

TX1
K57X
C. 2

Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 26

JANUARY, 1962

NUMBER 1



Mr. and Mrs. Donald Driftmier and their three children express the sentiments of all of us when they wish for you the best of everything this New Year.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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 1962 by The Driftmier Company.

Dear Friends:

This is a bleak, cold Sunday morning and when we got up to icy walks we knew instantly that we couldn't go to church. This is always a disappointment but we are grateful for the worship services on radio and television nowadays.

We're anticipating attending services regularly in Redlands, California this winter, for the church there is built on the ground level. As many of you know, I lived in Redlands before Mart and I were married and sang in the choir of this church every Sunday, so it is a special pleasure to be able to attend services there each winter.

Yes, we hope to be leaving Shenandoah for a few months' stay in warmer climate. Mart has been in touch with the manager of the La Posada Hotel and we're assured of the same room on the same floor that we've had in the past. Neither Mart nor I like change (I suppose this is because we are getting older.) and when we have the same location each winter, we feel more at home.

This has been a very dry year in Southern California and we're feeling so sorry for the families who lost their homes by fire. Perhaps there will be more rainfall this winter than usual, as such conditions frequently follow periods of drouth, but we won't complain for this part of the country desperately needs moisture. At least we will be out of the snow and ice!

My sister Jessie is leaving for San Mateo, California soon where she will visit her daughter Ruth and her family. I know how much she is anticipating seeing the five little grandchildren for I have pangs of lonesomeness when I don't have the opportunity to see some of my grandchildren frequently. Ruth has lovely flowers around her home and Jessie will enjoy working in the garden, soaking up some of that wonderful California sunshine. We're making plans for her to come down to Redlands to spend some time with us, also.

Her trip out will take her through Keddie, California where she will stop for a visit with our brother Sol. You couldn't ask for a more beautiful location for their home for he lives among the tall pines at the head of Feather River Canyon. Sol's work for many years has been with Boy Scouts and

now he is resident manager of a big Boy Scout camp. It gives him a most satisfied feeling to be working with youngsters whose fathers received his help when they were Scouts, and I expect those little fellows are all ears to hear Sol's true adventure stories about breaking horses, catching mountain lions alive, and trapping bears! And probably all ears to hear stories told of their fathers when they, too, were campers!

When you saw the picture of Oliver and Margery in last month's magazine, and read what was written under it, you noted that in all probability Margery will be driving us to California. How soon we leave depends upon Mart's health. He hasn't been feeling very well in recent weeks, so we'll not start out until he feels in tip-top condition.

I've started my big winter's project. I tried to hold off until we got to California, but when the huge box of yarn came for my afghan, I couldn't resist getting to work on it! Other years I have made embroidered tablecloths and quilts, smocked dresses or cross-stitched aprons, but my enthusiasm to begin an afghan was launched when I saw the new one that one of my friends had just completed. It was worked in lovely pastel colors, instead of the usual bright shades, and was simply beautiful. When I took a good look at the one I had made many years ago, I decided that it was beginning to look "ratty" and that a new one, such as my friend had made, would make a much better appearance on the davenport in the library.

This "Grandmother's Afghan" is composed of 4-inch squares which, when joined together, will make a coverlet 52 x 68 inches, so you can see that I have quite a job ahead of me, especially since I haven't held a crochet hook in my hands for years. It always was difficult for me to hold the yarn at just exactly the right tension, so I've been making some practice blocks. When they begin to look alike, are the same size and, in other words, "good enough", I'll feel that I'm really on my way.

As I mentioned, I'm making this one in pastel colors, set together with beige and finished with beige fringe around the edges. It's been great fun choosing the color schemes for the blocks from the wide range of colors

that were included in my order.

We enjoyed having our granddaughter Kristin and one of her college friends with us for a week-end recently. Both girls love music and spent a lot of time playing records at our house and at Margery's. Kristin's friend, Pat Linenger, is a music major and we would have enjoyed hearing her play but we let our piano go a number of years ago when the children were grown and we had no further use for it. The girls were so helpful around the house. They both said that it seemed strange to be working in the kitchen for they have such few occasions for that now.

Shenandoah homes are equipped with dial telephones now and we are gradually becoming adjusted to the new telephone numbers. I still find myself picking up the phone, preparing to give the operator some old familiar number just to have to hang up and look up the new number in the directory!

We felt it a great honor that Mart received the first call when the change-over was made. He started in the telephone business sixty years ago and in his earlier days was manager of the local telephone company. The first call was made by the mayor of our town and he and Mart talked about the early telephone company. While they were talking, their conversation was heard over a loud-speaker at a luncheon being held at the hotel for this special occasion. Mart joined the group after the call and enjoyed his visit with the various officials in attendance.

Some cities already have direct dialing for long-distance calls and I suppose that it won't be long until this is common throughout the entire country. It seems fantastic that the time will come when this is familiar procedure for all of us. Calls go through very quickly as it is, but just think how it will be to dial directly to homes in other distant places! We've seen some great changes in our country in our lifetimes and no doubt will see many more for things are progressing so rapidly.

We're constantly grateful that our children are able to take over now that we are older and find it necessary to sit on the sidelines. We can't help but be proud with the growth and development of the business since it started on our dining room table thirty-five—and soon thirty-six—years ago.

I must get out to the kitchen now. It's time to put the pan of scalloped potatoes in the oven with the ham that has been baking slowly for several hours. I've been trying to use up the last of the Jonathan apples so I baked a pan of those this morning. We like them so much as a dessert when we have baked ham.

In the next issue, perhaps I can tell you about our trip to California. In the meantime, best wishes for a happy New Year!

Sincerely,

Leanna

MARGERY'S MONTHLY LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

Never do I recall a month having passed as quickly as this one. Perhaps it is because I've been busier than usual and perhaps, also, because there have been an unusually large number of activities, other than business, which have consumed my interest.

The first special event was the visit from Oliver's sister Nina and her husband, Robert Lester. Bob (as we call him) had business in Iowa and, finding it convenient to combine "business with pleasure", they drove on to Shenandoah to spend two days with relatives. Oliver, Martin and I had had a lovely visit in their home in Rockford, Illinois this summer so it was nice to be able to reciprocate their hospitality.

Following their visit, I started research on Oriental religions. This subject has always been one of great interest to me so it was assigned to me as a topic for a club program. Oliver and I own a number of books that contain information on various ancient religions, but I also relied on a number of reference books from our local library. The more I read, the more fascinated I became and found it increasingly difficult to "boil it down" so that, in my enthusiasm, I wouldn't give too lengthy a program. The "boiling down" took as much time as the research!

I hadn't realized the extent of similarities in the various religions until I prepared this material. Just to mention one, I learned that all of the great religions have this in common: the Golden Rule. Isn't that interesting? I wish that I had time to delve deeper into this field, for it certainly is important in this day and age, with the world shrinking in size the way it is, for us to know and understand the many peoples of the world and their beliefs.

Another special event this past month was the annual Silent Bazaar Dinner held at our Congregational church. We have held this dinner for several years and have found it a very successful means for raising money for the Women's Fellowship.

If you've read my letters previously about the themes we've used in the past, you know that this is our biggest, fanciest dinner of the year. This year the dinner was Hawaiian. This theme was selected because we have been putting special emphasis on foreign missions and Congregationalist missionaries were the first to establish Christianity on the islands. The fact that a number of our church members have visited this new state recently had something to do with the selection, also.

The invitations, including an envelope for a generous donation, were mailed out some time in advance—not only to give us ample time to reserve the date, but also to allow plenty of time to round up something to wear! In the invitation we were encouraged to dress as "Hawaiianish" as we could. As you might imagine, we looked very



Oliver in his gay sport shirt and Margery in her brightly flowered muu muu enjoyed a Hawaiian dinner at the Congregational Church in Shenandoah, Iowa.

gay in muu muu's, brightly flowered shirts and dresses, flowers in our hair and leis around our necks. Those who didn't have leis were given some to wear upon their arrival at the dinner, so even the *more conservative* of the group were gaily decorated in spite of themselves!

The food was in keeping with the theme—baked ham, pineapple rings, rice casseroles, coconut cake, etc., and the tables were beautifully decorated with sea weed, shells, leis and miniature palm trees.

The young people assisted with the program when the story of the Hawaiian Islands and the part that our missionaries had played was told to the group.

Martin has been busy with his school work. Every evening finds him at his desk with the ever-present homework. Not only are there daily assignments, but also special research papers to work on as well. This is one of the big adjustments that comes along with high school, for youngsters must not only fulfill the daily requirements but budget their time for long-range assignments. The first time this occurred, Martin put it off until the last minute and then suffered through the mad scramble of having too short a time to do a rather big project. He learned his lesson and now is aware that each evening, when daily work is completed, he must devote some time to the long-range assignments that involve research. It is good training, of course.

Shenandoah Public Schools have held their yearly Open Houses. I was sorry to have to miss Martin's this year, but had a recurrence of my back trouble and was unable to attend. However, Oliver went and gave me a detailed report, even to the *tea table*, so he was *most* observant. Martin and a friend performed a science experiment for visitors to the science classroom and was certain he had given it so many times that he would be doing it in his sleep for weeks! (Certainly,

he should never miss *that* one in a test!)

It was shortly after this that Martin visited the Johnson farm and had his first experience with hunting. Now, he is hoping that his Uncle Frank will do some trapping this winter and invite him to the farm again so he can see first-hand what that's all about.

As much as anything, I think he enjoys being away from home and visiting with other people. Dorothy and Frank found him quite a chatterbox. In other words, there were new ears to listen! This, too, is very good for young people and it is important for them to hear views aside from those of their parents. It helps them to broaden their outlook on the world and form their own opinions from what they see and hear. It is also hoped that they can, as a result, gain information to bring back to the family. One of the most impressive instances of this was when Martin went to Minnesota last summer with a group of young people from the church. He was so thrilled to tell *us* some things we didn't know about fishing. It gave him a real sense of dignity. His hunting experiences with Frank gave him the same opportunity, for his father and I know nothing about hunting. Such things seem so small but are very significant to developing individualism.

Last month we thought it very *possible* that I would be able to drive the folks to California. It will necessarily be a hurried trip for now that I'm assisting more with the magazine, I can't spare very much time away from home.

I like to start on new things and feel the same about starting a new year. It's like the beginning of a brand-new week, only bigger and better. It certainly is a time for reflection, as well as a time to think of the future. Most of us will be doing the same old things we've always done, but at least we can try to do them *better* during this coming year. Like the rest of you, my resolutions are *mostly* concerned with my relationships with people—patience, kindness, generosity, understanding, and all of the virtues that we strive for every day. A new year is a good time to rededicate ourselves to doing the very best we possibly can.

Sincerely,

Margery

THEY HAVE A HEART!

A woman has a heart for these—

Bumped heads, cut fingers and
skinned knees;

For sons who can't find where their
socks are,

And daughters wishing on a star!

A man is putty for a son

Who wants a car, a reel, a gun;

For hugs and kisses and caresses

From daughters who want pretty
dresses!

Sons and daughters, being smart

And onto all this, have a heart

For getting at the parents who

Will do the thing they want them
to!

—Helen Harrington

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Happy New Year, Dear Friends!

For some of you this greeting will come at just about the right moment—all of the bustle connected with Christmas is over and you are catching your breath; in just a short span of time the first day of 1962 will be at hand, then the children will be back in school and you can settle down into the familiar and downright comforting routine of daily life.

But for others this greeting will come as an anti-climax, so to speak, and it will be necessary to pause a few seconds and remember that the holiday season of 1961-1962 has actually come and gone. This is true of all you friends who live overseas, and believe me, the number of these names and addresses in our files never ceases to astound us.

Yet it isn't necessary to live in another country to have our belated New Year's greetings, for the first two weeks of January are peppered with cards and letters from friends all over the United States who say that somehow or another they missed out on their copy of Kitchen-Klatter. There is such a tremendous avalanche of mail handled through the holidays that I'm almost surprised to hear that *anyone* receives his January issue on schedule! Most people are pretty patient and understanding about these mix-ups and delays . . . thank goodness. (The old saying: 'There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' most certainly applies to this problem of getting a magazine into the mail on December 26th, for anything and everything can happen after those big sacks leave our office.) But no matter when this particular issue comes into your hands, the wish for a happy new year remains steadfast.

Well, even though Thanksgiving has long since come and gone, I want to report that all of our plans actually worked out right down to the last detail. Russell and I made it out to New Mexico without running into a blizzard, and when we skimmed through towns where people were stranded for five days last year at approximately the same time because of terrific snow and ice, we felt extremely fortunate. Juliana and her friends came up from Albuquerque right on schedule, and even the plane from Arizona that carried two of her Shenandoah high school classmates made it into the Albuquerque airport ten minutes ahead of time! We had braced ourselves to have that plane arrive hours behind schedule, or even to be grounded someplace indefinitely; so you can see that it seemed quite remarkable to have everyone right on deck at exactly the right moment.

When we sat down to our big turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day, Russell and I felt peculiar, to say the least. Through the years we had seen these girls at our table many, many times and they were still the same girls, but it seemed almost fantastic to have them gathered around a dining room table in New Mexico. My! how much they had to catch up on! You would have thought they had been separated for years rather than for only a few

months. All of them arrived with stacks of books and grim reports of what they had to do over the holiday, but I don't believe a single book was opened nor a single pencil put to paper. (Russell and I knew at the outset that all these good intentions would go with the wind—we would have dropped dead if any of them had studied.) All of them announced too that they planned to catch up on their sleep—and there was precious little sleeping done.

But they had a perfectly wonderful time and we had a perfectly wonderful time, so it's my impression that none of us will ever forget the Thanksgiving holiday of 1961. And probably it will seem totally unreal when the same crowd sits down to our dining room table in Shenandoah during the Christmas holiday—an event that I'm anticipating as I write this.

Juliana is flying home for Christmas and when she went to buy her ticket in mid-November she learned that we hadn't just been "nagging" in all our letters that carried the P.S. "Have you bought your ticket? *Don't put this off.*" I'm sure she thought we were simply fussy and anxious, but when she *did* take action on her ticket she found to her utter astonishment that only one reservation was open, first class, and never in her wildest dreams had she planned to go first class. But that was the only thing left and she had no choice whatsoever. Furthermore, she couldn't even get a return reservation of any kind, so how and when she will return to Albuquerque after New Year's is more than any of us now know. If you have young people coming home for the holidays (particularly college freshman who are on their own for the first time when it means lining up transportation) you probably know this whole story only too well.

My fruit cakes were baked and put away to ripen quite some time ago, but I'm saving the Christmas cookies, until Juliana gets home. She has always loved to bake and decorate Christmas cookies, and if I say so myself, she has a very special knack with them. One year she made cardboard patterns for angels of various kinds, and they were perfectly beautiful. I've never had what might be called a seventh sense when it comes to rolling out cookie dough, but even when Juliana was a very little girl she had a magic touch with the rolling pin and could slip intricately cut cookies on to a baking sheet without any trouble whatsoever.

In January Russell and I will celebrate our silver wedding anniversary, and when I think of the world we know today contrasted to the world in which we started our married life, I sometimes think that I'm living on another planet. There is simply no way to convey to young people what our world was like in 1937! Probably this inability to describe a way of life that no longer exists has always been true to some degree between generations, but in one respect there is a difference today that had never been true before—the prospect of envisioning the very world itself being destroyed.

War is certainly no mythical un-

reality to Russell and to me for we both remember World War I, and by the time we were married in 1937 we saw Hitler's shadow falling heavily upon the universe. Then there was all the chaos and tragedy of World War II—the long years of anxiety that preceded it, the war years themselves, and then the extended turbulence that followed the never-to-be-forgotten August day when Japan surrendered. No, war is not a myth to us in any way whatsoever.

But there was something very "individual" about it, and when I say "individual" I think you know what I mean. We didn't regard ourselves as anonymous specks in "the crater zone" or within 20 miles of the target area" or "in the path of fall-out pattern". These monstrous possibilities simply didn't exist, and thus the world seemed reasonably stable and certain no matter what tragedy and devastation was wrought upon some given area. (I'm sure, for instance, that people who lived through the worst bombings in Europe always felt in the back of their minds that if only they pulled through this particular raid they might make it to the next city or town and escape with their lives.)

But now there is "no next city or town" and this simple fact makes all the difference. It is bad enough for anyone of any age to face such a fact, but for young people who *should* feel that the whole world is ahead of them to look at such a fact—well, this seems to me a terrible thing, an unspeakable thing. Russell and I were deeply saddened by the resignation with which Juliana and her friends discussed the present state of our world. They are prepared, psychically, for *anything*.

Yet in all this expression of stark reality there was one thing that heartened us immeasurably, and it was the horror they felt at lifting their hand against their fellow man. They could not conceive of denying aid to their neighbor. They grew up hearing: "Love thy neighbor as thyself" and it penetrated into their very bones. They are not interested in a world where in one *kills* his neighbor. They want this world to endure and they want to live in it and to make it a much, much better world.

If our young people hope for such a world, surely it is a sacred obligation for all their parents to work for such a world. There is a new year ahead of us, and if we used only a fraction of our communal energy for achieving peace rather than in preparing for a war of total annihilation, we could change the history of man upon this earth. I, for one, firmly believe that this can be done, and I intend to act upon my belief in 1962.

The clock tells me that it is almost time to grab up the cakes I made earlier today and hurry to the office for afternoon coffee break. (Yes, I meant to write "cakes"—not "cake". There was a time when a big three-layer cake would stretch to serve the Kitchen-Klatter crew, but one of those is just a teaser these days!)

If you didn't get a good long letter written to us in 1961 I hope you'll get
(Continued on page 18)

FREDERICK TELLS MORE ABOUT HIS EUROPEAN EXPERIENCES

West Germany

Dear Friends:

As I write this letter I'm looking out of the window at a gray, rainy sky where clouds hang heavily over the mountains that border the valley of the Rhine. A few minutes ago I was out in that cold rain with some of our American Air Force fighter pilots. They had invited me to visit them on the flight line where their lightning-fast jet planes stand ready to be used at a moment's notice. In the wind and rain I inspected their planes and looked into the cockpits at the maze of electronic instruments and automatic devices which defy description. Shouting to make myself heard above the deafening roar of planes taking off in the immediate vicinity, I complimented the pilots. "I just want to shake your hand," I said to one young lieutenant. "How you ever learned to fly this plane I shall never know. It thrills me to think of the courage and skill all of you pilots must have."

Since last writing to you I've preached thirty-three times to Air Force personnel and their families, and have been a guest at twenty-two coffee-hours and church suppers. How is that for a month of activity? And I'm not through yet, for tomorrow I leave Germany to journey into France where I expect to be preaching to large numbers of men only recently arrived in Europe. In one more week, I'll be on a plane winging my way back across the Atlantic Ocean to Springfield, Massachusetts, home, and South Congregational Church.

There is so much to tell people about my six weeks' tour of some of the large air bases in Germany and France, that it'll take weeks in the telling. First of all, I'll speak of the pride that I have in the accomplishments of our Air Force people. And when I speak of the Air Force, I'm speaking of their families, too. Like many of you, I had read recent magazine articles that spoke of the comforts and the luxuries that our Americans are supposed to have here in Europe. I was interested to learn at first-hand just how false some of that information has been. Thousands and thousands of Americans are making a real sacrifice for their country. Great numbers of men must live in massive barracks without their families, and thousands of families must live in small apartments with several children sharing a single bedroom. Still more families are having to live in villages under conditions quite different from those they knew back in the States. Some are very comfortably situated, it's true, but even at best, it's no easy thing to live in Europe in these days of tension and uncertainty.

One subject that I'll discuss frequently upon my return to the States, will be the most incredible work that is being done in this part of the world by our Air Force Chaplains. I'm sure that it will seem strange to you to think of "pot-luck suppers" in the front line of defense of the Free World with dozens of families and still



The Rev. Dr. Frederick Driftmier of the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Massachusetts, is shown speaking with Lt. Al Logan of the 22nd Tactical Fighter Squadron at Bitburg AB, West Germany. Dr. Driftmier conducted religious missions at the major air bases in Germany and France. Lt. Logan is from Ravia, Oklahoma.

more dozens of single persons attending. At each base we've had at least one such supper when only the roar of the planes taking off in the field nearby reminded us that we were fellowshipping in Germany and not in Iowa. Most of our people at home find it hard to visualize not just one, but dozens of Sunday Schools with thousands of American children in attendance all the way from Norway to North Africa and beyond. There is no building on an air base with more activity than the chapel, and how these dedicated chaplains manage to do all that they do is a first-class achievement.

Some of my friends back home are going to be interested to learn that even in Europe I've found *Kitchen-Klatter* friends who have been reading my letters for years. Just yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Grace Allington of Wymore, Nebraska and Mrs. William T. McDonald of Elwood, Nebraska. These two have been attending all of my preaching services on this particular base and we had a good time reminiscing about Nebraska and Shendoah and our mutual friends.

Perhaps some of you folks in the neighborhood of Peru, Nebraska will remember Pastor Haselbarth who was in America as an exchange student a short time ago. Pastor Haselbarth is now in Freising, Germany where he is the Assistant Pastor of a large Lutheran Church. He was married a few months ago, and he and his bride have a nice apartment a short distance from a large colony of Americans. He attended one of my services and afterwards the two of us had refreshments in a little restaurant not far away. How pleased he was to visit with someone who knew a part of America

that he had come to love. He wanted me to give his greetings to all of his Nebraska friends.

Upon my return to Springfield, I'm going to be kept busy writing to the parents or to the wives of men I have met out here. I must particularly write to the families of men I have visited in the hospitals. Back during the years of the war, I know how much it meant to my parents to hear from someone who had actually talked with me when I was in Africa.

Even though I have been working under great pressure during this tour, there have been some hours of pleasant travel and relaxation. I had a perfectly beautiful airplane ride across West Germany in a little four-seated observation plane. It flew slowly and at a very low altitude. How thrilling it was to see the vast valleys where the land was divided into small plots with no fences, but rows and rows of beautiful shrubs and trees to mark them. Germany doesn't have the brilliant fall colors that we have at home, but there is much lovely color of a more subtle nature. The Bavarian Alps with their peaks covered with the first snows of winter were almost breath-taking in grandeur.

I spent one whole day walking up and down the streets of Munich. It was a holiday and the shops were closed, but what a treat it was just to look into the windows. Surely, you are aware that one of the richest countries in the world today is West Germany. As I told the Air Force men: "Every time you see a rich-looking, well dressed German walking down the street, say a little prayer of thanksgiving, for there will go one of the finest advertisements for the

(Continued on page 18)

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY MUSICAL

(This plan for an excellent program adaptable to many situations was sent in by Mrs. R. M. Waldron of Glendon, Iowa. Mrs. Waldron was co-chairman when this was presented recently at an evening's entertainment in her church.)

SETTING

On the stage or platform put a large white frame which is well spotlighted. This will be used for the "living pictures" depicting each month of the year. At one side of the platform place a small table or a lectern for the reader. Have a chair close by so that she can sit during the musical numbers. The musicians, with the exception of the robed choir which sits near the back of the room, should be seated as near the piano or organ as convenient. Plan the seating of the audience so a center aisle is left open.

In a prominent place in the room or near the entrance where people can see them as they enter, have tables covered with pretty cloths on which are placed twelve cakes, each cake decorated in the theme of one month of the year. Tapers and flowers may be arranged on the tables around the cakes.

PROGRAM

Prelude: "If I'd Known You Were Coming I'd a Baked a Cake." *(The choir, seated at the rear, sings the chorus.)*

Reader: "We did know you were coming and we did bake a dozen cakes for our birthday party—and what a party it will be—really twelve parties all rolled into one! The first thing that should happen at a birthday party is the singing of the birthday song. Let's all enter into the spirit tonight and sing, 'Happy Birthday, Dear Neighbor'."

Group Singing: "Happy Birthday"

(Two high school girls dressed in party dresses and wearing little paper party hats at a rakish angle take their places in the frame on stage. One pretends to blow on a toy horn and the other has a handful of confetti which she scatters when they leave the frame.)

Reader: "These girls are celebrating the year's birthday for it is New Year's Eve. January's flower is the carnation and the birthstone is the garnet. Its significance is constancy."

Solo: "Winter Wonderland"

(As the two January girls leave, a little boy and girl carrying a huge decorated satin heart enter and stand in the frame.)

Reader: "One of the nicest days for February's children is Saint Valentine's Day. Your flower is the violet, your birthstone is the amethyst and it stands for contentment."

Duet or Solo: "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"

(February's children leave as five little girls dressed in green go onto the platform. One stands in the frame while two stand on each side.)

Reader: "A happy birthday to all of you who were born in March. Your flower is the golden jonquil, the bloodstone is your birthstone and it means courage."

Solo: "Galway Bay"

(The March children leave as two little children dressed in rabbit costumes hop in and stand in the frame.)

Reader: "April's child usually has Easter with all the glory of the resurrection, of nature's re-awakening and of fashion! Sweet peas are your flower, the diamond is your birthstone and it signifies innocence."

Solo: "Easter Parade" *(As the solo is being sung a group of children dressed in their pretty "Sunday best" enter from the rear of the room, go down the center aisle to the platform, walk around the frame and exit. The rabbits hop off after them.)*

(The pianist plays "Pomp and Circumstance" as two high school seniors wearing caps and gowns, enter from the back and march down to the platform and stand in the frame.)

Reader: "In the month of May we remember May baskets, our mothers and graduation. The flower is the lily of the valley, the birthstone is the emerald and it stands for success in love."

(The music is resumed, the "graduates" change the tassel on their mortarboards, step through the frame and march out the same way they came in.)

Solo: "I love You Truly" *(As solo is being sung a recent bride, dressed in her traditional white wedding dress, takes her place in the frame. The pianist plays "Here Comes the Bride" and a parade of brides comes down from the back of the room, goes up on the platform and forms a semi-circle behind and to the sides of the frame. The more types and years of wedding gowns available the more interesting this parade will be.)*

Reader: "June is the traditional month for brides. Your flower is the rose and your birthstone the pearl which stands for purity. We have represented here tonight the following: *(Here the reader gives the name of each bride and the year the wedding took place. The pianist plays the recessional from Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as the brides leave the platform.)*

(A boy scout in uniform and carrying a flag enters and takes his place in the frame.)

Reader: "July's children celebrate the birthday of our nation. We all love parades and a stirring band. Your flower is the larkspur. Your birthstone is the ruby and means nobility of mind."

Piano Duet: "The Stars and Stripes Forever"

(Boy Scout leaves as two children dressed as clowns and holding a quantity of balloons on strings take their place in the frame.)

Reader: "August is vacation month—a fun month. A happy experience may be a trip to the circus or the fair. Your flower is the gladiola and your birthstone, which means felicity, is the moonstone."

Piano Solo: "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" *(As the pianist plays, the children step through the frame, run down the center of the room to the rear and exit. The music stops when they leave the room.)*

(A teacher enters and stands in the

frame.)

Reader: "For September's children the flower is the aster and the birthstone is the sapphire, which means to prevent evil. The big event of the month is school. School! SCHOOL!"

Solo: "Apple for the Teacher" *(As this is sung a group of 4th grade children come down the center aisle. The first child gives the teacher a basket and each child following hands her a big red apple which she puts into the basket. The children form a semi-circle around the teacher and stand until the solo is finished, then exit.)*

(A little boy and girl dressed in Indian costumes take their place in the frame.)

Reader: "October's child is filled with hope as signified by the birthstone, the opal. The flower is the calendula. It is harvest time, Hallo-we'en and Indian summer."

Piano Duet or Vocal Solo: "Indian Love Call"

(Little Indians leave as a girl dressed like a Pilgrim enters and takes her place in the frame. She stands with head bowed and hands folded in a prayerful attitude.)

Reader: "For the month of November the birthstone, which means fidelity, is the topaz and the flower is the chrysanthemum. It is the glorious month of Thanksgiving."

Solo: "Bless This House" *(Pilgrim exits.)*

Reader: "And now for December; the flower is the narcissus and the birthstone, signifying the prosperous life, is the turquoise. December is a month of parties, joy, carols, gifts and the celebration of Christmas."

(The pianist plays "O Come All Ye Faithful" as a small Christmas tree is placed in the center of the frame by a "stagehand". The choir stands and proceeds, singing as they come, from the rear of the room. They ascend to the platform and form a semi-circle behind and to the sides of the frame. If it is a large choir two or more rows may be formed. A man (or the minister, himself) robed in a minister's gown and carrying an open Bible follows the choir to the platform and stands beside the lectern or desk. When the choir finishes singing the minister reads portions of the Christmas story as found in Luke. He closes with the following:)

Minister: "Christmas is a time of remembering the greatest event in human history. God gave to the world His precious gift, His Son Jesus, that the world through Him might be redeemed."

(The reader tells the audience that this is the conclusion of the program and gives information as to where the refreshments will be served. Two hostesses direct "traffic" to the place where the birthday cakes, punch, tea or coffee are ready. The reception rooms and table should be attractively decorated as is usual for a birthday party. One birthday cake at a time is cut and served. It is especially lovely if the prettily dressed brides cut the cake, serve the punch or tea, see that the cups are kept on the table and hand plates to the guests as they approach the table for service.)

MARTIN HAD SOME NEW EXPERIENCES WHEN HE VISITED THE JOHNSON FARM

Dear Friends:

About the time this magazine reaches you, you'll be putting up your new calendar. Since moving to the farm I'm more inclined to think of our year starting the first of March when the farmers begin to go over their machinery in preparation for the field work. When Frank heads for the fields with the disc behind the tractor, I'm really conscious that the new year has started—a new year and a new crop.

We felt very glad that we were able to have our beans combined early, but felt *especially* fortunate because that was the last decent harvesting weather we had. If you can't combine as soon as the beans are dry enough, many of them shatter to the ground and you lose much of your yield. Frank tells me that freezing weather is particularly bad for them. We had so much rain in Lucas County that many farmers never did get their beans and lost the entire crop.

Farmers used to be considered extremely slow if they didn't have their corn in the cribs by Thanksgiving, but a lot of corn was still standing in the fields on Thanksgiving Day this year. Not too many years ago if the corn was dry enough to pick but the fields were too muddy for tractors and pickers, a man could hitch up the team and pick the corn by hand if he had to. Now, there are very few who own a team of horses and we're among those few. We had a team until about three years ago and it was surprising how often Frank used them, especially in the timber during the winter months. Frank loves horses and has wished many times that he had another good team.

One weekend before the squirrel season was over, Kristin wrote that she had a ride home and hoped that we could have squirrel for one meal while she was here. Frank remarked that he was out of shells and if he was going to get a squirrel for her, he'd have to make a trip to town to buy some more. He went outside to do some chores and in less than ten minutes he came back carrying a squirrel. He said, "Don't tell me that Tinker (our little dog) doesn't understand everything we say. He heard you read that letter and decided if Kristin wanted a squirrel and I didn't have any shells, he would have to do something about it. Here is Kristin's squirrel!" Tinker was very excited and pleased with himself and you can be sure that we gave him a special treat and much praise for being such a smart dog!

I had to laugh over a letter I received from a friend the other day because it sounded just like it might have happened at our house. This friend said that one of the clubs she belongs to has been studying the arranging of beautiful winter centerpieces out of the ordinary weeds one finds in the country. She had been out a number of times looking for thistles, etc. Her husband came in one day with a few weeds and handed them to her saying: "To think how hard I



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) is never happier than when she has some of her grandchildren around her. Shown here are Alison and Clark, younger children of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, and Kristin, daughter of Frank and Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson. Alison collects stuffed animals and brought a favorite one with her when the Denver Driftmiers came for a visit.

work and how much money I spend hoeing and spraying to get rid of these things, and to you they are rare and special!" She was ordering the pixies to add the finishing touch to her centerpiece and in spite of her husband's reaction to the weeds, I'll bet she ended up with a real "eye-catcher". (If he'll admit it, I expect her husband thought so, too!)

One day last fall when Martin, Margery and Oliver spent a day with us, Martin told Frank how much he would love to come up some time and go hunting with him. Oliver doesn't hunt so Martin had never had this experience. When I went to Shenandoah recently, Frank suggested that I bring Martin home with me for the weekend. After talking it over with Margery and Oliver, I invited him and you never saw such an excited boy in your life! He stopped at the folks' house the very next morning and announced that his suitcase was packed and he was ready to go. Since I wasn't leaving for a few days, he had to look at his packed bags for the better part of a week. Margery says that he always packs long in advance of any trip and that makes waiting so difficult for him!

Oliver had told Martin that if his Uncle Frank was going to take the time to go hunting with him, he would have to help with the chores and any other work he could do. The first morning he was up bright and early, raring to get started. When the chores were finished, they came into the house for hamburgers before starting out.

Off they headed for the timber—Frank carrying the shotgun and Martin carrying the rifle. Frank had given Martin instructions as to how a gun should be carried and told him that it would remain unloaded until he saw how carefully he handled it. He also told him to walk just a few feet behind him at all times. Living in town, Martin doesn't do much walking. He

lives just a block from school and an occasional walk to town is a lot different from tramping up and down hills through timber with heavy boots plus overshoes on your feet. Consequently, Martin became "winded" very soon. Frank, turning around to see if he was still behind him, would often find him quite far behind, sitting on a log to rest!

When they returned a couple of hours later they had only one rabbit. It wasn't really good rabbit-hunting weather because there was no snow on the ground. When the dogs scared one out, it was impossible to track it. Martin's account was that the dogs ran so far ahead of them that by the time the rabbit ran out, they could just get a glimpse of it and it would be gone. And, they were just the color of the ground and hard to see!

I knew that Martin, especially, would be "starved" after the unusual amount of exercise, so I had a big rabbit dinner at noon—rabbits that were in the freezer. My! how that boy did eat!

By afternoon the roads were getting a little slick so Frank decided to drive the car out to the gravel. (We often do that when it looks as if our lane might become impassable.) Martin went with him and they walked back—more exercise—and then worked around the lot.

Frank let Martin drive the tractor while they hauled hay to the cattle. This was a *big* thrill because Martin has never driven a car and it was the first time he had driven *anything*. Remembering his instructions, he very cheerfully carried out the ashes and carried in the wood. At the supper table that evening, he said that he guessed you could sure tell that he was a city boy because he was *all in*! The fact that he fell into bed at 7:30 was proof enough!

The next morning he was up early and eager to go. This time they left

(Continued on page 16)

WAY BACK WHEN—

Thirty-Five Years Ago

We've been thrilled with the number of letters in recent months from friends who listened to *Kitchen-Klatter* and read the *Mother's Hour Letter* thirty-five years ago. We couldn't ask for more faithful friends than you have been through all these years.

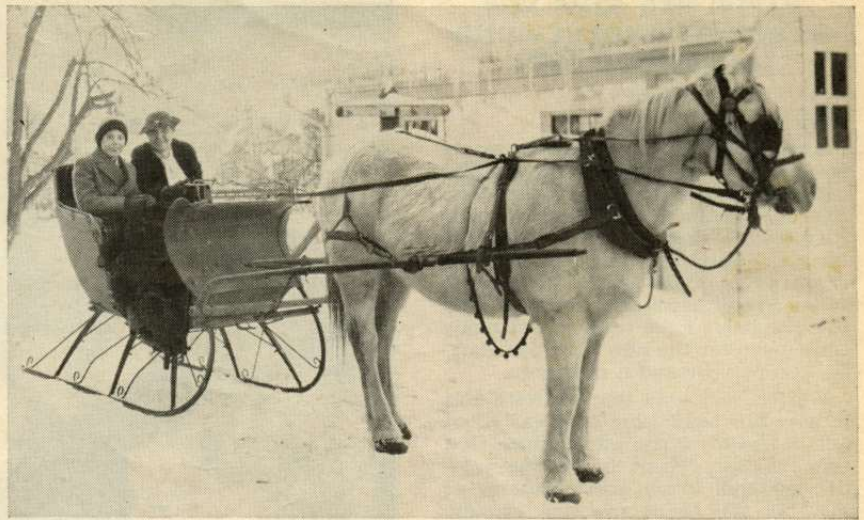
You "old-timers" will recall Mother's telling how things were accomplished around the house. It was no easy task to manage a household with seven children and the only answer to the many problems involved in undertaking a radio program and a little publication at such a time was ORGANIZATION! A long time ago Lucile put in writing just how things were "kept going" at our house, and this is what she wrote:

"You can imagine the daily work that had to be tackled. I'm sure that we took care of the breakfast and supper dishes, but I'm positive that we always washed the dinner dishes at noon for the system that we worked out was a marvel of efficiency. None of us can ever forget it, and now when we're grown we often refer to it with mingled amusement and pride because we worked out a system that an efficiency engineer would have been hard pressed to surpass.

"As soon as we finished eating dinner, Mother went into her office and closed the door to get her radio program lined up. She left the house shortly after one to go to the studio and it made a big difference to her that we were able to take over the noon work. Dad always went out on the front porch if it were warm enough to sit there, but if the weather didn't permit this he sat in the living room and tried to close his ears to the din. The crash of one dish alone didn't bother him at all, but if more than one broke he jumped up from his chair and came hurrying to the kitchen to warn us that if this kept up we would not have a dish to eat from.

"The minute we had finished eating (and Mother always had a big hot meal for us at noon, everything from a roast to a good dessert) Wayne hurried to the kitchen and took up his position at the sink where he was known officially as Master of the Pots and Pans. He was responsible for washing, wiping and putting away every pot and pan that had been used. Margery was referred to as Mistress of the Garbage. It was her job to scrape all of the dishes, dispose of the garbage and clean the sink. Frederick cleared the table and straightened up the dining room, while I washed the dishes and Dorothy wiped. Donald (being so small) wasn't expected to do anything, and for some reason, now forgotten, Howard had no part in this schedule either.

"Well, you can imagine the noise! There wasn't any argument since everyone knew what he was supposed to do and did it, but just the activity and clatter of dishes was terrific. We always timed ourselves and were very proud when we could tear through a kitchen full of dishes in nine minutes



There was a great deal of excitement twenty-five years ago rounding up this old cutter and the horse to pull it! A number of pictures were taken and here you see Donald and Mother having a turn at the reins.

—we could never beat that, try as we might.

"There are two little incidents connected with this system of ours that I must tell you about. The first is Dorothy and her terrific aversion for an open cupboard door. She cannot bear to see a cupboard door standing even slightly ajar, and I know that it dates from our wild skirmishes with the dishes and the fact that I insisted she close the cupboard doors when she had finished putting things away. It sounds mild to say that I insisted—what I really did was beg and plead and nag at her to close those cupboard doors. Finally, in desperation, I began calling to her after she had gone down the street to school, and many were the times she walked back a full block to close the doors. Evidently it made a more lasting impression than either of us realized at the time.

"The other incident concerns Wayne. He was always a very cheerful, helpful Master of the Pots and Pans. I can see him yet tackling a big stack of them without a word—in fact, we all felt guilty he was so cheerful! On this particular day in summer Mother was standing at the kitchen door when she heard Wayne and one of his little friends walking up the alley discussing a circus parade that was to be held the next noon. The other little boy was trying to get Wayne to promise to go with him at 12:30, but Wayne's reply was this: 'Well, I'd like to go but it all depends upon how many pots and pans there are.'

"When Mother told us this on the side we all excused Wayne so that he might go to the circus parade, but the phrase has lasted through the years, and when anyone wants to do something that conflicts with set responsibilities, someone is bound to pipe up with, 'Well, it all depends upon how many pots and pans there are.'

Yes, ORGANIZATION was the only answer, and we were organized from the time we were old enough to have some little responsibility.

One thing we should never forget to be thankful for is that we have a mind to think and learn.

From "Kitchen-Klatter News" Twenty-Five Years Ago

"When I asked my listeners to tell me some of the New Years' Resolutions that they had made, one friend said she had resolved to have more fun. We all need to make that promise to ourselves. Most of us have acquired the habit of hum-drumming along, day in and day out, without doing anything we really could call fun. We enjoy our housework and family, our church and club work, but fun implies something more. It means forgetting all responsibility—I find it hard to define fun, but I know when I meet it!) All kinds of games are fun. Popping corn and making candy, having friends in for lively conversation are fun. Good fun generally brings forth hearty laughter. The most real fun our family has had for a long time was over the cutter ride. In telling about it I can't make it sound as funny as it really was.

"It all started one Sunday afternoon, after the first snow of the season, by my telling how much fun I used to have when I was a girl. Well, my girls decided to have one of those cutter rides "like Mother told about". It took just forty-four calls over the telephone to locate a horse that would drive single, and a cutter. Some nags were not shod, others were too frisky, and one was even known to rear backwards. The girls were sure that there would not be room for the three of them and the horse in the cutter.

"By the time the cutter and horse were located, it was beginning to get dark and the snow was almost melted, but with the optimistic spirit of youth, they borrowed a friend's car (Dad was gone with ours) and went after the cutter.

"Then comes the long, sad story of being stuck in the mud, breaking a shaft on the sleigh, and falling in the mud in my fur coat, ruining a pair of suede oxfords, and having to have the car washed. The cutter was left by the side of the road and arrangements made to have a truck go out and get

(Continued on page 18)

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

To help their plans and dreams become realities, home gardeners across the nation are sending for seed and nursery catalogues. There are wonderful discoveries for you to make between the pages of these catalogues: the new perennials, the new roses, the new annuals, the new shrubs and trees. "Something new, something old" might be a good slogan to follow when ordering your plants and seeds for 1962. Even though the new varieties capture the headlines, there are many older kinds that have stood the test of time and are just as beautiful today as when they were introduced.

A few nurseries ask a small charge for their beautifully illustrated catalogues but the majority of them are free for the asking. Home gardeners will find within the pages of the catalogues accurate descriptions of the plants offered as well as concise and easily followed cultural directions for the planting and care of the plants. You will find hundreds of photographs and drawings to show how the flowers and vegetables look as well as a supplement section offering chemicals, implements, and pesticides necessary for good gardening.

Catalogues make fine armchair-gardening. When the catalogues arrive, sit down with a pencil and paper, to read, compare and make notes. Then place your orders as soon as possible to assure getting the seeds and plants you want before the supplies are exhausted. Nurserymen appreciate early orders.

WINTER DREAMING

While snows and blizzards around me whirl,
And icy north winds scream,
My nursery catalogue arrives . . .
A planter's cherished dream.
The snowball, flowering crab and quince,
A brand new Hybrid tea!
Spirea, crocus, gorgeous phlox;
Each one convinces me.
The glads alone hold me spellbound,
The cannas, mums, carnations,
Those ultra lilies capture me—
I MUST have these sensations.
So while the winterish frost and snow
Prepares my garden border,
I pull my chair beside the fire
And make my nursery order.

— Gladys Niece Templeton

FROM A LETTER

"On our recent vacation in Minnesota, I made a very happy discovery—the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. Now, I won't be contented until I'm assured of my subscription. Therefore, am enclosing \$1.50 for a year's subscription.

"I can't help but appreciate the fine tone of your paper plus all the terrific suggestions, foodwise and many ideas for parties. Both of these are of such great importance to a busy minister's wife.

"My only regret—I didn't become acquainted with you sooner!"

—Mrs. A. H., Oklahoma

ABIGAIL DISCUSSES SEWING

Dear Friends:

If ever there was a good day for staying inside, this is it! Outdoors there is a bleak gray sky, a chill wind, half-melted snow on the ground with more rain and snow expected at any moment. Since this is not the kind of day that people are out calling, I decided it was a good time to do a hand wash and, I just filled the bathroom with drippy hand laundry. I dislike intensely that particular household chore and postpone action until the last possible minute. However, this morning that seemed a chore which would combine well with keeping an eye on two little boys, ages one and three, while their mother attended a school conference.

The father of these two little neighbor boys who live across the street was severely injured in a Jeep accident this fall. The accident occurred exactly one year after our neighbor to the north was injured severely in a similar accident. In both cases the men were traveling at maximum speed in extremely rough open terrain. When the vehicles overturned, they were thrown out and the cars rolled on top of them. Neither was using a safety belt and both admit that the accidents should never have occurred.

I'm encountering just a bit of difficulty in getting this letter written because our kitten seems to feel that he should be right up on the table where the typewriter is. The little black kitten that we had a year ago was killed very tragically when a delivery truck ran over him out in front of the house. What made it doubly tragic was the fact that the children were playing there at the time and saw it happen. When we returned from our summer of traveling, the pressure for a new cat became intense. Alison located a litter of baby kittens near her school and picked out a cute little reddish-yellow ball which she named 'Peaches'. Time passed slowly while she waited for the kitten to age sufficiently to leave his mamma. Peaches is about half-grown now and well on his way to becoming a great big "yeller" tomcat. Fortunately, he hasn't yet paid much attention to Mr. Tinker, our singing parakeet.

The rest of our menagerie at this point consists merely of snails and guppies. Clark did have a pigeon for twenty-four hours, however. He spent two weeks building a cage and then purchased a "homing" pigeon from a friend for a quarter. The day after he got his bird, he insisted upon letting him out and that was the last seen of the pigeon.

At the time Clark was constructing his pigeon cage—which probably had more nails per square inch than any cage in history—Alison decided to build a rabbit pen. She finished it before telling us of its intended use. Then one of our neighbors informed her that keeping chickens or rabbits is prohibited in our zoning classification, so that took care of that problem.

Alison is now in the fifth grade and has started to play the flute, as does

Emily. We have to separate the girls for their practice sessions, for Emily is becoming quite advanced. As a matter of fact, this year she was selected for the symphonic band. In the living room, Clark practices away at his piano lessons, so you can well understand why I must save any concentrating of my own during school hours when there is a little peace and quiet around the house!

I've mentioned before in my letters what an outstanding science program is being carried on in our schools. Currently, a great deal of Emily's time is consumed by her eighth grade science project. It is an experiment on the effect of five different soil mixtures on the growth of Kentucky bluegrass. The entire family is finding her project very interesting.

Wayne missed the customary early winter lull in activity at the nursery. The Wilmores both had lengthy illnesses just at the time final plans were being made for the new garden center buildings. At the present time, only the 75' by 75' concrete slab which houses the potting soil is completed. Yet, somehow it is hoped all construction will be finished by the start of the retail season in March.

Following right on the heels of the spring rush will be the 1962 National convention of the American Association of Nurserymen to be held here in Denver. Mr. Wilmore and Wayne are chairmen of this big affair and everyone locally is already busy working out the hundreds of details such an undertaking involves.

Perhaps some of you are wondering how I occupy my time while the other members of the family are so busy. During the gardening months I spend a great deal of time working in the yard. Of course, there are the usual housewifely activities of cooking, cleaning, washing and mending, chauffeuring and errand-running. Then, a year and a half ago, when Clark entered first grade, I started doing a considerable amount of sewing.

I had done a little sewing on-and-off during the preceding years, but not with what one would call great enthusiasm. However, in the past eighteen months, it has become one of my favorite occupations. Incidentally, when I speak of my sewing, I'm referring to machine-sewing—mostly of clothing. I don't enjoy handwork such as embroidering, knitting or crocheting.

My machine is a Singer, the standard dressmaker model, in a portable case. It dates back to the last year before the new models which produce fancy stitching came out. Even so, it has performed satisfactorily for my purposes. I do my sewing on our dining room table for it is very sturdy and gives me a large working surface.

The one disadvantage to this sewing location is that it makes a cluttered mess of the dining room which is readily apparent the moment anyone walks into the house. However, there are advantages too! Once I start something, I keep right at it so that I can get the cluttered mess picked up and out of the way. Three of my friends have special sewing rooms in their

(Continued on page 17)

Recipes Tested

by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

COMPANY CHICKEN-HERB PIE

- 1 3-to-4-lb. stewing chicken
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/4 cup sifted flour
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 cup cooked peas
- 1 cup cooked carrots, sliced
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook the chicken in salted water until tender. Remove from the broth and cool until you can take the meat from the bones and cut in bitesize pieces. Melt the butter in a large skillet. Add the onions and cook lightly. Stir in the flour, then gradually add the chicken broth and stir until thick. Add the chicken, vegetables, and season to taste. Bring to a boil and pour into a large casserole. Place herb biscuits over the top and bake in a 450 degree oven until biscuits are done.

Herb Biscuits

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/2 cup warm water

Sift dry ingredients together and cut in the shortenings. Combine the egg yolk and water and add to the dry mixture. Place dough on a lightly floured surface and pat out to 1/2-inch thickness. Cut biscuits and place on top of the chicken.

DELICIOUS CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1 cup cultured sour cream
- 1 cup seedless green grapes
- 1 cup pineapple tidbits, drained
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows

Mix all together and refrigerate for at least 2 hours before serving.

BAKED SPARERIBS WITH APPLE DRESSING

- 2 large pieces of spareribs
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Combine all ingredients aside from ribs. Spread one section of ribs with the apple dressing, then cover with the other piece of meat and tie the two pieces together. Rub the outside of the meat with 2 Tbls. flour to which salt and pepper have been added. Place the meat in a 450 degree oven for 20 minutes, and then reduce the heat to 325 degrees and bake for one hour, basting frequently.

ESCALLOPED CARROTS SUPREME

- 3 cups cooked mashed carrots
 - 3 Tbls. finely chopped onion
 - 16 crushed soda crackers
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 small jar smoked cream cheese
- Mix all the ingredients together thoroughly and pour into a greased casserole. Bake 35 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

PINEAPPLE-CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 pkg. pineapple gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 can whole cranberry sauce
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1 diced apple

Bring the water to boiling point and then dissolve the gelatin in it. Add the Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring and the cranberry sauce and stir well. Chill until the mixture starts to thicken, then add the diced celery and the apple. (A few nut meats may be added, if desired.) Pour into mold and chill until completely set. Serve on lettuce.

HAM-MACARONI CASSEROLE

- 3 cans Franco-American Macaroni and Cheese
- 1 can mushrooms, diced
- 1 can chopped ham, diced into bite size pieces
- 1/2 green pepper, diced
- 36 stuffed olives, sliced into thirds
- 1 can chow mein noodles

Mix together the macaroni and cheese, diced chopped ham, mushrooms, green pepper and olives. Let stand in the refrigerator at least six hours. If I want to serve this for a noon meal, I prepare the ingredients the evening before; if for an evening meal, I mix it up early in the morning.

Place in a large greased casserole, sprinkle the chow mein noodles over the top, and bake for an hour at 350 degrees. Serves 8 persons.

PEACH DESSERT TORTE

- 1 cup butter
- 2 heaping Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/4 cups flour

Mix together like pie crust and pat into a 9 x 12-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

- 1 can pie filling
- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon or almond flavoring

Spread the pie filling over the baked crust. Beat the egg whites until frothy, then gradually add the sugar and flavoring and beat until stiff. Spread over the filling and return to a 250 degree oven to bake for 1 hour.

You can make your own pie filling by using 4 sliced peaches. Cover with water and cook until almost tender. Add 1/2 cup sugar to which you have blended 2 Tbls. cornstarch. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Cook until thickened. Cool before spreading over the crust.

Other pie fillings would be equally delicious.

RICH BROWNIE PIE

- One unbaked pie shell
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 cup white corn syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup nutmeats (or less)

Prepare the unbaked pie shell and refrigerate it while preparing the filling. In top of double boiler, melt the chocolate with the butter. Remove from heat and add the brown sugar. Beat until it is blended and then add the white sugar. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the salt, milk, corn syrup and flavorings. Put over hot water and cook for 5 minutes, stirring. Remove from heat and stir in the nutmeats. Pour into the chilled pastry shell and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. When nearly done, the pie starts to crack on top. At this point, sprinkle a few nutmeats over the top and finish baking—about 5 minutes is all that will be necessary. Serve with whipped cream.

PIMIENTO POTATOES

- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 quart raw potatoes, diced
- 1/2 can pimientos, diced
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 lb. cheese

Boil the onion and potatoes in boiling water for 5 minutes. Drain. Add the pimiento and turn into a buttered baking dish. Prepare a sauce of the butter, flour and milk and add the cheese, diced. Pour over the potatoes and pimiento and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 25 or 30 minutes. (If desired, you may top the casserole with buttered bread crumbs before baking.)

DELICIOUS PORK CHOPS

- 1 thick pork chop per person
- 2 cups unsweetened applesauce
- 2 sweet potatoes or yams, per person

Salt and pepper to taste

Fry chops lightly on both sides. (Use heavy skillet that can be put in the oven.) When brown on both sides, arrange around them the uncooked sweet potatoes or yams. Cover chops and potatoes with unsweetened applesauce, put skillet in oven with tight cover and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

This is the type of dish one can tinker with to suit his needs. Loin chops are delicious, of course, but pork steak can certainly be used. (Dish will be better if fat is trimmed off carefully.) Potatoes can be peeled while meat is being browned so the entire dish can be prepared very quickly, put in the oven and forgotten.

OFF-TO-COLLEGE PEANUT BRITTLE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup white corn syrup
- 2 cups RAW peanuts
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. baking soda

(IMPORTANT: Only raw peanuts will produce a professional-tasting peanut brittle.)

Put 1/2 cup of water in large, heavy pan and bring to a boil. Add sugar and syrup, stir until dissolved, and then boil until it spins a thread. Add peanuts and cook slowly over a low fire until it turns a golden brown. (Peanuts will snap slightly and put you in mind of cranberries being cooked.)

Take from fire and add butter and flavorings. Stir well and then add baking soda. Mixture will foam up and change color and texture. Stir thoroughly and then spread quickly on a large cookie sheet that has been well buttered. When cold, crack with heavy knife.

This is simply delicious—a genuine peanut brittle with an incomparable flavor.

REMINDER: Keep children away from the area where you are making this. If any of this intensely hot syrup spattered on them they would be severely burned. Be sure to use a heavy pan with a solid handle. Run no risks when working with anything that reaches such a degree of heat and texture as this candy.

MOTHER'S SPANISH LIVER

- 1 lb. sliced liver
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup bacon fat
- 1 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes

Blanch the liver, then dry on a paper towel and dip into the flour, salt and pepper. Fry on each side in the bacon fat. When brown, remove to a platter. Put the onion and green pepper into the frying pan and cook until softened, then stir in the tomatoes. Let this simmer five minutes then thicken with the remainder of the flour, salt and pepper. Pour over the liver and serve.

NINA'S COMPANY RICE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup rice
- 1 can chicken consomme soup plus water to make 2 cups liquid (2 cups of chicken stock can be used)

Wash the rice. Brown the butter in a skillet. Add the rice and cook until the rice is browned, stirring constantly as it browns. Add the liquid and cook until the rice has absorbed all of it. This can be done in a double boiler or in a 325 degree oven. Add more water if the rice tends to become dry. Add salt and pepper to taste.

DAINTY PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift together the dry ingredients. Cream together the shortening, peanut butter and sugars. Add the egg, milk and flavorings. Blend in the sifted dry ingredients very well. Shape into balls, using about a heaping tablespoon of dough for each. Roll in sugar and place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Bake for 8 minutes at 375 degrees. Remove from oven and place a chocolate chip on top of each cookie, pressing the chip down so that the cookie cracks around the edges. Return to the oven for about 3 minutes longer, or until cookies are done.

CHOCOLATE-MINT PUDDING

- 1 pkg. chocolate pudding mix
- 2 cups milk
- 10 large marshmallows
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Combine all of the ingredients with the milk and cook, stirring, until thickened. This gives a plain chocolate pudding mix an extra special touch.

FRUIT TAFFY

- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 Tbls. mild vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsp. butter
- 1 tsp. any fruit-flavored Kitchen-Klatter flavoring

In a large saucepan combine all of the ingredients except the flavoring. Stir just to combine, then cook quickly, without stirring, until the syrup forms a very firm ball when tested in cold water. (This will be 250 degrees on the candy thermometer.) Remove immediately from the heat, add your favorite Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring and food coloring if desired. Pour, without any further stirring, onto a buttered platter. When you can make a dent in the candy with your finger, pull it away from the edges of the platter and shape into a ball. Rub fingers with butter and pull the candy until it is lighter in color and becomes hard to pull. Shape into long twisted ropes and cut into 1-inch pieces.

If you want the taffy to become creamy, store in a tightly covered jar. Remember, never scrape the pan when you pour the syrup onto the platter or the candy may become grainy.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

Several times this winter Betty and I will be entertaining groups of young people at the house. Sometimes they'll come in for refreshments following a skating party, and other times they'll come for youth fellowship meetings of one kind or another. Always, there is the problem of what to serve for a drink. In the winter we like to serve something hot, and most of the young people don't drink coffee. More and more young people who are complexion-conscious are refusing hot chocolate. We've solved the problem with two delightful hot drinks: Hot Spiced Tea and Hot Spiced Punch.

Hot Spiced Tea

- 1 tsp. whole cloves
- 1 inch of stick cinnamon
- 3 quarts water
- 2 1/2 Tbls. black tea
- Juice of 3 oranges
- Juice of 1 1/2 lemons
- 1 cup sugar

Tie spices loosely in a bag and bring to a boil in water. Add tea, tied loosely in a bag, and allow to stand for 5 minutes. Remove bags of spices and tea, and add juices and sugar. Serves 25.

Hot Spiced Punch

- 1 quart water
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. whole cloves
- Small stick of cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 pint grape juice
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Thin slices of lemon

Put water, sugar and spices into a 2-quart pan. Boil for 5 minutes, until sugar is dissolved. Remove from fire. Stir in lemon flavoring, grape juice and lemon juice. Pour into small glasses, adding a thin slice of lemon to each glass. Serve immediately. This amount serves eight.

EXTRA-SPECIAL SOUR CREAM PIE

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell

Put raisins and chopped dates in heavy pan, cover with water and cook until water has been completely absorbed.

Beat together the eggs, sour cream, sugar and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Add the raisins and dates. Turn into unbaked pie shell and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 50 minutes, or until a knife inserted in filling comes out clean.

This is an extremely delicious (yes, and rich!) pie that everyone enjoys.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Almond-Honey Bread

It's hard to imagine anything more rewarding than working with any kind of yeast bread made from scratch. And by the same token, it's downright astonishing to discover how many home-makers have never once had this rewarding experience.

Most of us are inclined to make resolutions of some kind or another when January 1st rolls around, so this would be a perfect time to promise yourself that you'll stop shying away from homemade yeast bread. You may have "beginner's luck" and turn out spectacular results with your very first session. But the chances are that you'll work up to spectacular results, for this is one field of baking where Time and Experience are the master teachers.

All of us know that with any good tested recipe we can turn out wonderful cakes, pies and cookies if we measure carefully and follow instructions. The results the first time will be as gratifying as the results the fiftieth time.

But yeast breads ("beginner's luck")

excepted) fall into another bracket entirely. This is one area of cooking where you must get the "feel" and know-how by experience—and only Time can provide the experience.

But there is nothing you'll ever do in the kitchen that is more satisfying than making bread, and there's nothing you can ever do for your children that will give them happier memories. We found this out a number of years ago when we asked our readers to write and tell us what they remembered the most vividly and happily about their childhood home. Over and over again we read this phrase: "Coming home from school and smelling Mother's wonderful homemade bread."

It's no accident that bread is referred to as the Staff of Life. There are deep emotions associated with it, and the children of today who never have a chance to experience these emotions are missing a great deal. We hope you'll make a promise to yourself to stop putting off your notion that *someday* you'll launch into the adventure of making yeast breads, and actually get started in the first month of this new year.

Here is a recipe that will produce a perfectly delicious bread—very unusual in flavor and with all the ear-

marks of something produced by a top-class professional. In case you're still timid about starting out with regular white bread, we'd like to suggest that you launch out with this. It's simple. It's much easier than you'll think at first glance. And unless every single thing goes wrong you'll have every right to be mighty proud of the results.

1/2 cup milk
1/3 cup sugar
3 tsps. salt
2 envelopes dry yeast
2 eggs
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1/2 cup soft shortening
4 1/2 cups (about) sifted flour.

Scald milk, add sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water for 5 minutes and then add to milk mixture and stir thoroughly. Stir in beaten eggs, almond flavoring and shortening. Add half the flour and beat briskly. Add remaining flour and mix thoroughly. Turn out onto floured board and knead until dough is smooth and elastic. (It's hard to over-knead at this point, but it's easy to under-knead.) Place in greased bowl, grease top of dough lightly, cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Punch dough down, cover and let rise again until almost double in bulk. At this point, punch dough down again and then fit it into a large greased baking pan—at least 10-inch. Pour over it the following topping that has boiled for 10 minutes and then been cooled to lukewarm.

6 Tbls. butter
3 Tbls. honey
6 Tbls. sugar
6 Tbls. cream
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

(This will be a rich, glossy mixture at the end of 10 minutes on the fire. Be sure you stir constantly.)

Let dough, covered with topping, rise just about one inch and then bake in a 375 degree oven for 30 minutes. Be sure to place baking pan on your largest cooky sheet just in case some of the topping should run over.

If you like, a few shredded almonds can be scattered over the top, or mixed into the dough.

The longer this stands (carefully wrapped) the better it tastes. The flavors ripen and if even a crumb is left on the third day you'll find it much, much better than it was the first day.

Everyone who has eaten this bread at our house is haunted by the subtle and delicate flavor. And without a single exception, every single person asked for the recipe, tried it—and reported that it "worked" wonderfully well. — Lucile

MAN FOR MARS

Dressed in his space suit, aboard his rocket
Five-year-old dreams of a distant star . . .
But the weight of emptiness fills his pocket
So he refuels at mother's cookie jar!
—Maude Rubin

COMPLIMENTS
BEGIN



HERE

Like to hear raves about plate-cleaning cooking? Enjoy seeing desserts disappear? What good cook doesn't! We can tell from your letters that you take pride in your kitchen craft—that you won't settle for anything less than the best. And that's where **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** enter the picture. For they're more than flavors. They're **flavorings** . . . carefully compounded to make your cooking and baking better. You can depend on the quality, too; every bottle, every flavoring. If you haven't tried **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**, pick up some at your grocer's. The compliments will tell you you've made a wise choice.

Now! Four Brand New Flavorings!

Butter Blueberry Pineapple Raspberry

Plus these old favorites:

Banana
Strawberry
Cherry
Orange

Lemon
Almond
Coconut
Maple

Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Mint
Vanilla
(3 oz. and 8 oz. sizes)

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

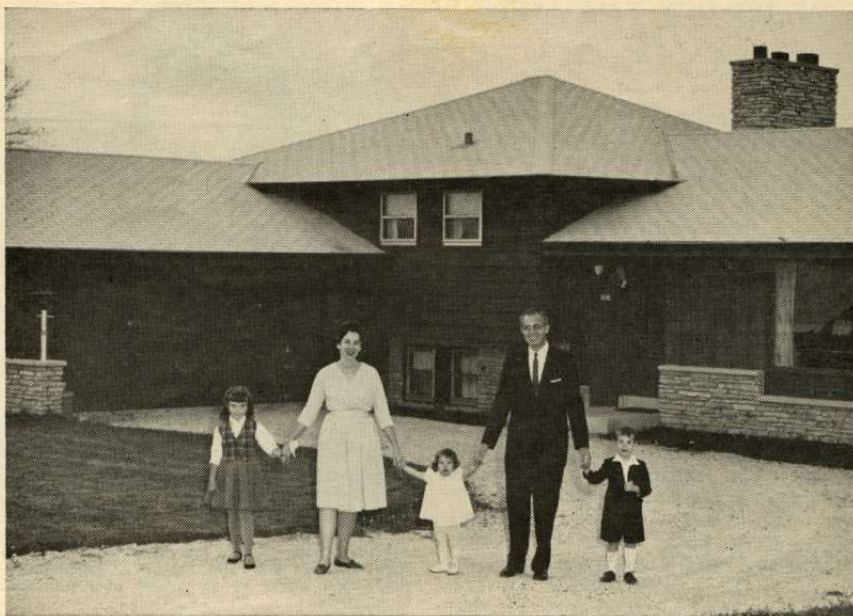
Katharine is once again out the front door and headed down the street for the school bus—on time! It is anybody's guess whether she will make or miss the bus, and every single morning I'm weak with exhaustion from the sheer effort of urging her to hurry, hurry, hurry. The minute she is out the door I wish I could drop back in my kitchen chair for that leisurely second cup of coffee, but somehow I never quite make it.

I know you are wondering about Katharine riding the school bus, since you probably recall how pleased Donald and I were with this house and its location close to school. We anticipated plenty of fresh air and exercise for her in the walk to and from school, but we have been sadly disappointed with the way things have transpired.

Until this year, there was school bus service for only those children living beyond a two-mile radius of each school. But through the efforts of interested citizens, the school board was persuaded that the township taxpayers wanted bus service for *all* residents of this township, and by a heart-breaking margin of five votes granted it. The people were informed that there would be state aid to help pay for this, but, imagine, it still costs \$67,000! And this is an additional tax placed on top of already high taxes. I recognize that there are, indeed, people who don't want their little children walking any great distance in severe weather. The bus is not mandatory but until Katharine is older we will have to see to it that she rides this bus because there is not one other child in the neighborhood with the gumption to walk! I simply cannot feel safe allowing her to walk the 140 feet through heavy woods—alone. This stretch of woods is out of sight of our house and, in fact, any house. What, indeed, have our young folks come to when they are unwilling to walk four blocks to school?

This morning, after getting our school girl launched, I feigned busyness and asked Paul to go up to his room and put his clothes on. I didn't make a large issue out of the fact that I wasn't coming to help because that would have "jinxed" the entire project. Thus far, Paul has been unwilling to dress himself and rather than take the time to "soft soap" him. I've found it quicker and simpler to do it myself. However, little Adrienne is trying resolutely to dress herself, and Paul has been quite surprised to see such a little tot trying and almost succeeding in a task he hasn't conquered. I believe he has been not a little ashamed because I've found him more willing to help himself with sox and underwear.

So this morning, I was pleasantly shocked to find him quite willing and able to take off his pajamas and dress himself with only three trips to the kitchen for assistance. Little does he know that, although I praised him highly for his remarkable feat, tomorrow and the next day and the next I'm



After the cover picture was taken, Donald Driftmier and his family stepped outside so that we could share with you this first picture of their new home in Hales Corners, Wisconsin.

going to expect and stubbornly *insist* that he repeat this accomplishment!

The big brother-little sister routine that is acted out here everyday is most often amusing and always educational for mother. This forty-five pound three-year-old boy of ours is quite capable of injuring his little sister without meaning to, so I must frequently step into a disagreement between the two to protect her from his might. I prefer to let them work out their disagreements whenever possible, and the means by which Adrienne conquers Paul often amaze me!

Adrienne takes such offense at anyone trying to feed her, or even looking like they might try to slip a spoon in her mouth, that she yells "no, no, no," if we so much as touch her tray. Paul has learned that this is a delightful way to tease her during a meal. One evening he ignored her "no's", and it was just in the nick of time that we caught her before she ruined him with her supper. Now, you tell me where a seventeen-month-old sheltered baby girl learns such things? Certainly not from her big sister and brother. They have *never* done such a naughty thing.

Adrienne is likewise without guile when she threatens Paul with her teeth. This is one of the few weapons she possesses that is always effective. Although I don't condone it and reprimand her when I catch her, I certainly can't blame her for using what few means of protection she possesses. She is terribly opinionated for one so young and takes great offense at the slightest physical reprimand.

Lest you get the idea that this wee girl is a miniature tyrant, let me mention that dozens of times during the day I am given a huge, tight bear hug around the knees as an expression of her love. The children and Donald are just as often treated to this special token of esteem so you can well imagine that she is pretty much our pet baby.

My mother visited us in November and since Indiana had its Teachers'

Institute and schools were closed, my sister Marge and her family came also. We knew they were coming so we secured tickets to Meredith Willson's "The Music Man." We have that recording and since Katharine so enjoys the songs on it, we decided to include the children in our plans. That is, we took my nephews, Jimmy and Dennis, and Katharine but Paul and Adrienne are much too young. Let me say here and now that if you ever have the opportunity to see this fine musical comedy, and if you have children over six try to include them in your plans. This is a splendid afternoon's entertainment for the entire family. The music is spirited and happy. The humor is family-type except for perhaps two occasions and these are done with such speed and on an adult enough scale that no child would ever catch them. The many children in the cast make it interesting for the small fry.

An old expression says that you can take the man out of Iowa but you can't take Iowa out of the man! My Don thoroughly enjoyed this musical because it is about Iowa people, Iowa towns, and things he knows.

I was twice-blessed to have Mother visiting us. She's always such a help with the kiddies and gives me a hand with the ironing and mending. But on this visit it happened that I had just received a brand-new artificial limb and much to my surprise it took *weeks* to get accustomed to it instead of only hours. Needless to say, being incapacitated with three small children isn't the easiest thing to work out so Mother extended her visit and helped me until I was steadier on my feet.

I certainly hope that someday I can give my busy, harried daughters a hand with my grandchildren. I can't think of anything more appreciated.

Adrienne is tugging at my skirt to remind me that regardless of what the clock says, her insides say it is lunch time. We all send our wishes that yours will be a blessed New Year . . . Mary Beth

AS THE NEW YEAR BEGINS

by
Evelyn Birkby

January brings a variety of colors to the countryside; The brilliant glow of the sun shining upon white drifts of snow, the dull gray of the country road which winds its way past our house to lose itself over the hill and into the bluffs beyond, the rich green of the evergreen which murmurs nonsensically to itself in the brisk chill wind, the dark blue shadows cast by gaunt bushes, the stark black tree limbs outlined by a delicate tracery of crystal and the brown patches of dead grass poking up here and there.

And what tastes better on a cold crisp morning than a huge platter piled with feather-light pancakes drenched in hot homemade maple syrup? Can people in the southland, where it is always warm, ever really appreciate such a breakfast menu as much as the north-dwellers? Or perhaps you serve such a meal to your family in the evening when they come rushing through the door with the cold air and snow trying desperately to push in behind.

How pleasant it is to sit in the warmth of the house after a busy day's work is done and listen to the blustering wind and the sleet upon the window and know that all is safe.

The new book which makes up the desk calendar and reminder for 1962 is on my writing desk. The pages are all clean and fresh; soon they will begin to fill. It is just waiting now for lists of names, activities to be done, places to go, lessons to be remembered, grocery lists, menus, books to read and letters to write.

And what do you think I will put in first? New Year's resolutions! Some people think they are *old hat*, but not me. If you need any extra ones I'll even be real glad to send you some of my leftovers for I have several which are just like brand new! They started out with me on January 1st, 1961 and finished up the year just as unused as when they were first written down. So I am looking for more efficient hands to care for them this coming season.

I also have a few resolutions to give away which could not squeeze their way onto the bottom of the page prepared for 1962. It seemed that once I got started on all the things I wanted to do, needed to do, and would be forced to do, the list just ran right off the page and there were some fine resolutions left with no place to go.

If any of you would like some of these dandies it will be on a first come, first served basis.

Oh, yes, I am a firm believer in resolutions no matter how many I have left over or unused. The very process of making them forces me, first of all, to sit down and look over the pattern of the year just past. I am thankful that some of those days will not have to be relieved. I try to remember, however, that life has to have its downs as well as its ups and often the hardest times are the periods of greatest development, both for the individual and for the family. If everything was always easy and calm our lives soon



Jeffrey is the middle son of Evelyn and Robert Birkby and like other "almost-seven-years-old" boys, he is proud over the loss of a tooth!

would be dull and stagnate.

I am reminded of the trip we took to the Grand Canyon of Arizona last October. The leaflet given to us by the ranger suggested that color pictures be taken before 10:00 in the morning and after 2:00 in the afternoon. The reason for this was the fact that during noon hours the picture will flatten out for shadows are needed to achieve brilliance of detail. So it is with life, the difficult times can put our experiences into proper perspective. The shadows bring out the peaks and the brilliance of the things which are good and worthwhile.

I am still grateful, however, that many of the unhappy, struggling difficulties of 1961 were met and somehow overcome. I hope I have profited from such experiences. I will only glance at the stumbles and the mistakes and file them away under *lessons learned*, hoping against hope that they will not have to be relearned again.

Life has its rhythms just like the seasons. Just as we know spring will come, we also know that the happy times come again after the sad and difficult. Thank goodness we remember pleasure more than pain. Do you suppose that is one reason the "good old days" always look so exciting? At any rate, no matter how deep January may be we know that spring will come soon and in the same way springtime returns to our hearts as well.

My resolutions may start with looking back but they will end by looking forward. I can see all sorts of little things in this coming year which need to be done; curtains for the living room, eliminating those extra pounds I gained over the holidays; trying more new recipes on my patient family, planning my work more efficiently—oh so many many ideas come to mind that could help make the coming year progress more smoothly.

But the list *really* begins to grow when the *big* needs crowd in; more time to do things together as a family, guidance and encouragement in new ways to my developing boys, finding more ways to meet the needs of neighbors and friends near and far, and, perhaps the most difficult of all, to achieve more patience.

January itself should give me a clue to *growing in patience*. It is surely the most patient month of the entire year—waiting, resting, refreshing the earth for the upsurge of spring. I need to do more reflective thinking, to read more from the great of the world who have advanced in ways of the spirit, to remember that God moved slowly, calmly and unhurried, that I am the one who gets into such a big rush! Perhaps if I can just remember life is made up of little things and if these are done well and joyously each day the patience for which I yearn will come.

Resolutions are really a time of taking inventory just as the stores do. What is left over from the old year which is worth keeping? What is (Continued on page 19)

THE GIFT THAT ARRIVES 12 TIMES A YEAR

Yes, that's exactly what happens when you send a gift subscription of **Kitchen-Klatter Magazine** to the people you love.

It's the one perfect way to say "thank you" for the kindness that money can never repay.

It's the one perfect way to bring home folks to your friends and relatives who've left the Midwest for distant places.

It's the one perfect way to encourage young women who are starting out in their own homes.

And it's the one perfect way to help ease the heavy loneliness that so many people feel today.

We send cards to the people who will be receiving **Kitchen-Klatter** from you, and we write on those cards (by hand, of course) the greetings you ask us to write.

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is \$1.50 per year. Foreign countries \$2.00 per year.

Address your letters to **KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa**

JANUARY RECREATION

CURRENT EVENTS: Cut from magazines and daily papers, pictures and cartoons illustrative of events which have taken place in the last year. Number and pin these up in a conspicuous place, minus, of course, their titles. By the corresponding numbers on cards distributed to the guests can be written their titles for the pictures. See who has the best memory.

"REMEMBER WHEN?": Pin a number on each guest, giving odd numbers to the men and even numbers to the women. Prepare a number of slips with directions such as: "Find Number Four and tell her how you spent the Fourth of July;" "Tell Number Seven your most interesting adventure of the year;" "Describe to Number One your most embarrassing moment of the past year," etc. Let each woman draw a slip and find the man whose number she has drawn, and then let the men draw slips and talk to the women.

SNOW STORM (For the smaller children): Gather the youngsters around and show them a pretty candy box. Tell them you have something for each one. As they eagerly watch, take the lid off of the box quickly, turn it upside down and out will fly a lot of feathers. Announce that a prize will be given to the one who picks up the most feathers in a certain time. As each one counts the feathers he has collected, have them put back in the box and award them a piece of candy, with an extra prize going to the winner.

ALIBI: Give out a general question such as this: "Why can't you attend every club meeting?" Allow the guests three minutes to think up an excuse which must end with words beginning with their initials such as: "Because I have to" (example, Mary A. Dobson would say) "make Agnes' doughnuts."

TRADE WINDS: Write half of a proverb on one slip of paper and the other half on another. Have 15 or 20 well known proverbs written out, and allow each guest to draw two or three slips; then, in a given time, see which guest can get the most complete proverbs by trading. Here are a few suggested proverbs:

"Make hay while the sun shines."
 "A stitch in time saves nine."
 "All that glitters is not gold."
 "Better late than never."
 "A watched pot never boils."
 "Birds of a feather flock together."
 "Every cloud has a silver lining."
 "A barking dog never bites."

FLYING BLIND: Give each person a paper and a pencil or crayon. Switch off the lights. Then the leader announces: "Draw a circle; now put Roman numerals around the circle, one to twelve for a watch face. Now put on the hands, setting them at the correct time." A toy watch might be given for the best effort after the lights are on and drawings displayed.

IT'S KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME!

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

KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWPC Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

Look for all of the **KITCHEN-KLATTER** products on **YOUR** grocer's shelves.



WASN'T IT A NICE CHRISTMAS?

Of course it was. The food was wonderful. The kids were fun, and we all got gifts we wanted. But look at the house! New boots have left scuffs on the floor. New paints and crayons have left their marks on walls and woodwork. The kitchen is a mess. And the candy! It looks like more was smeared than eaten! This is when **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** really does its job. It makes hard water turn soft. Dirt, grease, fingerprints and smears disappear in a wink. And there's no sudsy scum to rinse away. From kitchen to laundry to front-door tracks . . .



You go through the motions . . .

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner
 does the work!

TO EACH HIS THRILL

Some people love a starry night
 With a green-cheese moon at gracious
 height;
 And also with a gentle breeze
 Just stirring through the restless
 trees.
 And some love daytime bright and
 clear
 When life stands bare without veneer;
 Then, too, there are the nodding
 blooms
 With colors brightening lawn and
 rooms.
 Some like the swishing sound of rain,
 The tattoo rhythmic on the pane;
 While some prefer a glistening snow
 Where each twig boasts a swansdown
 throw.
 Some like the majesty of storm
 When winds are wild and black clouds
 form;
 When lightening darts across the sky
 And thunder claps in swift reply.
 To me these marvels bring a thrill;
 But frosted rushes, fern and hill
 On winter mornings deck my pane—
 White etchings no man can explain.
 The street lamp and the morning
 light,
 Each glinting through this gracious
 sight,
 Give sparkle to the painted scene
 And make the chill day more serene.
 —Eugenie G. O'Brien

A LAUGH

A laugh is just like sunshine—
 It freshens up the day.
 It tips the peak of life with light,
 And drives the clouds away.
 The soul grows glad that hears it
 And feels its courage strong.
 A life is just like sunshine
 And cheers the family along.
 A laugh is just like music—
 It lingers in the heart,
 And where its melody is heard,
 The ills of life depart.
 Happy thoughts come crowding
 Its joyful notes to greet;
 A laugh is just like music
 For making living sweet.

WE THANK THEE

We thank thee, Father, for our meat
 and bread
 By loving hands on tables amply
 spread.
 Feed, too, our souls with manna from
 on high
 And, Lord, with each of us be ever
 nigh.
 Amen
 (This grace may be sung to the
 tune of SPIRIT OF GOD, DESCEND
 UPON MY HEART.)
 —Grace Stoner Clark



Last winter in Phoenix, Arizona, Mother was happy to become reacquainted with Mrs. William Olson (shown with her here) who lives near Sac City, Iowa. The Olsons have been spending their winters in Phoenix in recent years.

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

the dogs behind. They didn't see *one single rabbit!* Frank, realizing Martin's disappointment, put up a target for him to shoot at and reported that he did very well—could surely shoot a rabbit if he saw one sitting.

When we drove Martin to town in the afternoon to catch his train home, Frank told him that he would be expecting him back the first weekend following a snow and they would go hunting again. Martin thought he had had a perfectly wonderful time and I think he would come back *every* weekend if his folks would let him come. Frank has a wonderful way with young people and they seem to love just following him around. Martin was no exception and made a good "shadow" for Frank those two days.

Kristin is getting along fine at school and still thing college is wonderful, even though she is working awfully hard. She has made many good friends, several of whom I've met. She and one of her friends spent a weekend in Shenandoah recently and Mother and Margery reported that they had a fine time. I'm in hopes that she will find time to write a letter to you friends one of these days. Then she can tell you herself what she thinks about dormitory life and her new experiences. We miss her but are grateful that she has the opportunity to go to college. She isn't so far from home but what we can see her once in a while.

I must close for now and catch up on some pixie orders.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Do not be afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectively without it.—Francois Quizot

GET THIS \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE

WHEN YOU BUY THIS \$3.00 BOTTLE

13 VITAMINS all in One Daily Capsule
Pure Vitamin STRENGTH for Every Family — Every Day!
 Feeling weak, over-tired, fatigued . . . because you fail to eat your Need daily in Vitamins? . . . "daily dozen" capsules contain All the vitamins normally needed each day, plus the natural factors of lemon-bioflavonoid.
 Vitamin Insurance daily this low-cost way—Less than 2c.

TAKE A CAPSULE DAILY . . . FEEL the difference!

Vitamin Division, Dwarfies Corporation,
 Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 Mail me at once:

Date _____

(number bottles) \$3.00 size (120 capsules) daily dozen
 vitamins. I am to receive Free a \$1
 bottle with each \$3.00 order, while this
 offer lasts.

Offer can be withdrawn without notice.

My Name _____
 Street Address _____
 City _____ State _____

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

basements and they don't accomplish one third the sewing I do because they can ignore, almost indefinitely, the pressure of finishing a project. Also, since I'm right next to the kitchen, I can do some cooking while I'm sewing.

Most of the items I have made have been for myself for two reasons. I find considerably more money is saved sewing adult clothing rather than children's clothing. Also, all three of our children have had many things given to them. Juliana, Kristin and Mary Leanna have passed along a great treasure and my girls have needed very little else. Except for some play clothes, underwear and shoes, Wayne and I have had to purchase very little. Martin, David and a neighbor's son have passed on to Clark such thing as jackets, shirts and play shorts and I'm not prepared to tackle jeans and dress trousers yet!

Perhaps one reason sewing for myself has been relatively easy is that I prefer plain styling and I have to do very little pattern alteration. A size 14 Vogue or Simplicity dress pattern fits me perfectly from the waist up and the skirts need very little adjustment. The identical alterations are necessary if I buy anything readymade.

I have found in very recent months that I have to add two or three inches to the skirt length. I don't care at all for the short length which is supposed to be fashionable these days. (My knees were not what the fashion de-

signers had in mind when skirts were shortened and I don't care enough about fads to conform.) Here is another advantage to sewing your own—you can make the skirts longer and still have a nice hem.

Most of my sewing has been with cotton. It is an easy material to handle, I like to wear cotton, and when I started sewing again I was mostly making things to wear this past summer. Solid colors, small checks or small woven-in designs are my favorites since there aren't the complications of matching in the material. I always buy good quality for nothing is gained by putting time on material that won't hold up. One of the large department stores here periodically purchases what they call "designer lengths" of cotton for special sales. These are four-yard lengths and by sorting through them, I can usually find a few which are of very fine quality at a most reasonable price.

Perhaps the one thing that has helped the most is having friends who know a great deal about sewing techniques and who are very experienced. I never hesitate to ask for advice when tackling a sewing problem. They've been most generous and gracious about passing along their suggestions.

One final comment—when you enjoy sewing, the winter is suddenly over when it seems hardly to have begun!

Sincerely,

Abigail



**YOU
BLEACHED
MY
BLOUSES!**

No need to panic, my dear. Not if the bleach was **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Expensive "accidents" just don't happen when you use this new wonder bleach that's engineered for safety. Silk, rayon, nylon, all the new synthetics look new longer, wear much better, when you protect them as you bleach them . . . with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Your grocer has it. Try a box today. Your white clothes will be whiter, your colored things will sparkle, and you'll never go back to "dangerous" bleaches again.

We know it's safe! We make it!

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



**New Way for Your
Church or Group to Get
\$50 CASH—Easy, Quick!**

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

**SEND NO MONEY
NOT A PENNY!**

**I Send Your
Organization**

**ON
CREDIT**

Everything You Need

to Raise \$50.00



Let me send you at once the facts about my remarkable Plan which gives your group \$50.00 CASH almost like magic. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to me now. At once I'll send you—absolutely FREE and without obligation—complete details of my nationally famous Plan which adds \$50.00 to \$300.00 and more CASH to your group Treasury . . . all without spending a single penny of your own money.

**YOU NEVER SPEND OR PAY 1¢
of YOUR OWN MONEY—No Risk**

No room here to give you all the facts, but here are the highlights of my famous Plan: I ship you 200 assorted packages of my luxurious, silky Prayer Grace Napkins. Exquisite colorful designs and prayer texts . . . "Lord, We Thank Thee" . . . "Give Us This Day" . . . "Bless This House" . . . "Lord Bless You and Keep You" . . . set a graceful, thankful mood at mealtime. Five different patterns . . . many homes will order all 5 on sight. I send the Napkins entirely **on credit**. I trust you! Then you simply have 10 members each sell only 20 packages at 50¢ each and send \$50.00 of the proceeds to me when all the napkins are sold. And you keep \$50.00 of the proceeds for your treasury. Take up to 60 days.

**My Famous Plan Followed Successfully
By More Than 50,000 Organizations!**

Join more than 50,000 clubs, PTA's, schools, veteran's auxiliaries and other groups who raise large sums of money without 1¢ cost, thanks to my famous Anna Wade Fund-Raising Plan.

**FREE Complete Details . . .
MAIL COUPON NOW!**

Just mail the coupon to me TODAY for complete details of this easy-to-follow rewarding Plan. Everything comes to you FREE . . . no obligation whatsoever. So fill out and mail the coupon now!

ANNA WADE
Dept. 420FA, Lynchburg, Va.



**ANNA WADE, Dept. 420FA,
Lynchburg, Virginia**

Please rush complete details, FREE and without obligation of your Plan for our Group to raise \$50.00 and more without spending 1¢.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Name of
Organization.....

For You!—From Henry Field's... AMERICA'S MOST COMPLETE SEED & NURSERY CATALOG **FREE!**



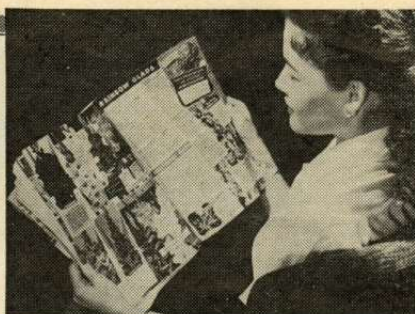
HENRY FIELD

"Now...you can shop from your favorite chair in this 'department store' of first-quality seed and nursery stock...and have your order delivered right to your front door...and save important money, too."

You'll have loads of fun shopping in the new Henry Field catalog! Sure, you can sit down with your family, talk over and plan your garden or yard, and order in comfort, in your own sweet time. And such variety to choose from—2011 individual items, 253 money-saving collections in 88 wonderful pages.

You'll see new things you can't buy anywhere else... new fruit and shade trees, roses, house plants. Nearly every item is illustrated in full color and carefully described. Remember, you can't beat the Henry Field guarantee, either.

So, before you buy any seed or nursery stock this year, be sure to shop first at home... from your Henry Field catalog. It's yours free and postpaid. Just mail coupon today!



2011 ITEMS IN 88 COLORFUL PAGES

Annual and Perennial Flowers—Fruit, Shade, Ornamental Trees—Roses—Berries—Vegetables, Melons, Herbs—Shrubs—Vines, Hedging—House Plants—Evergreens—Field and Grass Seed—Gardening Supplies, etc.

"For Over 60 Years"

HENRY FIELD Seed & Nursery Co.

7904 Oak St., Shenandoah, Iowa

Send me your new full-color catalog right away... free and postpaid!

Name _____

Address _____

P.O. _____

(Zone) (State)

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

free world. What has happened to the economy of West Germany since the war is the best argument against Communism we ever could have!" There are no people in the world better dressed and better fed than these people of West Germany, and I'm quite sure that there are no people anywhere more industrious and hard-working. These Germans seem to go to work at the crack of dawn and work right through until dark. There is no unemployment over here. As a matter-of-fact, there is a great shortage of labor.

I made a quick two-day trip to Switzerland where I wanted to call on a good friend from Bristol, Rhode Island. It was my first experience with German trains, since I had been using air transportation, and I found the trains excellent. Actually, I thought the dining car service even better than that of any railroad I ever used anywhere.

I hadn't been in Switzerland for twenty years, and what a joy it was to visit that beautiful, beautiful country again! For one afternoon and evening, I toured the city of Zurich with

its great art galleries, its fine universities, and its fashionable shops.

The restaurant where I ate supper had an interesting custom. At every table except mine, the people played cards when they finished eating. Mothers and fathers with their children had little family card games, and everyone else did too. I spoke to the waitress about the curiosity of it and she said that it was an old Zurich custom. The restaurant was truly a genuine Swiss one, for I noted that I was the only stranger in the place.

In other letters I'll tell you more about this European preaching mission but right now I must prepare my final sermon for this base.

Sincerely,

Frederick

WAY BACK WHEN—Concluded

it the next day. By the time a mechanic had fixed the cutter, they had located a gentle horse, but had to buy straps and pieces to fix up the harness, and then there was the horse to shoe, because the roads were so slick. At last, when they thought they were all ready to take the long looked-for ride, the telephone rang and the man who owned the cutter wanted it back.

"During the interval of waiting, the girls had bought paint and painted the cutter, and reupholstered it in flaming red, so having to return it was a real blow.

"An old family friend had heard of the sad ending, to what was to have been a sleigh ride "like Mother used to take", and offered his cutter which was stored on his farm in a hayloft. The weather was below zero by this time, and the snow knee-deep, but the man who owned the horse, wishing to help them, offered to lead his horse out to the Lovitt farm and drive back with the cutter. Then, AT LAST, the horse was hitched to the cutter and they all took a ride. Even though the temperature was well below zero, with two fur robes bundled around them, they closed their eyes and to the jingle of the sleigh bells, imagined themselves back in "the good old days that Mother tells about."

Quick, Easy Way to Make EXTRA MONEY

Show Exciting, New STUDIO CREATE-A-CARD Assortment

New-idea Greeting Cards sell on sight... more fun to send, more personal to receive. Only \$1.25 for 80 choose-your-own titles and sayings on 24 gay, colorful cards for birthdays, etc. You make 75¢ profit on \$1.25 Deluxe Birthday Assortment—\$75.00 on 100. See how we pay you more on all the best-selling Cards, Stationery, Novelties, Gift Bonuses too! No experience needed. Send no money. Get approval samples worth \$2.50... yours FREE with first order. Mail coupon today.

2 New \$1.25 Boxes

FREE on Starting Offer

Just Send Name for Samples

CREATIVE CARD CO., Dept. 117-B, 4401 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 23, Ill.

Please send approval samples with money-making details and Free Starting Offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

PEANUT PIXIES

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

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

started on one before the newness has worn off the coming year. You may think you have nothing particularly interesting to report, but we're interested in everything, so whatever you have time to dash off is more than welcome.

—And now to the office...

Lucile



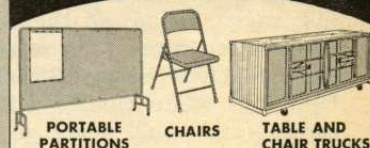
1908-1962
54 YEARS OF
LEADERSHIP

YOUR CHOICE OF TOPS—
MASONITE OR BLOND-D
OR MELAMINE PLASTIC.

Monroe
CATALOG
in COLORS

No. 450
40 Pages in Color

MONROE FOLDING TABLES



PORTABLE
PARTITIONS

CHAIRS

TABLE AND
CHAIR TRUCKS

FREE—1962 CATALOG AND DIRECT FACTORY PRICES

To Churches, Schools, Lodges and all organizations. MONROE Folding Banquet Tables are unmatched for quality and durability. New automatic locking, 20-year guaranteed leg assembly. WRITE FOR YOUR 1962 MONROE CATALOG. 40 pages in full color. Shows full line. 94 models and sizes of folding tables. Also chairs, choral and platform risers, table and chair trucks, portable partitions. Our 54th year.

THE MONROE COMPANY

51 Church St.

COLFAX, IOWA

"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 12
Send Ads To
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

HOW TO TRAP SPARROWS and starlings with famed "Black Lily" elevator traps. New information everyone should have. It's free. Simply address, Sparrowtraps, 1012 Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

LADIES NYLON BARGAINS. S. J. Sales, 3329 Superior, Ashtabula, Ohio.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD—Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, Heyworth Building, Chicago 2.

FREE CATALOG, showing complete equipment for CAKE DECORATING and UNUSUAL BAKING. Ateco 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.

YOUR CHURCH OR GROUP can raise \$50.00 and more, easy and fast. Have 10 members each sell only twenty 50¢ packages of my lovely luxurious Prayer Grace Table Napkins. Keep \$50 for your treasury. No money needed. Write Anna Elizabeth Wade, Dept. 419FA, Lynchburg, Va.

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

SENSATIONAL NEW LONGER-BURNING LIGHT BULB. Amazing Free Replacement Guarantee—never again buy light bulbs. No competition. Multi-million dollar market yours alone. Make small fortune even spare time. Incredibly quick sales. Free sales kit. Merlite (Bulb Div.), 114 E. 32nd, Dept. C-74N, New York 16.

SEEKING NEW PRODUCTS? Get my outfit 47 money-making specialties. Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money. Just your name. KRISTEE 150, Akron, Ohio.

MONEYMAKING & HOBBY BOOKLETS 25¢ ea. All 5 listed below \$1.00. Sewing Ideas—Handcraft Ideas—Jiffy made items—Items from Coathangers—Gift & Hobby Catalog. Leisure Hour Products, Freeland 3, Pennsylvania.

A QUILT THAT is quilted as you piece. Fascinating new idea directions only \$1.00. M. Stover, Circleville, Kansas.

JUST \$1.00 BUYS C-1 REMNANT-PAK postpaid. Contains cotton remnants and trimmings. Robert Erlichman, 5218-KA Schuyler, Philadelphia, Penn.

RIPPLE WOOL crocheted afghans. Ludmila Hotovy, 5th David City, Nebraska.

BEAUTIFUL 13" WHITE STAR center ruffled doilies. Any color ruffle—\$2.00. Ready to mail. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

FREE BRUSH with sensational new trim painting tool. Paint sashes, edges, moldings tension free. This tool you are now able to buy makes painting much more enjoyable. Send \$1.25 postpaid to Steady Products Co., 24575 Kelly, Suite 1, East Detroit, Michigan.

WANTED—Certain dates Lincoln, Indian cents—prices up. Send 4¢ stamp for buying prices. COLLECTOR, 112 West 8th, Hutchinson, Kansas.

ASSORTED NEATLY EDGED linen hankies \$1.04—\$1.10—\$1.20. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS—45 RPM. 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, 1134-16th Street, West Des Moines, Iowa.

TWO "WILL" FORMS and "Booklet on Wills", \$1.00. NATIONAL, Box 48313KK, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

DIAPER HOLDER for 5 dozen folded diapers—\$2.50. Sunbonnet Baby and Teddy Bear quilt appliques—25¢. LeMay, 614 North 30th, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

\$1.00 BUYS an ALL white bag of REMNANTS, postpaid. Contains muslins, organ-dies, rep, bias binding. Norabel Erlichman, 7 Gamewood Road, Levittown, Pa.

SHELED WALNUTS, Pecans, Almonds, Brazils, Cashews, Filberts—\$1.50 Pound. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

21 BIRTHDAY cards—\$1.25. 21 Get Well Cards—\$1.25. Bear, 2118 Burt St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

JAR FLAT hot mat—75¢ Gingham Cushion top Rabbit or Kitty—\$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

BAKE BREADS from unusual, fully tested recipes. Order Favorite Breads from Rose Lane Farm by Ada Lou Roberts. Letter from Lucile calls it "down-to-earth, practical, comforting". Send \$2.95 to Hearthside Press, Dept. K 1, 118 East 28 Street, New York 16, N.Y.

FOR SALE: Handmade pink felt baby shoes. \$1.00 a pair. Mrs. Willie Embree, Madison, Mo.

JANUARY SPECIAL: 27 x 54 rugs—\$2.50—any colors. Rug weaving: prepared materials \$1.25 yd. I'll prepare, weave \$2.00. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

CASSEROLE COOK BOOK for sale—50¢. Mrs. Fred Ager, Rt. 1, Dunkerton, Iowa

TRINITY GUILD COOK BOOKS, 700 recipes—\$2.00. Margaret Wuebben, Hartington, Nebr.

WILL DO crocheting. Violet Umphleet, Mill Grove, Mo.

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

59¢

12 Exposure Rolls, 59¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

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

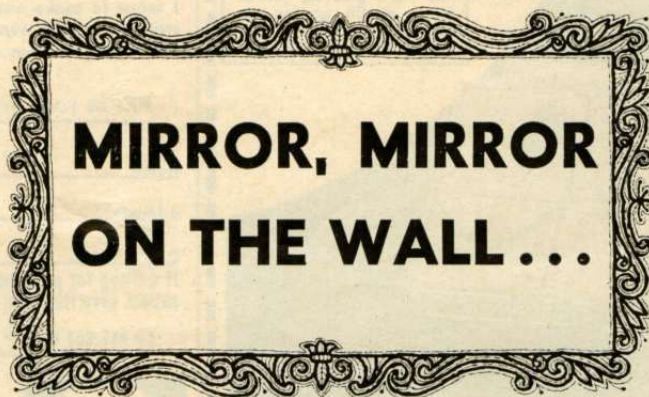
Dept. 120
Lincoln, Nebr.

As New Year begins—concluded needed in our lives to improve the year ahead? If we are looking forward to a new and worthwhile 365 days it would seem necessary to do some stock-taking.

Life may well depend as much on elimination as assimilation—eliminating the unnecessary, assimilating the important. If I had to choose the single most important item in my home it would be the *wastebasket*. Just think how awful it would be if we had to keep every scrap of paper, every empty can, every broken toy and every tattered shirt! Soon we would have to move out for lack or room in which to live. I'm sure I need a wastebasket for my *mind* also, someplace to throw the worn-out thoughts and useless ideas and outlived fears. *Eliminate the useless and the unnecessary* is written in big letters on my list of resolutions.

Now that is going to take a lot of discipline! So, down on my list goes *self-discipline*. As I look back on all the other suggestions to myself it seems wise to put this one right up at the top under number one!

If I had to roll all of these ideas up together I would come out with the thought which has been stated many times: I want, in 1962, to do some work which is needed and to do it to the best of my ability, to make my days count for something in the lives of others. And I wish with all my heart and soul that I could share the calm of my peaceful Iowa countryside, its warmth and plenty with the whole unsettled world.



Why in the world did I eat so much during the holidays?

Who could resist it, with the parties, family dinners and church and club functions? But now we're paying, with dresses too tight and skirts that don't quite reach around.

Why not let **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** help with your figure problem? It's sweet—really sweet—with no bitter after-taste and no "artificial" taste or aroma. On cereal, in coffee, wherever you'd use sugar, use **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener**. No calories . . . no foolin'.

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try

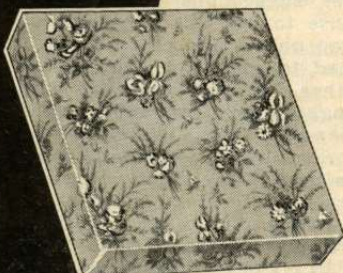
\$75.00 IS YOURS



DAINTY REMEMBRANCE
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT
21 really
deluxe cards.
Excitingly
different



LUXURY PARCHMENT PRINT
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT
21 distinctive
cards of
rare beauty.
Tremendous
appeal

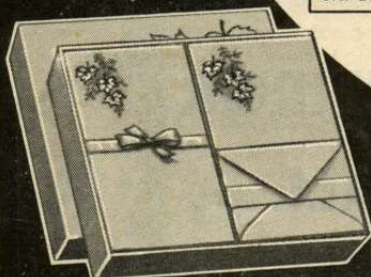


DELUXE EVERYDAY GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE
20 large colorful
sheets plus
matching tags.
Terrific value

for selling only 100 boxes of our Dainty Remembrance All Occasion assortment, \$32.50 for selling 50 boxes, \$15.00 for 25 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys Greeting Cards. **Cut out entire Business Reply Coupon below—mail it today** —and free samples of personalized stationery—plus other leading Greeting Card box assortments will be sent you immediately on approval. No experience necessary.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

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



GOLDEN LEAVES STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Dainty raised design on rich vellum with charming ribbon tie. Just lovely

CUT OUT ENTIRE BUSINESS REPLY COUPON AT RIGHT

FILL IN FOLD OVER FIRMLY AND MAIL TODAY

No Stamp or Envelope Necessary

FREE SAMPLES PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. D-14, White Plains, New York

Cut Along Dotted Line — Fold Firmly — Mail Today

THIS ENTIRE FOLD-OVER COUPON FORMS A NO-POSTAGE-REQUIRED BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. D-14
White Plains, New York

YES, RUSH MY ALL OCCASION CARD SAMPLE KIT

I want to make extra money. Please rush me free samples of personalized stationery. Also send leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial and full details of your easy money-making plan.

Fill in your name and address below — No stamp necessary

Name _____ Apt. _____

Address _____ No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If writing for an organization, give its name here _____

DO NOT CUT HERE ↓ JUST FOLD OVER AND MAIL — NO STAMP OR ENVELOPE NECESSARY

Postage
Will be Paid
by
Addressee

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

First Class Permit No. 589, White Plains, New York

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

White Plains, New York
Dept. D-14