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Kitchen-Klatter!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Happy New Year!



Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

*"I said to the man who stood at the
gate of the year,
'Give me a light that I may find
my way
into the unknown.'*

*And he said: 'Go forth into the dark-
ness*

*And put your hand into the hand
of the Lord*

*For that will be better for you and
safer*

Than a known way.' "

My dear Friends:

In all of the years and years that this unpretentious family magazine has been put together, there has never been anything on page two except your letter from Mother.

Now the time has come when she feels unable to send her monthly report to you, and consequently she asked me if I'd mind moving over — "only for a couple or three months," she said, "because I hope sometime in the future to get back on that page where I belong."

I assured Mother that every single friend she had would understand, and thus I have "moved over" simply to do the best I can. No one could ever begin to fill Mother's place and I am the first to know it. But the time has come, as I said earlier, when Mother felt unable to send her monthly greetings.

It is a hard time for our family, and only the knowledge (gained from your letters and from my observation of human life permits me to say it), when we must simply keep going, somehow; such a time comes, inevitably, to each family and there are no exceptions. Mother has never once complained about the long, long hours she sits in Dad's hospital room. (For that matter, I've never heard her complain about ANYTHING!) When people express their sympathy she simply says that she feels enormously fortunate to have

some of our family close at hand — and that it is of such great comfort to have warm-hearted, kind nurses looking after his needs.

With these words I feel that I have made it clear why her usual letter does not appear here, and I will move on to other things — just as she would do, were she able to manage it at the present time.

I could hardly wait to get my first glimpse of our darling new baby, Lisa Nenneman (big magazines always say "Our Cover Girl"), and it was a happy afternoon when she arrived with her parents, plus the most infatuated grandparents I've ever laid eyes on — Howard and Mae. Mother and I could never hope to see Lisa by going to her home because it is a second-floor apartment, and you can imagine toting two wheel chairs up that flight of steps! But Donna has been wonderfully thoughtful about bringing the baby to us, and consequently we feel that we can keep track of her progress.

She was such a tiny, tiny little thing to begin with, and then there was a long spell of formula troubles. (Remembering the ghastly time we had with Kristin and her series of fifteen different formulas, I could only groan when I heard that the latest mixture didn't seem to be doing the job!) But now, thank goodness, she's over the hump and her food agrees with her and she's gaining weight and coming along just fine. The last time Russell and I saw her and asked how much she weighed we both gave each other what could be called a good long stare because Juliana weighed more than that when she took up residence in this this world, and Kristin weighed almost two pounds more. Anyway, Lisa is coming along fine now and never have I seen a more beautiful baby. As Mother says: "She looks as if she had been carved by a famous Dresden doll master." And she does.

Things are going along pretty well with me and my physical handicap. There's still no question of getting fractious and thinking we might hasten the date when I can at last get up and walk without crutches, but with Mother as an example I certainly don't feel free to fuss and stew. I have made my peace with a great many things. When the orthopedic surgeons say that I can get going, I'll flee to take action on their judgment. Until then, I will simply be grateful that I'm alive and blessed with such a patient, thoughtful husband — and dear, dear Myrt who watches me like a hawk. I've learned that I can help both Russell and Myrt by not attempting silly things, and thus I always move as cautiously as it is possible to move.

Juliana is buried with demanding classes. If anyone thinks that college these days is a snap, a way to waste time, he has another think coming. Her Christmas gifts to us were pieces of jewelry made in that class I mentioned to you. My gift was a beautiful necklace, a masterpiece of design, if I do say so; and her gift to her father was a most intricate and handsome bolo made by a process called "loast wax mold". (In the Southwest it is almost unusual to see regular neckties. Men wear these bolos that had been produced in that area for hundreds of years.)

By the time this reaches you we hope that dear Aunt Jessie will have returned from San Mateo, California, where she went to be with her daughter Ruth when the sixth baby arrived. (They'd sort of hoped for a boy since it would be nice for the lone boy to have a brother, but lo! it turned out that four little girls gained a new sister!) Aunt Jessie is of great comfort to Mother, and all of us anticipate her return.

May it be a GOOD year for all of you. I'll try my best to keep you up to date with what goes on with our family.

Faithfully always . . .

P. W.

COVER PICTURE

Surely the happiest way to greet a new year is to have a new baby in the family! Our new baby is Lisa Nenneman, the darling little first-born of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nenneman. (Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier are the happiest grandparents you can imagine.) This is the first member of a new generation, and all of us welcomed her with great eagerness and love.

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Although I usually write my letters in the room called "the office", today I'm typing at the dining room table. Oliver and Martin moved my typewriter out to the table and gave me strict orders not to set one foot inside the office. At this time of the year, that can mean only one thing: Christmas! And by the time you friends read this letter, I'll know what the packages contain.

Our family enjoyed two very pleasant dinners at our church in recent weeks, and I'd like to give you some of the details. These plans might work nicely in your own churches. The first was our annual silent bazaar, and the second was a Christmas workshop.

The theme for our bazaar this year was "Around the World". The invitation read as follows:

Magellan was the first to do it —

Round the world he sailed.

He saw The Islands; saw the wilds.

At many sights he paled.

And now, 400 odd years later,

You too can board the ship.

Note carefully the sailing time,

The details of the trip.

Please be on board at 5 P.M.

Third Sunday of November.

A social hour, and then we dine —

An experience to remember!

And after all are filled with food,

A program is in store.

We guarantee you'll enjoy yourself,

And clap and call for more.

Now don't forget to bring with you

The tag that we'll enclose.

Tuck in your check or else your cash—

The amount we'll not disclose.

Oh, yes — your clothes! Wear what you please.

Be Chinese for the trip?

Please keep in mind the time, the place —

(Signed) The Women's Fellowship.

When we entered the church, we saw a booth had been set up just inside the entrance to the ladies' parlor. There we left our tag which contained a pocket for our "check or cash", a donation to the Women's Fellowship. At the booth the name of a foreign country was pinned on each person's back, and, as a mixer, we were to ask questions until we learned the name of our country. It was fun watching the church members arrive, many dressed in foreign costumes. Others (like the Stroms) were dressed as tourists.

Around the room, and also in the church dining room, were travel posters, some in foreign languages. There were



The most recent picture we have of Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier).

also decorative objects that had come from other lands. The table decorations were also objects lent by travelers.

The menu consisted of foods with foreign names such as Swedish meat balls, Turkey, Chinese green beans, French bread, Dutch apple pie, etc. And after dinner we enjoyed a short program of skits about foreign countries, the ship's "captain" acting as master of ceremonies. All in all, it was a highly successful affair.

The family workshop was conducted by the young people's group, and was closer to Christmas. In previous years we have made advent wreaths, but assuming that each family was now well supplied with wreaths, the children selected mobiles for the project. The materials — wire, string, ornaments, etc. — were placed on a long table. After selecting what we needed, we paid for the materials and sat down at tables to put them together. The workshop was followed by a covered dish dinner and a program which included films of Christmas customs. It, too, was a pleasant experience, and since it is also an annual party, we look forward to it every year.

Last month I told you that we were redecorating and promised to go into more detail this month. I had hoped to share some pictures with you but the plain truth of the matter is that I haven't had time to take any yet. These have been extremely busy weeks — no time for picture-taking. I'll try to get some before next month.

We had decided on blue when we first started thinking about changing our color scheme, but in looking through the wallpaper books, I found a group of companion papers that took my eye with soft green predominating, not blue. Well! I continued to look, but nothing appealed to me as much as this collection. They just seemed *right* for us.

The front entrance hall, staircase

and upstairs hall, are papered in a lovely, scenic paper. The background is the very light beige (really an off-white, I guess) with the scenes in the soft green. The living room and den are in the pale beige with the dining room, between the two, in a small Early American print. I suppose the little designs are two to three inches in size. The kitchen paper is a very tiny print in the soft green on a white background. All of the woodwork is an off-white with the exception of the kitchen which is a white glossy enamel.

We papered only one of the bedrooms, the guest room, for it hadn't been papered when we did the other bedrooms three years ago. This room contains antique walnut furniture, so I selected a white paper with a small pink design, much more attractive than the previous paper which was too dark for the furniture.

We're all fixed up now and it's a relief to know that we won't be torn up again for many years. We were fortunate that we didn't have to live in the mess. We stayed with Mother, who lives just down the street a couple of doors, and kept her company during the period Aunt Jessie Shambaugh was in California. You see how nicely it worked out for everyone concerned.

Mother and I spent our evenings working on little baby gowns and jackets for baby Lisa and for the new grandchild Aunt Jessie was awaiting in California. It had been quite a while since we had gotten out the baby patterns, bought outing flannel and ribbon, and what fun it was!

I should say something about New Year's Resolutions. This year I said I wasn't going to make any at all, but lately I've found myself saying "Now this new year I'm going to - - - -" or "In January I'm going to start - - -". Isn't that the way things go? It always seems that a new year is a good time to make a new start at *something*, or at least put some energies in a new direction. Whatever you are vowing to *do or not to do*, I hope you'll tackle it with enthusiasm. I read these words recently, and I think it would be fitting to pass them on to you.

ENTHUSIASM — The inspiration that makes us "Wake Up and Live". It puts spring in our step — spring in our hearts — a twinkle in our eyes and gives us confidence in ourselves and our fellow men. If we have it, we should thank God for it. If we don't have it, then we should get down on our knees and pray for it.

Happy New Year!

Sincerely,

Margery



SETTING: Upon a small table place three unlighted tapers in candleholders. Place them in a row across the back of the table, leaving space enough so that the "bundles" of Faith, Hope, and Love can be placed, one in front of each candle, at the proper time.

PRELUDE: "Auld Lang Syne" is played softly, and then changes to "A Charge to Keep" as the Leader reads the verses to open the service.

LEADER: I see not a step before me as I tread into this New Year; but the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear; and, what now looks dark in the distance, He will brighten as I draw near.

"I would wish to have love enough to move one to be useful and helpful to others, faith enough to make real the things of God, hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future." —Goethe, German philosopher (1749-1832).

HYMN: "Be Strong, We Are Not Here to Dream, to Drift", or "Breathe on Me Breath of Life".

SCRIPTURE: *Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.* (Mark 11:23).

LEADER: Isn't this a wonderful promise to hold in our hearts as we begin a new year? We think of the year just gone with its "mountains" of indifference, of apathy to the dire need of thousands who hunger, or are cold, or homeless around the world, "mountains" of intolerance and racial prejudice, or selfishness and greed.

Yet what does our scripture tell us? That the "mountain", that formidable barrier, can be broken down, pushed aside! We must not doubt! It remains for us only to see and to know how we are to bring it about.

Suppose we decide to move these mountains! We are going to have an all-out drive for help to overcome these barriers to peace, to world brotherhood, and to Christian fellowship. What "bundles" shall we collect on this drive? What qualities must we have to achieve our goal?

1st SPEAKER: (Places large bundle labeled FAITH in front of the first

"BUNDLES FOR LIVING"

A New Year's Program
by
Mabel Nair Brown

candle.) Doubt sees the obstacle — FAITH sees the way. Doubt sees the darkest night — FAITH sees the day. Doubt dreads to take a step — FAITH soars on high. Doubt questions, "Who believes?" — FAITH answers, "I".
If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. (Mark 9:23). I contribute a BUNDLE OF FAITH, without which we cannot hope to achieve our goals for '64.

2nd SPEAKER: (places the second bundle, HOPE) *Rejoice in hope of the glory of God, we read in Romans. Hope, an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast,* we quote from Hebrews 6:19 and in Psalms 146:5 we find these words: *Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.* If we build our spiritual armaments with faith and line them with inspiring hope, we can smash the barriers of doubt, of strife, of fear, and of suspicion, and go on to ultimate victory. I place my BUNDLE OF HOPE as the second great need for us if we would make this year one of blessing and enrichment.

SOLO or DUET: "Whispering Hope" or "Another Year Is Dawning", and "O God Our Help in Ages Past" are hymns which might be used here.

3rd SPEAKER: I am bringing the BUNDLE OF LOVE. *If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us* is written in I John 4:12. LOVE! What great changes can be wrought by it! Let this be the New Year's prayer for all of us as we look toward '64: Let me be a little kinder; Let me be a little blinder to the faults of those about me; Let me praise a little more. Let me, when I am weary, be a little bit more cheery; Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for. Let me be a little braver when temptations bid me waver; Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be. Let me be a little meeker with my brother who is weaker; Let me think more of my neighbor, and a little less of me. Hail to another year . . . a year of peace and LOVE! May it be a foretaste here of endless years above!

LEADER: (as she gives the following poem, she lights a candle for FAITH, for HOPE, and for LOVE, as she mentions it.)

"God give you FAITH this coming year!

The faith that will not fail in keenest test;
But trusts and sings in 'midst of fire and storm;
And dares rely upon God's word and rest.

God give you HOPE this coming year!

The hope that through the darkness sees afar —

The purifying hope that fondly waits

The rising of the BRIGHT and MORNING STAR.

God give you LOVE this coming year!

His own great love that burns out for the lost;

That intercedes, and waits, and suffers long —

That never fails, nor stops to count the cost."

LEADER: (continues to speak) The candles of the old year, Lord, have flickered and gone out. But Thou hast helped us light new ones to shed their light about a darkened world. May each bright glow bring joy where there is pain, and light the lonely road of grief and agonizing strain.

Let their bright flame reveal Thy hand that frees the heart from fear. May their light shine upon the earth to show that Thou art near. And, Lord, let peace return again, so we may thrust all doubt into oblivion before these candles are burned out and this year ends.

HYMN: "I Want a Principle Within" or "Are Ye Able?"

BENEDICTION: Glory be to Thee, O Lord, God of the new year. We praise Thee and bless Thy holy name for Thy protection and love in the past, and ask Thy guidance in the future. Grant us hearts filled with faith, hope, and love, that we may grow in fellowship, one with another, and with Thee. Amen.

FOR OUR NEW YEAR

As the shining, clean beginning
Of the new year lures us on —

May we polish up our lagging faith
With prayers and acts of grace.
And turn our thoughts constructively
To the progress of each race.

May we hope to reach a higher goal
Than any we have known,
And strive to give of time and self
Before each day has flown.

May we let our hearts reach out in love

In every prayer and deed,
To those of every creed and race
To share their every need.

—Alice G. Harvey

FREDERICK WRITES ABOUT FOREIGN MISSIONS

Dear Friends:

Recently I had the honor of being elected to serve on the Board of Directors of the United Church Board for World Ministries. My first meeting of the Board was at the beautiful Plymouth Congregational Church in Miami, Florida. What a dream of a church it is! The church building itself is considered to be one of the finest examples of Spanish architecture in this country. To look at it, you would think it had been built back in the days of the Spanish explorers, but the interior is completely modern with air conditioning and carpeted aisles. On one side of the building there is a beautiful walled-in garden where receptions and parties are held, and then on the other side there stretches out a lovely campus with eight or nine buildings. They call it "The Church in the Garden", and it is a perfect choice of names. The grounds between the various buildings are landscaped with rose gardens, palm trees, and tropical foliage of all kinds. It was a joy and an inspiration to meet there.

We all have heard the phrase "Southern hospitality", but not all of us know the phrase "Southern Christian hospitality", and there is a difference. The latter is what our Board members received at Plymouth Church. Those people really outdid themselves with kindness to us providing transportation, rooms, delicious meals, and when we left for home they loaded our bags with avocado pears finer than any I ever had eaten. Our hosts had tried to anticipate our wishes in every detail.

It seems that everywhere I go in this country and in Europe I meet people who read the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. In Miami Mrs. Henry Reifschneider of Minneapolis introduced herself to me as a regular reader and also as a person who knew my aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh way back before World War I. Mrs. Reifschneider was in Miami for the same reason that I was, and I am looking forward to seeing her at other Board meetings. While coming out of a church service in Miami I met two people whose names I did not get, but they were from Nebraska and asked me if I were one of the Driftmiers connected with the *Kitchen-Klatter* products. How interesting it is to meet people like that everywhere I go.

On the way from the church in Miami to the airport I had the driver stop at a fruit stand so I could buy some of those big, beautiful pink-meated grapefruit to bring home to Betty and David. I bought a dozen extra-large grapefruit for just \$1.19, but I had no way to carry them. A paper bag would have



The South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., where Frederick Driftmier is minister, is one of the oldest churches in the state.

split under such weight, and so the man put them into an old Bermuda onion bag large enough to hold four times as many grapefruit as I had. One of my friends told me that it was silly to try and check the bag in the same way that I would check my luggage, but I proved my friend very wrong indeed. Those grapefruit were handled with the utmost care all the way home—even in the transfer from one plane to another at the New York airport—and they arrived in Springfield without a single bruise or smash.

Sometime I hope that you have an opportunity to visit the Idlewild International Airport on Long Island, New York. What a fabulous place that is. I am told that all day and all night long there are several big planes taking off or landing every minute. Thousands and thousands of people fly in and out of there every day. Each of the major airlines has its own terminal facilities, and those facilities are some of the most beautiful and modern buildings in the world. Actually, many of you will probably land there when you fly to New York next year to see the World's Fair. I have to go to New York on a business trip about the time the fair opens, and so I shall get something of a preview. When I do go there, it will not be driving my own car. The traffic problem in and around New York City next summer will be absolutely impossible.

In the old days we used to speak of foreign missions in terms of "Taking

Christ to the world". Actually, it is not so today. Today we go out into the world and find Christ waiting for us. In practically every country of the world there is an established Christian Church, and the missionaries we send out today are going in response to the frantic calls from the various native churches—calls for teachers, for theologians, for doctors. There has been a native Christian church out in Indonesia for more than 300 years, and today the Indonesian Christians are often in desperate need for guidance. That is one place of the world where it still is the "Age of Martyrdom". Recently entire church memberships have been put to death for refusing to give up their worship of Jesus. It is all reminiscent of the days of the Roman persecutions in the days of St. Paul.

My particular responsibility is the employing of missionaries. Now I am looking for a principal for a new high school out in the Micronesian Islands in the South Pacific, and four teachers to work under him. A young building contractor from St. Louis, Missouri, is about to take his family and go out there to build the school. Just as soon as the school is built, I have to produce the teachers. Getting them will not be an easy job because of the isolation such a job entails. Sometimes the missionaries are separated from each other by hundreds of miles, and the climate is a warm and damp one. The fine thing about it all is the eager-

(Continued on page 20)



by
Pearl Etta Richardson

There's not a finer season of the year than winter, with its nip in the air and its blanket of snow on the ground. White diamonds turn the world into a crystal fairyland. Sometimes huge snowflakes drift lazily to earth; sometimes pellets of ice are driven before a relentless wind.

Any morning we may wake to find a bejeweled wonder-world. Familiar fences, fields, bushes, and rocks are only faintly suggested. Even the dreariest scenes gain enchantment with a fresh mantle of snow. Jack Frost, that master painter, works his fancy of intricate design of grass and leaves on the ordinary windowpane — patterns so natural and fascinating that one marvels at his infinite creativeness. The greatest human artists have never rivaled him in the glory of their designs.

As the days grow shorter, the nights grow more beautiful. The stars and winter constellations come out with brilliance in the faraway, dark vault of the heavens. Sometimes an illuminant moon casts silvery light over the snowy landscape, and is reflected in a jewel-like splendor. On moonless nights, the Milky Way is an awesome bridge athwart the sky. The glory of the constellations inspire our curiosity and our study — and our respect for those who charted these same skies so many centuries ago.

The frigid, snowbound days keep the family inside, with a respite from the hard, out-of-door work of milder days. These are days of fun with the family together. The family together, snug in warmth, with a bowl of red-cheeked apples and a huge pan of freshly popped corn, can well relax after

energetic hours spent in the keen air. (Young appetites are insatiable — even shortly after a good, hearty supper.)

This is the ideal time for the studies that need to be done, for reading articles that have been neglected, for the lazy, leisurely things. Mother can again take up the neglected afghan, catching colorful magic in each turn of her needles; or she can crochet some artful pattern; or she can pick up the piece of neglected embroidery, and, stitch by stitch, fashion some intricate design for someone dear.

Dad has a real opportunity to enjoy his own particular chair — to doze, figure a bit, read long-neglected articles in bulletins or magazines, chat, and doze. What a luxury just "sitting" can be to a busy man!

Contentment such as this is one thing that makes children look back at "home" with nostalgia, even when they have homes of their own. It is the sort of contentment they want to provide for their own families. And it is the sort of contentment parents can look back on, and say, "It was good!"



PRAYERS FOR THE NEW YEAR

An Acrostic Service by Mabel Nair Brown

H Lord, I beseech Thee to grant me HUMILITY in this new year, that I may grow in charity, in tolerance, and in love toward my dear ones, my neighbors, and toward all men, regardless of race, color, or creed.

A Lord, grant me righteous ANGER against injustices to my fellow-men, and the determination and the courage to right the wrong, and to overcome evil with good.

P Give me PERSERVERANCE, O Lord, that I will not falter when the going gets rough, but be ever-mindful that "every noble work is at first impossible" — that with God all things are possible.

P Give me PERSPECTIVE, Heavenly Father, that I may have the discernment to sort the chaff from the wheat, to choose the real values in life, and to live daily in the spirit of Christ, putting first things first.

Y Let me accept the YOKE of Thy will, O God, and grant that I may have the wisdom to see that the "yoke will be easy, the burden light" if I but ask Thee to share it.

(NOTE: A person might place each letter and speak the comment pertaining to it, or one person might invoke each prayer as she places the letters on a table or on a wall backdrop. It would work nicely into a candle service, too, by placing a candle for every letter. After each prayer the letter could be placed in front of a candle and the candle lighted.)

N May I be given NEIGHBORLI-NESS, O Lord, so that I may be ever aware of those about me — their troubles, their daily discouragements, their sorrows. And may I, in kindness and understanding, transfer a share of their burdens to my own shoulders, knowing that as I walk closer to them, I draw nearer to Thee. Yea, Lord, "let me walk the world with soul awake".

E May ENTHUSIASM be mine, Lord, as I press eagerly to the harder tasks, and the higher ideals, and may it be a contagious enthusiasm that kindles other hearts, too, to higher resolves and greater endeavors for Thy kingdom here on earth.

W Grant me WORK, Father, WORK to do, and the will to do it, knowing that "if I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God", knowing that by my works I may glorify Thee.

Y Give to me a YOUTHFUL, growing outlook on life, O Lord, a life growing daily in Christian love and Godly aspiration, ever tuned to Thy will in all things.

E Lord, grant me the ENLIGHTENMENT that comes only when we take Thy Book as our counsel, our guide, our inspiration, our support, and our comfort in life and in death.

A I beseech Thee, Father, for APPRECIATION, that I may keep eyes open, ears alerted, and heart attuned to the beauty and joy of all that is around me in daily life — appreciation for the countless blessings granted us each day, even before we ask!

R Give me REVERENCE, O God, for Thy endless love, and Thy tender mercies. In gratitude let me serve Thee joyfully and willingly throughout this New Year and always. Amen.

(The song "My Task" might be used to close this service.)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

When I wrote in my letter last month about the turtle Frank had caught and cleaned, and my attempts at cooking it (something I knew nothing about), I had no idea so many of you friends would take the time to answer that letter. I wish to take this opportunity to thank each and every one who sent such detailed and complete directions for cleaning a turtle. Some of the letters even included very clear drawings of each step. Recipes for cooking it were also included. Frank told me to be sure to file every letter away so that we would have them for reference next spring and summer.

I also discovered that there are many who are very fond of turtle meat and just as anxious as Frank and I to learn a simple method for cleaning them, and to pass on any information that came our way. I'm going to do just that.

First, cut off the head and the feet (at the first joint). With a razor blade, cut through the skin completely around the turtle between the upper and lower shells twice, making the incisions about one-half inch apart. Then use pliers to pull off the strip of skin between the incisions. The turtle can then be quite easily pulled apart, with only the frying meat clinging to the lower shell. This frying meat can easily be quartered and cut loose from the bottom shell with a sharp jack-knife. It is then ready for the skillet, and can be fried exactly like chicken, only you fry turtle meat about twice as long. One friend said she cooks it in a slow oven for a long time.

All my life I've heard and read about turtle soup, but have never eaten any. I had no idea how it was made or what was in it. A friend from Missouri wrote: "The liver and top shell make good turtle soup. Boil the top shell until the outside top layer peels off. The part of the shell left is the main ingredient for soup. Put the peeled top shell and liver in a large pot, add a good assortment of vegetables, season to taste, add the necessary amount of water and boil exactly like beef-vegetable soup. Both fried turtle and turtle soup are considered rare, delicious dishes." Does all this information make you want to go fishing for turtle next summer?

We have never seen any pheasants on our farm but one of our neighbors had seen several on his this past year, so he invited us to come over and go



We've lost track of how many babies have used Juliana's big bassinet, but Baby Lisa brings the count up to at least fifteen.

hunting with him on the opening day of pheasant season. He said every morning there had been five or six roosters in the road just a little way from his house. Of course, pheasants always seem to know when opening day arrives, and *that day* we saw only two — Frank got one, but the other was too far away to shoot. The next day we went to Allerton to our brother-in-law's farm, and in just a little while Frank came in with his limit.

Frank says the raccoons are very populous this year. He sees their tracks everywhere. Just about every warm evening in November we could see hunters with flashlights going off into the timber, and could hear their hound dogs in the distance. Our Tinker dog isn't a hound, just a small black-and-tan, but he is a good squirrel and rabbit hunter. One night Frank decided he would take him out and see if he could find a raccoon. They were gone quite awhile and when Frank came in he said they hadn't found a coon, but he thought he had better move Tinker's bed outside that night. Instantly I

GRANDMA PATCHES

When grandma comes to visit,
We hunt around and find
The clothes that need some patching.
She doesn't seem to mind
How big the holes and tears are,
Gets needle, thread and thimble
And sews away for dear life —
Her fingers are so nimble.

I like to watch her working;
Sometimes she sings a song:
"Work for the Night Is Coming",
"To Jesus I Belong".
And often I sing with her
And she smiles down at me;
I think it must be jolly
To be as old as she!

—Mabel Banks Piper

knew why — Tinker had tangled with a skunk! It was several days before he could come into the house.

Frank has been doing some trapping on our own land, and has caught several beaver, muskrats and coons. I accompanied him a few times when he checked his traps, and was simply amazed at what the beaver have done, not just along the banks of the bayou, but several yards into the timber as well. They have cut down and completely trimmed so many trees it looks as if someone had been getting up a wood-sawing! Even trees three and four feet in diameter have been girdled and the bark chewed off several feet up from the ground. In several places where they had cut a tree and it had hung up in another and hadn't fallen, we found several chunks of wood 12 to 18 inches long that they had kept cutting off from the bottom, trying to get the tree to fall down. These pieces were just the right length for stove wood. Frank had described their activities, but I couldn't really visualize it until I saw it for myself.

Kristin writes that she and Art went to Snowy Range for deer hunting a couple of times before the season closed in Wyoming. They didn't see a single deer, but had fun tramping around in the pine trees and along the streams. On one of the trips Kristin spotted some antlers which she *insisted* on dragging home. Shortly after these trips the snows began to fall and the roads were closed. They should have been pheasant hunting with us because we saw the biggest deer we have ever seen. His antlers were huge! Of course, when the deer season opens here in Iowa we won't see a deer either, although we see them often before the season opens. They must have the same instincts as pheasants on opening day!

So far, we have had a very mild winter, and if all the old-timers' statistics are correct, it is supposed to continue that way. Frank and I have a lot of projects we would like to get done in 1964. I won't list them for you because some of them might not pan out. It seems safer to report things as they are completed.

We are making our adjustment to the loneliness we first felt when Kristin left us to make a new home of her own, and we are happy because *she* is so happy. After all, this is what we all want for our children.

May the new year bring happiness to all of you, our good and loyal friends.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

CHILDREN AND CHORES

by
Evelyn Birkby

"Why do I have to do the dishes today?" he asks.

"Because it is your *job*," I answer.

"Why don't *you* do it?" he queries.

"Many times I do when you are gone or have something more important, but today you are here and it is your responsibility."

"Why do I have to do them — *ever*?" he looks up at me teasingly, knowing the answer by heart.

"Because in a family *everyone* helps. We share the fun, the food, the clothes, the pleasant house, the money and the work. We are a family."

Into that short conversation you may put the name of any one of our three boys for, at some time or other, each one has asked the same questions, "Why do we *have* to do chores?" And the answer is always the same: "Because we are a family." Basically, that is the reason; we feel the children *should* have the *opportunity* to *share*, to learn to *take responsibility* and to know that what they do is *essential* to the well-being of a happy, loving family.

We began when the children were very small and *wanted* to imitate us. It was not always easy to be patient when they wanted to pull a chair up to the kitchen sink and help with the dishes, splashing wildly all the while. Now, however, these same children are old enough to do the dishes alone!

Dusting, sweeping, vacuuming and ironing could have been done far more rapidly without their inept assistance, but a miniature dustpan, mop, broom, ironing board and toy iron made it a game for them and gave me happy partners. Now I know they are capable of cleaning their rooms and helping iron the flat pieces *because* I let them try their hand at these tasks when *they* wanted to.

Setting the table for a meal was another fine situation for training, since silverware and our plastic dishes would not break. But we also added the responsibility of one item of food as soon as possible. Jeff would put on the jelly. Craig would see that the bread was in the basket and on the table. Bob, being older, poured the milk. They knew that the food they placed on the table would be used by the entire family and was important to the meal. We remembered to praise them when they did well. This was not busy work; it was *essential*!

Picking up toys and clothes and straightening their bedrooms has been the longest process of training and we are *still* at it! Signs of progress can



Mary Beth Driftmier, Donald's wife, also believes children should learn to assume responsibilities. Adrienne, the youngest, helps load the dishwasher after meals.

be seen — *sometimes*! Thirteen-year-old Bob does very well since he has a room of his own for the first time in his life. He is justly proud of it. Reading a book about West Point with a description of the way the cadets are required to keep their rooms, gave him a view of perfection which has stimulated neatness. (Bless that author!)

The boys are learning fine work habits from their father, also. He lets them assist in repair work, woodcraft, building projects, gardening, lawn care, washing the car and chopping wood for the fireplace. Last year he bought Craig a small snow shovel for Christmas so he could assist in walk-clearing and he took to it like a trooper. Perhaps the fact that brother Bob is old enough now to clear walks for pay gave Craig a stimulating view into the future.

Included in home chores is the boys' educational homework and their piano practice. School is definitely their prime vocation and learning lessons well and developing good study habits takes precedence over every other task. Piano practice does not come easily and demands discipline. We've decided the first people who need such discipline are the parents! Each one of the boys required a long period of

attention when he first began work on the piano. To put it bluntly, one of his parents had to sit right on the piano bench and *help*! Many times we wondered if we would *ever* get to the place where that child would sit down and practice *alone*. But the time came for each one of them, and the rewards now seem worth the effort required to get them started.

Do the boys argue about the work? Oh, my yes! But we have discovered an impartial chart is the best solution — not perfect, but definitely helpful. Our first chart was very detailed. Each week a new chart was posted listing the tasks for seven days for each child. As Jeff, for instance, picked up his toys, smoothed his bed, fed the dog, etc., he made a check after the place designated on the chart. (Before he could read, I drew little pictures in each square so he could identify the task.) At the end of a week, if all the places were checked, we glued on a pretty, bright sticker to show that he had done a fine piece of work. (Does my schoolteacher background show through?)

Now our chart is a permanent one. We no longer list on it the regular jobs which the three boys are *supposed* to do every day; these are now taken for granted. But those jobs in which the boys take turns *are* listed on a sheet of paper and posted on the refrigerator door. It works far better than just trying to remember whose turn it is to do what. The chart looks something like this:

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
DISHES	DISHES	DISHES
3RD PIANO	2ND PIANO	1ST PIANO
SET TABLE	PUT CHAIRS AROUND	PUT ON FOOD
Sat. . . Jeff	Craig	Bob
Sun. . . Bob	Jeff	Craig
Mon. . . Craig	Bob	Jeff
Tues. . . Jeff	Craig	Bob
Wed. . . Etc. . .		

Please don't get the notion that we have *all* the answers to getting children to help in the home, we *do not*! Many of our projects are imperfectly achieved. We have had a number of situations which did not go smoothly (in a family of three lively boys, that is the understatement of the year!) and some areas were neglected which should have been addressed. But we have *tried* and are finding increasing joy in the developing sense of responsibility they are showing. We feel that it is our job as parents to help them develop skills and personal discipline in habits of study and work. And, most of all, we hope we are giving them a sense of being needed, loved and a vital part of a close-knit family unit.

JANUARY LETDOWN

So bare, so cold, impersonal,
So empty are the walls!
The surfaces uncluttered. Tell
Me, with these undecked halls,
How to adjust to plainness,
Order, tidiness emphatic.
(Our Christmas decorations have
Gone back up to the attic!)

—Betty Schaffer

Look in the Crystal Ball!

A January Party
by
Virginia Thomas



This year's January party is sure to get off to a "full-o'-fun" start if guests are invited to come dressed as they think they will look in ten years. They will probably arrive garbed in everything from burlap bags to space suits; from grey hair to canes and hearing aids! It is all a part of the future theme of a Prophecy Party, of course, and who isn't interested in taking a peek around *that* corner? But let's get out the invitations, set the stage, and get on with the fun!

Invitations

Use sky-blue construction paper to make folder-type invitations, with a white piece of paper inserted upon which the invitation is written. Decorate the cover with silver star seals scattered across the top, and a large silver question mark glued to the center. Cut a fortuneteller's crystal ball from silver paper and glue it to the cover page below the question mark.

The invitation might read: "To a Prophecy Party we want you to come. It's a costume party and sure to be fun. Come dressed as you'll look ten years from this date. The evening is _____, and the hour is eight." (signed)

Decorations

A large crystal ball used as the table centerpiece, or in a buffet arrangement, will lend the proper atmosphere to the party, as will silver stars, sprinkled with glitter, suspended from the light fixtures or hung in doorways. If you can locate almanacs, open them to pages featuring signs of the zodiac, horoscopes, etc., and place them on display about the room.

The crystal ball can be a large silver lawn ornament or a large styrofoam ball covered with foil and set in a crystal sherbet dish with greens around the base.

If possible, try to set up a tripod to hold a large black kettle in one corner of the room, and arrange for a friend to wear a gypsy costume and preside over the fortunetelling kettle. She can draw slips of paper from the kettle upon

which prophecies concerning the future of each guest have been written. A flashlight covered with red and orange crepe paper (or a light bulb) placed among sticks, will make a nice campfire beneath the kettle.

A "Wheel of Fortune" decoration upon the wall is sure to be a conversation starter. Cut a large circle from heavy poster board. Divide it into twelve pie-shaped pieces. In the outer edge of the sections paste the signs of the zodiac. On the inside of the circle print the names of signs and dates, adding a few fortune verses here and there.

For nut cups paint paper nut cups black and add black pipe-cleaner handles to make little kettles. If you wish to hang them from tripods, use short lengths of tree twigs, wiring them together with flower-stem wire.

If you are able to learn the birth dates of your guests, name cards might be decorated with the zodiac signs for their birth month, with perhaps a brief forecast for the future of each.

Entertainment

As each guest arrives, hand him a slip of paper with the name of some celebrity on it. Without showing it to anyone, the guest from that time on, until his identity is guessed, must impersonate the person whose name is on the paper. The others try to guess the celebrities being impersonated, and when one is correctly identified, he can pin the name on his shoulder. Not only actions and mannerisms, but appropriate conversation can be used to add to the fun, and loads of fun it should be when Elsa Maxwell, Dwight Eisenhower and his Mamie, John Glenn, Jack Benny, and many others meet at your party!

Throw Out the Lifeline: Have short lengths of string hidden all about the room. At the hostess's signal all begin to hunt for string. Each time a piece is found, the finder ties it to one found before. A prize is given to the one having the longest string, and that person, of course, will be the one who will live the longest!

A Look Ahead to '64: Provide guests with paper and pencils. Arrange all of the following articles upon a table. Number each article so that guests can write the numbers and then the one word concerning an important part of '64 for which each object stands. See how long it will take someone to realize they represent the various months of the year. Award a prize to the first one who properly identifies them.

1. Pencil and paper. September
2. A stocking. December
3. Broomstick. October
4. Firecracker or a flag. July
5. A cherry pit. February
6. Ear of corn, gourd, or pumpkin. November
7. Bandanna and a stick. August
8. Ring. June
9. Umbrella. April
10. Snowman. January
11. Green ribbon bow. March
12. Flowers. May

Backward Prophecy: Ask each guest to make a list of 10 important events that have been in the news in the past year. The first one to complete a list wins a calendar. Then she reads that list and the rest must cross duplicate events off their lists. See who has the longest list of events not recorded on the first list. He, too, wins a prize.

Bouncing Time: A player is chosen to be Father Time. He appoints others to be various months of the year, going around in a circle to name them January, February, etc. He lines the twelve up on one side of the room and starts the game by tossing a soft rubber ball toward the group and calling the name of a month. That month must catch, or come into possession of, the ball before Father Time counts to twelve. If the month fails to do this, then he changes places with Father Time.

Stringing Along with Time: Before the party, write out fortunes on slips of paper. Then wrap them into a large ball of string, being sure to wrap several strands of string around each one. At the conclusion of the party let the ball be passed from one guest to another. Each one must sing a song as he unwraps the string to find his fortune. He stops when he reaches a paper, reads it aloud, and then passes the ball to the next in line.

The News in Advance: Divide into couples or small groups for this. Provide each group with pencil and paper. Allow twenty minutes for each group to write news items which they think might be in the paper ten years from now. Have each "newspaper" read, and award a bottle of "printer's ink" to the best editors (can be a bottle of pop!).

ABIGAIL DESCRIBES THE CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

A very happy 1964 to you all! It always seems rather strange to me to start a new year in January. There are rarely any new events or activities in our family's life that commence on this particular month's first day. As far as I am concerned, it would be much more appropriate to inaugurate the new year with the opening date of the school year. I suspect that opening day of school precipitates far more changes in the pattern of living for families with school-age children than any January 1st could ever hope to do.

Recently I've had two telephone calls from visiting *Kitchen-Klatter* readers inquiring specifically about our three children and their activities. So perhaps it would be a good idea for me to bring those of you who are interested up to date.

Our Jefferson County schools are organized with kindergarten through sixth grade in the elementary school, seventh through ninth in the junior high, and tenth through twelfth grades in senior high school.

Emily as a sophomore is, therefore, enjoying her first year of high school. The one she attends has an enrollment of slightly less than one thousand, making it one of the medium-sized high schools in the county. We're very grateful it isn't one with fifteen hundred students. She has six classes and no study hall. They are: Band, for which she is graded but receives no academic credit; English II; Medieval History; Biology I; Geometry and Spanish III. Report cards are handed out only at the middle and end of each semester so we have received only one report. However it was an excellent one and we hope she will continue this fine beginning.

Only a small number of the students from her junior high are in this high school district, so Emily found she had to become acquainted all over again. She wanted to join the Pep Club, and this appeared to be a good place to make new friends. At first her father and I were appalled at the cost of joining — a uniform at \$35.00. However, when we learned that this uniform is worn to school at least once and frequently twice a week for three years, we decided that having a daughter in Pep Club was actually an economy for the family clothing budget. Since the uniform consists of a gray pleated wool skirt, white oxford-cloth shirt and red wool blazer, the various items can be worn for non-school functions.

Outside of school Emily is active in our own church's youth group and in

COLD

These windowpanes so thickly frosted
In beautiful design
Have shut me in today.

I see in one clear corner bare branches
And a snow-white roof.
On the chimney a bird

Warms himself. Smoke rises like a
plume.

No squirrel awakes to play.
The cold wind blows in gusts.

But I am quiet and busy and warm.
This cold which shut me in
Has rested me!

—Lillian M. Bartlow

the Denver Area Episcopal Youth Council. She also does some baby-sitting and has a few purely social activities. The highlights of her fall activities were attending the Episcopal Youth Conference at the YMCA Center near Estes Park and the high school Homecoming Week festivities. She did some skiing last winter, although the season was much too short (lack of snow) for her to make real progress. She hopes to continue the sport this winter and the weather surely will be more favorable.

Alison seems to have made the big transition from sixth grade into junior high with little difficulty and much enthusiasm. Although her school has a larger enrollment than Emily's, the great numbers didn't seem to frighten her. She, too, plays the flute in band and is especially enjoying the more interesting music that this group performs. Besides Band she also has classes in English (a double period), Science, Mathematics, Geography and Spanish. She made the honor roll with some to spare and we notice she seems much more at ease in her math homework than Emily was.

Alison has joined the newly organized Seventh Grade Science Club and is considering breeding and raising hamsters for her club project. Wayne and I are more than a little concerned as to how these hamsters can be disposed of since our house is rather full already. We're insisting she find an outlet for them before she increases the population here substantially.

Seventh graders are not permitted to participate in many of the junior high extra-curricular activities, and they are not eligible for our church's youth group either. However, she is in the Confirmation class and this takes quite a bit of extra time and study.

Both girls have grown since last spring so I put in a good many hours with the sewing machine getting fall and winter clothing made for them. Alison is growing at such a pace that already some of these new things need the hems lengthened. One of these busy

days I'm going to have to ignore the holiday activities and launch into making her Confirmation dress.

Clark is in fourth grade this year, which means, of course, that our three children are now in three different schools. This situation will continue until such time as two of them may be in college at once.

Fourth-graders are permitted to try out for band or orchestra and naturally Clark was eager to do so. Because of his broken upper front teeth, he was severely limited as to an instrument. He was not at all interested in a stringed instrument so that left either the drums or a brass instrument with a large mouthpiece. He finally chose the tuba, which is owned by the school. We don't pay a fee for its use but are expected to provide private lessons. There is one other tuba player, so they take turns bringing it home on week ends for practice. Clark doesn't begin to get in the practice he should, but in spite of this is making good progress.

A great deal of Clark's time this past fall was consumed by Little League football. This was his team's second year and they finished with a fine record, winning six games and losing and tying one each. Because of size he is restricted to playing as a lineman. His play showed a great deal of improvement, especially in the last two games. The mothers not only put in the time involved in chauffeuring for three practices and a game each week, but we also put in plenty of scrub time. This year the coach chose white stretch football pants. We fielded a mighty sharp-looking team but, oh, those grass and mud stains on Monday morning! I'm grateful for the big supply of *Kitchen-Klatter Kleener* and *Bleach* that Wayne brought back from Shenandoah!

In between the children's activities this fall I managed to do some sewing for myself. One of the things I made was a pair of wool slacks. I needed these for a trip I was going to take with our good friends and neighbors next door. They invited me to accompany them to two favorite places of theirs — Ghost Ranch near Abiquiu, New Mexico, and Lake City, Colorado.

Ghost Ranch is certainly a familiar name to all Presbyterians but probably many of you in the Midwest have never been privileged to a visit there. Lake City is a tiny village way off by itself in the rugged mountains of southwestern Colorado. Its unique claim to fame is that it is the site of the only trial for cannibalism ever held in the United States. In my next letter I'll tell you a bit more about these two very beautiful and very different places.

Sincerely,
Abigail

A LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

I'm writing to you this month on one of our normal Sunday afternoons — noisy from all quarters, save Adrienne. She has disappeared from the scene as is her custom every afternoon for her nap. Katharine is at the piano, Donald and Paul are watching football via television in the family room, and if I can close out all this din it will be a wonder.

The Sunday paper is still lying unopened on the desk! Does this happen at your house? Especially for those of you with small children? There is little time (actually none) for reading the paper in the morning, and somehow the time to sit down and read never comes until around 9 o'clock in the evening. One of my neighbors laughingly told me that yesterday's paper is sometimes still rolled up tightly as it comes from the delivery tube when the new one arrives. Her husband travels even more than my Don, so she *really* has her hands full. We have many chuckles over how all the household troubles wait until the men are out of town before they rear their ugly heads!

We haven't had any serious mishaps lately, but I'm learning to take care of many details that simply won't wait until the man-of-the-house returns. When the temperature dropped rapidly and unexpectedly this fall, I somehow remembered to have the antifreeze checked in the car, and just in the nick of time. And I had occasion to be driving to run some errands several weeks ago when much to my horror suddenly found I had no brakes. Fortunately, I wasn't involved in any mishap with the car, but Adrienne and I had to bide our time at the local garage while the master cylinder on the brakes was replaced.

On the whole we get along very well while Donald is out of town on business trips and the only occasion I had this past year to wish to goodness that he *was* home occurred on last Halloween, and I've vowed that in 1964 things at our house will be changed.

I don't know how most of you feel about allowing your youngsters to go out for Tricks-or-treats, or even to dress in costumes and masks, but I, for one, am against it. Don has been in town most years when we took the children only to those persons' homes where we knew the people, and we stressed the objective that the children were to have the people try to guess who they were. This year, however, the tenor of the entire evening changed radically and, frankly, I was afraid.

All over our subdivision I saw gangs of big boys, fifteen to eighteen years



Katharine, Paul and Adrienne Driftmier enjoy ice skating.

old, roaming the roads. They were victimizing the little unchaperoned children by dumping their sacks on the road and taking the pennies which some householders were giving, I suppose when their candy supply had been depleted. I happened to have the children in the car since we were returning from a party Paul had attended. These gangs of big boys were blocking the roads and then throwing lighted firecrackers at and into the automobiles. Other unfortunate persons found their cars coated with melted wax. Here again I escaped them because I skirted around another street. I decided it was no evening to have an automobile out, and after we were inside the house, I was very hesitant about answering the door. It's a sad commentary on life-in-suburbia when things like this happen. Even greater, it makes me fearful of the morals and values of boys and girls who roam and destroy other peoples' property.

For months the main road that runs to the neighborhood grocery where I do my marketing was closed — not just for minor repairs, but for widening it into a four-lane divided highway. For six months these poor men who owned and operated the market were entirely cut off from any road. There was only a two-rut path, and this ran parallel to the terribly torn-up main road. It was bumpy and full of hazards, and, during the rainy season, it was treacherously

slippery. Finally, when the main road was completed, invitations were issued to come and enjoy an Appreciation Party. To the customers who had "stuck with them" through these difficult months, they gave the most delightful party I have ever attended. One beautiful late Fall Sunday afternoon, we pinned on the plastic hot dogs which had been mailed to us (our proof of invitation) and we went to the store. Behind the store they had an enormous barbecue pit where they were roasting 3 pigs, 3 lambs, and 3 sides of beef. My children's eyes nearly popped out when they saw the animals being roasted!

The aroma was simply indescribable! There was a whole barrel full of wonderfully cooked sauerkraut, hard rolls, potato salad, baked beans, pickles of all sorts, and ice cream, and milk, and on and on. There were hot dogs for the younger members, but I'll add right here and now that mine were so entranced with the roast pig that they wouldn't consider the hot dogs at all! They entertained more than one thousand people that afternoon, and I'll bet that after this party not one of them would ever consider buying so much as a loaf of bread elsewhere.

Yesterday I made an effort to get several jobs crossed off my "jobs-for-this-month" list. Do you keep a Job List for yourself? I seem to have a

(Continued on page 22)

Recipes Tested

by the
**Kitchen - Klatter
Family**

OLD TIME FAVORITES

Recipes have a way of disappearing! Even the most efficient and well-organized cook can suddenly discover in awful dismay that she can no longer lay her hands on a recipe that she cherished.

Over and over again we read letters from people who explain that such-and-such a recipe had disappeared — just taken wings and disappeared. We've been asked repeatedly to repeat some of these favorites, so this month we're trying to get in a few of the things that friends have set great store by; and if you're a brand new reader (as so many of you are, thanks to gift subscriptions) you'll be glad to have them.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

CORN FAIRFAX

Combine:

- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/4 cup minced celery
- 4 Tbls. butter or bacon fat

Simmer for 5 minutes and then add:

- 2 cups cream style corn
- 2/3 cup green beans
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley

Cook slowly for 5 minutes, then add:

- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

Blend well and then stir into all:

- 1 1/2 cups rich milk

Cook 4 minutes, then add:

- 2 well-beaten eggs

Pour into buttered baking dish; cover with 2/3 cup crumbs, blended with:

- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2/3 cup grated cheese

Bake in a 375 degree oven until done.

SOUR CREAM BISCUITS

- 1 cup thick sour cream, whipped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 2/3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- (Add 3 Tbls. sugar when using for shortcake)

Add the sifted dry ingredients to the whipped sour cream, roll and cut into biscuits. Bake in a hot oven for 12 to 15 minutes. The secret of these biscuits is SPEED! Don't stop until you have them in the oven.

TUESDAY CLUB DESSERT

- 1 white cake, two layers
- 2 cups heavy cream
- 1/2 cup instant cocoa mix
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Split both layers of cake so that you have four layers. (I like my own home-made white cake for this because it is extra moist and rich.)

Whip the heavy cream until it begins to thicken. Then add cocoa mix, vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Beat until just at the point where a few more turns of the beater would be too much!

Spread between layers of cake and cover the top. Chill in refrigerator at least one hour before cutting and serving. These exact measurements give a delicious and unusual taste to a dessert that is easy to put together, but looks and tastes like something complicated and "different".

CHOCOLATE ROLL

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

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

- 1/2 cup powdered sugar

- 3 egg yolks

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour

- 2 Tbls. cocoa

- Dash of salt

- 3 egg whites

- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

- 1 cup heavy cream

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring OR

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

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

Fold the egg whites carefully into first mixture.

Line a shallow pan (approximately 8 x 12 inches) with heavy brown paper and grease it well. Spread the dough

in it evenly to about 1/4 inch thickness. Bake in a 325 degree oven for around 25 minutes.

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

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

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

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

CHINESE SWEET-SOUR SPARERIBS

Enough ribs for four to six people.

Boil in salted water until tender. Then place in a long, shallow baking dish — such as your largest size glass pyrex dish. Cover with the following sauce:

- 1 cup brown sugar

- 3 Tbls. cornstarch

- 2 No. 211 size cans of chunk pineapple

- 1 cup pineapple juice

- 3/4 cup white vinegar

- Dash of salt

- 1 tsp. soy sauce

Mix together brown sugar and cornstarch. Add the 1 cup of pineapple juice drained from 2 cans of pineapple chunks — No. 211 size can. Then add vinegar, salt and soy sauce. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until clear and thickened. Then add pineapple chunks. Pour over ribs. Bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour.

Ten minutes before serving, turn ribs, add 1 large green pepper, chopped fine, and put back in a 350 degree oven. Ribs will be glazed beautifully and green pepper will still retain its color. This is a very rich, very delicious dish.

I like to serve with this boiled rice, fresh (frozen) green peas with mushrooms added to them and a tossed vegetable salad. — Lucile

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

This is Lucile's fool-proof recipe. It is superb on fresh, cooked asparagus.

- 3 egg yolks
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- Dash of red pepper
- 1/4 lb. butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. boiling water

Beat the egg yolks until light and fluffy. Add the salt and red pepper. Melt the butter or margarine. Heat the lemon juice. Add alternately the butter and lemon juice to the egg yolks, beating constantly and fast. Dribble in the boiling water. Serve hot over the asparagus. You can store this in the refrigerator and use later by reheating carefully over very low heat.

\$100 CAKE

It has been almost 11 years since we got out our little cake cookbook in which we printed this recipe, (there's not a copy of it left so please don't ask for it), and in this length of time we've made countless new friends who don't recall all the ups and downs we had with this particular cake. It's still a wonderful cake, even if it is tricky, and no collection of fine chocolate cakes could possibly be complete without it.

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

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

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

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

**OUR FAVORITE FROSTING FOR CHOCOLATE CAKES**

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

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

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

The addition of a small amount of Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring gives it that "expensive and elusive" taste you're after.

LUCILE'S FAVORITE TOMATO RECIPE

To my way of thinking, it's downright hard to find vegetable recipes that are really different and delicious. I think most of us are inclined to fix vegetables the same way over and over again, boiled and a little butter added, or boiled and put in cream sauce. There *are* a lot of different sounding vegetable recipes in big magazines and cookbooks, but somehow the very vegetables themselves aren't available and the "fixings" called for aren't available — or so exotic that it's enough to make anyone sort of shy back in alarm.

Yet most of us would really like to turn out a vegetable dish just a little bit off the beaten path, particularly when we're assigned a vegetable for some kind of an affair or are having company. This is why I looked with real interest at a recipe for *Tomato Scallop* sent to us by a friend in McFall, Missouri.

I've now made it several times and everyone who has eaten it (even chil-

dren!) thinks it is wonderful. And it is. If you're tired of the same old vegetables in the same old way, I hope you'll try this. Personally, I feel that I've found a really fine vegetable dish to turn to in the future and believe me, I'm glad of it!

(I made a few changes to fit my needs -- what is given here will serve six to eight people and I doubt that you'll have a dab left to think about.)

Tomato Scallop

- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 3 cups canned tomatoes
- 5 Tbls. minute tapioca
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup grated cheddar cheese
- 3/4 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 4 Tbls. butter

(Note: In our stores we have several kinds of cheddar cheese. I like to use the medium nippy — not the bland cheddar or real sharp cheddar. The most inexpensive brand of stuffed green olives is fine — even those broken pieces if you ever buy them.)

Melt 4 Tbls. butter in heavy skillet and stir dry bread crumbs in it until crumbs are lightly brown and toasted. Put aside.

Melt 2 Tbls. butter in heavy pan and and stir into it the minced onion. Then add tomatoes, tapioca and seasonings. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. (It will bubble up violently and splash unless you keep the fire very low and stir energetically.)

Butter a casserole (not a flat baking type) and sprinkle in a layer of the toasted crumbs. Then cover with a layer of tomato, grated cheese, green olives; repeat. Top with quite a thick sprinkling of the buttered crumbs and bake for 40 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

The friend who sent this said: "It is different and very delicious." Indeed it is. **DO TRY IT.** —Lucile

LUCILE'S POPOVERS

First set oven at 425 degrees.

- 1 cup flour
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. salad oil

Sift flour, measure, add salt and sift again. Beat eggs until light and thick. Add flour and 1/3 of the milk; continue to beat slowly until all flour is moistened — about 30 seconds. Add remaining milk and the salad oil, beating until mixture is free from all lumps — 1 to 2 minutes. Pour into greased glass cups — little less than 1/2 full. Bake for about 40 minutes.

CHICKEN 'N NIFFLES

The name itself prompted me to try this recipe! Now, maybe you had heard of niffles but I hadn't. If you have a nice big stewing hen and like dumplings then I'm sure you will want to make Chicken 'n Niffles! —Margery

- 4 to 5 lb. stewing hen, cut in serving pieces
- 3 or 4 slices carrot
- 3 or 4 slices onion
- Few sprigs parsley, or a good sprinkle of dry parsley flakes
- Few sprigs celery tops, or celery seed, about 1 tsp.
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 large peppercorns (whole black pepper buds)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Butter

Wipe chicken with damp cloth and place in a large kettle. Cover with boiling water, add carrots, onion, parsley, celery tops, bay leaf and peppercorns. Cover and simmer for 2 to 3 hours or until meat begins to loosen from the bone. Add salt during the last hour of cooking. When tender, remove chicken from broth, place on platter,

brush with butter and keep hot in oven at 300 degrees.

Niffles

- 1 cup sifted biscuit mix
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup cold water

Combine biscuit mix and salt in bowl. Make a well in center and add whole eggs. Pour in water and work with fork to make a soft batter, adding more water if necessary. Drop pieces of batter, about a tsp. at a time, into the simmering chicken broth. Cook for 5 minutes. Take niffles from broth with a slotted spoon and place in a serving dish. You can't make them all at once, but probably half of the batter can be cooked at one time. Thicken the broth with a little flour and serve from a gravy boat.

The seasoning for the chicken is absolutely perfect. These niffles are very rich and take the place of potatoes. The first time I fixed this was for Sunday dinner. I cooked the chicken before church and the niffles were done in no time, so I consider it an exceptionally good dish for Sunday.

TRULY DIFFERENT CUPCAKES

- 4 squares semi-sweet chocolate
- 2 sticks of margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups broken pecan nuts
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 1 cup unsifted flour
- 4 large eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Melt chocolate and margarine in heavy pan. Add butter flavoring and stir until nuts are well coated. Combine sugar, flour, eggs and vanilla flavoring and mix only until blended. **DO NOT BEAT.** Add chocolate-nut mixture and again mix in carefully, not beating. Turn into paper baking cups and bake at 325 degrees for about 35 minutes.

NOTE: When this recipe arrived from a friend in Wakefield, Kansas, and she explained how delicious they were, how many people were after her for the recipe and how they required absolutely no frosting, I studied it and sort of thought: cupcakes are cupcakes! BUT . . . I gave this a try and I can assure you that these are simply not like any other cupcakes I've ever tasted in my life — they're truly different. Don't frost them. They're perfectly elegant as is.

—Lucile

BAKED PINEAPPLE

This recipe probably sounds doubtful to you — at least that was the reaction we got when we first studied it. But we went ahead and tried it and found that it was one of these rare things: highly unusual, simple to make AND exceedingly delicious.

Don't do any substituting in this recipe.

It's the one perfect "extra dish" to serve with ham.

- 1 #2 can chunk pineapple
- 1 cup grated cheddar cheese
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 1 cup dried bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter

Mix the drained pineapple with the grated cheese. Mix flour and sugar in saucepan and add the juice from the drained pineapple and the pineapple flavoring. Heat just to blend well. Put the pineapple-cheese mixture in an 8-inch square baking dish and cover with the sauce. Top with the bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes — or until lightly browned.

—Margery

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.

New Year's Resolutions

1
2
3

Isn't this the ideal time to do something about losing a few pounds? Not a "crash diet" — they're no fun, and somehow the pounds seem to come right back when the crash is over.

Do it the easy, continuing way: eat fewer starches, and substitute **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** for sugar. This colorless liquid is so easy to use in anything you sweeten: cereals, coffee, desserts. It adds a natural sweet taste; never bitter, never "artificial" tasting. And it never, never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use.

SOUNDS WONDERFUL, DOESN'T IT? IT IS!

KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

SAUERKRAUT AND PORK HOCKS

Place in a casserole:

4 unskinned pork hocks

Cover them with:

3 cups drained sauerkraut

3/4 cup sliced onion

1 tsp. caraway or celery seed

Pour over them:

1 cup sauerkraut juice or water

Cover the dish tightly. Bake it in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 4 hours. This makes four servings.

—Mary Beth

DELICIOUS RASPBERRY CAKE

1 pkg. white cake mix

4 eggs

2/3 cup salad oil

1 pkg. raspberry gelatin

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries

2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Combine all of the above ingredients in a large mixing bowl. (Naturally the package of frozen raspberries should be thawed and the entire contents of the package is used.) Mix well, spread in a well-greased 9 x 13 baking pan and bake in a 325 degree oven for around 50 minutes. We prefer a little whipped cream on this cake, but you can make up a powdered sugar icing if you prefer.

NOTE: If you've never made a cake of this kind you'll think that the ingredients called for sound downright wild! (I couldn't imagine putting gelatin right from the package into a cake batter!) Well, it works — it really works; and it makes a perfectly delicious, moist cake that really has people asking for the recipe. Be sure to add the 2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring if you want it to have *exactly* the right taste.

COCONUT-ORANGE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1 cup vegetable shortening

1 1/2 cups granulated sugar

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

2 eggs

3 cups sifted flour

3 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

1 1/2 cups shredded coconut (You may use 1 cup coconut and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring.)

In mixing bowl, cream shortening and sugar. Stir in flavorings. Beat in eggs and stir in sifted dry ingredients. Lastly, fold in shredded coconut. Divide dough in half and shape each half into roll. Chill. Slice and bake on ungreased cooky sheet in 400 degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes.

ABIGAIL'S CELERY CASSEROLE

4 cups 1-inch celery pieces

1 1/2 cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese

1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted

3 Tbls. butter

1/2 tsp. salt

1/3 cup slivered almonds

Cook celery in boiling salted water for about 10 minutes, or until just barely tender; drain.

In a buttered casserole alternate layers of celery, cheese and soup. Sprinkle salt over top and dot with bits of butter. Sprinkle almonds over top and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 25 minutes, or until thoroughly heated.



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Cooking For One

by
Nellie M. Driggins
and
Muriel P. Childs

The woman who, for many years of her life, whipped up mounds of fluffy mashed potatoes with one hand while she made a gallon of coleslaw with the other — or so it can seem on looking back — may feel frustrated when she is again cooking for *two* after the children are gone. Yet that was the way she started; maybe that was the way she learned. She *can* adapt, particularly since she has someone else to please.

But the woman who suddenly finds herself cooking for *herself alone* — ah, that is a different proposition! It can be too easy to fall into the "tea and toast" routine — the vicious tea-and-toast circle. Drab and undernourishing, it leads to nothing but more of the same. Yet the modern woman knows better. She just gets to the point where she doesn't care.

Many of the ailments of elderly people are either caused by, or aggravated by, poorly balanced diets. It seems as though it is just too much trouble to plan, shop for, and cook, a well-balanced meal for *one*.

A little imagination might help at this point. What young girl hasn't dramatized dusting or washing dishes for mother by pretending that this was *her own* house she was caring for? A woman alone can imagine the picture she will present if a son or daughter, an old friend or the minister, drops in while she is eating. She will not want to hear the children argue that if *this* is the way she takes care of herself, she shouldn't live alone. Nor does she want a neighbor or the minister to wonder if she actually hasn't enough to eat.

Why not start by setting an attractive place for the meal? An end of the kitchen table is fine, but spread an ironed towel or napkin, and use attractive dishes. (Why hang onto old, chipped ones, anyway?) Perhaps you have a few pieces from some cherished set you couldn't bear to throw away. Or why not use your best ones on occasion? Perhaps you have a luncheon set that was unused because it was too small for a large family. Now is the time to enjoy these odds and ends of beauty accumulating dust on the shelves. And let's be practical!

If you use these dishes in rotation, conscience won't nag you to wash them a couple of times a year, just for the sake of washing them.

With the place set, add a bit more color — a flower, real or plastic; a small bowl of fruit, again real or plastic; a small plant; a candle.

And of course not only the kitchen table is indicated. A card table anywhere; the dining room table at the time of day when it is cheery; the porch; the back yard for the out-doorsy ones on an especially lovely day; or in front of TV if a favorite program is coming on. With a setting like that, who *wants* to settle for tea and toast?

The Noon Meal

Logically, we should start with breakfast, but let's be illogical and start with the noon meal. Many older persons, for health reasons, have their main meal at noon. This meal should contain many of the heavier and more nutritious foods which our health demands, but our worn-out digestive systems cannot tolerate at bedtime.

As most of us have done in the past, let's build the meal around meat. No woman who has cooked for others needs to be reminded of the variety of ways in which hamburger can be used. Grilled patties, variously seasoned, tiny meat loaves (why not make a small batch, cook them in muffin pans, eat one and refrigerate or freeze the rest?), or browned, seasoned, and made into gravy. You can go on from there. Hamburger is ideal in cooking for one.

But that is not the only possibility. Never forget that you can buy *one* pork chop, *one* tiny steak, *one* pound of round, or *one* slice of liver. The "variety" meats — tongue, heart, kidneys, as well as liver — contain many nutrients not contained in other meats. They also have the virtue of being economical. A pound of stew meat presents possibilities, and will help you to get rid of dibs and dabs of left-over vegetables.

Cheese, eggs, fish, and even nuts provide the same protein as meat. We've all learned that. And here is some variety, easily adapted to cooking for one.

Next we choose the starchy part of the meal. A potato, peeled and diced, cooks quickly. It can easily be mashed or creamed. If your oven is heated for something else, bake two potatoes, eat one, and refrigerate the other for frying or for hashing brown at a later date. But potatoes aren't the only answer. Rice, noodles, macaroni, and spaghetti are delicious substitutes. Do investigate the various forms macaroni comes in these days. If you're

like many of us, you've gone without one or more of these foods for years because some member of the family didn't care for them. Now choose what *you* like.

If some of these foods are left over, rice with milk, sugar and cinnamon makes a wholesome, light dessert. The others can be combined with leftovers, such as a bit of meat and gravy, or make a cheese sauce, and lo! and behold! There is another main dish.

Cooking fresh vegetables for one is difficult, but the fresh ones are oh! so good. So cook some, and plan ahead. For instance, peel and cut into small pieces half a package of carrots (save the rest to be grated for salads) and cook them. Butter what you plan to eat and refrigerate the rest to be creamed at another meal, or for the stew or meat pie that will take care of other left-overs.

Cabbage is durable. Buy a small head. Use some for coleslaw. Cook some. Cabbage can be cooked with a bit of bacon or bacon drippings and salted and peppered. It can be creamed. It can be diced, cooked, and tossed with sour cream, vinegar, and seasonings. You probably have a pet recipe of your own.

Small packages of frozen vegetables can be cut in half — part eaten — part put in the freezer. Tiny cans of vegetables can be half eaten — half put into the refrigerator. These can be used for a later meal, or for that stew or meat pie we have been talking about.

Salads are important. Many people along in years find chewing difficult. At the same time, they take little exercise, and need the roughage that salads provide. Let's be realistic about this.

Grated carrots, raisins, and mayonnaise are easy to chew. A grater will reduce cabbage to edible consistency. Apples should be peeled — even if not as pretty as with the red skin on.

Gelatin salads, with finely chopped fruits or vegetables, last for several days longer than chopped fruits or vegetables alone. Pour these salads into custard cups. Each one makes an attractive salad.

Dessert is very important to some; completely unimportant to others. If *you* are a dessert person, your dessert will depend on your main course. If the main course has been filling, a slice of melon, a bit of fresh fruit, a dish of stewed fruit, or a cooky, is all you will care for. (In the cooky field, for the woman alone, refrigerator cookies are ideal. Mix up a whole batch and put it in the refrigerator or freezer. When the oven is on, slice off

(Continued on page 22)

SAFETY FOR YOUNG EXPLORERS

by
Joseph Arkin

How many of our children are adequately protected against a danger they face every day? Within the next 60 seconds, at least one American youngster will be accidentally poisoned by swallowing household chemicals or drugs. Accidental poisonings in the one-to-five age group average 600,000 a year, according to U.S. Public Health Service figures.

But the number of cases seems to be on the rise, causing increased government concern: last March the Federal Government proclaimed the first official Poison Prevention Week. Within the past year a more rigid FDA labeling law has begun to be fully enforced.

Yet the amazing thing — considering the thousands of household chemicals and drugs on the market — is not that we have so many cases of accidental poisoning, but so few!

Over 16 billion aspirin, and a number of other more-than-likely-to-be-dangerous pain killers, are consumed annually — yet only a minute per cent are ingested accidentally. In reality, aspirin plays a very minor part in accidental poisonings except with children under 4 who can't read directions. And, even then, according to various Poison Control Centers and authorities, it's the 5-grain, unflavored, adult aspirin that leads to by far the most serious trouble.

As Dr. Milton Westphal, director of the Buffalo Poison Control Center, explains: "The toddler has the ability to get hold of things but he lacks the judgment as to what he can or cannot put in his mouth. It's surprising what horrible-tasting stuff he will swallow."

In fact, inquisitive youngsters will eat and drink anything. Texture, taste, color, size make very little difference. Intrigued with under-the-sink items, they'll "taste test" everything; and, being the young adventurers they are, they'll practically climb the bathroom walls to investigate — and too often gobble up — the pills and potions in the medicine chest.

Easily opened pill bottles and children under 5 are a very dangerous combination. Just as dangerous is the combination of a curious child and a careless adult. All too often parents, grandparents, other relatives and friends, who wouldn't think of leaving a loaded gun out in the open, are careless with medications. An aunt leaves her purse on a bookcase or chair; an overnight guest leaves an easily-

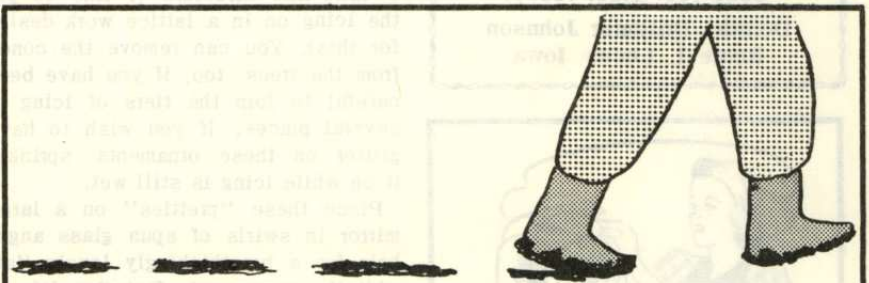
opened medicine bottle on the bedside table. The well-known warning to "keep medicine out of the reach of children" simply is not enough.

Safety authorities have campaigned for drug manufacturers to put safety caps on their bottled products. A major aspirin manufacturer has recently announced that it will put safety caps on adult aspirin bottles, similar to those presently used on children's bottles. Many health authorities, although they realize no safety cap can be 100% effective, feel such safety closures can help prevent accidental poisonings just as safety belts are helping prevent traffic deaths. As Dr. Jay M. Arena, Division of Pediatrics, Duke University, has stated in the Journal of the American Medical Association, "A survey of 1600 families has indicated that a safety closure of plastic is not only practical but also, if used on all packaged and prescribed medicaments, is a child-safety measure of real importance."

So, until the time comes when all household chemicals and drugs have safety closures, protect your youngsters — and those of relatives and neighbors — by carefully carrying out the following suggestions frequently listed by various safety groups such

as the National Safety Council, Poison Control Centers, etc.:

1. Keep all household chemicals and medicines not only out of reach but out of sight — and under lock and key, if possible.
2. Never leave vitamins, sleeping pills, aspirin, etc., on a bedside table.
3. Don't tell children that medicines are — or taste like — candy or soft drinks.
4. Throw away all unmarked drug and household supplies. Keep items in original containers.
5. Don't let children play with purse pillboxes and bottles, cosmetics, etc.
6. Never give or take medicine in the dark. Read all labels carefully.
7. Draw up "house rules" about hazardous substances and medicines. Teach children to be careful — and discipline them for any violations of the rules.
8. Post a first-aid chart in your medicine cabinet.
9. Keep the number of your doctor and pharmacist handy. They'll know how to reach the nearest Poison Control Center quickly.
10. Be on the lookout for products with safety closures. Buy them when possible.



BRINGING THE OUTDOORS IN

This isn't what the home designers mean when they say, "Bring the outdoors in," but it happens every day this time of year.

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—Helen Harrington

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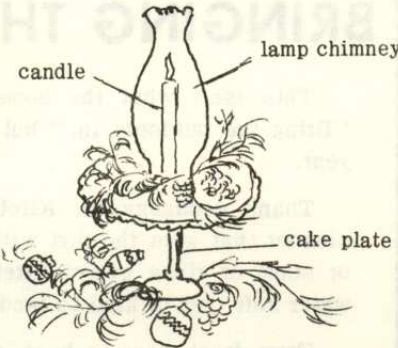


FESTIVE AND FANCY

"SNOWWHITE" CENTERPIECES that appear to have come straight from fairyland are sure to dazzle your guests. Using white icing in a pastry tube, cover soup bowls to make sparkling, fairy-like igloos; cover paper cones to make glistening fairy trees; pipe the icing on plastic reindeer and on styro-foam balls to assemble as snowmen on empty scotch tape holders used as tiny sleighs—you'll think of many more ways to use it, once you get started.

For the icing mix one pound of confectioner's sugar with two egg whites and the juice of half a lemon. The mixture should be very stiff. Let the icing dry thoroughly on the various objects before using them — may take 24 to 36 hours. You can carefully slide the icing igloo off the bowl to leave a fairy-like structure (I like to put the icing on in a lattice work design for this). You can remove the cones from the trees, too, if you have been careful to join the tiers of icing in several places. If you wish to have glitter on these ornaments, sprinkle it on while icing is still wet.

Place these "pretties" on a large mirror in swirls of spun glass angel hair for a breathtakingly lovely "all white" arrangement, featuring life in the Northland of ice and snow.

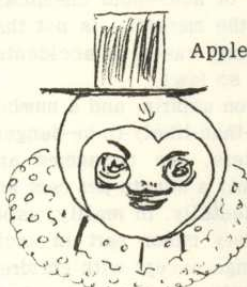


FOR BIRTHDAY OF THE NEW YEAR arrangement, use an old-fashioned lamp chimney and grandmother's prettiest footed cake stand. Anchor a fat red candle to the center of the cake stand with some modeling clay. Set the chimney over the candle. Lay evergreen tips and tree ball ornaments on the plate at the base of the chimney and around the base of the plate. By placing the plate on a large mirror or

mat, you can add a clock face, or small calendar, placed in front of the candle arrangement, to complete a very pretty New Year's centerpiece.

"PRETTY AS A PUNCH BOWL", they'll say, if you decorate your punch bowl by hanging small candy canes around the rim. Then, using whipped cream in a cake decorator, mark a clock face on the surface of the punch just before serving time.

A BEAUTIFUL BACKDROP DECORATION for your New Year's refreshment table features punch cups hung on garlands of greenery (or of heavy red or green rope) draped behind the table, caught up on each end by a big ribbon bow. I use the clear glass cups and paint them red with a water paint. (It washes off easily.) Spell out H-A-P-P-Y N-E-W Y-E-A-R with white paint (or icing) on the sides of the cups. Fasten the cups to the swag by the handles, securing them with florist tape or large safety pins.



Apple head for "Mr."

paper doily

"MR. AND MRS." FRUIT FACES make a lovely centerpiece which can then be distributed as favors. Use oranges as faces for the ladies and use apples for the men. With a sharp knife, very carefully peel the skin from one side of the fruit to make a heart-shaped face. Use a crayon, or vegetable coloring, to mark in the features. With little bows of Christmas ribbons, tiny ball ornaments, or tiny artificial flowers, make a floral bonnet to perch on the side of each "lady" head. Make a construction-paper top hat for the men. Insert three toothpicks in the bottom of the fruit as legs, so it will stand. Place each one on a pretty lace paper doily — silver doilies are pretty for New Year's; or put apple heads on white doilies, and orange heads on gold ones.

A SUNDIAL CENTERPIECE is easy to make by using a pastry tube to cover a tall, footed sherbet dish with flutings of icing. Let dry, and then stand upside down and use more icing to mark the face of the sundial on the bottom of the dish. Place in a circle of greens and lay some tiny calendars around the base for a *timely* January centerpiece.



It's amazing what one can turn up once he puts his mind to it! Evelyn Birkby searched for some time for this old butter churn which she proudly displays in her living room beside her lovely antique organ.

MOTHER'S RAG BAGS

by
Inez L. Ladd

What a joy, a treasure, a delight! There were three bags, really not much to look at, as they were only old flour sacks. But, oh, to look in! What other single occupation could give so much pleasure? One bag held laces, embroideries, and trimmings, including feathers, furs, and ornaments. The second held silks, satins, velvets, and fine woolens. The third held the basics: cottons, dimities, calicoes, prints, lawns, and organdies. These treasures were brought out only on special occasions — perhaps on a dreary day when all else had failed to amuse, or when someone's spirits needed cheering up.

O the delights of rummaging through the bags! Their contents served any and all purposes. Many a quilt was made of the pieces of the family's dresses, each piece to be remembered and pointed out on a chill night when the quilt was pulled up to little chins. When we were small, dresses for dolls were uppermost in our minds. As we grew older, collars of organdy trimmed with lace, or belts concocted of ribbons or beading, caused many a glance of envy at school.

But the most exciting time of all was when someone needed a new hat. Old frames, wire, maline, lace, silk, and a great deal of imagination, went into those creations. One of my own masterpieces was a dark blue velvet hood, banded in grey fur, and lined with pink crepe de chine, with a few rosebuds to match the lining tucked near one ear. No hat from the leading designer of the world could have competed with that hat, for, after all, it turned my sweetheart into my fiancé!

More was tucked into those rag bags

that hung in the hall closet than just materials. Somehow, through the years, we found the joy of creating, the satisfaction of achievement, and the rich memory of sharing a common endeavor with other members of the family. There was also the thrill of watching something real and meaningful emerge from bits and pieces and scraps that, each by itself, did not amount to much. The world was the loser when Mother's scrap bags no longer hung in the hall closet.

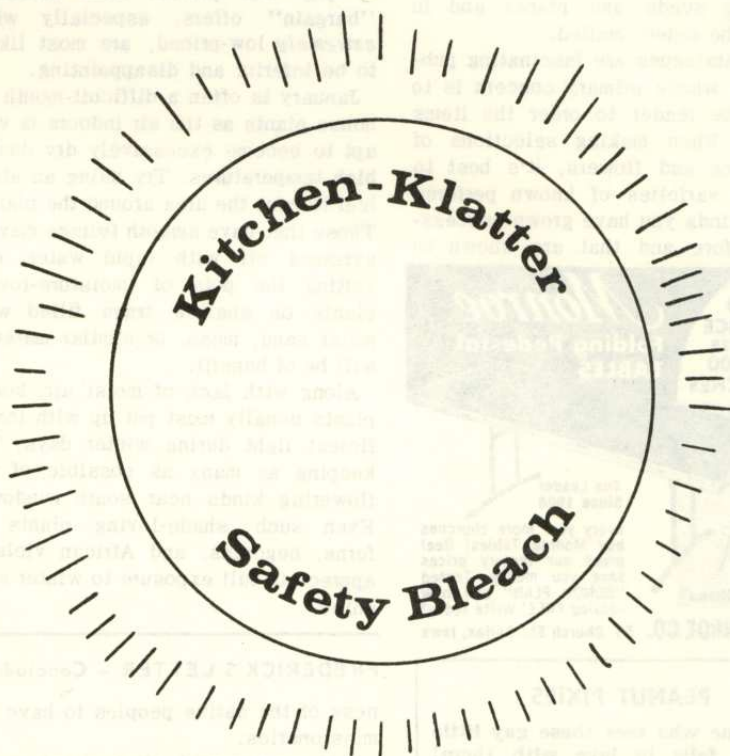
We have satellites today that are

orbiting in space — and astronauts that spin about the earth — but these are for the few. *Anyone* can have a scrap bag, and soar as far as her fancy will take her.

THE SILENT ROOM

Pots and pans are sad and still,
Nothing's well when Mother's ill;
Everything ceases to matter
When in the KITCHEN there's no
KLATTER.

—Cora Ellen Sobieski



TAKES THE PLACE OF SUMMER SUN

The winter's hardly started, yet it seems it's been a year since we enjoyed summer (and nice washdays). Your clothes miss summer, too, with its sun and soft breezes to whiten and brighten the weekly wash.

Add a shot of summer sun to your laundry with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. You'll marvel at how much whiter white things are — how much brighter and new-looking the colored things become. And, best of all, **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no harsh chlorine, so it's perfectly safe, even for filmy synthetics. If it's washable, it's bleachable in

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WE KNOW IT'S SAFE! WE MAKE IT!

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

January with its cold and snow makes for "armchair gardening". One can sit in a comfortable chair, arm himself with gardening books and the new seed catalogues, plus a bowl of buttered popcorn, and dream. It's pure pleasure!

Paging through the colorful catalogues it is easy to vision lovely beds and borders in the garden and about the yard. To make these pipe dreams come true, one must lose no time in selecting seeds and plants and in getting the orders mailed.

Seed catalogues are fascinating publications whose primary concern is to entice the reader to order the items offered. When making selections of vegetables and flowers, it's best to stick to varieties of known performance — kinds you have grown successfully before and that are known to

thrive in your locality. For extra frills it is always fun to add some of the newly introduced strains and a few novelties as they make gardening more interesting. All AMERICA SELECTIONS are always good choices because they must out-perform everything in their class to be awarded this distinction.

Early ordering of both shrubs and seeds is essential because you are more sure of getting the varieties selected and receiving them at the proper time for planting in the spring. Order from reliable dealers and expect to pay fair prices. Most so-called "bargain" offers, especially when extremely low-priced, are most likely to be inferior and disappointing.

January is often a difficult month for house plants as the air indoors is very apt to become excessively dry due to high temperatures. Try using an atomizer to mist the area around the plants. Those that have smooth foliage may be syringed off with tepid water, and setting the pots of moisture-loving plants on shallow trays filled with moist sand, moss, or similar material will be of benefit.

Along with lack of moist air, house plants usually must put up with insufficient light during winter days. Try keeping as many as possible of the flowering kinds near south windows. Even such shade-loving plants as ferns, begonias, and African violets, appreciate full exposure to winter sunshine.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Lord, we have prayed that Thou might heed

Our every want, our every need,
And in our blindness, selfishly
Expected miracles of Thee.

We have not done our rightful share
To bring all people everywhere
In closer touch, that far and near,
There may be peace from sphere to sphere . . .

Therefore we pray Thee, Lord, to bless
Our lives with open-heartedness;
Grant us Thy light to understand
That we must lend a helping hand,
That reaching out to one another
We may call each man our brother
And thus, with flags of love unfurled,
We may have peace in all the world.

—Contributed

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

God of the years that lie behind us,
Lord of the years that stretch before,

Weaver of all the ties that bind us,
Keeper and King of the open door;

Grant us hope and a courage
glowing

White and pure as the stars above;
Grant us faith in a full stream
flowing

Down from the heights of Thy
changeless love.

Build with us, lest our great walls
crumble,

Broken stone upon useless clay;
Walk with us, lest our slow feet
stumble,

Grope, and falter, and lose the
way.

All through the seasons of sowing
and reaping,

All through the harvest of songs
and tears,

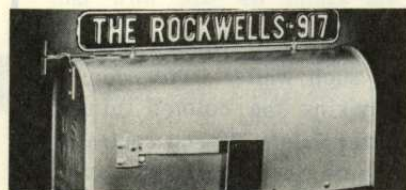
Hold us close in Thy tender
keeping,

Lord and Maker of all New Years.

—Author Unknown

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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.



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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

ness of the native peoples to have our missionaries.

It is my personal opinion that one of the finest things a young person can do during his first years out of college is to take a short term missionary assignment. That is what I did when I graduated from Tarkio College back in 1939, and those years of teaching in a mission school have blessed my life ever since. Practically every major religious denomination has some openings for dedicated young people, and if you know of some who might be interested, do your best to persuade them to go.

As now we begin a new year with all of its promise of great gladness and great sorrow, I hope that all of us can have the kind of faith required to take the best with the worst and smile through it all. Dr. E. Stanley Jones of India mission fame liked to say: "I have no obligation to succeed. I have only the obligation to be true to the highest and best I know. If Christ's way of life is impossible, then I shall give myself to the impossible." Don't you like that? Sometimes we look into the future and the good life does look

impossible, but what is there for us to do but to try for it? That is how it has to be with men and women of vision. Even though we might fail in our efforts to make 1964 a year of great goodness, we cannot be content with less.

Sincerely,

Frederick



Herbert Hoover Library,
West Branch, Iowa.

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The fulfillment of a dream was realized on a visit to the Herbert Hoover Park at West Branch, Iowa. Included in the park are the small two-room birthplace cottage (an antique lover's delight), a replica of his father's blacksmith shop, and the magnificent Hoover Library. The simplicity of the cottage contrasts with the splendor of the one-story stone structure built to house Mr. Hoover's important papers collected during his years of public service.

The Presidential Library is operated by the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration. The three other presidential libraries in operation are: the Dwight D. Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kansas; the Harry S. Truman Library at Independence, Missouri; and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, New York.

Destined to become an important historical center in the United States, the Library includes the desk and chair used in the White House, as well as his collection of books. We were especially interested to view his manuscripts for the books he has authored.

On Growing Up (Wm. Morrow and Co., \$3.50) is a wise and wonderful book by Herbert Hoover. It contains letters written by boys and girls all over America to the thirty-first President, along with his witty replies. Mr. Hoover speaks in defense of present-day children — their cheerfulness, energy, affection, and awareness of the world around them.

One lad wrote asking what is essential for success. Mr. Hoover's reply was religious faith, education including college, and just being a boy.

He advises children to have fun in their life, enjoy sports, and have a pet. Having been a boy, he realizes the value of pets.

When a girl asked how Latin had been valuable to him, he replied that

he was of some help to Mrs. Hoover in translating a great Latin book which had not been put into English. Copies of this book have sold for as high as \$250, after the Hoovers' supply was exhausted. What an inspiration for Latin students!

Children — and their parents — will find pleasure in reading this book.

In *Fishing for Fun — And to Wash Your Soul* (Random House, \$3) we learn of Mr. Hoover's liking for fishing, for the fun of it and for the chance to relax from the complex activities of the working world.

The book is a composite of Mr. Hoover's thoughts over a lifetime of fishing. Included are two "fishermen's tales" as well as a chapter on fishing presidents and candidates. A delightful chapter tells of the affinity of barefoot boys and fish, of which Mr. Hoover has some vivid and happy recollections.

LOOK BACK, THINK, LOOK FORWARD

January derives its name from the old Roman god "Janus". He was popularly known as the god of the two faces. He could look both forward and backward.

It is a good thing occasionally to pause and look both forward and backward — backward to check what progress has been made, and forward to strive for the new opportunities just ahead.

INVALID CHILD

Our little angel with clipped wings
Has taught us many, many things.

He cannot run and play —
His joy is saved for a Celestial day.

No longer then will his clipped wings
Hinder the doing of boyish things.

—Helene B. Dillon

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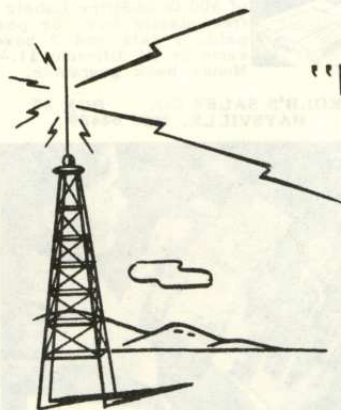
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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A. M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 10:30 A. M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
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MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded
capacity to forget those large but extra-type jobs that have to be taken care of but which somehow get shuffled aside with the myriad of daily tasks associated with just feeding and taking care of a family. This new year I'm vowing *again* to be more systematic!

All fall the children looked forward to the trip to Anderson, Indiana, for Thanksgiving. We ate our Thanksgiving dinner at my sister Marjorie's home. There were just we two girls and our families along with several grandparents, but the hub-bub was surprising. We spent the remainder of our vacation at my mother's home, and my! how the children adore visiting Grandmother Schneider.

Once again this year we're going to have Christmas in our own home. We're making big plans for all the festivities right now and everyone is bursting with secrets. (Some of them are not so secret, but like mothers everywhere, I pretend not to hear!)

It is the sincere wish of the Wisconsin Driftmiers that each of you will have a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

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COOKING FOR ONE - Concluded

a few cookies and bake them. Thus you can have a few fresh cookies often from one mixing.)

If your main course has been soup and salad, or soup and sandwich, perhaps you will like something more substantial. Rice pudding made from left-over rice, a beaten egg, and a bit of sugar and cinnamon, takes only a little time to bake. Or bread pudding can be made the same way, substituting a broken-up slice of stale bread for the rice.

More festive than this would be a tiny pie - or half of one - that you have baked yourself. These *can* be bought frozen, but your own have your own seasonings - your own touch. (And what woman who has baked doesn't like to get her hands into dough once in a while?) Make your own dough, and line individual pie shells (cheap at the dime store, if you don't have left-over ones you used when the children were small). Fill with your pet recipes. Use lattice crusts for fruit pies. Don't be afraid to freeze baked pumpkin pies. You can use green apples, rhubarb, fresh cherries, or favorite berries to make the type of pie you can't buy - and all with your own individuality. If you want only half - another day is coming.

Next month we want to discuss breakfast (truly a very important meal) and shopping.

Sometimes distance lends enchantment, but not when you are out of gas.

To People in

Their 50's With

ARTHRITIS

Many of the people who come to accept our proved methods of natural treatments are long-time sufferers. The relief they now may obtain might have been theirs years ago had they written me sooner. If you will write me - no matter your age - I will send you a book that will tell you honestly there are no miracles in treating this sometimes crippling disease. Yet, as a result of over 40 years of research and experience in the treatment of this dread disease at Ball Clinic, many cases of dramatic relief have resulted. Learn how you, too, may obtain relief from the aches and pains of arthritis, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, and associated conditions, without drugs or surgery. Thousands of people have done as we recommended and have been satisfied with the results. Actually, over 25 percent of all patients come to Ball Clinic on the recommendations of former patients. Enclose 25 cents for postage and handling. I'll send booklet promptly. No obligation. No agent will call. Write

Wm. C. Edwards, Ball Clinic,
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Take up to 60 days; we give credit on napkins. You risk nothing to try my amazing tested plan, used by over 50,000 groups.

FREE Rush your name and address now for details of my Plan which brings you fast cash, or valuable equipment for your group, sent free, no obligation. Write to Anna Elizabeth Wade, Dept. 420AB, Lynchburg, Va.

FREE SAMPLES! RUSH NAME & ADDRESS NOW!

HOW YOU CAN HAVE A GORGEOUS, EASY-TO-GROW FLOWER GARDEN OF PRIZE-WINNING ANNUALS

Would you like to have a garden of exquisite beauty and a profusion of color? Have you longed for a flower garden simple to plant, easy to grow and guaranteed to yield fragrant, vividly brilliant blooms all season long?

Now, you can have a glorious garden, the envy and showplace of your neighborhood, with Glorybloom's "Showers of Flowers" - an amazing new "bubble-pak" seed collection of prize-winning annuals in 21 celebrated varieties.

This fabulous collection of thousands of seeds (21 packets) has been carefully selected to bear continuous vibrant blooms - from dwarf border plants to tall spectaculars - including: Alyssum Little Gem, California Mission Bell Poppies, Giant Crego Asters, Marigold Dwarf Halloween, Petunia Colorama, Gloriosa Daisy, Tall Camellia Balsam, Sunshine Asters, Giant Snapdragons and a dozen more!

Each Glorybloom variety is hermetically sealed in its own individual dispenser-pak. Exclusive new seed packaging keeps the high-test seed fresh and at peak vitality until planting time.

Glorybloom's "Showers of Flowers" No. 9 is unconditionally guaranteed not only to grow vigorous plants, but to bloom beautifully all season. You must be delighted with this outstanding collection and thrilled with your garden or your money refunded in full - anytime, even at Summer's end.

Order now while limited supply lasts (Please, only 3 per customer). Send only \$1.89 for each collection (Regular \$5.00 value). Shipped postpaid with the understanding you must be delighted, even by next Fall, or refund guaranteed. Address: GLORYBLOOM "Showers of Flowers", Box 1477, Dept. 107, Kansas City 41, Missouri.

"DON'T LET THIS BE YOU"

800,000 widows are wishing they had obtained "Does Your Wife Know" data record. They see now it would have saved them hundreds of dollars to have had information at the time death took their husbands. Don't take chances with your future, when at a very small cost you can be safe and sure of your estate.

A post card will bring complete information or send \$1.50 for pre-paid copy - return if not pleased. Your cost will be refunded.

Ethridge Mfg. & Sales Co., P. O. Box 1005 Tulsa, Okla. 74112-KK

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try

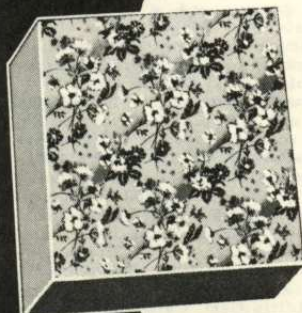
\$75.00 IS YOURS



**RAINBOW LUXURY
ALL OCCASION
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21 really deluxe cards.
Excitingly different



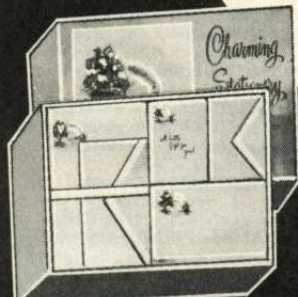
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21 distinctive cards
of rare beauty.
Tremendous appeal



**DELUXE EVERYDAY
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20 large colorful
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matching tags.
Terrific value

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.

**IT COSTS
YOU
NOTHING
TO TRY**



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