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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings, Good Friends:

This will reach you between Christmas and New Year's and thus we are given an opportunity to send our special good wishes for a blessed and happy 1968. It seems to me that I've only turned around four or five times since I sent my friends New Year's greetings for 1967, but the calendar assures me that it has really been twelve whole months.

These days I am keeping my fingers crossed for decent weather and decent roads to make the old trek to the Omaha airport when Juliana's and Jed's plane comes in. Last year we had just perfectly ghastly weather for those Omaha trips, but perhaps this year we'll have better luck. They'll be with me for around ten days and I feel blessedly fortunate to have this time to anticipate.

I'll buy our tree early, of course, but I won't make any attempt to put it up since such jobs are completely beyond me. Once Juliana and Jed are on deck they can wrestle with all the trimmings and fixings and get the house rigged up for the holidays. We'll have Christmas Eve at the folks' home, as always, and then we'll come back to our own home and have our tree. Last year just Juliana and I were there alone to open our packages, but this year we'll have Jed with us and this seems wonderful to me. I'll give thought to Jed's family when Christmas Eve is at hand for it is the first year he has not been with his parents and two sisters and it will seem a strange and lonely time for them.

One thing I'm much looking forward to is some rousing fireplace fires. Russell always had beautiful fires going on somber winter days and this is something I've missed very much. Our garage is stacked with tinder-dry wood that's been there for about four years, but it's completely beyond me to wrestle around with those heavy logs. Jed is a master when it comes to building fires, so the fireplace will really serve

its true function during the days when he will be here.

One of the things very much on our minds is the ardent hope that Donna's and Tom's little Lisa (Mae's and Howard's granddaughter) will be in good health and able to enjoy her fourth Christmas. Poor Lisa! She is the victim of extremely severe asthma, coupled with equally severe allergies, and has had more illness and trouble in her short life than most people know in a lifetime. Last winter she was hospitalized repeatedly and this winter has started in the same ominous way. Lisa's asthma and allergies first appeared when she was less than three months old (at that time she was hospitalized for almost two weeks) and from that time on it has been a constant battle. Only the parents of a child so seriously afflicted can possibly understand what Donna and Tom have been through. Many times these problems are outgrown, according to the doctors, and that is surely what we are praying for in Lisa's case.

Incidentally, I have never in my life seen two sisters who looked as much alike as Lisa and Natalie. When Margery showed me the cover picture for this month I said: "Where did you get this picture of Lisa?" I was really hard pressed to believe that it wasn't Lisa; these two little sisters could be identical twins if they were exactly the same age.

Speaking of little girls . . . I had just gotten home from the office one day not long ago when there was a knock at the front door and as I answered it I grabbed up my coin purse because I thought it was one of the paper boys collecting. Instead of this it was two charming little girls who asked me if Jakey-boy could come out and play — they said they had seen him on Halloween when they came for tricks-or-treats and just wanted to have him come outside and play. I'd had this experience around two years or so ago, but I'd forgotten how surprising it was to have little children knock at the door to see if Jakey-boy could come

out and play with them for awhile.

Well, Jakey-boy is no good at playing because he's never been around children and has no earthly idea of how to go about playing with them, but I put him outside after I'd explained this and sure enough — he barked and carried on in a most unfriendly way and then tore off down the street. He plays with cats a great share of the time, but children are an unknown quantity to him.

Christmas will be a lively affair for Jake because Juliana is bringing her big old Punky home with her — he's the huge alley cat she's had for so long. It's cheaper to bring him home than to leave him in the kennels and, everything considered, it's a blessing that Jake and Punky hit it off so well and have a good time together.

After January the first my daily life will take a new turn and I can assure you that I'm looking forward to it very much indeed. For a full year now I have lived entirely alone in my home and thus I have proved that I could do it, but the whole pattern of my life had always been so different that I found it difficult to adjust to being completely alone. I was reared in a big family and then I was married for twenty-seven years. After Russell's sudden death in December, 1963, I always had someone with me until a year ago when I began, for the first time ever, to live absolutely alone.

Countless thousands of women have been compelled to make such an adjustment, and if I were able-bodied I'm certain that I could have done so too; but my severe physical handicap made it impossible for me to come and go on my own, and my activities are necessarily so limited that I found it a real problem to cope with daily life.

Over the Thanksgiving holidays I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Anita Turner of Santa Fe, New Mexico, who flew back here to spend a few days with me. As the upshot of this visit she is returning on January the first to make her home with me and just the anticipation of all this gives me a new lease on life. It will be SO nice to have someone with whom to share morning coffee, and it will be equally nice to know someone is waiting for me when I leave the office late in the afternoon.

Mrs. Turner is also alone, so we have shared a basic experience. Her only child is a Lieutenant Colonel (a West Point graduate) who is now in Vietnam; she told him goodbye at the Albuquerque airport just the day before she came back here to see me. He has a year of duty to serve in Vietnam and during this period his wife and two little girls will remain in San Antonio.

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

If these grey skies don't bring a snow today, I'll know I'm not a very good weather predictor! The past three days I've made the flat statement to Lucile that it would be snowing before we left the office in late afternoon, and each time I've missed my guess. I think I'll give up thinking about the weather and just be surprised with what develops.

Since I didn't write a letter in the December issue there is some catching up to do this month. It isn't often these days that my husband and I can manage to get out of town as we are pretty much confined to the routine of our jobs, but when Oliver mentioned that he had to drive to Sioux City one weekend and hoped that things could be worked out so that I could go with him, I made some adjustments in my schedule so I could make the trip. One of the reasons for my interest in going was to meet Armada Swanson who writes our book reviews each month. I had made several attempts to meet her when she lived in Iowa City, but something always came up to knock my plans askew. Since the Swanson family had moved to Sioux City, I now had a golden opportunity to meet Armada at long last. When I wrote her that I was coming, I'm sure she must have felt doubtful in lieu of the fact that she had received such notes in the past when I didn't make it. The coffeepot was on and a fresh coffeecake came out of the oven as I stepped in the door and we had a grand visit while Oliver attended his meeting.

Armada had a very interesting cloth on the table — a real conversation piece. It is made of plain white material and as friends come to call they write their names on it which she later embroiders. Yes, Evelyn Birkby's name is there for she called on Armada when she took her son Bob to Sioux City to visit Morningside College. The Swansons are interested in antiques too, and Armada had some lovely, unusual items to show me. Time passed much too quickly.

The next weekend Oliver and I drove to Crete, Nebraska, to attend Parents Day at Doane College where Martin is a junior. This was our first opportunity to meet the new president, Dr. Heckman, and his family. There were a number of events scheduled throughout the day, including a coffee at the president's home, and the evening was climaxed with a football game. It was a full day and a very pleasant one.

Martin has spent several weekends at home this semester and on each occasion has brought a friend with him. This has been the pattern the past two years also, so we've had the



Martin and his friend from Burma, Michael Aung Thwin. Both boys are third-year students at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska.

special privilege of becoming well acquainted with his friends. I believe Michael Aung Thwin, a student from Burma, has visited us at least six or seven times. As a matter of fact, Mike came for Thanksgiving again this year. He planned originally to spend the holiday with his sister, a student at Northwestern University, but at the last minute changed his plans and came to Shenandoah. Mike's brother John has been studying in this country for several years and is now enrolled at Amherst. The last to arrive was their mother, who was a teacher in India. She is on the campus at Cornell University in Ithica, New York, where she will be teaching in the department of Asian languages. Mike is certainly looking forward to the Christmas holiday when the family will be together for the first time in a number of years.

Our cousin Gretchen Harshbarger and her husband Clay were also guests in our home over Thanksgiving. We had expected a mighty slim group to sit down to turkey and all the trimmings, but ended up with a sizeable tableful.

A number of Martin's friends and cousins on the Strom side of the family were home over Thanksgiving so there was no end to the coming and going, and how Oliver and I did enjoy having so many young people around. About the time we were retiring for the night they would be heading for the kitchen to make pizza, the phonograph blaring away with the latest recordings. We are blessed that we are such good sleepers such commotion didn't bother us! We felt equally blessed that these fine young people preferred this form of entertainment to "tearing around". When I came downstairs one morning I remarked with considerable amazement, "MY, the kitchen is so clean!" And Martin replied, "Well, Mother, what did you expect?" Frankly, I was ashamed to say! Even after the umpteenth time it is a surprise to realize that young boys suddenly become responsible

and considerate young men.

Due to printing schedules this letter is being written before Christmas, of course, and although you are reading this after Christmas, as I write to you I'm thinking about shopping. Mother called a few minutes ago and reminded me that I must get downtown and look for "joke" presents for members of the family who will be gathered around the tree, I don't have to ponder over what to get Howard, for every year he finds a pop gun under the tree. Since he was a little boy he has received one. Every year he asked for a gun and since our father didn't permit guns in the house, or anywhere on the property, he was given a pop gun. Howard is 58, so you can guess how many pop guns he has found under the tree through the years! Martin was always delighted, for Howard handed the gun to him, and then after Martin outgrew the thrill of the gun, Clark was the recipient. In recent years Martin has gotten a toy car from the dime store. As with most boys he longs for a car of his own, so the past few years his "joke" present has been a toy car. Other jokes vary from year to year, depending upon circumstances, and this is why considerable time is spent trying to think up new ones.

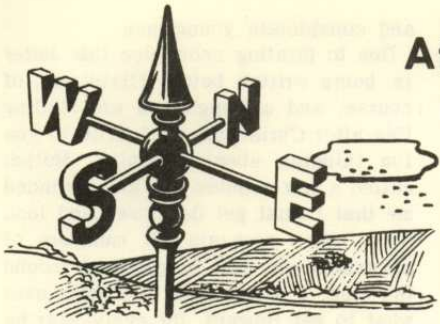
Isn't it a thrill to put up the new calendar? I was discussing that with one of my elderly friends a couple of days ago, and she said that it was such a special thrill for her because she never expected to live to see this year. How blessed she felt to have lived so many years! She used to pray that she would live to see her children grown, then to live to see her grandchildren, and now to see her great-grandchildren. There is here the wonderful optimism that there is something wonderful just ahead. And who of us doesn't pray to live to see the day when there will be no war, when there will be cures for all the physical ills in the world? The list is endless, and who knows but what THIS year will bring some wonderful discovery that will change the course of events that exist today!

With the new calendar come 365 new days. How will we live them? Perhaps this little prayer will help you as it has helped me throughout the years: Dear Lord, help me live this day

Quietly, easily;
To lean upon Thine arm
Restfully, trustfully;
To wait for the unfolding of Thy will
Patiently, serenely;
To meet others
Peacefully, joyously;
To face tomorrow
Courageously, confidently.

Sincerely,

Margery



At the Crossroads — Which Way?

*An Inspiration Service for the
New Year*

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make two simple signs, using lengths of a tree branch for the posts which are anchored to a base. Modeling clay can be used to hold them upright. On the smaller sign, a piece of a brown cardboard, print the words "AT THE CROSSROADS", and on the larger sign print "WHICH WAY?". This second sign should have arrows pointing in opposite directions. A little artificial Easter grass or a few pebbles will conceal the base.

Leader:

Gray time rolls on in silent, swift
parade;

We scarcely learn to know and
love a year

Before it hides away in misty shade
And old familiar landmarks dis-
appear.

The rosy morning span is like a dream
That's wrapped in peaceful slum-
ber's fleecy shawl;

And dimming darkly, like the day's
last gleam,

The lusty midyears fade beyond
recall.

How fruitless, then, to whimper or
repine

For what is gone. The past cannot
return . . .

Shroud dreams in lavender, and build a
shrine;

Let ashes sleep within their sil-
ver urn . . .

Through snowbound days hold fast to
faith's strong leaven,

For just beyond time's bar lies
peace and heaven.

—Church paper

From the Scriptures — A Challenge:
*Be strong in the Lord, and in the
strength of His might. Put on the
whole armor of God, that you may be
able to stand against the wiles of the
devil. For we are not contending
against flesh and blood, but against
principalities, against the powers,
against world rulers of this present
darkness, against the spiritual hosts
of wickedness in the heavenly places.*

*Therefore take the whole armor of
God, that you may be able to with-
stand in the evil day, and having done
all, to stand. Stand therefore, having
girded your loins with truth, and
having put on the breastplate of right-
eousness, and having shod your feet*

*with the equipment of gospel and
peace; above all taking the shield of
faith, with which you can quench all
the flaming darts of the evil one . . .*

*And take the helmet of salvation,
and the sword of the spirit, which is
the word of God.*

—From Paul's Letter to the Ephesians

Prayer: Father of all mankind, these words of the apostle Paul remind us that centuries ago other men faced a dark world, too. Others have known uncertainties and doubts about which way to go or what to do. Help us, O Father, to see that we, too, must accept the admonitions of Paul if we would see the "one world" — the peace and brotherhood of which we dream. We must "put on the whole armor of God" that it might give us the courage to face the new road and to choose that way which is right and good in the new year, even though it be the longest and the roughest road. With Thy love, Thy guidance, Thy strength, we can do it if we will. Amen

Hymn: "Be Thou My Vision" or
"Open My Eyes That I May See".

Leader:

They say that life is a highway,
And its milestones are the years;
And now and then there's a tollgate,
Where you buy your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road,
And it stretches broad and far;
But at last it leads to a Golden Town
Where the Golden Houses are!

These lines by Joyce Kilmer point up some of the thoughts we should each of us think upon for a few moments today.

There is something thrilling and challenging in the very thought of new beginnings. We look forward with anticipation to wonderful new vistas ahead, and to broadening adventures around every bend.

And yet there is often a feeling of uncertainty, inadequacy, yes, even fear. Will the new road be rough? What about chuck holes, soft shoulders, a steep grade? Where will it lead and through what strange, perhaps dangerous, territory? Will I be able to "make it" on my own? Will I be strong enough to take what comes? Will I be able to follow the signs and keep on the right track to get where I want to go? Am I

sure of my destination? Am I taking the right road, or should I have gone another direction?

These might well be the thoughts and feelings we experience as we face the new year 1968. We are at the crossroads. Now — WHICH WAY?

Special Number: (solo or duet) "Follow the Gleam".

Leader: What is a new year? Months, days, weeks, hours, along the road of life? Or might we better say a great adventure — strife that overcomes and brings new strength for need? What should we consider before we choose which way we will take in 1968? What pitfalls must we avoid? What goals shall we seek? Where do we go?

First Speaker: Last year's road held much of sorrow, confusion and loss. Yet the past has a contribution to make. The successes are like iron with which to build the tools for traveling this year's road. The failures are the fires that should have tempered the steel in them so they will not break or bend when tested under adverse conditions.

WHICH WAY? The easiest? The shortest? The most picturesque? The one offering the most challenges? The road offering the most thrills and satisfaction? Or the one where we meet more of our brothermen, where we can find jobs to be done, where we find that which broadens our own views of life? Or will we choose the road that will steer us clear of too much involvement with other peoples' troubles?

WHICH WAY? Just how far does this brotherhood idea go, anyway? Don't I owe something to my family and myself? It takes so much time when we get involved. And there are so many disappointments. It always seems a road filled with ruts of discouragement — this road of involvement. Isn't it enough that I look to my own household and my own circle of friends? Need I pause at all the signal flares of distress? If I do that, how will I ever get anyplace? To decide WHICH WAY certainly isn't easy!

The bread that bringeth strength I want
to give,

The water pure that bids the thirsty
live;

I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I will not pass again this
way.

I want to give good measure running
o'er

And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath
away;

I'm sure I shall not pass again this
way.

I want to give the oil of joy to tears,
The faith to conquer doubts and fears,

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EACH DAY BRINGS NEW EXPERIENCES TO A MINISTER

Dear Friends:

It is late at night, and as I sit here at my typewriter in the upstairs study, I can look out the window and see the snowflakes falling. They are beautiful in the glare of the big light that illuminates all of our back lawn. I hope that the men who plow out the driveway arrive early tomorrow morning, for I cannot get my car out to the street until the plows arrive.

This light we have for the back yard is one that we had installed after the third robbery of this house last winter. It goes on automatically at dusk, and then turns itself off in the same way at dawn. Having the back yard lighted at night is a great comfort to us here in a city where there are many house breaks every single night. I told you how we installed radar burglar alarms in the church and parish house, and it is a good thing we did, for twice since that expensive installation, burglars have been frightened out of the church. The loud alarm even frightens me when it is being tested and I am expecting to hear it.

Just before coming up here to write this letter I stopped in the kitchen for a piece of the most delectable pumpkin pie. One of the ladies in the church left it here for me, and at the same time she left an apple pie for Betty. I cannot eat apples, and little by little every woman in the church has learned that. We could be having a dinner for 200 people at the church with apple pie for dessert, but always the ladies have something else for me. This pumpkin pie I ate tonight was absolutely one of the best I ever have eaten. The lady who made it lived most of her life on a farm in New Hampshire, and when she bakes a pie, she uses no prepared mixes! Everything has to be done from scratch, and done well.

One of the joys of the ministry is the special kind of friendship that grows up between a minister and his people, the kind of friendship that makes leaving a pie on the minister's doorstep a common and expected event. When we were first married, Betty found this hard to understand and to accept, but she loves it now. As a matter of fact, Betty is just as quick to take a gift to someone in the parish as members of the parish are quick to make gifts to us. Contrary to most ideas that people have about ministers' being invited out to eat in the homes of their people, that is not the case in this parish. We seldom are invited out to dine, but we have dinner guests here at the parsonage several times a week. We always have guests



Frederick and Betty enjoy entertaining, especially small groups for dinner. In future issues we'll show you other pictures of the new parsonage.

for Sunday dinner, and we very, very rarely are invited out on Sunday noon. My church people know that Betty and I would much rather entertain than to be entertained. They also know that I prefer to be in my own home after a strenuous Sunday morning of preaching two different sermons. I can relax at home, even with dinner guests present, better than I can relax in someone else's home.

Speaking of "preaching two different sermons", every time I say that people think that I mean the usual thing of having two services with the same sermon. That is not what I mean! I mean that I preach one sermon on one text and topic at the early service, and then I preach another sermon on another text and topic at the second service. I have to do that, because the first sermon is broadcast, and if my people heard on the radio the sermon I planned to preach at the second service they would be inclined to stay home. And why not? No one in his right mind would want to listen to the same 22-minute sermon twice in one morning.

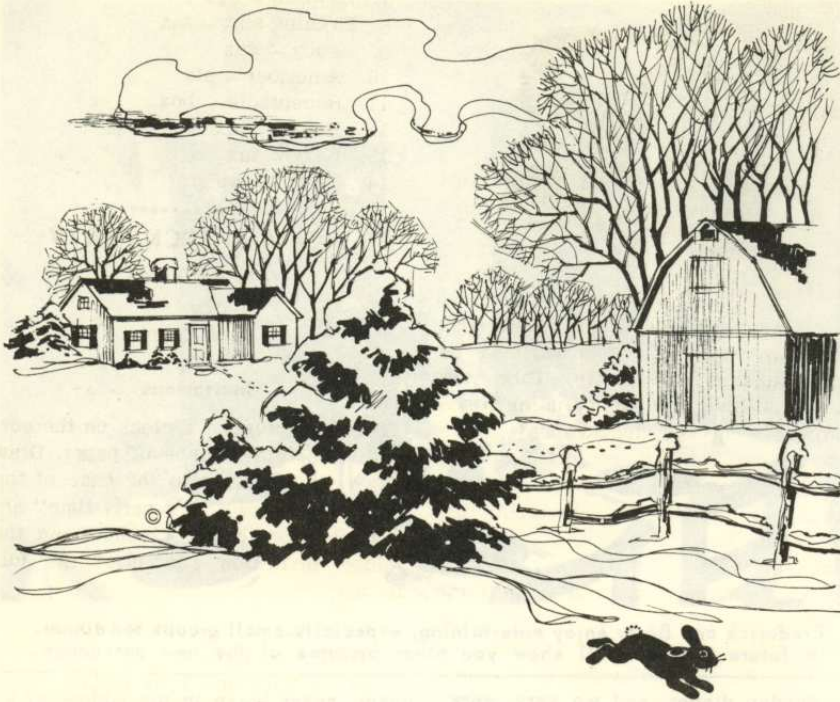
This afternoon a young man who attends a local college and worships with us in our church came in to see me. He explained that he had come to say his fond farewells since he was leaving school this month to, as he said it: "do some travelling around the country to see what life is like." Just imagine! He planned to leave school in the middle of his sophomore year just to travel about the country! For thirty minutes I reasoned with him, doing my best to point out the errors in his thinking. I said: "Don't go now! Unless you are forced to leave school for lack of finances, you should

never, never leave in the middle of a year. One rule to follow in school is to always finish the year. The statistics are overwhelmingly stacked against one who leaves college in the middle of his sophomore year with the thought that he would return a year or so later to finish the course. It just doesn't work that way."

When the boy said: "But I need work experience. I need to learn what it is like to be a laboring man," I said, "Yes, but you don't have to learn it in the middle of your college year. Work in the summer! One thing the world does not need is more laboring men. What the world needs right now are teachers and clergymen and doctors and engineers and good farmers. The world does not need ditch diggers." Just a few minutes ago the boy called me and said that he had changed his mind; he is staying in school. I wonder if his parents know that I gave him such a stern lecture.

On our trip around the world last summer we observed how in every country we visited, the young people were desperate for a chance to get a college education. When so many people in the world would give everything they owned for an education, it is a shame and a sin for any young man or young woman to reject an opportunity for higher education. Only the other day I read in one of our national news magazines that the suicide rate for students who fail to get into college in Japan is very high. Sometimes we make going to college too easy a thing in our country, and as a result, students do not appreciate their opportunities enough. I went to college back in the days of the great

(Continued on page 20)



POINT OF VIEW by Leta Fulmer

The wind was icy but the sun touched my cheek with warmth. I stopped to pry a hunk of ice from the top of my boot. Abe, Frosty, and Bam-Bam circled me immediately. With barks, whimpers, and frantic wagging of tails, they insisted that we continue our walk. In a sudden lull I was startled to hear the whine of a motor from the east side of the hill. The dogs took off, jet-propelled in a frenzy of protest. As I watched a sturdy jeep clawed its private roadway to the crest.

A serpentine path strung out behind it, winding down the hill, through the barnyard, and disappearing into nothingness down our narrow lane. This was a familiar sight to me. I was surprised only because of the inclement weather. Surveyors, khaki-clad and well-booted, often tramp our tall hill. The white flag they bear must wave over this highest point of land. Since the reign of the infamous Jesse James, this pastured elevation has been the focal point for governmental observations and mathematical deductions. Out came tripods, walkie-talkies, and man-made things to measure angles and degrees. I waved a friendly greeting.

"Well, you sure picked a nice day this time!" I grinned. My humor was lost on these men, battling their equipment to the snowy hilltop. The man who carried the flapping flag was almost catapulted into space by a sudden blast of wind. He forced a wry smile and grumbled.

"We sure didn't pick it. This is like the Battle of Valley Forge!" And he continued his push into the wind.

Well out of their way I brushed an accumulation of snow from a huge rock and settled down to watch. (Being a woman, I'm naturally nosey!) The walkie-talkie pulled in distant voices, and these men answered with strange words like "Invar tape" and "verneir scales". I lost interest in their meaningless jargon and looked at the men themselves. Did they see only fancied lines and measured chains of distance? Or did they also see what I, in layman's ignorance, observed?

A farm-checked panorama spread out below. Missouri's sleeping bottom land was lace-edged by Kansas' blue-grey hills. The hibernating river lay half strangled in its throes of ice. Along a bottom road a farm truck dug its chain-shod tires into faint tracks, kicking up spurts of snow and gravel as it put-putted into the distance.

Almost at these men's insulated elbows a near hysterical squirrel chattered in noisy protection of his homestead on the frosty limb. Did any of them notice the quaking rabbit as he pondered in silent terror from the brush of icy thorns? Did he dare make a run for it? High above their bent heads a soaring hawk rounded in overlapping circles till he disappeared into the distant sun.

I studied the parka-framed faces intently, searching for a change of expression. Did they have any awareness of their surroundings? I doubted it! For these were men of training, intent upon the business at hand. And I was just a woman, surveying tiny miracles from Mother Nature's winter hill!



WINTER WINDS

Winter winds greet the cool of the dawn

Along our main highway,
With a toss of brown leaves
And a swaggering fling
They march into a crisp, new day.

Winter winds whirl along at high noon
Over homes and hills and plains,
They are boisterous then
And howl in great glee
With the noise of a hundred trains.

Winter winds whine at the rim of night
In stifled sobs of despair,
Or they may lift snow shirts
With a merry fling
And chase on with a dashing air.
—Alice G. Harvey



SNOW ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

The pathway lies ahead, clean, fresh,
unmarred
With snow new-fallen. Windless lies
the wood.

Forget the storm's past violence. High-
starred

The dome of heaven stretches. If we
but could

Cover the memory, regret, and fear
With an argent blanket, start anew,
All blunders hidden! Now a newborn
year

Awaits our footprints, as on markless
snow.

Where does the pathway lead, what
shall we write

Upon the pure stretch of the untouched
page,

We who have struggled through a star-
less night,

And felt the flame of hate? Our herit-
age

Is freedom, and good will, and peace.
Then let

This be the word, a selfless glad re-
birth

Of brotherhood, whose creed does not
forget.

Love's pathway stretches to the ends
of earth.

So may the bells ring out all hate and
fear

As hearts united shape the waiting
year.

—From church paper



THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES

In childhood days I saw the moon,
The stars, the sun, the clouds, and
sky.

They all were part, as I was part,
Of God's great plan; I sought not why.
At night the Bear, the Pleiades,
The Milky Way, the Great North Star —
No distance to a little child —
God made it all, the near the far.

—Mary Kurtz

Welcome to the "Corn Bowl"

FOR NEW YEAR'S FUN



by Mabel Nair Brown

For years now New Year's Day has come to be associated with the various "bowl" football games, so why not have your own bowl party? You can let your imagination go and have a fun riot with this one.

There are many amusing ways to do a take-off of these famous football games and parades. You might take the mixing bowl idea literally and make your invitations in the shape of a mixing bowl in some gay color, with an interesting design on the cover. The table centerpiece can be arranged in a mixing bowl and small bowls may be used for serving part of the refreshments. Nut cups should be made to look like miniature mixing bowls, of course. You could tie a small plastic (mixing) spoon to the nut cup, and write each guest's name on the spoon as the name card.

How about creating your own "bowl" name for your party according to where you live, using some product that is famous in your area? Here in the Midwest we might well let ours be the Corn Bowl. Mixing bowls, ears of corn, and popcorn balls would work into a clever decoration and refreshment theme.

The invitations to the Corn Bowl could be cut in the shape of an ear of corn, using a marking pen to sketch in the kernels, and gluing on green paper husks.

Yellow ears of field corn can be used in the decorations and if there are large bowls filled with popcorn balls (to be eaten later in the evening) it will add more "corny" atmosphere.

You can even set up a miniature football field as the table centerpiece and form a small football of the popcorn ball mixture, and make popcorn ball footballs for individual favors.

Another idea would be to wrap each favor football in clear plastic and make small construction paper cheerleader megaphones to set over the top of each football. On each megaphone might be printed various phrases as, "Yeah, team", "Hooray for the Corn Bowl!", or "Three Cheers for King Corn".

If your guests would join in the fun of a costume party, you might invite them to come costumed to represent their favorite bowl or team (Sugar

Bowl, Orange Bowl, Cotton Bowl, etc.)

Perhaps you want your party to be very special and pretty. Then how about a Rose Bowl party using roses profusely in the decorations? Invite your guests to come costumed to take part in the "Rose Bowl Parade" and award prizes to the cleverest, the prettiest, the most unusual, and the funniest costumes.

Part of the entertainment at the Rose Bowl party might be to allow guests five minutes or so to see who can fashion the prettiest paper rose from a colored napkin with a pipe cleaner stem.

GAMES

Quiz: A Bowl of Fun

1. What bowl is a short jacket? Bolero
2. What bowl measures radiant heat? Bolometer
3. What bowl is destructive? Boll weevil
4. A Philippine knife is a _____. Bolo
5. This bowl supports the head. Bolster
6. This bowl can hold together or it can break away. Bolt
7. This bowl is courageous. Bold
8. A popular game. Bowling
9. A Russian party. Bolshevik
10. Some folks like to eat this bowl. Bologna

Over the Goal Line: Tie a clothesline to the backs of two chairs. Let players use rolled-up newspapers as rackets and see who can keep a feather (or any other hard-to-hit article) in the air the longest, batting them back and forth across the net (rope). You might have two ropes and let couples compete with each other.

Touchdown: Hide many letters making up the word BOWL about the room. Allow five minutes for everyone to find as many letters as possible. Then see who can sort their letters to make the word "bowl" the most times to be the winner of the game.

X Marks the Spot: (What three-letter word ending in X is the answer?)

1. Repair — fix
2. King — rex
3. Contagious disease — pox
4. Cunning — fox
5. Loose — lax
6. Negative — nix

7. Bewitch — hex
8. Evening suit — tux
9. Annoy — vex
10. A number — six
11. Receptacle — box
12. Blend — mix
13. Levy — tax
14. Polish — wax

TICK AND TOCK PARTY

(For Children)

by

Enid Ehler

Invitations

Draw a picture of a clock on the outside of a folded piece of paper. Draw the hands pointing to the time of the party. The words "It's party time" are printed beneath the clock. Open the folded invitation and print the following:

When the clock chimes two,
We'll expect you
At our Tick and Tock party!
Jane and Sarah Jones

Games

Ring the Alarm: As each guest arrives, pin a paper clock on his shirt. Each clock should show a different hour. Mark these various times down and as the afternoon progresses set the alarm for each hour. When the alarm rings, each guest must check his time with the clock. The guest with the corresponding time turns off the alarm and searches behind chairs, etc., until he finds a prize. Of course, the prizes were wrapped and hidden before the guests arrived.

The Watch Box: Wrap several small boxes. All boxes are empty except one which will have a toy watch inside. This box will rattle. Place all the boxes on a table. The hostess calls numbers. As the child's number is called he picks one box off the table. When all boxes are chosen, continue calling numbers. The child whose shirt clock hour matches the number may then ask another guest for his box. "Please" and "Thank you" must be remembered or the box is returned to the original owner. The children may shake the boxes and pretend they rattle, or they may hold them carefully as though they are trying to keep the watch from shaking in the box! When all the numbers have been called several times, the game is over. Pass a tray with various penny trinkets or little gadgets. Each player picks one trinket, those holding a box pick two, and the guest with the lucky watch box wins three choices. Sticks of gum, crayons, pencils, erasers, and midget

(Continued on page 19)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I just finished taking a cake out of the oven, and while it's cooling so I can frost it, I'll write my letter to you. This is usually the day our fuel oil man comes by to check all of our tanks and stops in for a cup of coffee and a visit. I didn't have a thing in the house to serve with the coffee so thought I had better stir up a quick cake. He and Frank go hunting together once in awhile and have much to discuss, so Bob stops in for coffee once or twice a week when he is making his farm rounds out this way and we look forward to his visits.

The pheasant season has been disappointing to the men this year. According to all the reports southern Iowa was supposed to have a lot of birds, but the group Frank went with found it hard to believe, since they didn't see more than half a dozen roosters all day. Last year they hunted the same area and each man got his limit. This year the pheasants just didn't seem to be there. We were especially disappointed about it because our good friend, Gerald Griffiths, whose home is in Alexandria, Virginia, had taken a week off work to drive back to Iowa to go hunting with Frank and his friends. Gerald's mother came with him and hunting wasn't their only reason for making the trip. They have many close relatives in this vicinity and make the trip once or twice a year to visit with them. Gerald always says he feels as if he is coming home when he comes out to our house because he has many happy boyhood memories of the hours he used to spend at the farm.

I never tire of listening to them reminisce about their experiences. Frank said that one of the worst scares he ever had in his life was caused by Gerald. They were racing their ponies as hard as they could with Gerald in the lead on Tony. He turned around to see how close Frank was and didn't see a limb ahead of him that knocked him unconscious to the ground. Frank thought surely he was dead, and Gerald was a mighty sick boy for awhile.

Gerald went on a hunting trip to northern Canada last year to hunt caribou and moose, and we were fascinated with the stories of his experi-



Dorothy Johnson thinks one of the big joys in being a grandmother is buying presents for her grandson. She did some of her Christmas shopping in Shenandoah so we shared in her fun.

ences and the description of what that part of the country is like.

Getting back to Lucas County and our wild life, in the past week I have almost hit two deer. Once on my way home from Lucas four deer ran across the road in front of me. I slowed down to watch them run across the long grass — so graceful with only their white tails showing as they leaped now and then. Just as I turned my head to look back at the road another one came up out of the ditch and ran in front of me. Fortunately it was going faster than I was and just missed my front fender by a foot. Yesterday I was driving home from the other direction when a big buck suddenly appeared from out of nowhere, ran in front of me too close for comfort, and then glided over the fence into the pasture. On my last trip to Shenandoah I saw two deer in two different places many miles apart, so I have come to the conclusion the deer population in Iowa must be pretty high.

Rabbits are certainly scarce around the farm since our little dog Friday came to live with us. She is a beagle and no other form of game interests her a bit. When Frank takes the tractor to feed the cattle, or weather permitting he goes to the field, Friday runs right along beside him until he gets there. Then she picks up a rabbit trail and away she goes and we might not see her again for hours.

We are happy that Aunt Delia Johnson is well adjusted to her new apartment in town. She lives in a neighborhood where there are several women she knows who also sold their homes and moved into apartments, and they get together frequently. There are two other ladies near her age living in the same house, so she doesn't feel so alone. She took her little dog with her for company, and when she wants to go out of town to see her sisters

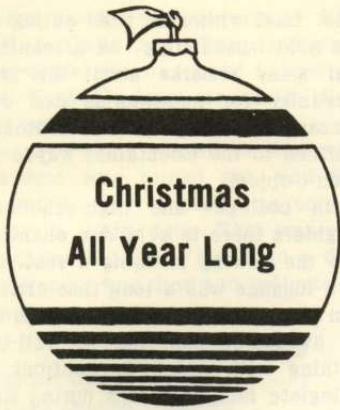
for a few days she leaves Petey at our house. She keeps up with the farm activities she always loved when we bring her out to spend time with us once in awhile. Delia was happy when we told her what we were planning to do to the house, and could hardly contain herself until she could see it, but we wanted her to wait until it was all finished. When it is her turn to entertain the neighborhood club which she still belongs to, Bernie and I are going to help her entertain in her old home, which she thinks will be a lot of fun. She is looking forward to it.

By the way, Bernie has given her cottage a name — Camp Andybear. Our grandson Andy has an enormous stuffed bear he loves which he calls Big Daddy Papa Bear, and he tells everyone his own name is Andy Bear Brase. Bernie said the President could have his Camp David and she would have her Camp Andybear.

On the 20th of November Frank and I celebrated our 29th wedding anniversary. Every year on this date I think about a very unusual experience I had when Kristin was a baby and we were living in Hollywood, California. I had Kristin out for a walk in her stroller and had stopped in front of a pet shop a couple of blocks from our home where I often took her to watch the many birds in a huge cage outside. There was another young woman standing there with her baby daughter in a stroller, and we struck up a conversation. We thought it was quite a coincidence that our girls had been born on the same day. We walked on down the street together and she made the comment they were so happy with Susan because they had been married almost five years when she was born. I looked at her in surprise and said this was true in our case, too, as Frank and I were married November 20th in 1938. She just couldn't believe it — she and George had been married the same day. We also discovered we lived just a block apart on the same street, and her name was also Dorothy. We got together to sew for our girls frequently after that chance meeting; then we moved to San Francisco and she and her husband moved to North Hollywood. Since neither of us was a good correspondent we soon lost track of each other. I have often wondered where Dorothy and George Grover and their daughter Susan are now, and what the years have held for them. Since we had so many things in common, who knows — maybe some day our paths will cross again.

I must get to the kitchen and frost my cake now, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, *Dorothy*



by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

Last year, after the holidays, as I stripped the Christmas tree of its decorations, one lone ornament rolled under the davenport out of sight. After all the decorations were carefully packed and placed in the attic until needed again the stray ornament was discovered. While vacuuming the tinsel droppings from the tree, I picked the ornament up and placed it in a bowl that always decoratively sat on a little serving cart in the kitchen, thinking I would take it up to the attic the next day where it belonged with the other decorations. But days drifted into days and I just never got around to doing it and now I'm glad for the delay, because that glittering ball of beautiful green brought Christmas to our house all year long.

One morning after my husband left for work and my son for school, I had another cup of coffee and while sipping it my eyes fell on the brightly shining ornament. It put a little sparkle in an otherwise dismal day as the sun wasn't shining that day and it seemed everything inside and outside took on a wintry gray appearance. If I felt lacking in my usual pep because of the dismal weather, imagine how a person who is really shut in must feel. I began to think of all the visiting done, and rather *hectically* at that, during the holidays. The season seemed to spell R-U-S-H and R-U-N, but a leisurely visit could be had any day. I thought also of the gifts one brought to another and that could be done on any day, too. Why hadn't I thought of this before?

I felt a surge of happy expectation because at that moment I decided to visit a shut-in that afternoon. I happily packed a box of cookies I had made the day before and when I left for my visit I was toting these and also a paperback book I had enjoyed reading, feeling my shut-in friend would enjoy it too. Her favorite newspaper was bought on the way.

She was happily surprised to see me. "I had so many visitors during the holidays but then they tapered off and now hardly any one comes," she confided.

That little green Christmas ornament had been my prompter and I vowed to myself that here was one visitor she'd have all year round. We could spend many days cheering each other up.

The Christmas spirit seemed to be alive in our house at any month, week, or day due to the ornament. Every morning I looked at it while I sipped my coffee and didn't even think of putting it away, because it was now a reminder of many happy things that were usually reserved for the Christmas holidays.

One morning the ornament made me think of the Merry Christmas greetings on the lips and mirrored in the eyes of all before and during the holidays. On just an ordinary day it is at times difficult to give even a nod of the head to anyone we come in contact with let alone a verbal greeting, so preoccupied we usually were with our own thoughts and problems. I began to put into practice a cheerful "Hi" or "Hello" to all I'd see during the day — any day — from the milkman in the morning to the mailman in the afternoon, and especially to the family when they returned in the evening. During a normal day a lot of people passed my way in between — paper boy, store clerks, acquaintances, neighbors, and friends. The response was terrific. An enthusiastic greeting brought one in return and glowing faces seemed to reflect happier hearts.

Another day the ornament reminded me of the hundreds of Christmas cards I had addressed and mailed, yet, at times, it is difficult to find the time to purchase and send out just one. But that day I bought a quantity at the card shop to have on hand to send to a shut-in, hospitalized friends, and family and friends from out of town. The general "Hello" and "How are you" cards are priceless ways to keep in touch. They brought me answers such as, "Your card came on a dreary day — it sure perked me up." I think an unexpected card that comes out of the blue is appreciated much more than one sent as a duty or a habit. They make the recipient feel special to receive a card on no special occasion. It shows that someone is thinking of them. The unexpected is always a greater experience as one tends to take the expected cards, such as birthdays and anniversaries, for granted.

Yes, the little green ornament caused many beneficial thoughts.

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

A salute to January, the month of "beginning again" . . . the month of good intentions stretching over 365 days . . . the month of hope and anticipation of a wonderful year to come.

A salute to evenings spent with a good book and a popper of corn . . . a month of dazzling snow piled high on shrubs and fences . . . our friends of the bird kingdom feasting on our generosity and thoughtfulness.

Sometimes we sigh and wonder what the New Year really holds. WELCOME to JANUARY, 1968.

Humility is one of the most admirable qualities we may possess.

Things I like: The snowdrifts swirled like frosting on a cake . . . the crackle of a newspaper . . . the smell of coffee brewing . . . feathery snowflakes brushing my cheek . . . the excitement which only an unopened letter can bring.

Today, if you neglected sending a Christmas greeting to a dear friend, neighbor, or just an acquaintance, get one in the next mail and wish them a healthy, serviceable and happy New Year. Your wishes will bring them great happiness.

Thanksgiving and Christmas have come and gone; the season of drawing together family and friends. Now, despite the many wintry days yet to come, it is "face toward the spring".

Beauty may be found in the most simple things. A furrowed field half covered with snow, and on the hillside a few sheep huddled together. A real picture to capture in your memory.

The minute the Christmas tree is dismantled and carted out to take its place beside the trash burner, we begin to clip coupons to send for flower and seed catalogues and DREAM of a new SPRING HAT.

The weatherman isn't always right. If the forecast is for a blizzard and the sun persists in shining, enjoy the pleasant day and forget the predictions. This is the philosophy of living each day to its fullest.

RESOLUTION. Live more SIMPLY, more FULLY, and do a little GOOD each day.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

SEWING PROJECTS KEPT ABIGAIL BUSY ALL FALL

Dear Friends:

Unprepared as I am for the passage of time, I can no longer ignore the inescapable fact that it is time, once again, to wish each of you a most Happy New Year. Each time it is necessary to change a number in the year, it takes me longer to make this adjustment. When I look backwards, the year numbers are little more than a jumble to me with a few exceptions. I can remember the years in which the members of my immediate family were born plus the year of our marriage and the year when we moved to Colorado. This is just the opposite of the situation in which I grew up. My father had a keen memory for exact dates. Perhaps because during those formative years I could always rely on his memory for months and years, I never developed such a skill in myself.

Or perhaps it is because numbers just plain lack significance for me. This may be one reason why my encounters with problems in arithmetic are so unfortunate. I still remember a senior class counselor at the University of Iowa asking me in genuine astonishment, "How could anyone get as many years of education as you have had, knowing so little about mathematics?" Fortunately, halving or doubling a recipe or making an inch or so adjustment in a pattern doesn't seem to tax my arithmetic skills beyond their limited capacity. There is one advantage to this great lack of knowledge; I never spend a minute helping anyone with math homework. All three children learned early it was a waste of time to ask Mother for assistance.

Educational activities naturally occupy a great deal of attention in our household. Emily is a second semester freshman at the University of Colorado in Boulder. She was elected one of four wing presidents in her dormitory, the oldest women's residence hall on campus. Although the latest in building design may not be an advantage, location is; it is right in the heart of the campus. Emily decided to sign up for Rush Week and did climax this frenzied period by pledging a sorority; however, she will continue to live in the dorm until next fall. She has also acquired a slightly unique part-time job for a "sophisticated" college girl — a paper route. Her route is her dorm, and more than once she has startled her date for the Saturday afternoon football game by asking him if he wouldn't like to help her deliver papers after the game. Social activities seem to consume a sizeable portion of our eldest's time but since we



Alison Driftmier spends most of her spare time at the stables for her main interest is riding. Since this is rather an expensive hobby, she does odd jobs around the barns to help cover some of the expense of lessons and fees for entering horse shows.

have had no report on grades, Wayne and I assume they're in reasonably good shape.

Alison scheduled herself into an academically demanding junior year in high school. She is taking English, American History, Algebra II, Biology II, Spanish IV, and Physics. She retains her aspiration of becoming a veterinarian. Because enrollment in this field is restricted in general, and to females in particular, she knows she must have a solid academic background to stand any chance at all for admission. Wayne recently took her to visit the school and they were both impressed at how eager the staff seems to be to discourage females from enrolling. We are lucky to have a College of Veterinary Medicine located in Ft. Collins. It is one of the divisions of the State University, so if she should change her mind in the future, she would be able to change majors without having to transfer to another school. Because she has had her mind made up for so long as to which college she wants to attend, we don't have to spend time, energy, and money investigating other types of colleges for her.

Clark is in eighth grade and seems to be getting along quite well. He didn't sign up for Little League football this year. Apparently he was rather bored with the idea and then found he missed the activity. At least he said he was going to try out for the 9th grade team next fall. In the meantime, besides basketball he's playing with the Golden Youth Symphony as well as his own school's symphonic

band. Last winter he tried skiing and was sold immediately. As a result we hear many remarks about the grave necessity for snowstorms and even blizzards. As long as such weather is confined to the mountains, Wayne and I won't object.

With college- and high-school-age daughters there is seldom a chance to give the sewing machine a rest. Emily's luggage was a long time arriving from Costa Rica. As a result she had no sweaters, jackets, or fall-type clothing with which to confront the collegiate fashion plates during Rush Week and the early weeks of classes. Believe me, there was a lot of frantic, last-minute sewing to meet this situation! Fortunately Alison had not changed in size from last year so she needed only a few new things to brighten her wardrobe.

One of Emily's Costa Rican purchases was three yards of an unusually heavy-weight cotton tweed, woven of black, moss green, and peacock blue threads. She bought it with the plan that I could make her a suit. I'm frank to admit that I was reluctant to tackle the tailoring a suit coat would entail. I kept procrastinating about starting this project. But when she made plans to attend three colleges' Homecoming weekends, the pressure became intense. She suggested making a short cape and skirt instead of a jacket and skirt and I took action immediately. I knew of a cape pattern that wouldn't require nearly the tailoring skill the jacket would.

The short cape was made without a collar or buttons. Instead, the entire outside edge was encased and bound with an ornamental, black, military-style braid. The cape closes at the neckline with two large, purchased frogs. There is a definite Russian or "Dr. Zhivago" style influence here. The same ornamental braid was used to finish the top of the skirt. Not only is it attractive in appearance, but the bulk of a waistband was avoided. The cape was underlined with a heavy organdy-like material to forestall stretching, and then lined with moss green crepe. The same crepe was used to line the skirt, which I did not underline. There was enough of the crepe left to make a simple high-necked, cap-sleeved blouse for dressy occasions. We also purchased a peacock blue, turtle-necked, long-sleeved cotton velour blouse to wear for more informal events or when additional warmth would be welcome.

Alison's latest acquisition is a Dr. Zhivago blouse; but there isn't space this month to tell you how I made it. Again, Happy New Year!

Sincerely,

Abigail

JANUARY

I am January the month of New Hope, a fresh sheet of life upon which you may record your every desire. I am January, the month of Resolutions.

NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

Here is another letter to you and with it I send most heartfelt wishes that your forthcoming year will be satisfying and rewarding both physically and spiritually. It seems trite to express shock at the speed of another year's passing, but who can deny that the years speed by with increasing haste? I wish it were not true. I love seeing our children growing wise and maturing slowly and unsophisticatedly, but I can't deny a wish that each year might be perhaps two years in length.

Last year for the Milwaukee Driftmier family was a good year. I really have a this-is-too-good-to-be-true feeling about our happy family circle. Don has been well. He drives thousands of miles on the highways and everytime he starts out on his alternate week business trips I realize full well the traffic hazards he will face. The slaughter on the highways is frightening. But God has seen fit to show him His wisdom of the road and for this I am truly thankful!

The children are all well. Last year at this time we were struggling with Katharine's pneumonia and determining with the aid of a fine allergist just what was causing her reoccurring astham-type infections. This is past history now and we are on a bi-monthly antigen shot program so our oldest child has been freed to grow more healthily.

Paul and Adrienne have been blessed with good health this year. Both are happy and their minds are bursting with that will-o'-the-wisp yearning to learn more and more from their school-books. We've seen a big change in Paul this year. He can still reduce me to a mass of frustration with his absentmindedness, but he has turned into a sponge on the subject of reading. He is in love with learning. I can remember the day not so long ago when he was reluctant to read to us, but now if we don't check on him in the evening he will read in bed until ten or eleven o'clock.

Adrienne is also a good learner, quick to grasp her studies, and hence the first one with free time to dive into mischief. She is the imp who creates excitement where there is peace and quiet. But without her I doubt that Don or I would be as alert to learning new things ourselves because we must keep ahead of her. All of the children are full of questions about life and living and death and the Hereafter, but Adrienne wants details. She is pestering her Sunday school teachers with questions, and I was at the point where I happily took advantage of a special church group.



—Photo by Merrill Goff Studios
It has been a long time since you've seen a picture of Howard's and Mae's little granddaughter Natalie. Read Cover Story below.

Our Congregational minister, Dr. Norman Ream, meets with a small group of women an hour a week. He is teaching us how to pray, and we are studying a book written by a man of genius who has been felled by a terminal disease and offers his views on growing as an adult. It may seem surprising to say that I needed to learn to pray, but I've learned that there is a vast difference between asking for personal favors from God and praying for strength and guidance in our challenging world. We usually conclude our hour's association with an informal discussion of problems that arise with our children and with children in general. This is proving an invaluable aid in my relationship with our children. My question on Wednesday will have to be the location of the Garden of Eden. Adrienne wants to know where it was and if it's on the map, and I must ad-

COVER STORY

When Howard and Mae (Driftmier) came by the folks' to show them the pictures taken on granddaughter Natalie Sue's first birthday, we immediately lined up prints to share with you friends. In the cover picture she has that look of anticipation that she is about to hear the voice of someone she knows! And we love the one on this page, for she is so proud to stand on her own two little feet, and pure delight in the fact is written all over her face.

Natalie is the spittin' image of her big sister Lisa, who celebrated her fourth birthday in October. The two little girls are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nenneman of Ralston, Nebr.

mit I don't know. For our church and all that it has offered us and for our gifted Dr. Ream I am daily and actively grateful. It would have been a far, far less joyous year without our church.

And who can forget when he looks back over a year and counts the good that has come his way to be grateful for the opportunity to live in this country of uncommon abundance and freedom. When I read of the brave people who risk their lives to escape the tyranny of the Communist countries, I feel a deep gratitude for our United States.

That's a thumbnail sketch of our year. I hope yours has been as pleasing to you. All the things that fretted me are forgotten and the year ahead looks truly wonderful. Some funny things that happened still stand out in my memory. I drove a carload of Katharine's class to the movie *Gone with the Wind* in Milwaukee, and even though I knew how it was going to end I couldn't hold back the tears. It was a source of no small amount of embarrassment for me to sit and cry through that moving movie in front of my daughter and her classmates. Fortunately, there were a few moist eyes among them, too, but the bloody Civil War scenes really took the starch out of me.

Another funny event for us was the first basketball game of the season for our junior high boys' team. They didn't have a finish on the gym floor until the end of November, so the boys had to practice basketball (their first year as an organized team) without basketball hoops. Their game was played on the opposing team's floor and believe it or not our boys won. Without their having ever thrown a ball through a basket, they won the game. Paul is on the "B" team and he was quite excited to finally see how the game was played. I have a hunch he thought you dribbled the ball across the floor, occasionally bouncing it off a wall.

The children have been anticipating their year-end vacation time. All will have good Christmas books to keep them occupied when their energy for outside play is expended. Katharine wanted *Gone with the Wind* so that she might more fully understand this classic work. Paul has a new weekly magazine concerned with science and nature and this will keep him happy for hours. Adrienne wanted a *Children's Bible* and a book of crossword puzzles, so perhaps she can find some of her answers for herself.

Our best wishes for a Happy New Year for you all.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

OUR SMORGASBORD PARTY

This month we are doing something we've never done before — devoting the recipe section to an account of a Smorgasbord party that some of our family prepared fifteen years ago! We've had countless dinner parties since then, but, truly, this one stands out in our memories above all others. There have been letters from readers throughout the years with references to this Smorgasbord — quite a number of people told us how they had collaborated with a few friends and put on the very same dinner.

Spurred on by these glowing accounts, we decided it would be worthwhile to repeat the details and menus of that party. Thousands of readers were not with us at that time, of course, so it is in their interest that we arrived at our decision. Others of you may have forgotten about it, for we can certainly forget a mighty lot in fifteen years!

We might add that our sister-in-law Abigail prepared some of these dishes along with Lucile and me, for she and Wayne were living in Shenandoah at the time this dinner took place.

At this point we'll pick up Lucile's account of the Smorgasbord as it appeared in *Kitchen-Klatter* fifteen years ago.

—Margery

You will note that three of us joined forces to prepare for this party. Frankly, we'd hate to attempt a Smorgasbord without six hands! It could be done, of course, but this is one place where the old adage about many hands making light work, certainly is true.

May we say that we hope you will turn over in your mind the possibility of going in with a couple of other people to entertain at a Smorgasbord. Sooner or later it seems that all of us want to invite quite a collection of friends into our home, and we don't know of an easier way to manage a large crowd — in our case, twenty-eight.

Now you may not have any interest whatsoever in doing this type of entertaining, but here you will find some wonderfully good recipes and there's

nothing in the world to prevent you from making use of some of them in the future. We can vouch for each and every one.

Incidentally, there are some things considered absolute classics for a genuine Smorgasbord that you won't find here. The explanation is that we couldn't buy those ingredients in our local stores, and we did try our best to prepare only the things that we figured most of you folks would stand a fighting chance of getting.

APPETIZERS

We arranged our appetizers on a long table at the end of Mother's sun parlor. (We should explain at the outset that we used Mother's home because the long sweep of dining room, living room and sun parlor enabled us to set up the seven card tables that were necessary. We *could* have managed in our own homes, but it would have been crowded.)

On this table was a wine red cloth cross-stitched in white (Mother's handwork), and for decoration we used two hurricane lamps with lighted candles.

Eggplant Bouquet

This was a really unusual and stunning appetizer. Abigail sliced off an eggplant so that it would stand upright in a brilliant coral dish. The delicious chicken hearts (instructions follow) were placed on colored toothpicks and then the picks were stuck into the eggplant . . . almost the entire thing was covered solid from top to bottom.

1 pkg. chicken hearts

1 bottle French dressing

1 pkg. cream cheese thinned with cream

Crushed peanuts

Cook the chicken hearts in salted water until very tender. Drain. Cover with the French dressing and allow to marinate for 2 days. When ready to prepare, roll each one in cream cheese mixture (be sure that hearts have been wiped quite dry when they come out of the dressing) and then roll in chopped peanuts. Spear each one on a colored pick and stick into eggplant as described above. A grapefruit could be substituted for the eggplant.

Cheese Balls

2 8-oz. pkgs. of cream cheese

Shredded carrots

Crushed nuts

Finely chopped parsley

Make very tiny balls of cheese. Roll some in carrots, some in finely crushed nuts, and others in the parsley. Arrange in color pattern on large plate.

Chipped Beef Rolls

2 pkgs. dried beef slices

Sharp cheese

Spread dried beef slices with sharp cheese that has been softened. Roll

up like jelly roll and fasten with a colored pick.

Duck Pate

Using the finest blade of food grinder, put through it cooked duck giblets, any leftover duck meat scraps, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs and 3 small sweet pickles. Add:

2 tsp. garlic salt

3 Tbls. horseradish

3 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce

1 Tbls. pickle juice

1/3 cup mayonnaise

Blend in electric mixer or with egg beater. A little cream may be added to make a thinner paste.

This was served in a bowl. An assortment of crackers was on the table, (Mother's big Hawaiian tray was used for this) and people could use a small spreader to put the duck on their crackers.

Shrimp Pastries

1 small can shrimp

1 Tbls. lemon juice

1/2 cup butter

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1 cup flour

Drain shrimp well and then crush it into very small pieces. Add lemon juice. Cream together the butter and cheese. Add flour. Chill. Roll as thin as possible on pastry cloth and then cut small circles — we used a very small glass for this. Spread shrimp mixture on half of circle, bring other half over it, seal edges, prick with fork, and place on cooky sheet. Can be baked immediately (400-degree oven, about 10 minutes), or can be frozen unbaked, removed to thaw, and then baked. We froze ours first because it's a time-consuming job to prepare these and we wanted to get it done early.

These were arranged cart-wheel fashion on a decorative plate.

ADDED NOTES

All of the above mentioned appetizers were arranged on the long table. At one end we had two stacks of dessert size plates and two stacks of tiny napkins. Our guests helped themselves and went back for repeats if they were so minded.

THE MAIN PART OF OUR MEAL

To facilitate serving our crowd of twenty-eight people, we pushed Mother's big dining room table (to which we had added two leaves) up against the wall. A white damask cloth was used to cover it. In the middle of the table we used candelabra and candlesticks — our only decoration for we simply didn't have room for flowers. At one end of the table we stacked our large serving plates. Our guests picked up a plate, helped themselves to what they wanted of the assortment of food, and

then stepped over to the sideboard where they picked up their silver and napkins.

We used a large damask tablecloth (folded to fit) on top of the sideboard. At one end we stacked all of the coffee cups and our two services for coffee. At the other end we arranged the silver and napkins. Our only decoration here was candelabra.

We used only candlelight in the dining room, incidentally. There were fourteen white tapers burning. On each card table we had an individual candle burning. We did not put up these tables until just before we were ready to serve for we didn't see how twenty-eight people could move through those rooms easily if they had to wind in and out around so many tables.

MAIN DISHES

In matching brown casseroles we served beef rolls and Swedish meat balls. Then in a large covered dish we had Swedish brown beans. Broiled fresh salmon fillets were served from a big platter (a bowl of tartar sauce stood nearby); crab mold appeared on a chop plate, and a loaf of pressed chicken surrounded by stuffed eggs was served from a platter. Korv was also served, and Sill salad. Each dish had the necessary silver beside it.

Beef Rolls

(This should have been veal rolls, but we couldn't buy the right kind of veal locally.)

- 4 lbs. flank steak
- 1 1/2 cups toasted bread crumbs
- 6 Tbls. melted butter
- Salt and pepper
- 5 Tbls. grated onion

Our butcher prepared this steak for us by running it through his tenderizer — the finished product was very thin. He also cut the individual portions — 30, in all.

Each strip of meat was covered with a thick coating of butter. Then a small amount of dressing or stuffing (made by combining all ingredients listed above) was spread on the meat. Each piece of steak was rolled tightly, tied with string, and then browned very slowly on both sides — vegetable shortening was used in skillet. When all pieces were browned, they were transferred to a large pan, covered tightly, and allowed to cook for approximately 3 hours at 250 degrees. These rolls were made the night before and reheated just before time to serve. (It takes quite a time to cut and remove all of the strings, so be sure you do this long before the last-minute rush. The rolls will hold their shape beautifully without the string just as soon as they are cooked.)

These beef rolls were small enough



to take up easily with the big serving fork, and were sufficiently tender that a knife was not necessary to cut them.

Swedish Meat Balls

- 3 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups warm cream
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 3/4 lb. ground veal
- 3/4 lb. ground pork
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 eggs
- 6 Tbls. minced onion
- 3 Tbls. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. allspice

Soak crumbs in cream and then with the meat. Add remaining ingredients. Form into very small meat balls and brown carefully on all sides in hot fat. Serve hot.

Crab Mold

- 1 7-oz. can crab meat (don't drain)
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/3 cup water
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. mustard-horseradish
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Crush crab meat as fine as possible — force it through a sieve. Dissolve gelatin in 1/3 cup of water, then place the cup in hot water until gelatin has liquified. Add to mayonnaise. Combine crab meat, mayonnaise, whipped cream, salt, lemon juice and mustard-horseradish. Turn into mold. We used a fluted mold for this and turned it out on a chartreuse-colored chop plate. A ruffle of endive was used around it.

To decorate this mold heavy cream was whipped and colored red. Then it was put into a pastry tube and the finest point screwed on — this is the

point that we use to write names on cakes and cookies. All fluted lines of the mold were outlined with the red cream. With another attachment (used for rosebuds) we made a small garland right on top.

Stuffed Eggs

Fifteen hard-boiled eggs were used for these. For half of them the yolks were mashed, seasoned with salt and pepper, and then 3 Tbls. of capers were added.

For the other half the yolks were mashed, seasoned with salt, pepper and paprika, and 1 Tbls. finely chopped chives was added.

Sill Salad

- 1 salt herring
- 1 1/2 cups boiled potatoes, diced
- 1 1/2 cups pickled beets, diced
- 1/3 cup sweet pickles, diced
- 1/2 cup apples, diced
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/2 cup whipped cream
- Salt and pepper

Clean fish, soak overnight in cold water. Drain, skin and dice. Add to diced ingredients, mix thoroughly but carefully. Blend vinegar, water, sugar, salt and pepper. Add to mixture, stirring gently. Add whipped cream. Chill.

We have St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Osceola, Nebraska, to thank for this salad — the recipe appears in their Smorgasbord cookbook. None of us had ever eaten Sill salad before and we thought that it was absolutely delicious. We served it in a large pewter leaf and decorated it with parsley.

(Continued on next page)

Baked Salmon

12 fillets of frozen salmon
Lemon juice

Butter — Salt — Pepper

These salmon fillets were allowed to stand at room temperature until thawed. Then they were cut into individual portions, placed on a big sheet, covered with soft butter, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice squeezed on to each one. They were slipped into the broiler until slightly brown on one side, turned, and then put back into the broiler for a few minutes.

Korv

Korv is a delicious Swedish sausage that Margery buys frequently. It should be pricked well with a fork, boiled for 10 minutes and then transferred to the oven (350 degrees) for approximately 45 minutes. To facilitate serving, this was cut into individual portions in the kitchen and taken to the table on a platter.

Pressed Chicken

1 fat hen, disjointed
3 cups water
Salt and pepper
1 Tbls. minced onion
1 Tbls. gelatin

Boil together all of above ingredients with the exception of the gelatin. When chicken is tender, drain off broth. Remove meat from bones and dice or put through food chopper. Soften gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Then add to hot broth. Place chicken meat in large glass loaf pan, pour in broth, mix well. Cover and let stand in cool place.

This chicken loaf was turned on to a large platter and the top of the loaf was decorated with thin rings of beets. (Don't put on beets until the last minute — and they must be wiped dry too, for you don't want red stains on the side of the loaf.) A lacy frill of endive was used entirely around the loaf, and on this was placed the stuffed eggs.

Brown Beans

3 cups brown beans (red beans can be substituted)
1 Tbls. salt
3/4 cups brown sugar
2 heaping Tbls. butter
1/4 cup lemon juice

Soak beans overnight. Add salt and cook slowly until tender, adding more water if necessary. Season with brown sugar, butter and lemon juice. Serve hot.

RELISHES

A lazy Susan was used for our relishes. We had an assortment of pickles, pickled cauliflower, pickled onions, green olives, ripe olives and orange pickled beets. King Oscar

sardines were in a coral colored dish next to the lazy Susan. Sliced cucumbers were in a crystal bowl nearby.

Orange Pickled Beets

1 cup sugar
1/3 cup white cider vinegar
1/3 cup tarragon vinegar
2/3 cup orange juice
1 tsp. whole cloves

Boil above ingredients until syrup becomes quite thick. Remove cloves. We used beet slices for this and with the small inside circle of a doughnut cutter (it slips out easily) we made tiny round circles of beets. (The rings left from this were used for the garnish on the pressed chicken.) The beets stood for 48 hours in the syrup, were then drained and served in one of the lazy Susan dishes.

Sliced Cucumber

Peel 2 large cucumbers if skin is tough. Score lengthwise with 4-tined fork. Slice thin. Marinate for 3 or 4 hours in:

1/2 cup white vinegar
1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup water
4 Tbls. parsley, finely chopped

Add a few ice cubes to bowl and chill in refrigerator, stirring occasionally.

Cheese

We purchased the following kinds of cheese: Blue, Swiss, American, Cheddar and Gouda. These were all sliced and arranged in sections on a big silver and crystal platter.

BREAD

If we had been without access to a Swedish bakery it would have been necessary for us to make the bread that we served, but fortunately we were able to buy three wonderful kinds of rye bread: straight rye, orange rye and caraway rye. We requested that these be baked in round pans, quite small. When sliced thin and arranged in big cart wheels on an enormous crystal plate, it made an attractive sight.

It seems reasonable to conclude that very little bread would be eaten when there were so many other things to dip into, but to our surprise we found that nine-tenths of that bread was consumed! People couldn't resist it.

SALADS

Olive Ring Mold
Smorgasbord Crown Mold
Cranberry Tree Mold
Elaine's Molded Salad

Olive Ring Mold

2 1/2 cups crushed pineapple
1 pkg. lime-flavored gelatin
1/2 cup American cheese, grated

1/2 cup pimiento, chopped
1/2 cup celery, finely chopped
3/4 cup almonds, finely chopped
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Stuffed olives, sliced

Drain pineapple. Heat pineapple syrup to a boil. (There won't be much syrup but it's enough to dissolve the gelatin.) Cool. When it begins to thicken, add the pineapple, cheese, pimiento, celery, nuts, and salt. Fold in whipped cream. Place a row of sliced stuffed olives in bottom of 9-inch ring mold. Very carefully spoon out gelatin mixture over the olives and chill until firm. Arrange endive or lettuce on platter and unmold salad.

The stuffed olives give this mold sufficient color that it doesn't need further decorating.

Smorgasbord Crown Mold**Tomato Jelly**

2 cups canned tomatoes
1/2 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1 bay leaf
1 stalk celery, chopped
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1 Tbls. vinegar
1 tsp. grated onion

Cook tomatoes with seasonings, bay leaf and celery 10 minutes. Add gelatin, softened in cold water; stir until gelatin dissolves. Add vinegar and grated onion; strain and pour into tall fluted mold. Chill overnight.

Cheese Mold

2 cups cottage cheese, sieved
3/4 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. paprika
1/2 cup rich milk
1 1/2 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water

Add seasoning and milk to cheese. Add gelatin, softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water. Pour into glass deep apple pie dish and let stand until firm.

We used a large round chop plate for this salad. First the cheese mold was placed on the plate. Then the high red fluted tomato mold was turned out on top of this. Curls of crisp lettuce were used to decorate the plate. A very colorful and unusual looking salad.

Cranberry Tree Mold

2 cups ground raw cranberries
2 cups ground unpared apple
1 cup sugar
2 pkgs. lemon-flavored gelatin
3 cups hot water
1/2 cup chopped English walnuts
1 small can crushed pineapple
1 cup seeded Tokay grape halves

Put cranberries and apple through fine blade of food chopper, cover with sugar and let stand. Dissolve gelatin

in hot water; add pineapple. Chill until partially set. Then add cranberry-apple mixture, grape halves and nuts. Turn into large tree mold (if you have one!).

We used a big platter for this mold. The tree was turned out, and then decorated by forcing mayonnaise through a pastry tube. This was used to outline the tree, and also a delicate tracery was drawn to indicate the branches.

Elaine's Molded Salad

2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 cup celery, diced
1 cup cucumber, diced
1/2 cup green pepper, chopped fine
2 Tbls. grated onion
1/4 cup sour cream
1 cup mayonnaise
1 Tbls. horseradish

Heat tomatoes to boiling point and dissolve gelatin in it. When completely chilled, add the remaining ingredients. Turn into a mold to set.

DESSERTS

In this particular department we took considerable leeway. Not a one of us felt competent enough to tackle Ost Kaka, the traditional Swedish dessert. We've always understood that it was tricky, and somehow we didn't have time to experiment in advance. Lingonberries (another necessity) were not available. We *could* have prepared gooseberry pudding with our canned gooseberries, but this calls for individual dishes and we just about had our dish quota filled before we reached desserts!

What we decided to serve was a big silver tray filled with three kinds of cookies: almond cookies, spritz and fattigmand. We made the almond cookies and fattigmand AND we intended to make the spritz also, but when we rounded up Mother's press we found an essential part missing. In this crisis it seemed only sensible to see if the Swedish bakery could supply them. They were supplied.

However, we do have a good spritz recipe that we have used in days gone by, so we are including it.

Fattigmand

6 egg yolks
1 Tbls. melted butter
1/8 tsp. salt
Flour enough to roll out (this will be between 1 1/2 and 1 3/4 cups)
6 Tbls. sweet cream
4 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp. ground cardamon

Beat eggs well; add sugar and mix thoroughly. Add rest of ingredients. Chill. Roll very thin, cut in diamond shape and fry in deep fat at 370 degrees for 2 or 3 minutes or until gold-

en brown. Dust with powdered sugar.

This time we used a small heart-shaped cookie cutter with a fancy edge. It is absolutely the first time we have ever done anything but cut it in diagonal shapes! (By the way, no matter how you cut it, be sure to make two short slashes right through the middle.)

Swedish Spritz

1 1/2 cups butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
4 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder

Thoroughly cream butter and sugar; add egg and vanilla. Beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix to smooth dough. Force through a cookie press, forming various shapes. Bake in a 400-degree oven until light brown (about 8 to 10 minutes).

Almond Cookies

1 cup butter
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. cardamon
1 2/3 cups flour
1 cup ground almonds

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg; then add flour sifted with spices and baking powder. Put almonds through food chopper and add to mixture. Roll cookies in palm of hand to form into small balls. Brush tops with beaten egg and water mixture. Bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 10 minutes.

In a way, we feel guilty about these

cookies! They are wonderfully delicious, BUT it is a terrible thing to get that cup of almonds through the food grinder. (Almonds should be blanched, skins removed, and then dried out in oven.) Another thing: we omitted the cardamon because we were serving fattigmand that also calls for it. The original recipe says "1 Tbls. of cinnamon" but for our purposes this seemed like too much.

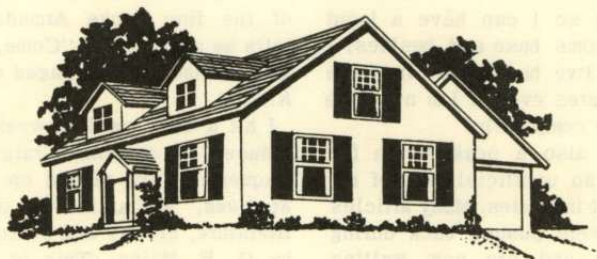
These cookies are truly delicious and worth the work. But don't say we didn't warn you when you start grinding the almonds!

NOTES ON SERVING

After our guests had had their fill of the meat dishes, salads, relishes, cheese, bread, etc., we gave them a little leeway before dessert. The cookies had been arranged on a big silver tray, and this was passed from table to table. Simultaneously the men of our family were good enough to serve coffee. No one had to help himself in any way whatsoever at the conclusion of this meal.

Perhaps this account of our Smorgasbord will pep you up to contemplating having such an affair yourself — along with two or three other couples. Frankly, unless you have a lot more silver or china than any of us possess as individuals, I believe you'll be compelled to join forces with others! We dipped pretty deep into four sources of linen, silver, china, etc., to manage our crowd of 28, and unless you're the exception, I really believe you'd experience the same thing.

If you *do* have a Smorgasbord, let us know about it. We'll be genuinely interested in hearing how you made out.



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WELCOME JANUARY

by
Evelyn Birkby

How is January shaping up for you — good, bad, or just average? Is it a catch-up month, a time to clean closets, paste pictures in scrapbooks, write overdue letters and start the spring sewing? Perhaps it is a *waiting* month, a period when you wait for the first warm breath of spring. A waiting to get out into the yard and plant and dig and smooth. A waiting for the day when the yard furniture can be brought out of the basement and the swing can be hung on the porch.

Or is January for you a *planning* month? Seed catalogues and travel folders nurture an urge to pull up a chair and put plans on paper. Glorious patterns and layouts for vegetable gardens, fruit arbors and flower beds materialize. Highway schedules, historical stops and scenic areas can be scheduled inexpensively with great fun as long as snow and cold keep the travelers confined to the dining room table.

Spread on our table at this moment are maps and brochures proclaiming the wonders of the wilderness canoe country of northern Minnesota. For years my husband has wanted to go on a camping and canoeing vacation into this beautiful area. Once we *almost* got to Ely, the gateway to the wilderness, but the children were tiny, (it was a year when we heard much about the bears and wild animals, which may just have been the usual exaggerated stories told around the campfires) so we decided to wait until the boys were older. Now Robert wants to take a group of his Scouts on a canoe trip. It would be wonderful and I am all for it. Something will work out before the year is over so I can have a jaunt away from home base and besides, I always feel I've had a part in these Scout adventures even if I'm not able to participate completely.

January is also a peak month for *mending*, as an unofficial poll of my sewing basket indicates. Many articles of clothing were pushed back during the holidays and are now waiting patiently for attention. I have the feeling that *everything* the boys started to wear to school in September has suddenly *had it!* Mittens and gloves are letting fingers out into the cold. Socks are showing decided signs of shock. The knees of faithful jeans are thin and worn. Shirt sleeves which reached to wrists not very long ago now are straining to pass the mid-arm. Underclothes are headed for the rag bag as soon as they can be replaced by new.

Each evening finds us inspecting coats for pulled seams and new tears.



—Photo by Blaine Barton
Listening to favorite records is a happy January activity in the Birkby household. Jeff, Robert, Bob, Evelyn and Craig are trying to decide which record to play next!

This vigilance is due to a wild game called "Last Man" which is a favorite played during Craig's sixth-grade recess. It involves being caught. Nothing in the rules mentions coat sleeves but surely it must be a practice to start grabbing in that vicinity. My personal notion is that the "last man" to have a coat left by spring will win the game! In the meantime, the mending basket stands in a prominent spot in the dining room and threatens to dominate my evenings.

Most everyone I know welcomes January as a month in which to find a *good book*, new or old, curl up in the corner and tell the rest of the world to go away for awhile. It is surprising how much reading a person can do if even fifteen or twenty minutes is spent each day with a book. If you read a recent report on a survey of reading habits of women you were undoubtedly as shocked as I to find how few do read books. Perhaps we can do something to reverse the trend by starting out the new year reading more of the fine books Armada Swanson tells us about in her "Come, Read with Me" columns in the pages of *Kitchen-Klatter*.

I hit a new low last week (probably induced by mending Craig's coat so frequently!) and picked up *A Book of Scotland*, an anthology of Scottish literature, history and poetry compiled by G. F. Maine. (This is the book I frequently read to the family at the dinner table when our menu includes Scotch Scones or Highland Meat Pie.) The hours I spent among the calm blue lochs, the beautiful highlands, the bleak moors, the magnificent castles, the suffering martyrs, the bonnie laddies and the wailing bagpipes gave me a new appreciation of this small country. Perhaps my own knowledge of Great-great Grandfather Corrie, who immigrated from Scotland long years ago, has increased also.

I discovered that the main traits of

Scottish character are: self-reliance, self-discipline, industry, honesty, a hatred of waste, thrift and feet firmly planted on the earth. Sounds like an excellent pattern for anyone, regardless of ancestry.

Each January I hope for a least *one day* when the snows keep me *confined* to the house. I wonder if our grandmothers found some of their tranquility on long winter days when they had to stay indoors and follow quiet, womanly pursuits.

I well remember one day last year when a blizzard blew across the countryside. I had been broadcasting and just as we finished the engineer said, "Evelyn, you had best get home. A heavy snow is moving in from Nebraska and schools are already sending children home."

I dashed to the car and headed west out of Shenandoah on the highway to Sidney. Still ten miles from home I ran headlong into a wet, driving snowstorm. My one great concern was the long hill just east of Sidney, but it proved navigable and I moved over the top with a sigh of relief.

When I walked in the door of our home, three boys and a country classmate greeted me. The radio announcer was explaining that the road from Shenandoah to Sidney had just been closed due to a huge semi jackknifing on the long hill just east of Sidney! Mine was the last car to go up that hill for hours!

The boys started a fire in the fireplace and pulled out the Monopoly game. I went to the kitchen to prepare a lunch of pancakes for my unexpected houseful of boys.

January is a fine month in which to *try new recipes*. An oven meal produces tantalizing smells and is the perfect greeting for a family coming wearily through the door. A succulent pork roast, mealy baked potatoes, a pot of beans dripping molasses and a loaf of fresh, crusty bread should revive the droopiest member of the clan.

"Remember this bread," Robert admonished the boys yesterday as I cut into a steaming loaf. "Someday you'll be telling your children of the wonderful homemade bread that you ate fresh and hot from the oven when you were young." The fire crackled in the fireplace and the thermometer outside the long glass window dropped below the zero mark and I beamed at my family and made up my mind to bake bread more often in the future — which, of course, was exactly what Robert knew I would do!

In recent years January has been too much like other months, crowded right up to the hilt. But it's fun to be busy and needed and active, so I welcome January with open arms.

PARTIFIED ICE CUBES

by
Hazel E. Howard

Used to glorify thirst quenchers, as well as for table decorations, the once lowly ice cube has become a popular, inexpensive party accessory.

Tinkling, fiesta-colored cubes add sparkle to either individual glasses or punch bowl. Ordinary food coloring performs the trick. Or, for a delectable pink drink, use the liquid from a bottle of maraschino cherries, either solo or combined with fruit juices. And a crimson cherry, strawberry, or two or three chunks of pineapple, slivers of orange, lemon or lime, imprisoned in an ice cube sparks any drink.

But remember . . . fruit has a tendency to float to the top, so the cube tray should be only half full of water when fruit is put in. As soon as the water has set and the fruit is firmly anchored, the tray can be filled with water and freezing completed. Cubes of canned fruit juices also make delicious additions to drinks.

If decorations only are desired, ice cubes lend themselves to all kinds of ingenious party tricks. Tri-color cubes for patriotic holiday events are captivating. Add red coloring to a tray one-third full of water, freezing until just set. Next, mix white powdered starch with water in a cup, stirring until smooth. Pour this over the first layer. When set, add blue-tinted water. Any other color combinations may be used.

For a bridal shower or Valentine's Day, what could be more romantic than a flower-filled ice heart in the punch bowl? A heart-shaped cake pan or mold, filled with water and dainty blossoms and frozen, is all that is needed. Other shapes can be effectively used. Diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades made in molds with scintillating sequins, crystal beads, or added confetti are unique. If you prefer balls, freeze the water in egg cartons.

Or, you might insert colored birthday candles in ice cubes before the water is completely frozen, lighting them at the last minute as they float in the punch bowl. When lights are turned off, the glamor is unmatched.

If you plan a party for the small fry, they will be delighted with a floating centerpiece of ice cubes containing shining pennies or other coins to be later retrieved for souvenirs.

The mind, like the body, gains strength by continued use. Thinking develops the mind as exercise develops the body. Exercise your mind as often as possible. Brains, unused, must fade away.



This picture of Andrew, Dorothy's and Frank's little grandson, was taken several months ago, but we just received the print. Andy is wearing his Grandpa Johnson's cap, an item he latched on to the day he arrived at the farm and didn't give up until he left for home.

FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take 12 fine, full-grown months; see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, hate, and jealousy.

Cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness.

Cut these months into 30 or 31 equal parts. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time, but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put equal parts of faith, patience, courage, work, hope, fidelity, liberality, kindness, rest, prayer, meditation.

Add about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour love into the whole and mix with a vim.

Serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness.



I RESOLVE -

To be ready for opportunity when it comes.

To rely on my own efforts and abilities. To keep myself in top physical and mental condition.

To try again and then again after a failure.

To avoid prejudices based on myths and half-truths.

To keep my troubles from troubling my friends.

To be gentle, kind, and understanding to the very young and to the very old.

To feel pleasure in the good of life and to tolerate pain when necessary.

To recognize that all is NOT well with the world, and to try to add something to better it.

To do the right as I understand the right within my conscience.

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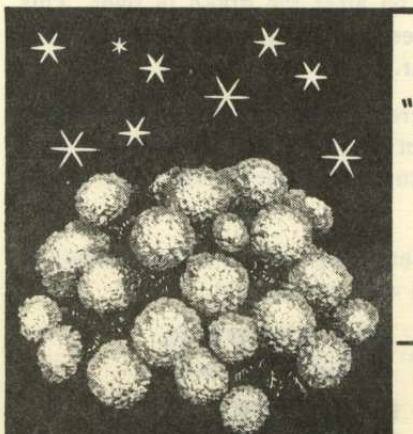
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GIVING

"I shall pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do for any fellow creature, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

—Etienne de Grellet

JANUARY

LOOK BACK, THINK, LOOK FORWARD

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

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

THERE'LL NEVER BE A BETTER TIME



With a new year coming up, why not make up your mind right now to shave off a few pounds? Your clothes will fit better, you'll feel better, and no question about it: most of us would look better with a little less weight.

No need to go on a crash diet. They're no fun, and most of the time the pounds come right back on after the crash is over. This time, try cutting down on calories by using **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** in place of sugar.

This wonder sweetener has a real natural taste. Doesn't taste metallic or bitter. Never cooks out or bakes out. Is a clear liquid in a handy, attractive new flip-top dispenser bottle. And never, never adds a single calorie.

Pick up a bottle when you grocery-shop. You'll never go back to old-fashioned sweeteners. And you will lose weight.

KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay the postage.



Catherine Marshall has written a novel, *Christy*, based on the life of her mother.

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Catherine Marshall, author of the widely acclaimed book *A Man Called Peter*, and editor of sermons by her late husband, Dr. Peter Marshall, has written her first novel, entitled *Christy*. The book is a moving love story of a young woman who leaves her Asheville, North Carolina, home to go into an unknown and dangerous area in the Great Smoky Mountains to teach in a one-room schoolhouse.

The idea for *Christy* was born at Evergreen Farm, Catherine Marshall's parents' farm in Virginia. The story is based on the life of Catherine Marshall's mother, the "Leonora" to whom *Christy* is dedicated, who also left home at the age of nineteen to become a schoolteacher in the Great Smoky area. Although much of the material in the book really happened, the author found the characters themselves coming alive and developing a life of their own.

The authenticity of *Christy* comes from Mrs. Marshall's complete submersion in the background of the Appalachia region. She spent several years doing research for the book. She made trips into the area of the Great Smoky Mountains to take notes, to visit in homes and cabins, to talk to local people. She had a difficult time finding anyone who had actually seen cases of typhoid, so that she could describe the appearance of a victim. It was a retired nurse and a physician's daughter who supplied her with vivid details. Work on the novel covered a long period of time because of the intensive research she did and also because of her marriage to Leonard LeSourd, Executive Editor of *Guideposts* Magazine, and the com-

(Continued on next page)

COME READ WITH ME — Concluded
pletion of her books *John Doe, Dis-
ciple* and *Beyond Our Selves*.

Cutter Gap, Tennessee, in the Great Smoky Mountains in 1912 is the setting for *Christy* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$6.95). From the moment Christy Huddleston, age nineteen, steps off the train at El Pano in January, 1912, her adventures begin; and they continue right on through the unforgettable last chapter. There's Miss Alice Henderson, the Quaker missionary whose wisdom she shared is needed today; Neil MacNeill, the doctor who feels he owes his people his protection; David Grantland, brash young preacher; Fairlight Spencer, mountain woman thirsting for knowledge; and several mountain children aching for learning. People believing in witchcraft, unbelievable poverty, an illegal still, and murder make Christy wonder at times if she can stay in Cutter Gap. Christy's search for maturity and her faith in God make this a book with great depth and inspiration. The reader will find it hard to lay the book down, once he has opened to the first page.

For those who like books concerning nature, J. B. Lippincott Co., has published two excellent ones. *Hill Country Harvest* (\$5.95) by Hal Borland is a collection of essays he has written concerning nature in the northwestern corner of Connecticut, in the foothills of the Berkshires. He explores the woodland and comments how nature restores her delicate balance when man stops spraying and killing. Memories of the "old days" will be recalled with his essay on the Model T Ford. Garden club members would especially enjoy a review of *Hill Country Harvest*. Mr. Borland makes us appreciate the wonders and pleasure of nature.

That Quail, Robert (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$3.95) by Margaret A. Stanger is the story of a quail who became a cherished member of the Thomas C. Kienzle household in Orleans, Massachusetts. Behaving in most unbirdlike ways, Robert loved to entertain guests, disdained other birds, rode in the car, and disciplined unruly children. Displaying many emotions, Robert in times of loneliness fled for refuge to an old leather-covered Bible. Robert (the name stuck even after she began to lay eggs) seemed very like a human being. An excellent and tender nature story.

TICK & TOCK PARTY — Concluded
boxes of raisins are all good fillers for the tray.

Pin the Mouse on the Clock: Draw a big clock on a piece of white cardboard, poster board or heavy paper.

India ink works well for filling in the numbers and clock hands. Copy a picture of a cute little mouse from a child's coloring book. Cut as many mice as there are guests at the party. Have each child write his name on the neck of his mouse. Then blindfold each guest and as the children recite "Hickory, Dickory, Dock", the blindfolded youngster pins or tapes his mouse on the clock. The closest to one o'clock wins the game.

Decorations

Inflate balloons and paint different colored clock faces on them. Tie these about the room. A bunch of the balloon faces on sticks and inserted in a bowl of sand may center the refreshment table. Paper plates may have clock faces painted on them, if desired. A toy rubber mouse may be placed on each paper plate with a napkin under his feet. The balloons could also be given as favors.



HE ISN'T REMARKING ON THE MIRACLES OF MODERN CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

He's just admiring the wonderful aroma of those cookies a thoughtful mother (or grandmother — or aunt) has just baked. It's probably never occurred to him how modern science has brought the exotic flavors of the world right into his mother's kitchen. Faraway flavors her grandmother couldn't use (or could use only in season). Now, the good cook adds taste, aroma and color simply by reaching for a bottle of handy, economical, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. In season or out, she knows that every one is delicious, high-quality flavoring, made by us and guaranteed by us. Have you tried all 16?

Lemon	Banana	Cherry	Raspberry
Burnt Sugar	Butter	Coconut	Almond
Orange	Black Walnut	Pineapple	Strawberry
Blueberry	Vanilla	Mint	Mint

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Live a little! Stock up on all 16, then cook up a storm. You'll build a reputation as a cook, hostess, and perfect mother. (If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo Vanilla is \$1.00. We pay postage. Send to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.)

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
depression, and believe me, we knew then how fortunate we were to get a chance to go to college.

This afternoon one of our local hospitals had its annual meeting in the big dining room of our church parish house. I wish that you could have seen

all the modern medical equipment that was on display. The hospital is now in the process of building a new wing, and it had on display at the meeting the kind of furniture that will be in the new hospital rooms. The mechanical beds can do practically everything but fly. They are so constructed that the

68 IN '68

Here we are, beginning a new year. As a special favor, we thought we'd start it off by listing 68 places you'll want to use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** this year. Here they are:

Towels and sheets and wash-n-wears,
diapers and teddy bears,
windowpanes and looking glasses,
porches where the traffic passes.
Halls and walls around light switches,
dirty shirts and dirty britches.
Pots and pans and cups and jars,
whitewall tires and kiddy cars.
Tables, chairs and cabinets,
baby beds and bassinets,
papered walls and paneled doors,
painted woodwork, parquet floors,
bannisters and grandpa clocks,
coveralls and bobby socks.
China, glass and windowsill,
tools and shoes and charcoal grill.
Laundry tubs and shower stalls,
patio and stairway walls,
chandeliers and all light fixtures,
kitchen sink and treasured pictures.
Hunting coats and fishing hats,
car's upholstery and floor mats.
Ice cream spoons and root beer mugs,
newel posts and shaggy rugs.
Table lamps, also lamp tables . . .
attic windows near the gables,
refrigerators and cellar doors,
chafing dishes, treehouse floors,
photo albums, checker games,
screen doors, boots and picture frames.
Dirty spots around drawer handles,
candlesticks (but not the candles).
Finally, the garden gate . . .
And that makes number sixty-eight!



KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



Dr. Driftmier pays a birthday visit to Mrs. Alden W. Baldwin, 83. Her 60 years of loyal membership in South Church merit the orchid corsage he presents.

patient can take care of many of his own personal needs without the help of a nurse. Just the push of one button or another will produce for the patient what he needs, and in case it doesn't, he can talk through a little microphone to the nurse at her station down the hall. The patients are actually wired for sound so that the nurse can check the pulse and the blood pressure of a heart patient without ever going to the patient's room.

As expensive as this equipment is, it will cost less in the long run than the old-fashioned nursing care. With hospital rooms now costing \$60.00 a day, and nurses costing \$30.00 for every eight hours of duty, the less the hospital has to use nurses, the better off it will be. But as for me, I want an old-fashioned nurse who still thinks in the terms of Florence Nightingale. No one has yet invented a machine that can soothe a feverish brow or rub an aching back. And no one has invented a machine to take the place of the kindly sympathy of a nurse dedicated to her work. More and more the world needs human hearts that care, and I still think that the greatest job in the world for a girl, is the job of being a nurse. I just cannot think of a more Christian calling.

As we are now about to enter a new year, I send to all of you my Christian blessing! I hope that it will be a wonderfully happy and successful year for you and your family. It can be just that for all of us if we hold fast to our faith, and never give up trying to bring God's Kingdom on earth as it is in Heaven. Placing our trust in God, we shall one day have peace on earth.

Sincerely,

Frederick

JANUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded

I want to DO, and GIVE, AND LIVE
each day

I'm sure I shall not pass again this
way.

I stand here at the crossroads of the
new year and I think of all that I would
like to do and I ask WHICH WAY?

Second Speaker: Yes, we all have
questions and anxieties, as well as
anticipation and high hopes, as we
pause here at the crossroads, ready to
take a new road in life.

The first thing we must do is to
come to terms with the values — the
goals and opportunities. Each must
make that decision for herself. The
results of that decision will be the
maps to guide us on the new road.

As we begin to examine ourselves —
our hopes, ambitions, relationships
with others, and obligations — we
might let these lines by Annie John-
son Flint remind us of a simple truth
that can help us sort out our goals:
God has not promised skies always
blue,

Flower-strewn pathways all our lives
through;

God hath not promised sun without
rain,

Joy without sorrow, peace without
pain.

But God hath promised strength for the
day,

Rest for the labor, light for the way,
Grace for the trials, help from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

Why delude ourselves in this con-
fused and high-pressured world that
there is an easy road? Neither let us
hide behind that old cliché, "I don't
have time", when we see so much that
needs doing. I recall the remark a
friend made to someone who wished
she might accomplish all that the
friend found time to do in helping
others and in doing many civic jobs.

My friend said, "Well, Sister, there
are exactly twenty-four hours in your
day the same as in mine. What are you
doing with yours?"

Take Time! Sort out your values and
then resolutely trim out the nonessen-
tials — the sideroads and detours that
can take you so far off the main road.
The time is *now!*

The main road for 1968 calls for
commitment to action. Wisdom is know-
ing what to do; skill is knowing how
to do it; but real human service is
characterized in the doing!

Here at the crossroads it is time to:
Look for ways of inspiring others
who journey along the road with us.
(We will find in so doing that we our-
selves are inspired.)

Look to today; forget yesterday's
ruts and washouts; do not worry about
tomorrow's chuck holes. (Take one
day at a time, one step at a time.)

Look for and give loyalty, remember-
ing the source of our strength is in
God. (Seek to know the wrongs to be
righted, the work that needs doing, the
rules you desire to govern your life,
and then stick with it.)

Look for tasks and people larger
than yourself. (You'll soon find your
horizon widened greatly.)

Look for the best each step along
the road — the best in people, in
plans, in things.

Look for God's will in each decision.
(He will lead you.)

"A singer sang a song of cheer as
he walked along, and the whole world
listened and smiled . . . and souls
that before had forgotten to pray,
looked up and went singing along
their way!"

How wonderful that each new day
just as each new year, is a fresh be-
ginning. We can pick the new road of
our choice, take heart, and begin
again!

Leader: "Give me not pallid ease.
Give me races to run, mountains to
climb, burdens to lift. Give me not
nations to rule. Give me people to
love, causes to serve and God to
know." (Author Unknown)

Let me share with you this old He-
brew prayer for the new year.

"May it be Thy will, our God and
God of our fathers, that this coming
year be unto all Thy people

A year of plenty

A year of blessings

A year of assembly in Thy sanctuary

A year of happy life from Thee

A year of dew and rain and warmth

A year in which Thou wilt bless our
bread and water

A year in which Thy mercies will be
moved toward us

A year of peace and tranquility

in which Thou wilt set a blessing
upon the work of our hands."

Hymn: "Be Strong. We Are Not Here
to Play" or "Lead On, O King Eter-
nal". (The solo in which the prayer of
St. Francis of Assisi is set to music
would be appropriate at this point.)

Closing Prayer: Lord God of time
and eternity, Thou who art unchanging
from generation to generation, grant us
grace as we stand at the threshold of
another year. As the sands of time
slip by us, teach us to number our
days and to discipline our lives that
we may learn to conquer our fears and
resolutely carry on our work to attain
our goals, to help others, and to do
Thy will in all things. Amen

Harming someone puts you below his
level.

Getting even with him puts you on
his level.

Forgiving him places you far above
his level.

FEATHER HAT

Each tiny wisp of feather

Must overlap in grace.

Each rainbow hue, subdued and bold,
Needs seek out Nature's place.

As fumbling fingers shape chapeaux
I marvel at the God

Who made all perfect feathered things
With one majestic nod! —Leta Fulmer



No matter what the weather
we can have a visit together!

WE'LL visit by radio, and
YOU, in turn, can answer
back by letter.

Start the New Year right by
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KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.



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Juliana Lowey, Lucile's daughter, stops her morning work to have a cup of coffee.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

Mrs. Turner plans to spend Christmas with them. But come January the first, as I said, and she will make the trip back to Iowa and we'll take up daily life together. I can face 1968 with an easier heart because of all this. You good friends who have been kind enough to express concern about my welfare will rejoice with me, I'm sure.

Things go on pretty much the same at the folks' house. Dad is in bed most of the time, but we're all profoundly grateful for the fact that he never has any pain. Ruby cares for him devotedly and untiringly. On her hours off-duty, Dad's sister, our Aunt Clara Otte, drives here from her farm home south of Clarinda and takes over. She has been doing this twice a week for four years now and we marvel that only once has she been unable to make it. Considering the fact that Aunt Clara is seventy-four you can see that this is really remarkable.

Aunt Jessie is getting along well in

her own home in Clarinda. She has a nice young girl who lives with her, and there are long-time neighbors who are most faithful about dropping in. We don't get to see Aunt Jessie as much as we'd like during the winter months, but at least we know that she's comfortable and well cared for.

In 1968 I'm going to stir myself and do some "fixing up" in my house. Nothing has really been done to it for nine years and that's a long time to leave a house without doing something. The kitchen ceiling needs to be repainted, for instance, and the living room ceiling could certainly do with some attention. I have a davenport and big easy chair (the one where I sit when I look at TV) that are a positive disgrace, and since I like both pieces I had turned over in my mind the possibility of getting them reupholstered. But a friend of mine has just had some furniture reupholstered and she told me I'd be better off financially just to replace the pieces and let it go at that. Probably this is what I'll do when I get around to doing anything about it.

Oh yes, 1967 brought one nice thing as far as my place in New Mexico is concerned. That's a very lonely and isolated place and I always regretted the fact that the adjoining property was owned by people who were practically never there at all. I knew a year ago that this property was up for sale but since the house is so huge I didn't dare to dream that a real family would buy it and live there permanently. Well, that's exactly what came to pass just recently and I'm delighted for it's the first chance I've had to think about genuine neighbors. Goodness knows I shouldn't comment about the former owners who were rarely there because I've spent very little time at my own place since Russell died, but now that Mrs. Turner is going to be with me and can drive. I expect to see more of my New Mexico home.

The year is almost gone. A new year is almost at hand. May we pray for peace to come to our troubled world, and may our hearts be truly open to the opportunities before us to serve as responsible citizens of this majestic country in which we are privileged to live.

A blessed Christmas to each and every one of you. And may it be an even more blessed New Year.

Faithfully always . . . *P. Wild*

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March ads due January 10

April ads due February 10

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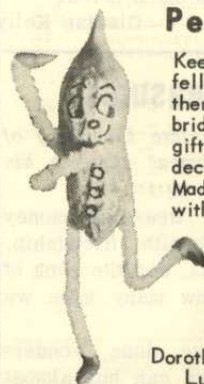
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Dorothy Driftmier Johnson
Lucas, Iowa 50151

This is our famous EARLIEST TOMATO

FROM PLANT TO TABLE IN 70 DAYS!



HENRY FIELD

SPECIAL!

Just 10¢ 200
PPD. SEEDS

Full Family Size Packet

Our free gift to help you have the best garden ever this year—and help your food budget, too! We'll send 200 of our famous Early Red Bird tomato seeds for just one dime to cover postage and handling. Red Bird is the early tomato, ripe in 70 days from plant. A smooth, medium size tomato, excellent for canning, fine for slicing. Highly resistant to disease and cracking. A rich harvest of tomatoes is yours all season, by just mailing this ad now.

"We've met thousands of our warmest friends through this fine Red Bird Tomato Seed Offer."



THE EARLY RED BIRD

"For Over 70 Years!"

HENRY FIELD Seed & Nursery Co.
7951 Oak St., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Yes, I'd like these 200 Red Bird Tomato Seeds! My dime is enclosed. And send your new Catalog, too; free, of course.

Name _____
Address _____
P.O. _____ State _____
(Zip No.) _____

Only One Offer Per Customer, Please!

POETRY IN SNOW

As I walk beside the pine grove
Upon the softest sheen
Snow as an artist's blank canvas
Covers the landscape scene.
Each bough and bush in the pasture
Bends heavy with fluffy white mounds
Which glisten and shift in the wind and
sun

As the artistry surrounds.
A low-flying cardinal in glowing red
Adds accent as if planned,
This beauty here, in a farmer's field
Is work of the Master's hand.

—Shirley Garfin

HOUSE ALIVE

Our house is always cluttered with
The projects we have going.
The youngest has his coin collection,
And I have out my sewing.

Another day I'm writing and
Have papers all around.
Another boy has out his guns
And cleaning rags he's found.

Our house is always cluttered and
Not anything is stored;
Because we're always busy at
Our hobbies, no one's bored.

—Gladise Kelly

God's Treasures

*"The heavens declare the glory of
God; and the firmament sheweth his
handywork." (Psalm 19:1")*

There are many treasures money
cannot buy — good health, friendship,
sunrises and sunsets, and the song of
birds. I wonder how many more we
could name?

Manufacturers have done wonders
with fabrics, and we can buy almost
any kind of material. But they've yet
to bring on the market a cloth that
exactly duplicates the velvety-soft
down on a baby chick, or the fine-
spun coat of a new-born calf. Cosmetic
firms have never been able to preserve
or restore the ivory skin of an infant.

Sleeping potions may be purchased
by the bottle, but none of them bring
the tranquilizing relaxation that comes
from listening to a slow rain pattering
on the roof. Tonics may improve the
appetite and add a sparkle to the eyes,
but the best tonic is wholesome, un-
belted laughter.

Often, the storms of winter leave
our trees covered with ice. Although
this damages the timber, we admire
the dazzling beauty of ice-pendants
and opalescent settings that brighten
our surroundings. We could shop the
world's finest jewelry stores and
never purchase these sunborn gems.

Look at the golden yellow of the
first jonquil ... the deep purple of the
early hyacinth ... the brilliant scarlet

of the flowering quince. Where can we
buy a dye to reproduce these colors?

Time cannot be purchased. We are
allotted so many hours a day, and
even though we stay up till the wee,
small hours of morning, we cannot
make time any longer. When our life's
span is finished, we can neither bor-
row nor buy more years.

Hope is an intangible substance in
the heart of man — a gift of God —
more precious than gold, but no amount
of that medium of exchange can pro-
cure hope for us.

Peace of mind may be had for the
price of well-doing, clear conscience
and humility — not dollars and cents.

—Evelyn P. Johnson



**DOUBLE
DOUBLE**

your wardrobe!

It amounts to almost the same thing, because this is how you
can make your present wardrobe last twice as long.

You see, people have discovered that it isn't just wearing
clothes that makes them old and worn out. Abusing them ruins them,
too. Abuse like bleaching in harsh, liquid bleaches. Rough, chlorine-
type bleaches that destroy threads and eat up delicate fabrics. Or
going the other direction and babying them with lazy bleaches that
leave them yellow and old-looking.

You can add years of life to any garment by switching to **Kitchen-
Klatter Safety Bleach** — the wonder bleach that brightens colors and
whitens whites, yet is so safe that even dainty synthetic fabrics
survive repeated bleaching, wash after wash.

Your grocer has **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. You should have
it, too. Remember: if it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach