was the one hiking spot we were sure would be free of stray bullets.

We met not one car on the road and saw only two people after entering the park. The Glacier Basin Campground where we stopped for lunch was deserted. This must be difficult to imagine for those of you who have joined the throngs here during the summer. Our car looked mighty lonesome as we pulled to a stop in the Glacier Gorge Parking Area!

As we were climbing out, another car ventured up the road. We paid no attention until the people in it hailed us. To our complete astonishment some acquaintances from Shenandoah had chosen exactly the same time to visit this deserted area! I can't enumerate the many times we have been in such well-known spots during the



It's hard for us to believe that this is really "our little Emily," but it is. Abigail tells you what happened to the ballet costume.

peak of the tourist season and never have we met anyone whom we knew. Yet at this extremely unlikely time we had a grand opportunity to catch up on the latest news from Page County, Iowa.

We hiked up beyond Alberta Falls which was flowing with Spring-like vigor from melting snow. Our goal was Loch Vale but the deep snow and strong winds proved too tiring for the children so we turned back. Probably we'll try this route again next summer. Doubtless then it will be full of people and we won't see a familiar face among them!

If any of you have an opportunity this winter to visit a summer season nature attraction, don't pass it by! From our experiences in Colorado and at Grand Canyon last winter, I can recommend them as magnificent sights and a special treat most people by-pass. Most of you probably know that no attempt is made during the winter to keep open U. S. 34, Trail Ridge Road in Rocky Mountain Park, over Milner Pass. However, this road is kept open for several miles up to the Hidden Valley Winter Sports Area where there is both ice-skating and skiing.

It became quite obvious in November that this would not be a winter when Denverites would boast of playing golf on a year-round basis. Heeding the obvious, the children and I visited a second-hand store and purchased ice skates. The commercial ice rinks have rental skates available, but this gets to be expensive entertainment for five people.

We were lucky enough to find good skates in the right sizes for only \$2 a pair. With many water-storage ponds in our area, a long cold winter will be more fun now. How well I remember the long, cold winters back in Iowa in the '30's when we children did a great deal of skating. I never managed to skate well then and I don't think age has helped a bit, but it is wonderful recreation.

These days I've been doing quite a bit of sewing. Sewing is a welcome change when you are suffering from stiff, sore and aching muscles. Be-

cause Mary Lea, Kristin and Juliana have passed on many clothes to our girls, I have never had to make dresses for them. Occasionally they are given new dresses. Lucile sent them each a stunning new dress smocked by a Kitchen-Klatter friend, Mabel Schoff. I can't even attempt to describe the intricate English smocking on these dresses. Really, I have never seen anything so elaborate!

Last spring I *did* make Emily's ballet recital costume. It was the typical short formal of ice-blue taffeta with a very full skirt and net overskirt, and the pattern called for considerably more material than it was possible to gather into the skirt. Since the night of the performance that costume has hung in the closet while the extra material has waited expectantly in a drawer.

Before Emily was confirmed the vicar told the girls that it "wasn't at all necessary for them to wear white dresses." Something in a very pale pastel color would be very appropriate, he said. However, this was an awfully good excuse to get a new dress, Emily decided, and since she is now at the age of being very clothes conscious, that new dress became an absolute necessity.

By removing the net overskirt the ballet costume became a magnificent slip of rustling ice-blue taffeta. For the dress itself I purchased white imported Swiss organdy. It was made in the classic pattern with short, puffed sleeves, lace-trimmed Peter Pan collar, wide sash and full skirt. The dress seemed just a little cold looking so I sewed a few tiny pink and blue beads around the front curve of the collars.

Emily felt elegant and Alison felt forlorn, so I decided to ignore all the white hairs that were added while trying to make this first outfit and promptly started on one for Alison. Deliberately hers was made somewhat differently for I find it rather tiresome to launder the same dress for several years running! The left-over taffeta became Alison's dress similar in style to Emily's organdy dress, and for her I made a white organdy pinafore with shoulder ruffles and skirt trimmed in two rows of lace.

It is amazing how one thing will lead to another. While buying the organdy, I found a special sale on skirt lengths of Italian wool. There were two pieces that were irresistible so I have now completed two new winter skirts. If you have seen the Italian materials, you have noticed they employ unusual shades. My blouse supply was low anyway and not one properly harmonized with these out-of-the-ordinary shades. The inevitable result was a trip to the blouse material counters. Just by chance the store had a fresh shipment of a new synthetic material dyed in the same shades used in the wools. Quite frankly I'm eager to send this letter on its journey and start on the blouses!

So without further ado may we Denver Driftmiers wish God's Grace for all of you throughout 1960.

Always sincerely,
Abigail

DOROTHY CATCHES UP ON FARM NEWS

Dear Friends:

I am sorry that you didn't find a letter from me in the last issue of Kitchen-Klatter, but during the holiday season I am so rushed with Pixie orders that I have to spend every minute that I am awake sitting at my dining room table making those little fellows. Those of you who have made them know what a time-consuming job it is and I am sure you will understand.

You know, when I sit and work at something for two years that has taken up as much of my time as these Pixies have, I often wonder, as I am packing them in their boxes ready to mail, just what you are going to think of them when you take off the lid of the box and see them lying on their tissue paper bed? Many times when a woman has received her first ones and then writes to order more, she will tell me about her reactions when she opened the box.

I loved this letter which came the other day from Ocheyedan, Iowa, "The little Pixies came, each little fellow ready to hop, skip and jump just at one little call. Put a white thread in the hand and he jumps from the curtain in the kitchen. On Christmas or birthday packages the children love them too." It makes me happy to get such letters and I just hope everyone feels these little Pixies have a lot of "life" put into them.

This is the first opportunity I have had to tell you about the damage the tornado did to our farm. I was not at home at the time the storm struck so it was quite a sight that met my eyes when I drove in. The front porch was gone. The brooder house was gone. Part of the roof was torn from the new corn crib, and the chicken house was leaning at a peculiar angle but still standing up and all in one piece. There was a hole in the bathroom roof (fortunately right over the bathtub) big enough to stick a tub through. My brand new wallpaper in the dining room was ruined. Outside, *everywhere* I looked, trees were down—many of them pulled out by the roots, others twisted and broken off leaving tall stumps sticking up. The hayrack was just a pile of lumber. Fences were down all over the place, new ones and old ones, with huge trees lying across them. It was a sad sight, but with Frank standing on one side of me and Kristin on the other, both safe and unhurt, it didn't seem nearly so bad.

Kristin's pony, Paint, was killed by a falling tree, and this was quite a blow to all of us. She has lost both of her ponies within a year from accidents. We haven't seen Jeremiah the duck since the storm, and several chickens and guineas are missing.

I asked Frank if he went to the cave (which is just two steps from our back porch—we have never yet used it in a crisis) and he said the storm struck so quickly there wasn't time to take those two steps. He was in the house at the time and said that



When Dorothy sent this picture to us she said: "The woman in the figured dress is a very faithful Kitchen-Klatter friend, Mrs. Arthur J. Carlson, who drove over from Lamberton, Minn. to meet me when I was at the fair in Worthington. She has a complete set of Kitchen-Klatter magazines. Maybe you can't see it, but we were standing in front of an old 1905 Oldsmobile."

the clouds looked as if we were just going to have a heavy rain storm. The wind and the rain struck at the same time, and it was pouring so hard he couldn't even see the yard gate. He struggled desperately to keep the front door closed, but he couldn't even do that. The roar of the wind was so deafening that he didn't even hear the crash made when the porch went off. He saw it go through the air but couldn't hear a thing. He didn't even hear the crash of the big trees falling all around him! Mother told you in detail in her letter about Kristin's experience during the storm so I won't go into that.

A big percent of our corn was flattened and twisted so that you couldn't see where the rows were. The heavy rain brought us another flood, so a lot of the corn that was flattened had water over it as well. We will be picking corn up off the ground all winter long, so now all we can hope for is that we don't get a lot of heavy snows that stay on the ground too long.

I have heard many stories about the peculiar things that a tornado will do, and in spite of everything we had a good laugh over this particular thing at our house. We have two metal lawn chairs that stand all summer on the bank of the bayou where we fish. I don't know how many times we have fished those chairs out of the water this year; the least little breeze seems to send them flying. In fact, we had to fish them out so often that Frank finally found a long pole and fastened his hay hook to the end of it so it wouldn't be quite such a job to pull them out. The huge ash tree that these chairs were sitting under was

pulled out by the roots and the chairs weren't moved a foot. How do you explain a thing like that?

We have had quite a time getting any of the repair work done to the house. The contractor we got to do the work came out immediately and put a temporary roof over the bathroom, and repaired the damage to the roof over the dining room so that it wouldn't leak in there anymore, but he told us at the time that his men were all tied up with other jobs and it would be a while before they could come out to work on our house. Several times he called and said they would be out the next morning, and then it would rain. You know what that meant with our mud road. Then one morning when he was going to come it started to snow real hard and he called and said he didn't think that would be a very good day to start tearing off the roof and we heartily agreed since the temperature was dropping rapidly. The cold winds howled down through the ceiling and it was mighty cold. We were scared to death the plumbing would freeze, but for once luck was with us and it didn't. After that cold spell we had a week of lovely warm weather and the carpenters came right out and put the new roof on.

Frank has started on the terrific task of cleaning up around the place. There are so many, many trees down that even with all the work he has already done it doesn't seem as if he has even made a dent in it.

Again we say, "if we only had a fireplace!" A friend of ours from Washington, D. C. who stops to see us every fall when he is in Iowa, spent an afternoon with us recently. He has a new home with a couple of fireplaces in it and all the wood Frank had piled up ready to saw looked awfully good to him!

I had such a nice letter the other day from a friend who lives on a farm at Castana, Iowa. A while back when I was broadcasting with Lucile and Margery, Lucile read a letter from a radio friend who has a new modern home in the country. She was saying that she missed seeing the smoke rising lazily from the chimneys as you drove through the countryside in the wintertime. So many of the farm homes are modernized now and are using either gas, oil, or electricity for heat, instead of burning wood as they used to do. I said at that time there was still smoke coming out of the chimneys at the Frank Johnson farm and probably there always would be. This friend from Castana just wanted me to know that they still have smoke curling from their chimneys also, and that in zero weather if you were to come into her kitchen you would probably find new little baby lambs by the kitchen stove keeping warm as their wool dried out. Her entire letter sounded so much like life at the Johnsons that I'm sure I could walk into her kitchen and feel right at home.

I enjoyed my adult education course in cake decorating very much, even if I did have to miss several lessons because of the Peanut Pixies. Our first
(Continued on page 17)

STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Back in the October issue, 1959, we asked for practical, actual experience in three different divisions: How to build up a small business by home baking; how to start a catering business (providing it could be done at all in a small town); and what made the difference between success or failure in operating a small restaurant or cafe.

The replies to these questions were certainly very, very interesting. It was hard to make final decisions. (For instance, one of the most informative letters came from a resort area, but we had to keep in mind the fact that resort conditions wouldn't apply to most readers.) After much thought we have decided to print the following letters because they seemed to cover the situations that most people encounter when thinking about these subjects.

After reading many references to the rigid laws in some states regarding advertising, we decided we'd better be absolutely safe and not print the names and addresses of the people who wrote from their experience. We'd certainly hate to be a party to *anyone* getting into difficulty!

* * * *

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

For almost 35 years I operated a restaurant in a town of 4,000 population. I began with practically nothing—just make-shift equipment, no money to put into advertising of any kind, and had to borrow cash to make change on the day I opened. By the time I sold out I had made a big success out of what seemed a hopeless undertaking.

These are the things I learned while I was in business. I won't list them in the order of their importance because they're all important.

Cleanliness. It isn't enough to be able to meet all standards of your state inspectors. Everything must shine. You simply cannot have a single spot that isn't *clean*. In a small town you must depend upon regular customers, not just the people passing through, and nothing gets around as fast as the impression that your restaurant isn't as clean as it should be.

Hospitality. A cheerful greeting, a genuine smile, a sincere "thank you, please come again" can almost make the difference between success and failure. I've seen restaurant owners so surly and indifferent that it never surprised me when they went broke.

Executive ability. If you don't know how to work with people, don't try to run a restaurant or cafe. *You must have good help*. If you fight with your cook, you're headed for bankruptcy. Expect only the very best from everyone who works with you and do the very best you can by them. If you're trying to save money by getting by as cheap as possible in paying your help, they'll finish your business for you. Make all of them feel they're important and that all of you will thrive together if all of you work hard.

Know your business before you start.



Frankly, we don't know when we've seen a more cheerful looking baby! This is Billy Felkner, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Felkner of Centerville, Ia. While his two big sisters are in school, he stays home and keeps mama company.

If at all possible, work as a cook or a waitress in some cafe—this experience will show you what is important, how to check weak points, how to avoid waste, what should be done differently, etc.

Appearance. You may not be able to do anything about a dingy, drab exterior, but you can surely work wonders on the *inside*. Pictures on the walls, houseplants, a bird in a cage . . . these things create a warm, home-like atmosphere that customers really appreciate. As far as possible, think of your cafe dining room as your home dining room and do all of the seemingly small things that can make so much difference.

Food. How much of a variety to serve, how to avoid waste—these are things you can only learn by experience. But whatever you serve, see that it is *good*. Homemade soup has tremendous appeal in this day of canned soups. Always have your soup kettle going. Serve hot food **HOT** and cold food **COLD**. Don't try to "get by" with a big portion of cheap food—serve half of that amount of **GOOD** food and be sure there is plenty of bread or hot rolls for the comparatively few people left who are big eaters. Very few people are indifferent to what they eat, so don't try to get by with big piles of tasteless, poorly prepared food.

Advertising. A satisfied customer is always the best advertising you can ever have. If you can afford an ad in the local paper from time to time featuring some special dish, fine. Since I didn't have a penny to spend for any kind of advertising, I know you can manage without promotions of any kind. Your happy customer is your advertisement.

Willingness to work. If you're lazy, stay out of the restaurant business. For the first five years I worked an average of 18 hours a day. When things got rolling I still worked long hours. There is always the unexpected

emergency. You can't expect your help to put in odd hours, so if you want to serve good sandwiches and short orders after the local movie house lets out, you'll have to do it yourself.

Organization. Always know exactly what you're going to do and what everyone else is going to do. Don't leave things to chance.

Even in this day of high priced food I'm convinced that anyone who will heed the points I've listed can make a good thing out of a restaurant or cafe. *Any* handicap such as poor location and hard competition can be overcome if you are willing to pour all of your brains and energy into your business. Never slacken your standards. Never get set in a rut. Never guess at just how you stand financially. **KNOW** how you stand. If I've made all this sound like terribly hard work I can only say that I wish I could turn back the clock 35 years and live it all over again.—Mrs. J.D.K. Mo.

* * * *

Dear Friend:

I am writing as one who has had success starting a small business in a small town by baking for others. I wanted "pin money," but after working away from home for two years I decided I'd much rather work in my own kitchen and be with my family.

First, I will say that unless you really enjoy baking, this is not for you. You have to love to bake breads, cakes, cookies and pies to make a go of it.

I figured out costs of staples such as sugar, flour, shortening, etc., to see how much my products would cost me to bake. Then I figured out what I would charge to make it worthwhile.

Our small town of less than 500 people is a very active one with many organizations and civic duties in which housewives are involved. I sent a note to each of 10 or 15 prominent club members whom I knew were gone from home much of the time, and in this note I listed what I would bake and the prices. I also guaranteed that these things would be homemade from scratch (no mixes). I also contacted the school faculty and offered to fix at any time their refreshments for weekly teacher's meetings. In the past three years I have baked hundreds of dozens of sweet rolls for them—they never tire of them. Needless to say, the teachers are among the busiest so really appreciate knowing someone who is willing to whip up a pie or batch of cookies for them when they get in a pinch for time. I did run an ad in our little local advertiser but only a short time as word spread by mouth is a better seller than anything else.

My "business" caught on fast enough that I soon had all the extra baking I could handle. About two years ago I decided to specialize in decorated cakes as that was a pet hobby of mine.

Experience is a wonderful teacher and as soon as I developed more skill I took my courage in hand and started baking wedding cakes and decorating them. I called them "Cake Creations by Iris" and with but a small amount

(Continued on page 16)

USHERING IN THE NEW YEAR

Clock-Wise Salad: This is your old favorite, the potato salad wearing a festive New Year look. Place the salad in a round flat mold or pan. Unmold on a large chop plate. Use strips of pimiento to make the Roman numerals on the clock's face and the hands. Make a rim around the edge of slices of hard-cooked eggs and sprigs of parsley.

Invitations: These, too, can follow the clock theme. Cut alarm clocks from construction paper and mark the hours and hands in black. The hands should point to the hour of the party. Write the invitation on the back of the paper.

Clock Fun for New Year's Eve party: Borrow all the clocks you can possibly gather up from your friends and hide them throughout the house. Have the alarms set to go off at midnight. You can be sure your guests will have no doubts as to when the New Year arrives!

New Year Party Hats are almost a must, especially for the youngsters. Why not make your own? Aluminum foil can be fashioned into many clever shapes and "stays put." Also use paper plates, paper cups, and don't forget the possibilities of wall paper scraps. Use feathers, ribbon scraps, sequins and glitter to dress up your hat with party glamour. Hats may have name tags attached and used as place cards on the supper table, too. Or you can use them as a centerpiece on a buffet supper table. Find a pretty hat box and have these party hats spilling over the sides of it in an artistic arrangement.

New Year Centerpiece: Arrange a group of noise makers and toy instruments—horns, whistles, etc., on and around a toy drum. Intersperse with candy canes and streamers of curled ribbonette to resemble serpentine confetti. Each guest may choose one of the noisemakers when the midnight hour strikes.

New Year Door Decoration: From heavy white poster board, cut four large clock "faces." Put faces on clock in black. Now from the poster board cut the numerals 1960. (Make numerals smaller than clock face as they are to be covered with red foil and fastened to the clocks, one number on each clock.) Now cover each clock face with a piece of cellophane, taping the cellophane around to the back. Attach each clock to a red ribbon streamer of graduated lengths and fasten to the door with a large bow and a sprig of greens at the top. Spread the clocks out fan shape across the door to make the year 1960 and fasten them in place with a thumb tack or tape.

Small Popcorn Snowmen on candy cane skis are always sure to make a hit for a New Year Treat for youngsters. Thick powdered sugar icing will hold the skis in place. Be sure each snowman wears a gay red neck scarf and a hat.



What a glorious and golden October day it was when this was snapped in the garden at the folks' home! Ruth Shambaugh Watkins flew back from San Mateo, Calif. with little Nancy to visit her mother, Jessie Field Shambaugh, Ruth is Aunt Jessie's only daughter. If only California weren't so far from Iowa!

THE FARM SALE

By

Rosa Kopecky

Today I attended that delightful bit of Americana, the Farm Sale.

The ladies organization of our church served lunch at the sale and it was my pleasant job to take orders from the men. We served in the garage and cooked our "Sloppy Joes" and made our coffee on an old four burner oil stove. This stove was undoubtedly the pride and joy of some housewife many years ago, but now it needed patient coaxing to burn satisfactorily.

Today it was damp and chilly, and the men—and some women, too—came often for a cup of hot coffee. There is always a lot of good natured banter about who will pay for the coffee, and much thought expressed also about the kind of pie that's preferred. But today it was the hot coffee they wanted most.

As the auctioneers moved from one part of the barnyard to another we would have a rush of orders to fill before the men moved to the next items to be sold.

There was land to be sold at this sale and we were all eager to know who would buy the "home place" because it means that a new family will move into our small community. Our eight year old boy hoped that someone with a boy his age will live there because if they don't have a boy they just don't count at all, he says. He still does not know who will be our neighbors because the buyer will rent it to someone—and thus he must wait awhile to know if he will have a new playmate.

As the bidding for the land neared its climax, the crowd was in front of the garage where we worked over the old stove and I could sense the tenseness, so thick it could almost be cut. I thought that it was not only that quite a large amount of money was involved, but a home was changing

hands. I wondered how the people were feeling who were doing the bidding? Were they thinking about starting a new home and a new life perhaps? Were they older people looking for a small place at the edge of town where they could have a few animals and a large garden to keep them busy and active? Or were they people who felt a place of that size would be ideal for their children—room to have 4-H calves and other projects?

Many things crossed my mind in the comparatively short time that the final bids were being taken. There was none of the talk that had been going on all afternoon among the women in the garage, although we could not see the men who were bidding. One man who came in quickly to buy a cup of coffee forgot to pick up his change and I had difficulty getting his attention.

Then the bidding was over and the men went to their cars and soon there were only a few people in the yard gathering up a chair and the cream cans and perhaps a ladder or some small tools and piling them all in cars or pick-ups. A tractor pulling a small trailer load of things bought at the sale had a baby crib on top of it.

I couldn't help but think as I gathered up my pans, cups, etc., and took them to my car that this was the closing of a chapter in one family's life, and the opening of a new chapter for another family.

Perhaps this is the fascination a farm sale has for me. I love to think about the lives that have been lived on the farm and of the new people who will soon be moving in. Listening to the cry of the auctioneer is exciting, of course, and seeing everyone from the whole country around is pleasant, but I always have the same feeling as I look at the things lined up for sale.

I think of the family sitting around the table (the table that went for \$6.75 at the sale), of the mother standing over the kitchen range while she finished up a meal, of the big thrill it must have been when young parents went to buy the high chair, of the children who went into raptures over toys now outgrown and piled into boxes among the empty jars that once held so much of the earth's bounty.

These are the things that I think about whenever I go to a Farm Sale. They are a very real part of life.

THE EQUALIZER

Grandmother sits beside the fire
Great grandchild cradled within her arms,

This oldest one and this newest one
Know love that will never tire
As long as flames leap high and bright,

So long as day still turns to night—
For love is a wondrous thing!

The rocking chair creaks,
And then repeats
Itself, as she rocks with care,
Her life's nearly done,
The child's just begun,
Yet love makes them equals there.

—Lula Lammé

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

MARY BETH'S QUICHE LORRAINE (Pronounced Keesh Lorraine)

12 slices bacon (about 1/2 lb.)
4 eggs
2 cups cream
3/4 tsp. salt
Pinch nutmeg, sugar, cayenne
pepper
1/4 lb. grated Swiss Cheese
(about 1 1/3 cups)

Fry bacon crisp and done, but not burned, and then break into small pieces. Grate cheese. Sprinkle bacon in bottom of 9-inch baked pie shell. Sprinkle grated cheese on top of this and refrigerate. Beat eggs and cream and add seasoning. Refrigerate this, too. (If you are lucky enough to be on a farm and have your own available cream, this recipe is fine, but it is *equally* tasty using milk.)

When you are ready to think about fixing this meal, simply pour the egg and milk mixture over the cheese and bacon and tuck into a 425 degree oven for 15 minutes. Then reduce heat to 300 degrees for an additional 30 minutes and it is all done. This very closely resembles a custard so test it to be *sure* it is done by inserting a knife in the center and be sure it comes out clean. Don't overcook. Let this stand 5 minutes before cutting and serving.

This looks like a scrambled egg pie and everyone will love it.

SUPERB SALISBURY STEAK

2 lbs. ground beef
2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 cup minced onion
4 Tbls. chopped parsley
Slices of bacon

Mix well the ground beef, seasonings, onion and parsley. Shape into 6 large patties. Wrap bacon slices around the outside edge of the patties and secure well with 3 or 4 toothpicks. Broil 3 inches from heat. Brown well on one side about 8 minutes; then turn over and brown on the other side. (Naturally, broiling time will depend on the size and thickness of the patties.)

When I prepare plain everyday hamburger in this way, my family thinks they are getting a real treat. I usually count on serving 2 per person, for everyone wants "seconds." I might add too that only people who've gotten the wonderful broiler we've offered as a premium with our Kitchen-Klatter flavorings, can truly appreciate this recipe! Somehow 6 patties is just too much of a nuisance to broil on the big broiler that comes in ovens.—Margery

SUE'S DATE PUDDING

Margery says: "This is a recipe that I am very excited about! Now and then we come across a dessert that is completely different from anything we have eaten before and this is just such a recipe.

"First, I would like to give you a little of the background for this dessert. It was served at a club meeting recently and simply *everyone* was asking for the recipe. I was first in line to get a copy, thinking of you friends. We have many readers from the vicinity of Perry and Garner, Iowa, and I think that you, particularly, would be interested to know that Mrs. George Whitney, formerly from these two towns, gave me this recipe. It was given to her by a friend, Sue Willie, from Garner. That is why I call it 'Sue's Date Pudding.'"

1/3 cup butter
1 cup sugar
3 well-beaten eggs
3 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup milk
1 cup dates
1 cup walnuts

Cream the butter well and slowly add the sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs, then the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder. Add the milk, dates and walnuts. Bake slowly in a 300 degree oven in a greased pan, 7 x 11 inches or its equivalent, for 1 hour. This dessert is quite custard-like in consistency and will have a light brown crust on the top. Let cool to room temperature before serving with the following sauce.

DATE PUDDING SAUCE

In a saucepan put:

1 beaten egg yolk
1 1/2 cups milk
1 cup sugar mixed with
2 Tbls. cornstarch
2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
flavoring.

Cook until thick and then cool. When ready to serve, add 1/2 pint heavy cream, whipped.

CHICKEN ON SUNDAY

This is one of those marvelous dishes for Sunday dinner that requires very little work, can be prepared before leaving for church and fit for kings—or company!

1 box Minute Rice
1 can cream of celery soup
1/2 cup milk
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 envelope dry onion soup
1 frying chicken

Grease a large baking pan, about 8 x 13 in size, and sprinkle the contents of 1 box of Minute Rice over the bottom. Heat the cream of celery soup and the cream of mushroom soup with the milk, stirring until well-blended, and then pour over the rice. Lay the pieces of chicken over the soup and sprinkle with dry onion soup. Seal the pan with foil and bake in a 325 degree oven for 2 hours and 15 minutes. The baking time need not be precisely accurate for a few minutes one way or the other will not ruin the dish.

We think this is simply delicious—yes, delicious and simple!

THERE ARE FLAVORINGS AND THEN THERE ARE KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS!

If you care how your cooking tastes (and frankly, we can't imagine any woman who doesn't care) you won't settle for anything but our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings.

With a full collection of these unusual and delicious Flavorings on your kitchen shelf you'll take a whole new lease on life when it comes to cooking. And you'll be saving money too.

Remember: we offer one fine premium after another and they're always big bargains because we never try to make a penny on them — just break even.

If you send us your grocer's name we'll start turning all the wheels that will get our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings into his store for your convenience. We hope you'll soon find all of these when you go shopping.

Coconut
Lemon
Maple
Almond
Orange

Strawberry
Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Cherry
Banana

Mint

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

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa

ARLEIGH'S SPECIAL RECIPES

"I just about didn't make the deadline on these recipes, Lucile. I'm sewing complete wardrobes for the girls' big dolls for Christmas, made two trees out of ribbon and candy wreaths, one ribbon wreath, four fruit cakes, had 20 people here for Richard Jr.'s 16th birthday (served a smorgasbord dinner), a big birthday party for baby James, and now am finishing last touches for Christmas. These recipes I'm sending are very good and real favorites of ours."—Arleigh

ORANGE SHERBET MOLD

- 2 pkgs. orange gelatine
- 2 cups liquid (including juice from oranges)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 can Mandarin orange sections
- 1 pint orange sherbet

Bring drained juice from oranges, plus enough water to make 2 cups, to boiling point. Dissolve gelatine. Add sherbet and flavoring and stir until completely dissolved. Add the orange sections, mix and pour into your oiled mold. You do not have to wait for this to "set" before you add the oranges, since the cold sherbet sets the gelatine right away.

I sometimes vary this by using lime gelatine, lime sherbet and a small can of crushed pineapple. (Recipe can be doubled for company.) This is an excellent salad for it is very good and so simple to make.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

- Soak overnight in cold water
- 3 cups navy beans
- Simmer in same water until tender (2 to 3 hours). Drain and save liquid. Place in 2-qt. bean pot, in layers:
- Drained cooked beans
- 1 lb. salt pork (scaled, rind scraped)
- 2 slices onion
- Combine:
- 1/3 cup molasses
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Pour over beans. Add just enough bean liquid to cover. Cover pot. Bake, in slow oven (300 degrees) for 8 hours. Remove cover the last half hour, and draw pork to top. (If beans seem to be too dry and no bean liquid is left to pour over them, add hot water cautiously.) This makes about 10 servings. I always have steaming hot Brown Bread when I serve these beans. With the orange sherbet mold it makes a good meal.

ABIGAIL'S CHEESE CAKE

My recipe this month can just be ignored by all you who wonder why in the world anyone ever bothers to make and eat cheese cake! You have to be a real enthusiast to fool with this recipe. However, for those of you who really enjoy serving a gourmet's treat, I can recommend this without reservation. It was given to me by a couple who are superb cooks and who are very discriminating about cheese cake.

Now for a list of tips for those of you who care enough to make the very best. This recipe should be made a minimum of 24 hours in advance of serving; two days is even better. Have all ingredients at room temperature. DO NOT make second filling until at least 10 minutes have passed after removing first filling from oven; if you do, you will have a watery mixture. Don't make this while you are trying to do three other jobs; the timing must be accurate!

Crust—combine the following:

- 1 1/2 cups zwiebach crumbs
 - 1/4 cup gran. sugar
 - 1/2 cup melted butter
- Press in bottom and sides of 9 or 10" spring form pan. Refrigerate.

1st. filling Heat oven to 375 degrees

- 1 lb. Phil. cream cheese
 - 1/2 cup gran. sugar
 - 3 medium eggs
 - 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- Combine in mixer and beat until smooth. Pour into crust. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Remove and let stand 15 minutes.

2nd. filling Raise oven to 475 degrees (do not make in advance)

- 1 pint commercial sour cream
- 1/4 cup gran. sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Mix above with a spoon. Then CAREFULLY add by tablespoons over the first filling. Start from sides and move towards center. Bake at 475 degrees for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and let stand on rack for 5 to 6 hours until cold. Store covered in refrigerator and do not cut until next day.

This doesn't make a large cheese cake. However, it is so very rich that you should serve only very small slices. If desired, a fruit sauce or jam can be poured on top just before serving.

PORK CASSEROLE

This is a good "one-dish-meal" when the snow is blowing and the wind is howling—real "stick-to-the-ribs" food!

- 6 serving size pieces of pork steak or pork chops
- Onions, carrots and potatoes
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/2 can water
- 1 cup half-and-half or rich milk

Season and brown the pork steak or chops on both sides in deep skillet or roaster. Pour off excess fat, leaving meat in bottom of pan. Cover with a thick layer of sliced onions, a layer of carrots, sliced, and then a layer of sliced potatoes. (The exact proportions will depend upon how many chops you are fixing and the size of your family.) Season with salt and pepper and then pour over this the can of tomato soup mixed with the water. Cover and cook on top of the stove or in a moderate oven until vegetables are tender (about 1 hour). A few minutes before serving pour 1 cup of the half-and-half or rich milk over this and turn down the heat very low. Simmer for a few minutes. This makes a delicious meal with a salad and dessert.

CUSTARD CRUNCH MINCEMEAT PIE

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup ground nuts (I used English walnuts)
- 1 cup mincemeat

Combine sugar, flour, salt and then mix in butter, mincemeat, eggs, flavoring and nuts and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake for 35 minutes in 375 degree oven, or until knife inserted comes out clean.

This is an unusual pie, very tasty and delicious. The recipe came from a friend in Udell, Iowa and I tampered with it—reduced 1/2 cup butter to 1/4 cup and changed 3/4 cup chopped nuts to 1 cup of ground nuts. No matter how you make this, everyone will agree it is *wonderful*.—Lucile

PERFECT CORN BREAD

- 3/4 cup flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. shortening

Sift together the dry ingredients (except corn meal). Stir in the corn meal and then combine with the egg, milk and shortening which have been combined. Pour into a 9-inch square pan. Bake at 425 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

1 cup of sour milk may be substituted for the sweet milk, then add 1/2 tsp. soda and only 2 tsp. baking powder.

This is a blue ribbon winner from the Iowa State Fair. It has an excellent flavor and the added quality of being fine but not crumbly.—Evelyn

MINCEMEAT COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/3 cups mincemeat
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add mincemeat and lemon flavoring and stir well. Sift together the flour, salt and soda and add. Drop by teaspoon onto well-greased cookie sheet and bake in a 350 degree oven about 15 minutes.

These are superb made with your home-made mincemeat. However, if you use commercial mincemeat, you might find it necessary to add just a bit of water to it if it seems quite dry. I have found that my home-made mincemeat is "juicier" than the commercially made product.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Well! At last! That's just about the only thing I can say at this moment when the time has come to grapple with chocolate cakes. If you don't mind my "rambling around" a little bit, I'd like to say something on the whole subject.

A letter from one of you friends somehow made clear to me what had been scurrying around in the back of my mind for a long, long time. The writer said something to the effect that chocolate cakes were comparable to pumpkin pies.

"Haven't you gone to a big church dinner where rows and rows of pumpkin pies are lined up—each one the very best pumpkin pie that cook leaned upon—and have you ever seen such widely varying results?"

It was true. I've seen tremendous collections of pumpkin pies in one place at one time, and there was the difference of day and night between them.

I think the same thing is true of chocolate cakes. We each have our own idea of a real good chocolate cake, and our opinion may not come anywhere close to being the opinion of the next person.

With all of this made clear in my own mind, I decided to stop looking for the *one perfect chocolate cake*—what came up to my own expectations might not please you at all.

So . . . here is the chocolate cake I am willing to settle for in the future for my one most satisfying chocolate cake. Whenever I'm asked to furnish chocolate cake for anything, this is going to be it.

There are things that must be said about the recipe. *One:* It's VERY big—a huge, three-layer cake. *Two:* It is anything but cheap to make. *Three:* It must be made a good 24 hours in advance—quite a gain there if you're swamped, because most cakes are at their very best when they're very fresh—the sooner out of the oven, the better. But if you are entertaining and want to serve this cake, you're compelled to make it at least 24 hours in advance—and believe me, this can be a help!

I gave this recipe over the radio, reported that it had a marvelous flavor and texture but crumbled very badly. I didn't really think more than a couple of people would tinker with it after my honest report. To my genuine astonishment, letters simply poured in with the news that the writers had baked the cake—some of them making absolutely no change at all in the ingredients and having terrific success. Others reported some tinkering and equally terrific success. However, 99% of the reports said that the cake should stand 24 hours.

I made it up and tinkered, let it stand 24 hours and *then* found I had absolutely the most wonderful chocolate cake I'd ever tasted in my entire life, and the 15 or 16 people who had a piece of it all agreed. (Most of those people were competent judges because they'd put up with mountains of chocolate cakes in all these months

I'd been working on the problem!)

Here is the cake exactly the way I expect to make it from here on out to get what I have in mind as the one perfect chocolate cake.

CREOLE CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups strong coffee
- 5 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup butter
- 2 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 4 eggs, well beaten
- 2/3 cup sour milk (I used commercial buttermilk)

Combine strong coffee and chocolate in top of double boiler and cook over simmering water, stirring constantly, until chocolate melts and mixture thickens. Set aside to cool.

Sift together all dry ingredients.

Cream butter with brown and white sugar until extremely fluffy and smooth. Then add flavorings and well beaten eggs.

Add dry ingredients alternately with sour milk or buttermilk, never beating hard but only mixing enough to have it smooth. Lastly add the cool chocolate mixture.

Turn batter into three of your largest cake pans, very heavily greased and floured. Bake at 375 degrees from 30 to 35 minutes. (When a toothpick comes out clean, cake is done.) Put pans on cake rack so bottoms won't sweat. Leave alone for 24 hours.

I think everyone has his own favorite frosting for a chocolate cake. I made up a very rich chocolate frosting, took out enough to put between layers and added to it ground pecans. The balance was used to cover the top and sides. This is such a big cake that it takes a lot of frosting.

The longer the cake stands, the better it tastes. It is EXTREMELY tender and moist. Don't stint on the filling and frosting. One woman said that just the difference between sour milk and buttermilk could make a tremendous difference, but I never have just plain sour milk and to sour it, enough additional liquid must be added to throw things off balance. Commercial buttermilk is so widely available that I decided to stick with it each time I made this cake.

Probably you could ease up on that 1 cup of butter—use all margarine or a combination of margarine, butter and vegetable shortening. I just knew that I was looking for my idea of the perfect chocolate cake and used all butter. Since this cake will never be made except for special occasions, I'll just stick with butter.

Anyway, *this* ghost has been settled once and for all. No more searching for chocolate cakes. Thanks a million to all you faithful friends who joined me in the search.

—Lucile

OTHER FINE CHOCOLATE CAKES

In this issue we are printing some of our big favorites out of the vast collection of recipes that reached us. (It would be my guess we had between 3,500 and 4,000 chocolate cake recipes sent by all you interested friends.)

Naturally, there were countless duplicates.

I've no idea how many cakes we made all together—enough that everyone turns white when they hear the words "chocolate cake." Without our faithful girls at the office I just don't know what we would have done. They ate so many different cakes that they became real experts at judging—and when some genuinely different sounding recipe came in they'd snatch it out of the mail basket, take it home, give it a try, and then bring it to the office so we could all judge.

Since we've come to realize that people have such strong feelings about chocolate cake, it's entirely possible that none of our favorites will suit you at all. Well, at least try and keep an open mind before you make your final decision for all time!

Surely it's not going to be possible to make all of these recipes "come out right" at the bottom of a column, but since we want to get them into this issue once and for all, we're going to ask you to overlook printing problems if it turns out that they're not set up the way they're usually set up. The important thing is to get the ingredients down, no matter what.

SUPER-DUPER CHOCOLATE CUSTARD CAKE

- Beat 1 egg
- Add 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 heaping Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cook the above together 2 or 3 minutes and let cool.

- Cream 3/4 cup butter
- Add 1 cup sugar

- 2 eggs
- 2 cups cake flour, sifted and measured with
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup milk

Mix above well. Now *barely* mix in to this mixture the chocolate mixture. Bake in a well greased large dripping pan at 325 degrees for 50 minutes. Frost with thick chocolate frosting.

—Louise Gladstone

(A very, very good cake and real handy if you have cocoa on hand rather than chocolate and sweet milk in the refrigerator. We thought this was exceptionally delicious.)

* * * *

Many, many people said they felt you couldn't make a really fine chocolate cake without sour cream. I'm scared of any cake recipe using *only* sour cream for shortening because I've seen so many, many different ideas about sour cream. My own idea of sour cream is cream so thick you must spoon it out. (That kind will make a

(Continued on next page)

wonderful cake.) But I've seen people set about to make a cake using sour cream or top cream from non-homogenized milk. These widely varying ideas about sour cream make me feel that only experienced cooks with access to very rich cream should lean on such a recipe. This is why we have used a Sour Cream Chocolate Cake that also calls for shortening.

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup hot strong coffee
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar

Cream shortening with sugars. Add whole eggs, beating them in well. Melt chocolate and beat in. Add sour cream and flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with the coffee. Grease and flour 2 layer pans, pour batter evenly in the pans and bake for about 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

FROSTING

- In pan on stove put:
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. instant coffee

Cook, stirring, until almost a soft ball will form in a little cold water. Remove from heat and add 1 cup marshmallow bits and 1 cup powdered sugar, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring. Beat very well. Add 2 Tbls. hot water. This makes enough for between the layers and covers the cake.

AUNT JENNY'S CHOCOLATE CAKE

In top part of double boiler combine:

- 3 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk to which 2 egg yolks have been added and beaten up
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cook above, stirring constantly, until smooth and thick. Put aside to cool. Cream together:

- 3/4 cup shortening (butter and vegetable shortening combined)
- 1 cup sugar

- Add: 1/2 cup sweet milk
- 1/4 cup cold water

Sift and then measure:

- 3 1/3 cups all-purpose flour with
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Add to creamed mixture.

Mix in cooled cooked chocolate mixture

Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites

Lastly add 1 tsp. soda dissolved in 2 Tbls. boiling water

Turn into three layer cake pans, well greased and floured. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes, or until done.

(Continued in next column)

(This is a cheaper cake to make than some of the others and has a very good flavor. The woman who sent this recipe said that it was famous in their part of the state and had won countless prizes.)

CHOCOLATE JUBILEE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or vegetable shortening with part butter
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour *plus*
- 1/4 cup sifted all-purpose flour if a layer cake
- OR 1 3/4 cups sifted cake flour if baked in a flat sheet

Pour buttermilk into bowl and add soda, stir well and allow to stand while mixing cake. Cream sugar and shortening thoroughly. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Add alternately the sifted flour and buttermilk-soda liquid. Lastly add melted chocolate and vanilla. Bake in 2 layers or in a flat sheet—note instructions above on flour—at 350 degrees until done.

(This one appealed to us very much. We thought it had a lot to recommend it.)

WYOMING PERFECT CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 2 cubes of butter (1 cup)—no substitute
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 sqs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 4 egg whites whipped very stiff

IMPORTANT: There is no baking powder or soda. The egg whites must be whipped *very* stiff.

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add melted chocolate, beaten egg yolks and vanilla. Fold in cake flour alternately with milk. Add nuts. Lastly add egg whites that have been whipped *VERY* stiff.

Turn into a heavy sheet pan and bake at 350 degrees until done.

(We were interested in this cake because it is different—and a most powerful "sales talk" accompanied it. Everyone who tasted it thought it was very good BUT said that it seemed more like unusual brownies than cake! We all figured it would be very good for you to make the next time you're asked to contribute a square chocolate brownie—*isn't really* a brownie, you understand, but is very different in taste and delicious—the kind of thing people will puzzle about and then try to track down the recipe.

A FILLING and a FROSTING

We made countless fillings and frostings of every conceivable type. Since people seem to have their great favorites in this field too, we decided to give you only one filling and one frosting. The filling is absolutely delicious between the layers of a 3 layer cake—unexpected and just right. The frosting is a real jewel too.

Date Cream Filling

Heat in top of double boiler:

- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- Combine 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Add 1 beaten egg

Blend until smooth. Then add slowly to hot milk. Cook, stirring, until thick. Cool. Stir in 1/2 cup chopped nuts and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

Fudge Frosting

- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 sq. chocolate
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup rich top milk

Combine these ingredients and bring to boil in heavy pan over low fire, stirring constantly. When it boils, remove from fire, cool to lukewarm and then add about 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, sifted, and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Beat until frosting is creamy. If it seems too thick to spread nicely, add enough cream to obtain the desired consistency.

\$100 CAKE

It has been almost 7 years since we got out our little cake cookbook in which we printed this recipe, (there's not a copy of it left so please don't ask for it), and in this length of time we've made countless new friends who don't recall all the ups and downs we had with this particular cake. It's still a wonderful cake, even if it is tricky, and no collection of fine chocolate cakes could possibly be complete without it.

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 oz. unsweetened chocolate
- 2 eggs well beaten
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 cups cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Melt chocolate over hot water, cool slightly. Cream sugar and butter together until like whipped cream. Add chocolate, beating well. Add beaten eggs and beat well again. Mix dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk and vanilla. Turn into two greased and floured 8-inch layer cake pans and bake for approximately 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

This is a meltingly delicious, super rich cake that is absolute tops, but in all honesty we must add that it is a little tricky. However, there are points to remember that go a long way towards eliminating the element of risk.

You *MUST* use butter. This cake simply doesn't "work" with any substitutes. You must use the exact amounts of milk and cake flour called for. It's the thinnest batter we've ever seen and you'll be tempted to add more flour—*DON'T*. Put this cake together with great care—save your "sling in this and sling in that" frame of mind for another recipe. We consider this cake a challenge—and worth it.

Final Comment: You will note that
(Continued on page 20)

MARGERY EXPRESSES THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING WE ALL SEND

Dear Friends:

It is dark and gloomy outside today but it is anything but that inside. I feel real peppy and from all appearances, my family is in the same mood. Doesn't everyone experience the same state of excitement at the approach of the holiday season? I hope so.

This isn't a day for big jobs, however, for the washing and ironing are done, the house is pretty well picked up and Christmas plans are made, so I'll concentrate on little things. For instance, Martin will be coming in soon to help me make some stuffed dates. He doesn't particularly care for them himself, but he loves to make them.

Another little job I plan to tackle will be to sort out some books that belong to Wayne and Abigail—I'm hoping they will have room to take them back to Denver on this trip. In the event they make the trip by train, the books will have to wait for the next car going out. At least I'll have them packed and ready.

The carpenters have finished their work and we are expecting the paper hangers any day now. We had planned all along that this bedroom would be for Martin. However, when we decided the only thing we could do to the floor was to carpet it, we thought that it would be better to use this bedroom for ourselves. Martin is not quite old enough to have a carpeted floor. *He* thinks he is, but *I* know better! Bare floors that can be easily and quickly gone over with a dust mop are more suitable for a twelve year old.

We really became involved when we started ripping off the old wallpaper. Plaster started coming down in enormous chunks! The answer was to use sheet rock instead of replastering, and this was a most happy decision for we can see already what a difference it will make in redecorating from now on.

The paper we have chosen is pale yellow with white overlay that gives it a rough plaster-like appearance. The carpet is a pale chartreuse cotton. Our bedroom furniture is dark mahogany and with only one window in the room we had to stick to light colors for the walls and floor.

Perhaps you will recall that last month I dyed my white bedspread and curtains. Since they would not be at all a desirable color for this new room, I'm switching curtains and spread with the guest room where they will be more suitable. The guest room will also inherit the chaise lounge because of the problem of color. Eventually I'll move it back to our bedroom when I can have it reupholstered.

I'm particularly interested in interior decoration right now because I heard a most interesting program recently. The decorator of a large department store gave a talk and demonstration on building color schemes for the home and the uses of colors in accessories. I learned a great deal.



Martin Strom is a great reader and prefers a good book to anything else. A generation ago when there were fewer distractions we called such children "book worms," but somehow you never hear the phrase these days.

She suggested the use of a picture in a room as a starting place in developing a color scheme. That is what I have tried to do in our downstairs. Aunt Martha gave us a lovely painting that contains my favorite colors; this hangs over the davenport in the living room. We used the soft shade of beige for the carpet and the pale brown for the walls in the living room and dining room. The dark browns are brought out in the large pieces of furniture and the golds and greens in accessories. The slight touch of red we used to accent color in sofa pillows and knick-knacks. The rooms off of these main rooms carry on the color scheme in yellows and greens.

This decorator emphasized the fact that we should use colors throughout our homes that we like and can live with, so your choice of colors should depend upon *you* and no one can simply step in and tell you what colors you should use.

I learned from her lecture that I could make a lot of improvements but I was encouraged to find out that I'm working in the right direction!

Upstairs, I have gone to other colors. One bedroom is predominately rose, another blue and the new one, yellow.

I'm dwelling somewhat on interior decoration because January always seems to be the month when we give particular thought to it. Most people do their "fixing up" in the spring and start their thinking on the subject about now. Maybe the problems with the upstairs that I tossed about all fall would have been settled more quickly if I had waited until January, for this is considered a month for decisions!

I mentioned earlier that Martin is moving into our room—"the blue room." We don't always think of this as a good color for a boy's room, even though "Blue is for boys!" (Like a

practical mother I reminded Martin of this when he decided we should change the color.) We decided to put a lot of red into the decoration in way of new bedspreads and slip covers for the headboards of his twin beds. I switched a red shade from the lamp in my office to replace the gold one on his table lamp. Red can be a most difficult color but fortunately it was a good match. Martin is delighted to have, at long last, a large bookcase to match his desk and suitable places for his radio, phonograph and records.

Enough about decorating, but I did want to bring you up to date and since this work has been time-consuming this month it has been very much on my mind.

Recently while we were having our social hour after a club meeting, the subject of the children's schoolwork came up. Someone remarked that she had looked at the books her son had brought home one night and wondered if she could pass an eighth grade examination? The next time Martin had some homework, I picked up his history and geography. After a good "once-over" I *knew* I couldn't. That gave me a pretty good start, believe me! It seemed that it would be a very sensible idea to take advantage of the situation and brush up on the subjects. It has been time well-spent. Now, when he talks about the imports and exports of Venezuela or the battle that proved to be the turning point of the Revolutionary War, I know a little of what he is talking about.

I think the subjects that leave us the quickest (I'm speaking now only on subjects in Junior High,) are history and geography. I seem to remember arithmetic, spelling and English, for naturally they have been put to constant use through the years. Diagramming sentences had me stumped for a while and I tried to tell myself that "they must be doing it differently."

We can learn a great deal from our children, and among many other things, Martin has taught me how to diagram a sentence. I have no doubt but what I will be learning a great deal from him for a number of years to come, not only from his schoolwork, but from his own experiences as another human being. It is as important to listen to our children as it is for them to listen to us. Many little incidents Martin has related to us have developed into a wonderful discussion whereby we could bring out a moral or social teaching. I know on many occasions it takes time, but isn't it true that the most important time we give is that which is given to our children?

Martin just came bursting through the back door with "This is the best year of my life because Daddy is letting me run the snow plow!" My own thoughts are, "Let's hope that *each* year is the *best* year."

May this be your best year, too!

Sincerely,

Margery

STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Concluded

of advertising it has developed into a thriving business. During June and August this year I did 11 large wedding cakes averaging around \$30. I always deliver the cakes to the church, and have a bridal knife I let the bride use. This summer I invested in a large punch set which I rent out. I also make sugar and ribbon table centerpieces and mints on order from bride.

Just a couple of tips. No matter how small you might go into the baking, always sell *superior* products. Your family will eat the too brown cookies or the "not as light as they might be" rolls and love you just as much. After you get the feel of it you won't have many failures—and of course you'll use only tried and tested recipes.

Be dependable. Your customer is counting on you, so don't let her down. Even if it means getting up at 4:30 in the morning to start rolls for an early morning coffee party, get up. The rolls **MUST** be ready on time. The more dependable you are, the more business you will do.

If your kitchen is your favorite room in the house, then this business is for you. I've done it for about five years now and don't even have the benefit of running water to wash those stacks and stacks of dirty bowls and pans. But there is a wonderful satisfaction in seeing a golden brown loaf of bread or pan of rolls or an elaborately decorated wedding cake which you created. It is this feeling of having created something that is so wonderful.

Hope my few experiences will help someone take courage in hand and start their own little "pin money" project. It comes in real handy for music lessons, the piano itself, new drapes . . . and all the endless things everyone needs."—Mrs. C.H. Iowa.

(Note: the writer sent a picture of one of her cakes. It is an overwhelming masterpiece—truly a creative work of art.)

* * * * *

Next month we would like to share two additional letters with you. We surely hope all of this information will be of real help to people who are interested.

PEANUT PIXIES

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

MAKE BIG MONEY MAKING COSTUME JEWELRY AT HOME!

Thrilling spare-time, MONEY-MAKING hobby! Make newest, beautiful jeweled earrings, necklaces, bracelets, pins, pendants, cuff links, tie clips! Quick, easy to make—easier to sell to friends, neighbors, stores, at big profit! Details FREE!

DON-BAR CO., Dept. A-26

3511 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois



I AM THE NEW YEAR

I am the New Year.

I am unused, without blemish.

I stretch before you 365 days long.

I will present each day in its turn, a new leaf

In the book of life for you to place upon it your imprint.

It remains for you to make of me what you will.

If you write with firm, steady strokes, my pages will be

A joy to look upon when the next year comes.

If the pen falters, if uncertainty or doubt should mar the Page,

It will become a day to remember with pain.

I am the New Year.

Each hour of the 365 days, I will

Give 60 minutes that have never known the use of man.

White and pure I present them; it remains for you to

Fill them with sixty jewelled seconds of love,

Hope, endeavor, patience and trust in God.

I am the New Year!

I am coming . . . but once past, I can never be recalled.

Make me your best!

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

rolls, strawberry preserves, plates of relishes, and for dessert, the cheese cake Abigail sent the recipe for (you'll see it in this issue) and coffee.

It was such a *happy* day. And it made us all resolve to get together much more frequently—not to let the heavy pressures all of us work under keep us from doing things we truly enjoy. As one of my aunts said: "Somehow we all seem to be able to drop everything and get together for funerals, but somehow there are so many things to keep us from getting together *happily*." It's true. So you can see why Russell and I felt that a family dinner for the Driftmiers was the one most perfect way to "warm our house."

Now we are preparing to finish a year—and a decade. I doubt that ever, in all the history of Man, there has been a span of ten years remotely comparable to these last ten years that began with 1950. A great deal of it has been frightening—and we are only on the threshold of revelations that are bound to come.

I find it hard to believe, for instance, that the world in which we Driftmier brothers and sisters grew up is a world so incredibly different from the world of today that virtually nothing of it is left. If you belong to my generation, you have only to look at the world your children live in to see what tremendous changes have taken place. It seems almost fantastic that our world could have changed so fast.

But it has. The evidence is before us. And the only thing we can truly depend upon in the years ahead is the fact that human *feeling*, human *kindness* is all that makes any genuine difference when all the cards are down. Without it the world is meaningless and barren.

So . . . we move into 1960, into a world that shrinks more with every day that passes. I have no plans for doing anything grandiose or spectacular in this decade that lies ahead. I've lived too long to set any store in these material things. All I ask of the years ahead is a chance to get out this little family magazine once a month, to broadcast to those of you who have come to know us, and the privilege of sharing human feeling and human kindness. The physical world about us shrinks, it is true, but my own personal world expands each day I live through the friends who share my experiences—and whose experiences I share.

With this summary of a decade and this salute to the decade that lies ahead, I will slip the cover over my typewriter and say goodnight.

Lucile

OUT OF SIGHT--OUT OF MIND!

Not if you send the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine as a gift! Every month for a year your friend will receive a copy, and though thousands of miles may separate you, the mail's arrival will surely keep you in mind.

For those who love to cook, the recipes are an inspiration. For those who must be responsible for club programs and entertaining, there is good help — original but down-to-earth. And for those who just plain don't get as many letters from home as they'd like to have, the personal letters from us help to fill up the gap.

If you sent *Kitchen-Klatter* as a gift last year, don't forget to renew it for your friend. If you've never sent a gift subscription, insure yourself this year that "out of sight won't be out of mind".

We'll see that the person to whom you give it receives a gift card from us, and we'll write in any message you ask us to write. Each subscription is \$1.50 per year. Today is the day to send it in.

Address your letters to:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER,
SHENANDOAH, IOWA**



THE NEW YEAR

He came to my desk with quivering lip—

The lesson was done.

"Have you a new leaf for me, dear Teacher?

I have spoiled this one."

I took his leaf, all soiled and blotted
And gave him a new one, all unspotted.
Then into his tired heart I smiled:

"Do better now, my Child!"

I went to the throne with trembling heart—

The year was done.

"Have you a New Year for me, dear Master?

I have spoiled this one."

He took my year, all soiled and blotted
And gave me a new one, all unspotted.
Then, into my tired heart he smiled:
"Do better now, my Child."

—Helen Field Fischer

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

lesson was how to frost a cake for decorating. I thought I knew how to frost a cake because heaven knows I have frosted enough of them, but all of these years I have been doing it all wrong! Now I know how. We learned how to make various borders, how to put two different colors in the frosting tube so that we got that pretty two-toned effect, and how to make different flowers, cowboys and clowns. I felt that I learned a great deal and now what I really need is a lot of practice, but somehow I just can't find the time to play with frosting.

It is always a happy occasion when old friends drop in to see you, especially when they live far enough away that you don't get to see them often. That is the way Frank and Kristin and I feel when Gladys Kiburz comes to spend a day with us. I worked for Gladys eight years ago in the County Superintendent's office in Chariton. It had just started to rain when she came and she intended simply to say hello and leave before the roads got too muddy, but we talked her into taking her car out to the gravel and Frank brought her back on the tractor, so she spent the entire day with us and it rained the entire time! I have taught many women how to smock and Gladys is one of them. She had brought a dress for me to inspect that she had just finished for a little niece. It was light blue smocked in

white and was beautifully done. Gladys is a beautiful seamstress anyway and makes the best looking buttonholes I have ever seen. Sometime I'm going to watch her make one since my buttonholes could stand a lot of improvement.

I must close now, bank the fires, shut up the stoves and go to bed. Goodness knows we can't do a thing about the weather, but we can only say that if any of you farmers have had as many rough breaks in 1959 as our family has had, we're surely hoping with you for a run of better weather and better farm conditions in 1960.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy

THE HUNDRETH ONE

Little lost lamb, lonely and sad,
Aren't you sorry you were bad
And wandered away from the rest of the flock

Where there isn't a bush or tree or rock

To hide, if a wolf should come along?
Sing! little lamb, pay the piper with song!

Perhaps your mother or the shepherd will hear

And come to comfort you in your fear.
But I hope you've learned from your trial today

The way is not smooth for the lamb that will stray!

—Lula Lamme

GOOD NEWS

In January all of you friends who know that anything carrying the name Kitchen-Klatter is absolutely dependable and of the finest possible quality, will get a chance to look for our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** on your grocer's shelves.

Almost endless months have gone into testing this wonderful new product. We were after the **one perfect all-purpose cleaner** and wouldn't settle for anything less. We wanted to turn out the finest product it was possible to make — to give our friends far more than they had ever expected to get from any cleaning product.

It took expensive chemicals to do the job. You can't make the kind of a cleaner we wanted to turn out by using cheap chemicals. And to save you money we wanted to turn out a cleaner that you could dilute for your own purposes — no sense in buying a liquid when you have water right at your sink.

We're proud of our new **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** and we have every reason to be. It's a wonderful product. We "built it" to do all the cleaning jobs in your house, to save you buying this product and that product for various purposes.

You won't have trouble spotting our new Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner on your grocer's shelves — it carries the same familiar picture that's on our Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring. Look for it. Ask for it. Buy it. And be sure to save the Box top for a grand new line of terrific premiums.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

Knitting Yarns

BY MAIL

Finer quality yarns of all types — wool, orlon and nylon . . . sold to you at lowest possible price. Choose the colors you want.

Write for **FREE Sample Card** Cliveden Yarns have been distributed for over 50 years by Walter McCook & Son, Inc. See and feel their lovely texture before you order.

WRITE TO DEPT. 21

CLIVEDEN YARNS

711 Arch St. Phila. 6, Pa.

Look How Easily You Can Make \$75.00 with CREATIVE EVERYDAY CARDS

You make 75c on each \$1.25 Ensemble of 24 quality birthday cards. No experience needed to make \$75 on 100 in spare time. 153 newest \$1 and \$1.25 assortments, Studio-style and Religious greetings, clever Gift Novelties boost earnings. Bonus Gifts besides biggest cash profits.

Just Send Your Name for Samples Mail coupon for **FREE** Stationery samples. Assortments and Gift on approval. Get \$1 Dutch Set on **FREE** offer for acting fast.

CREATIVE CARD CO., Dept. 126-N
4401 W. Cermak Rd., Chicago 23, Ill.
Please send money-making samples on approval, with \$1 Gift Set on free offer for being prompt.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



WORD FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

Katharine is locked away in her bedroom painting pictures, and Poor Pitiful Paul is beating his fists full force against her closed door in protest against being excluded.

Breakfast has been over for only an hour and already my dearly beloved but oh! so *active* son, has started his trips to the bread box for additional food. He comes to the breakfast table every morning so hungry that I can't move fast enough to suit him. These cold winter mornings he eats an egg, hot cereal, fruit juice, milk and toast. The books say that he's now at the age where he "won't eat enough to keep a bird alive," but the books have missed the score on Paul. He eats a dozen rings around Katharine these days.

This is such a terribly cold morning that neither one of the children seem even faintly interested in going outdoors. Playing outdoors has certainly taken on much more pleasant aspects for me these days. Donald and I decided to scratch the bottom of the barrel and invest in a fence, a very sturdy chain link fence, nice and high with steel posts and two tightly locked gates. We were forced to admit complete defeat on the rope barrier that we put up during the summer months. What worked like a charm on Katharine was totally lost on Paul.

It had been in the back of our minds that next spring we'd begin to think seriously about the expense of this kind of fencing, but two things made us take action *right now*. Paul was more and more anxious to be outside when Katharine was out and I simply couldn't spend hour after hour outdoors watching him. He *had* to be watched every second, and you know how you just can't get anything done if you're actually outdoors or running to the window at intervals of every two minutes.

In addition to this, Donald inquired about the price of fencing and was told that because of the steel strike it would probably cost more to buy this chain link fencing by next spring. You can see how we decided to scrape the bottom of the barrel and get it installed without delay. Now I can bundle up the children and turn them out with the wonderful feeling that comes from knowing they are completely safe. (I still catch myself running to the window out of sheer habit!)

Biscuit, our dog, isn't nearly as sold on the idea of that fence as I am. She loved roaming through the woods and smelling all the good woody smells, but all too frequently she roamed through neighbors' flower beds and made a general nuisance of herself. I know from personal experience that *nobody* loves a dog as much as the owner, and I valued my neighbors' friendship far too much to allow our dog to antagonize anyone. As a result, Biscuit now lives too within the confines of the fence and although she may not be happy about it, that's



The first picture here is a head-on shot of my desk and the trusty typewriter that is used so much that the ribbon must be replaced almost every week. These curtains are made of the tablecloth yardage that I mentioned in another letter. (On page 3 you can see the hardanger panels, side drapes and the curved walnut valance—antique bed head turned upside down—at the big front window.) The large photograph in the shelves is a beautiful picture Russell snapped of Juliana in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, when she was about 18 months old. The next picture shows you a louvered door open so you can see a portion of the automatic laundry equipment. The drip-dry stall with a matching louvered door is directly next to the dryer you see in this picture.

the least of our worries.

We've been promoting an intensive period of "helping Mama" recently in preparation for September, 1960 when Katharine will start to kindergarten. Our school system has two rigid requirements for all youngsters who are to be admitted to the public schools: they must be able to button and unbutton their own coats and to tie their own shoestrings.

I decided that we should be working on these goals right now and have told her that each morning before it is time for the school car to pick her up she must be fully dressed all by herself and must have her bed made. She can dress herself now but shoestrings are yet to be conquered. (I should also add that sometimes her panties are on backwards and frequently her left shoe is on her right foot.) At this time I think the one thing most in need of improvement is a sense of time—she is *painfully* slow. I understand that all children of her age are slow, but she is most deliberate and careful by nature—so the slowness seems extra slow.

These winter days I am finding how very helpful she can be when it comes to keeping things picked up. Paul spreads clutter through this house much faster than I can possibly hope to keep up with him, but when Katharine and I pitch in together to pick up toys and give things a slicking up we can have the house looking not quite so tough.

I must tell you about a very pleasant afternoon I spent back in late autumn. My door bell rang and a woman introduced herself as Mrs. Dale Price of Marion, Indiana. It seems that she is a Kitchen-Klatter reader, as is her Mother from many years back, so she and her daughter Cheryle and her neighbor, Mrs. Herman Pauley came to see my Christmas egg decorations and to visit. I cannot remember when I have spent a more pleasant afternoon. We had coffee and cookies and talked about all the family in Shenandoah, and I showed them pictures in the family photo album. These were my *first* Kitchen-Klatter callers and no one could have been more surprised than I to have readers so close



to me and not realize it. I've been in Marion shopping several times and it just never occurred to me that there were people in that town who knew me by reading my letters. Donald was surprised by my surprise when I told him about it, but I reminded him that girls who grew up in other sections of the country and then married into the Driftmier family couldn't help but be surprised to meet people who knew all the family events from 'way back.

One of Donald's first memories is of sitting beside his mother when she broadcast Kitchen-Klatter before he was even old enough to start to school, and when the family in Shenandoah sends on letters in which people remember "Donnie Paul" he enjoys them and tries to explain to Katharine how it all was when he was just a little boy about her age.

I'd like to say right here that the many letters I've been receiving are much appreciated and very interesting. I wish I could answer all of them, but I'm so dead tired by night that somehow I just can't sit down at the desk and write. The only letter I ever get to write during the day is this one, and if the printers out in Shenandoah didn't have a deadline, I don't suppose I'd ever get it done! I used to cover a lot more things when Paul took long naps, but those days are gone. Maybe it's a mistake to try and keep up any outside activities of any kind when you have small children, but I think all mothers tied into a house (and a husband traveling all the time) need *something* to break the routine.

I'm writing this before Christmas, of course, but I know right now that we'll be going to my parents' home in the afternoon to open the family packages. The biggest and most thrilling gift over there will be a huge 20-inch tricycle for Katharine. This means that Paul can inherit the little tricycle that they've been quarreling over for many months. We couldn't put the seat down every time he wanted to ride it, and he couldn't reach the pedals when it was extended for Katharine, so it was a very trying situation for everyone.

(Continued on next page)

New Year Greetings



I know that Santa will also leave a tricycle of the same size for my little nephew, Jimmy, and I can only say that it is surely a big break for young families with big mortgages that Santa blesses them with loving grandparents when Christmas rolls around!

On Christmas morning, early, my parents will come over here to see our own packages opened. (This gets them up at an awful hour because Paul is all set to catch the first worm every morning.) We will have a brunch after the worst of the hullabaloo has died down, and I'm fixing the *Quiche Lorraine* that appears in this issue. It is a wonderful dish for such an occasion because it can be done almost entirely the day before and I won't need to stay out in the kitchen for a long spell.

I wish I had had this recipe in time to share it with you in the December issue, but it's something you can fix at any time of the year. The only thing special about it is its ultra elegant taste. I first had it at a brunch stork shower for a friend of mine and it made a sensation.

Our Christmas tree has been up for so long (if you read my letter last month you'll know why) that it seems to me I've been picking up needles from the carpet for months. I wouldn't be surprised if summer finds me still trying to get up the last of them.

So soon a brand new year will begin. I hope I can be a better mother in this year ahead, a more patient mother, and that I can remember to count my great blessings every single day of 1960.

Until next month . . .

Mary Pitt

HAPPY NEW YEAR—Concluded

eternal values on which to hang my daily life. I can thus find a way out of worry (for I am no longer the center of attention). I discover more and more that helping others and immersing myself in their needs pares my own needs to a minimum and brings me the true happiness which passes understanding.

All of this thinking about a big exciting New Years Eve and worthwhile resolutions comes down to the one most important fact in the whole world, really: love is the strongest force in the universe. If I can have just one resolution for 1960 it is to develop a more loving heart. Nothing can stand eventually in the way of love. Hate, criticism, pettiness, jealousy, worry, envy, handicaps, illness, pessimism, all have to give way.

So I will make an imaginary sign to hang on my back: "This person under construction, growing in love—doing everything, everyday, out of the motive of love."

BIBLE BABY QUIZ

1. What baby was cradled in an ark of reeds? (Cain, Moses or Levi.) Exodus 2:5-6
2. What babe was dedicated before his birth to God by his mother? (Joseph, Isaac or Samuel.) 1 Samuel 1:28; 2:26
3. What babe was born to a mother so old she could not believe God's message? (Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob.) Gen. 21:2
4. What babe died because of the parents' sin? (David's son, Ishmael's son or Esau's son.) 11 Samuel 12:14
5. What babe was born in a manger? (John, James or Jesus.) Luke 2:12
6. What babe was called to be a prophet to go before Christ? (Matthew, Mark or John.) Luke 1:76-80
7. What babe became a youth of "beautiful countenance" and served God? (Reuben, Judah or David.) 1 Samuel 16:12
8. What babe with his mother was cast out in the desert to die? (Isaac, Ishmael, Issachar.) Gen. 21:9
9. What babe was the first born on earth? (Cain, Abel, Seth.) Gen. 4:1

* * * * *

Answers: 1. Moses. 2. Samuel. 3. Isaac. 4. David's son. 5. Jesus. 6. John. 7. David. 8. Ishmael. 9. Cain.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Help me, dear Lord, each day I ask
To cheerfully, lovingly perform each
task,

Teach me Thy ways of gentleness
When children err and troubles press.
Let not impatience rule my day,
But show me the calm and gracious
way.

—Valerie Beardwood

TINY TRANSISTOR RADIO
PLAYS for YEARS and YEARS!

Incredible but true! A real Transistor Radio—small as pack of cigarettes which plays for YEARS, if given normal attention. You'll marvel at its full, rich tone, its wide reception—including Conelrad for Civil Defense. No tubes, operates on two tiny batteries. Strong plastic case in beautiful color combination. Brilliantly gift boxed.

SEND ONLY \$1.00 now and pay your postman \$4.25 plus C.O.D. on arrival, or send only \$5.25 in all and WE pay all delivery charges. COMPLETE—nothing more to buy—ready to use with HI-FI Earphone, 4 batteries, ground and aerial. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Order NOW!

TRANSISTOR RADIO, Dept. 0-25, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

Send Only
\$1.00

Let The Winds Howl —
Let The Snow Blow

We'll come right through all of it to visit with you every weekday morning over the following stations:

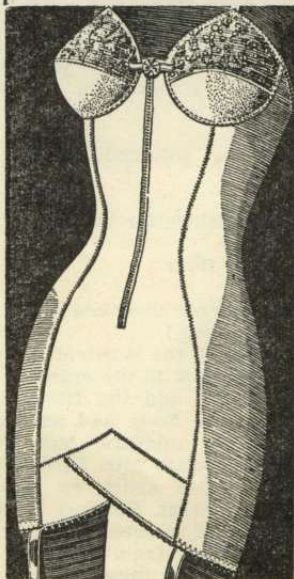
KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

MAKE MOST EXTRA CASH with world's
Biggest Line of Everyday Greetings, Gifts

Introduce Lines of Leading Greeting Card Companies! Easiest to make most spare-time money. Introduce all Big-value Everyday Greeting Card Ass'ts and novelty gifts of best-known, most-advertised greeting card companies. Make up to 100% profit—even more on personal imprint lines, novelty gifts. FREE! Big color catalog of 500 big money-makers, details Cash Bonus Plan, Credit Plan for Organizations, also Ass'ts on approval. Style Line Greetings, 421 Fifth Ar. S. Dept. E-9, Minneapolis, Minn.

Do YOU Want A HEAVENLY FIGURE?

Satin lastex front and back panels combine with nylon power-net sides to mold your figure into fashion's version of the perfect womanly form.



The HEAVENLY FIGURE ALL-IN-ONE eliminates pinching or rolling. Has long front zipper for ease in slipping in and out. Criss-cross walk-a-way design gives freedom of movement when bending, sitting, stretching or walking. The HEAVENLY FIGURE has wonderful "hold in" power that's comfortable and effective to properly shape your torso. No Bones about it. Makes you look slim, yet lets you feel free!

- Exciting fluid drape.
- Unbroken line from bustline to thigh.
- High bosomed bandeau.
- Gives a flat tummy, a neat back view, yet permits rounded hips.

SIZES
A cup—32-36—\$5.95
B cup—32-42—\$5.95
C cup—32-46—\$6.95
D cup—36-46—\$6.95

\$5.95 pink, white or black
panty girdle style \$6.95

Wilco Fashions, Dept. S-459-A
35 So. Park Ave., Rockville Centre, N. Y.

Please send "HEAVENLY FIGURE." I want to try on approval for 10 days. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return for refund of purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$..... You pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postal charges.
☐ Regular Girdle ☐ Panty Girdle ☐ Black ☐ White ☐ Pink

Bra Size..... Waist Size.....
☐ Send me.....extra crotches at 49¢ each.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

(Save approx. 70¢ by sending check or Money Order.)



THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

Do you remember the time you prepared a big chicken dinner for company and then the company didn't come, and you felt so badly that you just sat down and cried? Well, let me tell you a story that happened last summer that will make you laugh at your own petty disappointment.

The man from whom we buy our eggs and chickens when we are at the cottage down in the Rhode Island woods, worked all day Saturday, Saturday night and Sunday morning preparing broiled chicken for 2,000 people. It was a big picnic being given by the Bishop of Rhode Island, and the food was to be served piping hot at exactly 6:00 o'clock.

That was the plan, but Mother Nature had something to say about it. The rains started to fall at eleven in the morning and they never ceased for three whole days. Of course there could be no picnic, and there was my friend, the chicken and egg man, with enough broiled chicken for 2,000 people!

We had so much rain last summer that it became quite a common event for us to prepare for company that never came. Little by little we learned that it paid to buy food that could be used by the family over a period of days so that if the company failed to show, nothing would be too upset.

The Associate Minister of our church gave me an idea for a simple dessert that our family likes very much. He gave me no name for it, but it very obviously is nothing more than a quick and easy prune whip. It is delicious eaten by itself or served as a topping for angel food cake. Here are quantities for four servings:

- 12 cooked prunes, mashed
- 1/2 pint of whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. of sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

When the prunes have been thoroughly mashed or strained, add to the whipped cream and other ingredients and then place in the refrigerator to chill. An alternative to prunes is a cup and a half of ground-up peanut brittle. This may be an old, old idea to you, but our family had never used it until recently.

This man in the kitchen had a thrill the other day when he spent some time in the galley (kitchen) of an atomic submarine. In a space about half the size of an average home kitchen all of the food is prepared for nearly 100 men. All submarines

are famous for good food, and when I saw the cramped cooking space I had to rub my eyes to see if I were dreaming.

The secret of preparing fine food in a tiny amount of space is equipment, the most scientific cooking equipment known. Every inch of space is ingeniously used; even the deck is made up of hatches (trap doors) leading to food storage spaces. The sailors in charge were very pleased that I showed an interest in their cooking techniques and then went to much effort to demonstrate just how efficient their food service could be.

Someday I hope that you will get an opportunity to see a galley on a submarine. But I want to warn you about this in advance: what you see will suddenly make your dream kitchen at home seem very old-fashioned.

As all of you know who've read these columns over a period of time, I'm a great believer in good equipment that can be used efficiently. It seems to me a big mistake to try and turn out three meals a day with makeshifts, and this means everything from a broken-down stove to battered pans that tip over unless they're balanced just right.

Time and again I've been in homes where money had been spent on *everything* but the kitchen. It was the orphan. When you consider that meals must be prepared for a family year in and year out, and when you consider that the food placed before the family makes a tremendous difference to all who sit down at the table, it seems foolish to "make do" with just any old odds and ends while money is spent on things that aren't nearly as important.

CHOCOLATE BIT COOKIES

A big plate of these cookies went to the Kitchen-Klatter office for the girls to have with their afternoon coffee. Just about that time a salesman came in and had a sample too. Now we think that one of the finest endorsements for a recipe is when a man asks for a copy of it to take home to his wife and that is just what happened. Try these and see if you don't agree that it is a wonderful cookie.

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 3-ounce pkg. softened cream cheese
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup semi-sweet chocolate bits (6-ounce pkg.)

Cream together the shortening, sugar and cheese. Beat in the eggs one at a time and then add the flavorings. Sift together the flour and salt and add to creamed mixture. Mix well. Stir in the chocolate bits. Drop from teaspoon, 2 inches apart, on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for about 12 minutes. Cool slightly before removing from pan.

We might add that these are creamy and dainty enough for a tea or reception.

A MINISTER LOOKS AT THE LADIES OF THE CHURCH

The ladies of the church have often been referred to as the "Backbone".

A backbone must be strong enough to stand the jolts and jars of

Life . . .

And still hold together!

A backbone must be flexible enough to bend when necessary, and then

Snap back—

Like a willow in the wind.

A backbone must be well connected to all other parts and yet

Have but one single purpose:

It must provide a direct line

To the Above.

May God's richest blessing be upon The backbone of our church . . .

For who likes a "crick in the back"?

By Rev. Vernon L. Taylor

(Taken from a church bulletin)

CHOCOLATE CAKES—Concluded

some of these recipes call for the addition of Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring. It happens to be the opinion of all the people who went through this chocolate cake siege that just the added subtle flavor of burnt sugar to the chocolate gave the finished product that very extra-special taste we want to achieve. It is hard to imagine *not* getting this bonus in flavor, but we have left burnt sugar flavoring out of the cake recipes that did not call for it originally. It's our earnest suggestion that you add some to any of these cakes and see if you don't agree that it makes a tremendous difference.

MY FAVORITE FROSTING FOR CHOCOLATE CAKES

- 2 eggs
- 4 cups powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup soft butter
- 3 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Melt chocolate over hot water. Sift powdered sugar (*always* do this, no matter what) and add it gradually to the very well beaten eggs. Then add the salt, flavorings, soft butter and cooled chocolate.

This has a *cooked* taste (in contrast to many powdered sugar frostings), and always is just right to handle when putting on cake and again when cutting it to serve. As you can see, it is *very* rich, but my! how delicious.

The addition of a small amount of Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring gives it that "expensive and elusive" taste you're after. I use this frosting for the big Creole Cake—may add something to part of it for fillings between layers, as I said in discussing the cake, but save out enough plain for the top and sides. (Cut these amounts in half for a smaller cake.)

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

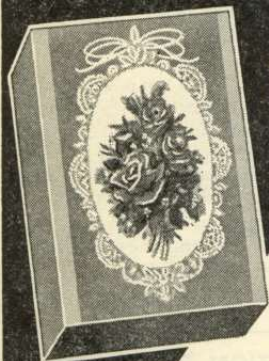
It costs you nothing to try

\$60.00 IS YOURS

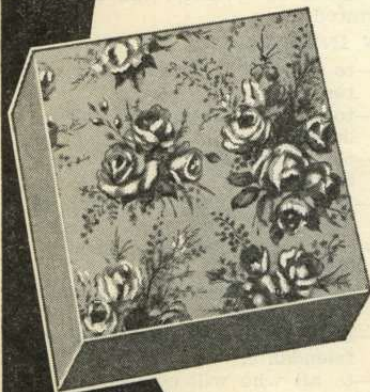
for selling only 100 of
these All Occasion boxes,
\$27.50 for 50 boxes,
\$12.50 for 25 boxes, etc.
You can make \$1.00 or hundreds
of dollars! All you do is call on
neighbors, friends and relatives
anywhere in your spare time.

Just mail coupon below
today and free samples of
personalized stationery—plus
salable Greeting Card
assortments will be sent you
on approval for your inspection.
No experience necessary.

Many church groups, clubs, schools,
lodges, etc. do this too. Everybody
buys All Occasion cards and stationery.



3 STYLE
LUSTRE
21
regular,
tall &
slim
cards



DELUXE
EVERYDAY
GIFT
WRAPPING
ENSEMBLE
20 large sheets
plus seals, tags



LUXURIOUS
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT
21 deluxe
embossed
cards in
2 sizes



CAMEO
LANTERN
STATIONERY
ENSEMBLE
raised white
design on rich
blue vellum

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
★
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**FREE
SAMPLES
PERSONALIZED
STATIONERY**

Send No Money Now — Mail Coupon Today

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 706
White Plains, New York

I want to make extra spending money. Rush me salable boxes on
approval to be paid for or returned if not satisfied—plus free full color
catalog, free samples personalized stationery, special order blank to
order at 1/2 retail price and full details of your easy money making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If writing for an organi-
zation, give its name _____

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 706
White Plains, New York

YOUR BABY NEEDS YOUR SMILE

By
Evelyn Witter

Through the woes and wonders of caring for our two babies, I've learned that the most accessible and least expensive bit of equipment every mother has, is the most useful. I mean her smile. A mother's smile can perform miracles for her baby. It's a most absorbent tear drier, an excellent hurt and bruise healer, an efficient appetite stimulator, a progress encourager, a security builder and disposition molder.

Jimmy was learning to crawl. How exasperated he used to get at his own lack of coordination! He just lay there and cried. I felt so sorry for him!

"Hey!" my husband said one day, coming in on such a scene unexpectedly. "Look at your face, all tensed up. No wonder Jimmy's crying." I took a glance at the mirror over my desk. My deep frown was anything but helpful-looking.

That's when I first realized how much more helpful a smile would be. The next time Jimmy's attempts at crawling were futile (realizing a frown downed him as much as his own lack of skill) I smiled encouragingly. He was quick to sense my spirit of "Just keep trying." The tears stopped and he "kept on trying."

And haven't you seen a toddler run to his mother after a fall or bump or a pinched finger, and display his hurt anxiously? After a calm but sympathetic examination let the mother smile and kiss the hurt part, and a "miraculous" healing takes place. Let her fuss and fume over the child—the hurt goes on hurting and the child goes on crying.

I learned early in the life of my second baby that a smile is the best introducer to new foods. The first time I opened a jar of strained spinach it looked most unappealing to me and I guess I just let my face go. When I offered it to Louise she turned her head away even though she had not

tasted it. The next time I tried a smile! With her eyes on my face, Louise accepted the food and as I went on smiling, she went on eating!

With a smile I helped encourage Louise's progress in toilet habits, in talking habits, in learning how to button a button and many other essential skills.

A smile can give your baby that all-important feeling of security too. When a baby is uncertain of his world he is unhappy all over. So when he finds himself in some new situation or in a new place, a friendly smile from mother helps give him the reassurance he needs. I know from experience that a visit to a strange home, a doctor's office, a crowded department store can seriously befuddle his little world. Like the first time I took Jimmy to a children's party. The milling youngsters, the extra attention he was getting confused him terribly. A pat and a big reassuring smile from me transmitted the feeling that everything was really okay. And he began to enjoy himself!

Perhaps the most important reason for smiling at children is that it helps to mold their whole personalities into sunny, pleasant ones. Setting an example by having a pleasant expression teaches them the "pleasant look" habit. They absorb the important vitamins of well-being from the sunlight of the smiles around them.

But remember one thing: if your smile doesn't get immediate results, don't give up. A smile, like the rays of the sun, does the most good after it soaks in.



CLOSE THE GATE!

Close the gate on yesterday, or today will be miserable. Close the gate on your failures. You cannot change what has happened already. What is done is done. If what you did was morally wrong, you can get busy about making retribution and being forgiven; then having learned your lesson, go on to something new and better. You made a careless mistake. You should not have made it but you did, and you have been nervous and upset about it. If you don't stop worrying you will make more mistakes.

Close the gate and keep on going. You have lost patience with your children and said things you wish you had left unsaid. Maybe you need to say, "I'm sorry" and then close the gate and make today bright and new!

God has given us a New Year. Close the gate behind you and face its dawn!

—Edward W. Stimson

Dundee Presbyterian Church

A SUGGESTION FOR CHURCH BULLETINS

Those of you who are responsible for church bulletins might welcome this suggestion that is used by the First Methodist Church of Carroll, Iowa. Below a picture of its beautiful new house of worship, the following is printed:

AN INVITATION

- to all who are weary and need rest,
- to all who mourn and need comfort,
- to all who sin and need a Saviour,
- to all who need the spirit of Jesus,
- to all who pray and need a sanctuary,
- to all who need a more abundant life,
- to all who are lonely and need friendship,
- to all who will come—

THIS CHURCH OPENS WIDE ITS DOORS!

Enter to Worship! Linger to Pray!
Leave to Serve!

Regardless of the size of your church or the appearance of its four walls, the words above could mean a great deal to those who enter its doors on Sunday morning.

WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the laborer,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

Announcing
ALL NEW

Monroe FOLD-KING

FOLDING BANQUET TABLE LINE

NEW-AUTOMATIC LOCKING
New, exclusive "jackknife" lock with spring collar. Snaps pedestal and legs into place, or folds.

NEW-STRONGER FRAME
Underframe solidly tied together at 14 vital points. Super bond corners.

NEW-WEAR-PROOF EDGES
Anodized aluminum lip molding, seal pinned. Heavy nickel steel corners.

FOLD-KING TABLES ARE ALL-NEW, NOT JUST "IMPROVED"
And no increase in prices; same big discounts and choice terms.

No. K-3 TABLE
TEMPERED MASONITE
PLASTICIZED TOP

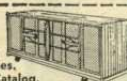
1908-1960
52 YEARS OF
LEADERSHIP

Kitchen committees, social groups, attention! Factory prices and discounts to Churches, Schools, Clubs, etc. Monroe all-
new FOLD-KING Banquet Tables, with exclusive new automatic folding and locking, super strength, easy seating.



All-Steel Folding Chairs
Monroe-approved, many styles and sizes. Direct prices and discounts. Excel in comfort, sturdiness, easy handling.

Trucks For Folding Tables, Chairs
7 Models. Smooth rolling. Handle & store chairs, tables. Save time and work. See Catalog.



FREE - COMPLETELY NEW 1960 CATALOG

Beautiful color pictures of MONROE FOLD-KING Folding Tables, Folding Chairs, Table and Chair Trucks, Portable Partitions, Bulletin Boards, Folding Risers and Platforms.

THE MONROE CO. 51 CHURCH ST. COLFAX, IOWA

BIG 48-CUP ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR GIVEN TO YOUR CHURCH OR CLUB WITHOUT 1¢ COST!



No Other Coffee Maker Has All These Amazing Features!

- ★ Makes up to 48 cups of perfect, steaming hot delicious coffee all your members will love.
- ★ Fully automatic—just add cold water, coffee and flip switch—it perks in a few minutes.
- ★ Safer—Easier to use. No chances of scalding by carrying or pouring boiling water.
- ★ When coffee reaches peak of flavor, it automatically switches to "low," keeps coffee hot.
- ★ See-Thru window at top shows when perking stops and coffee is ready to serve.
- ★ Liqua-Level Gauge shows quantity of ready-to-serve coffee remaining in percolator.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Now to Get This Big Percolator and Supply of My Famous Flavoring or Pepper

Just imagine! Your club or organization can get this brand new 48-Cup Electric Percolator immediately—without one cent cost to you! All you need do is fill out the coupon below completely and mail it to me *now*. **DON'T SEND ANY MONEY!** I'll ship you the Percolator and 50 (\$1 size) bottles of my famous Double Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring . . . OR, if you wish, I'll send you 50 (\$1 size) cans of my Special Grind Pure Black Pepper, outstanding for its extra-delicious "spiciness." (Check coupon for the product you want.) I ship freight collect, and I include enough extra Flavoring or Pepper to cover all shipping charges—all on credit—I trust you!



You Never Spend or Pay 1¢ of Your Own Money

Yes, I'll ship the Percolator to you right away. And I'll ship the Flavoring or Pepper to you at once **ON CREDIT**. Then you simply have 10 members each sell only 5 bottles of Flavoring or cans of Pepper, send money to me when all are sold, and the 48-Cup Percolator is yours to keep *without costing you a cent!* Take up to 60 days, if you wish, to sell the products and remit the proceeds.

Famous Plan Followed with Success by Over 50,000 Organizations

Join more than 50,000 churches, clubs, PTA's, schools, veterans' auxiliaries and others who get valuable equipment without 1¢ cost and who raise large sums of money thanks to my famous Anna Elizabeth Wade Plan. If instead of getting the Percolator, you would rather raise money for your church or club . . . see my Money-Raising Plan, described at left. Whatever plan you decide to follow (indicate preference on coupon), your organization will never find anything easier or faster to sell than Anna Elizabeth Wade Flavorings or Pepper. Their superiority is known from coast to coast, have the famous Good Housekeeping Seal. Women all over will appreciate the convenience of shopping for their daily necessities from your members, and they'll want to help your group.

Get Electric Percolator Right Away — MAIL COUPON TODAY!

You get this amazing 48-Cup Electric Percolator at once. Enjoy using it right away. Just fill out the coupon below *completely* and *mail it right now!*

OR Your Church or Club Can Raise
UP TO **\$50.00 CASH** for Its Treasury
Easy, Quick!

Mail Coupon to Get Everything You Need — ON CREDIT!

If your club would rather raise money for its treasury instead of getting the 48-Cup Electric Percolator right now—here's all you do. Mail coupon at right. **SEND NO MONEY**, I'll ship you 100 large 8 oz. cans of my famous Pepper or 100 large 12 oz. bottles of my Flavoring—check coupon for the product you want. I'll also send you enough extra merchandise to cover all shipping charges, all on credit. Have 10 members each sell only 10 cans of Pepper or 10 bottles of Flavoring at \$1.00 each. You keep \$50.00 (on Flavoring sales) or \$40.00 (on Pepper sales) CASH for your treasury, send me the balance of the proceeds. That's all. Take up to 60 days. You don't risk a penny of your treasury's money!

ANNA ELIZABETH WADE

Department 420AB • Lynchburg, Virginia

ANNA ELIZABETH WADE, Dept. 420AB Lynchburg, Va.

Please ship me the Anna Elizabeth Wade merchandise I have checked below by Freight Collect. Also include enough extra merchandise to cover fully the freight charges.

CHECK ONE

☐ Ship me the 48-Cup Electric Percolator and 50 \$1 cans (8 oz.) of your famous Black Pepper. We agree to remit the \$50.00 to you within 60 days.

☐ Ship me the 48-Cup Electric Percolator and 50 \$1 bottles (12 oz.) your Double Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring. We agree to remit the \$50.00 to you within 60 days.

☐ Ship me 100 \$1 cans (8 oz.) of your famous Black Pepper. We agree to remit \$60.00 of the proceeds to you within 60 days.

☐ Ship me 100 \$1 bottles (12 oz.) of your Double Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring. We agree to remit \$50.00 of the proceeds to you within 60 days.

SHIP TO _____
(Must be an Officer)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Name of Organization _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Please have another officer write name and address below)

Name of Another Officer _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"Little Ads"

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

March ads due January 10.
April ads due February 10.
May ads due March 10.

Send Ads Direct To
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

STONEGROUND CORNMEAL from open pollinated organically grown yellow corn. Write for free recipes and list of over 100 Health Foods. **BROWNVILLE MILLS**, Brownville, Nebraska.

HOW TO TRAP SPARROWS with "elevator" traps. Information every farmer should have. No obligation. It's free. Write: Sparrowtraps 1012, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

HEALTH BOOKLET—Arthritis, Overweight, Allergy, Nerves, 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer (nurse), Shell Rock, Iowa.

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. E-6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

FREE CATALOG, showing complete equipment for CAKE DECORATING and UNUSUAL BAKING. Atco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby or profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-KK Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD. Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. **ROSE REFINERS**, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORIES—Appliances, Cameras, Watches! Free details! Cam Company, 6810-KK 20th Ave., Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY weaving rugs at home for neighbors on \$79.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Union Loom Works, Dept. 7, Boonville, N. Y.

STAMPED LINES FOR EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING. Buy direct from manufacturer and save. Send for FREE catalog. **MERRIBEE**, 16 West 19th St., Dept. 668, New York 11, N. Y.

MAGNETIZE favorite potholders. Sew magnet in corner. 10 Magnets \$1.00. Associated, Box 1441, Des Moines, Iowa.

SEEKING NEW PRODUCTS? Get my outfit 47 money-making specialties. Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money. Just your name. **KRISTEE** 114, Akron, Ohio.

YOUR CHURCH OR GROUP can raise \$50.00 and more, easy and fast. Have 10 members each sell only ten \$1 bottles my famous Double Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring. Keep \$50 for your treasury. No money needed. Write Anna Elizabeth Wade, Dept. 419AB, Lynchburg, Va.

HANDCRAFT catalog 25¢; Unusual, different, Gift Catalog 25¢; Sewing Ideas 25¢; EZ made items from coathangers 25¢; Jiffy made items 25¢; All five above \$1.00. **LEISURE HOUR PRODUCTS**, Freeland 3, Penna.

GUARANTEED—crocheted dresses, dollies, aprons, hankies, hemstitching, buttonholes. Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

BIRTHDAY CARDS—21 for \$1.00; Get Well cards, 21 for \$1.00; Puss and Boots pen set, \$1.25; Stationery, \$1.25; Sympathy cards, \$1.25. Mrs. Georgia Bear, 2118 Burt Street, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

WILL DO HAND QUILTING, crocheting. Write Viola Kanago, Akron, Iowa.

NOVELTY SAIL-BOAT—10½" metallic dolly \$1.25. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

MAKE FIGURINES: Pleasant Home Work. Rubber For Molds. Catalogue Free. W. Wooley, 1016-KK Donald, Peoria, Illinois.

DO YOU NEED IDEAS for painting or embroidering? Do you need Perforated Patterns? Send for our CVH Pattern-Catalog containing over 400 fascinating motifs, 35 cents. CVH, West End, New Jersey.

WANTED TO BUY very old Sears and Wards catalogs, heavy pattern glass goblets, hanging lamps, dolls, tea leaf china, etc. What have you? Elsie Kucirek, 1507 South 58th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

BAND MOTHERS, AUXILIARIES, ORGANIZATIONS—raise money for your organization. Birthday calendars, cook books, packaged stationery, etc. We show you how. Write for details. Graphic Publishing Co., Inc., Lake Mills, Iowa.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS—45 and 78 RPM, 4 for \$1.00. Old and new tunes, slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

LUNCH CLOTH—embroidered and fringe \$2.50. Pillow slips 42" pineapple lace and rick rack crocheted above hem, \$5.00. Also swan and water lilies, \$3.50. 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.00. TV dolly, white, 7 watermelon pink roses, \$3.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

FOUR FAVORITE COOK BOOKS in neat 4¼ x 5½ box. Price \$2.00. Graphic Publishing Co., Inc., Lake Mills, Iowa.

WORK APPRECIATED—crocheting, plain sewing, baby kimonos made. Eva Donath, Strawberry Point, Iowa.

CROCHETED pineapple popcorn stitch dollies 12"—\$1.00. Hairpin pillow slip edgings 42"—\$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edges 47"—2 strips—\$1.00. Any color. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

BEST CHAPPED HAND LOTION RECIPE or Tote Bag Pattern 25¢ each. Meda Bentzinger, Donnellson, Iowa.

GOOSE-FEATHER BEDS for sale. Clean and in good condition, \$7.50 each. M. J. Albert, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY for every occasion. Graphic Publishing Co., Inc., Lake Mills, Iowa.

McGUFFEY'S READERS—Exact Copies of the original 1879 Edition, by the ORIGINAL PUBLISHERS. Prices Primer \$1.93, First Reader \$2.02, Second \$2.11, Third \$2.23, Fourth \$2.27, Fifth \$2.80, Sixth \$2.90. Full set \$15.50. **FAMOUS TEXTBOOKS**, 1021 West 12th, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

CENTENNIAL COOK BOOK published by Willing Workers Society of Spring Garden Lutheran Church, Cannon Falls, Minnesota. 242 pages chuck full of wonderful recipes. Spiral binding. Fine quality paper and printing. Order from Mrs. Merle Clauson, Cannon Falls, Minnesota. Price \$2.25 per copy plus 35¢ mailing charges.

SEWING—dependable, experienced. Mrs. S. Warner, Humboldt, South Dakota. Ad good anytime.

REPAIR DOLLS: Make Rubber Stamps; Invisible Reweaving; Catalogue "75 Ideas" Free. Universal, Box 1076-KK, Peoria, Illinois.

\$1.75 BRINGS 2½ LBS. QUILT PIECES. Guaranteed. Sacks Remnant Shop, 47 St. John St., Monticello 3, New York.

QUILT TOPS. Write information. Beulah Messamer, 1311 Prairie, Adel, Iowa.

FILM FINISHING!
Jumbo Prints 6-8-12 Exp.

49¢

per roll

12 Exposure Rolls, 49¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

For an Honest Value **LINCOLN STUDIOS** Box 13

Dept. 96
Lincoln, Nebr.

LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT

So many people have wanted to make this beautiful pansy quilt that Mother and I figured out a way to manage the pattern and directions. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

YOU TELL ME I AM GETTING OLD

YOU TELL ME I AM GETTING OLD.

I tell you that's not so!
The "house" I live in is worn out, and that, of course, I know.

It's been in use a long, long while; it's weathered many a gale; I'm really not surprised you think it's getting somewhat frail.

The color's changing on the roof, the window's getting dim,
The wall's a bit transparent and looking rather thin,
The foundation's not so steady as once it used to be—
My "house" is getting shaky, but my "house" isn't ME!

My few short years can't make me old. I feel I'm in my youth.
Eternity lies just ahead, a life of joy and truth.

I'm going to live forever, there; life will go on—it's grand!
You tell me I am getting old? You just don't understand.

The dweller in my little "house" is young and bright and gay;
Just starting on a life to last throughout eternal day.

You only see the outside, which is all that most folks see.
You tell me I am getting old?
You've mixed my "house" with ME!

—Dora Johnson
From *Equitable Life*
of Iowa *Towertalk*

(Mrs. Johnson, now deceased, wrote the above lines when she was in her 89th year . . . her first, and only, literary effort.)

COVER PICTURE

Somehow this new picture of Katharine, Paul and Biscuit seems to us so very, very typical of *all* family pictures when small youngsters and their pet get together for the photographer.

We even like the detail that Katharine's dress hangs below her coat in places! The only perfect hemlines we've ever seen are on models—or when a coat is *brand new*. In everyday life our children grow like weeds and first thing we know, dresses don't make a perfect hemline with bottom of coat but just straggle down here and there. It's left to the rich (or professional models) to keep winter coats in perfect alignment.

Dear Mary Beth bundled up both children and stowed in the dog to drive many miles to the photographer just so we could get this picture for our January cover. By the time it was taken, everyone felt plumb worn out. We've shown you the final shot so you can see for yourself how droopy even poor Biscuit looked!

(I know you folks get a kick out of funny things, so I want to tell you that when the photographer's formal bill arrived it said at the top: Exposures of Katharine, Paul and Biscuit Driftmier. I laughed until I cried when I opened that bill!)—Lucile