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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 31

JANUARY, 1967

NUMBER 1



— H. Armstrong Roberts



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post
Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Published Monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

My Good Friends:

I've always had a mystical sense about the end of a year and the beginning of a new year, and today as I write to you I feel once again the powerful sense of making a fresh beginning in January, of somehow doing better in the months that lie ahead. Probably all of us feel this in some degree for we are only human and it is our nature to be hopeful, to look ahead with faith and trust.

Since my last letter to you back in the November issue I have had my first trip to New Mexico in over a year. An old friend of mine drove me down and the first day we had record-breaking temperatures up in the 90's — and this was mid-October, mind you. We spent that night at a motel in Dodge City, Kansas, and were much relieved to have the air conditioning going full tilt. But the next morning we got up to strong winds that were bitterly cold and the car heater felt mighty good. I don't believe that I can ever recall a sharper drop in temperature.

By noon we had run into the edge of a great storm and the car radio brought us nothing but news of schools closing, highways blocked, stock warnings and all the rest. We were in eastern Colorado at this point and it was downright eerie to drive on a highway practically deserted with great clouds of dust and then a mixture of snow and rain that cut visibility almost to zero. In a way I was almost grateful that we couldn't see very much because it wasn't exactly heartening to spot cars that had been blown into the ditch! It was our intention to stop at Limon and hole into a motel before too many other travelers had the same idea, but thank goodness the roads west of Limon were open, the storm was abating and we were spared the bleak prospect of getting into a motel at 1:00 in the afternoon. One hour later the sun was

shining brilliantly and we had fine weather into Trinidad where we spent the night.

The next day we drove through national forests where there was still magnificent fall coloring and I felt excited and happy to be back in the mountains at long, long last. I'd even forgotten what those mountains looked like after 13 straight months here in Shenandoah!

This particular trip to my place in New Mexico was different from any trip I've made before since there seemed to be countless things to look after and I was the only one to do the "looking after". When Russell was with me he took care of everything, of course, but since his death three years ago I had put off all kinds of things because I couldn't decide whether to keep the place or to sell it. In September I made a final decision to keep it and to use it as my retirement home just as Russell had always intended, so for the first time I put my mind to all of the problems that had stacked up.

Since this place is about 18 miles from Santa Fe I found out very quickly what you run up against when you're trying to get someone to turn up and take care of whatever needs taking care of. Naturally, they want to look after other calls in that area and lump them together since they're making a 36-mile round trip, but it leaves the customer not knowing *when* anyone will appear. I spent hours and hours waiting for the plumber, the roofing man, the furnace man, the fire insurance adjuster, the electrician, the furniture cleaning outfit — well, you name it, I waited for them!

I also discovered for the first time what it means not to have a municipal water system because the pump demanded major repairs and I tried to look halfway alert when the "pump man" explained exactly what needed doing. I tried even harder not to look idiotic when all of the necessary new

pipe for the well was spelled out for me in careful detail by the "pipe man". I couldn't see any of this with my own eyes because the pump is up on a steep hill where I could never, never walk, but I cannot honestly say that it would have helped a bit to look at it since I know less than nothing about the entire subject.

Now all of these things are matters with which country dwellers are familiar, of course, but I did have one problem that wouldn't be given to too many people, everything considered. On this trip I had to spend much time establishing my water rights because the federal government is preparing to build a big dam above the Nambe pueblo, the final dam in a series of seven that have been years and years abuilding. Water is a most critical and desperate issue in that area since there cannot be any farming without irrigation, so every property owner was vitally concerned with getting his problems worked out with the government. I didn't want any water for irrigation purposes and thus was spared all of these complications, but I *did* have to establish "into eternity" my annual water consumption from the artesian well that services my house. By the time all of these legal complications were ironed out I would have settled gladly simply for paying water bills the way we do in Shenandoah!

After some of these problems had been settled I went down to Albuquerque to visit Juliana, and we had a wonderful time together. She has an extremely busy schedule for she is doing her practice teaching in Art Education during the morning hours, and in the afternoon she does volunteer tutoring in English for the Albuquerque school system. I was happy to go out to Cleveland Junior High and see the big art room where she wrestles with her ninth grade students; they had just completed a major project creating things with papier maché, and I saw everything from fierce-looking masks to a six-foot giraffe. (The giraffe was such a space consumer that he had to be stored in the supply room.) Juliana was happily surprised when they worked at this project with so much enthusiasm because they had groaned in thunderous boredom when she first outlined the program. She had feared the worst!

Incidentally, since deadlines demand that I write this before Christmas I'll go ahead and say that Juliana is flying home for the holidays, her first trip in almost a year. As usual, we are praying for good weather when it's time to

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A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

After such a balmy November that even the plantings were becoming confused, winter arrived. Our first measurable snow amounted to more than the sum total that fell last winter. We had so little snow last year that I wondered if our dog Nickie would recognize that "white stuff" on the ground!

It was a beautiful warm November afternoon when I took the plane from Kansas City to Albuquerque. The purpose of this trip was to drive Lucile home from New Mexico. A friend had driven her out and when they left Shendoah Lucile made arrangements with me to drive her home in case it was necessary. Since I had been expecting her call, I had everything in readiness and could make a hasty departure. The only possible problem was getting a reservation on short notice, but this didn't prove to be a problem at all, although I think I got the last available space on the plane.

Juliana met me at the airport and after a stop at her apartment to pick up Punkie, her cat, we drove up to Santa Fe, I've always heard that cats were poor travelers, but Punkie must be listed as an exception. He settled down under the driver's seat and seemed perfectly content.

What I had expected to do was to spend a few days in Lucile's New Mexico home and then start the drive back to Iowa, so I was greatly surprised to hear at the dinner table the plans that had been made for my visit, the first of which was to attend an Indian festival at the Tesuque Pueblo the next morning. The deer dance, which was performed at many pueblos at that time, was most impressive. The dances are a very serious part of the Indian culture. Visitors are expected to bear this in mind as they watch the ceremonial dances and not only to keep movement to a minimum, but also picture taking.

The costumes were magnificent — particularly the headgear of deer antlers with feathers tied on the tips, and the belts. The accompaniment for the participants was the traditional drums and chanting.

This was a time of feasting and thanksgiving and homes were open to guests. Since Lucile had met one of the residents of the pueblo, we called on her and were invited to eat at her table. Traditional Indian foods were served, of course, but since I'm not acquainted with their dishes I'm not certain what I ate except for one which I can only guess was a deer stew in keeping with the occasion.



The newest member of the family is Natalie Sue, daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman, held by her great-grandmother, Mrs. M.H. Driftmier. She is Howard and Mae's 2nd granddaughter.

Sunday we drove to Albuquerque to spend a few days, making the drive through the beautiful Jemez Mountains. This road is a relatively new one, although there has been a "road of sorts" through the mountains for a number of years. This route to Albuquerque takes at least three times as long to drive as the interstate, but certainly worth it when time is not a factor.

Since Juliana was practice teaching part of the day, Lucile and I entertained ourselves visiting Old Town. There are many interesting and unusual shops there and a trip to Albuquerque is not complete unless one sees this section of the city. This was one of the highlights of our trip there in August and I was pleased to visit it again so soon and so unexpectedly.

Lucile had planned that we would circle down to El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico, and on up through Texas and Oklahoma for a route home. I might tell you right here that we felt that morning that our trip was *doomed*! Two incidents occurred that set us to wondering if the trip was one *not* to be taken. We just reached the southern outskirts of Albuquerque when we had a flat tire. *Then* we had driven only 50 miles further on when Lucile's little dog Jake was hurt. (The circumstances still raise my blood pressure when I think of them!)

A policeman was directing traffic through a school area, and although there was a stop sign, I noticed him waving the cars on, so I assumed that I was to proceed slowly, which I did. Suddenly, he jumped toward the car and then threw up his hand for me to stop. Well, although I was going only 10 or 15 miles per hour, slamming on the brakes threw Lucile's seat forward

and Jake, riding on the back seat, was thrown forward and his leg was caught in the seat. He didn't yip or whine, he "screamed"! We were certain he had broken a hip, or a leg, or a toe, but while we were frantically trying to decide what to do about him, and worrying about finding a vet, and just plain worrying, he seemed to start to recover. Another hour and he had fully recuperated.

Briefly, the country we drove through was gorgeous. I was most impressed with the Organ Mountains near Las Cruces where we spent the night. I took colored slides of them just at sunset and caught their beauty at its best. We had a delightful dinner at the famous La Posta Restaurant at La Mesilla on the outskirts of Las Cruces. This was Mexican food at its best and I'm spoiled for all time!

It was only a short drive on to El Paso so we arrived at our motel before lunch. We had to stay on this side of the border because Lucile didn't have Jake's papers with her. We certainly didn't want to take a chance on that little fellow being impounded at the border.

Although Lucile hadn't been in Juarez for several years, she has a remarkable memory and directed me to the Old Central Market without difficulty. We spent that afternoon shopping and returned the next morning for a few more hours before heading for home.

Neither of us had been through this section of the country and we were not prepared to see so many cotton fields in eastern New Mexico (we stayed at Hobbs) and on across northern Texas. I believe we drove as far east as Anson before we headed north for Oklahoma City to spend the second night on this last lap.

This was the first trip Lucile and I had taken together for many, many years. It was fun, and I hope we can do it again sometime.

I know you miss letters from Dorothy and Abigail this month. Since another letter came from Emily, Abigail said she was sure it was far more interesting to read about Costa Rica than the little she has been up to. Now, I doubt that, but we'll take her at her word! She promises to have a letter for you next month. Dorothy is right in the middle of her busy season for making "pixies" to fill orders before Christmas, so she asks you to forgive her for not writing to you this month. We'll catch up with things on the farm next month for sure.

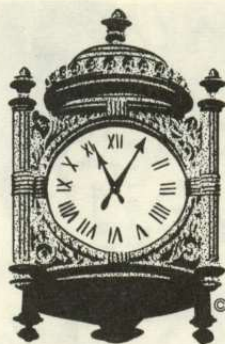
Until then, sincerely,

Margery

A Time for Reflection

A NEW YEAR'S SERVICE

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Encircle a large world globe with a clock, a minute timer, and a calendar. The calendar might be one with large numerals, placed on an easel at the back of the arrangement around the globe.

Prelude: "Auld Lang Syne".

Narrator: (Dramatically and slowly tear the January page from the calendar, crumple it, and drop it to the floor.) I tore the first leaf from my calendar and dropped it into the wastebasket. The first chapter of my New Year, with all its possibilities, was closed.

No aroma of used opportunity arose from that torn leaf. It fluttered from my fingers and fell — just a useless scrap of paper. And yet thirty days ago it was alive and vibrant with possibilities. There were days in it when I might have cheered the sorrowful, days when I might have spoken the encouraging word, days when I might have visited the sick, days when I might have lifted the burdens of those oppressed.

But today the bit of paper is crumpled and soiled and torn, and the chapter is closed.

I reflect. "Must my whole year be a record of unused opportunities? And at the end, will my record flutter into nothingness, to lie forgotten and crumpled like the torn piece of paper?" (Sunshine Magazine)

What will this new year of 1967 bring? Will it be a year *wasted*, or *widened*, for each of us?

Scripture: I Corinthians, 13.

Prayer: Our Father in heaven, we ask not to keep those things which we must leave behind. We do not seek the status which goes with wealth or social standing. We do not ask for a life free of sorrows and trials. Instead, oh Lord, we ask for hope, for the strong crucible of love, for the bright flame of faith. These are the unmeasurable gifts we need for our guidance and our strength, in the new year. Out of these will come the understanding we need to be kind, the strength we need to be right, the courage we need to endure, the truth we need to believe. Love,

hope, faith — these are the precious gifts we would ask of Thee, this day, O God. Amen.

Hymn: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"

Leader: What better time is there to examine our lives and gain new perspective than at the beginning of the New Year? It is the middle of winter and Nature is sleeping. Human activity seems to slow down. It is a *time for reflection*.

The year begins. What is a year, indeed? Months, days, weeks, hours — a yarkstick held to life? Or can we make it a fine adventure? There will be the same springs we have known. There will be sunshine and rain, our same home, friends, and duties. But someone has added this challenge: "*I will be new*, and I shall know that on last year's branches, new-made buds shall grow!"

First Meditation: I shall know that on last year's branches, new-made buds shall grow. HOPE. Isn't it a wonderful gift given to us who have so much?

Leslie Weatherhead has written that God is more concerned with our direction than with our achievement. That is a good point for reflection! Are we using Time — the year — to take us where we want to go, or is it using us, even using us up? Do we begin each year with the hope of more family togetherness, more time to improve the community, more tolerance, more understanding and help for the poor and the underprivileged, more patience? Then let us be firmly setting our feet, our hearts and our hands *in that direction*! Although all goals may not be achieved, we can make a start!

Life brings a profusion of opportunities. We live in a busy world, but we must learn to control that busyness. We must set our direction carefully, aware of our limitations and work constantly toward those goals which our hope has set for us.

I quote some lines by the poet Tagore.

"Why did the lamp go out?

I shaded it with my cloak to save it from the wind; that is why the lamp went out.

Why did the flower fade?

I pressed it to my heart with anxious love; that is why the flower faded. Why did the harp string break?

I tried to force a note that was beyond its power; that is why the harp string is broken."

Hope, with the wise use of the time, the talents, and the strength God gives to us! Who knows what dreams may be realized, what visions may become a reality, what loads may be lifted in the year 1967? This is the challenge before us today. Will we accept it?

Leader: Where there is love, there is concern; where there is concern, there is kindness; where there is kindness, there is harmony; where there is harmony, there is helpfulness; where there is helpfulness, there is Christ; where there is Christ, there is love. LOVE IS A CIRCLE!

Second Meditation: If we would translate love into action, we must see that it means SERVICE — giving without end — a circle starting with YOU, on around OTHERS, and back to YOU. "War on poverty", "peace in our time", "bread in every cupboard", "closer knit families", "equal education for all" — the world's needs and home needs are on your own doorstep. The goals will be reached, not through wishful thinking or prayer alone, but through loving service. Let us use this prayer poem as our dedication of our lives to greater service in the New Year:

"God, touch my ears that I may hear, above earth's din, Thy voice ring clear; God, touch my eyes that I may see the tasks Thou'd have us do for Thee; God, touch my lips that I may say words that reveal the Narrow Way; God, touch my hands that I may do deeds that inspire men to be true; God, touch my feet that I might go to do Thine errands here below; God, touch my life that I might be a flame that ever glows for Thee. Amen."

Leader: The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world, and those who dwell therein . . . To Thee, O Lord, I lift up my soul. O, my God, in Thee I trust.

Third Meditation: We are living in times that demand courage, all kinds of courage, and FAITH. There is the physical courage demanded of our soldiers in Viet Nam. The leaders of our country, particularly, must have great moral courage. We ordinary folk need the fortitude and faith to face the realities of daily living.

The courage we have mentioned does not originate in man, but it comes from God — "a bulwark never failing". We
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LATE NEWS FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

When I began writing letters to you in *Kitchen-Klatter* back in 1939, did you dream that you would be getting my letters each month nearly thirty years later? Of course not! And neither did I, but here I am writing to you this month with just as much enthusiasm for our friendship as I had back there in those pre-World War II days. Of course, some of you have not been reading my letters for such a long time, but how glad I am that you read them now. To be able to write to you each month is a great source of pleasure for me, and I look forward to the day when it is time for me once again to write my letter for *Kitchen-Klatter*. I hope that we shall have this bond of friendship between us for a long time to come.

At breakfast this morning Betty and I were talking about this wonderful gift of time that each of us has, and I was commenting on the fact that time is the only force of nature which man cannot control. There is nothing that any of us can do about time but use it! Man can control gravity and use it for his own ends. He can control light and use it for his own ends. He can control heat, increasing it and diminishing it at his pleasure. But he cannot control time! As a matter of fact, we are not even sure what time is; it is unexplainable in terms of any human concept. We only know that time seems to flow as does light, and the flow of time is for us to use.

Some unknown person once wrote this little verse:

I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it.
Forced upon me — can't refuse it.
But it's up to me to use it.
I must suffer if I lose it.
Give account if I abuse it.
Just a tiny little minute,
But eternity is in it.

Whenever someone asks me what time it is at a moment when I don't happen to have my watch with me, I usually reply: "What the clock says, I don't know, but I do know that it is time for me to do better!"

Have you ever wished that you could turn back the clocks and the calendars and live some period of your life over again? The idea always has intrigued me, but as I sit here at my typewriter and think about it now, it doesn't seem desirable. Naturally, there are things that all of us wish that we had done differently, opportunities that we wish we had accepted,



Dad (Mr. M.H. Driftmier) very much enjoyed the bouquet of mums that Frederick and Betty sent recently.

temptations that we wish we had resisted, and prayers that we wish we had said, but then there are all the unknown factors that have to be considered. Even if we could live again some desired chapter of life, isn't it possible that the unknown tragedy we just missed before, might get us on the second time around? Oh yes, God knew what He was doing when He created time, and when all is said and done, we can be grateful that no magic wand can give us a second helping of it.

Since last writing to you, our son, David Lloyd, had an emergency appendectomy at a hospital near Plymouth, Massachusetts. David is in a private school down in that neck of the New England woods, and we are so grateful that the school physician knew his job and kept everything under control. Betty went down to be with David in the hospital for a few days, and then when he was moved back to his school infirmary for a few more days of recuperation, she came home. Twice before he had had attacks of what appeared to be appendicitis when we had rushed him to a hospital for blood checks, but each time the blood count did not confirm our diagnosis. Once it happened in Nova Scotia and we took him to a hospital up there, and then it happened last Memorial Day when he was on a church retreat with some other young people from our church at a camp up in New Hampshire. There again he was taken to a hospital only to be sent home with the advice to be careful. The surgeon who operated on him for the real thing said that there was plenty of evidence to indicate that the other attacks were genuine, and that David was lucky nothing serious had happened as a result of them.

Some of you have heard us talking on the radio about our planned trip around

the world. How I do wish that we could make up our minds about that trip. One day we are positive that we shall go around the world, and then the next day we think that it simply is too overwhelming a task to be accomplished in such a short span of time, and we decide to visit Japan and Honolulu only. Another time we think that perhaps we shall include Hong Kong and the Philippines, but always when we think that, we go on to think that after getting as far as Hong Kong it would be silly to not go on around the whole world. The heartache in planning this whole business of a six weeks' trip around the world, is the frustration of having to spend so little time in places where we would love to spend many days! The problem is not one of *what* to visit, but of *what* to *exclude* from our visits! Our primary aim is one of visiting mission work in various places around the world, and there is so much work that I would like to see but will not have the time to see. Just think of it! Six weeks is not enough to see more than a small percentage of the work in Japan, and yet we want to see mission work in Hong Kong, and Siam, and India, and Syria, and Lebanon, and Palestine, and Egypt, and Greece, and Italy as well. On the day that we decide to limit our trip to only one or two countries, that is the very day some good friend of ours will insist that it would be far better for us and for the children to see just a little bit in areas all over the world. Soon, however, we must make a definite decision. When we do, I shall let you know.

I had a nice trip to Washington, D.C. the other day. Of all the times I have flown to our capital city, I think that this last trip was the most beautiful. It was such a perfectly smooth trip all the way down and back, and the visibility was so good. I got an excellent view of our summer place in Rhode Island because my plane flew from Springfield to Washington via Providence. About fifteen years ago in one of these letters I described an air trip along the Rhode Island and Connecticut shores, and I said then that it was my opinion that the most beautiful air trip in this country was that one. I still hold to that opinion. To see both the blue ocean, the green woods, and the bright jewels of lakes all at the same time is perfectly delightful. I don't know of any other coast where that can be done — to see the most beautiful aspect of both sea and land.

Today air travel is easy, but the getting to and from the airport is hard.

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Antiques I Love

by
Leta Fulmer

Some people love antiques. I have antiques I love. There is a vast difference. Three milk glass plates hang over the kitchen table. I rescued the smallest one from its lowly chore as soap dish in my mother-in-law's home. When she was gone, we found a larger one in a box of junk. The largest one brings back memories of a sweltering afternoon in Gaslight Square in St. Louis. My son and his wife had shown us this colorful area at night, when Dixieland bands were giving out with their ear-splitting rhythm. In the darkened window of an antique shop I fancied I spied a plate to match those at home. We spent the greater part of the next afternoon zigzagging back and forth across the narrow street in an effort to track down that shop. In stark daylight the glamour of the night before was wrapped in tawdriness. We poked through one littered shop after another — and at long last I found the dish. I can almost taste the spicy pizza we shared at the sidewalk cafe, the newspaper-wrapped parcel tenderly guarded at my elbow.

Disregarding all expert advice, I repainted two dishes to match the original. Now, when I admire them, a care-free afternoon in Gaslight comes zooming back. And I can see the four of us giggling like children as we pawed through the dusty shops, poking good-natured fun at the surly shopkeepers.

A nephew of mine has the trading "bug". His wife and I spent one blistering afternoon in an upstairs warehouse, poring through barrels, boxes, and drawers, laughing hilariously at some especially ridiculous item. Every so often the stifling heat would send us scurrying down the rickety stairs to catch a breath of outside air. Then we'd return to our digging and probing. Out of all that rummaging, hampered as usual by a flat pocketbook, I came up with only four old egg beaters, each different. Later in the week when I visited my sister, egg beaters were still very much at the top of my mind. I asked her about the wire whisk with which she used to whip up platters of mouth-watering divinity when I was

just a little girl. Shoulder deep in her old-fashioned cabinet, I emerged triumphantly with the flimsy item. And together, we laughingly remembered one cold Christmas Day. Giving in to my youthful impatience, my sis carried the steaming platter to the snow-covered cellar top to hasten the setting process. And we waited. As I rounded the corner for the "umpteenth" time a dozen Plymouth Rock hens raised sticky white faces to peer at me in surprised irritation. Those chickens surely had their Christmas treat on us that day. This array of egg beaters — painted red with gold handles — makes an interesting pattern where they hang above the shiny electric mixer.

A picture frame, backed with burlap from the barn, decorates our stairway. It holds the horseshoe my husband and I found the first year we were married. It made the rounds of our homes, painted a variety of colors in the process. The old curry comb, the like of which I'd never seen, was fished out of the ditch where my husband had thrown it while cleaning the barn. Flushing with pride, I carried it into the kitchen, where he stared at me in amazement, "What in the world will you do with that?" But I still remember the warm April sun that touched me that day and the stark cleanness of the barn as we planned to buy our first brood sows. These momentos, painted black and fenced in by a black frame, make an eye-catching arrangement from the living room.

With the children grown, I quit the steady job that had hamstrung me for years and reveled in undisturbed hours in my own home. Cleaning the attic, I found myself staring at a metal lamp. What could I do with it? I wired it myself, running the cord out the hollow bottom. Although I was proud of it, it was an object of amusement to the rest of the family. It weaved like a maple in the breeze at the slightest disturbance. And it definitely had no claim to beauty. But I'm stubborn sometimes, so I took it to the electric shop. Then I visited the paint shop, luckily run by a friend. No stranger would have put

up with the insistence that he experiment over and over again for just the right shade — a soft, soft green.

Then I was head over heels in addressing wedding invitations, ordering punch, and answering the phone. When things crowded in too close, I pulled out my can of green paint the small bottle of gilt and relaxed in an enjoyable mess. The lamp is lovely now. It totters no more. And the soft shade of green is repeated in the leaves that surround the roses on the milk glass shade. No one laughs at it any more!

Another time I'd been cleaning the cellarway, digging various articles from the dirt floor. Just as I clumsily stepped on a nail, my hand closed over a small rust-covered object. I rushed into the house. As my injured foot soaked in a tub of water, tears filled my eyes, but not from pain. Memories had flooded back in a nostalgic wave. For the object I held so tenderly was the little sad iron I'd cherished as a child. Through these many years it became misplaced, almost forgotten. It took me back to another kitchen where a wood-burning stove simmered a pot of stew while it kept the irons hot for the family laundry. Mom wielded her big iron, while I carefully pressed the handkerchiefs and flat pieces. How proud I was when she let me test the small iron for heat. The satisfying "ssst" when I flipped my small moist finger against it was music to my ears. Mom and I would iron and visit, and admire the rows of crisply ironed dresses and shirts. And the room was warm with the smell of the bubbling stew, steamy clothes — and love.

The little iron is painted now to match the lamp, and it serves as a book end. I even decorated the small wooden handle with a pink rose cut from one of my husband's beloved seed catalogues.

Nearby hangs a stove poker, long useless in these days of bottle gas. But it came with the first stove we ever owned. Now it's green too (I surely got my money's worth out of that can of paint) and its spiral handle shines in brilliant gold. (How many times did I caution baby, "Don't touch — it will burn!")

The bells? Yes, they're on the what-not in the kitchen. One used to dangle wildly from the neck of my buck sheep, Brigham. How I loved that ill-tempered, aristocratic lord of the barnyard! And he loved me too, begging with the pleading voice of a small lamb for a cooky. But woe was me if I turned my back! His affection was quickly forgotten at the sight of an inviting pos-

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WATER ON THE FARM

by
Katherine Epperson

"That is news?" was my puzzled reaction to a picture showing an old man surrounded by pans and jars of water he had caught from a roof during a rain shower.

It had rained in drouth-stricken New England. That, in itself, might have been a newsworthy item. But that was not the point of this story. The important thing seemed to be the man's "remarkable ingenuity" in devising (?) a method of saving some of the precious water that had fallen.

Remembering when a rain barrel at the corner of the house was a familiar sight on every farmstead, and at many small town homes, also, I marveled as I thought of the literally millions of people in America who had never really known anything akin to a water shortage other than the temporary inconvenience of having water mains repaired, having to abstain from lawn watering or car washing for a week or two, or perhaps having to order a glass in a restaurant.

Those of us who grew up on Midwest farms, where often the household water supply depended upon a cistern, know very well how everyone rushed to put out large stone jars, washtubs, and dishpans to save every bit of water that ran off the parts of the roof that did not have eaves leading to the well. How precious this "soft" water was, after having had to rely on "hard" water from the barnyard well during an extended drouth! How gratefully the contents of those tubs and jars were utilized! Mothers shampooed their children's hair and boiled the baby's bottles that had become dingy. At night they enjoyed the bright light that came through sparkling kerosene lamp chimneys from which hard water streaks had been rinsed away.

That was before the day of detergents and modern water softeners. Even the homemade lye soap used by thrifty housewives failed to "break" the hard water. Greasy scum formed in the dishwater. Clothing washed in hard

water became drab and gray-looking after a time. Big bars of special hard-water soap purchased for five cents a bar formed gray curds around the edge of the washbowl and made efforts at personal ablution somewhat less than satisfactory.

The first sunny day after the rain housewives put out big washings, including those articles which had been laid back until soft water was available. Doing the laundry in those days was a far cry from flipping a switch on a gleaming chrome-and-enamel marvel that would wash, rinse, and dry a load of clothing, unassisted and untended. Washday began early in the morning with the building of a fire in the old kitchen range in the washhouse. Water, pumped by hand, was carried to the iron or copper boiler, which was placed over the fire. Sometimes the water was heated in a giant three-legged black kettle over a fire outdoors. Because of the labor involved in carrying and heating the water, several loads of clothing were washed in the same suds, and rinsing was done likewise.

After the laundry was done, the water was put to further use. The washhouse, the porches, and the sidewalks were scrubbed with it. Any left over was poured on the flower beds.

Sometimes, when no rain had fallen for a long time, even the output of the "living" well at the barn became lessened, and the farmer hauled water from the pond in barrels or tanks. Every farm had its water sled fashioned of boards nailed across wooden runners, and pulled by a horse or a mule. This sled held a barrel (one could purchase a wooden vinegar barrel from a grocery man for about a dollar) over which a zinc tub was placed upside down in order to keep the water from sloshing out as it was drawn across the bumpy fields.

Thirty years ago last summer no rain fell for weeks in the Midwest. Ponds and wells dried up. Many people had to

boil water for drinking and kitchen use, or carry water from more fortunate neighbors who had deeper wells. Farmers dug wells in the dry beds of streams in an effort to find water for suffering livestock. If they were lucky, they were rewarded by seeing the precious liquid fill the hole. Even though the thirsty animals immediately depleted the water supply, if the farmer had dug in a good place the water would run in again within a few hours. If it did not, he had to find another place. Many farmers were unable to do so, and each week saw hundreds of head of livestock sent to market because of the lack of water and pastures.

Eventually the rains came again. Farmers resolved to do everything possible to avoid such a critical water shortage as had occurred in that year of 1936. Subsidized by the government, the digging of farm ponds began on a large scale. Then REA came, bringing electricity to pump the water to conveniently placed watering tanks. Deep wells were sunk, tapping generous underground water sources, and electric pumps brought the water to the surface. The hand pump and the wash boiler, the rain barrel and the water sled, all disappeared from the rural scene. It would seem that such a scarcity of water could never come again.

But one wonders. With the denuding of hillsides, indiscriminate drainage of swamplands, wholesale straightening of river channels, development of short-sighted irrigation projects, and, most of all, the industrial pollution of lakes and rivers, there comes an uneasy thought: there just might come a time when we will all be like the old man — rushing to set out pans and jars to catch the precious drops falling from the sky.



TODAY

I shall not wait for just tomorrow.

Today I shall roll out my welcome rug
And fly the flag of peace.

Today I shall look carefully about me
And add to joy's abundance and increase.

Today I shall fling open windows of
my heart,

The more to see and know and care
and love.

Today I shall thus open wide my heart,
That I may share the blessings from
above.

I shall not wait for just tomorrow.

—Mary Kurtz

A FAMILY HOBBY

by
Evelyn Birkby

The gift was for Robert. A big bulky carton held the large tank. Smaller boxes held the rest of the equipment: filter, pump, hose, reflector, light bulb, heater and fish food. It took a roll of wallpaper to provide enough bright wrapping to cover all the boxes.

The entire family had decided to give Robert the tropical fish aquarium, something which he had long wanted. With the experienced advice of a friend we "bought the largest we could afford". The twenty gallon tank looked huge and I wondered aloud at the space which would need populating with finny pets. My main concern was whether we would have the knowledge to take care of the fish once we owned them.

"Don't worry, Mother," Jeff encouraged. "I'll read the book carefully before we wrap it for Dad." And he curled up on the davenport and began reading carefully the book we had purchased to help with this new project. The book is "Tropical Fish in Your Home", by Axelrod and Vorderwinkler (published by Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., New York). "Beginning the Aquarium", a booklet by Mervin Roberts, was purchased in a variety store and proved very helpful. "Tropical Fish as Pets", by Christopher W. Coates, a paperback published by Collier Books, New York, is another fine source.

The gift was presented to Robert a year ago at Christmas time. He was delightfully surprised when he opened the various parts of his present. We spent a happy afternoon getting the tank and equipment assembled and ready for the two Zebra fish and the four Angelfish which were to be the first occupants.

Since the water in Sidney is not chlorinated (it comes from a spring and is clear, fresh, cold and delicious!) we did not have to worry about getting rid of this chemical before adding the fish. However, we learned our first lesson: after the aquarium is set up, let the water "age" for a day or two before introducing any fish.

Our second lesson was a hard one: we discovered it is not wise to put any kind of local rock into the aquarium. The river rock which looked so pretty under water must have had some kind of mineral in it for the water soon became clouded and off color. We had several larger rocks which had been brought from Lake Superior and we added these to make a "landscape". When the water turned brown Craig



Jeff enjoys caring for the tropical fish which have become a fascinating hobby for the Birkby family.

commented that it looked just like the "Rootbeer Falls" which comes foaming and brown out of the soil.

Robert decided our lovely rocks were causing this discoloration. Out came the rocks and gravel and we went through the process again of emptying the aquarium of inhabitants, water, plants and equipment. This time we set it up with only regular aquarium rocks (a mixture of light and dark blue) purchased from the store. These were washed very, VERY well before adding them to the tank. We did not want *any more trouble* from the gravel mixture!

Our third lesson came through the experience of trying different kinds of filters. Our first one was a bottom filter. We chose it because it was hidden under the gravel and made the tank more pleasing to the eye. But after cleaning the entire tank three times in the same number of months, we purchased a box filter which uses carbon and glass wool and is tucked into one corner of the tank. This is cleaned once a week, a very simple process which takes only a few minutes. The tank has been sparkling clean since we made this change!

Our first fish were Zebras and Angelfish, both hardy and interesting. Every time we went into the pet shop new beauties were discovered. A pair of red Swordtails, two gold Platies, two red-eyed Tetras, and two silver Hatchet fish were soon purchased for our tank. Two miniature Bronze Calfish were added for scavengers and two eel-like creatures joined the fish family as algae eaters. Two black Mollies, which we bought for color contrast, did not fare too well and we learned belatedly that they need some salt and much more algae in the water than other breeds of fish.

Our most beautiful fish is a big Angelfish given to us as a gift. The boys named him Domonic after the Philippine friend who gave him to us. Domonic is the most intelligent fish in the community. He comes to the glass as soon as anyone approaches and follows closely any movement made. He will tag a moving finger back and forth along the glass. Domonic spends hours watching the bubbles as they come from the filter as if trying to figure out just what they are. His graceful wide span of arched fins and dignified way of moving through the water give him a spectacular appearance.

Because of the Angelfish we cannot have the bright Neon Tetras; they will have to come later. We also hope, someday, to add a gay-colored and graceful Siamese fighting fish. Only one to a tank, thank you; more than one makes them live up to their barbaric name!

In the spring Jeff began working on his Pet Care merit badge for Scouts. He took over the care and feeding of the fish for the four months required. After reading about Swordtails one day he came excitedly into the kitchen.

"Mom, we've got to get another fish tank."

"Now, Jeff, what makes you think we should expand?" I questioned.

"The mother Swordtail is going to have babies. We must put her into a tank by herself so the Angelfish won't eat them when they are born. Besides, if I raise babies it will count on my merit badge."

Before I had time to question my gyrating judgment, we had purchased two five-gallon tanks (I found them on sale for half price, complete with gravel!). These were soon established on the bottom shelf of the aquarium stand and mama Swordtail was moved into one of the "nursery" tanks.

Soon Jeff was the proud owner of some fifty teeny baby Swordtails. The mother fish was returned to the big tank quickly to be sure the little ones were safe, although Swordtails are not nearly as cannibalistic as many fish. Jeff's babies are now a good inch in length and are divided between the two smaller tanks. He is planning to sell them soon to a local dealer.

Fish, it is rapidly becoming apparent, are much like people. Our community includes some who enjoy privacy and stay near the corners or around the thick mosses. Some are gregarious and roam about looking for companionship. Others are exceptionally playful and pick off a piece of moss, drop it, swim down quickly to

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May I Fill Your Coffee Cup?

by
Jean Jones



Who discovered coffee? Perhaps a herd of sheep? It is possible that sheep were responsible for man's first encounter with coffee, for legend tells us that an Ethiopian shepherd noticed his flock of sheep stayed awake at night after eating the berries and leaves from wild coffee plants. The shepherd tasted the fruit and leaves and liked the flavor. Later he and others began making a drink from the berries. While it is believed that coffee had its beginning in Ethiopia, history reveals that the Arabs commercialized coffee and developed it into a pleasure drink.

The Arabians jealously monopolized the market, refusing seeds or plants to pass their borders, and strangers were not allowed to visit the coffee groves. Europeans were constantly seeking new ways to spy on coffee groves and in 1690 the Dutch were successful in smuggling the coffee plants out of Arabia. The cultivation of the Java plants was fruitful in Holland and sixteen years later the first coffee was delivered to Amsterdam. The Dutch eagerly shared their coffee plants with all of Europe, where the plants were grown in botanical gardens with success.

A young French officer, Gabriel Mathieu de Clieu, wanted a coffee plant to take on a trip to the West Indies, but was refused his request in Paris. Finding sympathetic help, de Clieu led a band of hooded men who stole a coffee plant from the Royal French Botanist in 1723. The voyage from the Eastern Hemisphere to the Western Hemisphere was a difficult journey, but also historic, for the major portion of the world's coffee is now grown and marketed in the West. For travel, the plant was placed in a glass-framed box so it could better store up the sun's rays. Dutchmen tried stealing the plant. Pirates attacked the ship, and a fierce storm broke the glass case and bathed the plant with salt water. Near the equator the ship suffered a serious water shortage and the captain refused to issue water for the plant, compelling de Clieu to share his own meager ration with the plant. With little hope

of the plant's survival, land was sighted, and in 1723 the first coffee plant arrived in the West Indies.

French and Dutch Guiana, on the South America mainland were quick to acquire the priceless plant, but they like others before them, refused to share their good fortune with others. Exporting coffee seeds or plants was severely punished by the death sentence. Therefore, neighboring countries would scrutinize every conceivable situation in hopes of securing the coveted coffee plant.

In 1727 French and Dutch Guiana became involved in a boundary conflict, and Brazil was asked to be the arbitrator. Brazil eagerly accepted using the opportunity to acquire the precious coffee seeds. Francisco de Melo Palheta, an excellent business man, and soldier, and known for his winsome ways with ladies was chosen for the trip. His arbitration was successful, but exceedingly more rewarding was the attention he had given the governor's wife of French Guiana. At a farewell banquet given for Palheta she honored him with a bouquet in which she concealed fertile coffee beans and seedlings. From this small beginning, Brazil became the largest coffee-producing country in the world.

In 1790 the first commercial attempt was made in New York City to roast coffee. During the 1800's all sorts of inventions of every conceivable shape and size were made to improve the commercial coffee-roasting machines, but still most women preferred their kitchen-roasted beans. The biggest boost to the commercial coffee business came in 1898 when a machine was patented for vacuum-packing food. It was the Hills Brothers Coffee, Inc. of San Francisco that discovered that ground coffee packed by this method retained its aromatic qualities. In 1900 the first vacuum-packed coffee was sold. From this time on the number of people leaving the roasting to the experts began increasing. Here in the United States the coffee bean is roasted to a "medium" flavor. The French and Italian prefer a much darker roast, and the Turkish roast is the darkest of all.

From 1300-1700 coffee was boiled which made a very bitter beverage, that we would consider undesirable. It was the French who first began steeping coffee and in 1800 they improved the method further by inventing the percolator. Though the first percolator was simply a drip pot, the con-

tinual improvements that followed added the pumping process and the percolator began to perk.

While the percolator is the most popular way of brewing coffee, there are devoted vacuum-pot users, also. The vacuum coffee maker was invented in 1840, and gave one's kitchen the appearance of a chemical laboratory . . . complete with globe, mixing container, syphon, strainer, and gas burner. By the early 1900's the vacuum-pot had developed into a double globe, similar to those used today.

Regardless of how you brew your coffee there is a colorful history behind each cup of coffee you pour. Who first discovered and enjoyed coffee is uncertain, but an indisputable fact is that Americans and steaming hot coffee are inseparable.

CHRISTMAS AFTERTHOUGHTS

Another Christmas is past, leaving memories of some sorrow for it was Christmas Eve that an aged aunt passed to her reward. Since she was prepared for that experience, we felt it was only fair to the several children in the family to conceal any grief and to make Christmas a joyful occasion for them, and that is what we did.

Many grandmothers, no doubt, had similar thoughts and emotions, as they cleaned up the accumulated clutter following the weekend activities. Missing articles are sometimes found in the strangest places — that lost teaspoon was finally located upstairs in the baby's bed! On the floor there is evidence that some eager little waitress had the misfortune to drop a tray of decorated cookies for there is a star without points, a bell with no clapper and Santa with a broken leg, his coconut whiskers and "redhot" buttons scattered here and there!

A glance out the window reveals little boy and girl tracks criss-crossing the snow in the yard, tunnels dug through the deepest drifts, a niche shoveled into a snowbank to be used as a sled shed when coasting ended for the day.

Grandfathers have memories, too — shouts of exaltation from little boys because of the fun they are having or conversation among them recalling fine times they have had on other visits to the farm.

The children will grow much bigger during the coming year; one never knows what the next three hundred and sixty five days may bring but at present there are wonderfully pleasant memories of the Christmas just past!

—Margaret Cox Swaithes

GROWING FUN WITH A PACKAGE OF GOURD SEED

by
Evelyn S. Cason

When you are enjoying an evening of leafing through the seed catalogue in anticipation of the coming summer's garden, why not plan to include a package or two of gourd seed? You might try an assorted package if you want the fun of guessing identification of your coming harvest. In any event, I am sure you will find gourds fascinating to watch in progress as they grow their own way without a great deal of trouble. Certainly they are a wonderful conversation piece.

Most of my seed was given to me by a neighbor, and because they were all mixed together, I found it fun to play my own guessing game with the maze of vines growing willy-nilly along the garden fence and scattered among the rows of sweet corn. I watched the appearance of varieties ranging from tiny nest egg to the large dipper gourd, and admired the fancy blooms which preceded the appearance of the fruit. I also found pleasure in studying the history of gourds, in both dictionary and encyclopedia as well as in the Bible, for these fascinating vines were given a prominent place in Biblical history. And it was a day of triumph when I was able to raise one vine of penguin gourds from the seed I bought. I was not as successful with the purchased sponge gourd seed, which yields a fruit claimed to be either edible or useful as a sponge; but, nothing daunted, I shall try again.

As yet I have not gone so far as to make a profit from my gourds, as did the neighbor who so generously shared her seed with me. Mrs. Louise Flatt, of Salem, Missouri, began growing gourds as a hobby. Her three youngsters were as intrigued with their growth as she was, but her husband could not understand why she bothered when it required a full-speed schedule for garden growing, and canning and freezing of produce to satisfy three healthy youngsters' appetites. Why bother to plant something that couldn't be eaten, Marcus wondered. But he offered only token objection when the vines formed a complete jungle through the cornfield. Louise and the children picked their way through them to gather corn for roasting ears, and by the time the corn was ready for fall picking, the gourds would have been gathered from the vines.

It was a good growing year, and the vines were unusually prolific. Louise, with the help of the children and their



A new picture of Abigail Driftmier, taken at the Folks' this fall.

little wagon, brought in load after load and stored them on their screened-in back porch. What was she going to do with them now, was Marcus's next question. Louise really didn't know. She had polished and displayed all that she could find room for, and had shared fruit and seed with anyone interested in a supply of his own.

The Flatts have a family-size chicken farm, with egg customers coming and going through the day. At that time the hens were in moult, so customers had to be turned away. As one, a doctor from a nearby city, started to leave after being told they had no eggs, Louise jokingly told him to help himself to some gourds.

When he accepted, she was surprised; even more so, when he told her that he would take all she could supply at ten cents a pound. Her husband was amazed, but recovered enough to help her clean, polish, and pack fourteen grocery cartons of the golden balls. The doctor supplied them to a novelty shop in the city, and Louise could not resist the temptation to rub it in just a little when, within a few days, she received a check for more than forty dollars.

Gourds are a popular seller if one should be fortunate enough to make connection with an interested novelty shop. I have learned that there is an American Gourd Society (which I have not yet contacted); also, there are magazines with special gourd-craft sections. It is a subject which offers room for pursuing, and bit by bit I am doing so. At the moment I am on the trail of information for making charm strings from gourds, pine cones, seed pods, and a miscellany of other items.

If large oaks from little acorns grow, they are as nothing to the possibilities which can be discovered in one little package of gourd seed. ❧ ❧ ❧

WOUND UP

by
Helen Louise Guess

My idea of heaven would be a cordless electrical world. Every appliance would be tailless, and labor-saving devices would really save some time spent on household chores, not to mention all the hair-tearing annoyances which would be eliminated.

Modern inventions, according to newspapers and magazines, have lightened housework to such an extent that women spend only a few hours a week at their domestic duties. Over and over, the reader is told how women have been emancipated due to wonder tools and gadgets invented to aid them. These articles are usually written by men.

The vacuum cleaner cord, being the longest and probably the most frustrating, has been looped on its brackets just long enough to give it a curl. When this kinky cord tangles itself around a woman's ankles as she is maneuvering the vacuum over the rug, hopping and kicking, and flailing at the cord with her free hand, is this a true picture of an emancipated woman? Invariably, this is the moment for the phone to ring, or the doorbell. Or the family pooch comes whizzing in to join the game, yipping and rolling and snapping at the cord. By the time the job is finished, it has taken three times as long to sweep the rug as it should have because of the diabolical cord and its complications.

Then there's the iron. The cord drags over a linen tablecloth, leaving a dozen wrinkles in the place where two have just been pressed out. There is a flexible cord holder on the market which stands up about 17 inches at the end of the ironing board holding the cord in a clip at its top. This should make everything hunky-dory, but does it? The cord coils around the movable clip, then suddenly shoots loose and shudders back and forth like a piliated cobra. It is enough to shake the strongest nerves.

Like a favorite child, the electric hand mixer may be shown a bit of indulgence in spite of its cord shenanigans. This appliance, after all, was not meant for drudgery, but for cooky baking and other delightful kitchen activities. If the dangling cord drags through the batter, this can be a mere trifle. If, immediately afterward, the cord knocks over the vanilla, crashing glass and liquid over the counter, it can be a nuisance. But if these mishaps are followed by a messy spoon being brushed to the

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EMILY TELLS MORE ABOUT LIFE IN COSTA RICA

Dear Friends:

Buenos días mis amigos de Kitchen-Klatter.

I am now in the vacation period for December, January and February are the summer months in Costa Rica. Summer here doesn't remind me of summer in Denver or the Midwest. The thermometer never hits the 90-degree mark, but stays around 70 or 80, making it seem more like a Colorado spring. "Winter" here is characterized by rain most of the day. Sweaters are necessary for this season and, of course, umbrellas, which are a must at any time of the year.

Practically any morning of the year one can expect sunny, clear weather, so the Costa Ricans are early risers. Their days begin without fail with a cold shower. One thing I found very curious is the absence of washcloths. They simply are not used!

The Costa Rican diet is somewhat different from the average American one. The most obvious difference is the semi-tropical fruits and vegetables. Papayas, mangoes and other fruits that are completely foreign to the United States are common, whereas apples are rare and cost 75¢ each. Vegetables are not emphasized as an integral part of a meal. In great quantities, however, are starches. Buttered bread, rice and black beans, and potatoes are often served in the same meal. The Costa Ricans do not like desserts as much as Americans do. Pies, cakes and cookies aren't as frequently baked as in the United States. But when there is something sweet, it is usually *very* sweet — practically pure sugar.

All of Latin America is Roman Catholic, and Costa Rica is possibly the most religious country of our hemisphere. Catholicism is the national religion; the only nation in Latin America to have one declared. Freedom of religion is guaranteed in the constitution. There are churches of other faiths, of course. In looking up information of various sorts before leaving for San José, I noticed that there was an Episcopal church I could attend during my stay.

A good proportion of the students are in private religious schools. The high school that I described last month is an example.

All of the towns have an open-air central market. San José's market is no different from any other one in Latin America. It is sufficient to say that a person can buy anything he



Emily buys bananas from a street vendor. The gaily decorated fruit wagons line main downtown streets in San José.

wants in the market. However, I've only seen the central market once. It is a place that is really not good for a young lady to go.

The families I'm staying with buy their food in supermarkets, which are almost as common here as in the States. The food is clean and of good quality. The majority of the food is imported from other Central American countries through the Common Market. Some products come from Europe and the United States. Also, many U. S. companies have production plants in Costa Rica.

Americans are very common in this country and well thought of. Nearly all the Rotarians have traveled widely in the United States, and when I mention a famous place, it usually brings a reply of "Oh, yes. I've seen that." Actually, it is almost embarrassing that my Costa Rican "fathers" have seen more of the United States than I have!

Now I never refer to myself as an American in the usual sense as meaning a citizen of the United States only, but as a North American. Everyone in the countries of Canada, Mexico, Central American and South America regard themselves as Americans. In fact, my classmate pointed out that the U. S. doesn't have a true name. "Mexico is the United States of Mexico; the United States of America really names this western hemisphere."

One of the most rewarding weekends that I've ever had in my life was at the Conference of Social Capacity. The conference was held at the coffee plantation of my friend Emilia Sánchez. The plantation is owned cooperatively by her uncles so the main house is huge, but usually unoccupied. Our morning exercises were held on large concrete slabs used to sun coffee and there was a swimming pool

for a before-lunch swim. We slept on mattresses on the floor of the main room.

The conference was directed by four University of Costa Rica students. María Elena, our directress, was always at hand to answer any questions we had, especially since she was a medical student and a girl who was like an older sister. The three boys were students of philosophy, economics and law; they each have conferences that reflected their studies. Also leading our group was Miss Olivia, a dynamic teacher from my high school, and Sister Marta Isabel, one of the nuns from school who organized the event.

Our group was mainly from my high school, plus seven girls from another school, bringing the total number of campers to twenty girls. As in any group like this which must work as a unit for several days, we came to know each other very well in a short time. Discipline was the ruling and binding force for the weekend. Upon arriving Friday night, we learned the meaning of María Elena's whistle. Whenever it sounded, any activity was abandoned immediately and we formed three squads. Tardiness was punished by extra calisthenics!

Our days began at 5:55 with a half hour of exercise. Then we had an hour of meditation before breakfast. The remainder of the day was spent in discussions, lectures, debates, questionnaires and group fun. We finally collapsed into bed at 11:30. The theme "Social Capacity" was developed in intellectual and stimulating lectures by the four university students. Some subjects, for example, were "Man in Relation to Work", "The Common Good", and "Philosophy of God".

I have participated in other conferences similar in structure to this one, but let me point out the differences in relation to the usual church camp. First of all, our group was small, only twenty, and all girls. We were mainly from the same school and it was a school-connected activity. There was more unity and friendliness. No emphasis on "What are you wearing tonight?" and "Haven't you found a boy friend yet?" The conference was led by university students who were enough above us intellectually to stimulate our thinking, yet close to us in age. They created a feeling of confidence. Having been a state president of our church youth, I was much interested in this type conference and couldn't help but recognize the possibilities for such a program in other school groups

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**FROZEN CRANBERRY WALDORF**

- 1 lb. raw cranberries
- 3 red apples
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 pkg. (10 oz.) miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Wash cranberries and drain. Quarter apples, remove cores but do not peel them. Grind cranberries and apples together into bowl, stir in sugar and let stand for 30 minutes. Whip the cream, adding the cherry flavoring, and then fold the fruit mixture, nuts and marshmallows into the whipped cream. Spoon into 9" square pan, wrap in foil and freeze. To serve, unwrap and cut into squares and let stand for 15 minutes or so at room temperature. The balance (if there is any left) can be returned to the freezer; it will keep indefinitely.

This is a decidedly attractive salad-dessert and tastes as good as it looks. It will serve about 12 people and would be ideal for a luncheon where you want the type of salad that can also serve as dessert — and can be made long in advance. Everyone who tasted it at our house was very enthusiastic about it.

—Lucile

SALMONBURGERS

- 1-lb. can salmon, drained
- 1/3 cup salmon liquid
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/3 cup bread crumbs
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. salt
- Fat for frying
- 1/2 cup crumbs to coat patties

Drain salmon, reserving liquid. Melt butter and cook onion until tender. Mix all ingredients except frying fat and crumbs for coating. Shape into 6 patties. Roll in the remaining crumbs to coat and fry in lightly greased skillet.

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 clove garlic, minced, or 1 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley, or 1 Tbls. dried parsley flakes
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. coarsely ground pepper
- 6 green onions, minced

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Refrigerate until ready to use.

This is delicious on all tossed salads, and I especially like to use it in combination with vegetables such as green beans, cauliflower, cucumbers, etc. Sometimes I crumble blue cheese into this also — just be sure to stir up the chunks which will settle on the bottom.

—Abigail

PRESIDENTIAL BRUNSWICK STEW

- 1 large stewing hen
- 2 slices bacon, diced
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 qts. water
- 1 cup tomatoes (or 3 whole)
- 2 large potatoes, cubed
- 1 cup cooked butter beans
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup whole kernel corn

Simmer hen, bacon, onion, salt and water until meat is tender. Remove chicken from bones and cut in large pieces. Return to broth and add the rest of the ingredients. Continue simmering for 30 minutes, or until vegetables are tender and flavors are combined. Thicken with a little flour and water.

This was served to President Hoover in Georgia when he was President of the United States. In some places in the South such a recipe includes okra, but this one does not. This will serve 6 generously.

—Evelyn

CROWN JEWEL COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup uncooked oatmeal

Decorator candies and chocolate tips
Combine margarine or butter, butter flavoring and sugar. When well mixed, beat in flavorings and milk. Add flour, salt and oatmeal. Shape into two rolls. Roll one length of dough in a generous amount of decorator candies. Roll another length of dough in a generous amount of chocolate tips. Chill at least one hour. Slice 1/4 inch thick and bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes about 3 dozen cookies.

These are especially attractive on a cookie tray for the center of the cookie is plain and the circle around the outside is colored.

These can be varied by mixing varied colored decorator candies into the dough to make a confetti type cookie. It gives them a gay look.

—Evelyn

CRAB CASSEROLE

- 1/2 cup chopped cashews
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 can crab, flaked
- 1 3-oz. can chow mein noodles
- 3/4 cup diced celery
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Mix nuts, soup, water, crab, celery, grated onion and 1/2 of the chow mein noodles. Pour in greased casserole. Sprinkle with remaining noodles and dribble melted butter over top. Bake at 325 degrees about 30 minutes.

POTATOES AND EGGS AU GRATIN

- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 cups sliced cooked potatoes
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 2/3 cup grated American cheese

Make a white sauce with the butter, flour, salt and milk. In a greased baking dish arrange alternate layers of potatoes, sliced eggs, pimiento, white sauce and cheese. Bake in a 325-degree oven for 25 minutes. This amount will serve four.

—Dorothy

COCONUT CRUNCH PUDDING

- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup soft butter
- 1 cup chopped coconut

Combine like pastry. Spread out in a flat pan and brown for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. It gets crunchy and you crumble it up.

- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 2 cups milk
- Dash of salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 or 3 bananas

In saucepan, put pudding mix, yolks, milk and sugar. Beat. Cook until mixture thickens. Add 2 Tbls. butter and flavorings. Cool. Fold in the beaten egg whites to which you have added 6 Tbls. sugar. Fold meringue into pudding. Build up in layers, starting with the coconut crunch, then pudding, sliced bananas, then pudding and crunch. Chill.

—Margery

EVELYN'S FAVORITE DRESSING FOR GREENS

- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 3/4 cup salad oil
- 1/4 tsp. celery seed

Combine all ingredients in a pint jar. Shake well to mix. Refrigerate. Serve over crisp greens for a delicious salad.

LUCILE'S DANISH APPLE CAKE

- 2 cups fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring, if margarine is used.
- 3 cups very thick sweetened apple sauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream

Melt the butter in a heavy skillet. Add the bread crumbs that have been combined with the sugar. Keep the fire very low and stir until the crumbs are a very light brown. Into a buttered rectangular pan press a layer of these crumbs. Chill. Add the strawberry flavoring to the applesauce and put a layer over the crumbs. Add another layer of crumbs, pressing down a bit. Build up another layer of the apple sauce, then crumbs. Chill for 24 hours. Unmold and frost with whipped cream.

**SPANISH CHICKEN**

- 4 lb. chicken pieces
- 3 cups water
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 clove garlic or 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 1-lb. can tomatoes
- 4-oz. can button mushrooms
- 4 Tbls. parsley, fresh or canned
- 1 tsp. sugar
- A dash pepper
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. cold water

Simmer chicken pieces in water and salt until tender. Cool. Remove bones. Lay meat in flat baking dish.

Melt butter in skillet, stir in flavoring, onion, pepper and garlic. Stir until onion is golden brown. Add tomatoes, mushrooms, parsley, sugar, pepper, chili powder and oregano. Simmer for 15 minutes to blend flavors. Combine cornstarch and water, add to mixture and cook 1 more minute. Spoon mixture over chicken. Store in refrigerator overnight or for several hours. Remove from refrigerator 2 hours before baking. Bake in 400-degree oven for 1/2 hour or 350-degree oven for 45 minutes to an hour.

This is delicious made with just chicken breasts, but a 4-pound (or larger) stewing chicken will do very nicely.

This is a wonderful company dish since the main part of it is made ahead of time. Serve with a big tossed salad, baked potatoes, hot rolls and a light dessert. This is the type of dish which can be served with hot fluffy rice.

—Evelyn

RED RASPBERRY SAUCE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries
- 1 1/2 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup red currant jelly

Thaw the berries and mash well. Stir in flavoring and cornstarch and blend. Add currant jelly. Bring to a boil and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is clear and slightly thickened. Strain out seeds and let stand until cool. Serve over pound cake, vanilla pudding or vanilla ice cream.

—Margery

DOROTHY'S CHOCOLATE CHIP OATMEAL COOKIES

- 3/4 cup margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 cups rolled oats
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate bits

Cream the margarine and sugars well. Add the eggs, which have been beaten, and stir in the flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk. Blend in the rolled oats and chocolate bits. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a 375-degree oven. Makes approximately five dozen cookies.

—Dorothy

GOLD SALAD — SWEETENER STYLE

- 2 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups fruit juice
- 1 #2 1/2 can apricots
- 1 #2 can pineapple

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Drain juice from fruits and measure out 1 1/2 cups. Add to gelatin. Chill slightly. Add fruits. Apricots may be sieved, but this is equally good if they are cut into small pieces. Turn into 9- by 13-inch pan and refrigerate until firm.

Topping

- 1 cup pineapple and apricot juice
- 1 1/2 to 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine (optional)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 envelope powdered whipped topping

Combine fruit juice, sweetener (if you like a very sweet topping use the 2 tsp., otherwise 1 1/2 will do nicely), egg and flour. Cook over low flame, stirring constantly, until thick. Add flavorings and butter or margarine if desired. Cool. Prepare whipped topping according to directions. Fold into cooled custard mixture. Spread over top of firm layer.

This may be sprinkled with chopped nuts and shredded cheese for a beautiful garnish.

SOUTHERN HOMINY

1/2 cup minced onion
 2 Tbls. shortening
 1 #2 can tomatoes
 1 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1 tsp. sugar
 3 1/2 cups hominy, drained

1 cup grated American cheese
 Sauté the onion in the shortening. Add the tomatoes, salt, pepper and sugar. Cook slowly until most of the liquid has evaporated. Add the hominy and the cheese and heat thoroughly. This will serve four to six people.

—Dorothy



Today's Recipe: Add a few drops of VACATION

This is the time of year when your meals should conjure up visions of palm trees, citrus groves and whispering surf. When, for a few minutes, snowdrifts, low clouds and anti-freeze are forgotten.

Just think how many **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** there are to help you perform this magic! Exotic, South Sea flavors like Coconut, Orange, Lemon, Pineapple and Banana. And stay-at-home summertime treats like Cherry, Strawberry, Raspberry or Mint. Or maybe your favorite is here: Vanilla, Butter, Black Walnut, Maple, Blueberry, Almond, Burnt Sugar.

Every recipe you know will benefit from an imaginative touch of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** (not just desserts; don't forget salads, drinks, dressings and breads).

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

MARY BETH'S ORANGE CAKE

1/2 cup butter
 1 cup sugar
 1 egg, beaten
 1 tsp. soda
 1 1/2 cups flour
 1 cup raisins and currents, mixed
 1 cup sour milk
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/4 tsp. salt

Topping

Juice of 1 lemon
 Juice of 1 orange
 1/2 cup sugar

Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten egg. Sift dry ingredients together and add to butter mixture. Stir in sour milk, raisins, nuts, and orange flavoring. Pour into greased and flour-ed 8" square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Meanwhile, dissolve sugar in hot orange and lemon juice. Pour this mixture over cake after removing from oven. Serves 6.

TEA PUNCH

Steep 9 bags of tea in 6 cups boiling water for 10 minutes.

Combine with:

1 cup sugar
 1 quart ginger ale
 1 cup lemon juice

Allow to blend several hours for best results and serve over ice.

Children and adults find this most refreshing. Serves 20. —Mary Beth

APPLESAUCE GEMS

1 cup soft shortening
 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/2 cup cold coffee
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. nutmeg
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 2 cups raisins

Cream the shortening and sugar well. Add the coffee, applesauce and flavorings. Sift together the dry ingredients and blend in. Stir in the raisins. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet and bake about 10 minutes in a 375-degree oven. These will stay soft if kept in an air-tight container. They also freeze well. Makes about five dozen cookies.

—Dorothy

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

This month's letter is difficult enough to write because of the printing deadlines, but today there is the additional distraction of having the Green Bay Packers racing up and down the field in the family room. Donald wouldn't miss one of the superb performances of the Packers if he were sick abed — which he was last Sunday. He took our 19-inch portable TV upstairs and stared at the set from his propped-up pile of pillows.

This is the first time in years that Don has been sick, but he was not able to resist the potent flu bug which swooshed through our family like a swarm of locusts. Immediately on the heels of Katharine's pneumonia (I had one day following her return to school to lay in a supply of groceries and run much needed errands) Adrienne became ill during the night, and I recognized the signs of early winter flu. So we settled back for what eventually turned into three weeks of someone's being in bed.

With everyone well, we planned to leave in the middle of the next week for my home in Indiana for Thanksgiving. It is always with no small degree of anxiety concerning the weather that we plan this trip to Anderson in late November. Five years ago, when we didn't go, several friends had to stop enroute and take motel rooms because of a severe blizzard, but since then it has been simple flurries.

Our plans for the future beyond Thanksgiving are pretty settled, so perhaps with the printer's permission I can tell you what we hope to do for Christmas. Two or three days before the holiday my mother will come up here to spend Christmas with us. We always open our presents on Christmas morning, which allows Don to sing in the midnight service at our Congregational Church, as well as to assemble any of the well-advertised "easy-to-assemble" gifts which may have worked their way into our home. I have a hunch that there won't be any of these father-frustrators this year. Paul has grown so intensely interested in putting things together for himself that we've started him on a crystal radio set, to build from the start. There will, of course, be some dolls under the tree, but beyond this list of presents even I don't know what Santa has in mind to leave at our house.

New Year's Eve we take the children and my mother out for a dinner celebration somewhere. Thus far we've found delightfully different places to



According to Paul Driftmier there is nothing more fun in winter than falling into a deep snowbank.

eat and by going early in the evening for the family dining hour, we avoid any too-enthusiastic celebrators.

This year we have invited two other couples to come to the house after our family dinner and after the rest of the family have gone to bed, to celebrate the New Year with us and to have an early-morning breakfast. One of the couples who will be here are the nice folks who have taken our Paul with their only son David on skiing expeditions. (An interesting aside here: David's father is interested in physical fitness, and this winter he has been teaching Paul and David the basic fundamentals of boxing. He is quite an outstanding daddy in my book. He devotes many hours to his boy and generously shares his time with our Paul, who has learned to accept the fact that a traveling salesman daddy simply can't devote as much time as he would like to his son. Paul misses this extra time with his dad, and is

most appreciative of David's father's attention.) The other couple are the Bairds, whom Don and I have grown to know and like very much both from church and school association. I mention them by name to show again what a small world this is. Mr. Baird's mother is the former Ora Davenport from Creston, Iowa. She remembers Uncle Henry Field and his radio station and the nurseries.

The breakfast menu is planned, which makes the rest of the preparation pure enjoyment. We'll have broiled halves of grapefruit with a light sprinkling of brown sugar on their cut surfaces and a large red maraschino cherry in the center. Then will come *Quiche Lorraine*, which is a crumbled bacon, egg, cream and Swiss cheese pie which I've written about before. Lots of strong hot coffee will accompany this, because the pie is quite rich with all the cream that is in it. For dessert I shall serve a thin slice of orange cake, which recipe I am sending you this month. This isn't especially a weight-watcher's delight, but what fun is dieting if occasionally one can't splurge? And that "one" to whom I refer is naturally me!

I think we'll serve breakfast right after midnight, because Bob Baird has to catch a mid-morning airplane on New Year's Day for the annual board-of-directors' meeting of Rampart College at Larkspur, Colorado, which is near Colorado Springs.

There is little more to tell you about this busy holiday season for our family. We all hope the New Year for you and your families will be one of satisfaction and achievement.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



HAPPY NEW YEAR!

to all the KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE subscribers and their families. We wish to say "thank you" for the nice comments and suggestions you've given us this past year.

A special welcome to our new readers. Perhaps the magazine was sent to you as a gift in 1966. Do you have a friend to add in 1967?

\$1.50 per year — 12 issues \$2.00 foreign subscriptions

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING!

by

Maurine Miller Welch

You've wondered umpteen times, as have I, how to put away seldom-used items so that you'll be able to find them again. You'd like to be able to put your hands on those Christmas decorations immediately, in December, 1967.

Every year, you go through that hunt-and-hunt system for something you need right now. You had put it away carefully somewhere, some months ago. By the time you find it you're so annoyed with yourself and everything else that the whole project seems hardly worth the effort. Or maybe you don't find it and must go out to buy another. "What a waste of time and money," you mutter.

A little planning, a sketch or two, and enlisting the family handy man can all help you get better organized storage facilities.

A good rule to follow in planning new storage and in reorganizing old: Store as close to the point of use as possible. Garden tools and supplies should be in the garage or garden shed and not in the basement. Such planning saves a lot of running and time.

Another rule to remember: Hang up anything that can be hung. Pegboard panels painted to match walls give attractive and efficient hanging areas. All sorts of hardware may be had for hanging on pegboard. Even shelf brackets for slipping into pegboard can give you extra shelves. Glass shelves make very attractive display areas for hobby collections or plain knick-knacks.

Box those items which are seldom used and must be kept clean and free of dust. Put away some of the Christmas toys which the children don't



Margery Strom (at the left holding a copy of *Kitchen-Klatter*), along with her mother and sister Dorothy, greeted hundreds of friends at the Ken J Supermarket in St. Joseph, Missouri, in late fall.

really appreciate when they have too many all at once. Boxed away for two or three months, they're as fresh as new when brought out later for a special treat.

Do label those storage boxes with grease pencils. Large letters make quick identification so easy when you've forgotten what you put where.

Out-of-season clothes should never be allowed to take up precious closet space. Check them over for future wearing possibilities. Dispose of them if you know they'll never be worn again. If they are good for another season, send them to the cleaners or launder them, as the need may be. Laundered garments may be folded and packed without ironing. Pack all the garments for one member of the family in one box and label with his name. Then, come summer, when you want some short-sleeved sport shirts for Junior, you'll find them easily.

Dry-cleaned garments should be hung away in garment bags to keep them free of dust. Hang the bags far enough

apart on the rod that garments are not crushed and wrinkled.

A special closet in the basement is fine for hanging out-of-season clothes if you haven't the space on the main floor of the house. Again, your handy man can get a little lumber and construct a dandy for you. Be sure to have a light installed in this closet so that you can find what you want without having to drag everything out. While you're having that light installed, have a double outlet put in or near the new closet. It'll be handy for the vacuum cleaner when you want to clean your storage areas.

While you're checking over storage space, consider the living room, the dining room and some new pieces of furniture that will give added storage. Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves would take care of a lot of the living room clutter and supply space to show off your choicest art objects. Dining room wall space can be put to better use with furniture you buy by units and assemble in groupings to fit the wall areas.

In the utility room or laundry, you might add wall-hung kitchen cabinets over the washer and dryer. Base cabinets nearby could give a countertop for clothes sorting and folding. Plastic baskets, one for each member of the family, may be lined up to receive the clean clothes as you fold. When laundry day is done, each member of the family can pick up his own basket and put away his own clothes.

Thus you teach your children and husband, "A place for everything and everything in its place." Just like Mrs. Beeton said long ago in London, England. She also said, "In cooking, clean as you go."

Good advice for keeping everything and the family under control. When better to begin than right now?



WINTERTIME OF LIFE

Why should life's Winter span mean gloom,
Strength merely ebbs to give wisdom room,
Knowledge may now burst into bloom;
Prayers replace love's jubilant song,
Family roots and friendships grow strong;
With love in his heart to keep him warm
And the soft robe of Faith 'round his form
Man need not fear life's Winter storm.
—Hildegard Thompson

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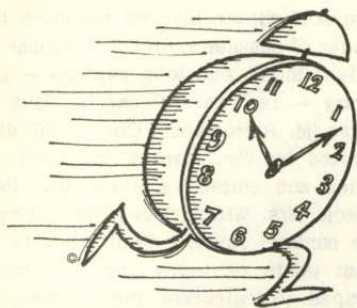
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A Watch Night Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

INVITATIONS

Cut the invitations in the shape of an alarm clock with front and back left joined at the top or stapled. A tiny Christmas "tinkle" bell might be fastened to the top for the alarm bell. Mark the front cover as a clock face with the hands pointing to the hour the party is to begin. Write the invitation on the inside. The cover might be red with the numerals in white and the inside page white with the invitation written in red.

DECORATIONS

How about clocks of all sizes and kinds plus calendars of every description? Stand them up and hang them so no one will be left in doubt that TIME is the theme. Don't forget to have some minute timers standing about on end tables and shelves. You might even bring in the sundial from the garden and display it in a prominent place. If there are clocks that chime and alarm clocks in your collection, set them for various times throughout the meeting, especially for midnight — a lively din, but it will add to the fun.

ENTERTAINMENT

Current Events Contest: This is a good game to start the party, as the hostess can have pinned up about the room pictures, articles, and cartoons cut from the newspapers and magazines, illustrating events that have taken place in the past year. Leave off all captions. Let the guests write down the number of each picture and try to give it the correct title. The prize might be a baby's rattle for Baby New Year.

Follies of 1966: Guests are given pencil and paper. Each guest must write down three follies which he or she committed in the past year. The papers are folded down and passed to the right. Then each one must write three resolutions telling what he has resolved to do in 1967 to remedy the follies of '66. Gather the papers and

redistribute them so that they are definitely shuffled about, and have them read aloud. Award a prize to the funniest list.

Watch Quiz:

1. Used before. Second hand
2. Caesar, Brutus, and Mark Anthony. Roman characters
3. Seen at a circus. Ring
4. Part of a posie. Stem
5. Left over and a bicycle. Balance wheel
6. The secretary's job. Minutes
7. Breadwinners. Hands
8. The fifteenth wedding anniversary. Crystal
9. Loved for adomment. Jewels
10. We all have one, though not always satisfied with it. Face
11. A summer resort. Springs
12. Away from the front. Back

For Auld Lang Syne: Pin a number on each guest, odd numbers on the boys and even on the girls. Have prepared a number of slips of paper on which are written directions, such as "Find number 2 and tell her your most interesting

adventure of last year;" "find number 8 and describe the most exciting football game you attended;" "find number 3 and tell her how your mother cooks your favorite food;" etc. These slips are passed out to the boys who must then go to the girl designated and perform his act. Another group of slips might be handed to the girls and they go through the same procedure. Award prizes to the best performers.

Looking Ahead: Give each guest or couple a piece of poster paper and crayons. Allow ten minutes for guests to make posters illustrating what they think will be an important news event of 1967. Have the posters displayed and allow guests to guess the caption before the artist tells what he has drawn.

Bye Bye Father: Divide the guests into small groups. Give each group a box of odds and ends — newspapers, scraps of colored papers, pins, laces, and cotton. Award a prize to the group that makes the best Father Time costume.



Take two cups of tea. Sweeten them both. Both are just right: delicious and sweetened perfectly. Yet one has calories and the other has not!

The secret: the no-calorie cup was sweetened with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** — the "natural-tasting" sweetener with no bitterness, no aftertaste and no calories.

If you've been disappointed by so-called artificial sweeteners, whether you're dieting on doctor's orders or just to lose some weight, come try the "natural-tasting" sweetener.

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COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

Do you know the recipe for a magic childhood? According to Mary Ellen Chase, she and her sisters and brother learned the magic of words at an early

age and were transported to the richness found in books. Adventures of Aladdin, Oliver Twist, and David Copperfield filled their heads as their mother, seated in her red rocking chair, read and charmed the little ones seated nearby on four small red stools. Children learn from their parents, and Mary Ellen Chase reminds us if parents show a love for good reading, so shall the children. This small 20-page volume, published in 1952 by the MacMillan Company, does indeed give the *Recipe for a Magic Childhood*.

On cold winter days we remember the beauty of summer gardens. A volume to delight those who love gardens — and poetry — is *The Gardener's Book of Verse* (M. Barrows and Co., \$4.50, distributed by Wm. Morrow and Co.) selected and edited by Helen Van Pelt Wilson. Mrs. Wilson has collected over one hundred favorite nature poems by great poets of today and yesterday, grouped to celebrate the seasons of the year. She learned a great deal of poetry as a child. In later years she found great therapeutic value in memorizing poetry rather than dwelling on one's woes. Robert Frost, Bliss Carman, and Rachel Field are a few of those represented in this rare book for all who share her pleasure in flowers, trees and all of nature.

In full recognition of a remarkable book *Beyond Our Selves* by Catherine Marshall is being published as a family-priced edition by McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$2.95. This book has met a need in thousands of homes and hearts. An inspiring message of a woman's pilgrimage in Faith will be able to reach an even wider audience.

The revival of the old art of quilting makes *Quilting Manual* (Hearthside Press, \$4.95) by Dolores A. Hinson especially timely. It includes a chronology of quilt patterns and fashions with detailed drawings which enable the lover of antiques and the museum director to date quilts. The most prevalent names among quilts were either religious or floral. We well recall the Rose of Sharon, Jacob's Ladder, and Tulip quilts. The chapter on Quilting Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow reminds us that women quilt to make lovely additions to their home furnishings, for the sociability of it, and, in early days, for warmth. Those with the "quilting fever" will particularly enjoy *Quilting Manual*.

All About the Months (Harper and Row, \$4.50) by Maymie R. Krythe is a storehouse of information that makes fascinating reading for everyone. The author gives the special characteristics of each month, such as how it was named, its symbolic jewels, and flowers from the little field daisy to the rose. Of January we read that New Year's Day is a time for reflection and resolution. Many are eager to "get rid of the old and take on the new."

TWO-WAY WARMTH

The quilt that keeps your body warm
May be a work of art;
So lovingly and finely wrought,
It also warms the heart.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

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We aren't a "giant" in this industry. We can't afford to let a big name and multi-million-dollar advertising budget replace unhappy customers with new ones. In other words, we depend on satisfied customers — to stay customers and to tell their friends.

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You'll be a happy, long-time customer, too!

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



Party apron. The straight-cut tunic apron takes on party airs in this sophisticated version. White cotton pique is the fabric choice for this dressy-looking style. The scooped neckline is garnished with black cotton ball braid, and single balls are stitched to the side ties.



Reversible. Tops in versatility is the tunic apron with a flip side. Stripes and polka dots in navy and gold cotton team up for one look, while the reverse side is all polka dots. Giant cotton rickrack joins the contrasting fabrics in front.

NEW STYLES IN APRONS

by
Shirley Arkin

Are you an honest-to-goodness cook or one whose specialty is opening cans? Either way, chances are that you'll feel like a Queen in the kitchen wearing a new smart-looking apron.

If you sew you can make these aprons yourself and you can also use them for gifts — a shower gift for the newly engaged, a housewarming gift for the new neighbor, or visiting gifts.

This year, the newest look in kitchen cover-ups is the cotton tunic apron. Easy to make, the tunic apron is a straight-cut garment that slips over the head and is joined together only at the shoulder seams. Waist ties secure the apron at the sides. One size fits all.

To personalize each style, vary trims and fabrics. You'll find that the same basic tunic pattern can look dressy or practical depending on the trim and fabrics used.

For a party apron, choose sparkling white cotton pique or cotton satin... and trim the scooped neckline with black pom-poms. Or pick a perky black and white polka dot print and outline the neck with black rickrack. Use the rickrack for waist ties, too.

An apron that's tops in versatility is the reversible type. Coordinated cottons — in smart stripe and polka dots combinations, checks and solids — take the guesswork out of matching up colors and designs.

The pattern? Use a basic shift pattern, it is as easy as all that.

ABOUT GAMES

There is no better way to learn about victory or defeat than the playing of games. Games teach children to be alert, to be observing and they train their memories, but games must not interfere with school work or home duties. Don't you think it would be a good idea to save the games until such work is finished? Then Dad and Mother can join in and make it a family affair, topped off with a big pan of popcorn. Those are the evenings that will be long-remembered and the fact that Dad and Mother are playing the game will tend to minimize the loud voices and hasty arguments.



STOP! DON'T THROW AWAY those CHRISTMAS CARDS!

Turn them into exciting gifts and crafts. Hurry, subscribe now to get ideas galore in the January

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FROM PLANT TO TABLE IN 70 DAYS!
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Full Family Size Packet

THE EARLY RED BIRD

"For Over 70 Years!"

HENRY FIELD Seed & Nursery Co.
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"Do not run after happiness, but seek to do good, and you will find that happiness will run after you. The day will dawn full of expectation; the night will fall full of repose. This world will seem a very good place, and the world to come a better place still."

—James Freeman Clarke

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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

You should have seen me fighting to get a taxi down at the National Airport in Washington. It took me a good forty-five minutes to get one, and then we had to drive for such a long time through traffic during the rush hour when hundreds of thousands of government employees were trying to get home for supper. Even at that, the airport in Washington is much closer to the city than are most. Two of the most convenient airports known to me are those in Omaha and Boston. From either one of those busy airports the drive into the city is only a very few minutes.

As you begin the new year of 1967, I wish for you God's richest blessings. For you I hope that this will be the year when some wonderful and blessed surprise comes your way. In any event, may it prove to be one of the happiest years of your life.

Sincerely,
Frederick

A FAMILY HOBBY - Concluded

the bottom before another fish can get it and swoop away with the moss in its mouth. Several like to play "hide and seek" as well as "drop the moss" and are exceedingly quick. Our community holds one nippy, short-tempered member who gets angry easily and chases after any neighbor who comes into his private territory.

Tropical fish as pets are fascinating, but one word of warning is in order. Once begun, the variety, color, beauty, educational value and relaxing qualities of this hobby will lure you deep into a wonder world which leads on, tantalizingly, with no end in view.

ANTIQUES I LOVE - Concluded

terior. He sent me flying face first into a snowdrift and only a fist-shaking bluff discouraged his charging me again. Though my husband at first pooh-poohed the idea of danger from him, he saw the light after he'd struggled with a limp for a week, and had to have his watch crystal replaced. A lump filled my throat and I felt like a traitor as Brigham raised his black nose over the rack of the truck that took him away. All that I have left of him is his bell. Indulging my idiosyncrasies, my friends and relatives began searching out rusty old cowbells and sheep bells for me. And one winter day, when my spirits were lower than the thermometer, I again yanked out the jar of gold paint and went to work. Big bells, little bells, each one means something special to me.

Several other items rest on that kitchen shelf — Indian relics found on our own place. A five-inch rain had washed out the tomato plants and my bursitis had flared up again. The mailman had gone by with only an empty-handed wave. The drum on my dryer was stuck. It was a mess of a morning and I took out for a walk. In a deep track the red clay held a piece of grey stone. With a feeling almost of reverence I pried out a perfect tomahawk. The grooved sides were satin smooth under my trembling fingertips; the keenly sharpened edge held just a hint of color. And as I held it, I felt a kinship with ages gone by. It was a rainbow of promise in a sodden world. I walked around all day showing it to the disinterested dogs and cats until my husband came home and I could pounce on him with the news of my discovery. Even yet I often touch it with just a bit of wonder. A few days later I found a piece to match it — an Indian hammer. Three perfect arrowheads complete that collection. Most people go to the tomato patch for tomatoes; I go for arrowheads after every rain.

There are more antiques in our attic. Some of them are much more valuable than the ones I've brought downstairs. Someday, when they accumulate their own identities, I'm sure I'll look upon them with affection. The old clock — I can imagine toting it around to the clock shops, ferreting out its origin, becoming vitally interested in its history. But tell me, just what do you suppose can be done with a mustache cup? Only time will tell!

Work, even though it be humble and obscure, if well done, will help beautify and embellish the world.

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Helene B. Dillon

The title of the FINISHED book is "1966". This book contains twelve chapters with about twenty-eight, thirty or thirty-one pages per chapter. Who wrote the book? YOU were the author. Peruse the pages before it is closed forever. Savor the good; forget, forgive and learn from the errors. A fresh new book, "1967", is before you. Resolve to make this one a bit better; make it a book you will be proud to take from the shelf on occasion and enjoy over and over. REMEMBER, you are the author.

Now is the time: When the birds need those bread crumbs, suet and sunflower seeds . . . To sit in your comfortable chair — maybe a blizzard is in full swing — and make a diagram of your dream garden and plan your order for seeds . . . Take a picture of your house, "nested" in the snow, to use on next year's Christmas greeting.

We should weave the threads of joy and radiance into our fabric of daily life.

You are really among friends when you can polish your tri-focals on your pettislip.

The stars seem just a bit brighter on a cold, clear night; we hear the crunch of packed snow beneath our feet as we quicken our step and we enjoy the welcome and cheer that radiates from the warmth of home when at last we step inside.

If you are looking for a certain magazine in a store and you can't find it, just ask the little shaver sitting there, his nose in a comic book, to move over a bit, and ten chances to one he was sitting on it.

If you are in the doldrums, go to work. It's a sure cure for what "ails" you.

I never see an empty cigar box without imagining it to be some child's treasure chest. As a child my box was full of scraps for doll dresses, and a tiny china doll. My brother's box was usually so full the lid would not close, so a cord was wrapped around the box and kept the contents secure. What did his box hold? The usual trinkets a boy would cherish — marbles, a few nails, a pocket knife, etc.

JANUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded
Must remind ourselves that the God whom we worship is the sustainer of life. He is the master of Time. Truly "He holds the whole world in His hands". We have nothing to fear, but much to do.

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient in Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure."

Leader: New Year's Day! What a year to be alive! A time to lift our praise to God who through us makes history and who makes it meaningful to us! It is a time to seek insight into what God expects of us in the year ahead. It is a time for REFLECTION.

Closing Prayer: (The audience joins the leader in repeating "Hear our prayer, O Lord", following each sentence prayer offered by the leader.)

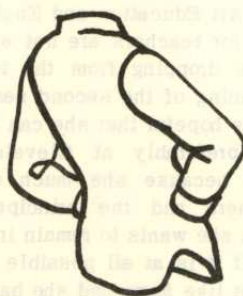
May the strength of God pilot us.
Hear our prayer, O Lord.
May the power of God preserve us.
Hear our prayer, O Lord.
May the wisdom of God instruct us.
Hear our prayer, O Lord.
May the hand of God protect us.
Hear our prayer, O Lord.
May the way of God direct us.
Hear our prayer, O Lord.
May the shield of God defend us.
Hear our prayer, O Lord.
May our hearts ever be filled with
Thy love for others.
Hear our prayer, O Lord. Amen.

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Remember: if it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

TIME

What time is it?
 Time to do well,
 Time to live better,
 Give up that grudge,
 Answer that letter,
 Speak the kind word to sweeten a sorrow,
 Do that kind deed you would leave 'till tomorrow.

—Anonymous



Under the picture on page 3 we said that Natalie Sue has an older sister. Her name is Lisa, and she loves to climb on Great-grandmother Driftmier's lap and be read to out of her storybooks.

LUCILE'S LETTER – Concluded

go up to the Omaha airport to meet her because we've sweat out fog, sleet and snow in days gone by when we had to make that drive.

In January, as a member of the mid-year graduating class, she will get her degree from the University of New Mexico and will be qualified to teach both Art Education and English. Openings for teachers are not exactly like plums dropping from the tree at the beginning of the second semester, but she is hopeful that she can land one – and preferably at Cleveland Junior High because she much enjoys the teachers and the principal. In any event she wants to remain in Albuquerque if it is at all possible because it seems like *home* and she has put down deep roots out there.

Right here I must put in one thing that could make a lot of difference to parents who have young people now in college or preparing to go to college. If your son or daughter expects to teach, be sure you make inquiries right away about the requirements of whatever college or university is concerned. At the University of New Mexico all students who graduate in January, 1967, or in any class thereafter, have only five years in which to get their master's degree to retain their certification. This may be a law that pertains only to New Mexico, but it would most certainly pay to ask about it now and be sure exactly what lies ahead.

Juliana has been alone in her Albuquerque apartment (so small it's hard to find room to swing a cat, to use the old phrase!) since her long-time friend, Chris Schettler, was married this summer. But about mid-December Chris will be moving back in again because

her practice teaching must be done in Albuquerque, and her husband, Steve Crouse, must wind up his medical work in Denver. Incidentally, I had an opportunity, at long, long last, to meet Chris's mother and father when they drove up from Roswell and spent a day with me. Juliana and Chris put on a perfectly wonderful meal, and I think that both Mrs. Schettler and I felt sort of peculiar to sit in the living room and visit while all of that activity was going on in the kitchen. Even though I'm not physically able to prepare the big meals that were routine for so many, many years, I'm almost like an old fire horse that rares up when he hears the bell – just the sound of things going on in the kitchen has me on the edge of my chair all aquiver!

When it was time to return to Iowa, Margery flew out and we had some perfectly delightful days together. We don't want to report on the same things, so I'll let her tell you about this part of the New Mexico venture.

May it be a blessed and good year for all of you and for all of those whom you love. I look forward positively and with Faith to the 365 days that lie ahead. I trust that you do also since there is ample evidence that we cannot lean upon the things of this world – only in the world of the Spirit can we find our true home.

Affectionately always,

Lucile

EMILY'S LETTER – Concluded

of interested students who would be willing to dedicate a weekend to exploring ideas.

I hope you've enjoyed learning a little about my life as an exchange student. If you have, perhaps I will write again.

Sincerely,
 Emily Driftmier

WOUND UP – Concluded

floor, splattering in all directions, a beautiful day can be completely ruined. All because of an electrical cord.

A faint glimmer of light appears on the horizon, now that a cordless shaver has been introduced to the men. Who knows but what the know-how behind this invention will be extended to household appliances and some time not too far in the future there will be a Ladies' Day!



TAKE JUST A MINUTE

Yes, that's all it takes to turn on the radio, and then maybe you'll take 30 minutes to listen while we visit with you about cooking, cleaning, or just catch up on daily happenings and family news.

We enjoy your letters and this is one way you can visit back with us.

If you aren't in the habit of listening, *Take a Minute* and find us on one of these radio stations where we can be heard each week day from Monday through Saturday:

- | | |
|------|--|
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on your dial – 9:00 A.M. |
| KSMN | Mason City, Iowa, 1010
on your dial – 9:30 A.M. |
| KWPC | Muscatine, Iowa, 860
on your dial – 9:00 A.M. |
| KWBG | Boone, Iowa, 1590
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| KWOA | Worthington, Minn., 730
on your dial – 9:30 A.M. |
| KOAM | Pittsburg, Kans., 860
on your dial – 9:00 A.M. |
| KFEQ | St. Joseph, Mo., 680
on your dial – 9:00 A.M. |
| KLIK | Jefferson City, Mo., 950
on your dial – 9:30 A.M. |
| WJAG | Norfolk, Nebr., 780
on your dial – 10:00 A.M. |
| KVSH | Valentine, Nebr., 940
on your dial – 9:00 A.M. |
| KHAS | Hastings, Nebr., 1230
on your dial – 9:00 A.M. |
| KSIS | Sedalia, Mo., 1050
on your dial – 10:00 A.M. |

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—Henry Ford

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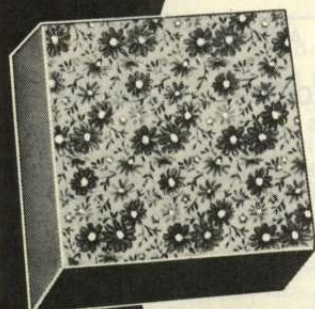
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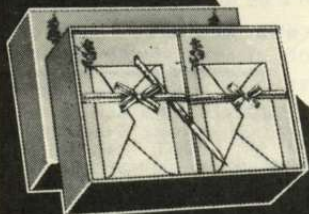
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