

TX1  
K574  
C.2

1aAS

# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 34

JANUARY, 1970

NUMBER 1



NOV

70

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV

NOV





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,

Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom.

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

Foreign Countries \$2.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1970 by The Driftmier Company.

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a beautiful winter day in southwestern Iowa, and with all the snow on the ground it has put me into a cheerful frame of mind to get some Christmas cards written.

Every single year I resolve to get cards started in November so I can write real letters to old and dear friends, but every year it turns into genuine Indian summer just about when I'm ready to start, so I'm not in the mood to write Christmas cards . . . and they just plain don't get written.

Christmas is certainly extra-special for me this year because Juliana, Jed and James will be here. When I first arrived in Albuquerque at the end of October I asked them if they could make it back to Iowa for Christmas, and after some thought they said that they felt they should stay in New Mexico. Last year was James' first Christmas and the first Christmas also for being in their own house — they had wonderful plans to celebrate the holiday.

Well, around December 21st or thereabouts Juliana came down with a terrible case of flu and was flat on her back right through Christmas. James was also sick and Jed felt terrible too, so it ended that what they had anticipated so joyously turned out to be a wretched disappointment. This year, they said, they wanted to see if they couldn't make up for last year.

But after much thought they concluded that this was really the time to make it back to Iowa, so their plane tickets are in hand and everything is set for a wonderful family time. Now if only the Omaha airport is open when they're due to arrive, not a hitch seems to be in the way. I can scarcely wait until they get here, and the time really isn't far away.

For many, many years we have had our Christmas Eve celebration at the family home, so this year we'll be there once again when dusk approaches.

Ordinarily we gather around 7:00, but we've changed the time to 5:00 in order to let James have all the excitement before he gets too tired and cranky. It's been a long, long time since we've had a baby for the family Christmas tree and all of us think it will be fun to have James with us.

Through the years my Christmas decorations have gotten down to New Mexico, and as a result I must get some new things for this holiday. I'd planned to bring back some of the old things on this last trip, but we had so much stuff tucked into every possible inch of the car that we simply couldn't get in one more thing. My old friend Anita and my new friend Eula (Eula Blake of Kansas City) were making the trip with me and by the time we had crammed in the usual collection of luggage, plus two wheelchairs in the trunk, we couldn't have squeezed in even one tiny ornament. (Have any of you folks noticed how little we can get into present-day car trunks compared to days gone by?)

I had such a very pleasant time in Albuquerque through the last few days in October and the month of December. For the first time I felt really at home in my new house, and I could put my mind to details that I hadn't had a chance to take care of any earlier.

One thing that helped me to feel fairly well settled was when Mother and Dorothy arrived to spend about ten days with me. They had planned their drive down very carefully and actually turned up in Albuquerque almost to the very minute that I expected them. My, it seemed so good to have them there safe and sound and not too tired. I had urged them to have two nights on the road rather than one, and consequently they could arrive fresh and rested.

Juliana took us on several drives since she knows the city so well and could point out things of interest. Even though she is only twenty-six she really feels like an old timer because several of the areas where we drove were open desert when she first went

to the University of New Mexico. Albuquerque has grown tremendously since World War II and is still booming along. While I was there three large firms announced plans to build big new plants in 1970, and short of some unforeseen disaster it seems that this steady pattern of growth will continue.

I'm like all grandmothers — I need no encouragement whatsoever to talk about my grandson!

James is a darling little boy! He turned 19 months old when I was there, and as nearly as I can figure out he pretty much fits the stage of development for that age. Although not too much time had elapsed between visits, I noticed a great change in him. He is now very independent and likes to figure out things on his own.

About 9:00 o'clock every morning Juliana asked him if he wanted to go and see Granny Wheels, and immediately he ran to get his bright red jacket and was all set to go. Practically every trip he brought over some toy and then took something back. I believe that the funniest thing he transported was his little red chair. He looked so little and so determined when he started across the street with his mother hanging on to one hand, and the other hand fully tied up lugging that little chair.

Wheels of all kinds simply fascinate him. He spends endless minutes studying the big wheels of my wheelchair, and just when I think that surely he cannot find anything new to study he props up his head afresh (he's lying on the floor looking upwards through all of this) and regards the whole thing from another angle. Since wheels hold such endless fascination for him we all tried to get wheeled toys for his Christmas gifts this year.

He now feeds himself entirely and eats everything from the table — no more baby food. Some days he puts Juliana into a fit by refusing to eat anything whatsoever — even his greatly favored dishes won't be touched. She asked me what in the world she could do about it, and I told her that all of the authorities said just to ignore it completely . . . but that never in my entire life had I known a mother who could be blithely unconcerned when her baby wouldn't eat "one single thing". (When Juliana was a baby I used to get so upset that I was ready to burst into tears!)

James now wears T2 (this means Toddler 2) in clothing and I had a lot of fun getting into a big shopping center to find several things for him. His new snowsuit is a cheerful blue with all kinds of zippers to keep him toasty warm, but we were never able to find red boots to go with it. If Juliana

(Continued on page 22)



## WE'RE SURE MARY BETH WILL ENJOY TEACHING

Dear Friends:

I am writing you this month from the crowded corner of the dining room table. Everyone seems to congregate here every evening when school work period rolls around despite the fact that each child and Donald have their own desks for study purposes. It reminds me of pictures of families who gathered under the one central light fixture when electricity was new.

We're having a busy time of it at our house these days. In November I was busy with substitute teaching at the Academy because there was quite an outbreak of flu. In fact, it became so severe that they had to close the elementary school for a day because so many children were getting sick during school hours. During one of these days at school the headmistress, Miss Harper, stopped me after school to inquire if I would consider taking over full time for one of the young teachers who was leaving around Christmas. Donald and I talked this over considerably and we finally determined that with the concerted efforts of the entire family this could reasonably be a successful venture.

I now go in to school at seven-fifteen in the morning with the car full of sleepy children and their wide-awake driver. It really is amusing, if not sometimes frantic, to get all of us dressed, fed, and breakfast dishes picked up and rinsed and put into the dishwasher, everyone's brief case full of prepared lessons and textbooks put into the station wagon (the mini-car will no longer accommodate all of us) and all the lunches picked up and put on board. Katharine occasionally tosses us a curve by taking too long putting in her contact lenses, but thus far we have not been late for school. Don has a rule governing the departure time for the car, and that is that whenever it runs late everybody has to get up extra early the following day. The children consider that they have to get up too early as it is, so they are pretty helpful toward one another.

The young woman's position which I have taken over is a tough one to fill. She is a superb teacher with particularly successful touch with the 6-going-on-7-year-old age group. She has been such a fine teacher at the Academy for seven years and the children like her so much that I fear I'll be considered an unwelcome substitute for their favorite teacher. I'm sure she will be a fine new mother to her first-born child.

I had taught this class on several occasions, so they were not strangers to me. And before she left I spent many days in her class observing her parti-



Donald Driftmier, strong for outdoor exercise, takes his younger children, Paul and Adrienne, to a nearby lake for skating during the winter months.

cular techniques so her students would have as little transition as possible from her schedule of classwork to mine. I had to study up on my phonics lessons considerably, but things are going along very smoothly. There are seven boys and six girls in the class and I wish you could visit this class some day and listen to them read. All of their success convinces me that reading by the phonetic method is the most successful method available.

The children put on their play for 4-H Club in November, and I must tell you about it. The play was our club's presentation for a combined county-wide contest for drama and music competition. I had not expected this to be a contest, so I was surprised to see so many youngsters turn out at the high school gymnasium-theater. There wasn't a long-haired, unwashed youngster in the entire audience. The young folks who turned out representing the sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds were a credit to the 4-H. Katharine and Adrienne were in a skit from the *Peterkin Papers* entitled "The Lady Who Put Salt in Her Coffee". Katharine was the lady from Philadelphia and Adrienne was one of Mrs. Peterkin's boys. They had great fun with the drama end of it, and although Adrienne is aspiring to being a Barbra Streisand, I have a few reservations.

I've been keeping my fingers nimble these past two weeks with warm winter cap knitting. I found a dear little cap in the window of a knitting shop in Oconomowoc, which is the largest close town. I bought the proper amount of knitting worsted in black wool, and within a few days had a warm, functional winter helmet for Adrienne. Her teachers at school were quite taken

with her hat and soon I had an order for another one just like it in white. Now I'm working on a third one in red for yet another teacher's child. A person surely doesn't know what circumstance will present itself as an opportunity for development from one day to the next.

Just as an example, Don and I were not aware that the Academy has a program whereby they make it possible for any of their teachers, and wives who are interested, to attend a series of lectures given by various groups within the metropolitan Milwaukee area. Last week we went to hear a speaker from Austria who was in Viet Nam in December, 1968, and he, because of his education, was able to describe very accurately the historical background leading up to the crisis in the East. He was a magnificent speaker. He has a mastery of five languages, and has his doctorate in history, philosophy, and psychology. He lives in Austria, but one year in four he travels around the world, re-acquainting himself with the world situation and conducting speaking tours. It was a most interesting and stimulating evening for us. These talks occur once a month, and way last October Don and I were fortunate enough to attend a seminar

(Continued on page 23)

### COVER STORY

James Lowey didn't feel a bit shy with Great-grandmother Driftmier and made up to her right away, but this was not in the least unusual, for we've never seen a child who didn't! He was particularly delighted when she sang "Happy Is the Miller Boy" and bounced in her lap or danced beside her wheelchair with considerable enthusiasm.



# All Great Things Are Simple

A New Year's Program

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Make this a setting "in the round". Arrange the chairs in a circle, two or three rows deep if necessary. Leave openings on opposite sides of the circle for easier seating. Those taking part, with the exception of the leader, take their places in the circle with the rest of the guests, standing to give their particular part of the program. The leader waits until the time for the program to start and then places a chair in one of the openings in the circle, leaving one opening for late comers.

Place a mobile on a tall pedestal in the center of the circle. Suspend from the wire arms of the mobile placards on which are printed in large letters some, or all, of the action verbs mentioned in the program.

The leader may choose a different person to give each meditation and inspirational reading.

**Leader:** Come into the circle of love and justice; come into the circle of brotherhood, of pity, of understanding and friendship; come into the circle of service and action; come, and ye shall know peace and joy in the new year.

## Opening Challenge:

One step won't take us very far;  
We've got to keep on walking.

One word won't tell folks who we are;  
We've got to keep on talking.

One inch won't make us very tall;  
We've got to keep on growing.

One little deed won't do it all;  
We've got to keep on doing.

**Leader:** Today we have come to the time for closing the book of 1969. What an incredible year it has been for the individuals in it! Many pages of the book of 1969 are stained with blood and tears; and fear has been the book-mark. Swift changes have been recorded in its pages like those in an adventure novel. World trends and life trends have marched through its pages at a dizzy pace.

There are also golden pages in the book. These we lay aside with mixed emotions of regret and relief. There are chronicles of love, of mountain-top experiences, of happiness, and of spiritual ecstasy. Some growth has been recorded here also, even in the recording of those darkest hours. Providence has

brooded over the writing. Now we must close the book and go on from here.

Today we accept the book of 1970 and open its clean white pages. *What will be recorded there?* Almost in fear and trembling we take up the pen of life to begin the marking of its pages. It is well to take a few moments to seek guidance and inspiration before we step into the new year. Join me now as we take a small moment of this brand-new year to "think on these things".

## We Believe It: (A meditation.)

The three greatest masterpieces in literature, it is said, are the Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-Third Psalm, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Recall their wording:

"Our Father which art in Heaven,  
hallowed by Thy name."

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

"Fourscore and seven years ago."

A clubwoman of Iowa made this comment: "Not a three-syllable word in these opening statements; hardly any two-syllable words. All the greatest things in human life are one-syllable things — love, joy, hope, home, child, wife, trust, faith, God, man. *All great things are simple.*"

So as we turn the fresh clean page on which to record our successes and our failures, our joys and our sorrows, for 1970, let us think of the eleven great verbs of life as set forth by George W. Fiske:

I AM: the power of self knowledge.  
I THINK: the power to investigate.  
I KNOW: the power to master facts.  
I FEEL: the power to appreciate, to value, and to love.

I WONDER: the power of reverence, curiosity, and worship.

I SEE: the power of insight, imagination, vision.

I BELIEVE: the power of adventurous faith.

I CAN: the power to act and skill to accomplish.

I OUGHT: the power of conscience; the moral imperative.

I WILL: the power of will, loyalty to duty, consecration.

I SERVE: the power to be useful; devotion to a cause.

Again I point out that the greatest verbs of life are *action verbs*, and they are one- or two-syllable verbs. *All things are simple!*

## Reading:

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

He took the warm brown earth into his hand,

The warm brown earth which matched his own dark skin;

He closed his hand and felt the heat expand,

The heat a southern sun had put therein.

He took the pure, bright colors of the earth

And to the world he made a gift of them.

He took a plant men said had little worth

And found a use for fruit and leaves and stem.

But though he did these things and many more

He did not take the praise, instead disclosed

That it had been the hand of God that tore

The lock which keeps the book of knowledge closed.

Good fertile fields he made from useless sod —

This man with willing hands and faith in God.

—Clipping from church paper

**Leader:** The Rev. Roy L. Smith once pointed out that if we expect God to co-author our book of life, we must remember we have a leading part to fulfill. We must live those action verbs. Roy Smith has written:

## WE CAN'T ASK GOD

— For help if we are not making any effort.

— For strength if we have strength we are not using.

— For guidance if we are ignoring the guidance we now have.

— For prosperity if we have proved we cannot be trusted with it.

— For faith when we are afraid to act on what we already know.

— For forgiveness if we continue hating someone else.

— For mercy if we intend to commit the same wrong (sin) again.

**Meditation:** One of the most important challenges given us as we began our program today were the words "One inch won't make us very tall; we've got to keep on growing." This reminds me of the story of the farmer and the pumpkin. One day a farmer, walking through his pumpkin field, happened to spy a gallon glass jug lying on the ground. Being of an experimental nature, he poked a small pumpkin through the neck of the jug and left it lying there amid

(Continued on page 21)



## WORRY IS WASTEFUL

by  
Evelyn Witter

Are you a worrier? If your answer is "yes" then you are indulging in waste; waste at a high cost because it brings with it psychological and physical tolls.

Just stop and think what happens to YOU when you worry — your appetite diminishes, your fatigue increases, your sleep is disturbed, your digestive system may become upset and you might get a headache. Psychologically you are spending time, energy and mental ability in a negative and futile way. We abhor a spendthrift when time or money is involved, but we seldom stop to think that worry is being a spendthrift of life's most valuable commodities.

Many people feel that everything is such a mess in this old world and there are so many problems it is only "natural" to worry. Perhaps, however, it's just easier to worry than to make oneself look at the situation, do what can be done and then confidently put nervous overconcern aside.

How can you stop worrying? There are many good ideas, but the following suggestions are ones which have proved most valuable for me.

First: Do not brood over past mistakes. They cannot be changed. To keep recalling them to mind cannot possibly help, but only consumes mental energies which are meant to enable us to live hopefully. We may not be able to completely forget some mistake which we have made but we should learn to leave it in the past and move on into the future.

Second: Do not dwell on the misfortunes which come. Everyone has trouble at some time or another. Do we have a special rabbit's foot that guards us especially from the trials of this world? Why should we be spared? All we have to do is look around to see people who bear blindness, disease, loss of loved ones and other misfortunes bravely, nobly and without complaint. Our own difficulties diminish in proportion to the extent we look at others and help them in their problems. This has a way of making us ashamed of our own grumblings, too!

Third: Stop talking about our troubles to other people. Often relating problems only enlarges them. Now, it does help a great deal to have one really good friend to whom we can talk freely about something which bothers us, but once we get it off our chest let's leave it alone and go on to other, more creative, thoughts. If we continually insist on airing our troubles they may soon hatch more worries. Sympathetic comments may well be the yeast upon



Mother had a nice vacation in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in late fall when she visited her daughter Lucile in her new home there.

which new worries grow. Repetition is not help!

Fourth: Do not mull over little insults. Cold shoulders and social snubs come to everyone. Whether we are a mature person emotionally shows in the way we react to those slights. Sometimes, too, we imagine an unfriendly word or a cold response when the other person involved did not mean to be unkind at all. We can build up some of these imagined slights into a big hurt. If we take offense we bear grudges. Grudges, really, are feelings by which we punish ourselves for little insults we receive. Why should we punish ourselves needlessly? After all, it is reaction which counts when these things come along more than the incident itself.

Fifth: Don't worry about tomorrow. In this day of tension and stress that may sound strange, but it is just as true today as it was when Jesus said, "Therefore, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day." If we take on all our troubles of today and all our fears for tomorrow we will surely waste our energies completely! We need to live today to its fullest and best, thinking and planning creatively for the future, but not stewing and fretting over what might happen.

Sixth: Find new and interesting activities, mental and physical, in which to become absorbed as substitutes for the old, unhappy, wasteful thoughts. If a house stands empty it is soon full of mice, cobwebs, dust and spiders. We can empty out the old unpleasant habits but we must take into our lives worthwhile, thoughtful, growing activities or our worries may soon crawl right back into the vacant spaces.

As each day is all fresh and ready for us to launch out in more exciting ways, let us resolve to stop such waste!

## WHEN IS A HOUSE A HOME?

Our house is a large rambling building, inconvenient, and always in need of repair. Frequently I have wished for a smaller, more modern place to live since our five children are married and gone.

One day a small granddaughter was visiting and while we sat on the back porch (which badly needed new flooring) I expressed my desire to own another house. Sadly Susan looked at me in disbelief, "Oh no, Mama Pick, I love this one!" On another occasion to an older grandson I remarked, "This old house needs so many repair jobs, we should move or build a new one." With the same look of dismay Don answered, "But, Mama Pick, I like the one you have."

If this rambling house expresses love and home to our 12 grandchildren how could we shatter their young hearts? Living here since the oldest, now 19, was born it is natural for this house and "Mama and Daddy Pick" to be closely associated in their minds.

Why should I fret and wishfully desire a new home with more modern equipment? Fine furnishings may equip a house, but parents and grandparents radiating unselfish love make the lowliest house a home. —Evelyn Pickering



## AMERICANA IN REVIEW

The lithographic skills of Nathaniel Currier and James Merritt Ives depict American history of the 1800's through more than seven thousand prints, in color and black and white.

Lithography, the nineteenth century photograph, was a process of engraving or drawing on stone, from which multiple copies could be made. The artist had to be talented as the picture had to be drawn in reverse, much as if he were looking into a mirror. A grease crayon was used to draw the scene on a soft, porous stone. The stone was then moistened with water and next inked with a grease ink which clung only to the part of the stone touched with the crayon. Pressed against the stone a paper would pick up the ink and retain an impression of the scene. A majority of the prints were lithographed in black and white with the color added later by hand. Invented in 1796 by a Bavarian, Alois Senefelder, the procedure was used extensively until the late 1890's when development of photographic equipment came to the fore.

An original Currier & Ives print is now a collector's item, though good reproductions of these thrilling scenes are available at nominal cost and can be appreciated as a true sketch of Americana. —Marjorie Fuller



## FREDERICK SENDS HIS NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

Dear Friends:

As I sit here staring at the calendar, I have to pinch myself to see if I am dreaming! Have we really come to the beginning of 1970? Goodness! Do you know how many years I have been writing to you? As I recall, my first letter to *Kitchen-Klatter* was written in 1939, and now that 1970 is here we can think in terms of thirty years! Oh, there were occasional months when I missed getting off a letter, months when I was deep in the African jungles, or in one of many hospitals at home and abroad, but generally speaking, I have written to you rather regularly. Just for fun I get out some of the old issues of *Kitchen-Klatter* and read a letter now and then. What outlandish things I sometimes did! And how on earth I ever lived through some of those experiences makes me wonder. As we begin this new year, my one fond hope is that you folks will have just as happy a year as I anticipate having. Something in my bones tells me that this will be a very fine year for all Americans, and I am going to count on it.

Thank heavens the weather at the end of the year has been an improvement over what we got last November. I don't know what it was like out where you are, but here in Springfield, Massachusetts, we thought the rain would never stop. It was just as cold and wet and miserable as a New England November could be, and my old throat paid a price for it. Believe it or not, I had to go for two whole weeks without speaking to anyone. There was one exception; I was permitted to preach the Sunday sermon, and I did manage to squeak through one lecture to the Men's Club of the church. I guess that some of the fog and sleet got into my voice box and just refused to come out. Oh, but it was frustrating for this talkative preacher to be speechless. The most maddening thing about it was the way people treated me! Because I couldn't speak, seven out of ten people with whom I came in contact immediately assumed that I could not hear either! This meant that when I signaled or wrote to people that I could not speak, they would not speak to me either — just make signs. That would make me feel so silly, but sometimes it just made me mad. Once or twice I wrote in big letters on my scratch pad: "Please! I am not deaf! I am not dumb! Just speak to me."

Haven't you noticed how often we don't know what to do in the presence of people who cannot speak, or who really cannot hear? This recent experience of my inability to speak has made



Betty and Frederick Driftmier aboard the *Yankee*.

me very conscious of other people's reactions, and as a result I have resolved to be more natural, and to act more naturally whenever I am with handicapped people.

Whenever a new year begins, I feel almost overwhelmed with gratitude to God, and how sorry I feel for the atheist who begins a new year with no one to thank for having brought him safely to its portals. Life is so good, and our earth is so lovely, and there is so much of joy everywhere! Oh, how wonderful it is to know that another year has been given to us with all of its cause for rejoicing.

Mind you, I take this attitude, and I say these things while very much aware of all the evil in the world, and I don't fail to look in the face of suffering and dread as they walk the earth. Of course, I know that 1969 was a painfully cruel year for many people, and of course, I know that in America and in all the world there are many hard things and bad things, but the hurtful things of life don't get me down. Hurtful, evil things always have been here from the beginning of time. Jesus walked amid violence and savagery; he loved his neighbor and then had that love thrown back into his face, yet he said: "Ask, that your joy may be full." As we begin a new year the one most important question for each of us is not *why*, but *how*. Whether we find 1970 to be one of the best or one of the worst years of our life will depend on how we are to meet the problems, and how we are to meet the successes.

Only a few minutes ago I was reading a letter from one of our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends who was telling me how sick at heart, and how bitter and discouraged she is because of a series of calamities that struck her home and family.

In my note to her, I spoke of the way life is both summer and winter, day and night, white and black, up and down, sunshine and rain, and that the goodness of life is accepted or rejected by us depending upon how we obey the spiritual laws that require us to ask that we may receive, to give that we may take, and to get lost so that we may be found. After all, it is the difference in viewpoint which makes success or which makes defeat out of opportunity. I don't know who wrote this verse, but certainly it is true: Life's battles don't always go

To the stronger or faster man;  
But soon or late, the man who wins  
Is the one who thinks he can.

Whenever I find myself wondering just what it is that devotion to one's church is meant to do to help one through life, I eventually come to just one conclusion that outranks all the others. I believe that religion's greatest help to us is a certain quality of feeling to inspire us and to give us faith and courage. I am convinced that the true church may not be the same church for each one of us, for it always has to be the church which does the most to help us have a realization of the nearness of the holy spirit. Surely all of us must agree that God's holy spirit is not limited to any one group of people, and I know, too, that we agree in the belief that no one church and no one denomination has a monopoly on Christian faith, and courage, and commitment, and love. No matter who you are, or where you are, or what you are, there is a spirit of power and goodness that can come into your heart and help you to make 1970 the best year of your life. It isn't anything you can catch or you can get; but it is something you can have. If

(Continued on page 19)



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

May I wish you a very happy New Year! When I was just a little girl I tried to be the first one downstairs in the morning to wish Mother and Dad a Happy New Year. And how exciting it was the first time I was allowed to stay up and watch the new year come in! In those days, at the stroke of midnight, all the church bells rang and sirens screamed, and people really did "ring out the old year and ring in the new". I guess it's a sign I'm getting old that now I stay up just long enough to see the new year ushered in on Times Square in New York City.

The months of 1969 were busy and happy ones for me. I had a nice trip to Wyoming in the spring to visit Kristin and family, and to see her get a degree from the University. In August she brought the children and spent ten days with us at the farm, which was the longest visit we have ever had with our grandchildren.

This past year also had its disappointments. It was very wet in our locality, so our crops were poorer than normal, but we are looking forward to spring and hoping that 1970 will be a good crop year.

I told you last month that I planned to take Mother to Albuquerque to visit Lucile, Juliana, Jed, and little James. I drove to Shenandoah the night before so we could get an early start in the morning. We decided to try a different route this time, and took Interstate 70 out of Topeka west across Kansas. Traveling on these super highways is wonderful in several respects. They are much safer and you can cover more miles in a day since you don't have to reduce your rate of speed going through towns. But as I drove along and saw the exit signs for towns, the names of which were so familiar to me since every one has someone in it who takes *Kitchen-Klatter*, I wished we had time to turn off and drive through the towns. Of course this was impossible since we were on a rather tight schedule.

We stopped for lunch at a Nickerson Farm Restaurant. Just as we were getting into the car to leave, a woman nearby called to ask if I happened to be a member of the Kitchen-Klatter family. I said that I was, and that Mother was with me. She and her friend came over to visit and we found that



Mother enjoyed the sunshine on Lucile's patio and that is where she was when Dorothy took this picture of her with her granddaughter Juliana and great-grandson.

they have been long-time subscribers to the magazine, and have listened to our daily radio visits for years.

We drove on to Oakley, Kansas, where we spent the first night. This was farther than I like to drive in a day when Mother is with me, but she insisted that she wasn't tired. We had a good rest and were on the road again at 8:00 in the morning. We love the wide open spaces of western Kansas. It is beautiful when the rolling hills are green in the summer, but equally lovely in fall colors of tans and browns. We didn't see as many cattle as we expected.

Our highway took us straight south from Oakley to Liberal. The sky was heavily overcast all day, and we drove through rain, light mist, and even a little snow. When we got to Liberal we were back in familiar territory, for this is where we turned southwest on Highway 54, through a corner of Oklahoma (we ate lunch in Guymon), down through Dalhart, Texas, and on to Tucumcari, New Mexico. We gained an hour when we reached the New Mexico border and arrived quite early at our motel. A few more hours of driving would have taken us to Albuquerque, but we decided we had better rest and finish the trip the next day. Lucile knew where we were staying that night, and she called to see if we had run into any snow. She said they had had a beautiful warm day in Albuquerque, but they had heard it was snowing in the higher elevations.

We arrived at Lucile's about noon. She had given us such complete instructions about getting there that we had no trouble at all; in fact, it was as easy as if we had been there many times before. Lucile and Eula, her companion, had lunch ready for us. This was our first trip to see Lucile's new home, and we were anxious to look around and see everything. We were happy to see what a comfortable and convenient place she has, and espe-

cially nice because it is right across the street from Juliana.

We were anxious to see Juliana and James, and all of them came over later in the afternoon after James had awakened from his nap and Mother had had her rest. James is a darling. Such a happy and lively little boy! He is just at the age where he is fascinated with wheels, and the minute he came into the room he went right for the wheel chair and tried to make the wheels go round.

The weather was beautiful while we were there and I have never seen a bluer sky. Mother spent the mornings on the sunny patio, and although she had taken her afghan along to work on, she preferred to relax and play with James when he was there.

I made this trip for two reasons: first, to get Mother away for a change of scenery before winter, and second, to have a short visit with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls. They were spending a few weeks in Roswell, New Mexico, to see if the higher elevation there would be better for Edna than where they have been living in Mesa. They didn't know I was coming until the night before when I called to tell them to meet the bus. I don't know when I have seen two happier people, except myself. I was elated to see Edna looking much better than I had expected, since she had been critically ill during the summer. I had made a new dress to take to her and had taken my portable sewing machine with me so I could finish it after the final fittings. They got a laugh out of my bringing my machine all the way from Iowa, but nothing made me happier than to be doing something for Edna. We spent two days just talking as fast as we could talk, and loved every minute of it.

During my absence from Albuquerque Juliana drove Mother and Lucile around the suburbs and the beautiful mountains surrounding the city. Mother was fascinated with the homes which have been built high in the foothills overlooking the city, which has grown so much that it is now spread over a wide expanse of miles and miles.

When I got back we spent one day on a trip to Santa Fe, and stopped to call on Anita Turner, Lucile's former companion.

Juliana entertained us at coffee one morning at her house so we could see her home and garden. She has a lovely garden and we hope sometime we will be able to see it in the spring when the flowers are all in bloom. Juliana inherited her father's green thumb and loves to work in the yard with her flowers and shrubs.

One evening they got a girl to stay

(Continued on page 19)





## Jury Duty . . . or Privilege

by

Nora Butkiewicz

A summons for jury duty was in the mail. This was the third over the years. Now there were no pre-school children to keep me from responding. Other people's reactions to this experience came to mind as I wondered what to expect.

While I was growing up, it seemed Dad was always in and out of the courthouse, but I was too young to remember his comments. Some people said jury duty was a boring experience. My children gleefully teased me about "sending them up the river — innocent or not". The most encouraging support came from a kind friend who has great curiosity about everything. She quietly said that observing and listening carefully would add greatly to what all citizens should know. Her reasoning proved sound and served as a reliable guide for my entire jury term.

Choosing a jury was interesting as names were called and people answered, and then were assigned to various court rooms. (This was in a city.) Another woman and I wondered what it must be like in smaller communities where everyone is well known to each other.

My first surprise was the care taken to select jurors. The lawyers wrote our names, addresses, and professions as called and then remembered or wrote what seemed a fantastic amount of information about us. This would help determine how qualified we were to decide their client's case.

When twelve jurors were chosen, a thirteenth was selected to be with us should one of the twelve not be able to serve. That person sat facing the judge while the jury faced the courtroom.

Our first case was ready and we were given thorough instructions as to our duty. Amazing (to me, at least) precautions are taken to protect the innocent and still find the guilty. Repeating these preliminaries must seem tiresome to the judicial staff, but nothing was omitted in each case we decided.

Something unexpected was a room for the jurors to gather before, during, and after trials. (By "during" I mean those

times they aren't to hear legal proceeding in the courtroom.) Verdicts were also deliberated here. Provisions were made for our comfort, and there was a buzzer to call the bailiff for any necessities, and to announce when a verdict was decided.

While watching court scenes on television or in movies, I felt that much of the procedure was for a dramatic effect. One attorney did perform with an eye on the jury and courtroom, but everyone else was more believable. However, they did follow the routines I'd watched in entertainment media.

In one especially interesting case, the defendant pleaded his own case while his lawyer stayed in the background. His presentation was given in a professional way as he checked and rechecked testimony for flaws. (We wondered what his life would have been had he chosen to follow a legal rather than illegal path.)

Now the jurors could really become acquainted — ministers, office workers, housewives, an artist — people from many professions. Two persons were quite humorous, which helped ease tense situations.

There was much conversation about everything from recipes to art. Coffee was brought in and some women brought doughnuts. Some had letters to write, knitting, Christmas cards to address, and reading material. (*Kitchen-Klatter* was in my purse and passed around. One other woman also subscribes, and listens when she can.)

We hear much these days about public apathy and tolerance of crime. One woman was so afraid of blaming an innocent person that she didn't consider an accomplice guilty. Instead of concentrating on "guilty" or "not guilty", some of our group were more concerned with witnesses' varying statements as to the exact shade of a color. At present I am reading *Father Flanagan of Boy's Town*. He thought one reason for the increase of crime is jurors not being responsible enough to decide on guilt.

Hearing those witnesses made me wonder how qualified I would be in

similar situations. Recently I was given a test that will haunt me for years to come. My husband and I came upon an accident scene where a little girl was still lying in the street till an ambulance came. I saw the accident car (medium blue) but had no knowledge of make or license number. My main concern was for the little girl who died a week later.

In contrast to that poor witnessing, a woman in one of our cases had observed a robbery and then drove by the get-away car for a better look and the license number. Surely crime would be cut if all of us could summon that much courage in such a situation.

The judge was an interesting person who is well known for humor and a desire to help those who are brought before him, if they want to be helped. While waiting for jury assignments, we heard him pronouncing sentences and pleading for reform. Such a profession must be sad at times and even more so when the guilty won't try for a better life.

A surprise was our being taken in a group to restaurants for lunch while trying cases. Cramming thirteen jurors and a bailiff into an elevator takes some doing. This care is a precaution against anyone's tampering with the jury. Nor were we to discuss the case among ourselves while eating. (This also extended to our homes, and the judge told of extreme cases where a mate had resented such secrecy.)

I've read of some courts where teenagers form the jury when someone their age is being tried. This must not be a successful idea or it would be more widespread. I firmly believe crime would be cut if all young people could sit through a criminal trial. They would see nothing glamorous about such a career as testimony unfolded and the defendant tried to free himself. Some have reached the stage where prison at least means food and a warm place to stay. I wondered where the defendant was kept between trial sessions. Mainly they are in jail.

For a little background information, I consulted an encyclopedia. Our jury system came from England. Originally Norman kings used this way to get facts needed for taxation. There is debate as to which country actually started the practice. Also, there is present-day discussion as to whether this jury procedure is the best way to try cases.

If a jury summons comes again, I'd gladly report for duty. People laughingly tell the reasons they have used to be excused or, even worse, that they have always wanted to serve on a jury but their employers wouldn't release them. No wonder criminals are too often loose to create more trouble for themselves and others.



## A LET-DOWN CAN BE GOOD

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Life has its ups and downs and it is good we don't always live on a level plane — especially if the level is a low one! I'm not sure but what living on a mountain top elevation of experience could get to be monotonous and wearing also.

At any rate, the excitement and wonder and frantic activity of the holidays are great to lift the spirits. However, if we could not have the let-down of a calm January ahead, some of the pressures of December might well overwhelm even the most hearty personalities.

I like January. The month begins, if I am fortunate, when we take down the Christmas decorations. I say fortunate, for my husband Robert has the notion that the tree and all the rest of the holiday glitter should be dismantled on December 26th! I much prefer to have an entire week of Christmas with the gifts piled under the tree and the happy symbols of the holidays glistening as long as possible.

By the time January 1st is over and we have watched the big parades on television, eaten a generous dinner (planned around turkey pie with meat left over from you-know-what big holiday dinner), and seen the bowl football games, then I am ready to get out the boxes and proceed to put Christmas away.

Hopefully, one nice day will come along before the school vacation is over for the task of taking down the colored outdoor lights. Last year such work was delayed when we were hit by an ice storm, as you in the Midwest no doubt remember. Traffic was stalled for days. My mother had to spend one more week here in Sidney than she had planned. Finally the highways cleared enough for her to return to Wesley Acres in Des Moines. Bob was a day late returning to his classes in Sioux City because the buses and all other means of transportation came to a complete standstill.

It was not until between-semester break when Bob was home again near the end of January that the ice and snow finally disappeared. On a crisp sunny day the family went out for an un-decorate-the-outdoor-trees session. After the job was finished and the last bulb carefully tucked into a box in the basement, we treated ourselves to a supper of steaming oyster stew in front of a blazing fire in the fireplace.

At any rate, the timing was better than the year we had snow and ice for so long after Christmas we did not get the outdoor lights down until time to begin picking the tulips along the front



Taking down the holiday lights from the outdoor trees can be almost as much fun as putting them up. The Birkby family enjoys doing the project while their oldest son, Bob, is home from college to help. From left to right are Bob, Evelyn, Craig, Jeff and Robert. —Photo by Blaine Barton

fence!

We have so many family get-togethers at this time of year it is indeed exciting. It seemed as if the special days began in November when Robert and I celebrated our wedding anniversary on November the 3rd. Well, celebrate is not really the right adjective. Robert had to go to a Scout meeting at 7:00 that evening. We had a fried chicken dinner right here at home and as soon as we finished eating Robert, Craig and Jeff got on their Scout uniforms and left.

The fact that we had gone to Morningside College the weekend before to attend Homecoming and Parent's Day festivities with Bob made it easier for me to cheerfully get up from the table and do the needed cleaning up. After all, I felt we had a two-day vacation and counted it as an early anniversary observance.

The very next day, November 4th, my sister Ruth and brother-in-law Dr. Paul Gerhardt of Mesa, Arizona, pulled in with their camping trailer accompanied by their beautiful big German shepherd, Cindy. They spent ten wonderful days with us.

Jeff had his first real experience hunting when Paul helped him handle the extra gun he had brought along for just this purpose. The first day of hunting produced one beautiful cock pheasant and one thrilled young man!

Craig had a happy time with Paul, also, for they share a mutual love in collecting antiques. It was Paul whose hobby of insulators and old bottles kindled Craig's interest in doing the same. Whenever time permitted during Paul's Iowa visit, the two of them

were out digging in old dumps or haunting antique shops in the area.

Since Paul's work at the University of Arizona is in the field of entomology, he brought the boys some exciting specimens for their insect collections. Along with beetles and cicadas were several big black and orange grasshoppers he called "horse-lubbers". A tiny dark brown insect lined with bright red marking was appropriately named a "soldier" grasshopper. These are far different than our common Iowa species. A box filled with moths is still affording hours of diversion as the boys get them relaxed and spread for mounting. Obviously, several new insect collection boxes are going to have to be made to hold these treasures from Arizona.

By the time Ruth and Paul left, Robert's birthday and Thanksgiving were just around the corner. Two more big family dinners were held. Then it was time to begin the process of finishing the Christmas shopping, wrapping packages, decorating the house and participating in the holiday activities which swirl around a household which includes young people.

So you see, I'm ready for a let-down. It is coming just in the nick of time! We are planning to spend long evenings playing the new games found under the Christmas tree. The scrapbooks and photograph albums will be brought up to date. The gift books and new magazines will need quiet hours to enjoy properly. The sewing I began last October and put aside for "a day or two" will get finished, surely, before the month of January is over. And the

(Continued on page 22)



## ABIGAIL DISCUSSES ONE OF COLORADO'S SERIOUS PROBLEMS

Dear Friends:

Every year I get a bigger jolt from writing down the numbers of the new year. When I am confronted by the beginning of another decade, the jolt becomes almost staggering. 1970 is a year of special significance for me because it is the hundredth anniversary of my father's birth. Somehow that seems to make my awareness of the passage of time even more acute.

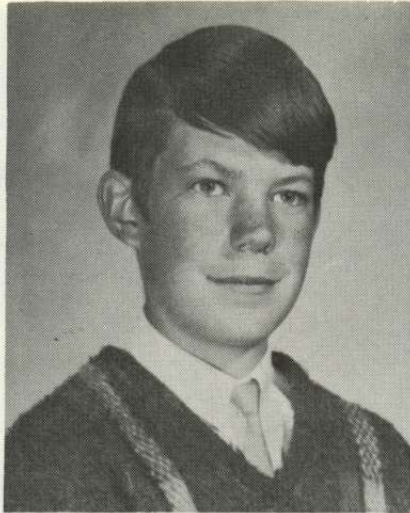
Back in those years immediately following the Civil War this particular section of the country was just being tamed by immigrants from the East and Middle West. Nowadays my generation is confronted by the problems resulting from this "taming". Matters of air, water and soil pollution, depleted flora and fauna, as well as the debilitation of the Indians are situations we cannot ignore much longer.

Water pollution is a matter about which the state of Colorado cannot equivocate. Snow and rain fall high in its mountains. From this pure source tiny rivulets join to form streams which grow eventually into mighty rivers. The action of no other state affects this essential water before it departs Colorado's borders. When it leaves, spoiled by pollution, only the dwellers of this state for the past hundred or so years and those of the present are responsible. Fast-flowing, clear, tumbling mountain streams are a source of joy as well as life to all of us. What a shame that we have spoiled and are spoiling so many of them!

Colorado became a state because its valuable minerals attracted large numbers of residents from other states. Thousands of deep long tunnels dug to mine gold and silver are abandoned now. These old tunnels and their tailings are one of the most obstinate sources of water pollution. They add harmful chemicals to the water and fill up the natural holes along the creeks. The result is that it is impossible to see a single fish in some streams where once they were seen in abundance.

The mining people never gave a thought to upsetting the balance of nature. Contamination of water was of no concern to them and it still isn't to many people today. From a rickety cabin built a hundred years ago for temporary shelter to some of the most recently and expensively built modern vacation homes, human sewage has not been given adequate treatment before it reaches the streams.

Industry, both agricultural and manufacturing, has long been guilty of pouring vast quantities of pollutants into rivers, but industry is frequently more



Clark Driftmier, Wayne's and Abigail's son, is in high school now. Talented in music, he has played the tuba in the Golden Symphony Orchestra and in school groups.

susceptible to pressure than individual people. As the result of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act of 1965, some states were prompted to take action of their own. Colorado did so in 1966, and at long last measures were begun in earnest to reverse this process of continued and increasing pollution of water.

Not living alongside a stream or river, Wayne and I don't see water pollution every time we go outside. But air pollution is not hidden from anyone. Even though it is not a daily occurrence yet, we have noticed a great increase in air pollution during the years we have lived out here. This is a bad situation anywhere, but for a state that has long prided itself on pure, clean air, it is a matter of grave concern. Here again legislation is forcing industry to do something about its contribution to polluted air. In addition, homeowners are not supposed to burn trash. But so far nothing really effective has been done about getting rid of a major source of air pollution, that caused by motor vehicles.

Perhaps one means of determining the boundaries of the Denver Metropolitan Area would be to take that region covered by air pollution. Last week I accompanied a friend north to the little town of Lyons. We noticed that smog extended from Denver all the way to a rise north of Boulder. That is a good many miles in just one direction.

We human beings certainly have a tremendous capacity for making our presence felt upon an unsuspecting Nature. Just think of the amount of impact the moon has already experienced in the few brief years it has had direct contact with people and their devices!

But getting back to the new year . . . the Eve is a most delightful occasion for Wayne and me. We have a group of friends who have gotten together for years to enjoy dinner and informal card playing. Some years we have ordered whole lobsters shipped in. Other years it has been T-bone steaks broiled over charcoal. The remainder of the meal is divided among the group, so the hosts have an easy time. This will be the last year one couple will be living here in Denver, so the occasion will be a farewell also. This particular couple is very close to Wayne and me. How we hate to see the second set of dear friends move away within a year!

There is a group of men from Colorado Springs who climb to the top of Pike's Peak on the day preceding New Year's Eve. They set off an impressive array of fireworks at midnight to herald the occasion. If it is a clear, cloudless, smogless night, we can see a bit of the color from the street in front of our house. Certainly it won't compare to the spectacular color we enjoyed in Mexico City last year, but, on the other hand, it will be nice to be with old friends once again.

Emily will have to carry on for our family the gala celebration in Mexico City. She has moved from the crowded home where she started out into an apartment with a girl friend. Studying was too difficult in the first home. Also she wanted a place to give private lessons in English to earn some money. Foreigners are prohibited from holding jobs until they have completed five years residency in Mexico. Apparently private tutoring is permissible. Emily has considered teaching as a career, and perhaps these classes will help her make a decision. The University of Colorado is supposed to set up a program whereby in one concentrated semester, a student can take essential courses and also do practice teaching. This streamlined program would certainly make it easier for people to decide to become teachers.

We hope that this new year brings peace, health, and happiness to each one of you — and to us also.

Sincerely,

Abigail

## POSSESSIONS

He is rich who has stored a wealth  
Of kindness in his heart.

Generous, when this wealth is distributed

Freely among his fellow men.

Talented, whose hands create beautiful  
deeds.

Wise, who uses these possessions and  
in so

Doing finds contentment.

—Sara Lee Skydell



# JANUARY FUN

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



## DECORATIONS

On the front door fasten a large red bell on which you have written the greeting "HAPPY JANUARY". Hang clusters of bells from doorways and archways, and fasten tiny ones to curtain shades for shade pulls. Suspend a cluster of bells above the serving table. If you are using a punch bowl, fasten tiny silver jingle bells around the rim of the punch bowl, attaching them with transparent tape. Then pin or glue a tiny bow to each bell to conceal the tape.

Cut a large bell from red paper to use as a mat beneath the punch bowl, or at each place as a place mat if guests are to be seated at the table. Shining red shelf paper works fine for this, making them inexpensive. If a tray lunch is served, place a bell mat on each tray.

Tiny silver bells to decorate nut cups or place cards, or to tie in a cluster with a bow of ribbon to the punch ladle handle, are easily made by molding aluminum foil around a thimble. Tie a knot in very narrow tie ribbon and thread through each bell with a darning needle. Thus the ribbon forms the clapper and a streamer for tying.

Of course the frosty white sugar bells make lovely decorations to use on a tea table, around a floral centerpiece, or with a snowman, and to place with sprigs of evergreen to encircle the punch bowl.

**Bell Calendar Favor:** Cut a bell from heavy red paper. (If cut double of lightweight posterboard, and left uncut at the top, the bell will stand.) Glue on a tiny 1970 calendar in the lower part of the bell. Fasten a tiny ribbon bow at the top, perhaps tying a sprig of evergreen into the bow.

## ENTERTAINMENT

**Futures Forecast:** Give each guest a sheet of paper and a small envelope filled with confetti. Provide paste. On each sheet of paper write the title of the picture you wish created by the person receiving that paper. Allow about ten minutes for each guest to

create a picture by gluing confetti to the paper. Picture titles might include: "Man Arrives on the Moon", "Moon Miss Meets Earth Man", "The Car of the Year for 1970", etc.

**The RING Is the Thing:** A quiz with answers in words ending with "ring".

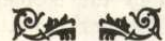
1. Plenty of it in sports. Cheering
2. Lasts for a long time. Enduring
3. You will be concerned. Caring
4. Coming closer. Nearing
5. You'd probably stay put. Anchoring
6. Would make you a pest. Badgering
7. Many women are. Alluring
8. Don't let on that you are. Maneuvering
9. Most likeable. Endearing
10. If on a lion hunt, maybe? Fearing
11. Making a mistake. Blundering
12. To overcome the unknown. Daring

**Creatures We May Live to See:** Provide a collection of pins, corks, spools, prunes, pickles, toothpicks, thread, yarn, buttons, nuts in the shell, belts, screws, etc. Award a prize to the person who can create the most unusual animal from the items. If you have a small pan filled with sawdust, an empty birdcage, and a bowl of water, you can have fun putting each animal in its "bird, beast, or fowl" habitat before the judging.

**Resolution Free-for-all:** Each man is given a slip of paper on which is written a New Year's resolution, such as "Resolved: to become an opera singer" (or a TV star, or a cowboy actor, etc.); "Resolved: to find a wife this year", or "Resolved: to become a vegetarian". Each girl is given a slip on which is written a duplicate of those on the men's slips. At the leader's signal "go" each man starts pantomiming his resolution. The girls try to match up with the man acting out the resolution on her slip.

**Roll a Snowball:** To "roll the ball" the player must be speedy in doing three different things—all left handed. On a table at one end of the room place two sets of the following objects: a glass of water and an empty glass, a

pencil and paper, and a book. The guests line up in two teams for a relay game. When the signal is given, the first player in each line runs to the table. Then with his left hand only he (1) pours the water from one glass to the other; (2) turns to page fifty in the book and then closes the book; and (3) writes "I love you" on the piece of paper, turns it over on the back and writes "January, 1970", and then turns page over again. Then he runs back to the player next in line and taps him on the left shoulder with the left hand and that player goes through the same procedure. The side to finish first, with each player having had a turn, wins the game. (If a player is naturally left handed, he should do everything right handed.)



## WHEN IS IT?

New Year's was not always celebrated on January 1, and still isn't in many places.

Prior to September 14, 1752, England and her colonies observed New Year's on March 25.

The Jews observe a 10-day New Year season at the time of the autumn equinox.

Months of the Moslem calendar start with the new moon and thus move backward through the four seasons, so that the Moslem New Year's retrogrades through the entire year in about 33½ years.

But whenever you celebrate the New Year, celebrate with joy for your well being in '69, and look forward to your well being in '70.

## NEW LEAF

I have a precious gift to guard and keep.  
The kind New Year has given me this day . . .  
This bright new page to fill in my own way,  
This hour to start, to rouse from years of sleep  
The gift of time to plunge my pen down deep  
And write new things to do without delay . . .  
A chance to change this calloused lump of clay  
And rescue something from its wretched heap.  
Now, I must strive to keep this new page clear  
From every stain of sin or carelessness  
And fill it full of tenderness and love.  
I must expell all hatred, doubt and fear;  
And I must rise from my own helplessness  
To find and point to brighter paths above.  
—Margaret Aamodt



**COCO-MINT CHIFFON PIE**

1 9-inch baked pastry shell or 1 9-inch crumb crust  
 1/4 cup cocoa  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 Dash of salt  
 1 3/4 cups milk  
 2 eggs, separated  
 1 envelope plain gelatin  
 1/4 cup cold water  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring  
 1 cup heavy cream, whipped  
 4 sticks peppermint candy, crushed  
 Mix cocoa, sugar and salt in double boiler; add milk and heat until sugar dissolves.

Add a little hot mixture to well-beaten egg yolks; then stir into remaining hot mixture. Soften gelatin in cold water and stir into hot mixture. Add the flavorings. Chill in refrigerator until partially set.

Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and 1/2 cup cream. Put in pie shell; chill. Spread with remaining whipped cream and sprinkle crushed candy on the top.

This is surely a most delicious pie and would be ideal for dinner guests or club refreshments. —Lucile

**SOUTHERN YAM CASSEROLE**

2 cans (1 lb. each) yams, drained, or 4 medium yams, cooked, peeled and halved  
 1 medium apple, pared, cored and sliced  
 1/2 cup quartered dates  
 3 Tbls. lemon juice  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 1/4 cup chopped walnuts  
 2 Tbls. brown sugar  
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Arrange yams, apple and dates in greased shallow 1 1/2-quart casserole; sprinkle with lemon juice, nutmeg, flavoring, walnuts and brown sugar. Dot with butter and bake in 350-degree (moderate) oven 20 to 25 minutes.

**HONEY BREAD PUDDING**

6 slices cinnamon-raisin bread, cut into cubes  
 2 cups milk  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/2 cup honey  
 2 eggs

Place the bread cubes in a buttered, deep, 1-quart casserole. In a saucepan combine the milk, flavorings and honey and heat until blended. In a bowl, beat the eggs slightly. Stir in the warm milk mixture and blend well. Pour over the bread cubes. Set the casserole in a larger baking dish containing a little hot water. Bake 45 to 50 minutes in a 350-degree oven, or until a knife inserted in the casserole comes out clean. —Dorothy

**QUICKIE PEACH CAKE**

1 (2 1/2 size) can sliced peaches  
 1 box butter brickle cake mix  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 stick margarine or butter, melted  
 1/2 cup pecans, chopped  
 Empty contents of can of peaches, juice and all, into a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Stir in almond flavoring. Sprinkle dry butter brickle cake mix over top of peaches. Melt butter or margarine and combine with butter flavoring. Pour over top of cake mix. Sprinkle on nuts. With a fork, work cake mix into peach juice until all is moistened. Bake in 375-degree oven about 45 minutes or until done. Serve with whipped cream or whipped topping if desired. Delicious hot, but very good cold.

This is a marvelous dessert. Very rich, crunchy and buttery. Home-canned peaches may be used. Other fruits may be used. Do make with the butter brickle cake mix, nuts and flavorings as given for a fine combination of flavors. —Evelyn

**RICE-SAUSAGE CASSEROLE**

1 lb. sausage  
 1 medium onion, diced  
 1/3 cup green pepper, diced  
 1/2 cup celery, diced  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 small can mushroom stems and pieces (optional)  
 1/2 cup uncooked rice  
 1 can chicken with rice soup  
 1/2 cup water  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 Brown sausage (links are great, or make tiny balls out of bulk sausage). Saute onions, celery, pepper and mushrooms in a little of the sausage drippings or butter. Add butter flavoring. Combine with remaining ingredients. Spoon into greased casserole. Cover and bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes. If desired, remove cover and sprinkle grated cheese over top and return to oven for 10 or 15 minutes.

This dish may also be prepared in a large skillet or electric skillet. A little more water may be needed for this method of cooking, so stir occasionally and add water if necessary. Chicken broth may be substituted for the chicken with rice soup. A delicious casserole dish for the base of a hearty meal. —Evelyn

**MINERS' COOKIES**

1 cup shortening  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 eggs  
 2 tsp. baking powder  
 3/4 tsp. soda  
 4 cups flour  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 4 Tbls. milk

Cream together shortening, sugar, butter flavoring and eggs. Beat well. Sift dry ingredients together. Add to batter alternately with flavorings and milk. Roll out and cut into large rounds or roll into a ball and pat flat on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 10 to 12 minutes, or until lightly browned on top.

These cookies are similar to the huge miner cookies which are served at the Mining Camp Restaurant at the foot of Superstition Mountain near Apache Junction, Arizona. Here, in the setting of a mining camp kitchen and dining room, delicious, fragrant and generous servings of hearty food come to the long, rustic tables in stainless steel replicas of the early tin dishes the miners used. For dessert a platter of huge sugar cookies arrived, still carrying the fingerprints of the cook who had patted them flat. —Evelyn



**SALMON CASSEROLE**

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup half-and-half cream
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 small can salmon
- Paprika

Beat the eggs slightly and stir in the cream, onion, mustard, salt and pepper. Blend well then stir in the salmon which has been drained and broken into small pieces. Pour into a greased one-quart casserole and sprinkle with paprika. Put the casserole in a shallow pan with hot water in it and bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean.

**CHURCH SUPPER SALAD**

- 2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 5 sliced bananas
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1/4 cup diced maraschino cherries
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 8-oz. cans crushed pineapple, including juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the cold water and lemon flavoring. Chill until it just begins to set, then add the bananas, marshmallows and cherries. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill until firm. Cook the pineapple, sugar, cornstarch and pineapple flavoring over medium heat until thickened, and set aside to cool. Whip the cream and fold into the cooled pineapple mixture. Fold in half the shredded cheese and spread this mixture over the firm lemon gelatin. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and chill for several hours before serving. —Dorothy

**BRAISED CELERY AND CARROTS**

- 1 chicken bouillon cube
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 5 stalks celery, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 3 large carrots, cut in thin slices
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 3 Tbls. finely diced onion
- Salt and pepper to taste

Dissolve the bouillon cube in the boiling water. Add the celery and carrot and cook until the vegetables are tender. While they are cooking, saute the onion in the margarine until tender and stir it into the cooked celery and carrots. Add a little salt and pepper and serve. —Dorothy

**DELICIOUS POTATO CASSEROLE**

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 2 cups dried bread cubes
- 1/4 tsp. ground sage
- 1/4 tsp. ground thyme
- 1 Tbls. dried parsley flakes
- 4 cups mashed potatoes, salted
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup milk

Saute the onion in the margarine. Add the bread cubes, sage, thyme and parsley flakes. Beat the eggs, salt, pepper and milk into the mashed potatoes. Stir in the bread mixture and place in a buttered 2-quart casserole. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

**SPICY SHRIMP CREOLE**

- 1/4 cup vegetable oil
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 2 green onions, diced
- 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 20-oz. can of tomatoes
- 1/2 can consomme
- 1/2 can water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. chili powder
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 lbs. shrimp, cooked and cleaned

Heat the oil in a skillet. Mix in the celery, onions, green onions, green pepper, sugar and flour. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, for 10 minutes. Stir in the tomatoes and cook for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Mix in the consomme, water, chili powder and celery seed. Cook over very low heat for 1 hour. Add the shrimp. Serve with boiled rice.

Note: If you do not have access to frozen shrimp you can use three cans of shrimp. I serve this quite often when I have a buffet dinner. —Lucile

**DOROTHY'S FAVORITE GREEN BEANS**

- 2 pkgs. frozen cut green beans
- 2 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 tsp. butter or margarine
- 2 tsp. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Cook the green beans and while they are cooking, make a white sauce with the butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk. When thick, stir in the mayonnaise. Chop the egg white and stir into the sauce. Put the beans into a serving bowl and pour the sauce over the top. Sieve the egg yolks over the top.

—Dorothy

**ORANGE CHIFFON PIE**

- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 baked pastry shell

In the top of the double boiler, beat the egg yolks and add 1/2 cup of sugar, orange juice, flavorings and salt. Cook over boiling water until thickened. Add the gelatin which has been dissolved in the cold water and mix thoroughly. Set aside to cool. Beat the egg whites until stiff then gradually beat in the remaining 1/2 cup of sugar. Fold into the cooled custard mixture and pour into the pastry shell and chill. When ready to serve, cover with sweetened whipped cream.

**FAVORITE BAKED FISH**

- 2 lbs. fish fillets
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup French dressing
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Place fish in greased baking dish. Combine remaining ingredients. Spoon over fish. Bake at 350 degrees until fish is done. (Time will depend on size of fillets — about 20 to 30 minutes.) Cracker crumbs, bread crumbs, grated cheese or crushed corn flakes may be sprinkled over top of fish the last 5 minutes of baking time to make a crispy topping. —Evelyn

**SMASHING GOOD COOKIES**

- 2 cups flour
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Sift dry ingredients together into a bowl. Cut in shortenings. Combine remaining ingredients and add to mixture. Mix well. Shape into 1-inch balls. Roll in granulated sugar. Place two inches apart on greased cookie sheet. *Smash* down with bottom of glass which has been dipped in sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. Do not overbake. These freeze beautifully, so make plenty! —Evelyn



**HAMBURGER CASSEROLE TO GO**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 Tbls. instant onion, or fresh minced onion
- 1 cup uncooked macaroni
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/2 cup green pepper, diced
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 2 tsp. sugar
- Salt to taste
- Dash pepper
- 1/4 tsp. basil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients. When completely mixed, spoon into greased casserole or a 9- by 9-inch square pan. Refrigerate, covered, for several hours or overnight. Bake in 350-degree oven for 1 hour. Makes 6 to 8 nice servings. An especially fine casserole to make ahead for a busy day or to take to covered dish dinners.

—Evelyn



## MOM'S OUR FAVORITE COOK

Praises come your way when you add variety to meals. Kids and Dad will love your salads, rave about desserts and brag about your baking when you surprise them with "different" things.

And it's simple when you check your shelf of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Just by reading the labels you can get all kinds of ideas for new combinations. And, since they never cook out or bake out, you're assured of success every time. Try them all:

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

## Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If your grocer doesn't have these fine flavorings yet, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla is only \$1.00. We pay postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

**DELICIOUS CORN BREAD**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream sugar and shortening together. Beat in flavoring and eggs. Add remaining ingredients. When well mixed, pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. Smaller pans or the individual corn stick pans may be used but take a shorter length of time to bake. This corn bread has a very nice texture, it does not break or crumble. It is a sweet bread in comparison to many corn breads. A delicious accompaniment to cooked beans and ham or a simple casserole dish. In fact, it will dress up any cold weather meal.

—Evelyn

**ELEGANT BLUE CHEESE DRESSING**

- 3 oz. cream cheese
- 1 1/2 oz. blue cheese
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 6 Tbls. buttermilk
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/4 tsp. seasoned salt or pepper
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine all ingredients with exception of cheeses. Then crumble in cheese. Serve over wedges of lettuce, on tossed greens or on slices of tomato and cucumber.

The base of mayonnaise, buttermilk and seasonings is excellent. Try with cream cheese alone for a milder flavor. Refrigerate any leftover dressing in covered jar. This will keep for several days.

—Evelyn

**APPLESAUCE MEAT BALLS**

- 1 lb. lean ground pork
- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/4 cup chopped onions
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup applesauce
- 1 small garlic clove, grated
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. celery salt
- 2 eggs, beaten

Thoroughly mix all ingredients and lightly form into 1-inch balls. Roll in flour to coat lightly and brown in 3 Tbls. of hot fat. Place in baking dish using all drippings. Add 1 can consommé, undiluted. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Thicken gravy and serve over wide noodles.

—Abigail

**APPLE-BLACK WALNUT MUFFINS**

- 1 3/4 cup flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup apple, grated
- 1/2 cup black walnuts
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- Apple slices
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Sift first four ingredients into bowl. Combine beaten eggs, milk, melted butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Stir into dry ingredients quickly. Fold in grated apple, nuts and black walnut flavoring. Spoon into well-greased muffin tins (or use the little paper muffin liners) until about 2/3 full. Combine cinnamon and sugar. Peel and slice apples into rings. Dip each ring into cinnamon and sugar mixture and place one on top of each muffin. Bake at 435 degrees about 20 to 25 minutes.

The addition of the apple ring with its cinnamon and sugar coating adds an interesting and delicious touch to these muffins. The nuts may be eliminated and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring used for an equally delicious and less expensive muffin.

**TURKEY SOUFFLE**

- 6 slices white bread
- 2 cups diced turkey
- 1/2 cup onion, diced
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped (optional)
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- A dash pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 can cream of mushroom soup  
Cheese

Cube two slices of bread and sprinkle in bottom of well-greased 9 by 13 pan. Combine turkey, vegetables, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Spoon over crumbs. Trim the crust from remaining bread. (These crusts may be added to crumbs in first layer, if desired.) Arrange trimmed slices of bread over top of turkey layer. Combine eggs, milk, flavoring and soup and pour over bread layer. Cover and chill at least 1 hour. Bake 1 hour at 325 degrees. During last 10 or 15 minutes sprinkle sliced or grated cheese over top.



## A LETTER FROM MARY LEANNA

Dear Friends:

A while back I read a full-page article in the Boston Globe that might have been an excerpt from my diary. It was all about the trials and tribulations of female college graduates who come to Boston looking for jobs. It pointed out that 1/ the competition for jobs here is fantastic, 2/ the average salaries here are 6% below the national average, and 3/ the cost of living in Boston is third highest in the country. I quickly cut out the article and sent it to my parents, eager for sympathy.

After six horrible weeks of searching, the most depressing period in my life, I finally got a job. I was interested in social work, but soon got the picture that I was a ridiculous figure trotting around with just a B.A. A master's degree in social work is a prerequisite for any good job of that type. Remember when a college degree was the key to success? Things have changed.

At any rate, my alma mater, Boston University, took me in. I am secretary to the Budget Officer in the dean's office of the College of Liberal Arts. I'm lucky to be paid as well as I am, considering I have no business skills and my typing is not good, but the job is not putting my education to use as I would like. However, it is a challenge, and has some definite advantages. I am in the university environment I like, and I have many friends at B.U. They often drop in to ask me to join them for lunch. I enjoy the contact with professors and administrators, although I'd rather not be part of the "establishment". By next semester I will qualify for the tuition remission plan, where I can take two courses for half tuition. I intend to use it to strengthen my undergraduate background in English and Fine Arts, in preparation for whichever field I choose in graduate school.

Besides my 9 to 5 job I run the projectors for an art course at the university on Tuesday nights. The first class was very interesting because I had never run a projector before. When I explained that to the graduate student who teaches the course, I thought he was going to collapse from panic. There were a few tense moments when he asked me to focus a slide more sharply, but after a quick examination of the machine I figured out what to do. The course is on Western art, and there is enough time between slides for me to absorb quite a bit, so it's like taking a free course.

I signed up for a pottery and ceramics course at Cambridge Adult Education Center. It has not started yet, so I'll be able to report on that in my next letter.

I have changed addresses since I

last wrote to you. I am now living in an apartment near Central Square in Cambridge, only a minute's walk from the subway. That should come in handy during our brutal winter. At present I'm a mere ten-minute bike ride from work. This apartment has eight rooms on two floors. Each of the four of us has her own room. I am sitting at our living room table right now — no more luxurious dining rooms. The place needs a lot of fixing up, but we're slowly getting at it. In my room, I am focusing on an old oriental rug that my parents gave me.

I moved in here partly because there are always so many interesting people around, and partly because my roommates are artistic. One makes silver jewelry. One worked for several years at a neighborhood house teaching arts and crafts to children. The apartment

(Continued on page 19)



This is the only picture we have received of Mary Leanna in her apartment and although it isn't too clear, we'll share it with you. With her is her brother David who is a student at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.



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.

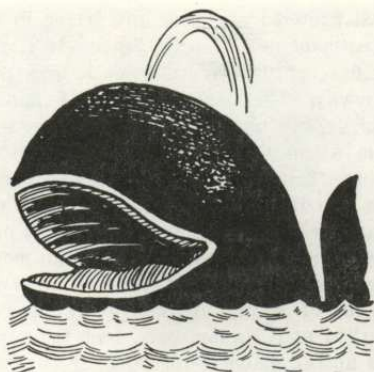
Start the New Year right by tuning in the Kitchen-Klatter radio visits.

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.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



# A Whale of a Tale

by  
Mrs. Geraldine Markley



In our Midwest at this season of the year, ice skating, sledding, skiing and other snow activities are the order of the day, while on the Pacific coast whale-watching from glass-bottomed boats is a favorite pastime for all ages. Spewing cascades of water high into the air and dipping and diving beneath the surface, the great gray whales are on their annual migration from the Bering Sea down to their breeding grounds in Baja California.

The whale migration has followed the same pattern for centuries. Coming down the coast from their summer feeding grounds, the whales move close to shore around British Columbia, and from there on they stay within a couple of miles of the coastline for most of the journey down to Baja California. The pregnant whales normally have their young in Scammon's Lagoons, and at birth the whale weighs around 1500 pounds and is already 30 feet long. By early spring, when the thousands of whales once more return to the Bering Sea, the baby whale is strong enough to make the long journey. When adulthood is reached the average whale weighs between 40 and 50 tons and is between 40 to 50 feet in length.

The gray whale is a harmless mammal but in recent years has become a slight nuisance to the San Diego Naval Base, where they continually receive signals that unidentified submarines are lurking in the area. From Christmas through January, tourists with binoculars line the beach at vantage points, hoping for a sight of the whales which usually play and frolic in the water, presenting quite a sight. My husband and I were fortunate on two occasions to sight them and follow their progress for several miles. It's a thrilling sight to see them spout, reminding one of a miniature atomic cloud. The spouting comes from a hole in the head when they surface to breathe. I became quite interested in whales and went to the library for more information.

Whale-watching has not always been for pleasure. Before 1800 British whalers had entered the Pacific; New England whalers followed; and by 1850 every New England whaler was

working in the Pacific. Several whaling stations were in operation along the west coast, and one at Field's Landing was very active. Whalers operated between Point Arena, California, up to the Oregon line, where the whales were towed to Field's Landing and butchered; the tongue, organs, bones, and inferior grades being made into dog food, and the edible parts being used for human consumption. Whale meat was introduced during World War I and used later in World War II.

In appearance whale beef is much like regular beef, but of a closer texture and redder color. Its flavor is hardly distinguishable from prime beef, and can be used as steaks, roasts, stew, and wonderful corned beef. An average whale supplies around 15 tons of choice tenderloin, 15 feet thick, and yields some 40 tons, or 80,000 pounds, of edible meat. This is equivalent to 133 head of cattle.

During World War II, whale beef sold for 40 cents per pound. Some of the early whalers ground the meat with salt pork to make into patties. Whale oil provided whalers with a variety in their diet, as they toasted their sea biscuits in the boiling oil. Most of this meat is sold in Eastern markets, but as a child I can remember my mother saying, "This meat is as tough as whale bone!" Who knows? Maybe I did eat some!

## THE AROMA OF AMERICA

by  
Elaine Derendinger

No matter where we are, or at what age, a sudden familiar smell has the power to send us back to a special time in our lives. In fact, if I were stranded on a desert isle I would sorely miss the smells of our United States. The best of each of our four seasons has its own special smell.

When we open our door to winter, the clean, sharp smell of snow rushes in to awaken us, and all outdoors smells fresh. A sniff of wood-smoke from the fireplace whisks our thoughts back to childhood and we see the interior of Grandma's friendly kitchen

and smell the home-baked bread just out of the oven. Winter is the warm smell of woolen clothes, and a scorched smell of mittens drying on the furnace. Winter is the yummy smell of spareribs and sauerkraut. The rare and precious smell of Christmas comes in winter — spicy cedar, fragrant cookies, chocolatey smell of fudge, and the glamorous smell of Christmas perfume. On Valentine's Day, the cinnamon-smell of red candy-hearts follows the children, and the new smell of the Valentines they bring from school.

Spring strolls silently in with the sun and leaves her footprints of dandelions and dew in the grass, and her magic smell of things coming to life — new-plowed ground, spring violets, lilacs, and fruit blossoms. Spring is the washed smell of earth and leaves after a gentle rain. Spring is the green smell of new-cut grass. It is the clean smell of wax and furniture polish after spring housecleaning, and the sunny smell of outdoors that clings to freshly-aired pillows and blankets. The sweet smell of Easter lilies comes in spring, a candy smell of colored candy eggs, and the very new smell of very new Easter outfits. Spring is the heavy sweet smell of peonies at the cemetery on Decoration Day. With this holiday the smell of spring mysteriously turns to the smell of summer.

Summer smells of canning — spicy catsup, fruity jelly, and the secure smell of green-beans. Summer smells of new-cut hay and sweet clover. Summer is the smell of flowers — bachelor buttons, phlox, zinnias, daisies, and wild roses on a country road. Summer brings July 4th with the nose-tickling smell of fireworks and the happy smell of a picnic. There's the tangy smell of mustard, mouth-watering smell of hot-dogs, crisp smell of potato-chips, and the cold smell of watermelon. The smell of the nearby river is an enticing blend of willows, sand, sun, and fish. (After the picnic there is, alas, the medicinal smell of posion-ivy medicine.) Summer is the smell of the fair — the sweet, sticky smell of cotton-candy, hot-rubbery smell of balloons, luring smell of peanuts and popcorn and hamburgers, and the lazy smell of dust in the hot afternoon.

Autumn enters with the smells of school — the chokey smell of chalk-dust, an inky smell of newly typed tests, a piney smell of pencils, and the special smell of new books crammed with knowledge. Autumn is the cozy smell of the house on the first day the heaters are used, and the faint, spicy smell of the bittersweet bouquet. Autumn is the haunting smell of burn-

(Continued on page 22)





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

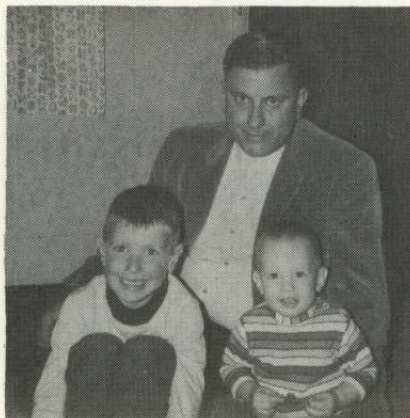
The view from our kitchen window these cold days makes an interesting sight as we see the winter birds flying around our neighbor's clothesline poles. The crossbars of the poles serve as birds' home. They flit in and out these chilly days, often winging to the bird feeder nearby. The whole neighborhood enjoys watching the antics of "Betty's birds."

An almost universal dream is to leave the city and live close to nature. Helen Hoover and her husband, Adrian, made this dream come true for themselves. *A Place in the Woods* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$5.95) is the story of how they did it. Leaving Chicago and their secure jobs, they moved to a cabin home on the edge of Minnesota's northernmost wilderness. Their first year was full of near disasters — the leaky roof, a crumbling foundation, and the airtight stove that became red hot while the weather was thirty-five degrees below zero. As they worked and learned, they built a rewarding relationship with the community, including jays, squirrels, and a friendly bear.

This is Helen Hoover's first book since *The Gift of the Deer*, an appealing nature book. *A Place in the Woods* tells how Mrs. Hoover first began writing about nature and how her husband illustrated her book with artistic pen-and-ink drawings. *A Place in the Woods* makes good reading for a snowy day.

Dr. Haim G. Ginott, author of *Between Parent and Child* has as his latest book, *Between Parent and Teenager* (The MacMillan Co., \$5.95). The book is the fruit of many years of experience in working with parents and teenagers in guidance and psychotherapy. It gives specific advice and suggests solutions for many problems likely to arise during adolescence. It describes new approaches to praise, criticism and expression of anger. In the preface Dr. Ginott reminds us there comes a day when we realize: "My child is a child no longer." Here we feel both elation and fear. The child must now face unavoidable challenges unaccompanied by us.

Dr. Ginott says it so wisely: "As parents, our need is to be needed; as teenagers their need is not to need us. This conflict is real; we experience it daily as we help those we love become



Kristin wrote that a little roughhousing followed taking this picture of Art and their two sons, Andrew and Aaron.

independent of us."

We agree that *Between Parent and Teenager* brings "a message of hope and a blueprint for competence to parents who wish to stand, withstand, and understand their teenagers."

*The Making of the President — 1968* (Atheneum Publishers, \$10) is the third of Theodore H. White narrative histories of American politics in action, and it tells the story of the year in which American politics became unhinged. It was a year in which Richard M. Nixon was elected president to face a crisis equal in magnitude to Lincoln's in 1860 or Roosevelt's in 1932.

Perhaps this book was so interesting to me because we had watched the drama unfolding: the Tet offensive, the student invasion of New Hampshire, the withdrawal of George Romney, the entry of Robert Kennedy into the race, the withdrawal of Lyndon B. Johnson from the running, the assassination of Martin Luther King, and Rockefeller's entry into the race. Then the Kennedy assassination, the Miami convention with Nixon winning with long-range

planning, the Chicago convention with its fury, then three small-town boys — Nixon, Humphrey, and Wallace — offering leadership to the United States. Then came the bombing halt and next the new President taking up the reins of power.

Theodore H. White captures the excitement of these events with great force. See if your library has a copy of this best-seller. While you may not enjoy all contained in it, it is reporting at its best of a period through which we have lived.

For children ages 4-8 is *Goodnight Andrew Goodnight Craig* (Harper and Row, 49 E. 33rd St., New York, N.Y. \$2.95) by Marjorie Sharmat. Anyone who has tried to get a child to stop talking and go to sleep will nod understandingly at this book. Craig and Andrew went to bed but not to sleep because Andrew wouldn't stop talking. In fact, he talked through 32 pages of Marjorie Sharmat's delightful little story. The humorous pictures by Mary Chalmers make this a clever nighttime tale.

Charlotte Zolotow has written fine books for children. Her latest *The Hating Book* (Harper and Row, \$2.95) for ages 4-8 tells of her understanding of the world of childhood in which hate can loom so large and vanish so completely. Engaging illustrations by Ben Shecter add to the meaning of the story.

### WORDS

A careless word may kindle strife,  
A cruel word may wreck a life,  
A bitter word may hate instill,  
A brutal word may smite and kill,  
A gracious word may smooth the way,  
A joyous word may light the day,  
A timely word may lessen stress,  
A loving word may heal and bless.

—Unknown



# HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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

A special welcome to our new readers. Perhaps the magazine was sent to you as a gift in 1969. Do you have a friend to add in 1970?

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues

\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



## CHILD'S RESOLUTIONS

This is a New Year —  
A nice clean page,  
To show how good —  
And not how bad,  
I can be for my age.

—Mary Kurtz



## STOP! Don't throw away those Christmas Cards

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

### PACK-O-FUN

Pack-O-Fun is like receiving 10 "surprise packages" a year. Each issue is packed with simple, step-by-step directions for turning everyday odds-n-ends into 100 adorable gifts, favors, decorations, bazaar items, etc. Clever, exciting things to give . . . to keep . . . to sell.

And January's just the beginning. Every issue jam-packed with seasonal ideas and just a plain pack of fun! Skits, stunts. Loads more.

And there are no expensive "supplies" to buy either. You use only throwaways like Christmas cards, foil, plastic bottles, newspapers, spools, flash bulbs, burnt matches, etc.

Now, where could you find a better craft bargain than this? Nearly 1,000 ideas, for less than a half-penny each. Subscribe today. Money back if you're not delighted.

**FREE BONUS BOOK**  
Of 100 more clever Christmas card ideas if you subscribe to Pack-O-Fun 1-Yr. Only—**\$4**

PACK-O-FUN, Dept. 2110, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Payment enclosed for Pack-O-Fun subscription:

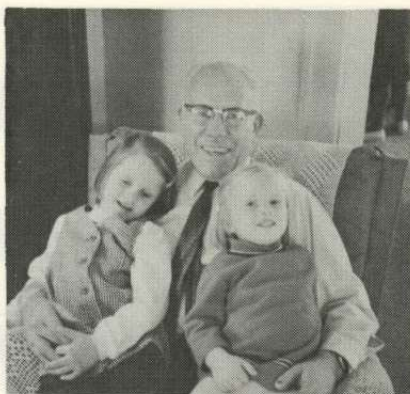
☐ \$8 for 3-Yrs. (Save \$4) ☐ \$4 for 1-Yr. (10 issues)

Please send free bonus book of Christmas card ideas under separate cover.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_



Howard Driftmier and granddaughters, Lisa and Natalie Nenneman.

### THOUGHTFUL SOLUTIONS FOR '70 RESOLUTIONS

1. Smile. It costs nothing, but it is more valuable than gold.
2. Recognize that each person has individual worth no matter how he has failed.
3. Honor the true as you see truth. Let your sight be guided by fact.
4. Praise your country and strive to keep it on the road of righteousness. You are a part of all that is.
5. Take time to listen to the very young and to the very old. They need your ears and your understanding.
6. Be kind. Too often people are more thoughtful of their pets than of their fellow human beings.
7. Do justly. Let no one condemn you for lack of character.
8. Admit you are wrong when you are. Accept criticism in a friendly manner and learn from each experience.
9. Honor your family, your friends, your associates, yourself by playing square with the world. There is no substitute for the old-fashioned virtues which remain as new as tomorrow.
10. Obey the Golden Rule because you have a sound heart and a good soul.

## THIS AND THAT

by  
Helene B. Dillon

May 1970 be a year of new hope, new enthusiasm and definite objectives. May we strive for a stronger faith and cultivate a brotherhood that reaches to the far corners of the earth.

\*\*\*\*\*

Remember: New long underwear (the first wearing) smelling like moth balls . . . the fad of wearing *four-buckled* galoshes, *not buckled* . . . making beautiful pictures on frost-covered windows . . . the coal stove with tiny panes of isinglass in the door where you could see many colored flames dancing as you sat on Mother's lap for that bedtime story . . . drying your mittens on the radiator in your school-room?

Remember?

\*\*\*\*\*

"How beautiful a day can be when happiness touches it."

\*\*\*\*\*

When the words "Ring in the new; ring out the old" come to me I'm reminded of the poem "The Bells", by Edgar Allan Poe. Here is a portion of it:

### THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells,  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars, that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Come with me to the window and see a real winter wonderland. Ice cream cone shrubbery, diamond-studded carpeting, interesting foot patterns in the snow. The trees with outstretched arms holding ribbons of snow; here and there we see a cardinal or a bluejay lending a dash of color.

As I view the virgin snow it both delights and satisfies, and I picture tiny brown bulbs deep in the ground, sleeping and renewing their strength so they may respond to the warming spring sun when the months roll by. Winter is truly delightful!

\*\*\*\*\*

Now is the time for Milady to: Dream of a new spring hat (or wig) . . . shed a few of those unwanted pounds . . . dream over the flower catalogs . . . save a bit of the grocery money each week for that August vacation . . . take up a new hobby . . . snap some pictures of "Iowa in January" . . . re-read the Christmas notes and answer them.

\*\*\*\*\*



JUMBO  
50c PACKET  
ONLY **5¢**

## GIANT CHAMPION RADISH

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.

Earl May Seed & Nursery Co.

7131 Elm St., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

I enclose 5c for my Champion Radish and free catalog.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



**MARY LEANNA'S LETTER - Concl.**

is full of sand-castings, batiqued material and hand-made candles. My own attempts at creativity are centered around cooking and sewing. To understand what a shock my new interest in domesticity is to my friends, you must realize that I'm the kind who reads the directions on a can of soup three times before opening it and that I got a "D" in home economics in junior high school.

Somehow I have overcome my inhibitions and learned to improvise. I came home from work at 5:15 last Friday and had dinner for ten on the table by 6:30. (They all had to sit on the floor but luckily that's a "cool thing" to do.) I fed them a salad and a casserole I elaborated on from an Italian cookbook. The author of this cookbook believes that pasta should be served as a first course rather than the main course. He's right, I'm sure, but who has the time or the money to worry about a first course? I added hamburger to the noodles, eggplant, tomato sauce and Mozzarella cheese the recipe called for, and it made a fine main course.

As far as sewing goes, I am still on simple patterns but hope to progress to some with elegance in the reasonable future. The material is *everything*. I always buy a little extra material so I can make some sort of matching accessory, such as a belt, a bolero vest, or even a simple dirndl skirt (for which no pattern is necessary).

I hope some of you saw our spectacular fall foliage during your travels. At this time of the year I always feel New England is a great place to be.

Sincerely,

Mary Leanna

**DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded**

with James, and Juliana and Jed brought over their movie projector and screen to show us all the movies they have taken of James, and also those taken this summer while they were visiting Jed's parents in Massachusetts. We thoroughly enjoyed them.

Mother didn't care to do any shopping, but Juliana and I spent a little time in some of the nearby shopping centers. Juliana wanted me to see one of the big fabric shops, where I told her to pick out some material and a pattern for herself. I shall try to make her a dress after the holidays.

When it was time to start back to Iowa, we came a shorter way and were home in two days.

I had so much to tell about this trip that I haven't even mentioned our visit from Kristin, Art, and our grandsons, Andy and Aaron, so I will just have to tell you about that in my next letter.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy



Mother thinks Wayne looks like her father now that he has a beard. Occasionally he shaves it off but friends talk him into it again.

**PRAYER FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY**

Dear Father, help me through this year,  
Each day, each night stay very near  
And keep me, in all things I do,  
So thoughtful, always, kind and true.

—Mildred Grenier

**LIFE LINES**

Stew not about your wrinkled brow  
Nor wish the lines you could erase  
For Father Time engraved them there  
To characterize your face;  
Each tiny line so deftly drawn  
And those extended long and wide  
Reveal the person that you are  
And kind of heart you have inside.

—Helen M. Peterson

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

you don't have it now, and if you would like to have it, I suggest that you go and have a talk with the most Christian person you know. The chances are that person will not be a clergyman, but it may be.

When I think how wonderfully blessed the Driftmiers were in 1969, I wonder how this new year possibly could be any more blessed? Oh, there were some hard things this past year, but it was the blessings that helped us to overcome them. Some doors were closed, but other doors were opened! I just have a feeling that 1970 may bring some open door to adventure that we have not yet even dreamed to exist. Sometimes I have a funny little feeling that tells me we just might get an opportunity to visit some of our missionary friends in Japan during 1970.

Of course, beginning a new decade on the calendar cannot help but make most of us feel a little older. Good heavens, I am getting old! When I said that to one of the staff at the church, he put this bit of practical wisdom in my ear: "Don't worry about age. Oliver Wendell Holmes was 79 when he wrote his famous, 'Over the Teacups', and Goethe was 80 when he completed

'Faust', and Tennyson at 83 wrote the lovely 'Crossing the Bar', and the great Italian artist, Titian, at 98 painted his historic picture of the Battle of Lepanto."

It will be quite a few years before I reach that wonderful age of 70, but I know some of you are there and beyond. And so for you I give this special thought for the new year: to be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old. Right?

Sincerely,

Frederick



## Your Washer's Best Friend

Any washer (even an older model) performs like a winner when its good friend, **Blue Drops**, is on the job. All types of washing come out of all types of washers sparkling and fresh, with a delightful fragrance that says, "clean clear through!"

Kitchen-Klatter's new **Blue Drops** laundry detergent is low-suds, high-performance. It's made with the same eye to quality that characterizes all Kitchen-Klatter products for the home.

Try **Blue Drops** one time. Your washer can use a new friend, can't it?

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Blue Drops**



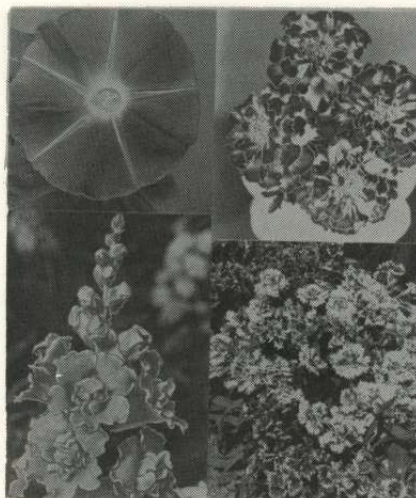
## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

There were thirteen marigold entries in the All-America trials running competition to the winner, Dwarf French Marigold "Bolero". This strikingly beautiful, bicolored, bright marigold grows about 12 inches tall and spreads to 18 inches in width. It is a bright mahogany red interspersed with gold and is extremely early, blooming in about 55 days from date of sowing. In our trials it bloomed continuously until killed by frost. You will want to try this new introduction in beds and borders and especially as tub and planter material.

Similar to the open-faced Bright Butterfly Snapdragon is an All-America winner called "Madame Butterfly". It is a hybrid formula color mixture of the first double or azalea-flowered snap. The 24- to 30-inch spikes of flowers provide the finest and most useful cut flowers for arrangements and corsage material. Colors range through scarlet, crimson, rosy orange, yellow, pink, light golden bronze and a magenta red. We found the plants to be vigorous and free-flowering and a delightful change from the ordinary form of antirrhinum.

The third flower to win an All-America Selections Award is a morning glory called "Early Call Rose". It is a very early, very deep rose, giant-flowering beauty with a contrasting white throat. Last year we started several seeds of this new introduction in 3-inch peat pots in the greenhouse in March. Around the first of June the pots were set in the flower bed along the south side of the house. We had planted a row of grandiflora petunias



**New 1970 All-America Selections:**  
Early Giant Morning Glory "Early Call Rose", Dwarf French Marigold "Bolero", Hybrid Snapdragon "Madame Butterfly" and Dianthus "China Doll".

called "Happiness" in front of the morning glories. The latter was given a net trellis, along the wall, on which to climb. By late summer it seemed as though the petunias had climbed up the wall as both the morning glories and petunias were the same rosy-pink color and had the same general form to the flowers.

Only two vegetables won awards for 1970 and they are "Tomato Small Fry" and a winter squash called "Waltham Butternut". Small Fry tomato bears clusters of cherry-sized fruits of a bright crimson red. The fruiting season is rather concentrated and much earlier than that of the open-pollinated, regular cherry tomato. Small Fry is resistant to Fusarium and Verticillium wilt, an exceptional breeding achievement.

Waltham Butternut squash is a vigorous vining type that produces fruits slightly larger than Butternut with increased yields and a higher percentage of number 1 fruits. Interior is solid, dry and of high cooking quality.

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY - MINUS MONEY

by  
Evelyn Pickering

After a small grandson informed me his other grandmother had given him a nicer gift, I determined then and there to stop the "birthday rat race". With limited means and one dozen grandchildren, our gifts were necessarily expensive.

Not wishing the children's birthdays to pass completely unnoticed, I decided to try this idea. First, I purchased suitable cards for each age group and a package of small writing notes with pictures of animals or children on the front. At home I discovered a box of scalloped stationery with two gold embossed roses on the dainty sheets writing paper.

To the older grandchildren and those too far away to visit frequently, I typed rhyming acrostics on the fancy stationery, using each child's name.

For example:

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BARRY!**

B is for Barry, a loveable boy,  
A is for Always you bring to us joy.  
R is for Remembering this is "your day",  
R is for Recalling your sweet, friendly way.

Y is for You, dear grandson eleven.  
We wish for your birthday blessings from heaven.

To the "bedtime story age" grandchildren I wrote "notes of promises" and enclosed with their cards:

"I, Mother Pick, promise to tell (Don, Terri or Michael) twelve or more bedtime stories before you celebrate another birthday."

Since beginning this "do-it-yourself" method I have heard no complaints from the youngsters. Spending the night and hearing bedtime stories is a *Super* birthday gift to these nearby grandchildren. The rhyming acrostics have brought favorable comments, especially from the parents who cherish these small portions of verse as keepsakes for future generations.

Using my imagination, a heart full of love, and time that often passes too slowly, I have been able to express birthday greetings with little expense. Don't limit yourself to my suggestions! Your own love, your own ideas are means whereby you, too, can say "Happy Birthday" — minus money.

❖ ❖ ❖

## Henry Field's SEED & NURSERY CATALOG

NEW! BIG! COLORFUL!

**Now 128 Pages! Loaded with Bargains and Ideas!**

Send for your free copy of this complete spring catalog now—128 pages of helpful information and money-saving bargains in seeds and nursery stock. Contains hundreds of actual, full-color pictures.

Here are the world's finest and newest varieties of flowers, vegetables, trees, shrubs, roses, fruits, vines and hedging; all the latest gardening aids. Also old favorites and many new and hard-to-get items you can't find elsewhere. All backed by Henry Field's famous guarantee.

Page after page of "how-to" tips answer questions like "what shall I plant... and where?" Ideas for landscaping and garden plans; charts to show tree and shrub shapes and sizes at maturity; plant hardiness zone map to help you order plants that grow best in your area. All this will help save you time and money.

Get this remarkable garden book-catalog and enjoy the convenience and economy of shopping right at home. Mail coupon below today and we'll rush you your free copy at once.

TEAR OUT AND MAIL NOW!

**HENRY FIELD Seed & Nursery Co.**  
7904 Oak St., SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

☐ Yes, please rush me your big, new full-color Catalog for Spring... free and postpaid!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(ZIP) \_\_\_\_\_

"For Over 75 Years!"



**FREE!**



### JANUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded

the pumpkin vines.

That fall when harvesting his pumpkins, the farmer came across the glass jug. The pumpkin had filled it completely and with no more room to grow, it had stopped growing. The farmer broke the jug and found he had a pumpkin which had assumed the exact size and shape of the jug.

Sorry to say, people are like that pumpkin in a jug. We poke ourselves into jugs beyond which we cannot grow. The only difference is that we don't have to have someone else poke us into the jug; we do it ourselves. Each of us decides how much she is going to grow and what kind of world she is determined to live in. We grow only as big as the jug we're in. We're the ones who decide its size. Will we resolve to grow in jugs "unlimited" in 1970? Or will we quit growing because of the limitations of our hatreds and prejudices, our selfishness, indifference, lack of courage, and our unwillingness to really work and let action verbs rule our lives?

I bargained with Life for a penny,  
And Life would pay no more  
However I begged at evening  
When I counted my scanty store;  
For Life is a just employer,  
He gives you what you ask,  
But once you've set the wages,  
Why, you must bear the task.  
I worked for menial's hire,  
Only to learn, dismayed,  
That any wage I had asked of Life,  
Life would have paid.

What size of jug are you content to grow in this year?

**Leader:** *Action verbs* (To grow is to be doing.)

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,

The water pure that bids the thirsty live;

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

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

Beauty for ashes may I give away;  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er

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

I'm sure I shall pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;  
I want to do all that the master saith;  
I want to live aright from day to day;  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—Unknown

**Closing Hymn:** (Optional) "A Charge

to Keep I Have", verse 1 and 4; "I Would Be True"; or "Lord, Speak to Me".

**Closing Thoughts:** Now as we begin this new year may we be willing "to dare to go forth with a purpose true to the unknown task of the year that's new; to help our brother along the road to do his work, and lift his load; to add our gift to the world's good cheer — this is to have and to give a glad New Year!"

Lord of time and eternity, bless not the year but each day. Keep us alert, keep us awake, keep us aware, and, O God, keep us ever mindful to make our life a life of action verbs, a life of service, recognizing that it is in the little things of daily living that we may find the greatness of Life. Amen.

### WHAT COULD YOU BUY AT HOLY LAND BAZAARS?

by

Evelyn Witter

In the cities of the Holy Land there are still shops in the old sections where people sell their wares as they have for thousands of years. The articles in these shops are the same as those that have been sold for centuries. And in the very same stalls!

For example, in Jerusalem, round, flat loaves of bread are sold. Another shop sells only soap — soap molded in the shapes of crosses or hearts or fish. Drinking water and lemonade may be bought at this bazaar. The man selling these drinks rattles his metal cups to attract the attention of possible buyers.

Olive oil is a fast-selling product, for it is used as we use butter. Ice cream and sherbets, stuffed peppers, hot tea, hard-boiled eggs, meat patties, candies, curry and rice, and fruits of all kinds are popular items, too.

In Bagdad you could shop for brass and watch the articles being made before your very eyes. In the bazaars in Bagdad you find workers making lamps or exquisite boxes.

In another stall you might see a man making musical instruments, or a wood carver fashioning a statue.

The camel market would keep you shopping for hours. There are so many interesting items there: horse blankets, bridles, and camel bells. Leather workers show their skills in inlaying pieces of leather onto leather of another color. Other workers take small pieces of glass and metal to make ornaments to be worn about the head and neck of a horse.

In one of the stalls you are sure to find a letter writer with a table in front of him on which he has two ink cups and some small gold seals. He writes letters for people who cannot write and

seals them with an important-looking seal.

There are merchants who sell nothing but wool. One family, you will learn, specializes in brown wool, using herbs and barks in ways that have been secrets in their households for hundreds of years. Other families will be in the wool business, too, only they specialize in red wool, or blue, or green.

Of course, there are modern shops in the ancient cities of the East with buildings of steel and glass on straight streets. But the most interesting shops are the bazaars along the old and narrow streets where there is always a busyness and excitement, always the thrill of seeing where many of the people live and keep shop, as they have for thousands of years.

Brotherhood is giving to others the rights and respect we want for ourselves.



**POWER  
POWDER**

It's hard to believe that a bleach that's mean to stains and rough on grime can be oh, so gentle on fine fabrics.

But **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is engineered to be both at the same time. Colors stay bright, whites simply gleam, and everything stays new-looking much longer. And every washable fabric (even new synthetics and permanent-press) is safe as can be in **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

Add it to your grocery list today.

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Safety Bleach**





Everyone has gathered at Mother's house for a holiday dinner. Ruby Treese, her nurse-companion, is carving the turkey while Martin Strom, Margery's and Oliver's son, stands by to carry in the platter.



## IF YOU WERE RICH

Your life would surely change. Maybe it would be easier. Maybe you'd be able to hire someone to do some of the work you do yourself. Maybe.

But one thing's certain: no matter how much you were willing to pay . . . or who you paid to do it . . . housecleaning wouldn't be done any better than it is right now—with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

It can't be beat for cutting grease and dissolving dirt. It works in hard water or soft, hot or cold. And it works without froth or scum, so rinsing is kept to a minimum. And it's economical, too, so you don't have to be rich to afford it.

Get it at your grocer's.

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**

## A LET-DOWN CAN BE GOOD - Concl.

braided rug which is needed for the dining room must have some attention; its girth has not expanded much in recent weeks!

Robert has a list almost as long as mine for his January activities: a coat of paint for the bathroom, scraping and refinishing a secretary which just might be a valuable piece of wood under all the coats of paint it now wears, building supers for the honey bee hives which will be needed in the spring, and taking the Scouts on a district "freezeout" with other troops from this area.

So we move into 1970 with hope in our hearts and much to be done. Certainly, we cannot know what the year will bring. I am reminded of the words written by Whittier which have been put into one of my favorite hymns. His poem begins, "I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise." Then he concludes with the marvelous phrase, "I only know I cannot drift beyond HIS love and care." God go with us all into the New Year.

## AROMA OF AMERICA - Concluded

ing leaves at sundown on an Indian summer day. Autumn is the smell of harvest - ripe apples, pumpkins from the vine, yellow corn, and striped squash. Autumn is the orange and licorice smell of Halloween candies and the frosty night-air that comes in with the trick-or-treat children. Autumn ends with the good smells of Thanksgiving - the mouth-watering smell of turkey and dressing, spicy smell of cranberries, buttery smell of mashed potatoes and gravy, delicious smell of pumpkin pie, and the indescribable smell of Grandpa's cigar.

## LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

hasn't yet been able to find any by the time they get here for Christmas I'm sure that we can find some locally. Stores in Iowa are stocked for a long hard winter compared to the stores in Albuquerque.

Thanksgiving is long since past, of course, but we did have a very happy day with all of the usual trimmings. Juliana and I made out the menu together and decided what she would bring and what Eula and I would fix. We sat down at 5:30 and everything turned out wonderfully good. James seemed so amazed to be in a different highchair that he scarcely made a sound. I bought this "different one" at a garage sale to do away with lugging his own very heavy chair back and forth across the street, and Thanksgiving dinner was his first experience with an entirely different chair.

Back here in Iowa there was a festive Thanksgiving dinner at Mother's house. Mother told me that this year Lisa and Natalie (Howard and Mae's little grandchildren from Lincoln) had the great privilege of "eating in the dining car". What this really means is that a card table has been set up in front of the dining room windows, and anyone lucky enough to sit there is having his dinner in the dining car. Mother dreamed this up years ago when Juliana, Kristin, Martin and Emily were all on deck and there simply wasn't room enough for them at the big table that had been pulled out to its full length. We were laughing about this on Thanksgiving day when Juliana said that she was a senior in high school before she got out of the dining car!

As a family we all want to thank you for your Christmas cards with their heart-warming greetings. They are all taken up to Mother's house just before Christmas Eve, and for years we've had a happy time looking at them and passing them around. This has been going on now for more than forty years, so you can see that they are all part of our holiday experiences.

Almost without exception everyone is caught up with all kinds of extra things, but once the New Year has come and gone we take a deep breath and get back to the usual routine. If you can find time for a letter to us, once this deep breath has been taken, we surely will be happy to hear from you.

Always faithfully,  
Lucile

## JANUARY

He very well begins the year  
That feasts his neighbor with good cheer;  
But with this prudence be it done,  
Let charity begin at home.

—Virginia Almanack, 1767



## "LITTLE ADS"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

March ads due January 10  
April ads due February 10  
May ads due March 10

**THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

**CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD** — Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

**EXCITING NEW PRODUCT.** Big profits! Exclusive! Test it yourself. Sample offer. Send no money. Just your name. KRISTEE 162, Akron, Ohio 44308.

**CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS** for new, used goose and duck feathers. Free tags. Used feathers, please mail sample. Northwestern Feather Co., P.O. Box 1745, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

**WANTED: PINON CONES.** Long needle pine cones. Norway Spruce cones. Price wanted. Please write — B. Caslavka, 3905 W. 84th St., Prairie Village, Kans. 66207.

**FANCY QUILTS** for sale. Bertha Bruno, 129 Ralph St., Richmond, Mo. 64085.

**FIVE POINT STAR**, double scalloped edge, 15" metallic centerpiece — \$3.00. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio 44708.

**SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS.** Hazelnuts, Almonds, Cashews, Brazils, Black Walnuts, Pecans \$1.75/Lb. Sassafras \$4.00/Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50/Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago.

**DAINTY TATTED** flower decorated stationery — 15 sheets and envelopes — \$1.25. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, West Virginia 26624.

**AGATES** Polished Mexican and native gemstones mixed sizes colors two dollars per pound. Parkers, 937 W. Cedar, Cherokee, Iowa 51012.

**RECIPES:** 50 choice no-bake cookies — \$1.00. 50 Luscious cakes money can't buy \$1.00. Both sets \$1.75. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

**WORLDWIDE DELICACIES COOKBOOK** 1,000 recipes, hand picked for economical living, no duplications 256 pages in spiral bound book. \$2.50 plus 25¢ handling. Excellent gift. Also available wholesale to fund raising organizations on consignment. Crescent Publishing Co., Hills, Minn. 56138.

**CHURCH WOMEN:** will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

**WRIST BAND WATCH CALENDAR** for 1970. \$1.00 postpaid. Ken-Le products, Box 153, Creston, Iowa 50801.

**KOWANDA METHODIST COOKBOOK.** Tested and signed recipes by church women. Sold over 4000 books. Nice shower gifts — \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. Glen R. Paulsen, Oshkosh, Nebr. 69154.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** Expires March 1, 1970. Your photos hand-colored 25¢ each. Include 10¢ postage. Vivian Bell, 1600 W. 21st St., Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

### LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL

So much there is that is ugly.  
Yet, if you see only the ugly, you must become part of it.

Too, there is much that is beautiful.

See, then, some of the beautiful, for you can become part of it also.

**MARY BETH'S LETTER** — Concluded  
of three days of lectures in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, on beautiful Lake Winnebago. There were a series of three lectures going that weekend, one by a Congregational minister, so we were particularly interested in his commentary. These are the side benefits connected with an association with an educational institution where they encourage development of teachers' understanding as well as development of children's understanding.

Donald is sitting grading papers and it's almost time for the evening weather report to come on television. We've not been snowbound in our east-west driveway, but one of these days I expect the weatherman will keep us home for the day. The Academy has students and teachers coming from such distances that when the roads are snowbound they cancel classes rather than have people get marooned at school overnight.

Until next month,

*Mary Beth*

### YOUR CUP OF TEA

May each day be a lovely cup  
With happy hours to fill it up,  
And may the years your kettle be,  
All bubbling for your cup of tea.  
May memories, forever sweet,  
Make every cup of tea complete.

—Mary Pansy Rapp

### NOW AND WHEN

Timetable living is laid aside,  
Taken up are hobbies long self-denied.  
The order in which youth places life's values,  
Re-arranged by maturity; time alters views.

What was once a must —  
Now covered with dust.  
What once was covered with dust —  
Now becomes a must.  
Desires change with the changing years,

The knowing heart smiles on that which  
Once brought tears. —Sara Lee Skydell

### LIFE'S RECIPE

- 1 cup of good thoughts
- 1 cup of kind deeds
- 1 cup of consideration for others
- 2 cups of sacrifice for others
- 3 cups of forgiveness
- 2 cups of well-beaten faults

Mix these thoroughly and add tears of joy and sorrow and sympathy for others. Flavor with little gifts of love. Fold in 4 cups of prayer and faith to lighten other ingredients and raise the texture to great height of Christian living. After pouring all this into your daily life, bake well with the heat of human kindness.

Serve with a smile.

—From church paper

**1000 GOLD STRIPE ZIP CODE LABELS 35¢**



**FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX!**  
1000 Deluxe, Gold Stripe, 2-color, gummed, padded Labels printed with ANY Name, Address & Zip Code, 35¢ for EACH Set! No limit, but please include 10¢ extra for post. & pkg. or 45¢ in all. SPECIAL! 3 Sets for only \$1.20 pre-paid. EXTRA! FREE Plastic Gift Box with each order for 1000 Labels! Write for FREE Money-Making Plans. FAST for FREE Money-back guarantee. Order NOW!

**TWO BROS. INC., Dept. b671, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101**

### Sketch Printing of

#### 4 DISCIPLES

Matthew, Andrew, John, Peter

10 x 13" — ready for framing  
Excellent gifts

All 4 — 60¢ postpaid  
DISCIPLES, Box 250,  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

**FREE**  
**TABLE & CHAIR CATALOG FROM**  
**MONROE**

Buy quality banquet equipment at direct-from-factory prices.  
**WRITE TODAY!**

**THE MONROE TABLE CO.**  
51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054

## DO YOU HAVE YOUR COPIES OF THE KITCHEN-KLATTER BOOKS?

**CHURCH PROJECTS AND PROGRAMS**  
(Successfully used by thousands) . . . \$1.00

**PARTY PLANS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS**  
(Helpful all through the year) . . . \$1.00

**MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUETS**  
(Complete with programs) . . . 50¢

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY TO:

**Kitchen-Klatter Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**



# Hundreds of choice, exciting **PATTERNS**

**PATTERNS!  
PATTERNS! PATTERNS!**

All kinds, all types,  
all sizes for  
**KNITTING, CROCHETING,  
NEEDLEWORK, QUILTS, DOILIES,  
CREWELING, EDGING, DOLLS, CRAFTS, GIFT ITEMS, etc., etc.**

yours for just  
**2¢ EACH!**  
(Even less if you buy  
in quantity)



Here's a pattern bonanza . . . something for everyone . . . at unheard of prices . . . the biggest bargain ever offered to needleworkers and crafts enthusiasts! Choice patterns, complete with illustrated, simple, clear, easy-to-follow directions. If you enjoy working with your hands, we know you'll want to order many, if not all, of these pattern sets and books. Whatever your

choice, you'll find lots of lovely things that'll make your fingers itch to get started. So add one of these sets or books to your library NOW, order 7, 15 or all 42 and SAVE EVEN MORE! We cannot guarantee these low, low prices indefinitely, due to constantly increasing production costs. SO BUY NOW AND BE SURE . . . SAVE WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

**JUST 50c PER SET OR BOOK**  
**any 7 for \$3.00, any 15 for \$6.00, ALL 42 FOR ONLY \$14.00!**

(use handy order blank below)

**---ACT NOW AND SAVE! MAIL COUPON TODAY!---**



**PATTERNS, Box 412-MI, Danvers, Mass. 01923**

Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M. O. for \$\_\_\_\_\_.

Please send the pattern sets and books checked below.

- ☐ P-100 20 Doll Patterns
- ☐ P-110 20 Doily Patterns (Vol. 1)
- ☐ P-120 20 Doily Patterns (Vol. 2)
- ☐ P-130 23 Quilt Patterns (Vol. 1)
- ☐ P-140 23 Quilt Patterns (Vol. 2)
- ☐ P-150 50 Edging Patterns
- ☐ P-160 23 Old Time Patterns (Vol. 1)
- ☐ P-170 23 Old Time Patterns (Vol. 2)
- ☐ P-180 23 Crewel Patterns & Designs
- ☐ P-190 20 Knitting Patterns
- ☐ P-200 20 Dress Patterns (asst. ages)
- ☐ P-210 23 Gift Item Patterns
- ☐ P-220 23 Crochet Patterns
- ☐ P-230 23 Christmas Patterns

- ☐ P-240 30 Bazaar Gift Patterns
- ☐ P-250 23 Apron Patterns
- ☐ P-260 23 Initial Sets
- ☐ P-270 23 Pot Holder Patterns
- ☐ P-280 75 Old Time Designs
- ☐ P-290 Knacks for Knitters (Vol. 1)
- ☐ P-300 Knacks for Knitters (Vol. 2)
- ☐ P-310 Stitchery Fun
- ☐ P-320 Machine Knitting (Vol. 1)
- ☐ P-330 Machine Knitting (Vol. 2)
- ☐ P-340 50 State Quilts
- ☐ P-350 23 Plastic Bottle Crafts
- ☐ P-360 23 Easy Toys to Make (Vol. 1)
- ☐ P-370 23 Easy Toys to Make (Vol. 2)

- ☐ P-380 23 Things for Various Holidays
- ☐ P-390 20 Pillows & Cushions
- ☐ P-400 20 Fashion Crochet Patterns
- ☐ P-410 Dressmaking with Mary Feese
- ☐ P-420 Looking for Someone (Vol. 1)
- ☐ P-430 Looking for Someone (Vol. 2)
- ☐ P-440 Handicraft Photo Album
- ☐ P-450 Clothes Design
- ☐ P-460 Painting on Textile
- ☐ P-480 1000 Household Hints
- ☐ P-490 Tatting Notes and Patterns
- ☐ P-500 23 Patterns for Tatting
- ☐ P-510 20 Patterns for Embroidering
- ☐ P-520 All About Afghans (Patterns

(All patterns formerly published in many of our original Tower Press Inc. publications)

& Dimensions)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_