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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

Dear Good Friends:

This is a very blustery and bleak December day and if the promised snow arrives we will surely have a White Christmas. I realize that most people prefer such a Christmas, particularly if they are young, but snow just adds to the complications that Mother and I both have with our wheelchairs and we would settle gladly for a fairly warm day with no sign whatsoever of snow.

Our printing schedule for the January number demands that we send you holiday greetings at this date in December and through the years all of us have regretted it, but there is no way to avoid it.

I'd like to go back and tell you about our Thanksgiving for it was an unusually happy day for our family. Mother wanted to have the dinner at her house, so that is where we gathered about noon. Her big table was pulled out to its full length and looked very handsome with a white damask cloth, a lovely centerpiece of gold and white mums, and of course the best china and silver.

All of us helped with the food and since I always want to hear what you've had at your house I'll go ahead and tell you what we ate Thanksgiving Day. We had a 22½ lb. turkey with both oyster and sage dressing, mashed potatoes and giblet gravy, cranberry sauce, some unusually delicious beans (Mae fixed these), Dorothy's escalloped turnips, a relish plate, 24-hour salad, hot rolls, grape jelly, and for dessert our choice of pumpkin or mince pie. Everything tasted delicious and by dividing up the work it wasn't too hard on anyone.

Martin brought two friends home from college and we enjoyed meeting these young people whose own homes in New York and North Carolina were too far away to permit them to be with their families. Since our young people first went away to college we have always had their friends with us.

We all felt that we had much to be grateful for and certainly Anita did since her son, Eric, returned safely from his year in Vietnam. The last two weeks we scarcely referred to him at all because each day seemed particularly nerve-wracking. I've read too many items about men killed in their final week at Vietnam to be able to dismiss it from my mind. But thank God Eric made it safely and it was a real thrill when he telephoned from San Antonio on the night he arrived.

I have spent most of December without Anita since she left early in the month to have Christmas in San Antonio with Eric, his wife Marion, and their two little girls, Cathy and Missy. Mother and I both agree that we can somehow manage alone during the day but we want someone in the house with us at night, so a good friend of mine, Margaret Davis, has stayed with me while Anita is gone.

This is my first Christmas without Juliana and I'll confess that it seems very strange to me. It was simply out of the question for her to try to fly back here even though Jed would be along to help with little James. The weather is really too uncertain in our section and it would be terrible to get stranded with a baby the age of James. I remember one Christmas when Juliana came into the Omaha airport on the last plane that could land for 48 hours. No, home was the best place for Juliana, Jed and baby James.

Naturally I wish that I could see my little grandson, but Juliana is very good about letters and pictures. I had four new color shots just today and I felt James had changed so much that he scarcely seemed like the same baby. In the letter I had along with the pictures Juliana said:

"You just can't imagine how fast James can get around. He goes like the proverbial bolt of lightning and chases poor old Punky all over the house. We had to put up a gate at the kitchen door to keep him out of Punky's cat food. And one day when I turned my

back for just a second, I came back into the living room to find him sitting in the fireplace!

"These days he is impatient with creeping and when I try to put him down on the floor he's as stiff as a poker and locks his knees! I'm in terror that he's going to walk any time now because he pulls himself up to the coffee table and anything else that is low and walks all around it. I see him eyeing things carefully and one of these days he'll make it from the coffee table to one of the chairs.

"He is around 8½ months old now and is making real headway feeding himself. He actually gets food from his dish to his mouth although a lot of it lands on the highchair tray or on his head. He still refuses to have anything to do with a bottle although he will drink from a cup. He has four teeth and two more are coming in right now.

"I changed doctors for him because our new house was too far away to make office calls easily. Now I have a very jolly young pediatrician who told me on my first trip that James was ridiculously healthy!"

Jed's mother was able to fly down and spend two weeks with them and they had a very happy time. Mrs. Lowey said when she left to go back home to Massachusetts that she had enough conversation about James to keep going all winter! I'm happy that they had two weeks so delightful.

Incidentally, going back to Thanksgiving, Juliana cooked her first big dinner in her new home. There were seven at the table and both of the couples were classmates here in Shenandoah and graduated in the same year. (The seventh person was a friend of Juliana's and Jed's who teaches in Hobbs, New Mexico.) They shared the expense and the work and had a perfectly wonderful time. Their menu reminded me very much of our own dinner since it began with turkey and ended with pie.

1968 was a baby year for our family since we gained both James and Kristin's second child. Aaron John weighed 8½ lbs. and is a constant source of amazement to his brother, Andy, who is now four years old. Dorothy and Frank have two grandchildren now and since Kristin's family lives in Laramie, Wyoming, they don't get to see much of them. Aaron John makes a total of five great-grandchildren for Mother, and five great-nephews and nieces for the rest of us.

This is the first Christmas that has seemed like Christmas to me since Russell died five years ago just before Christmas. Until this year I just couldn't work up any enthusiasm for the

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The last load of laundry has been put away, so the decks are clear and I can sit down and visit with you. Before you read any further, though, I ask that you turn to page 9 and read Dorothy's letter if you haven't already done so.

There is nothing more exciting than a new baby in the family and we'll show you a picture of little Aaron as soon as we have some to share. We held up cover as long as we could in hopes that the baby would arrive in time to have his picture on it, but he took his own sweet time and didn't meet our printing schedule. We substituted the picture of me holding little James, Lucile's grandson, which was taken when Oliver and I visited Juliana and Jed in Albuquerque this fall.

Last month when I sat down to write my letter, I lightly mentioned that I was eager for snow. By the time the cover was back on my typewriter it *did* snow, but only enough to cover the ground. It seems advisable, therefore, to be careful what I say about the weather! I'll only mention that this past month has seen little change in temperature and moisture. Now *that* seems safe enough — and no predictions.

As I recall, the only other real snow shower we have had to date was the one that fell the day we spent in Crete, Nebraska, attending the Parents Day activities at Doane College. It looked for a while as if we would have to spend the night there, and accommodations would have been hard to come by since a record-breaking number of parents had turned out for this special occasion.

Oliver and I drove over that morning under very bright and sunny skies. Since we were on the greeting committee at the registration and morning coffee, we arrived at an early hour. We had a very pleasant day visiting with Martin's friends and their parents, attending the various meetings and social gatherings. About half time at the football game the clouds moved in from the northwest and it began to snow. As long as it continued to melt and the temperatures held above freezing, we knew we were not in a serious situation, so we decided we could make it on home without worry.

Actually, there was more concern at this end, for the family assumed that conditions were worse around Crete and Lincoln than they were in Shenandoah. They were mighty relieved when we called that we were home and had encountered nothing worse than what was going on right here at home.



It is hard to believe that little James is already taking steps, but that he is! He is so lively and so full of fun that his daddy, Jed, has to hold him for a while before bedtime to quiet him down a bit.

Lucile mentioned that Martin had guests over the Thanksgiving holiday. They were lovely young people and a joy to have around the house. It is constantly a surprise to us that these young people seem to prefer to sit around the house and entertain themselves quietly. When I mention this unusual fact, they explain that they have so many pressures, surrounded by so many people, that a cluster of days in home surroundings provides the change they need. My! how they did enjoy watching television! It was a real treat since evening hours just *must* be devoted to study during the college years.

Something else they enjoyed was working enormous, difficult jigsaw puzzles. We had three going at the same time, and when we gave up looking for certain pieces for one, we would move on to another one for a while. You would have thought our very lives depended upon finishing those puzzles! This was an activity in which Oliver and I could involve ourselves with Martin's guests and how we did enjoy it.

Mother just telephoned that she had baked another batch of Christmas cookies and will be spending the next couple of hours decorating them. This is the umpteenth batch of cutout cookies she has made and probably the last, but we'll not count on that as they disappear almost as fast as she turns them out!

We still have some Christmas shopping to do. Lucile was the smart one for she had all of hers done by the first of the month. Mother and I plan one more expedition to town and then we'll be through and ready to start wrapping gifts for the tree.

Martin won't find very many presents under the tree for his special gift cannot be wrapped. A few days after Christmas he is leaving with a group

from the college for two weeks in London. It is a Fine Arts Tour conducted by the heads of the art and music departments. The "package deal" includes air fare, hotel reservations, tickets to 8 or 10 performances and two side trips. I'm hearing such enthusiasm about the side trip to Stonehenge that I can't recall at the moment where the other one is to be. Free time will be spent at museums, art galleries, and in sight-seeing. He plans to drive to the home of a friend in Chicago, who is also making the trip, and leave his car there. The group leaves from O'Hare Field. When they return to Chicago he'll drive a group back to college, probably stopping off here for the night. It sounds like an extremely interesting two weeks — a trip he'll never forget.

Tours of this sort are much cheaper than one would imagine since they are arranged at student rates and at group prices, etc. Meals are not included, and one of the chief topics of conversation when they get together is figuring out how cheaply they can eat on the trip! Both the faculty members who are going along have spent a year in London for exchange teaching and research work, so they will be on familiar ground. I'm sure Martin will be anxious to share the details of this adventure with you when he returns.

There have been several interesting projects going on in our community, but there isn't enough space left to get into them, so I'll save those items for another issue. There is space, however, to share this lovely New Year's thought so I'll end on that note and wish you all the best this coming year.

Sincerely,

Margery

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

I hope that I shall kinder speak
And act and think each blessed week
Of this New Year.

I hope to oftener kneel and pray
And ask God's help each given day.
I know He'll hear.

I hope that I shall rise above
Each worldly shadow I do not love.
They hide His face.

This is my prayer: that He may find me
Busy at each task assigned me
Through His grace. —Anonymous

LITTLE VERSE

Past deeds are dead;
The old year's through.
'69 waits ahead;
And you start new.

The Lighted Lamp

A Service to Begin the New Year

by

Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: On a small table covered with an old-fashioned tablecloth or doily place an old-fashioned lamp. (The lamp is not lighted until the designated spot in the service.) Beside the lamp place an open Bible or a pretty African violet or other small houseplant.

Opening Thought:

God gave me a gift today,
A bright new shining year;
I am to fill each month, each week,
With happiness and cheer
That will bring joy into the lives
Of others living here.

Help me, dear God, to use Your gift
By living day by day
In doing friendly, helpful deeds
For others along the way.

Hymn: "Another Year Is Dawning" or some other New Year's hymn.

Scriptures: (Might be read by three persons wearing choir robes.)

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick: And it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Then Jesus spake again unto them saying, "I am the light of the world: He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all . . . but we walk in the light. As He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.

Prayer: O God, Who art our light and our salvation, be with us in these moments of worship, and light our minds that we may look on the year ahead with new eyes and catch a vision that will send us forth to let our light shine in 1969. Grant us the courage, the power, and the wisdom to be a lighted lamp in a dark world in the months ahead. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

Leader:

A lighted lamp of friendly folk,
In a window faraway,
Lends welcome to a cheerless soul
Who is weary of the day.

I, too, may be a lighted lamp,

And my beams may cross the night
To aid some lonely wanderer
On paths which have no light.

Let's take a good look at the old kerosene lamp on our table. The young homemaker of today knows it simply as a lovely antique to add charm to her early American furnishings. But older homemakers remember well the "good old days" when the care of the kerosene lamp was a daily household chore if the lamp were to be at its glowing best come eventide. In thinking of the old lamp, it seems to me that in it we find a very apt New Year's message for us today. Looking at the lamp, perhaps we can get a few pointers as to how we may let our light shine more brightly in 1969.

Meditation: In the day when the lamp was a familiar object in every home, the good housekeeper considered it a daily morning chore to wash the lamp chimney so that it was clean and sparkling when evening came. Certainly, no homemaker worth her salt would be caught with a smoky lamp chimney, through which the lighted wick could flicker only weakly. Her neighbors would consider a dirty lamp chimney a sure sign of slovenly housekeeping.

Then, too, the wick had to be kept evenly trimmed, else it became charred and ragged, causing the flame to flare up and smoke the chimney. So the homemaker regularly inspected the wick and pinched or trimmed off the residue crust from the previous burning. Thus she was sure to have a steady, even flame.

She had the steady flame provided she hadn't forgotten to fill the lamp with kerosene. Woe be to the housewife if she neglected to fill her lamp, and thus have it sputter and go out in the midst of the children's homework sessions and of father's evening session with the daily paper! If she were so unfortunate as to have neglected checking the lamp's fuel, it probably meant lighting a lantern and going out to the woodshed to get the kerosene can while the family fretted in the dark — all this because she hadn't taken a few moments' time in the morning to check the fuel in the lamp.

But for all the clean chimney, the trimmed wick, and plenty of fuel oil, the lamp could not serve its purpose until a match could be had to light it.

So it is with us as we face the new year before us, hoping that our light may shine forth brightly in a dark world.

How about it? Have we cleaned our chimney — swept away old prejudices, old habits, outdated ideas, lingering grudges and selfish motives so that new ways, new ideas, love, and friendship can come through bright and clear? If not, it's time to CLEAN, POLISH, AND SHINE that we may shine forth in '69!

How is our wick of enthusiasm — our interest in our fellowmen? Are we sure we've checked ours so that we are assured that our enthusiasm won't sputter and die down and finally fade away and "pass out" completely? Let's be sure we are "all fired up" for the tasks ahead.

But above all, how about the fuel oil? Have we plenty of understanding, knowledge, and facts? Will we keep watching to replenish these through listening, reading, talking with others, and through study of the various needs and problems that demand our attention today? Remember, when it comes to the fuel oil — the better the grade, the better the light! Let's be satisfied with naught but the best.

Last, but not least, are we ready with the match? Never before have we so needed to be ready with the spark of love and concern to set the light of friendship and love aglow to warm the world.

How about it? Will we resolve to be LIGHTED LAMPS this year, "sending our beams across the night along the paths which have no light"?

Leader: To be truly lighted lamps calls for commitment to action. How often we say that if we had more time we would do more for a certain cause. We declare that if we had more money, we could do much more. We turn aside from obligations with the excuse that we could do more if we had more ability. The test of whether we are to be real lamps in our daily living comes in our commitment to the task of keeping our lamp glowing with new ideas, new understandings, more love, more enthusiasm, more concern.

A man is as great as the dreams he dreams,

As great as the love he bears,
As great as the values he redeems,
And the happiness he shares.

A man is as great as the thought he thinks,

As the worth he has attained,
As the fountain at which his spirit drinks,
And the insight he has gained.

A man is as great as the truth he speaks,
As great as the help he gives,

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All About Calendars

by
Selma Ross

Today, distinctive calendars serve a decorative function in modern homes and offices, just as ancient calendars were often used as ornaments in temples and courts.

While calendars symbolize the passage of time for all of us, they also can tell us a great deal about how man regards the whole business of time itself.

For instance, ancient calendars signified certain facts to the people who used them. The ancient Egyptian and Babylonian calendars show the heavens as a circle lawfully ruled over by the signs of the zodiac. Human affairs were governed by these signs in a series of good and bad omens, passing, strengthening, and modifying each other. Man had a chance at long life and fortune, especially when the signs of the heaven were lined up in his favor.

An old Roman Calendar from the First Century A.D. shows seven gods sailing across the top — below this the circle of the zodiac. In Roman times, keeping track of extra, "leap year" days was confusing enough but, added to this, early Roman officials often added more months to the calendar in order to collect more taxes! To clear the confusion, Julius Caesar ordered a new calendar created in 46 B.C. — a forerunner of the Gregorian calendar we use today.

The Gregorian calendar also had its problems. Adopted in fairly recent times, many of the events we celebrate today did not actually occur on the days we believe. The Russian Revolution in 1917, for instance, is generally called the October Revolution, yet it is celebrated in November. George Washington was actually born on February 11th, 1732, but because our present calendar was adopted when he was a young boy, we celebrate his birthday on February 22.

New Year's Day doesn't roll around until February 13th for a Chinaman. A Moslem's New Year won't dawn until May 13th, and New Year's Day is

September 7th for people of the Jewish faith.

The ancient Mayas had months named "Zip" and "Pop"! These Mexican Indians had a year of 365 days which was invariable, there being no leap year, together with five supplementary days at the end. The Maya calendar was the basis of the Aztec calendar.

Stonehenge, a group of huge, rough-cut stones arranged in three circles on Salisbury Plain in England, is perhaps the strangest calendar of all. In the very center of it is a huge slab of marble believed to have been used as an altar. Some modern scholars believe that Stonehenge was used to tell the time of the summer solstice from shadows caused by the sun slanting through the stones — but the people who designed and built it remain a mystery.

Distinctive among modern calendars is a series called "The Passage of Time" introduced in 1963. In that first edition, 12 pages detailed the entire sweep of civilization and showed how man kept track of time. The 1964 edition portrays the creation and growth of life on earth up to historical times. "The Passage of Time" series is unique since it is the first commercially produced modern calendar intentionally designed as a decorative element to fit any room — and any decor.

Now there are calendars that double as telephone memo pads. They have calendars designed to fit the purse. And they have calendars made especially for children. Some of the new calendar ideas introduced these past few years include: special decorating idea calendars; memo pads emphasizing week dates, de-emphasizing the weekends; personalized telephone note pads; new, slimmer purse-sized calendars; and stylized Early American calendars.

These are calendar facts and fancies.

AT THE BEAUTY SHOP

At the beauty shop — relaxing,
Sitting, waiting, no brain taxing,
Cutting, brushing and shampooing,
Is so restful — slumber wooing.

Curlers placed, now I'm retiring
To the dryer — I'm perspiring!
Stacks of magazines for scanning,
Reading or sometimes for fanning.

All around me I am gazing,
Watching beauty tricks — amazing!
Fingers deft are now coiffeuring,
Each hair in its place she's luring.

All Plain Janes they're beautifying,
On miracles we're relying;
Though at first I thought: "I'm splurging."

What a lift! I'm you encouraging.

—Mollie Pitluck Bell

IT'S IN THE BAG

by
Hazel E. Howard

When H. C. Booth invented the vacuum cleaner in 1901, it is unlikely he had any uses in mind for it other than removing dust from rugs, upholstery, drapes, floors, walls and shelves. Yet today, many homemakers have never explored the possibilities of a modern, tank-type cleaner. They use it only for general cleaning, waxing floors, demisting clothing and sometimes spray painting. Or they may clean the inside of the family car.

The following will give you an idea of its scope of accomplishments:

De-crumber: In a matter of seconds, the cleaner's hose, without an attachment, will suck up every stray crumb in bread and lunch boxes, and cooky jars. It also will de-crumb the table, toaster, waffle iron and stove burners.

Drawers: Remove contents and suction-clean bottom and corners. Do same with children's toy chests and hubby's tool box.

Handbags: Empty bag and clean the bits of paper, dust, powder and lint hiding in the folds of the lining with the hose.

Spills: When these occur, let your vacuum cleaner hose dispose of sugar, flour, coffee, soap powder, et cetera, as well as splinters of broken glass from drainboards, shelves or floor in a matter of seconds.

Pocket-duster: Turn pockets and trouser cuffs inside out, then switch on the power. Every grain of sand, dust, what-have-you will vanish.

Clothes-sprucer: Your cleaner will serve as a brush for suede shoes and gloves, as well as keep hats smartly groomed. Use brush attachment to remove dust from flowers, bows and ornaments. It also cleans felt and cloth hats for both men's and women's.

Plant-duster: Try the soft brush to remove dust from ferns, other house plants and artificial flowers. Use a delicate, "once-over-lightly" touch.

Hairbrush-cleaner: Before washing the brushes, sink the cleaner's dusting brush deep into the bristles. Lint and dust vanish.

Pets' fur: This may sound off the beaten track, but if your pet has a bushy tail and long-haired coat which brings indoors a collection of leaves, twigs and foxtails, try the vacuum cleaner. Even short-haired animals can be "dry"-cleaned this way. Most of them love it. You might also remove beach sand by this method from your youngsters' hair.

Ants: Did you ever discover an ant army marching steadily across your drainboards, kitchen floor, or invading

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FREDERICK'S CHURCH HAD SUCCESSFUL HOBBY SHOW

Dear Friends:

I am trying to write to you while drinking a cup of delicious hot chocolate. For years I have tried to perfect my technique for making good hot chocolate, and at last I have reached my goal. Many years ago when I was in Paris, France, for the summer, I had hot chocolate for breakfast every morning of the week. From that summer until now I have tried to make a chocolate that would be the equal of what I got in Paris, and at last I have succeeded. The secret of it lies in the right combination of pure chocolate and Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring along with the right balance of milk and cream.

My chocolate caused a minor crisis here at the parsonage the other evening. We had a dozen couples in for refreshments, and for drinks we offered a choice of coffee or my chocolate. Betty was sure that more than half of them would want coffee, but it turned out that they all wanted my hot chocolate except one couple. Fortunately we had made enough, but the scare taught us a lesson. The next time we have guests we shall plan on their taking chocolate. You might try that choice the next time you entertain, but if you do, be sure to have enough chocolate on hand. It would be a shame to offer people an anemic cocoa drink when with just a little more effort you could offer real hot chocolate. Make it good and rich, and be sure to add plenty of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

This has been a beautiful and busy Sabbath day. I was up at five o'clock working on my sermons. Of course I had them all prepared, but in the early hours of the morning I learn my sermons so that I can preach without notes. One thing I simply cannot tolerate is a sermon that the minister has to read! I always think that any man who can't remember what he wants to say certainly cannot expect the people to remember what he said! At the early service in our Memorial Chapel I preached from a text in the Old Testament, and at the late service I preached from a text in the New Testament. Both services were well attended, and the early service was broadcast. We had several guests for lunch at the parsonage and then I was back at the church by four o'clock so that I could attend a two-hour meeting of the Advisory Committee of the church. By the time I got home it was time for supper, and now here I am writing to you.

Did I tell you in my last letter about the hobby show our church women were planning to give? Well, they gave



The ministers' wives, Mrs. Driftmier and Mrs. Ames, displayed their hobbies.

it, and it was a big success; as a matter of fact, both Betty and I thought that it was one of the nicest things our church people have done for some time. Everyone in the church was invited to display his or her hobby, and we were absolutely amazed at how many interesting and beautiful things were put on display. There were dozens of exhibits — as many by men as by women — and even some of the children showed their hobbies.

Several years ago we had a hobby show at the church, and at that time I displayed my hobby of stereophonic equipment. Over the years I have collected many different kinds of electronic devices for the reproduction of music, and hundreds of people showed quite an interest in my exhibit. This year I did something different. I have told you about my photography hobby, and I wish that you could have been at our show to see what I did with it. One large room was put at my disposal for exhibiting my colored slides, and in that room I had three movie screens and three automatic slide projectors operating at the same time — one for each screen. There were chairs in the rooms so that people could come and go as they pleased. If they stayed for a full twenty minutes they would see the entire show, and if they stayed longer than that they would see the show over again. There was a constant procession of people coming and going, and practically everyone who stopped to watch the pictures saw himself in at least one of them.

On one of the screens I projected pictures of our church people taken at our summer home in Nova Scotia. On another screen I showed pictures taken

of our people at activities in the church, and on the third screen I showed pictures of our city that I had taken from airplanes. I just love to do aerial photography, and I really do have some spectacular shots of the downtown area of Springfield with all of its beautiful churches. From the number of people who sat through the show more than once I am able to judge its popularity.

As usual, Betty worked in the church kitchen. During the afternoon we served tea for twenty-five cents a serving, and then in the evening we served a supper for one dollar a plate. In addition to all the hobby displays, there were food tables, and white elephant tables. We charged fifty cents admission to the show, and for that price the people could spend the entire afternoon and evening looking at exhibits and eating. We made more than \$400.00 on the show, but far more important is the fun we had doing it. Everybody had a good time. Oh yes, Betty had her hobby on display! She does oil painting, and I am happy to say that she received many compliments on her work. How she ever finds the time to paint I do not know, but paint she does, and her work is much better than she herself thinks. She is a great one for always underestimating her own ability.

How I do envy you folks who live on farms. Betty and I both love the country but for ten months of the year we have to live in the city. This winter I have envied you country folks more than usual because of the problem we have been having with air pollution. Here in the East we have so many fac-

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ABIGAIL TACKLED TWO NEW SEWING PROJECTS

Saludos Amigos:

At the time when this issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* reaches you, our family of five expects to be in Mexico. So our New Year's salutation ought to be given in Spanish. I'm writing this letter in advance from our home in Denver, and, of course, there are events which occasionally precipitate a last minute change in plans. But if things proceed according to schedule we should be spending the Christmas and New Year's holidays in Guadalajara, Mexico.

We expect to drive from Denver to San Antonio, Texas, then fly to and from there to Guadalajara. This point of departure has a considerably lower air fare than leaving from either Phoenix, Arizona, or El Paso, Texas. None of us have ever visited San Antonio so we are anticipating sightseeing in this historic city. We are particularly interested in seeing the rehabilitation accomplished along the riverfront which winds through the city. Denver is hopeful of accomplishing something similar with the South Platte River which long ago deteriorated into an eyesore where it traverses our city.

We have been considering making this trip for quite some time. When Martin went to the same city this past summer we were especially eager to have him give us a firsthand report. One of the things that Martin regretted was that he did not speak Spanish although he was quite able to get around without use of the language. Wayne and I don't speak any Spanish either, but fortunately our children have all studied it. Emily, after a year in Costa Rica, is quite fluent in the language.

It seemed wise to have a regular travel agent take care of our reservations. At this busy time of the year we feel more assurance that our accommodations will be kept for us than if we took care of reservations on our own.

This trip constitutes our family's Christmas gift, so holiday shopping this year has been much simpler than usual. We're traveling to one of the great markets of Mexico. Undoubtedly we'll regret the limitations put on our purchases by air travel. But I'm sure our billfolds will be in better shape for this same reason.

Before holiday and travel activities began consuming a sizeable portion of my time, I was busy sewing. On one project Alison and I collaborated. She has never been interested in sewing after a frustrating experience in a junior high home economics class. But the current fashion for leather clothing inspired her to tackle a project. She doesn't care at all for the imitation leather clothing; she wanted genuine



Alison Driftmier and poodle, Lucky.

leather and this is very expensive. So she visited a local branch of a leather company and asked for information on sewing leather garments.

The next thing I knew she had purchased two rust-colored suede hides, a spool of matching silk thread, a zipper, and a jar of rubber cement. She was going to make herself some Bermuda shorts. Sewing leather is really not at all difficult on a conventional sewing machine. Just be sure not to make the garment too small, as it will be obvious where the seam was let out. Silk thread is recommended because of its strength, and we found the setting for the longest stitch was preferable. (This is the same length stitch that is used for machine basting or gathering.) Once a seam is finished, it is opened and glued down with rubber cement. If the leather is heavy, it may be necessary first to pound the seam open with a padded wooden mallet.

In order to finish the waistband with a minimum of thickness, we used the concealed waistband method. Sew 1¼-inch wide grosgrain ribbon to the top at the waistline. Turn this to the inside and topstitch. Add a hook and eye above the zipper, sewing them to the grosgrain waistband. The neatest looking means of hemming is to turn the leather to the inside evenly and fasten it down with rubber cement. It is also possible to finish off the edges by sewing a narrow strip of leather on the inside but we found this less finished looking.

Alison did all the cutting and seam stitching on these shorts, but because she was a novice, I put in the zipper and waistband for her. The project was so successful that she immediately purchased two more hides and we made an A-line skirt. Then from the leftover pieces we squeezed out a vest by seaming the center back. So far we

have not added buttons or buttonholes to the vest. She usually wears it with a turtleneck shirt, and the leather seems to adhere to the knit material quite readily, which keeps it from flopping open.

None of the three pieces are lined, although it would be simple to add a lining to the shorts and skirt at any time. Just make the lining and sew it to the open edge of the concealed grosgrain waistbands. Lining the vest would also be quite easy. A duplicate vest of lining material could be made and sewn by machine to the leather vest. If there were buttonholes I think it would be wise to glue that portion of the lining to the vest, glue a reinforcing piece of leather on top of the lining, and then cut the buttonholes. The cost of all three garments was only slightly more than the cost of one genuine, but ordinary, leather miniskirt in the local stores.

The next sewing project turned out on my machine almost became a disaster. Last summer Emily reluctantly decided she would have to acquire a black dress for the school year. She doesn't like the color, and spent considerable time searching for a "lively" black. Her selection was a silk matelesse which has a puckered surface and required underlining. Her pattern selection was also expensive — one of those special designer patterns. Neither she nor I had ever used such a pattern before. She progressed as far as cutting out the pieces and basting on the underlining before putting it away until she had more time.

Several weeks went by before I received a phone call. "Mom, you remember that black dress I started. Well, there's a special college weekend coming up and that dress would be the perfect thing to wear. I don't have time to make it, so do you suppose you could?" Well, I didn't want to tackle that pattern either, but reluctantly agreed to see what I could accomplish. Through paying very close attention to the directions, I put the dress together tediously but satisfactorily. Emily made a hurried trip home to try it on and establish the hem line. What a blow! The dress was way too large and there was no way to take it in except to dismantle the entire dress. There wasn't time to accomplish that before the big event. Obviously she should have purchased a pattern two sizes smaller than she regularly does when she selected one of those "super-doooper" patterns. She was terribly disappointed and so was I — until I tried on the dress. It fits almost perfectly, so I have a new black dress to take along to Mexico!

Hasta la vista,
Abigail

SEW FOR YOUR TODDLER - AND SAVE!

by
Mary Feese

"Mmmm, these darling little dresses - wouldn't this one look adorable on Kristie? But look -" You break off in dismay, look again at the price tag, and no, you weren't mistaken the first time. "Seven dollars for a size two dress? Why, I could make one for a fraction of that!"

That's right, you could. On the spot is born a burning resolution: beginning now, you *will*. Since your billfold is on a semi-starvation diet anyway, it reinforces your decision. There's never a better time to begin than right now and, besides this, you actually do have more time you could spend sewing, during the winter months. You begin planning busily to yourself . . .

Take time to plan carefully, to make the most of every penny. Most toddlers' clothes don't require very much fabric, yet many will take nearly as much time to make as will an adult's garment. (Incidentally, it's often due to labor costs that causes those high price tags on the ready-mades.)

"Well, I'll supply my own labor," you reply with spirit. "Now, what advice have you on cutting costs - actual out-of-pocket cash?"

Where to begin? Perhaps the best point to begin would be to make a basic, over-all wardrobe plan, so you'll have a clear idea of what you have on hand for your little one, and what things you'll need to purchase or make for a well-rounded assortment. You're all familiar with the principles of mix-and-match, so choose one or two colors around which to build your toddler's wardrobe and go from there. Then, consistently choose permanent-pressed fabrics, knits - any of the new developments that make it quick and easy to get the freshly laundered garments back into service again. This way, fewer items of clothing are actually necessary, thus resulting in a definite saving. Yes, of course, some of the non-treated fabrics cost less per yard than the ones just mentioned - but if it's necessary to have twice as many garments, you've made no savings!

Even though you're particular in your choice of fabrics, insisting upon never-iron characteristics and top quality, it's still possible to cut costs when buying. Watch for advertised sales on goods (perhaps some of the 1¢-an-inch sales that are becoming so deservedly popular), clearance counters, sometimes remnant buys - although it pays to check these closely; some stores actually sell remnants at the same cost-per-yard that they are priced straight from the bolt. Shop the end-of-



One item not mentioned in this article is how to entertain toddlers while mothers sew! Donna Nennenman lets Natalie look at her jewelry.

season sales, if you have storage space. Unless you're in a rush, definite savings can often result from buying at a major mail-order house, rather than shopping the small-town stores. Often your fabric selections will be much more extensive, too.

These same mail-order houses frequently offer some wonderful bargains in bundles, too, their choice of predetermined fabric lengths, or perhaps assorted short lengths, at a sharply reduced per-yard price. A general "rule of thumb" is that, the shorter the fabric lengths, the less cost per yard. Since toddlers' clothes are so small, often these short lengths can be effectively used. It's not a bit hard to do either - just exercise your creative imagination for combining two or more fabrics to make cute little outfits. Keep your eyes open for new ideas; look through the catalogs for new possibilities, two-color styles, contrast trims, and so on. It takes only a little while for this to become a habit, and you'll find you've collected more ideas than you possibly have time to make up!

You'll find, too, that short lengths can often be used for separates in tots' sizes - tiny shorts, skirts, shirts, crop tops, shorty p.j.'s, little gowns and diaper shirts, boxer slacks, "angel tops", petticoats - the list could go on almost endlessly. You'll often come up with some exciting mix-and-match combinations using this method, too. A bonus value here is the fact that often the clothes you make from the bundles will have that coveted "expensive look" because the remnants offered are such high quality materials. Try a few and see for yourself. My most recent purchases offered some amazing values; they included not only excellent cottons, but also some lengths of high-style bonded knit fabrics. (You'll probably find yourself dreaming up some new outfits for yourself from some of these rather than

using them all for children's clothes!)

There will be some remnants left, too, from your own sewing and from the things you make for your older children. Since this is money already spent, whenever those leftovers can be incorporated into your current sewing projects, it can be counted a saving. Often there will be enough to make attractive trimming, contrast collars, cuffs, or yokes. Keep a special box to store them, so they'll be easy to glance through when some small amount of fabric is needed for a special purpose. (If you don't organize and store them neatly, they'll continue to be leftovers and won't save you one thin penny!)

Another source of savings on children's clothing is carefully planned make-overs, whether from hand-me-downs or from discarded adult clothing. Your time is valuable, remember, so be sure that the goods you plan to reuse is really worth your effort. If so, style it as carefully as a new garment. Often you can have something really stylish for your toddler, at only pennies in cost - sometimes only the cost of the thread, if you can reuse some buttons and a zipper from previous sewing.

Let's say you have an outdated wool skirt - there's plenty of fabric, but it's just no longer in style. You might make a sport jacket for little Sammy, or a warm little coat for Kristie; sometimes it can be redone into a modish little jumper, or a junior skirt-and-vest set. With two skirts that go well together, turn one into a smart jacket and the other into a small skirt to go with it, making an attractive two-toned suit.

Some of your wash dresses may split out under the arms, yet still offer some excellent goods in the skirt. Why not turn this into a perky little dress, or a sports shirt if it's suitable? Choose your favorite "quickie" pattern and add something quick but eye-catching in the way of details. A word of caution here: if you're inspired to do some time-consuming handwork - dainty embroidery or luxurious smocking - save it for brand-new fabrics of the finest quality. Your make-over sewing should be done efficiently and well, and should be stylish, but it isn't practical to spend any excessive amount of time on this type of sewing. And practical you must be, when there are small children in the home, or you'd soon become bogged down by the "myriad cares of the day".

Smocking, incidentally, although it looks so intricate (and hand-smocked dresses cost a *fortune* if you buy them), really is not all that difficult. There are a few basic stitches and once you've mastered them, it's a matter of

(Continued on page 20)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Only once before have I had such an exciting announcement to make. Frank and I have just become grandparents for the second time. Kristin and Art have a new baby boy, Aaron John, born the latter part of November, and weighing in at eight and a half pounds. I wouldn't be exactly honest if I didn't admit I was hoping we might get a little girl this time, but when Art called to tell us the baby was here, and he and Kristin were both fine, we couldn't have been more excited or happier.

I also talked to Andy, and asked him if he had something new at his house. He said, "Yes, I have a big white balloon." I asked, "Do you have a new baby brother?" Andy said, "Yes, Grandma Johnson, but it isn't at my house. He's in the hospital and my mommy is going to keep him there a few days."

As soon as Kristin was able to get to a telephone she called to give us a full report. When Mother and I were in Laramie in October Kristin said that since we had just had such a nice visit, she'd rather I waited to come out for her commencement in the spring. I agreed to do this since Art's mother is right there to help keep things running smoothly. Kristin said there had been so much flu in Laramie that the hospital had put the maternity floor under quarantine, with no one permitted on that floor except the fathers, who had to wear masks, so I couldn't have gone in to see her or the baby even if I had been there.

Kristin says Aaron looks a little like Andy did, enough so that anyone will probably be able to tell they are brothers as they get older, and now I can hardly wait for the first pictures to arrive. In fact, we should have pictures to share with you in the next issue.

Frank didn't think he would get to go pheasant hunting on the opening day of the season this year because we had just started picking corn, but since the men who were helping him wanted to go he was able to go also. He came home with his limit of three birds and a few rabbits. He felt pretty lucky after talking to some of his friends who didn't have such good luck. The birds had a lot of cover to hide in since a lot of the corn hadn't been



Andrew's serious expression is due to the fact that the horse he is riding is NOT real. His own little pony lives on his grandparent's farm in Lucas, Iowa.

picked yet, and also quite a few farmers planted sorghum-sudan cross for winter feed this year, and it was impossible to get birds up out of this.

We were happy to be able to get the corn cribbed before Thanksgiving, and I wasn't aware of how many crops were still unharvested until I read many of the letters from our friends throughout the Midwest the last time I was in the office. Late floods and early snows in parts of the Midwest have kept many farmers out of the fields, which makes Frank and me feel grateful for the good year we have had.

Frank has been able to get quite a bit of his fall plowing done — at least he got the important fields plowed. Most of our ground works up nicely after it is spring plowed, but we do have two fields that just about have to be plowed in the fall, and he is always satisfied if he can get this much done before a hard freeze.

Frank's sister Bernie and her friend Belvah Baker, both working girls, have never seemed able to get their vacations at the same time until this year, when they were both off work for one week at the same time. They spent a few days touring the Ozark country while the fall foliage was still beautiful. They brought me a beautiful candle from a candle shop in Silver Dollar City. They know how fond I am of all kinds of candles and that at Christmas time I have candles burning all over the house.

This is the time of year when the sewing bug generally bites me. I have just finished a couple of winter dresses for myself. One of them is a beige knit made from material Frank picked out

and gave to me so many months ago that I was really ashamed of not getting it made long before this. What really spurred me into action was my Christmas gift from Mother, given to me a little before Christmas, which is a beautiful turquoise and silver necklace Margery picked out for her when she was in Albuquerque. The necklace is so lovely I wanted the beige dress finished right away to wear it with.

My Christmas gift to Lucile last year was a dress, and when I bought the material I got more than I needed because it was the end of the bolt. I had put away what was left, thinking there might be enough to make myself a skirt sometime, but when I got it out the other day I found that by cutting it out very carefully I could get a whole dress. It is a gay material in green and orange checks of bonded wool, and I just love it.

This year I made a gold corduroy robe for Lucile and decided to take it down to her before Christmas so she could be wearing it. It didn't fit Lucile very well, but it did fit Margery, so she got the robe as her Christmas gift and I made another one for Lucile.

It is gray outside and getting colder, and looks as if it could start to snow at any minute. I must dash in to the post office and mail this, so until next month

Sincerely,
Dorothy

PAST IMPERFECT

A brand-new year,
A fresh, new start;
An urge to improve
Straight from the heart.
A fresh clean page
For each new day,
To chart our progress
Along life's way.
The old year ebbs,
Its hours receding.
The last page is done — mmm!
What interesting reading!

—From church paper

MY KINDA' FOLKS

I like folks who just drop in
For coffee and a chat,
Coming in with a cheerful grin
To talk of this and that!
Not caring if the beds are made
Or if the dishes are done;
They make the day bright and gay
With laughter and lots of fun!
There's a feeling of ease with no pretend —
They are the ones I'm proud to call friend.
And I'm always glad when they come to call
For those kinda' folks
Are the best of all!

—Gladys Billings Bratton

A Watch Party for the New Year

by
Mildred Dooley Cathcart

For a WATCH PARTY, what could be more appropriate than invitations in the form of a watch? Cut the pattern from gold paper and with black construction paper or black Magic Marker add numbers and make the hands point to twelve o'clock. Open the watch to reveal the following invitation:

"We'll WATCH the Old Year out,
And welcome in the New,
To make it all complete
We'll want to WATCH with YOU!"

GAME SUGGESTIONS

Watch the Time: Give the speaker a humorous topic for an impromptu speech with the warning that he is to stop in exactly one minute. Time him and if he stops in one minute he receives a prize.

Watch the Faces: This may be a Who's Who type of game by having the players identify faces in the news. Number at least a dozen famous people and see who can get them correct first. To make a fun game, you might be able to get baby pictures of the guests and see who can match them correctly.

Watch the Hours: Cut a large clock out of heavy paper and mark the hours off in triangles. Line up the players and allow each person or each team so many tosses. He counts the number where his beanbag falls. If he can hit twelve, he adds twenty-five points to his score.

Watch It: Have a number of small paper watches hidden about the room. Different colors may count different points. For example, a gold watch might count ten points, a white one, five points, and a red one, one point. The person or team with the most points is winner.

Watch Out!: Hide an alarm clock under a different chair from time to time. Whoever is closest to the clock when the alarm goes off, wins a prize.

Watch for the Alarm: Teams or partners may be given crossword, jigsaw, or other types of puzzles. The ones most nearly finished when the alarm rings may claim the prize.



Watching Your Future: Look through old magazines and find pictures that will be appropriate for telling what the New Year will hold in store for your guests. A ship might indicate an ocean voyage, a ring an engagement or marriage, a diploma, graduation and so forth. Let each person draw out one of the pictures which has been cut into three parts. When he assembles it, he will have a picture of what 1969 has in store for him.

Watching for the New Year: Set alarm clocks so they will ring at midnight. Bring out the paper hats, noise makers, streamers and confetti, and start your guests off on "Auld Lang Syne". Whatever the age, they will enjoy welcoming in the New Year.

REFRESHMENTS

Refreshments may carry out the WATCH theme, too. At least part of the sandwiches could be round with clock faces made of bits of pimento or peppers. Cookies, likewise, could be frosted with watch faces added, or a large cake could be decorated to resemble a clock.

Place cards could be in the form of watches and napkins could have tiny watches in one corner. If only one watch denotes twelve o'clock, a prize could be given to the one with the lucky napkin. Partners for eating or for games could be chosen by matching identical watches.

Plan for a good time with a WATCH PARTY!

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT

It took ten months, I calculate,
To learn to date things '68;
And now that things are going fine,
Fate's brought on 1969.

—Gladise Kelly

May LIFE'S sea be like a bay
And your ship come home to you,
Sailing in on New Year's Day
With its freight of dreams come true.

YEAR BOOK

Once they were white, these pages
Of the year now gone. Now — cluttered,
Altered, then revised — these lived-in
scraps
Comprise my life. If on each page is
scrawled
Some small design of tenderness, one
sad
Mistake crossed out by thoughtful deed,
I need not be ashamed. To seek perfec-
tion is
To grope for stars that shower once
within
A hundred years. But in the reaching,
one
Small star may bind my book with light!
—Leta Fulmer

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

A GOOD 1969 to all of YOU! My special wishes for you are: A healthy New Year . . . a year of true spiritual refreshment . . . a year of enjoying a stronger family life . . . a year in which you will gain a sincere friend. I wish for you PEACE in your heart and this peace to be strong enough to reach throughout the whole, wide world.

I hope you have anchored your Christmas tree in a suitable spot for the birds to enjoy these next few weeks. I've read: "Clip the branches off on one side; place the tree bare side down, over a cleared area, butt on the ground and the top held up at an angle with a stake. Scatter feed in front and under the sheltered space provided by the tree." Do watch the cats in the neighborhood!

We have attained a good measure of faith if we have quit pondering the WHY of every adverse situation.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE

Chalk-white loveliness is everywhere. The landscape — shall we call it snowscape? — has made chenille ropes of the clothesline, huge ice cream cones of the birdbathes, and the many branches of the smaller shrubs a delicate filigree. The slopes are a dazzling white frosting. In the papier-mache cherry tree is perched a brilliant cardinal, adding his warmth to this winter picture.

This works! NEVER, no NEVER drop anchor. You will sink. Just keep on pulling at those oars and your strength will match your need.

And the years may soften many "as hard as nails" personality to one of great warmth and understanding.

BESIDE A CHEERY FIRE

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is a perfect day to be writing a January article, for the sky is gray and overcast, a skiff of snow is whiffing through the air and past the gaunt mulberry tree, and I have absolutely *nothing* which requires my stirring outside the house!

Knowing that I would be spending the day with the typewriter, I made an expedition to the basement and found a box of fine dry wood cut and ready for the fireplace. How odd, I thought as I lugged an armload up the stairs, to be burning pieces of dark walnut. But these are scraps left over from the cutting of walnut trees in a nearby timber and gleaned with the permission of the owner. Such scraps are useless or they would have gone with the big logs, but it does seem strange to burn walnut nevertheless.

I put a good quantity of crumpled paper on the grate — I am not one of the Scouts of the family — piled on smaller sticks and then several good-sized chunks. On the hearth I placed a real log, round and firm, ready to put on the fire when it blazes well. This should last until time to get lunch ready for Robert.

Today we will eat in front of the fire. I have my typewriter on the card table, now, but at noon I will clear this small table, and put in place my favorite tablecloth — the one with the state of Iowa and its places of interest printed in the center which was sold several years ago by the Federated Women's Clubs. A few ivy vines in the old oil lamp will serve as a centerpiece.

How does oyster stew sound for a meal on this chilly, snowy day? I have a can of oysters; the small size, is just right to make two hearty bowls of soup for our lunch. Frozen cranberry salad left over from our Sunday dinner will do very well to eke out our simple meal.

I'm glad to stay inside today. Gladys Tabor talks glowingly of her New England landscape; she says it is muted deep silver laced with blue shadows, the meadow is a sea of pearl and the cool, clean fragrant smell of cold air in the winter country pleases her. It is not my intention to argue with Gladys Tabor, but as I look out the window the land is gray and dull and no deep silver comes into view, with or without blue shadows. No matter where I look no sea of pearl is in evidence, just dry tangled corn shocks, barren resting field and grass which shows a lack of interesting color. And speaking of the clean fragrant smell of cold air! the first whiff which hits my nose simply freezes it up and starts turning it



Even with modern equipment, the task of shoveling out after a winter snowstorm is hard work. This farmer-friend of the Birkby family is clearing a path so he can get feed to his cattle.

bright red. I may have a sharp, stinging sensation as I breathe in a gulp of frigid air but a smell? nope, *nothing*!

Last night I read a little of Frances Lynch McQuire's book *Wagon to a Star* (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1951) to the family as we sat around the table after our evening meal. We have read this delightful book before, this true story of a pioneer family who settled in central Iowa, but it is enjoyable to reread parts of our favorite chapters.

One part shared last evening was telling of the morning the children jumped out of bed to land barefooted in a ridge of drifted snow which had seeped in through the cracks in the walls during the night. When the youngsters reached the warmth of the baseburner in the living room they found their mother busy stuffing little bags of sand in the windows to keep them from rattling so noisily as the wind found every crack and loose spot in the framework.

When snow and wind came together, Miss McQuire reports, the men of the family had to tie a rope to the kitchen door to guide them back from the wind-swept barn. The attitude of the family during such trying times was one of thankfulness that plenty of wood was stacked along the wall outside the kitchen door, that their food bins were well stocked, that their barn was full of hay and all the animals close to the confines of its walls. With corn to pop, some games to play near the baseburner in the evening (where a person's back would freeze while his front sizzled!) the children had a close feeling of security, snug and safe, while the cold, howling wind was kept outside.

It even sounded like fun when the family rearranged the sleeping quarters, doubled up on blankets and found the warmest place for Billy to sleep, for he was the littlest and susceptible

to colds.

(It is almost time for the clock to swing up to noon, so I will need to stop long enough to prepare the noon meal for my hungry husband.)

Lunch is over now and Robert brought in more chunks of wood to use in replenishing the fire before he went back to work. He enjoyed the oyster stew and the salad, but best of all he found the blazing fire most welcome. It was difficult for him to leave.

While we were eating I told Robert about my reminiscing about winters of long ago. He reminded me that it was not too far back that people lived in homes without central heating, that lack of water and bathroom facilities was common, especially in country homes. Why, he *remembered well* bathing in the big laundry tub in the kitchen of the home in which he lived when he was a boy.

The kitchen range was big and black and very hot on bath nights. It not only warmed the room but heated the water as well. The tub, which was used for washing clothes later in the week, was pulled up close to the range. Only four or five inches of water went into the tub; this was a precious commodity!

"How did you ever get clean?" I asked.

"We had two choices," Robert answered. "We could stand up and splash the water over us or we could sit in the tub which was mighty uncomfortable, the rim seemed sharp and made a ridge along my back where I pressed against it. I'm not sure how clean either one of these methods got me, but I do know I managed to splash a great deal of water on the floor whichever way it was done."

After Robert left I thought for a long time about the inconveniences, and yet the joys of those days he lived through. I remembered, too, some of the cold country houses in which we lived during earlier days of our married life. If I have one choice for being grateful for our snug warm home, it is the fact that not one of our boys has had the croup since we moved into our new house.

I just got up to turn the log and it spit out sparks as the air circulated around it. Jeff is home from school now, and has gone to the woodpile to bring in a fresh supply so we can keep the fire burning through the evening. I sit and watch the flames and become almost mesmerized by their patterns and colors. The warmth makes me drowsy and I would much rather sit and daydream than type any longer. In fact, if you'll excuse me, I'll put away my typewriter and in the short time left before the evening meal needs to be started, I'll do just that.

**BAKED CORN CHOPS**

- 4 pork chops
- 3 slices bread, cubed
- 1 can cream-style corn
- 1 small onion, minced
- 3 Tbls. butter

Brown the chops in a heavy skillet. Combine the rest of the ingredients. Place the chops in a layer in a baking dish and spread the corn mixture over the top. Add 1/3 cup of cold water, then bake for one hour in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

ANOTHER ONE-DISH MEAL

- 4 cups raw potatoes, diced
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- 1 can kidney beans
- 1 1/2 cups tomatoes
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 lb. hamburger

Put the potatoes in the bottom of a two-quart casserole. Add the rest of the ingredients in layers in the order listed, with the hamburger being placed on top. Bake 1 1/2 hours in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

HUNGARIAN PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops
- 1 cup onions, sliced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tsp. dill weed
- 1 tsp. caraway seed
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sour cream

Brown pork chops in small amount of hot shortening. Add onion, garlic, spices and water. Cover and simmer until chops are tender. Remove chops, drain excess fat from skillet, saving onion. Stir sour cream into skillet, combining with spices and onion. When piping hot, pour over chops. Serve with hot biscuits or hot cooked rice.

This is a marvelous combination of flavors and makes a gourmet dish out of pork chops. —Evelyn

BANANA FLUFF PIE

- 2 ripe bananas
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 egg whites (unbeaten)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell

Force the bananas through a sieve into the large bowl of the electric mixer. Add the other ingredients and beat at high speed until the mixture stands in peaks. Spoon into the baked pie shell and bake in a 325-degree oven 15 to 20 minutes until lightly browned. Serve with whipped cream or a substitute. —Dorothy

SCOTCH LAMB AND BARLEY SOUP

- 2 lbs. lamb neck pieces
- 2 large stalks celery, chopped
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. peppercorns
- 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 1 large bay leaf
- 2 quarts water
- 1/2 cup pearly barley
- 2 cups sliced carrots
- 1 1/2 cups diced turnips
- 1/2 cup sliced green onions
- Chopped parsley

In Dutch oven, combine lamb, celery, onion, garlic, two teaspoons of the salt, peppercorns, monosodium glutamate, bay leaf and water; bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer, tightly covered, one hour. Strain and refrigerate several hours until fat rises to top; remove fat.

Measure broth and add water, if necessary, to make 1 1/2 quarts. Remove meat from bones. Return broth and lamb to Dutch oven. Bring to boil, stir in barley. Simmer, covered, 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add remaining salt, carrots and turnips. Cook about 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Stir in green onions and simmer about 10 minutes longer. Sprinkle with parsley. —Abigail

PORK CHOPS AND POTATOES

- 4 pork chops
- 4 Tbls. margarine
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 4 medium-sized potatoes (raw)
- 1/2 cup chopped onion

Brown the pork chops well on both sides. Melt the margarine in a saucepan. Add the flour and blend well. Add the salt, pepper, mustard, paprika, thyme and Worcestershire sauce. Stir in the milk gradually and stir constantly until thickened. Slice the potatoes and place alternate layers of potatoes, cream sauce and onion in a greased casserole. Place the browned pork chops on top. Cover and bake in a 350-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours or until the potatoes are tender. Remove the cover and bake about 15 minutes longer to crisp the chops. —Dorothy

BEEF SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cooked and riced beets
- 1/2 pint sour cream or cottage cheese
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Let cool and thicken slightly. Fold in remaining ingredients. Mold as desired. Serve on lettuce leaves (preferably fresh garden lettuce) with sour cream or mayonnaise. —Abigail

BUTTERSCOTCH TOPPING FOR UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup butterscotch chips
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

1 box cake mix prepared as directed. Combine ingredients (with the exception of cake mix) and spread over bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Prepare cake mix as directed. Spoon batter over top of butterscotch mixture. Bake according to directions on cake mix. Cut in squares. Turn upside down to serve.

I like to turn out the entire cake while warm to keep butterscotch mixture from sticking to pan. This may also be used with any of your own cakes made from scratch. —Evelyn

HAWAIIAN SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. orange-flavored gelatin
 2 cups boiling water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 cup sugar
 2 cups diced orange sections
 1 13-oz. can chunk pineapple
 25 maraschino cherries, quartered

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the flavoring and set aside. Add the sugar to the diced oranges and let stand for a short time to make its own juice. Drain this juice into a cup, add the juice from the pineapple chunks, and add enough water to make 1 1/2 cups of liquid. Add this liquid to the dissolved gelatin mixture. Chill until partially set, then fold in the well-drained pineapple chunks, orange sections and cherries. Place in a mold and chill until firm. —Dorothy

SAVORY RED CABBAGE

1 medium-sized head red cabbage, shredded
 3 apples, chopped
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup diced onion
 1/4 cup cider vinegar
 1/2 cup water
 1 tsp. salt
 1 Tbls. sugar

Prepare the cabbage and apples. Melt the butter or margarine in a skillet and add the onion. Cook for 5 minutes. Add the apples. Mix vinegar, water, salt and sugar. You might, just for variety, add a dash of nutmeg and a dash of pepper. Toss everything in with the shredded cabbage. Cover and cook for 15 to 20 minutes. —Lucile

BEEF AND POTATO LOAF

4 cups thinly sliced, raw potatoes
 1 tsp. salt
 1 Tbls. onion, diced
 A dash pepper
 1 tsp. parsley flakes (optional)
 1 lb. ground beef
 3/4 cup evaporated milk
 1/2 cup soda cracker crumbs or raw oatmeal
 1/4 cup catsup
 1/4 cup onion, diced
 1 tsp. salt
 A dash pepper

Combine potatoes, salt, onion, pepper and parsley flakes. Arrange in a layer in a 2-quart casserole or in a square baking dish.

Combine remaining ingredients. Spread evenly over potato layer. If desired, combine 1/4 cup catsup and 1 or 2 Tbls. brown sugar and spread over top of meat layer. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour or until potatoes are tender. Makes 5 nice servings. —Evelyn

SIMPLE SPICE PUDDING

1 cup brown sugar
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 cups boiling water

Boil for 5 minutes and pour into an 8-inch square pan that has been heated. Drop the following batter into this sauce while hot. Bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Batter

1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 cup flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 Pinch of salt
 1/2 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 cup raisins, dates or nuts

Blend these ingredients together in order given and drop into the hot syrup mixture as directed above. —Margery

DELICIOUS BUTTERSCOTCH TORTE

6 eggs, separated
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1 tsp. baking powder
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Beat the egg yolks well, then slowly beat in the sugar, baking powder and flavorings. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold them into the yolk mixture. Next fold in the crumbs and nuts. Bake in two 9-inch layer pans which have been greased and lined with waxed paper. Baking time approximately 35 minutes in a 325-degree oven. Cool ten minutes, then remove from pans and place on a rack until completely cooled.

To frost, whip 2 cups of cream, slowly adding 4 Tbls. of powdered sugar. Spread the cream between the layers, and over the top and sides of the torte. Cover the top with the following sauce:

1/4 cup water
 1/4 cup melted butter
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 Tbls. flour
 1 egg, well beaten
 1/4 cup orange juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine all the ingredients in a saucepan and cook until thickened. Cool thoroughly, then drizzle over the top of the torte. —Dorothy

REFRIGERATOR ANGEL BISCUITS

1 pkg. or cake of yeast
 1/2 cup warm water
 5 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. soda
 3 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 3 Tbls. sugar
 3/4 cup vegetable shortening
 2 cups buttermilk

Dissolve the yeast in the warm water. Sift the dry ingredients together one or two times and put into a large bowl. Cut in the shortening. Add the buttermilk and yeast and work only until well moistened. Cover the bowl and put into the refrigerator. Use as needed. Bake in a 400-degree oven about 12 minutes, or until brown. —Dorothy

PERFECT FRENCH TOAST

3 thick slices of bread, 2 or 3 days old
 2 eggs
 1/2 cup cream
 Pinch of salt
 Dash of nutmeg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cut the bread diagonally to make 6 triangles. In a bowl beat the eggs until light and frothy. Add the cream, salt, nutmeg, and flavorings. Soak the bread, a piece at a time, so that they absorb the egg-cream mixture thoroughly. Heat cooking oil in skillet and fry bread on both sides to a golden color. Remove and drain on a paper towel to absorb excess oil. Place on a baking sheet and allow to puff up in oven preheated to 400 degrees. This will take about 3 to 5 minutes. Sprinkle with a little powdered sugar and serve with maple syrup. —Mary Beth

OPEN-FACE CHEESE SANDWICHES

1/2 lb. grated Cheddar cheese
 1/2 can tomato soup
 1 medium onion, chopped fine
 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
 1/2 cup green pepper, diced
 1/2 cup olives or sweet pickle, diced
 Buns and butter

Butter each half of hamburger bun. Combine remaining ingredients. Spoon onto bun. Put on cooky sheet and heat in 300-degree oven for 20 minutes. This may also be prepared in the broiler but watch closely. Broil until cheese is bubbly.

The friend who sent this recipe says she often makes it for her family using only the first four ingredients for the spread. When company comes she adds the green pepper and stuffed green olives or pickles for a special treat. —Evelyn

MOLDED APRICOT SALAD

1 #2½ can apricots, drained or
 2 cups fresh apricots
 1 1/2 cups juice (or water)
 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple
 flavoring
 A dash of salt
 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie
 sweetener, if desired
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/2 cup pecans, chopped

1 cup celery, chopped
 1/2 cup whipped cream or whipped
 topping

Cut apricots into bite-sized pieces.
 Heat juice (or water). Dissolve lemon
 gelatin in hot liquid. Add flavoring,
 salt and sweetener. Chill until syrupy.
 Add softened cream cheese, beat until
 fluffy. Fold in remaining ingredients.
 Spoon into mold and chill until firm.
 Turn out on lettuce leaves to serve.
 Mayonnaise may be used as topping.

PERFECT SWISS STEAK

2 lbs. round steak, cut two inches
 thick
 2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 3/4 cup flour
 2 cups tomato juice
 1 large onion, sliced
 1/4 cup fat
 1 bay leaf
 1 clove garlic

Sift salt, pepper and flour and dredge
 steak, pounding well. Brown onion in
 fat and remove from pan and brown
 meat in the same fat. Cover with
 onions, add bay leaf and garlic and
 enough water to cover meat. Bake in a
 350-degree oven for about 3 hours.
 Pour tomato juice over meat and con-
 tinue baking, covered, one more hour.
 Serves 6.

—Margery

BROCCOLI-RICE CASSEROLE

3/4 cup rice (before cooking)
 1 pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
 (heated and drained)
 1 egg
 1 1/2 Tbls. instant minced onion
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 cup milk
 3 Tbls. melted butter
 1/2 cup shredded sharp Cheddar
 cheese

Cook the rice until done and drain
 well. Combine the rice and well-drained
 broccoli. Mix together the egg, onion,
 Worcestershire sauce, salt, milk, and
 butter and stir into the rice mixture.
 Pour into a greased casserole and top
 with the shredded cheese. Bake in a
 325-degree oven for 40 minutes.

SWEDISH APPLE CAKE

1 cup flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2/3 cup sugar
 1 egg
 1/2 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 2 cups sliced apples
 Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and
 sugar into a bowl. Add well-beaten
 egg, milk and vanilla and beat for one
 minute. Pour into a greased and floured
 8-inch square pan. Arrange sliced ap-
 ples evenly on top of batter.

Topping

2 tsp. cinnamon
 3 Tbls. softened butter
 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut
 flavoring

Mix this together and sprinkle over
 the top of the apples. Bake in a 350-
 degree oven 30-40 minutes. Serve warm
 with whipped cream or a substitute.

—Dorothy



Of course
 you
 can!

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Burnt Sugar	Maple	Black Walnut	Banana
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SAUCY SAUCES

by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

The discovery of a new dish does more for human happiness than the discovery of a new star.

—Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (1825)

I've discovered that a new sauce or even an old tried and true one handed down from grandmother can perk up a new or old dish.

Equal portions of light corn sirup and currant jelly beaten together and poured over lamb during the last thirty minutes of its roasting is a tasty topping.

A little light corn sirup added to peas, carrots, beans or corn will sharpen their natural flavor.

A quickly made nippy sauce that is a good accompaniment for ham, boiled beef, or smoked tongue is whipped up by adding two tablespoons of horseradish and one-third cup of prepared mustard to one cup of dairy sour cream.

Highlight ham slices with a delicious pineapple and blue cheese sauce. In a saucepan combine one cup of canned pineapple tidbits with the juice and one teaspoon of brown sugar. Simmer until heated thoroughly, then add one-fourth cup (about one and a half ounces) of crumbled American blue cheese and remove from heat at once.

A delicious sauce served hot over pan-broiled liver (one pound) is made simply by adding one-half cup of sliced or slivered almonds to one-half cup of melted butter or margarine. Stir and brown lightly, then add one tablespoon of chopped parsley and, if you wish, a little sprinkling of salt.

Broiled steak tastes delicious with whipped butter seasoned by adding chopped green onion and chives, crumbled blue cheese, and a sprinkling of garlic salt or, if you prefer, a little crushed tarragon. The flavors will blend deliciously if made a little ahead of time.

A tasty, creamy sauce chilled and served with seafood or salmon loaf is made by combining one can (eight ounces) of tomato sauce with mushrooms, two-thirds cup of sour cream, one-half teaspoon of dried dill weed and one-half teaspoon of seasoned salt. This will make one and a half cups. This sauce also makes a tasty dip for French-fried shrimp.

Eggs always go well with asparagus. A delicious sauce made golden by an egg is made simply by melting one-half cup of butter and stirring in one hard-cooked egg, chopped coarsely, and one tablespoon of chopped chives. This will yield about one-half cup of sauce.

A tasty sour cream sauce is made in



This month we show you where Mother lives — the Driftmier family home for over 42 years.

a jiffy by combining one cup of dairy sour cream, one-half cup of thinly sliced green onion and two tablespoons of catsup and then mixing.

A tomato sauce that is quickly made and goes well on roast pork or cooked vegetables is yours by combining in a saucepan one can (eight ounces) tomato sauce with mushrooms, one tablespoon of brown sugar, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, one-eighth teaspoon of dill seed, and one-eighth teaspoon of celery seed. Simmer five minutes and this sauce will yield about one cup.

Combine one-third cup of peanut butter and two-thirds cup of light or dark corn sirup and stir until well blended for a yield of one cup of a tangy, tasty peanut butter sauce.

Adding leftover green beans to condensed cream of celery soup and garnishing with canned sliced mushrooms will liven up this vegetable.

A delicious deviled ham dip can be made by blending one can (two and one-fourth ounces) of deviled ham, one package (three ounces) of cream cheese and some prepared mustard and piccalilli to taste. This dip goes well served with slices of toasted party rye bread.

TIMMIE'S FIRST VISIT

He took his bed,
His bathtub blue,
His jump seat, food
And stroller too.
He took his clothes,
Brown bear and beads,
His lotions, soaps
And grooming needs.

He waved "bye bye"
With my son's grin.
Reluctantly I
Walked back in
To find just
Memories, so small.
And missing?
Grandma's heart — that's all!

—Leta Fulmer

WHAT IS A PLACE?

What is a place?

A place is people,
Not streets and stores and such.
No matter where the place,
memory is of people
and what they said
and did
and understood
along with you.

Events remembered make a place for
tears or joy.

Hateful times make hateful places;
Happy times, the happy places.

Where, then, is a place?
People . . .



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
tuning in the Kitchen-Klatter
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- KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- 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.
- KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 11:00 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.
- KLIN Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

MARY BETH WRITES OF HER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

I've just come in from another of my innumerable trips outside to try to dispose of our leaves. "Leaves," you ask, "at this time of year?" They have been snowed upon and frozen into solid enormous loaves, which made transporting them across the yard to the ditch a reasonably easy job. Frozen leaves don't weigh much. As the weather has turned colder and colder and the leaves have lost their snow I've gradually donned more thermal underwear and am getting the job done. Such a big yard with these big, beautiful trees which we so admired when we bought this house, and still do, held more leaves than one could have guessed. I didn't know until becoming a tree-owner that oak leaves turn acid when they rot, and ruin any grass that they lie upon for very long. With Donald's working such long hours it fell to the children and me to get rid of the leaves. We're a little slow but we're learning. Right now there is no snow on the ground and I've broken up the leaves so they will dry on the inside so that one of these months they can be disposed of by burning.

One of the blessings of such a leaf problem is the time it gives one to be outside under the beautiful sky — more often than not alone — and the time for quiet thought it gives. Our Dr. Ream in the Wauwatosa Congregational Church said that people surround themselves too much with the background noise of the radio and television — even in grocery stores with piped-in music — and as a result our powers of thinking and pondering the world are slowly disappearing. I've enjoyed the time outside by myself in all kinds of weather. I've pondered many things, but unfortunately have not figured out the riddle of the world and its associated problems.

We've had an interesting few months of it so far here in our new home. We have had a new linoleum floor laid and I inherited the task of stripping the old paint and glue which has been residue under the edge of the old linoleum that rolled up the edge at one side of the kitchen. I had to use a paint solvent and remember to keep it off the new linoleum. The refrigerator in the former owners' possession had a leaky ice cube maker which had malfunctioned and soaked the floor. Fortunately the household insurance covered the damage and we have a new floor covering at no cost to us. The earthquake which shook us for several minutes in November loosened the plaster in the den, so that seems to be our next project.

As soon as the leaves had fallen from



School picture time has rolled around again and Mary Beth enclosed Paul's with her letter. We can't get over what a "carbon copy" he is of his daddy.

the trees our view of the White River at the foot of the hill behind the house has now extended for quite a distance. Muddy as it is, it is still pretty. The birds are now coming in from these woods that grow up the hill from the river to feed at our feeding stations.

The squirrels are coming, too, and I have found myself faced with one lazy, fat, determined one. The usual squirrel is content to eat what falls to the ground beneath the feeder, but this portly squirrel had learned to shinny up the "squirrel-proof" pole to the bird feeder. There he sits, sometimes three times a day, stuffing himself on the goodies that are put out for the less fortunate birds. I grew to dislike this greedy fellow's habit so much that I tried to think of some way to outsmart him, because there seemed to be no simple way to fool him.

Finally one day I took the shortening can out to the bird feeder and greased the pole which supported the feeder until it was completely coated from top to bottom with thick, slippery grease. Back inside the house, I sat down at the breakfast room window to see if my mind was any keener than my fat little friend's. Sure enough, at noontime he came out for his mid-day feast, and to his evident amazement and my amusement, he slid back down the pole in much the fashion that a fireman comes down a pole in the fire station. He apparently decided that his paws were playing tricks on him because he immediately tried it again. And the same phenomenon overtook him. Never was a squirrel more devastated!

The children and I thoroughly enjoyed this unfortunate animal's rude awaken-

ing. He still returns daily to sniff the pole to see if that particular odor is still present which he associates with the new inability of his to shinny up his feeding pole. He has now learned, I hope, to provide for his needs with the ample supply of nuts which are available in our yard.

We've had many exquisite birds come to call outside our breakfast-kitchen windows. Early in the fall a female cardinal flew into the big window over the kitchen sink. When the sun rose to a particular height in the sky it reflected the trees and the bird evidently mistook the window for a continuation of the woods. This poor creature broke her neck, and we all felt bad to lose her. However, not too many weeks later we saw two pair of beautiful cardinals flitting shyly through weeds and darting in and out at the feeder. I'm not sure of the proper names of many of these lovely winged friends, but we are all enjoying them to the fullest. With the first earliest rays of daylight in the morning these dear birds begin coming in to eat, and thus far we have not disappointed them with an empty feeder.

While I'm talking about animals, I should tell you about our dog. Just a few weeks after we moved in, my mother's dog got some disease and within a week she was dead. Our family — as do many families — make children out of their dogs, and Mother was very, very saddened at the loss of her little dachshund.

At the same time this happened we were having trouble with Eloise — our run-away basset hound — because we had put her on a much shorter run than the one she was accustomed to in Brookfield. She simply was not getting enough exercise for her size. As a result she was constantly sneaking away from us and running off into the new neighborhood. As I've said before, she has neither car sense nor horse sense, and Don and I knew it was only a matter of time until she would not come home, and we dreaded finding her lifeless body on the highway not far from our home. On a long weekend that we went to Milwaukee for a visit we left this problem dog with Mother. She had a fenced-in yard for her dog with no dog to use it, and was so lonely without her dog that she was happy to have Eloise as a house guest, so to speak. It didn't take long for these two to become attached to each other. Eloise got far more attention as an only "child" with my mother, than at our house where she was mildly neglected. On a temporary basis she is staying with my mother, and they both love it!

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

January — while the wind blusters outside, it's time to curl up with a good book by the fireplace, or the hot air register, or the fuel-burning heater! Warmth and an interesting book seem to generate coziness.

A book which will reawaken a love and enchantment of America in the hearts of all readers is *America the Beautiful in the Words of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* by the editors of *Country Beautiful* (Published by *Country Beautiful* and Wm. Morrow and Co., \$6.95, 1965). Longfellow's work became immensely popular early in his career; probably he was the most beloved American poet of the 19th century. Well known in many American homes, readers will probably recall memorizing his lines from "The Children's Hour" or "The Village Blacksmith" or the haunting "Evangeline" or the historical "Paul Revere's Ride". Carefully selected excerpts from his collections show his reverence for the sea, for joys and sorrows of childhood, for courage of pioneers, and patriotism of American founders.

Profusely illustrated with color and black-and-white photographs, *America the Beautiful* would make a suitable gift or memorial book to a library.

Readers have come to expect from the books of Dorothy Clarke Wilson remarkable biographies of missionaries. You'll recall *Dr. Ida, Take My Hands*, and *Ten Fingers for God*. Add her newest to the list — *Palace of Healing* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$5.50). Dr. Clara Swain, first woman missionary doctor, came to India in 1870, sponsored by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and built a hospital, The Palace of Healing. It continued to grow in importance and still remains, after her death, a place of healing and faith. *Palace of Healing*, a tribute to dedicated missionaries, is also the story of a changing tradition in India and the mingling of peoples of different backgrounds in projects of service.

Dorothy Clarke Wilson has traveled widely in India and in Bible lands researching her work. She and her husband, a retired Methodist minister, live in Orono, Maine.

Myra Scovel shared the traditions of China with us in *The Chinese Ginger*

Jars and in *Richer by India*, the frustrations and blessings of everyday living for a missionary family in India. Her latest, *To Lay a Hearth* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$4.50) tells of her feelings upon returning to the United States after her husband served as professor of medicine at the Christian Medical College in Ludhiana, India. Frozen foods, washing machines, TV; all were in contrast to the life the Scovels had come from. A great problem was trying to help their children adjust to the American way of life. *To Lay a Hearth* will give American readers the opportunity to view their country through Mrs. Scovel's eyes.

A book to entertain children of all ages, from preschoolers to post graduates, is *Everything Is Difficult at First* (Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, \$3.50) by Robert Sargent, with illustrations in color by the author. This is a unique book of proverbs; some are traditional, others are new. Examples:

"In the house where the grandparent lives, there shines a jewel."

"If you can tickle yourself, you can laugh when you please."

And the familiar: "Birds of a feather flock together." This witty book is thought-provoking.

A brand-new year
A fresh new start
An urge to improve
Straight from the heart.
A fresh clean page
For each new day.
To chart our progress
Along life's way.
The old year ebbs,
Its hours receding.
The last page is done — mmm!
What interesting reading! —Unknown



Mother's latest project — an afghan.

SHE KNITS WITH LOVE

She knits up all the brilliant scraps of yarn
For scarves and mittens for her active boys,
That they may run and play with many toys
No matter if holes come that she must darn;
And while she works they climb upon the barn
To shout and yell and make terrific noise,
But with it all she never loses poise
For she remembers childhood's time for joys.
And in each stitch she purls and casts her love
That it might weave a cloak, protective, warm,
To hold their youthful charm close as a glove
Forever in her heart soft as a dove;
That there may come no sudden, jarring storm
To mar their lives, but comfort from above.
—Alice G. Harvey



FIRST THINGS FIRST

My dishes are stacked in the kitchen;
My ironing isn't all done.
My house is all topsy-turvy —
I simply don't have my work done.
But I don't care — it doesn't matter —
I just received the *Kitchen-Klatter*!
Until I read what it has to tell,
The chores will have to wait a spell.
—Helen M. Peterson

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THEY ARE MARVELOUS IN OUR EYES!

by
Evelyn Pickering

Have you ever gone to bed on a freezing night with a wrapped-up hot brick or iron to warm your feet? If you haven't, the soothing warmth of an electric blanket when you crawl into bed on a cold night can't be fully appreciated. I always breathe a prayer of gratitude for mine because I remember the hot bricks and irons.

A wood-burning fireplace heated our combination living room and bedroom; another bedroom contained a small heater, while the kitchen proudly displayed a large Home Comfort Range.

As bedtime approached, the irons were lined up in front of the open fireplace, and as each child bade us "goodnight", a warmly wrapped bundle was carefully carried to be tucked near the foot of each bed. A blanket was warmed for baby before putting him to bed. No, our children didn't have bassinets, cribs, or baby beds. They shared our bed if space permitted or sometimes Daddy would sleep with another child. We reared five healthy children to adulthood and they have presented us with twelve fine grandchildren. I am thankful their babies had separate beds and warm rooms, but people *can* survive with fewer comforts and conveniences.

So many blessings we enjoy today were unthought of when my husband

and I were rearing our family. We did not even possess the luxury of electricity. Kerosene lamps and one Aladdin lamp for the children's studying provided our lighting system. All fires died down at night except the back log of red, glowing coals. These were carefully covered with ashes for a "starter" the next morning. Father arose 30 or 40 minutes early to get the fires going in the fireplace and cook stove before other household members arose. Then he would crawl back between the warm double blankets, piled high with four or five quilts, until the house was warm enough for me to cook breakfast.

Today our homes are electrically heated or warmed by gas space or wall heaters. A knob is turned and our stoves are soon hot enough to cook a meal; another knob is turned and our clothes are washed, rinsed, and dried. (How many back-breaking hours I spent over the rub board and tub, scrubbing clothes for a family of seven!) We now plug in an electric iron and it glides quickly over our clothes almost as if by magic. In the "good old days" I heated irons outside by a fire in summer. Often when Father's white shirt was almost completed a black smudge would appear unexpectedly to mar the beauty. Occasionally, while cooking dinner on the kitchen range, a few needed pieces would be ironed, but the "big" ironing was done outside.

I could write a book about the marvelous inventions and conveniences developed since my husband and I were young — water piped into the house and it heated, indoor bathrooms, air conditioners which cool our homes so comfortably in summer. Actually, we are afraid to get in the sun to work flower beds or gardens. The heat might possibly cause a heart attack!

Today our food is kept cool electrically and freezers provide us with fresh vegetables from one season to another. Cars and jet planes take us to distant places in a matter of hours or minutes.

Frankly, I am thankful for the countless conveniences we possess but how many people, old or young, take time to say "thank you" to the Originator and Creator of all these wonderful blessings? Man, I admit, has had an integral part in these marvelous inventions, but who gave him the ideas and brains to complete them?

When you watch a television broadcast from some distant city, or listen to a radio program originating miles away, bow your head for a moment and say "Thank you, kind Heavenly Father, for all Your great works. They are marvelous in our eyes!" (Psalms 118:23)

Each year, January 1st provides 365 days of new opportunity.

The greatest
thing on my
grocery list . . .

. . . you
wouldn't
want to eat!



It's just about the most important purchase I make: **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach!** Without it, how could I keep my washables looking fresh and new? And how could I make them last so long?

No more gray look, and no more "bleach rot" since I've discovered **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach**. It doesn't contain the harsh chlorine that so many liquid bleaches have, so it's perfectly safe for anything I can wash . . . and that goes for filmy synthetics, the new stretch fabrics, even permanent-press clothes. Whiter whites, sparkling colors, no danger! See why I call it the greatest thing on my grocery list?

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

MUCH ADO ABOUT . . . A SAVORY MEAL

by
Marie Mitchell



Nowadays there is much indecision and shilly-shallying as to which of the spiffy new breakfast foods might best tempt finicky appetites. Which brings to mind a breakfast standby of my grandmother's day — oatmeal.

Swimming in rich sweet cream, topped with brown sugar, oatmeal is hard to beat. One of these days, one of the more progressive nutritionists will "discover" its wholesome goodness, and we'll all be right back to the theory under which my grandmother operated all her life.

About the time grandfather finished the barn chores, quieted the squealing pigs with their breakfast, and turned the crank on the separator, the big iron and nickel kitchen stove would have been stoked to just the right temperature. No push buttons in evidence; just lots of oak wood and proper adjustment of drafts and dampers.

A big pot of oatmeal stood at the back of the stove while grandmother set the table with the big earthenware cream pitcher, the molasses pitcher, a stack of homemade bread, jams and jellies, the old crystal spoon holder full of silverware, handle ends up, and the sturdy white ironstone dishes that lasted for generations.

While grandfather washed up at the kitchen sink with its pump that spouted soft water from the cistern, grandmother started slicing potatoes into an iron spider. Spiders were not called iron frying pans or skillets. They were spiders.

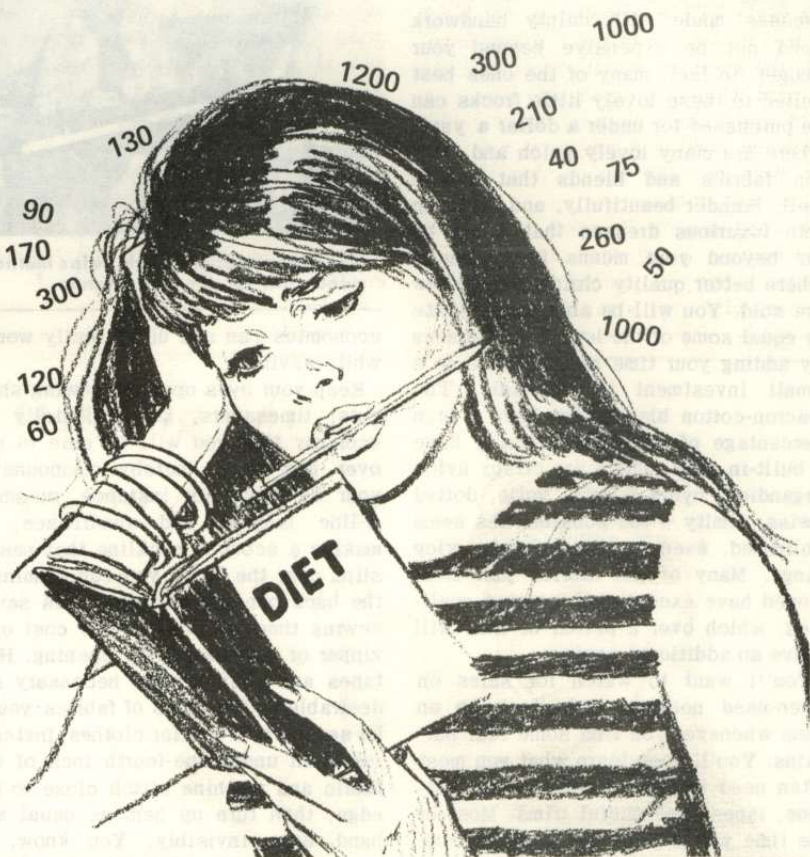
Another spider held eggs and bacon or side pork or steak, and about the time grandfather finished his oatmeal, the meat and potatoes were ready. His final cup of coffee was accompanied by something sweet—homemade doughnuts or cookies, or coffeecake, or bread and butter and sorghum.

By that time it was 7:00 a.m., and his day's work began.

I'm not advocating a return to this extent of leisureness at breakfast time, but must the first meal of the day be so rush-rush? Wouldn't we all benefit by borrowing a smidgen of yesteryear's way of life occasionally?

To err is human. To continue in error is human too. And to blame somebody else for error is also human. It would appear that only the divine admit error.

Too often, we measure a man by a stupid phrase or an intelligent phrase. The former renders him foolish; the latter, wise. Obviously, one must be careful with words.



Calorie-counting got you down?

We've all been through it, with fad diets that never seem to do the job, and crash diets that end with a crash, dreary diets that get so monotonous that breaking them is a relief. But, after all, if we want to lose pounds we must cut down on the calories.

But it needn't be so grim. Not when you use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. This sparkling clear liquid in its new flip-top bottle sweetens just about everything: cereals, drinks, desserts. And it does it right, with never any bitterness or metallic aftertaste. Just sweetness, but never, never a single calorie!

Let **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** help you to a more flattering figure. You'll find it at your favorite grocery.

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.

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone.

Who is powerful? He that governs his passions.

Who is rich? He that is content.

—Benjamin Franklin

SEWING FOR TODDLERS — Concluded practice and time. Really, every little girl should have a heritage of hand-smocked dresses; if you learn, you can dress your daughter as exquisitely as the child of a millionaire, for the cost is truly very little. The fabrics for dresses made with dainty handwork need not be expensive beyond your budget; in fact, many of the ones best suited to these lovely little frocks can be purchased for under a dollar a yard. There are many lovely nylon and Dacron fabrics and blends that handle well, launder beautifully, and make up into luxurious dresses that would be far beyond your means if purchased where better quality children's clothes are sold. You will be able to duplicate or equal some of the loveliest dresses by adding your time and patience to a small investment in materials. The Dacron-cotton blends that have a high percentage of polyester actually have a built-in glow. There are crispy nylon organdies, nylon taffeta, voile, dotted Swiss, dimity — the possibilities seem unlimited, even in the moderate price range. Many of the fabrics just mentioned have exceptional wearing qualities, which over a period of time will prove an additional saving.

You'll want to watch for sales on often-used notions, and stock up on them whenever you find some real bargains. You'll soon learn what you most often need in the line of zippers, buttons, tapes, and useful trims. Most of the time you'll want the smallest size buttons, except for the occasional style that uses bold, large buttons as a fashion focus. Be sure, too, to save still-useable buttons and zippers from garments you're ready to discard — it's surprising, sometimes, how these small



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh helps Mother wind yarn for the new afghan.

economics can add up to really worthwhile savings.

Keep your eyes open for sewing short cuts, timesavers, and especially for economy tips you will be able to use over and over, thereby compounding your savings. For instance, on small A-line jumpers and sundresses, by making a scooped neckline that easily slips over the head, you can eliminate the back opening entirely. This saves sewing time, as well as the cost of a zipper or buttons for the opening. Hem tapes are often neither necessary nor desirable on the types of fabrics you'll be sewing into toddler clothes. Instead, just turn under one-fourth inch of the fabric and machine stitch close to the edge, then turn up hem as usual and hand hem, invisibly. You know, of course, that it's advisable to allow enough hem to let down for another season's growth, thus making the outfit last longer for the money you've put into it. (Toddlers grow up much more rapidly than they do out.)

Sometimes an on-the-bias cut of plaids or stripes can add a style touch to a little outfit, making added trim unnecessary. A cute little applique can be a compliment catcher, yet take only a few scraps and a few moments of your time to add. Unusual pockets often provide that distinctive touch, too, yet can be made with no added cost and little time. (A quick glance through the mail-order catalogs will give you an idea of all the new things they're doing with pockets just now — will this be remembered as the Year of the Pockets?) Round ones and square ones . . . buttoned flaps or zippered fronts . . . set in the seams . . . even pockets upon pockets! And as you sew, you'll find that you soon begin to have your own favorite short cuts and economy tips for small-size sewing, and will find yourself exchanging hints with friends who sew for their toddlers, too.

For still further savings, build up a basic wardrobe of patterns, and learn to combine and vary them to make them look like a far larger assortment. Two or three well-chosen patterns can be used twenty-five or thirty times, easily, without having that "same" look to them — all the outfits will have variety, and can be equally as attractive as purchased garments at several times the cost. The price of a new pattern is quite an investment nowadays, anyway, and you really cannot afford to buy one to use only once! If you can manage to have three well-chosen patterns do the work of eight, right there you've saved several dollars, well worth your time for the advance planning.

Soon you'll be able to stand back and look with pride at the new wardrobe you've made for that little "light of your life", and doesn't she look adorable? Your skillful sewing and fresh ideas can be combined to create those distinctive "designer originals" that only you could make. They are actually more lovely than money can buy, for who can put a value on the love that went into every stitch? You're glad you made that resolution to sew for your toddler, for it's proved to be such a satisfying thing — why, it's actually turned into a hobby! And by consistently using these thrift tips, along with your own, you'll find that you've also managed some satisfying savings!



JOY

I cannot be fettered by yesterday;
No chain binds me or holds me.
I'm free and I'm winging;
I'm happy and singing,
For all of God's love enfolds me.

—Mary Kurtz

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"For Over 75 Years!"

NEWCOMER-ITIS

by
Evelyn Witter

Blurb: A practical suggestion on a sure-fire way to make a newcomer feel at home.

Have you ever had newcomer-itis? It is one of the most uncomfortable maladies a person can go through. To be the only one in a group who doesn't know anyone, and to linger on the fringe waiting, hoping, yes, even praying for a friendly smile, can be as uncomfortable as a case of hives.

At the last social meeting of our Sunday school class there was such a newcomer. Everyone seemed to be friendly enough toward her at first. But after introductions were made and a few pleasantries were exchanged, newcomer-itis set in.

It was natural. People who knew each other well got together in friendly conversation. The newcomer was alone, sitting uneasily on the edge of her chair, looking as if she wished she never had come.

Then I saw the situation change completely. Mrs. Parker, one of the most popular and most sought-after class members, drew her chair up beside Mrs. Newcomer. Soon they were laughing and talking in an uninhibited flow of fine chatter.

"I'm glad to hear you like to do fancy work," I heard Mrs. Parker saying. "We need people like you. We work months ahead for our Baptist Home Day, and perhaps you could bring some of your patterns . . ."

By the changed look on Mrs. Newcomer's face you knew that Mrs. Parker's friendly interest was well-rewarded. It was evident that Mrs. Newcomer was getting the feeling of belonging . . . belonging because she had been made to feel that she had something to contribute.

Later I praised Mrs. Parker for the way she had of inspiring new people to become interested in church work.

An intelligent smile brightened her face as she turned to me and said, "I've had newcomer-itis myself many times. I know an unnoticed person is not likely to return. My idea about church work had always been, 'If we use you, we won't lose you.'"

Because we adopted Mrs. Parker's idea, our Sunday church school class has not only grown in service and in numbers, but in friendship and fellowship as well. Why not try it in your class, too?

When you talk, you say something you know; when you listen, you learn what someone else knows.

JANUARY DEVOTIONS - Concluded

As great as the destiny he seeks,
As great as the life he lives.

(The lamp is now lighted.)

Leader: As we ponder on our commitment to be **LIGHTED LAMPS** in our community and our world this year, may this be the prayer in our hearts: God, touch my ears that I may hear, Above earth's din, Thy voice ring clear;

God, touch my eyes that I may see
The tasks Thou'd have me do for Thee;
God, touch my lips that I may say
Words that reveal the Narrow Way.
God, touch my hands that I might do
Deeds that inspire men to be true;
God, touch my feet that I might go
To do Thine errands here below.
God, touch my life that I might be
A flame that ever glows for Thee. Amen

Hymn of Dedication: "Walk in the Light" or "Jesus Bids Us Shine".

Benediction: Grant us, O Lord, the strength of commitment to seek Thy will for us as we try to be lighted lamps in Your world. Open our eyes to opportunities, and our hearts to love, we pray, and guide and direct us throughout this new year and always. Amen.



1969 SOUNDS OFF

"I am the New Year. Each hour of the three hundred and sixty-five days, I will give you sixty minutes that have never known the use of man. I simply present them. It remains for you to fill them with sixty jeweled seconds of love, hope, endeavor, patience, and common sense. Do use me wisely . . ."



We've come a long way!

Looking back, it doesn't seem possible that we've progressed from a little "kitchen-table" business to a company with distributors scattered across many states.

We couldn't have done it without friends like you, who recognized quality and were willing to look for it. And who encouraged us, with letters and purchases. And gave us your council, and answered our questions.

We feel very humble about our growth. True, we've tried our best to put out the finest cleaner available anywhere (and many of you tell us we have). Now, at the beginning of a new year, we want to renew our pledge of quality; we are going to do our best to continue to merit your confidence.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

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101 clever, original projects to make from your treasury of greeting cards.

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... Now your organization can sell the finest recipe cards available anywhere... and earn 45c for every box sold. Twelve members selling just 12 boxes each will add \$64.80 to your treasury! Printed in vivid, full color, these recipe cards sell on sight to any homemaker who takes pride in her kitchen and her cooking. Sixty 3x5" cards, each with the quaint stove design, packed in an attractive gift box. Makes a perfect shower or birthday gift, too. Send this ad and \$1 for sample box, complete details, and catalog.



CURRENT, INC., W28

BOX 2020 COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.



Many of our long-time readers and radio listeners will remember Gertrude Hayzlett, who for a number of years helped Mother with her radio mail. It was Gertrude who took over the broadcasts for a few months when Mother broke her back in 1930. She has lived in California for many years. Gertrude and her son Gordon surprised Mother with a visit not long ago and what a delightful time they had reminiscing.

IT'S IN THE BAG - Concluded

cupboards? Perhaps their scouts have located a few crumbs left by the children, or an opened glass of jelly. Counterattack with your vacuum cleaner hose. It will quickly swoop up the entire regiment and remove the food attraction. This does not substitute for exterminators, but it gets things under control, pro tem.

Insect-trapper: Moths, for instance. Your vacuum hose can scoop them up in a trace, as well as mosquitos, flies, spiders and other pests. It catches them 'on the fly' and you can even pluck them off the ceiling.

Miscellaneous: If you own a typewriter, or sewing machine, remove the accumulated lint often with your vacuum cleaner. *It's a sucker for dirt!*

□ □ □

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
tories and so many, many cars and trucks, and all of them put smoke and fumes into the air. In the summer we do not notice it so much, but in the winter it is awful. The low cloud cover holds the noxious fumes down close to the ground, and when I leave the parsonage to drive to the church in the morning, I can see the smog hanging over the city. I not only see it! I smell it and taste it! On the way to church this morning it was so bad that I thought for a moment that something had gone wrong with the car. What I need to clean out my lungs is a good long visit to Iowa where I could walk through the fields on the Driftmier farm and breathe some air that smells and tastes the way God intends air to smell and taste.

Speaking of television, did you see that funny story about the old lady whose friends were planning a big party on the occasion of her 100th birthday? But Grandma wanted no part of any such excitement. She said: "I don't want a lot of fuss. I just want to sit and enjoy myself."

"But how about a ride in an airplane, Grandma?" suggested one of her grandsons in the newspaper business. "It would make a good news story!"

"Now you look here; I ain't a-goin' to ride in no flyin' machine," said the determined old lady who had crossed the plains in a covered wagon. "I'll just sit here and watch the television, like the Lord intended I should."

I am sure that there are times when all of us feel just like that old Grandma. We are not sure how much of today's modern conveniences are the work of the Devil or the work of the Lord. The chances are that we believe God to have had a hand in the things we like, and the Devil to have had a hand in the things we dislike. Believe me! There have been times when I have been flying through some violent storm or have been in a plane that had developed engine trouble when I was convinced that the airplane was never intended to be. But then again I have to admit that there was a time when a plane was flying me to a hospital and I was just sure that it was the answer to prayer.

I suppose that it all boils down to the fact that a thing is good or bad depending on how we make it so. The same fire that sterilizes the surgeon's instruments can also be used to burn down a hospital! The powerful automobile that kills on the highway is also the ambulance used to save lives. It's strange, isn't it?

Sincerely,

Frederick

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Silver dollar size—million dollar flavor! Crisp, long lasting, never pithy! A symphony in scarlet and white—finest radish you ever grew. An All-America Award Winner. Limit one packet per customer.

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WEAVE RUGS — Make Good Profits — No experience necessary! Free Catalog, sample card, and low prices on carpet, rug filler, looms, parts, inexpensive beam counter. If you have loom — advise make, weaving width please. OR RUG COMPANY, Dept. 1927, Lima Ohio, 45802

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LADIES, we use the famous grit wheel for sharpening pinking shears. \$2.00. Shears — 75¢: clipper blades — \$1.00. Keen-Edge Grinders, Mediapolis, Iowa 52637.

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OUT OF PRINT bookfinder. Box 678KK, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send Wants.

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NEW, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED LAURA INGALLS WILDER songbook — 63 of Pa's and Laura's favorites, auto-graphed — \$5.95 with order. New booklet "Laura Wilder of Mansfield" by Wm. Anderson — \$2.00. Laura Ingalls Wilder Home, Mansfield, Missouri 65704.

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LADIES — want beautiful complexion? Try Beauty Masque way. Write. Wilfred, 5225 KK Sansom, Philadelphia, Pa. 19139.

LOANS ALL TYPES \$10,000 to \$100,000,000. Anywhere in USA and Canada. FISHER Real Estate-Mortgage Corp. Mortgage Brokers, Joy, Ill.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

holidays. But this year I have been able to take a lively interest and I even started my Christmas shopping back in September! I did all of this by mail, of course, and was grateful for the big pile of gift catalogs that arrived all through the fall. By December 1st I had finished all of the ordering.

The other day I read something about the holidays that struck me as being very true. Little children love holidays with pure joy and nothing interferes with their enjoyment. Adults, alas, have too many nostalgic memories to experience this rapturous delight that

children experience. It is our first Christmas this year since Dad died and since he always took great pleasure in Christmas Eve we will miss him sharply when we gather at the old family home to open our gifts with Mother.

May 1969 be a happy year for you and for your loved ones. It stretches ahead seemingly forever, and yet come this date next year and we'll wonder what in the world ever became of 1969!

I send you my most affectionate greetings at this season and the hope that 1969 will be good to you and your loved ones. Sincerely, Lucile

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

What's new and better for 1969? Vegetables take the lead in the All-America Selections for this spring's planting with a Gold, a Silver, and five Bronze winners. Heading an impressive list is a F1 hybrid broccoli *Green Comet*. It is an extra-early green broccoli of large-sized heads of rather small tight heads or buds of excellent quality. Its notable uniformity and hybrid vigor make it an ideal choice for home and market gardeners.

F1 hybrid cabbage *Stonehead* is a new extra-early, small-sized extremely hard-heading cabbage. It is especially wanted for home gardens where growing space may be at a premium. Also, the small heads store readily in the refrigerator. We grew this one in our trial gardens and found it to have all the good qualities claimed for it. *Stonehead* cabbage did not split or burst as quickly as other early varieties.

Another cabbage that won a Bronze medal in the trials is *Harvester Queen*. This one is medium early with large, solid globular heads of good quality. It is a fine one for kraut and processing and is believed to be 100% yellows resistant.

Tokyo Cross is a unique new turnip with a small, smooth tap root and delicately flavored, fine-grained flesh. It is pure white, very early and a fine choice for the home garden and for marketing.

F1 hybrid cauliflower *Snow King* is an extremely early snowball type with fair-sized heads of good quality. It is said to be from 10 to 24 days earlier than other snowball types and to be more heat tolerant than most cauliflowers.

Two squash won Bronze medals in the trials. They are a summer bush squash, *St. Pat Scallop* and a winter squash, *Kindred*. Their best recommendation is their semi-bush growth pattern which makes them better for small gardens.

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You'll be positively thrilled and delighted with every big issue of this large 8½" x 11" magazine. Instructions are so simple, you'll be able to make beautiful things, whether you're a beginner or an advanced worker. Each issue is chock full of interesting items to make for tots, teens and adults—men, women and children—plus crafts, hobbies and arts for homemakers.

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