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# Kitchen-Klatter\*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 27

JANUARY, 1963

NUMBER 1



—H. Armstrong Roberts





# 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

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### LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

First of all, "Happy New Year" to you and your dear families!

In many countries the conditions are such that one never hears the laughter of children or the happy whistle of a boy on his way to school. Although we have much to distress us in our own country, we mothers can make our homes happy places and send our children out to face the world with a smile. A smile is a contagious thing. One can never tell how far its influence will be felt.

We're missing our next door neighbors for again they are spending the winter months in Tucson, Arizona, where their two daughters live. It is wonderful they can be near their grandchildren and also enjoy the Arizona climate. Fortunately, the same apartment they rented last winter was available to them again this year, so they don't have to adjust to new surroundings. It is only a few blocks from their daughters' homes, on a quiet street facing a lovely park. The children enjoy the play areas in the park when they drop over to visit their grandparents.

Before Eltora left for Tucson, the neighbors gave a little farewell party for her at the home of Mrs. Virgil Perry. The table looked beautiful and the food well, I'll just tell you what we served for you might want to have a little coffee party sometime and would welcome a few suggestions.

On a large crystal plate we arranged various fruits cut into bite-sized pieces. A colored toothpick was stuck into each piece for easy removal from the plate. A tray held several kinds of cookies. I made a batch of Swiss cakes (a pastry which is rolled very, very thin, cut into desired shapes, fried in deep fat and then rolled in powdered sugar), which was in the shape of maple leaves.

Just for a laugh I made some turtle favors. Have you ever made them? They are cute and so simple that even the children could make them if you would like to use the idea for favors some-

time. Buy large dried prunes--rather moist, if you can find them--and with a little pressure here and there, shape them like turtles. Use whole cloves for the 4 feet and a raisin for the head. The raisin will hold in place with a piece of toothpick. I had some of Dorothy's peanut pixies on hand, so I had a pixie riding on the back of each turtle. The ladies were really amused with my favors!

Since I wrote last, we've had a good visit with my sister-in-law, Mrs. Sol Field, from Keddie, California. My brother couldn't come, but we were happy to have a good report on his health and hope that he can make the trip next time. Mary has many friends and relatives in and around Shenandoah, so we were glad that she could come for a visit.

Mary and Sol live in the high Sierras where Sol supervises a large Boy Scout camp. This past summer one of the scouts found two tiny abandoned deer which the boys enjoyed very much. When the camp closed Sol and Mary took one of the little fawns to their home where he has become a devoted member of the family. Just like a big dog, he sleeps on the front porch, stands on his hind legs to beg for food and follows Sol around when he is doing outside work. Someday it will probably hear the "call of the wild" and leave, but until that time he makes a fine pet.

At last my "Garden Bouquet" quilt is being quilted. Margery had been working on an embroidered quilt for several years and as she became busier and busier, she had less and less time to work on it, so I finished it for her and we took both to a friend for quilting. Since then my handwork has been mostly mending, although I have made a few small gifts. I intend to make a colored tablecloth but haven't located one big enough for our table yet. Most of the colored ones seem to run to lunchcloth size.

We decided to spend the winter months right here in Shenandoah. At first, I'll confess, I dreaded the thought of being

shut in for the long winter months. It isn't easy to handle a wheelchair in ice and snow, so I go out very little in the wintertime. But I'm kept so busy that days are fairly flying by, and everyone who comes into the house brings a bit of the outdoors with him--rosy cheeks, snowflakes on coats, and smiles that are just like sunshine--so I haven't minded at all being confined inside.

January is the month for me to tell you that it is time to start searching for the outstanding mother to represent your state in the selection of the American Mother for 1963. There are many fine mothers who deserve the recognition and perhaps she is the good friend and neighbor in your own community. In our own state of Iowa, letters requesting nomination blanks can be secured from Mrs. Oscar Lybeck, 2849 Oak Street, Bettendorf, Iowa. If you don't know who your state chairman is, write to American Mothers Committee, Inc., 525 Lexington Avenue, New York City 17, New York. They will gladly supply the information you need. If you know of someone you think would be eligible, ask some organization in your locality to make the nomination.

There are snow flurries in the air this afternoon and I'm hoping that it amounts to something. Not only do we need snow covering for the protection of plantings, but I love the peaceful, soft appearance of the out-of-doors after a snowfall.

As most of us spend more time indoors this month, we have more time for contemplation and making plans for ourselves and our families. Looking over the lovely poetry that has come to us this month, I decided that this one would be very fitting to close my letter to you friends:

### THE NEW YEAR

The Old Year is gone! O New Year  
So fresh, so young, so dear.

I would record on your pages  
Deeds of kindness, the hope of the  
ages.

I would pray for peace,  
Brotherly love; all malice to cease.

I would live, laugh and love,  
And lift my eyes to Thee Above.

To reverence our Lord; from hate be  
free,

This is my pledge for 1963.

--Helene B. Dillon

Isn't that beautifully expressed? I thought you would enjoy it.

Sincerely,

Leanna



## STROMS CLOSE YEAR WITH SHORT TRIP

Dear Friends:

Are you all ready for the new year? I feel as if I'm not quite caught up with 1962, but I'll be ready to welcome 1963 when it makes its entrance in a few weeks. It will be a quiet welcoming as usual--just sitting up until the clock strikes twelve and then off to bed!

Just before I sat down to the typewriter, I wrapped some Christmas gifts. I wish I could tell you the contents, but this magazine will be printed before Christmas Eve and my secrets wouldn't be secret if I divulged the information now. I'll have to wait until next month to tell you about them. However, holiday preparations are underway at our house just as they are at yours.

Oliver had some vacation days late this fall so I lined up my work to fit his schedule and we had a nice little trip to New Mexico. This time of year one has to watch the weather forecasts closely, which we did, and we had excellent weather for the trip. As a matter of fact, had we delayed our departure, we might have run into adverse conditions, so I'm glad nothing held us up.

We drove directly to Santa Fe, taking the route that Lucile has described to you before, so I won't go into detail except to mention that we picked up the Kansas Turnpike at Topeka, left it at Wichita, and picked up Highway 54 which took us to Tucumcari. From there we drove to Cline's Corners on Route 66, and then north to Santa Fe. This is considered the easiest route, and it can be driven in two days.

We spent the first day in Santa Fe looking over the city which has six interesting museums--The Palace of the Governors (which is the Historical Museum), Art, Ethnology, International Folk Art, Navajo, and the Laboratory of Anthropology. The only one which we didn't get to go through was the Laboratory of Anthropology. They were working on a new display at that time so it was closed to the public.

There were a number of "showings" at the museums that we enjoyed. Two at the International Folk Art Museum I think would be of particular interest to you. One was a special exhibition of containers (used in its broad term, for there were examples or receptacles of all types) from countries which were once a part of the Spanish empire, or whose cultural relations with Spain resulted in the exchange of ideas. It was amazing to note the similarities in style and decoration.

The other was a display of Rio Grande Blankets. The examples were assembled to illustrate the cycle of



You'll find an explanation of this picture in Margery's letter.

materials and designs used, from the oldest obtainable to those of recent date.

There were simple designs by the "lazy" weaver to some that were extremely complicated. One could note traditional old Spanish designs and newer more recently developed patterns, introduced as commercial dyes became increasingly available.

Our interest in the Indian blankets led us to seek out the little village of Chimoya where blanket-making is the chief industry. Some of them are made in gift shops, but the bulk of them are made in the homes. We watched a blanket being made in one of the leading shops and it certainly looked like a complicated procedure. How they kept from tangling up the many different spools of yarn, I'll never know!

A little side trip that we enjoyed very much was to see the young city of Los Alamos. It has been much in the news since its birth around twenty years ago, so it was interesting to see it. One scarcely ever has the opportunity to see a really young town such as this. I can only compare it to an enormous suburban-looking community with a tremendous new shopping center, except, that you can't overlook the fact that it is located on a mountain top with miles and miles of winding road and long stretches of desert and sagebrush separating it from the nearest city. Do you get the picture?

On that same little jaunt we visited the Bandelier National Monument to see the ancient ruins of Pueblo Indians. Some of them are cliff dwellings such as we saw at Mesa Verde in southwestern Colorado a few years ago, and some are the ruins of apartment-like homes on the ground level of the canyon. The picture on this page shows Oliver climbing up a ladder to peer into one of the cliff homes. The interior was black with smoke from fires used for cooking and warmth before the Spanish settled in this area, probably in the 16th century. Some can be dated as early as the 13th century.

Incidentally, as we were returning to the Visitor's Center after our walk to see the ruins, we saw three deer feeding not far from our path. They weren't the least concerned that we had "intruded" and continued to graze. When I mentioned this to Lucile and Russell they said that they must have been the same deer family they had seen when they were there.

I could go on and on, telling you about the many interesting things we crammed into this short trip, but I do want to bring you up to date on things at home too, so I'll stop here.

Oliver is in the midst of testing high school seniors in the vicinity. This is part of his work with the State Employment Service. Those who aren't entering college upon graduation are tested for their aptitudes so they'll know what type work they are suited for when the time comes to seek employment. The testing is followed up with personal counseling. Frequently Oliver is at school all day and on those occasions he often eats lunch in the school cafeteria. It is always interesting to hear what the youngsters are being served and from his reports, I think they are very lucky children.

Martin is busy with his schoolwork and a few extra-curricular activities. He is a member of Mixed Chorus, singing tenor, and they are currently working on numbers for their Christmas concert. Earlier, we attended the Fall concert and were amazed at the results from only a few weeks' practicing. We're fortunate to have an excellent director of vocal music who can "get so much" from the youngsters.

When we returned from Santa Fe, I missed a few pieces of furniture about the house and wondered what had happened during our absence. Martin assured me that they would come back home soon--they were being used as "props" at the senior class play.

Martin also assisted "back stage". Although he is a sophomore, he volunteered with the lighting and was pleased that his offer was accepted. He's anticipating more work in this department, so perhaps this will develop into a real interest.

We certainly were glad that we didn't miss out on our church's annual Silent Bazaar. It was on a western theme this year with a chuck wagon dinner followed by entertainment by members of the congregation.

Well, Martin and Oliver just walked in the door. I had no idea the afternoon had gotten so late! I planned to bake a cake for dinner tonight, and since there won't be time to frost it, I'll serve it warm with a sauce. Yes, that's happened more than once at this house!

Sincerely,  
Margery



# The "Futures" forecast

A New Year's Service  
by  
Mabel Nair Brown

## Setting

To point up the theme of the "Futures Market Forecast", arrange a display of newspaper market sheets, market digest books, etc. To make these fit the service, make book covers with construction paper so that you can write a title upon each one. The titles I am giving here for the service are "Inventories", "Building and Construction", "Labor", and "Dividends". If you want a longer program, add others of your own choosing.

Ticker tapes, if they can be located, might be added to the arrangement.

## Program

**Leader:** "I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light, and safer than a known way.'"

**Scripture:** 1 Peter 2:1-9

**Song:** "Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New" (Alfred Tennyson's poem set to the tune of "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day".)

**The Forward Look** (by president or chairman of the group): "The New Year—fresh, clean, untouched, trackless—is waiting for your imprint. The vast space of time is empty of the impress of living, deeds to be accomplished, words to be spoken, a song to be sung, a child to be guided, families to love, friends to be cherished, peace to be found. Walk into tomorrow, into the shining receptive days of a year just born, to leave behind patterns whose edges are clean cut with purposeful living."

**Leader:** "We are called out of darkness of the past to step into tomorrow. We are 'in the market' for a New Year. Let's play it smart and study the 'futures' forecast. What do those 'in the know' say about the prospects before us in 1963? What about the Inventories, the Dividends we can expect? What's on the Labor front? How about Building and Construction?"

"I've called upon some helpers to present to us some of the forecasts on 'Futures'—futures unlimited, if we will it! And put our hands into the hands of God."

**First Speaker** (Inventories): "Let us take a look at Inventories. Yes, the New Year is inventory time. In assessing our stock on hand, many of us

are chagrined to find we come up pretty empty-handed in sharp contrast to the high expectations and hopes we held a year ago.

"Let's ask ourselves frankly now: 'What happened to the high resolves to be a more patient mother, to be more forgiving and less critical of others, to do some real creative tasks to make my particular corner of the world a better spot? As we take stock, how many of us find ourselves sadly wanting in supplies of faith, optimism, enthusiasm, zest for day-to-day living? Must we hang our heads in shame as we count up far too many prejudices, criticisms, gripes and pet peeves? Let us ask ourselves honestly if we have allowed an inventory of these undesirable traits to come between us and our neighbors and loved ones.

"It is Inventory time. Are we going into the New Year carrying the burden of all this undesirable stock? Come out of the 'darkness into the light'. Sort and discard, getting rid of old grievances, prejudices and jealousies, for they are only crippling liabilities as we face the New Year, if we seek a life of usefulness and purpose."

**Leader:**

"The world will buy largely of anyone who

Will deliver the goods;

It is ready and eager to barter if you Can deliver the goods.

But don't take its orders and make out the bill

Unless you are sure you are able to fill

Your contract, because it won't pay you until

You deliver the goods."

--Anonymous

**Second Speaker** (Building and Construction): "My study is in the field of Building and Construction. The future is unlimited in this field. In fact, it can be a real boom year! There is no need for unemployment—1963 challenges us to build our own characters as we busy ourselves binding up family ties through speeded up production of family time shared together. Competition is keen! You will have to 'get in there and pitch' for your fair share of time with your dear ones.

"How true are the words 'It's later than you think!' The time is past for wishful thinking for it is up to you to build from the 'time materials' you have. Draw up a new set of blue prints for the kind of family relationship you want, the kind of friend you want to be, the amount of time you want to give to your church and your community,

and then start *building*. You must decide which things will be most worthwhile for your family. You are 'construction chief' so you must decide what must go into the foundations of the life you want. The 'futures' predict a big building year in '63. Will you be in there doing your share?"

**Song:** "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"

**Leader:**

"One ship drives east and another drives west,

While the self-same breezes blow;  
It's the set of the sails and not the

gales

That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the seas are the ways of life

As we voyage along through life;  
It's the set of the soul that decides

the goal

And not the storms or strife."

--Ella W. Willcox

**Third Speaker** (Labor): "I've been studying the Labor outlook for the year ahead. 'Men must work and women must weep' is a trite old quote that is long outdated. Waiting and weeping are not enough for women of '63. This new world of ours has no room for complacency. Louise McNeill says it much better than any words of mine. 'Our waiting time is done. No longer dare we merely ask *How goes it there?* Just keeping the lamp shining in our own safe little window is not enough. We must go to the front ranks to fight for peace, and our symbol must be a blazing torch of courage and faith—even anger. A torch of faith that the good and great things shall not die. A torch of courage, for we must learn how to do things which we women have never done. A torch of anger, too, against all the stupidities and evil that are on the earth.'

"We must hit life hard. The temper of life is to be made good by big, honest blows—not by countless words and twiddling thumbs. 'Work is a weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon will never triumph.' What a weighty ball-and-chain our state of mind is sometimes. We know so much better what we can't do than what we can.

"The 'futures' for Labor do not look easy, but they look good for those who have a large inventory of faith, courage and determination."

**Leader:** "They who wait upon the Lord have the life of the Spirit to bear them on wings to exalted heights where limitless views, unbounded horizons inspire more glorious spiritual flights.

"They who wait upon the Lord have the strength of the Spirit. They run with endurance on faith-sandaled feet, girded and strong, spurning the road-

(Continued on page 21)



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Probably you share my feeling that it's always a happy sensation to start a new year with as many tag ends as possible squared away, and the decks spanking clean. The chances are that you'll take this issue out of your mailbox about the time that 1962 is drawing to a close, so I'd like to get the decks into good shape by covering some of the subjects that quite a few of you friends have asked about in recent months.

First and foremost on this list is the subject of buying property in New Mexico. During 1962 there was a tremendous barrage of advertisements in countless newspapers and magazines that offered all kinds of glamorous-sounding land bargains in many sections of New Mexico. These advertisements were put together with such skill that even the most wary skeptics found themselves impressed, and I'm not the least bit surprised that there was a tidal wave of response.

Now I cannot speak with authority about all of the various tracts that were offered by mail because I have not seen them all, but I would like to describe one tract that I *did* see with my own eyes—and then pass on what might be called "official advice".

On one of our trips to New Mexico during this last year, Russell and I took a drive one day into a section where we had never been before. The main road that we followed for approximately 60 miles was hard-surfaced and in excellent condition. It wound through magnificent country virtually uninhabited and was our idea of a wonderful ambling trip when we were out just to do a little exploring.

After about 60 miles of this highway we found a junction with a state road that was clearly marked on the map, and decided to follow it for around 25 or 30 miles to the point where it joined another hard-surfaced highway that runs north and south. This state road was graveled, and since there hadn't been any rain for a long, long time we thought it was safe enough to tackle it. And it was—we made it all right, but it was plain to see that only after many weeks of drought could you depend upon getting through.

Now this road snaked along on a high plateau, and across its entire length we saw only two ranches far off in the distance and about four houses that seemed to be occupied. It was as empty and lonely and forbidding a stretch of country as we've ever driven through, and I wondered apprehensively what in the world a person would do if he ever had tire trouble or car trouble.

In view of this fact, you can imagine



This picture was taken on a recent weekend when college students, Juliana Verness and Carol Kramer of New York City, were relaxing from their studies.

how astonished we were to come up over a sharp rise and suddenly see huge billboards advertising a "big new housing opportunity—magnificent one acre estates". We followed the signs and saw, 'way off in the distance to the left, a pitiful looking collection of signs raring up in the sagebrush. These seemed to mark boundaries of some kind, but goodness knows what they were since there was only sagebrush as far as the eye could see. I tried to reconcile this scene with all the descriptions I'd read in advertisements for those "magnificent one acre estates" and I felt sort of sick.

But my sensations then were as nothing compared to what I felt in about five more minutes, for all of a sudden and without any warning whatsoever, our road seemed to fall right off into space and we found ourselves looking down into a very deep and spectacular canyon with a river winding through it far, far below. Our road down into it was filled with rough boulders and so narrow that it wouldn't be safe to try and pass anyone. Fortunately we didn't meet anyone. We just crawled along on this precarious shelf with such sharp turns that we could scarcely get the car around them, and eventually reached the bottom. Then we had to go back up the canyon on the opposite side and that section of the road was even worse than the one we'd taken down into the canyon. It was a harrowing and nerve-racking trip, to put it mildly.

But the thing that made me really sick was the realization that anyone who bought a "magnificent one acre estate" couldn't get into the nearest town (approximately eight or ten miles away) without going through that canyon. And it was plain to be seen that many times during the year it would be totally impossible to get through the canyon at all, so then it would be necessary to drive completely across

that plateau on a road in miserable condition, and approximately 20 more miles on a hard-surfaced road to reach even a tiny village. In other words, these "new estates" were just about inaccessible for all practical purposes.

As I thought over this entire situation I realized again how extremely important it was for everyone to remember what has long been considered solid gold advice when it comes to buying property of any kind. *Never buy anything without going to look at it.* If you can't afford to take a trip to go and look it over, you can't afford to buy it. This is the only way you can protect yourself. And in case you think I've taken a gloomy viewpoint on the whole subject, I'd like to go ahead and add that indignant complaints are met with the answer: "Let the buyer beware." So you see, you're on your own when it comes to buying property unseen; and it pays to be very, very cautious.

The next subject that I've been asked about frequently is our greenhouse and what kind of rare plantings I can recommend. There seems to be a growing interest in home greenhouses and I wish I could discuss orchids, dwarf tropical trees, etc., with authority, but I can't and I'll tell you why I can't.

When our greenhouse was built as part of our remodeled house we had a highly recommended heater installed and thought we were all set to have a whole new experience in gardening. Alas! while we were out of town at the coldest point of the winter, the pilot light somehow failed and everything froze solid. This was a real blow to us for we lost some extremely handsome plants that we had had for years, things that we treasured very highly indeed. (Some of those plants were gifts from Aunt Helen Fischer and had taken many years to achieve such beautiful growth.)

After this catastrophe we abandoned our original plans to grow orchids and all the rest and simply concentrated on moving in things from the garden before cold weather. Right now we have a Forty-Niner rose in full bloom—it is actually 7½ feet tall! There are vines of various kinds making good growth, quite a few jars of ordinary houseplants, and the big baskets that hung out in front during the summer are now suspended from the ceiling in the greenhouse and continuing to flourish wonderfully well; but you can see that we haven't gotten off on the unusual plantings that most people have in mind when they think about a greenhouse.

I hate to admit that I cannot be of practical help on another subject, but facts are facts and I might as well face them. Quite a few people have asked

(Continued on page 20)



## BUSY DAYS IN WISCONSIN

Dear Friends:

My daily list of phone calls is completed now and with any degree of luck I should be able to get this letter written with few interruptions. Between the necessary calls that accompany a Brownie Troop's smooth operation, and the myriad details that have sprung up in connection with the Fun Frolic at Elmwood School, I have worn a large callus on my telephone dialing finger.

The Fun Frolic at Elmwood School is the P.T.A.'s money-making project for the year. This is really a carnival with each of the groups that the P.T.A. sponsors operating a booth of some kind. One of them has a fishing pond for the youngest school members; other groups like the Boy Scouts have games which they supervise. This is all held on one evening with the adult members of the P.T.A. serving a ham dinner for a very nominal price for anyone in the area to come and enjoy. It is a terrible amount of work for everyone involved, but last year they managed to clear almost \$600 which they turned over to the Finance Committee to apply toward the purchase of much needed school equipment.

All of the Brownie Troops, which the P.T.A. sponsors, are operating a White Elephant Booth. However, this is no ordinary White Elephant sale because as each person buys a ten cent number off an artificial tree he is eligible for the drawing for a real live puppy. Right now I'm looking for a small, cute, pure-bred (I hope), inexpensive puppy. I was given this job of dog-shopping because it was my idea to incorporate the puppy give-away with the White Elephant sale in an effort to sell more tickets. I can't think of anything that sells itself more rapidly than the beautiful pleading eyes of a small home-seeking pup. Of course, the risk is apparent that we may end up with many parents wishing we had never thought up such a project, but I'll bet the kids will enjoy trying to win this dog!

I can't claim the credit for thinking up this project. My sister, Marjorie, and her husband, Bill, ran such a booth in Anderson, Indiana, last year at the carnival their P.T.A. sponsored and it was the largest money-making project of the entire carnival. They had a beautiful blond cocker spaniel which they sold chances on and believe me this darling dog more than sold itself. In case any of you consider trying this for your money-making project at your school, be sure to give the buyer some article in exchange for the price of one of the chances which he buys; otherwise, you run the risk of running a lottery which is "verboden" in many states. I'll let you know next month how successful our booth was.



Katharine Driftmier, who loves to read, decorates her bed's headboard with favorite objects like the bird tree sent her by a friend.

About two weeks ago Waukesha County Health department and the County Medical society offered to give shots of attenuated-virus measles vaccine to children in the county between the ages of one and 12 who had not had measles. The parents had to register their child-  
rento receive this vaccine. It was given in five schools by 25 local physicians and nearly 2,800 children participated, or I should say more accurately their parents "participated" them. Along with the vaccine each child received a separate injection of gamma globulin, a blood protein containing a high concentration of antibodies. Use of gamma globulin greatly reduced the severity of reactions to the vaccine. This vaccine was effective only against the dangerous, highly infectious red measles—not against three-day German measles.

Previous testing involving 12,000 children in Maryland, Missouri and Virginia had proved that the vaccine "takes" in approximately 97 per cent of the cases. Of those children taking the test some 15 to 20 per cent experienced some type of reaction, either rash or fever of some degree in eight to 12 days after the injection, and just like clockwork Adrienne started running a temperature of 103 degrees on the twelfth day. We were given quite a complete form to fill out and return to the Medical society for each of the children receiving the shots, so I was quite prepared to keep an accurate record of the children's reactions. Katharine showed absolutely no indication that she had received a vaccine. Paul ran a very low-grade temperature and was a little nauseated one day, but Adrienne carried this medium-high temperature and broke out in a very light rash for three days.

The severe effects of measles are so frightening that I was quite relieved to

know that the children will have a built-up resistance if they ever come into contact with the real thing. This anti-measles vaccine is expected to be available to the public through your physician by early Spring.

Other than this measles vaccine, we have had a healthy season, thus far. Adrienne is growing and developing so rapidly that it's almost visible to the naked eye. Her vocabulary is more than adequate and she tries so hard to talk fast. She started slurring her words until they are almost unintelligible and now, much to my disappointment, she is beginning to stutter. However, I can remember all too well when Katharine stuttered so severely that I was sure we would have a stuttering child for the rest of our days, but as rapidly as it came it also disappeared, so I'm not too concerned with this newest development of Adrienne's.

She is also proving to be the family's athlete. She has mastered the outside climbing tower and in her efforts to "keep up" with the bigger children she swings and leaps into the air from heights I would never have permitted with our first child. But with the arrival of winter she is at a loss to entertain herself while indoors, so she jumps off of any piece of furniture, the higher the better. Her pet perch lately is the top of the davenport, and much to my relief she has always managed to land feet first. I still feel if she would get just one good fall without breaking any bones it might serve to slow her down a bit. Mind you, I'm not allowing this to go on undeterred, but the difficulty with Adrienne is catching her before she does her jumping. I chase her off of the davenport only to find her poised at the top side of the kitchen table all set to pounce.

(Continued on page 19)



## BELL RINGERS FOR NEW YEAR'S

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

OUT-ON-THE-TOWN centerpiece: For this arrangement a large bowl filled with popped corn is the base. I like to use my huge wooden chopping bowl which is over 100 years old and a treasured heirloom.

Then make up your favorite gingerbread cookie dough and from it cut out large gingerbread boys. Before baking, but after the cookies are on the cookie sheet, bend the legs into dancing positions. Also cut out tall "silk" hats from the dough and place on top the head of each cookie-man. Two large round cookies to use as clock faces can be cut from the same dough. When cookies are cool, decorate the men-about-town by outlining the cookie and the features with the writing point of the decorating tube, using white icing, and mark the numerals and hands on the two clock faces.

A tall candle placed in the center of the bowl is used to support the two clock cookies which are taped back to back. I was able to find a lamp post type of tree ornament which fits right over the tip of a candle (post), so I placed the clock cookies just below the lamp. (I use this lamp post with an arrangement of carol singers at Christmas.) But if you do not have the lamp, just place the clock alone on the post. Then by arranging the gingerbread men in a gay, dancing circle around the bowl, standing them up in the popcorn, you have a delightful centerpiece--and an edible one!

COOKY CLOCK FACES can be used as individual place favors too. Or, for a different clock centerpiece, mark the clock numerals on twelve round cookies using a decorator's tube. Clock hands are cut from the cookie dough, baked, and iced to match the numerals. Then, on a large plate or tray arrange the clock cookies in proper order around the outside edge of the plate and fill in the center with plain round cookies and place the clock hands in position. Tuck white lace paper doilies under the cookies to form a "frame" around the cookie clock. Greenery and white styrofoam "snowballs" would be pretty around the plate centerpiece.

RING IN THE NEW--BELL ARRANGEMENT: This is made with paper drinking cups, or large paper containers if you wish larger bells, or bells of graduated sizes. These often come in colors which could be used as is or can be sprayed with one of the glitters and decorated with seals, ribbons and sequins. A small tree ornament attached to a pipe cleaner forms the bell clapper.



## A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S PARTY

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

## Invitations

"Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" is the theme--sentence to copy on the cover of the invitation to your New Year's Party. In one corner draw a round smiling face. Cut a tiny umbrella from construction paper and glue it on the cover also. The invitation might read: "Smile awhile and give your face a rest at our Smile Social on Tuesday evening, January 1, at 8:00 P.M. (Signed) -----"

## Decorations

On the front door, to greet the guests when they arrive, should be a very large round face wearing an "ear-to-ear" smile. If there is snow at the time, you might stand a huge snowman near the front entrance. Be sure Mr. Snowman wears a wide smile and a jaunty black top hat. A flood light upon him would be very effective.

The "smiling snowman" idea could be carried out for a pretty table centerpiece, too, using a large popcorn ball snowman, or one fashioned of cotton by shaping over round balls, bowls or cans.

Copies of sheet music of such "smile" songs as "Smile Awhile", "Smile, Darn You, Smile", etc., could be used as wall decorations. (You could make construction paper facsimiles of these.) Pinned to the curtains can be smiling faces cut from magazines. Mirrors can have large smiling faces drawn upon them.

Clip jokes from magazines and pin them conspicuously about the room on curtains, lamp shades, etc., to add extra chuckles as guests discover and read them throughout the evening.

## Entertainment

Smile Songs: Divide the guests into small groups, each group singing a different song. The one which best stays on the tune and knows the words to his song wins a favor. The favors might be decorated "face" cookies.

Smiling Theatre Time: Hand out slips of paper with descriptive words for types of smiles written upon them such as "polite", "superior", "bashful", "carefree", "sad", "bored", "coquet-

tish", "twinkling", etc. Each guest must then demonstrate the smile described on his paper.

Smile Track Meet: Measure each guest's smile and award a prize for the biggest smile. Then have each one "try out" for a prize for the prettiest smile, silliest smile, etc.

Tickle Time: Pair off the group into couples. One partner must tell the other a funny joke, and the other partner must refrain from smiling, or pay a forfeit. Another version would be similar to the game of "Poor Pussy" with one partner saying "I love your beautiful smile" three times while kneeling to the other who tries to keep from smiling.

"New" Contest: (A paper-and-pencil game)

1. Sells papers (Newsboy)
2. Home of Statue of Liberty (New York City)
3. Latest tidings (News)
4. At the foot of the stairway (Newal post)
5. Recently arrived (Newcomer)
6. Breed of dog (Newfoundland)
7. Gossip (Newsmonger)
8. Division of the Bible (New Testament)
9. A group of states (New England States)
10. A great philosopher (Sir Isaac Newton)

Wiggle Out Of It: Divide the group into relay teams. The leader of each team receives a circle of elastic about 30 inches around. At the word "Go", he must run to the opposite end of the room, slide the circle of elastic over his head and down over the body, step out of it and race back to his place in line, handing the elastic to the next player. The side which finishes first wins, of course. A few "tight squeezes" makes it all the funnier!



## You Can Always Strive . . .

to apologize.  
to begin over.  
to be unselfish.  
to take advice.  
to admit error.  
to face a sneer.  
to be charitable.  
to keep on trying.  
to be considerate.  
to avoid mistakes.  
to be modest.  
to profit by mistakes.  
to think before acting.  
to forgive and forget.  
to keep out of the rut.  
to make the best of little.  
to recognize the silver lining.

And it always pays



## FREDERICK'S FAMILY FINALLY VISITS VERMONT

Dear Friends:

At last we have done it! We have been to Vermont! In all these years of living just fifty-five miles from the State of Vermont—one of the loveliest states in the nation—we had never done more than step across the border until this past week. Last Friday, Betty, David, and I were the guests of one of our good members of South Church for a two-day visit to Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire, and to get there we drove sixty miles into the state of Vermont. You see, the Connecticut River divides Vermont from New Hampshire, and Dartmouth College is just across the river from Vermont.

For our trip we had two of the nicest days of the winter, and we wound around the twists and turns of the river valley with no trouble at all. For years I have wanted to see Dartmouth College, and now at last I have seen it. It is very obvious why it rates as one of the top men's colleges in the country. Its facilities are superb, its faculty first-rate, and its student body very select. There was a time when it was thought that Dartmouth College was only for the rich, but that is not so today. It is as democratic an institution as you will find anywhere in these New England hills.

We chose to visit Dartmouth at this particular time because the school was dedicating its new Hopkins Art Center, a building costing seventeen and a half million dollars. The 3,000 students of Dartmouth now have one of the most superb and one of the most practical buildings for drama, music, painting, sculpture, and wood and metal working in the entire world. For years and years the school has been raising the money to build it, and into it has been put every conceivable aid for the study of the arts.

In the afternoon we heard an organ recital on a brand new pipe organ built to resemble the pipe organs in Europe back in the 17th Century. Then in the evening we attended a play that was written at the time of the French Revolution. It seemed a bit strange to find an emphasis upon the old and the antique in a building that is considered to be one of the most modern in the world.

I do not hesitate to confess that I dislike modern art, and for the life of me, I don't see how anyone can like it. When a painting is so bad that the viewer has to be told *what* the painting is meant to represent, that is *not art*.

If you agree with me, why don't we get together and organize a "League to Defend the Intelligence of the Human Race". We shall have a branch in



Ministers of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., are (l. to r.) Warren Amberman, minister of music; Frederick Driftmier, Minister; Clayton Steele, assoc. minister; and Robert S. Swan, minister of music.

every city and town where there is an art museum.

One does not have to defend the beauty of the State of Vermont. What lovely mountains! What delightful rivers and streams now frozen over or, in spots where the water is swift enough, rushing between banks drifted with snow. And everywhere the big New England farm-homes with the sheds and barns built onto the house in one long line of steep-roofed buildings. What we saw on this trip made us determine to return next summer when the forests are green and the fields lush with crops.

Perhaps I should explain that the reason we never have paid a real visit to the State of Vermont is because of our love for the State of Rhode Island. Whenever we get a free day, our car heads south to the ocean shores and to our little cottage in the woods. Now we know there must come a day when the car will head north to the mountains of Vermont.

I have told you in other letters about the great pipe organ that we have in South Church. I do not recall having told you about some of the special music we have on very festive occasions. On Veterans' Day, Memorial Day, and other special Sunday services when we place an emphasis upon the love of freedom and democracy—an emphasis I believe essential on occasion if we are to preserve the right of freedom of worship in this country—we have a guest trumpeter from the local symphony orchestra. The combination of our great 4,500 pipe organ and a brilliant trumpet is quite magnificent. On Christmas and Easter we always have a guest violinist, and if you know of anything more lovely than a violin-organ duet, I wish you would tell me of it.

The young man who comes in to play the trumpet is an unusual chap. He

was born with only one-half of a left arm, and he has no left hand. Yet he plays the trumpet expertly. It is an inspiration to listen to him, and I have often said that when that young man plays in our church, I don't really need to preach a sermon. His overcoming of his awful handicap, is sermon enough for me.

Let me tell you of a most amazing thing that has happened to one of our church members. Two years ago Mr. Robert Payne lost his eyesight. Just overnight he went blind. He is the father of three fine boys, and the husband of a charming wife, and in his blindness he has had to be very dependent upon them. Of course, he had to give up his position in one of our highly skilled industries, and for the past two years he has been trying to find work that a blind man could do.

In all of the discouragement of his blindness he did not lose his faith, and it has become a common sight for us to see him coming into church being led by the hand with a son on either side of him. He has even been teaching in our Sunday School. Imagine the excitement and the thrill that was his, and ours, when he suddenly recovered the sight in one eye. He was totally blind, and now he can see again. This Christmas he will see his little family around the Christmas tree for the first time in two years. All of us are singing praises of thanksgiving to God.

With this letter I send you all good wishes for the New Year. So often I tell my friends that I hope the next year of their life will bring them every reason to give thanks to God for His many blessings. What more could I wish for anyone than a good reason to thank God—good health, good fortune, good times, and good fellowship? That is my wish for you in the year 1963.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



## SHARING LIGHTENS SORROW

by  
Evelyn Birkby

A familiar hymn starts, "Long years ago...." and it seems to fit my mood perfectly today, for it seems long years ago that we had our daughter with us. Recently, Lucile asked me if I would share again some of the thoughts and the article which Robert and I wrote immediately after Dulcie's death. She said she felt these experiences would be of help to others.

It is not easy to walk closely again on those tender, memory-filled paths; it causes a great longing to know again what once was---and a grief for what can never be. But if any sharing of these experiences will help even one person who is walking the same road, I shall be glad.

Dulcie Jean was happy and a very normal child. She came home from kindergarten one evening complaining of not feeling well. It seemed to be only an upset, but we kept her home the next morning. At noon she suddenly went into a convulsion and lost consciousness. Death came quickly and quietly at 6:00 that evening. An autopsy showed only that "some kind" of virus had affected the heart muscles which accounted for the sudden attack. Added to our grief, then, was the knowledge that we would never, ever, really know what had caused her death.

We drove numbly home through the dusk, picked up three-year-old Bobby from the neighbors and went through the motions of doing the routine chores. The long dark hours which followed were spent in communion with God and proved to be the single most strengthening factor in the days to come. God and Dulcie Jean were very close and very real that night.

Now a day of arrangements, visits from grief-stricken relatives and friends had come and gone. We tucked Bobby into bed and were sitting in our lonely living room. Robert finally broke the silence, "Get out the typewriter. We must write."

"How can we?" I asked.

"We'll do just as you've said many times you have done when you can think of nothing to say---just put in a clean sheet of paper and start putting down words. Something will come."

I did not think it was possible, but together we put in the paper and began, feeling that this was one concrete way we could express our love for our daughter. The words finally did come, and together we wrote the following, which was read and printed as Dulcie Jean's obituary.

Late on a sunny afternoon, September 4, 1947, Dulcie Jean Birkby opened her eyes upon the wonders and beauty



Dulcie Jean Birkby

of this world. She grew in wisdom---wise in the ways of butterflies; of baby calves and tiny lambs; of newborn kittens and romping puppies; of the creek and pasture; of the haymow and the garden. She grew wise in the ways of learning in the big brick school in Farragut, learning to read her books, write new words, to count and color and play.

She grew in stature, tall and tomboyish with dark wind-blown hair, a pretty, sweet face, freckles on her nose and a dimple in her chin. She ran and jumped and played with complete enjoyment. For five and one-half years she lived each moment with the same joyous enthusiasm which she transmitted so freely to others.

Her years were filled with the friendship of her neighbors, her classmates and everyone she knew. She developed a deep understanding of the joys of sharing and helping. The bus ride to school, the playtime with the children and the talking over of her experiences with her family, were special pleasures of each day.

She grew in the love of her family. Her father and mother, Robert and Evelyn Birkby, her brother Bobby, Grandma Corrie, Grandma and Grandpa L. V. Birkby, Great-Grandma Erie Birkby and all the other relatives who were so much a part of her delight in life.

And, oh how well she learned to know about God. Her first trip to His house of worship was made when she five weeks old. From then on His church became a part of her. She knew Jesus and His loving care; she knew of the plans God has for all living things; she learned to trust and have faith in Him. Each Sunday she sang in the choir, a joyous song of praise to Him in loving confidence. And, when, on April 14, 1953, her physical house was no longer fit to contain her marvelous spirit, she left its limitations behind and found in the plan of God

her place in heaven, there to continue to grow in spirit, to bring peace and happiness to all who know her and to say again, as she had said each morning as she left for school, "Be sure and meet me at the corner, I will have a kiss and a hug for you."

It seems incredible that almost ten years have passed since we sat down in that desperately lonely house and wrote those words---but days followed days, weeks followed weeks and soon it was years which followed years.

No one is ever really prepared for the death of a child. It was April Ousler who made the statement that the greatest loneliness comes when we lose our life partner, but the keenest sorrow comes when our child dies. Her explanation, and it is a logical one, is that we never *expect* our children to die before we do. It is just *not* the proper pattern of existence! Our children should have the same opportunity to grow and develop and learn that we had. When accident or illness breaks that established routine, it is a shock beyond all comprehension.

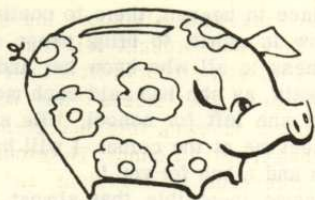
When one has suffered such a loss it gives him a feeling of oneness with everyone who suffers a similar grief. I never read of a child's death without feeling a great compassion and sympathy with the parents. Knowledge that others in similar circumstances know and care is very helpful, too. In our own experience, the notes and calls which helped the most were from people, some of whom we had never met, who had also "lost" children. We *knew* that they had a deep understanding of our feelings.

Many of these kind friends made the statement, "The pain will get better as time goes on. With God's help you will find other things to do, other people and other children who need your help. The deep wound will heal!" I had to believe what they said; they were speaking from experience. I'm convinced now, however, that it is not just the passage of time which does the healing, for I have seen too many people grow bitter as the years went by, but rather, it is the way in which we learn to turn our loved one over to God's care and use His guidance in our own lives. It is God's love and not "time" which does the healing.

The friends for whom I was most grateful were those who came long after the usual period of "calling" had ended. The greatest need for companionship frequently comes later, after the initial shock wears off, after most of the cards and letters stop coming, after the first great influx of concerned people, who then must go back to their own necessary activities. Four months, six months, eleven months are often

(Continued on page 18)





## YOUR CHILDREN AND THEIR ALLOWANCES

by

Evelyn Birkby

Recently, I heard a group of parents discussing money and the ways in which their children were being taught to use this important commodity. Several believed in allowances, a number thought that paying for the work the children did around the house was better than just "handing it out", and a few felt that regardless how the matter was handled, the children would soon be back asking for more coins to purchase some new eye-catching toy or treat.

Since the age range of the children involved was broad, the answers varied widely. From the sharing of their ideas and from reading I've delved into since this discussion, a number of definite ideas have emerged. The following seem to be the most important.

Give each child in the family a definite allowance by the time he starts to school. One mother said she began her small son's allowance with one nickel on his fifth birthday. Each year she has added another nickel per week. Even this small amount, she told us, proved educational for the boy. He learned the first week just how much gum and candy the nickel would buy! He eventually discovered that if he saved for several weeks he could purchase a box of colors or a small book with his income.

The amount of allowance depends on what the child is expected to do with it. As he grows older, more and more responsibility can be given. This is a good place for a family conference. Sit down together and make a list of all the needs which he wants to cover with his allowance. This might include

school expenses, scout or club dues, church and church school giving (for learning to handle money also means learning to share), and savings. (The parents agreed that savings should include a college account which would encourage the child's attitude of accepting college as a definite part of his education and give him a part in working toward that goal. Savings should also be done for short-range projects such as a desired basketball or a pair of ice skates.) In the case of high school youth, the allowance will probably include clothing and social expenditures. By this time a part-time job may be bringing in money to add to the budget and will give more experiences in judgment and values.

Guidance is needed, of course, to see that the budget is really used, but making mistakes is part of learning the use of money. If the part of the budget which is free choice is spent rashly the first day, or if a girl spends her money foolishly on one item of clothing, taking the results of these actions will teach a valuable lesson. One father expressed the opinion that the most difficult part of his children's budget was his own attitude; he found he had to let the children make the choices and, no matter how painful, he must not step in with more money, but make the consequences be the teacher. If one is reckless for a time, this father hoped, the very foolishness would help a child learn from his errors and develop more desirable habits through closer use of a real budget.

It was finally agreed upon that children should not be paid for doing regular chores at home. Every member of the family shares in one way or another in the income. In the same way, they should help around the home, not for pay, but because they are a part of the family and should cooperate in its tasks as well as its pleasures, according to their age and ability.

## THE BUTTON JAR

by

Enid Ehler

The button jar has just been discovered by our two-year-old. Her older brother and sister agreed it was a colorful treasure, *good as gold* in any youngster's playland. Dumping out the precious hoard, the children spent hours sorting the buttons according to size and color until the card table was a checkerboard of little red, blue, green, yellow, pink, white and black stacks.

The next morning when the bus time rolled around much too soon, strict orders were left with little sister to *keep her hands off!* Well, I imagine all two-year-old sisters are alike! While I was busy disposing of the wastepaper, she quickly and quietly dismantled every stack of buttons on the table.

To avert the inevitable disappointment that would come when the children returned home from school, I shuffled through vague memories of the many things children can do with buttons. Now I know why every mother, grandmother, aunt and cousin has a jar of buttons, even if they do not sew. Children can find a million-and-one things to do with buttons besides just stringing them for play-time jewelry. Here are just a few suggestions:

Buttons are dandy circle-makers. By placing different sizes on a piece of paper and drawing around them with pencil or crayons, circles ranging from teeny-tiny to big-bulky sizes may be drawn. A stick man can begin with a round head and have a few lines for the body, arms and legs. For variety, use the circle for the round body and add the head, arms and legs.

Girls especially like to create different hair styles on the drawn circle heads. Hats are also fun to draw and color on the funny circles. Hats may be cut from magazines and pasted on for different effects. Colorful dresses and suits may be cut from magazines, pasted on paper and a suitable button pasted at the top for a head. Eyes, nose and mouth painted in place with water colors add realism to the button people.

A useful gift for grandmother may easily be made by youngsters. A big, pretty flower or large heart may be drawn on cardboard, colored and cut out. A border of buttons may be stitched on the cardboard heart or centered in the flower. Thus, grandmother will have a gift she can use in her sewing, the youngsters will enjoy making it, and the entire project will cost very little. If the children are too young to sew on the buttons, paste works fine, too.

## COUNTRYSIDE NEWS

The scowling clouds are scudding through gray sky;  
No warbler gathers woodnotes for his song,  
And north wind's fingers sound an icy gong  
Where fledgling thrush and linnet learned to fly.  
But cardinals still wing across the land  
To hobnob with drab sparrows near my door,  
And there are saucy bluejays—ten or more—  
That wait a hearty breakfast from my hand!

--Thelma Allinder

### EASY MONEY in Spare Time with New "PICTURE WINDOW" All-Occasion Greeting Notes

Show friends exciting Create-A-Notes with all-occasion greetings that show through new-idea envelopes. Exclusive Violet "Picture Window" 89-piece ensemble with pen pays big profit at \$1.25. Extra-profit All-Occasion Card Assortment pays you 85¢ on each box—\$85 on 100. Over 150 fast-sellers, Gift Bonuses boost your income. No experience needed. Mail coupon for samples on approval, worth \$2.75—FREE on starting offer.

Just Send Name for Samples

CREATIVE CARD CO., Dept. 112-D  
4401 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 22, Ill.  
Send money-making samples on approval with FREE Starting Offer.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY & ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Get \$2.75  
Approval  
Samples  
FREE on  
Starting  
Offer



## ABIGAIL TELLS A LEGEND

Dear Friends:

The sun is reflecting brilliantly off a soft snow glittering under a bright, blue sky — a genuine holiday picture.

This is such a busy time of year with holidays occurring in such rapid succession. It is difficult at times to keep in mind the real reason behind these holidays. Thanksgiving is almost hidden beneath the huge stocks of Christmas items and advertising. All of us are aware that to some people Santa Claus looms larger than the Christ Child on Christmas Day. And how many are aware that January 1st is a day of religious significance and not just the start of the new year or the occasion of climactic football games?

January 1st is a "Church Day" when He received His Name Jesus officially. It is also the date when many commemorate the Visitation of The Wise Men or Three Kings. On the Sunday preceding New Year's Day I like to read my church school class this story of the Three Kings. It was prepared by our Dept. of Christian Education. I thought perhaps those of you with young children might like to read or tell this story to them on New Year's Eve.

## ROYAL VISITORS

The Wise Men have been the heroes of many legends. Several countries claim the famous travelers as their own. St. Mathew does not tell the land of their origin, so one guess is as good as another. Here is one of the legends about them.

It is said that Balaam's prophecy: "I see Him, but not now: I behold Him, but not nigh: There shall come forth a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.." (Num. 24:17) was known in many parts of the ancient world. Astrologers far from the land of Israel used to scan the heavens from a place called Victory Hill and pray that they might see the star when it appeared.

When, in the fullness of time, a new star did appear, it was in the form of a child. His head rested on a cross, and from the cross came a voice saying: "Now is Balaam's prophecy fulfilled. Today a King is born in Judea."

In Arabia, a land rich in gold, King Melchior saw the star, and determined to go in search of the new-born King. He took with him many lavish presents and gold enough to support his caravan on the long, long journey.

King Balthasar lived in Saba. He, too, saw the star and decided to pay his respects to the little King. The wealth of his country came from frankincense, which flowed from the trees, and was used as incense in Temples dedicated to many gods. When he had outfitted a splendid caravan, and provided fine



Clark Driftmier, Wayne and Abigail's son, shows his rock collection, a typical 9-year-old's hobby.

gifts for the royal Babe, he slipped in his pouch a golden jar filled with the precious frankincense.

Caspar, who reigned in Tharsis, also saw the star and heard the voice and set out to follow where it led. The source of wealth in his country was the gum-resin called myrrh. It was used in some medicines, and was the base of costly perfume. Emissaries from powerful monarchs came to his court to buy this rare product. In addition to other gifts, he carried with him a golden casket filled with the fragrant myrrh.

None of the three knew of the intended journey of the others. Nor did they see each other as they journeyed until they neared Jerusalem. A heavy fog arose and the caravans halted, for the star was veiled from their sight. Melchior and his retinue rested on Mount Calvary, Balthasar on the Mount of Olives, and Caspar between the two mounts. They found each other when the fog lifted, and with joy continued on together to Jerusalem.

You know the story of their visit to King Herod, and how the star led them eventually to Bethlehem. According to legend, they were so filled with awe and wonder at the light which shone

## HE HATH NEED

"Search and ye shall find",

He says,  
Placing the staff within my hand,  
And opening wide the door.

"Give to him who asketh thee",  
He gives me beauty, earth, and sky;  
All blessings without usury.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself",  
He asks an understanding heart  
For all men's problems--everywhere.

"Ye are the light of the world",  
He lights my way with sun or stars  
And bids me not delay.

--Gladys Niece Templeton

about the Babe that they fell on their knees. Forgetting all about the grand gifts they had brought for Him, they offered instead products from their own lands, gold, frankincense and myrrh. The formal greeting they had prepared vanished from their minds. They touched their foreheads to the floor and exclaimed in one voice: "Thanks be to God!" That night they were warned by an angel to leave immediately and by a different route for their homelands. In every city they visited they told the people about the new-born King and used their wealth to build temples in His honor. And on each temple was placed the figure of a Star, of the Child, and of a Cross.

Many years later St. Thomas journeyed to the East to preach the Gospel. The three Kings were now old and feeble, but each, in his own country, heard of St. Thomas and set out to meet him. They longed to hear what had befallen the little King they had found so long ago. Happily the three met together again, and with St. Thomas built a city, in the center of which there was erected a Christian Church. There they lived for several years, preaching the Good News of Christ and His Kingdom. One by one the Three Kings died, rejoicing to the end in God's revelation of Himself in the Babe of Bethlehem. They were buried in the Church. Eventually their city became an almost forgotten place.

Centuries passed, and the Roman Empire over which Constantine ruled was becoming a Christian domain. Then, according to the story, Constantine's mother, now called St. Helena, set out to find the tombs of the three brave and believing Kings. She wanted to do them special honor. When at last she found the city and their tombs she had their bodies entombed in the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople. But this was not to be their final resting place. They were taken to Milan and their shrine became a place of pilgrimage. When Milan was captured by Frederick Barbarossa, he was overjoyed to find their shrine. He had their bones moved to Cologne and placed in a golden shrine in the Cathedral. Perhaps some of you hearing this story may some day visit their shrine in this great building. But all of us may pray that we, like the Three Kings who traveled so far, may have the grace and courage to follow Christ's guiding star where ever it may lead.

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As 1962 draws to a close, our family finds itself deeply grateful for the many blessings that have been ours. We hope that each one of you finds life is a joy and a challenge in 1963.

Cordially,  
Abigail



# Recipes

## Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

"This is one of Wayne's favorite dishes that I never prepare frequently enough for him. I don't know why, because it is a very handy one-dish meal that is particularly tasty on a cool fall night. Most recipes call for parboiling the green peppers but I never do and have never had any trouble with their being tough." — Abigail

- 8 green peppers
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 4 medium-sized tomatoes, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups corn
- 1 tsp. ground marjoram
- Salt and pepper

Remove tops and seeds from green peppers and wash thoroughly. Brown onion and ground beef; add tomatoes, corn and seasonings. Stuff peppers and top with buttered crumbs or grated Parmesan cheese. Stand upright in greased baking dish; add small amount of water. Cover and bake for 1 hour in a 350 degree oven. Serves 8.

### SHORT-CUT CHOCOLATE PIE

- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 2 cups rich milk
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 sqs. chocolate, melted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine pudding mix, milk, egg yolks and sugar and cook until thick, stirring constantly. When thick, stir in melted chocolate and flavorings. Let stand 5 minutes; then fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and turn mixture into a baked 9" pie shell. When ready to serve, top with whipped cream that has been sweetened and flavored with Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

Juliana has fooled a lot of people with this quick-and-easy pie! It tastes as if it had been made from scratch--no one dreams that a pudding mix is the foundation.

### SNOW-ON-THE-MOUNTAIN SALAD

- 1 envelope gelatin
- 1/2 cup mandarin orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 6-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 3 cups hot water
- 1 pkg. frozen strawberries
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Combine the orange juice, 1/2 cup water, orange flavoring and the unflavored gelatin. When the gelatin is soft, put the pan or bowl over hot water to dissolve the mixture. Combine the salad dressing and the softened cream cheese. Beat until well blended and then stir in the gelatin mixture. Turn this into a large mold or into individual molds.

Dissolve the strawberry gelatin in the 3 cups of hot water. Stir in the frozen strawberries, the orange sections and the strawberry flavoring. Pour this over the firm, white layer. Unmold onto lettuce leaves for a very beautiful and delicious two layer salad.

### BAKED CINNAMON APPLES WITH SAUSAGE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/3 cup red cinnamon candies

Boil together for five minutes to make a syrup. Core six firm apples and remove the peeling from the top halves. Place the apples, peeled side down, in the hot syrup and cook for five minutes. While the apples are cooking brown 18 small link sausages in a skillet. Remove the apples from the syrup and place peeled side up, either in individual baking dishes or together in one baking dish. Put three of the browned sausages in the center of each apple and pour the red cinnamon syrup over all. Bake until the apples are tender, about 30 minutes, in a 350 degree oven.

### EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 cup cooked ham, chopped fine
- 2 cups chopped cooked eggplant
- 1 cup tomatoes
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup milk
- Salt and pepper to taste

In a greased casserole put 1/2 of the rice, then 1/2 of the ham and 1/2 of the eggplant. Pour the one cup of tomatoes over this; then make another layer of rice, ham and eggplant. Pour the milk over all the top with the bread crumbs. Bake in a 350 degree oven about 30 minutes.

### NEBRASKA POTATO PATTIES

- 3 large potatoes, unpeeled
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 small onion, thinly sliced

Cook the potatoes in boiling water until tender. Drain, peel and chill thoroughly. Grate the potatoes with a coarse grater. Melt the butter or margarine in a heavy skillet. Add the butter flavoring and the onion. Cook the onion until it is golden. Shape the potatoes into patties. Put into the skillet and season with salt and pepper. Cook over low heat without disturbing for about 15 minutes, or until a golden brown crust forms underneath. Carefully turn the patties and continue cooking until the other side is nicely browned. Carefully remove from skillet and serve on a hot plate.

### PRALINE COOKIES

- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. mace
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups nut meats (pecans are best)

Slowly melt shortening and cool. Add sugar, molasses, and mix well. Add eggs and flavorings; beat well. Sift together the flour, soda, mace and salt. Add to first mixture. Add nut meats and mix well. Drop by scant teaspoon onto greased and floured baking sheet 2 inches apart. Bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from pan immediately. Makes about 8 dozen.

### FROSTY FRUIT ROUNDS

- 1 can (1-lb. size) fruit cocktail
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
- 1 2-oz. package dessert-topping mix
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1/4 cup toasted flaked coconut

Drain fruit cocktail and oranges. Prepare dessert-topping mix according to package directions. Fold in mayonnaise, lemon flavoring and lemon juice. Fold in fruit cocktail, mandarin oranges, marshmallows and coconut. Turn into two (1-lb. 1-oz.) cans and freeze firm. Push out of can and cut into slices to serve. Makes six to eight servings.



**PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE**

- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 cups pumpkin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup water
- 3 egg whites

Beat the egg yolks with 1/2 cup sugar. Add the pumpkin, milk, flavoring and spices in top of double boiler. Dissolve gelatin in water. Add to hot pumpkin mixture. Let cool and when it starts to thicken, beat the egg whites, adding the remaining 1/2 cup sugar, and gently fold into the mixture. Put into graham cracker or pastry shell and chill until firm.

**INDIAN MEATLOAF**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. ground pork
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup corn meal
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup green pepper, diced
- 1/2 cup cream-style corn
- 1 1/4 cup tomatoes

Combine the meats and the seasonings, mix well. Add the remaining ingredients and continue mixing until well combined. Shape into a meatloaf and put into a baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour, or until done.

This makes up nicely into individual meatloaves, also. With the addition of a hot bread, salad and light dessert your meal is complete.

**MARY BETH'S SOUR CREAM CAKE**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 1 1/4 cups sour cream
- Pinch of salt
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 1/2 cups regular flour
- 3/4 cup nuts

Cream butter and sugar until smooth and creamy. Add unbeaten egg yolks and mix gently. Add dry ingredients alternately with sour cream and mix together gently. Stir in the nuts. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold them into the batter.

Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Test to be sure it is done by inserting a toothpick in the center. Bake in 9- x 12-inch loaf pan or two 8- or 9-inch round pans.

**HEARTY WESTERN SOUP**

- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 3 medium carrots, diced
- 5 wieners, sliced
- 1 can condensed bean with bacon soup
- 1 can chili-beef soup
- 1 to 2 cups water

Cook the celery and carrots in salted water until just tender. Saute the wiener slices in a small amount of shortening in a large saucepan for about 3 minutes. Stir in the celery and carrots, the liquid in which they were cooked, and the remaining ingredients. Add 1 to 2 cups of water depending on the amount left from the celery and carrots. A thicker soup may be made, of course, by using less water.

This is a very hearty, main-dish soup. It is equally good on a winter evening, an outdoor menu or an after-the-hayride buffet.

**SOUTHERN SWEET POTATO PIE**

- 1 1/2 cups cooked sweet potatoes
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 9-inch unbaked pastry shell
- 3 egg whites
- 9 Tbls. brown sugar

Mash the sweet potatoes until free of all lumps. Add 1/2 cup brown sugar, cinnamon and salt. Beat the egg yolks and add. Add the milk, butter or margarine, black walnut flavoring and nut meats. Mix well. Pour into the pastry shell and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake 30 minutes. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and gradually add the remaining brown sugar, beating constantly. Swirl this meringue on top of the filling and bake in a 325 degree oven for 20 minutes.

**SALMON-RICE BALLS**

- 1 can salmon, drained
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 Tbls. onion, minced
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tbls. green pepper, diced
- 1/2 cup cracker crumbs, crushed
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine the mushroom soup, water and green pepper. Mix together all the other ingredients and form into small balls. Place in a greased casserole. Pour the mushroom mixture over the salmon-rice balls. Bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees.

**FRANCENE'S BUTTERSCOTCH CHIP COOKIES**

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 egg
- 3 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring (if margarine is used in place of butter)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup quick oats
- 1 cup crushed cornflakes
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup nutmeats, if desired
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips

Cream together the sugars, shortening and salad oil. Add the egg and all the flavorings. Sift together the flour, salt, and soda and add to the mixture. Then add the oats, cornflakes (measured after crushing), coconut, nutmeats and butterscotch chips. Drop from spoon onto ungreased cooky sheet, press lightly with a fork, and bake at 350 degrees until lightly browned, about 8 to 10 minutes.

**CHURCH-DINNER CABBAGE SALAD**

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 cup white vinegar
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 1 cup salad oil
- 8 to 10 cups cabbage, shredded
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 2 large carrots, grated

Dissolve the gelatin in the cold water. Heat together the vinegar, sugar and water. When this is boiling, remove from the heat and stir in the gelatin mixture and the seasonings. Cool completely. Slowly add the salad oil and beat for several minutes. (This is an excellent salad dressing and will keep well in a covered jar in the refrigerator.)

Combine the prepared vegetables with the salad dressing and let stand in the refrigerator for 24 hours before serving. The dressing coats the vegetables with a glistening dressing. It does not make a solid gelatin salad, but makes the cabbage "slaw" much easier to serve for a church or company dinner than one which has a thinner dressing.





## Office

## Girls'

## Lunch

by  
Lucile

In the November issue of this magazine I shared with you one of the menus I used for a noon luncheon when some of the girls who work with us were our guests, and it pleased me very much to find that a number of you had turned to those recipes when you entertained.

There have been five luncheons since then and consequently it was a little difficult to settle on one for this page, but I finally concluded that the combination of food I served in the last week of November had a lot to recommend it.

## MENU

New Orleans Casserole  
Asparagus Spears  
Tomato Aspic  
Hot Rolls—Peach Preserves  
Date Delight

There were only two things to be done at the last minute: Rolls to heat and two packages of frozen asparagus spears to cook. I served the plates in the kitchen, using a dinner-sized plate, and the combination of color and texture in these foods made for a lot of eye-appeal. Incidentally, there were six of us at the table and again, not one scrap left of anything!

## NEW ORLEANS CASSEROLE

3 cups cooked rice  
2 cups shrimp  
1 can cream of celery soup  
1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup  
1 cup rich milk

1 cup finely chopped celery  
1 Tbls. butter  
2 Tbls. minced onion  
Salt and Pepper to taste  
1/3 cup toasted almonds  
2 Tbls. melted butter  
1/2 cup crushed potato chips

Boil rice until tender, and for this dish I prefer the long-grain rice cooked from scratch rather than the instant rice. Boil shrimp, following directions on package. (Canned shrimp *could* be used, but if possible, try and use frozen fresh shrimp.) Boil chopped celery only a few minutes—it should be slightly crisp. Melt butter and brown minced onion. Combine the two soups, dilute with the rich milk and heat.

Butter a fairly good-sized casserole and put in half the rice. Then spread over this the celery, onion and shrimp. Pour over it half of the heated soup. Use remaining rice, pour over the remaining soup and then cover top of casserole with crushed potato chips, the lightly toasted almonds and melted butter. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

This type of casserole is ideal when you are entertaining without help since it can stand quite a while, if necessary; and everything in it can be prepared in advance and then put together much later.

## TOMATO ASPIC

1 No. 2 1/2 can tomatoes  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. paprika  
1 1/2 tsp. sugar  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
3 Tbls. chopped onion  
1 bay leaf  
4 stalks celery  
2 envelopes plain gelatin  
1/2 cup cold water

Soak gelatin in cold water for 10 minutes. Combine tomatoes, seasonings, lemon juice, onion and celery and boil for about 20 minutes. *Strain through fine-mesh sieve.* Add soaked gelatin. Add water, if necessary, to make 4 cups of liquid. Stir, being certain gelatin is completely dissolved, and then turn into individual molds which have been lightly oiled.

When ready to serve plates, turn mold into a lettuce cup and top with a swirl of mayonnaise.

This is the classic aspic recipe that calls for carefully strained liquid and nothing whatsoever added in the line of chopped olives, pickles, etc. The flavor is delicious. (Oh yes, it makes eight molds so there *were* two left-over when I served the luncheon.)

# FLIP THIS TOP AND DIETING BECOMES FUN!

No need to starve...no need to do without sweet drinks and desserts. If you want to have your cake and diet, too, just "flip the lid" on a bottle of **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. This no-calorie diet aid is easy to use and easy to measure. Just shake out the sweet, colorless liquid. No spills, no mess.

But the clever dispenser lid is only a small part of the story. It's what's inside that makes the big difference. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** never leaves an artificial or bitter after-taste. It satisfies your hunger for sweets without adding a single ounce to your weight.

Use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** on cereals, in drinks, in pastries and desserts. 3 handy sizes: 3-ounce, 6-ounce and economical pint bottles.



ask your grocer for

## Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

*If he doesn't have it he can get it for you fast.*

(Continued on next page)



## ASPARAGUS SPEARS

*Don't overcook.* This is one vegetable that must be timed closely for there is a world of difference between dark mushy stalks and nice green just-tender stalks. *Drain thoroughly.* Place several stalks on each plate, lay a thin strip of pimento over them and spoon a small amount of melted butter over all.

## DATE DELIGHT

12 oz. pkg. cream-filled chocolate cookies  
1 cup chopped dates  
3/4 cup water  
1/4 tsp. salt  
2 cups bite-sized marshmallows or 16 large marshmallows  
1/2 cup chopped walnuts  
1 cup heavy cream  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Crush cookies, reserving 1/4 cup for topping. Spread remainder in lightly buttered 10x6x1 pan.

Combine dates, water and salt and bring to boiling point. Reduce heat and simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add marshmallows and stir until melted. Cool to room temperature and stir in chopped nuts. Spread mixture over cookie crumbs. Whip cream, adding vanilla and black walnut flavorings, and swirl over dates. Sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Chill overnight. Cut into squares and serve on your nicest dessert plates with cups of good black coffee.

This recipe came originally from Reatha Seeger, one of the girls in our office, and is delicious. It *must* chill overnight, so it's ideal when you're entertaining.

## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by  
Frederick

Our next door neighbor was for many years our Congressman in Washington, and there in the capital city his wife often entertained famous people from all over the world. The other day I was able to latch on to one of her best recipes. It is a delightful Date Pie, and if you love dates the way I do, you will love this dessert.

### Date Pie

2 eggs  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 cup chopped dates  
1 cup broken nut meats  
1 Tbls. (rounded) flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
Pinch of salt  
Place in pie pan. Bake in moderate oven, 325 degrees, for thirty minutes.

One of our favorite pies both at the parsonage and at the church is an old-fashioned, southern Pecan Pie. It keeps much better than some other pies, and is universally liked. Our Men's Club Dinners often have it for dessert, and not once have I ever seen a man refuse a piece. I was delighted to learn how easy it is to make.

### Pecan Pie

9 inch pie plate—1 crust  
For the Filling:  
3 eggs beaten  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup dark corn syrup  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1 cup pecan meats  
Put pecans in the raw unbaked crust. Pour rest of the mixture over it. Bake at 450 degrees for five minutes, and then at 350 degrees for 40 minutes, or until filling is done.

Everything will come to those who wait . . . but they must work while they wait.



## IRONING IRRITATION

It's not the ironing of the clothes—That causes housewives' pressing woes;

It's simply that the little crook Of plain wire hangers always hook To other hanger hooks then scatter To the floor with clang and clatter. Then wife, while shirt in left hand dangles,

Must use the right to tackle tangles. Since the ironing's the dominion Of the housewife, her opinion Is that the world's most steadfast clinger

Is not a husband, but a hanger.

—Gladise Kelly



# INSTANT VACATIONS

Tired of the cold of winter? Wishing you could "take off" for sunny skies and blue water? Why not take yourself and your family on an "instant vacation" via **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**?

Serve desserts flavored with coconut for a West Indies trip, or visit sunny Hawaii by using pineapple flavor. If you're a stay-at-home at heart, remind your family of summer days by flavoring with tart cherry or delicious, sweet strawberry. Use your imagination! Whether you're making salads, puddings, cakes, pies or gelatin desserts, you'll add fun and flavor when you reach for **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. They never bake out, never cook out. There are sixteen to choose from:

Banana  
Strawberry  
Orange  
Cherry

Raspberry  
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Maple

Burnt Sugar  
Butter  
Mint  
Vanilla

# KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask for them at your favorite grocer's. If he doesn't have them, he can get them fast. And save the cap liners for valuable premiums.



## WINTER NEWS FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We have just gotten up from the breakfast table and before I even started the dishes I decided to clear off the table and get out my typewriter and write my letter to you so it could go out in the mail today.

Do your children get up early enough in the morning to eat a good hearty breakfast before they go to school? This is the most important meal of the day, and we were always glad when Kristin was growing up that she wanted to be called in plenty of time so that she could eat a big breakfast before the school bus came. She always boarded the bus so early that by the middle of the morning she was just *starved* unless she ate well. There was never any argument with her about this breakfast business! We are very glad that she established this good habit because now that she is away from home we know she gets up early enough to go to the cafeteria before going to her first class.

Speaking of Kristin, in my last letter I told you we wouldn't see her before Christmas, so you can imagine how happy we were when she wrote that she had a ride home for a week-end before Thanksgiving. She had seen a notice on the bulletin board in the college Union that someone wanted riders to the Des Moines vicinity, so she contacted the young man at once. He turned out to be a student in the graduate school in atomic research. Frank and I both thought it was an awfully long trip for Kristin to make when she could be at home such a short time, but these young people seem to be able to take these long hours of driving.

Weatherwise the week-end couldn't have been more perfect for her trip. We decided that since she wouldn't be home for Thanksgiving it would be nice to have all the Johnsons come to our house for dinner on Sunday. I roasted a small turkey, and with cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, plus all the rest of the food, I'm sure we all felt as if it really were Thanksgiving.

Like all the rest of you parents who have children away at school, the high spot of our day is when the mailman brings us a letter. In the letter we received yesterday Kristin said: "It has been snowing all day, and is so beautiful outside. Hi-Way 130 to Snowy Range is closed now so it's a good thing we took advantage of the nice weather this fall to make our trips to the mountains. We won't be going again now until next summer."

We got all of our corn picked except a part of one field, before Thanks-



Kristin Johnson shows her cousins, Emily and Alison Driftmier, Knight Hall cafeteria where she eats as a Wyoming University coed.

giving. This field was too muddy, so we had to wait for a hard freeze before we could finish. After the corn was in the cribs Frank commented that it wasn't every year the farmers in our part of Iowa could have two harvests in the same year. We picked corn in April and again in November.

Frank said all summer, when he saw how many trees had been cut down along the bayou by the beavers, that we would probably be short several bushels of corn this fall, and he was *so right*. There were many big bare places in the field where the beavers had cut the stalks and carried them off. Frank estimates that we probably lost at least 15 bushels, thanks to the beavers and muskrats.

After a rain our bayou is quite full because the water from 250 acres of timberland drains into it, but when it reaches a certain height the water goes out through a big square cement overflow box under the road. It doesn't take the water long to run out, so consequently my eyes are accustomed to seeing the bayou with the same water level most of the time.

Several times this fall I commented that there seemed to be an awfully lot

of water in the bayou. The other day Frank came in and asked me to go with him to see something. The beavers had built a dam in front of the overflow box and the water in the bayou was several feet higher than the box. This dam was well-built with many stalks of Johnson corn, I might add! So I was right—my eyes had not been deceiving me.

Frank hasn't done any trapping for several years because it is so time-consuming and he never felt he had that much time. This year he feels it is necessary because there are just too many beavers and muskrats. I hope he has good luck.

I have a story to tell you about our horses, and if you don't think it is one of the funniest farm stories you have ever heard I'll be surprised. Every time Mother thinks about it she starts to laugh! We only have two horses on our farm now—Bonnie and Stardust, the riding horses. We noticed that something was happening to Stardust's beautiful long tail—it just kept getting shorter and shorter. At first, we thought it was getting caught on a barbed-wire fence somewhere, but as it got shorter it looked more as if someone had cut it straight across with scissors. Pretty soon we noticed that the same thing was happening to Bonnie's tail. They both looked so funny, *especially* when they raced each other around the pasture and their little short tails stuck straight out. We couldn't help but laugh as we watched them, even though we were unhappy about the way they looked.

One morning Frank came in and said he had solved the mystery of the horses' tails, and told me to look out the window to the barn lot. Stardust was standing there peacefully eating the corn Frank had just given her, while our big buck sheep stood eating her tail off. I have always heard that goats will eat *anything* and *everything*, but it had never occurred to me that the sheep would. Needless to say, the horses and the sheep have now been put into separate pastures, and we hope Stardust and Bonnie will eventually have pretty long tails again. When Kristin was home, she wondered what in the world had happened to her horses, and she, too, had a good laugh when we told her the story.

I see by the kitchen clock that I've missed the mailman, but since I'm making a trip to town for groceries this afternoon, I can mail it then.

May you all have a happy and prosperous year in 1963.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## THE WINTER DAY

*Azure, gray and red  
Birds flashed across the snow.  
A hawk's brooding shadow  
Floated dark below.*

*Black trees stood out  
Against the stark blue day.  
Hidden ice threw back  
The sun's sharp ray.*

*Sunset was frigid rose  
And crystallizing chill.  
The world was cold and cruel  
But lovely still.*  
--Haverna Woodling



## COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

There's a coziness about January evenings with the family, safe and secure, seated in comfortable chairs with books nearby beckoning to be read. How true the statement I read recently--booksellers wait for the sales of books to rise as the temperature drops!

Proof of the popularity of Beatrix Potter's classic *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* is shown by its translation in foreign languages. Now, by popular demand, *Peter* appears in a Latin version.

Have you seen the *Nutshell Library*? A boxed set of wee books for youngsters ages 3 to 6 years, the books were written and illustrated by Maurice Sendak. (Harper and Row, \$2.95) The ABC book is composed of alligators, no less, going through various chores as "bursting balloons, catching colds, and doing dishes." Included also is a counting book, one on nonsense rhymes for the months, and a tale about Pierre and a lion. What fun a family can have with these fine little books.

If you enjoyed reading *Anna and the King of Siam* by Margaret Landon and thrilled to the stage play "The King and I" you will be pleased to know of the sequel *Fanny and the Regent of Siam* by R. J. Minney (World, \$4.95). As with the first book, *Fanny* is a true story which takes place eight years after the governess Anna left Siam. The heroine of the book, Fanny Knox, is a new character and the daughter of the British consul-general in Siam. Filled with suspense, we hope it will enjoy the popularity of its predecessor.

Since we now have a cub scout in our home, the book *Cub Scout at Last* by Henry Gregor Felsen seemed to leap out at us from the library shelves. Woven into the story of Jerry Wade and his joining the cub scouts is a fine explanation of the ranks of scouts and achievements such as making collections, learning feats of skill, and using good personal habits. This book was dedicated to Mr. Felsen's son, who at that time was a scout. *Letters to a Teen-Age Son* (Dodd, \$3) is Mr. Felsen's new book. As an author he felt he could write in a series of letters what it might be difficult to say about the responsibilities and problems of growing up.

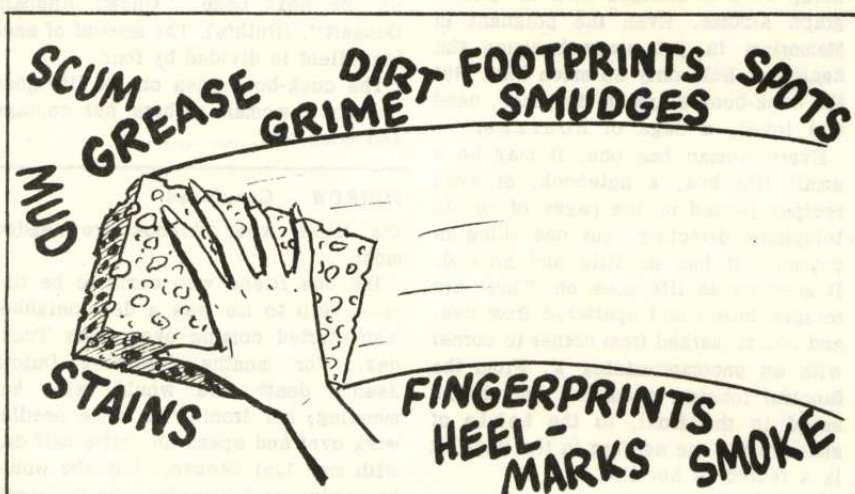
*Letters of James Agee to Father Flye* (Braziller, \$5) constitute some 90 letters of the late James Agee to his dear friend, Father James Harold Flye, an Episcopalian priest. The interesting friendship began in 1919 when Mr. Agee enrolled at a school for boys, St. Andrew's, in Tennessee, where Father Flye was a teacher. The letters began in 1925 when Mr. Agee was a student



Martin Strom, an avid reader, enjoys fulfilling the requirements of the high school's "suggested reading list".

at Exeter and continue to his death in 1955. He discusses his beliefs, experiences and his poignant desire to dedicate his life to writing. The interesting fact to me is that these two persons, who led such opposite lives, could share this friendship for years.

Part of the joy of reading is going back to old favorites. Recently I read Willa Cather's *My Antonia*. A new book concerning the works of Miss Cather is *Willa Cather's Gift of Sympathy* by Edward and Lillian Bloom. (Southern Illinois University Press, \$4.50) This book is one in a series of contemporary comment on modern literature called "Crosscurrents". Individual titles are devoted to the examination of authors, issues and trends. Collections of critical comment, personal notes and recollections are included in the book to provide new insight into Miss Cather's works. Our librarian tells me that Mildred Bennett's fine book *The World of Willa Cather* is now available in paperback for \$1.50. It is published by the University of Nebraska. And did you notice in a national magazine the guide of literary keepsakes? It mentioned the Willa Cather Museum at Red Cloud, Nebraska, which "sits in the heart of the ripe rolling prairies" of which she wrote.



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Your grocer has **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, or can get it if you ask him. Remember:

YOU GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS...

# KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

## does the work!



## THE COOK-BOOK-- AN EPIC OF ADJUSTMENT

by  
Mary Waugh

American women keep more sentimental records than anyone in the world--the school girl's diary, the bride's wedding book and no young mother worthy of the title fails to keep a Baby Record. Then there are clippings of school events, family reunions, engagements announced, all pasted in a scrap book, right down to an account of her Golden Wedding, the snapshots and lists of guests and gifts. She may have an In Memoriam book too, a satin ribbon bearing the word "Husband" marking the place where she has pasted the sympathy cards.

Each of these books reveals an area of her life, but the cook-book spans them all. The girl stops making entries in her diary, and the bride packs her wedding book away with her veil. The baby record goes in the attic trunk along with other keepsakes, and the scrap book is stacked with the photograph albums. Even the poignant In Memoriam is put away because the heart can hold only so much hurt. But the cook-book stays in its place, used and loved, a saga of courage.

Every woman has one. It may be a small file box, a notebook, or even recipes pasted on the pages of an old telephone directory, but one thing is common: it has no title and no end. It goes on as life goes on. There are recipes brown and spattered from use, and others marked from corner to corner with an uncompromising X. From the fanciful lobster, cucumber and almond salad in the front, to the table of amounts for one serving in the back, it is a record of her life.

Read the Depression recipes: "Scrap-ple", "Hopping John", "Hulled Wheat, a nutritious supper dish", and pasted beside them, a clipping entitled, "Salads without greens". Its instructions begin, "use your prettiest salad plates". She used them often during those years. Morale was so important.

Recipes for casseroles follow, dozens of them; those savory dishes made of a

little meat and a lot of vegetables, with which she met the challenge of healthy young appetites and war-time rationing. The egg recipes are from those years too. "Eggs are such a good food", she said often of that farm staple, "cheap and plentiful and easy to fix. I try not to let the family tire of them". Those pages of egg recipes show that she tried.

And the cooky recipes! In the front of the book are recipes using molasses and sour cream, farm grown ingredients, but farther over are those calling for chocolate chips and coconut and dates. Farm prices were better then. About that time too, the children were leaving home, and she liked to send them boxes of cookies.

Next are the soup recipes--"Dad's stomach bothered him so much"--and the recipes for puddings and souffles she made with canned baby foods after he was put on that ulcer diet. It wasn't an ulcer after all, it was cancer--and there are no more recipes until this table of amounts for one serving. Then on the next page, "Chewy Rhubarb Dessert", (Ruth's). The amount of each ingredient is divided by four.

The cook-book goes on, as life goes on, as a woman gathers her courage and goes on.....

### SORROW - Concluded

the times when friends are needed most.

The one friend who came to be the most help to me was a dear neighbor who started coming over every Tuesday. For months following Dulcie Jean's death she would bring her mending, her ironing or some needle-work over and spend an entire half-day with me. Just *knowing* that she would be coming each Tuesday was the greatest therapy I had during that period of adjustment. It must have taken a great deal of effort on her part to plan such a long period away from home each week, but she filled a need in my life which will never be forgotten.

How well I remember, also, the feeling which came that I could not possibly get through one entire day.

How *could* I get up in the morning and face a day without my beloved daughter? Then I discovered that I did not *have* to live the *entire* day all at once, all I *had* to do was plan and work through one minute, five minutes, one hour. Surely, with God's help, I could do that much. It takes so long to learn the lessons of the ages. Jesus said it so wisely when He told us to live one day at a time and not pile on all the worries of the past and of tomorrow.

As the days passed it seemed that I managed better during the daylight hours, but the nights were still difficult. That is more simple to explain than to overcome; when one is busy and active during the day, when people are around and the radio is on, grief can be pushed more readily into the background. When the house is quiet and the body relaxed, the mind has a way of racing madly and sorrow can become overwhelming.

Two incidents happened during this period which helped me tremendously. One night, in the midst of a burst of grief, my husband said to me sternly (and lovingly), "You trust God all day. You are getting along fine with His help. Why don't you trust Him at night, too?" That put an entirely different perspective on my attitude!

At about the same time I read a wonderful story pertaining to Bishop Quayle. It seems the Bishop had been worrying about a number of weighty problems and was lying awake stewing and fretting about them. Then, suddenly, God spoke to him, "William, I am still here. Why are you struggling with your burdens? You go to sleep now and let me sit up and worry." That little story was a turning point for me.

Grief comes to each one of us in one way or another if we live very long in this old world. It can teach us compassion, love and understanding. It can lead the way to God. The loneliness, the pain, is never completely gone---we would not *want* to be so calloused that we could "get over it" or "forget". But we can learn to use our sorrow, learn to share the deep grief of others, and in so doing, heal much of the hurt in our own hearts.

### SONG FOR ETERNITY

I never seek another's place  
Because I know that, by His grace,  
No human being, bird, or beast  
Is thought by Him to be the least.  
Each has his purpose, time and place,  
Each has his own allotted space.  
I'm thankful for all given me  
And, knowing life is never free,  
Return a little good each day  
To those I meet in work and play,  
And only pray that when I go  
My deeds will live on earth below.

--Betty Pinkerton

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

If you received a gorgeous poinsettia plant during the recent holiday season, perhaps you would like to try to keep it over for another season of bloom. The following information will tell you how it can be done though it won't guarantee success.

Poinsettias, traditional for Christmas giving, are purchased in their full glory and few plants are more striking or more finicky. Place them in a draft and the lower leaves will drop, or neglect watering them and both leaves and flower bracts will wither. It will remain presentable for some time if you keep it where it will get bright light (but no direct sun) and where the air is not too dry. Ideal temperatures during the day are 60 to 75 degrees F. and no cooler than 50 degrees F. at night. The soil should be kept moderately moist and never soggy-wet nor bone-dry.

It is a real triumph for an amateur to get a poinsettia to rebloom successfully and a fete to be pointed to with pride. After your plant has finished blooming, withhold water and let the foliage dry up and drop off. When the plant is completely dormant store it in a cool, dry dark place in the basement until late April. Bring the plant upstairs then and prune the stems to six inches of their base. Repot in a good "humusy" soil mixture made from 2 parts garden loam, 1 part peat moss, leaf mold or compost and 1 part coarse sand. Use a pot large enough to allow the root mass room for growth. Water the plant well and place in a warm, sunny location until new growth appears.

After the weather is warm and settled outdoors (about the time farmers are planting corn), set the pot up to its rim in a semi-shady protected spot in the garden or border. Keep the plant growing well all summer by feeding a soluble plant food and watering as needed. Bring your poinsettia indoors before frost threatens in the fall and continue to give it good care. Also check for insects and spray, if any are found, with a good pesticide.

Now comes the critical period that will determine if your plant will bloom. Poinsettias are known as "short day" plants and must have 12 hours uninterrupted sleep or they will not blossom for the holiday season. If it must be placed in a room where there is artificial light after sundown, cover the plant with a heavy paper sack or opaque black cloth. Remove the cover each morning about 8 A.M. If your plant blooms, feel justified in patting yourself on the back. You deserve it!



Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) displays Margery's quilt.

This outer world is but the pictured scroll of worlds within the soul; a colored chart, a blazoned missal-book wherein who rightly look may spell the splendors with their mortal eyes, and steer to Paradise.—Alfred Noyes

## BUSY DAYS — Concluded

Paul is constantly scandalized with her antics. He is frequently running to sound the alarm that I ought to come and, thank goodness, he is beginning to gain a little wisdom from watching his little sister. Katharine takes Adrienne very much in her stride, though. She is very patient with her — far beyond her years. Patient or not, however, she takes the precaution of locking her bedroom door before she leaves for school!

You should see how our big Katharine has grown. I noticed the other day that she is positively long-legged already. Her brother, Paul, is wearing a size 8 winter coat this year. There were no "leggings" available in such a large size, so I don't know what I'll do about the snow-playing.

Next month, I hope to tell you more in detail about our Christmas. We are spending Christmas at home and my Mother will be with us. Maybe I can get Donald to remember to load the camera and share some of our pictures with you.

Sincerely, Mary Beth



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**EAT BREAKFAST AND BE HEARTY**

What time of the day do you think industrial accidents are most likely to happen? The chief medical examiner of the C. & O. Railway says that extensive investigation shows that the peak period for on-the-job accidents is in the morning.

Why? "The biggest reason is the mid-morning slump," says Dr. J. J. Brandabur, of the C. & O. rail system, "and by slump I mean the physical and mental let-downs which frequently result from an unfortunate habit--the SKIMPY BREAKFAST."

The Doctor points out that the time-spread between the regular evening and morning meals usually averages about 12 hours. By morning, the energy provided by dinner is often used up and breakfast is necessary.

"A big breakfast alone does not meet the body's morning energy needs. Healthy breakfast should include fruit or fruit juice; an egg every morning; whole grain or restored cereal with milk; enriched or whole grain bread; butter or enriched margarine and milk.

"You can't DIET sensibly by skipping breakfast. One way to take off extra pounds is to limit sensibly your calorie intake at each meal."

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

me for full details on using burlap as a wall covering, and many years ago when we had a lot of experience with burlap I could have been of genuine help. But this is another thing that has changed a great deal since we used it, and our method of applying it to the walls is totally outmoded with the new types of burlap that are now on the market. From all I hear about this new burlap it's a cinch to handle compared to the stuff we wrestled with long ago.

I have very little space left and I want to use it by thanking all of you loyal and faithful friends who have expressed your sympathy this past year when Russell and I battled with spells of wretched health. In all honesty I can say that it's no grief to us to bid farewell to 1962 for it was a mighty rough year most of the way, but at least we're facing 1963 in much better spirits and much better health, and for this I am profoundly grateful. If you, too, found 1962 a difficult year, then I send the hope that you can wind it up with daylight ahead...and that the coming year will compensate for some of the hard things of this year.

—As ever your friend....

Lucile

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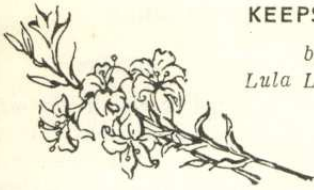
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## KEEPSAKES

by  
Lula Lamme

What odd things we humans sometimes cherish! Scratch the surface of even the most modern of households, and you are sure to find some sort of keepsake, either carefully put away for safekeeping, or openly displayed as a conversation piece or antique.

Not all antiques are *true* keepsakes. Those handed down through the family, or inherited from someone known and loved should more appropriately be called heirlooms.

Flowers and letters are the most favored as mementoes. Pressed flowers from graduation day, bridal bouquet, or a special occasion corsage are tucked away in many cedar chests. There was a time when it was considered quite proper, even fashionable, to display funeral wreaths enclosed in glass covered frames on parlor walls. A few of these can still be found in Antique Shops.

The old cliché, "love letters tied in blue", is often quite literally true; a custom which sometimes contributes to the embarrassment of both the writer and the recipient later. Other letters have proved to be of great interest as the years pass, even of historical value, as the Lincoln Letters, and, of course, the Truman and Eisenhower correspondence which is now being catalogued for their respective libraries.

In my possession is a letter dated 1894 and addressed to an ancestor of mine, Sarah Chenoweth, Pike County, Illinois. Her husband, William, wrote her as he waited at St. Joseph, Missouri, for the forming of a wagon train preparatory to crossing the river and going on to the Black Hills in search of gold. In this letter, he casually mentions "there is some cholera in St. Joe". I've wondered how many uneasy hours this off-hand remark must have caused especially at a time when mail delivery was so irregular.

The keeping of souvenirs goes far back across the years. We read that the fabled knights of King Arthur's day rode into combat wearing a token of their Lady's favor. Many stories, poems and songs have been written about this peculiarly human trait. "Among My Souvenirs" is one of the more recent and haunting songs.

Enterprising people find ways to capitalize on this characteristic of society. Many firms make baby and souvenir books. In recent years, the bronzed baby shoe business has boomed, and

among other things there is the glass-domed holder for grandfather's old pocket watch which does a brisk business.

One of the oddest keepsakes I've known belongs to an elderly friend of mine. Visiting in her kitchen one day, I mentioned how much her new electric range added to the efficiency of her kitchen. As I was leaving, she stopped by an old-fashioned cabinet and remarked, "I really should move this out, but I can't bear to give it up". Then showing me a small depression in the zinc near the edge, she said, "My mother cracked a nut here for my son". Actually, a hole is nothing, yet to her it was a valuable keepsake, a loving reminder of her departed mother's kindness.

Since that time, I've wondered "How will my children remember me?" I'm not being morbid; I've simply developed a healthy curiosity about it. I can think of many things I *think* would be suitable, but will they? Can you guess how you will be remembered in later years?

## FUTURES' FORECAST—Concluded

way, unmindful of strain, sure-footed, fleet."

*Fourth Speaker* (Dividends): "As we face the future, probably the first question that comes to our minds (if we are honest with ourselves) is, 'What's in it for me?' Whenever we put out a great deal of effort, or a sum of money, it is only natural to want to know what the dividends will be. And I wonder why we never ask what we get out of our failures? They can teach us so much!

"You have heard the discussions on the outlook as to Inventories, Building and Construction, and Labor, and you are ready with the question 'What good

may I look for if I follow through on these futures?'"

"As a wife and mother, what greater profit can you ask for your labors than a happy home which, though it may lack worldly goods, is rich in love and in strong enduring faith? And a home where laughter is an important part of every day. The fact that you are all together to share whatever each day brings is reason enough to call yourself the wealthiest of women.

"Your dividends come in the hand-clasp and thankful smile when a neighbor has known through some kindly act that you *cared*; or when you read the news of great new worlds that have opened up for another race on the other side of the world, or a minority group here at home, because of the pennies you added to the collection box; or the help you gave to a committee.

"Our dividends? To leave behind patterns whose edges are clean-cut with purposeful living. That should be our goal as we walk into tomorrow."

*Hymn:* "Open My Eyes That I May See"

*Prayer:* "Glory be to thee, O God of the New Year! We praise thee and bless thee for thy protection in the past and for thy guidance in the future. Help us to overcome the petty annoyances that keep us out of harmony with the world and with thee. Keep us from prejudices and jealousies that cripple our lives of usefulness. Help us to be purposeful and Christ-centered. With Paul let us say, 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God.' Amen."

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## WARM UP TO YOUR STOVE

by  
Mary T. Rauth

You look at one of those beautiful living rooms in a magazine, and then you look at your own! And there's a stove! A great, big, old stove, right square in the way of your imagined room.

As long as you have it, of course, you won't have one of those chic, streamlined glamorous living rooms. But after all, many of us do have stoves, and the thing to do is to make the best of it, and you may find a liability has turned into an asset.

Perhaps you leave it up even through the summer; they are hard to move and take up a lot of storage space. Then take down the stove pipe, at least, covering the hole with a thimble or wall paper, which you can hide behind a picture, if you want to. Perhaps the stove can be shoved back against the wall, where it will be less conspicuous. Put a piece of waterproof material on it, and set a planter of ivy there, or a vase of fresh flowers. Do you have an old-fashioned pitcher, coffee pot, tankard? All would make attractive vases. And if you are fresh out of roses and white lilies, try Queen Ann's Lace and black-eyed Susans, daisies, tiger lilies, wild roses; roads and fields offer many so called weeds that make attractive bouquets. You will find your stove looks a lot less like a stove.

Many stoves these days are disguised anyway, but if yours is a plain old-fashioned black one, keep it shining. Applying liquid polish with a paint brush is probably the easiest way to keep it black. You can get a cheap brush; and soap and water will wash it out, though it does take time. A daily going over with a soft cloth or waxed paper will preserve the shine.

Your stove isn't going to look bad to your guests, especially on a cold day. They are cheerful, and a lot of people prefer radiant heat to furnace heat. So instead of feeling apologetic, dramatize your stove! Perhaps you can find a pretty copper kettle to stand on it; the steam will moisten the air, making it more comfortable and healthful, and easier on your complexion. The bright little kettle will look gay and cheerful.

Do you have a braided rug? Put it down in front of the stove for a bit of old-fashioned charm. Your pet cat will gladly cooperate by curling up on it, and what could look cozier? Haven't you seen that very thing in pictures?

With stoves, as with anything else, "It's not what you have but what you do with what you have" that counts. Make friends with your stove! Make it into a luxury, not just a homely old necessity.



# REMODELING

by  
Oneita Fisher

Remodeling is like garlic--there is no such thing as "a little bit" of it. The lady of the house says to you, for instance, "I need a cabinet here by the window," and the first thing you know a major renovating job has its big square feet in the door.

Remodeling falls into two classes: extensive, and what the ladies commonly call "fixing up". There is a substantial difference. *Extensive* is just what it says and you *KNOW*, beforehand, that it is going to cost you plenty. *Fixing up* will cost you plenty *BEFORE* you know it!

Let us return to "the cabinet here by the window". You know a fellow who is a carpenter. He owes you \$10.00. You think, "Here's my chance to get Jonesy for that ten bucks." The next time you see Jonesy, you ask him to come up and "figger" the cost of a cabinet.

Now it so happens the top of that window is nearly nine feet from the floor. If you build to the top of the window, the cabinet will look funny. If you build less than that, the window will look funny.

There is only one thing to do about it. Wifey finds the solution, "A cabinet *AND* a casement window will do something for this old kitchen."

Installing the casement calls for a decision. If it is centered in the wall it means cutting right into an electric wall plug. If space for the window is cut so as to miss the outlet, the sink will be off center in relation to the window and look awful.

Innocently, you call the electrician for advice.

Oh well, you *really* knew that all the wiring in the house was old, that there weren't enough outlets in the living room, that the dark closet was begging for a light bulb and that the stairway needed a toggle switch.

By now Wifey is enthused and *really* hits her stride. "If we'd cut an arch into the storeroom..." she says.

"An arch" results in the removal of a partition. This makes room for more cabinets and calls for new *linoleum*--and new *wallpaper*--and new *paint*--and *curtains*--and *furniture*!

Well, anyway, the kitchen is now a room of which to be proud! The kitchen looks so nice, in fact, that the old back porch appears *awfully shabby*. It really should be *fixed up* a little!

## TRY A SMILE

by  
Theresa A. Madison

"Smile and the world smiles with you" "Smiles are contagious." These statements are among the truest ever made. When you are greeted by a pleasant smile doesn't it give you a bit of that "cheery" feeling, and don't you catch yourself passing a smile on to those you meet? Maybe you were greeted with a smile just at a moment when you were feeling a bit down-hearted and it gave you the lift you needed. Or, maybe through your smiles you've been the instrument that brought a happier note into the lives of others.

One may never know how much a smile means to another or how far that smile will travel, but it may put a little more of the "love thy neighbor" spirit into a good many people.

Everyone has his problems but why carry them on our face? Some people seem impervious to smiles. It is most unfortunate if these people always feel as miserable as they appear. Then, there are those who seem to find it so easy to smile.

To smile doesn't cost money, or time, or a great amount of energy. It is a relatively easy movement and is much more becoming than a frown. Try it.

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April ads due February 10  
May ads due March 10

Send Ads To  
The Driftmier Company  
Shenandoah, Iowa

**NEEDLECRAFTERS ATTENTION:** stamped linens for embroidery or painting; knitting yarns and kits; crocheting, needlepoint, weaving, rugmaking supplies — many new ideas. New York and Texas warehouses for speedy service. **FREE** catalog. Meribee, Dept. 517, 2727 W. 7th St., Fort Worth, Texas.

**REVEALING HANDWRITING** analysis, \$1.00. Ford Thompson, 16105-M Delrey, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

**BOOKLETS:** 50 Items from Coathangers — 50¢; Sewing ideas 25¢; Jiffy made items 25¢; Catalog 25¢; All 4 above and 25¢ Merchandise Certificate \$1.00. Leisure Hour Products, Freeland 3, Pennsylvania.

**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-74c, 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 152, Akron, Ohio.

**HOW TO TRAP SPARROWS AND STAR-LINGS** with "famed" "Black Lily" elevator traps. New startling information. It's Free. Write. Sparrowtraps 1012, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

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

**LEARN EXPERT** Cake Decorating, Candy Making. Free details on home instruction method. Candy & Cake, Dept. D-573, Fallbrook, Calif.

**WORLD'S LARGEST SEWING SUPPLY CATALOG** offers savings to 50%. Zippers 9¢, seaming 1¢ yard, rickrack 1¢ yard, beltbacking 6¢ yard. 780 name brand bargains. Send 25¢ for catalog. Newark Dressmaker Supply, Dept K-K, 140 Halsey, Newark, New Jersey.

**FOR SALE:** 4L Cook Book. Including favorite German recipes of the 1st German Congregational Church. Mail orders to Mrs. John Kahler, 430 E Street, Lincoln 8, Nebr.

**BUY the LAURA INGALLS WILDER** Little House books from the Home where they were written and receive an extra souvenir of a replica of Laura's autograph. Each Little House Book — \$2.95 postpaid. On the Way Home — \$3.25 postpaid. Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Lichty, Curators, Mansfield, Mo.

**OCCASION** cards. 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

**HANDWOVEN:** Throw rugs 27 x 54 \$3.00; Various colors. Wanted: Rugweaving \$1.25 yard. Unprepared materials \$2.00. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

**CHURCH COOKBOOK.** Methodist ladies share hundreds of favorite recipes in "Good as Gold" plastic spiral bound cookbook. Perfect gift. Only \$2.50. Mrs. John Christopher, Grant Street, Blair, Nebraska.

**NUMTEATS** — black walnuts \$1.15 lb., Hickory — \$1.00 plus postage. Allow plenty of Time. Frances Grady, McGregor, Iowa

**SHELLED PECANS,** Black Walnuts, English Walnuts, Cashews, Brazils, Almonds, Filberts, Maplesugar, Sassafras, Cinnamon, Pepper, Poppyseed, Carawayseed, Sage \$1.25 Pound. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

**LOVELY 42"** pillow slips embroidered edge. Roses—Blue Birds, pink or yellow, embroidered above hem \$5.00. 7 dish towels embroidered \$3.50. Crochet rose chair sets \$5.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, R. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

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

**FOR SALE:** Beautiful White Samoyed Puppies, like Margery Strom's, (Nickie). John H. Stuhr, Box 65, Minden, Iowa.

**COTTON Cosmos** Petal Apron \$1.00. X Trailing vine on gingham aprons \$2.25. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

**"OVERWEIGHT" — LOSE POUNDS FAST!"** No Drugs! No Exercise! No Starvation Diet! Send \$1.00 for simple plan. GLICK, 1800KK Gillette Crescent, South Pasadena, California.

**PRETTY RED and WHITE** or black and yellow edged linen hankies. 2-\$2.00. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N.W., Canton, Ohio.

**CHURCH WOMEN:** Will print 150 page Cookbook for organizations for less than \$1 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

**21 BIRTHDAY,** Get-Well or assorted cards. \$1.00. Gospel Supply, Stratford, Iowa.

**TWELVE EASY LESSONS** on cake decorating only (\$1.00) one dollar. Comic stationary. Sample only twenty-five cents. Mary McCleery, Mapleton, Iowa.

**DREAM BOOK:** 1000 dreams. Covers predictions, visions, etc. — \$1.00. George Tomisek, 3033-K, South Homan, Chicago, Ill.

**A QUILT THAT IS QUILTED** as you piece. Fascinating new idea, direction only \$1.00. Quilting pattern included. M. Stovar, Circleville, Kans.

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

**LIST of 50 FIRMS** needing homeworkers. 25¢. Farmer 210K — Fifth Ave., New York 10.

**SMOKING** pillow covers, square or oblong—\$1.50. Mrs. James Kadlec, Lake Andes, So. Dak.

**TREE SEED** — Royal Flame Poinciana — Mimosa — PolaVerde — Red Bud. All 4 — \$1.00. Plus Stamp. Shrub — Seed — Althea — Bush Morning Glory — Poinciana (Yellow) African Daisy — All — \$1.00. Plus Stamp. Mrs. A. Bennett, Macks Creek, Missouri.



# MONROE

TABLE AND CHAIR TRUCKS

## FOLDING PEDESTAL TABLES

Chair

Partitions

Direct from factory saving to Churches, Schools, Clubs, Lodges and all organizations. **MONROE 1963** Folding Banquet Tables are unmatched for quality, durability, convenience and handsome appearance. 94 models and sizes for every use. Write for prices, catalog.

**FREE — BIG 1963 CATALOG**  
Color pictures. Full line **MONROE** tables, chairs, table and chair trucks, platform-risers, portable partitions. Write today!

**THE MONROE CO., 51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa**

## LEANNA'S

## TULIP GARDEN QUILT

At your request Mother and I have prepared the pattern and directions for another one of her beautiful applique quilts—the Tulip Garden. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

## 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 handmade, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.



## Dial Value Of Coins In A JIFFY!

Stop "giving away" valuable pocket-change! Start collecting coins for fun or profit **WITHOUT EXPERIENCE** or lengthy study. Just flick the wheel of a handy Coin Guide Viewer (to match coin date) and the worth of pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters — in Choice (uncirculated), Fine or Good Condition — is revealed at a glance. Self-help booklet included tells how and where to sell your coins, how to detect extra valuable coins, definition of terms, etc. Set of two Coin Guide Viewers, complete with booklet, is yours for only \$2.00, postpaid. Order now on money-back guarantee.

**AUSTIN** 406 So. Second St.  
Alhambra, Calif.



## Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker \$1.95

Your name (or any wording up to 17 letters) gleams on both sides; permanent raised white letters reflect light. Epoxy enamel baked on aluminum; now guaranteed 10 yrs.! Perfect gift! We ship within 48 hrs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Black background, \$1.95 ppd. Red, Green or Antique Copper background, \$2.45 ppd. Spear Engineering Co., 607-0 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.



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It costs you nothing to try

## \$75.00 IS YOURS



**TRULY CHARMING  
ALL OCCASION  
ASSORTMENT**  
21 really  
deluxe cards.  
Excitingly  
different



**PINK AND PRETTY  
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 Truly Charming 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.



**DAINTY BLOSSOMS  
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. G-13, White Plains, New York

Cut Along Dotted Line — Fold Firmly — Mail Today

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. G-13**

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

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. G-13**  
**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 \_\_\_\_\_

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