

TX1  
K57x  
1.2

12AS

# Kitchen-Klatter<sup>®</sup>

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

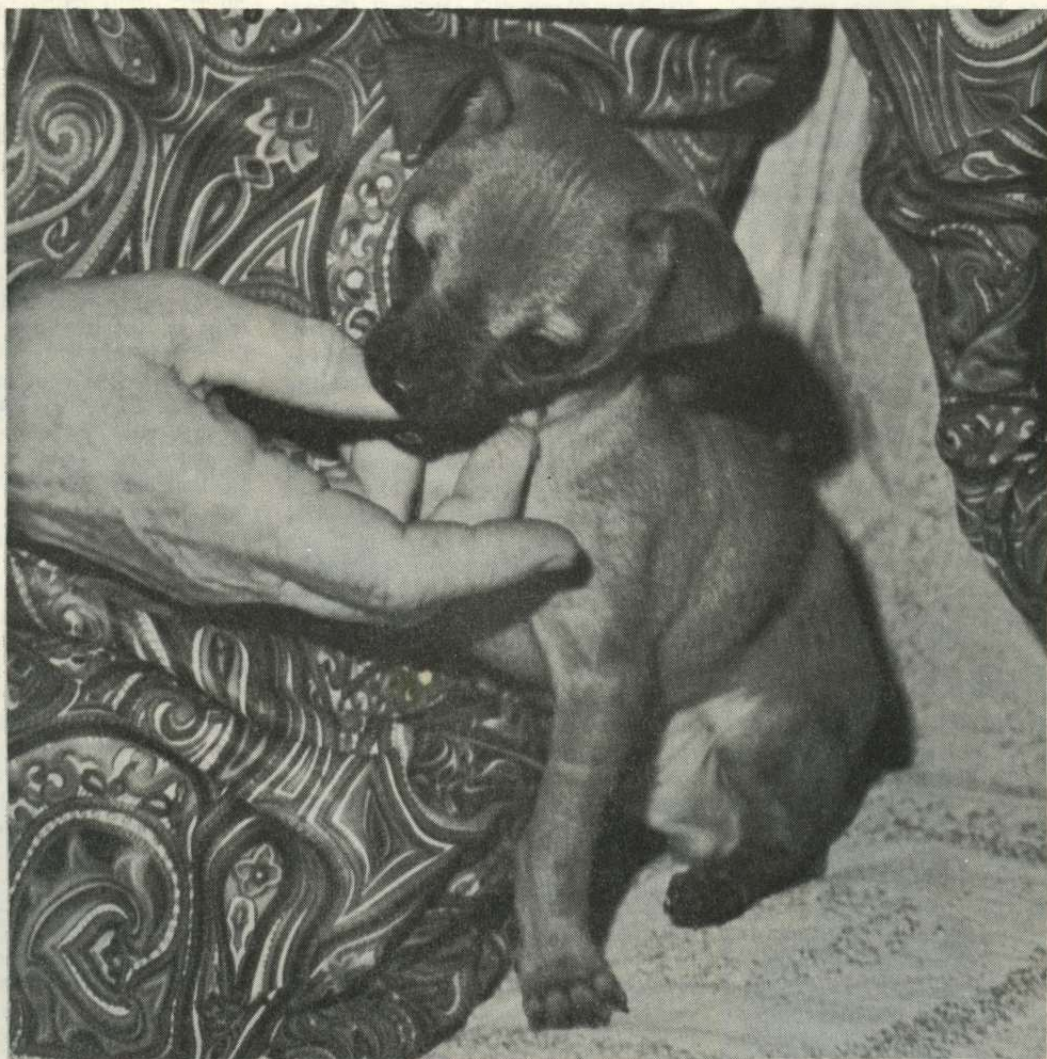
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 35

FEBRUARY, 1971

NUMBER 2



—Photo by Strom

NOV 71



# 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 1971 by The Driftmier Company.

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

A few minutes ago Marge and I finished our usual half-hour radio visit with you Kitchen-Klatter friends, and then she headed up the hill on foot right in the middle of the street . . . and I came into my room to visit with you friends by way of the typewriter.

On my trek to this desk I looked out the living room windows and what I saw explains why Margery had started out in the street rather than on the sidewalk. We are still in the grip of towering snowdrifts that were left by the kind of a blizzard we had almost associated only with the past. It has been many, many years since our area has been brought to a total paralysis by wind, snow and ice, and I think it comes almost as a shock to all of us. We're so accustomed to a variety of achievements (walking on the moon, for instance,) that we expect machines to rescue us from all crises. Well, they can't.

We'll be talking about this blizzard for years to come — unless there are more scheduled to hit us in the winter of 1971. As the full impact of what was happening began to come through to us by radio and TV, I thought of the days when there was no communication whatsoever, and not until the weather moderated could people begin to find out what had happened to their neighbors. At least we knew that all highways were closed, that *nothing* was moving, and that these conditions were prevalent throughout a large area.

My thoughts always turn to people suddenly stricken by critical illness in a house totally cutoff from all help, to people in cars buried by snow and the gas tank almost empty . . . well, these situations churn around in my mind and I pray that rescue will come in time. Anyone who thinks that Nature is well in hand only needs to go through a Midwestern blizzard to have his notions changed in a hurry.

Considering the catastrophies and disasters of such a storm it seems in-

consequential to mention a Christmas gift that is only now coming into its own, but in my garden there is a handsome new bird feeder installed on December 23rd by Howard and Mae that never had had a customer until the blizzard hit us. I couldn't figure out why in the world we had no birds eager for a good square meal until Howard said that in such mild and unseasonably warm weather as we were having there were plenty of berries, etc., to keep them going.

"Just give us plenty of snow," he said, "and you'll have plenty of birds."

That's exactly what happened. We now have a constant stream of birds coming and going, and from the depth of the snow it would be my guess that this will continue indefinitely. Russell, Juliana and I used to derive great enjoyment from keeping a record of the various varieties that came to our feeders during severe weather, but this is the first time for a good many years that I've had a feeder close to the windows where I can have a ringside seat. (The old feeders blew down in heavy windstorms and were never repaired or replaced.)

Christmas is now only a memory, of course, but just to keep the record straight I do want to say that after all of my talk about not having a tree I ended with a small and shapely long-needed pine that was a joy throughout the entire holiday season. We had a couple of strings of small lights on it, but the only decorations consisted of redbirds — about two dozen of them perched here and there. These were the redbirds that many of you had this Christmas for they were part of a set of decorations that went out as premiums for our Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. A few of the birds had their tails broken off in the long haul from Hong Kong to Shenandoah, so we repaired them with glue and consequently had a perfectly fetching redbird Christmas tree.

My gift to the house for this New Year

of 1971 was a new coffee maker and I certainly purchased it with mingled feelings. I can remember when a good electric percolator held up for years and years, but it seems that now we can't get more than 18 months service out of them regardless of what we pay. In spite of all my experience I still have high hopes for the one just purchased!

And speaking of coffee . . . the other day several of us were discussing the subject and I said that the best coffee I'd ever had in my life was made by Russell's mother in an old white enameled pot. It was a Norwegian household and I'm sure that never a day passed without at least eight or nine pots being brewed. This led me to the conclusion that it wasn't the old white enameled pot that was responsible for such wonderful coffee but the fact that it was made up fresh so many times between morning and night. It may be a convenience to have hot coffee for hours on end with these automatic pots, but certainly it doesn't begin to taste the same. Yet less than two weeks ago I went right out and bought another fancy job, so I guess that I'm willing to sacrifice the taste for the convenience!

Juliana's household is churning along with the customary quota of ups and downs. They managed to stay well over the holidays and had a wonderfully happy time when not a thing in the world went wrong. James surprised them by tackling his gifts very cautiously and slowly. He opened only one thing at a time, put the wrappings to one side in a neat stack, studied the present carefully before he played with it, and seemed in no hurry at all to get to the next thing. This astonished them since they had expected him to rummage wildly in all directions.

Katharine is creeping swiftly all over the house these days and is beginning to pull herself up to large stuffed toys when they are on the floor. She senses when it is about time for Jed to come home from the office in the late afternoon and is all eager smiles and laughs before she ever hears his footsteps. If James is in a good frame of mind he plays with her willingly and successfully, but if he's out-of-sorts and grumpy there is much commotion and howling.

In a recent letter Juliana said that she didn't see how any mother of small children could worry about not expressing herself. "I hardly have time to know who I am," she said, "let alone worrying about if what I am doing is worthwhile or not."

Her long letters to me are one of my great joys and I am tucking them away carefully so that in time to come all of

(Continued on page 22)

## STROM HOUSEHOLD SEEMS QUIET FOLLOWING HOLIDAYS

Dear Friends:

Burrrrr! This is a cold, cold day! Before Oliver left this morning he ran the car for about 15 minutes to warm it up. I really bundled up for my short walk to Lucile's house to broadcast, and when I walked in Lucile said I looked like a bear coming down the street. I suppose I did for I had on an old fur coat that was midi length before the midi was fashionable! It's not much for looks, but it certainly keeps me warm.

Last month I told you about the wonderful trip Oliver and I had in the Southwest. In recent weeks there have been a number of references in your letters to trips you have made to some of the towns Oliver and I visited, pointing out things we missed. Well, it is just plain impossible to take in everything in the ground we covered in two weeks. We were disappointed, too, that we had to skip some places of interest, but the next time through that region we'll remember your suggestions to see some of your favorites.

Martin had several weeks of vacation at Christmas but spent the first one in Minneapolis. He was a participant in his roommate's wedding on the 18th of December and considering what can often turn up weatherwise, he decided it would be safer to stay there until after the wedding. Remembering the big blizzard when we were in Minneapolis in December two years ago, we agreed with him. He drove home after the wedding and spent ten days with us.

How wonderful it was having our brother Wayne and his family here for Christmas again this year. Emily, Alison and Clark slept at our house and Wayne and Abigail stayed with Mother. We assumed they would get in shortly after the dinner hour, so as soon as the dishes were done Martin and I ran down the street to Mother's house to await their arrival. We waited and waited, and just when we were beginning to get uneasy they pulled up to the house. They had left Denver about the time they told us they would, but were delayed finding kennel space for their three dogs. They had no idea so many people would be boarding pets as they hadn't run into this problem last year. Finally they found one that could take two of the dogs, so left Lucky and Sealab and brought Emily's puppy, Hipias, along with them. He is a dear little dog and we enjoyed having a pet around the house again.

How empty the house seemed after the holidays! Oliver and I were glad to have the tree to dismantle and decorations to pack away in the storeroom, for it occupied us the greater part of that first day of quiet.



Making a granny afghan looked like such fun that Alison Driftmier asked her grandmother to teach her how to crochet the little blocks.

Speaking of the storeroom, Martin and his cousins were rummaging around in there one day and came across several huge boxes of old pictures. They lugged them downstairs and spent hours and hours looking through them. A few years ago nothing could have interested them less than old photographs. I must confess that they still haven't acquired that sense of kinship that most of us who are older know and feel so strongly, but they were extremely interested in the styles of hair and dress! They were quick to point out the beards, mustaches and sideburns! And "if you think girls wear outlandish clothes sometimes, look at the get-ups in some of those pictures!" We all had to laugh with them and at ourselves!

Martin left for seminary a few days before the new quarter started because he had to get settled into a new apartment. The day before Wade's wedding he cleared all his things out and stored them here and there with friends in other apartments in the building. He didn't take much from home in the line of furnishings as he had bought a few things from friends who were leaving for their intern programs. What he needs most is storage for his rapidly increasing collection of books but since bookcases would not be easy to transport in his small car, he will look for some in secondhand stores in Minneapolis, or else continue to add bricks and boards to his homemade shelves.

I always enjoy a few days at home during the cold month of January. It is a good time to sort through the linen closet and see what I need to replace or add while the white sales are on. I'm gradually replacing old sheets with the new ones that don't require ironing. Last year I bought several and I plan to do the same before January comes to a close. The old ones are still too good

to discard so they'll go on the top shelf for spares.

While cleaning the top shelves of the closets I got down several boxes of old felt hats. In recent years I've seldom worn hats so what I found were very dated. It seems a shame to throw them out but I know they'll never be worn again. What to do? I don't know when I've needed a scrap of felt, but I did cut some large pieces out of one and stuck them away. It happened to be pale blue, so maybe I could use it for an applique sometime. What do you do with old felt hats?

We're pretty inclined to save things in our family and often joke about it, but sometimes it pays off to be a saver. I've kept odds and ends of yarn for several years, hardly enough of any color to do anything with, but kept them just in case. When Alison was here she wanted to learn to crochet a granny afghan so Mother and Ruby sat down with her one day and taught her how to make the little squares. My yarn came in handy and what with scraps of yarn from Mother and Ruby she ended with a collection of colors that should keep her busy for quite a while. We don't often see college-age girls doing handwork these days, with the exception of knitting, but Emily and Alison are very interested in it. Both girls enjoy sewing also, and make some of their own clothes. Abigail says she is finally finding more time to sew for herself now that the girls are beginning to take over some of their own.

Speaking of sewing, as soon as I've crossed a few more odd jobs off my list I'm going to start on some clothes for spring. I've made a few little smocked dresses for my great-niece Katharine but that's been the extent of my stitching. Now that the spring fab-

(Continued on page 22)

# "We Hold These Truths"

PROGRAM FOR BROTHERHOOD MONTH

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Setting:** Fasten large copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and, perhaps the Great Seal of our country to a bulletin board or other backdrop. Display a large United States flag on stage.

Use patriotic and other appropriate music as a prelude, and for background music to accent certain portions of the program. Such music might include "This Land Is Your Land", "If I Had a Hammer", "This Is My Country", etc.

The person speaking the lines for the Statue of Liberty wears a flowing robe (a sheet can be pinned and draped), a gold paper crown, and carries a torch. She may place the torch on a small pedestal after giving her first lines if she does not memorize her lines and needs to handle note cards. She takes up the torch again for the closing lines, as the music swells, working toward the climax of the program.

**Musical Prelude:** (During this time the narrator and the Statue of Liberty take their places, one to the right and one to the left of the display.)

**Narrator:**

"Let me speak," said the unknown soldier.

"I died to set men free.

Was I Protestant, Jew, or Catholic,  
Of low or high degree?

Did my ancestors come on the May  
flower,

Or in the steerage cheap?

Was my blood dark blue or crimson

As it flowed through my death wounds  
deep?"

Let him who knows the answer

Be the first to raise the call,

And tell what race, or class, or creed,  
Or cult is best of all.

The answer comes from the Great Be-  
yond,

From the Master's heavenly hall.

"In my sight you are all alike.

I am the Father of ALL."

—Hannah McLaughlin

**Statue of Liberty:** "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men . . . And for the support of the Declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of the divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." This we can read in our Declaration of Independence.

**Narrator:** In this month of brotherhood and historically significant birthdays, it is good to again affirm our faith, our ideals, and our patriotism as individuals and as a nation. Are these truths of our forefathers the same truths we hold dear today? Are we holding sacred the trust they handed on to us? I would have us sing the song "America, My Country, 'Tis of Thee", and, as we sing, think carefully of the words. Does the song speak for our country today?

**Song:** "America" by all.

**Narrator:** "Land of liberty", "long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light". Do those lines challenge us to take another look at this "land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride"? What was this liberty upon which our forefathers placed their lives and their honor?

**Statue of Liberty:** "And this freedom will be the freedom of all. It will loosen both master and slave from the chain. For, by divine paradox, wherever there is one slave there are two . . . There is no true liberty for the individual except as he finds it in the liberty of all. There is no true security for the individual except as he finds it in the security of all." (Markham)

There are those who say liberty is the right to do as one pleases. But I say to you this is not freedom; rather it is license that can lead only to chaos and tyranny.

Freedom is a word that can be used only of those who can make choices, but liberty goes a step farther, as those who signed the Declaration saw it. A knowledge of right and wrong and a desire to follow that which is right must always undergird any claim to freedom. With the freedom of choice comes opportunity and obligation, not just to and for ourselves, but to and for others.

Jesus said, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." In Psalms we read, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Only when we hold these truths sacred, and practice them, should we feel free to sing, "Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light."

**Narrator:** There is an old story about an Englishman who came to America almost a century ago with the intention of seeing the "wild and woolly" West for himself. He made his way to the frontier in Wyoming, where he decided to spend the summer in a shack far from any neighboring settlers. Soon after moving in he decided it was time to take a bath. Naturally, his first thought was for privacy for this event. Since there were no curtains in the shack he hung his undershirt over the single window. He had just started to take his bath when a cowboy who was riding by pushed the undershirt aside to see what there was so beastly private going on in there.

Here we have two differing ideas of liberty. The Englishman wanted freedom for privacy; the cowboy wanted freedom to look where he pleased. To come to terms the Englishman and the cowboy would have to reach an agreement on how far their individual rights should go and where they should end. Each would have to consider the other's point of view. Yes, freedom has responsibility as well as choice.

**Statue of Liberty:** "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal."

America is a land of one people, gathered from many nations; just so is the world one people under God. Some came to America for love of money. Some came for love of freedom. Whatever it was that brought them to this land of opportunity, each brought a gift. Englishman, Irish lad and lassie, Dutchman, Italian, Swede, Norwegian, Dane, Oriental, Negro, German, French — each has laid his gift upon the altar of America.

They all came with their songs and  
(Continued on page 21)



You remember (or do you?) reading the story of Freckles, so many years ago, when the Angel assured him that his mother had loved him, the mother he'd never know. And how could she be so sure? Because, she said confidently, those baby clothes had only the tiniest of stitches, so small that they required the patience of love to make.

And in this modern day, do we still sew the baby clothes with those tiny stitches? No, not often, for time is precious, and when we sew we do a great deal of the work efficiently, by machine. But who's to say that there isn't "love sewn into every stitch"? For the love is in the planning, in the making — indeed, in the dreaming while you sew — rather than in the method used to stitch.

Some baby clothes are still best purchased, rather than made at home. Tiny knit undershirts, for instance, are reasonably priced, yet would take a good deal of time to make with little saving of money. On the other hand, you may want a special item in a favorite color and fabric that can't be found ready-made. You may want to use your knitting or crocheting skill for a blanket or a sweater. Or you may simply have on hand a supply of remnants left from other sewing, and think to yourself, "Why, these are perfect for making baby clothes." And so they are, at very little outlay of cash and a minimum of your time.

One other reason for sewing: you've seen a baby item that seizes your fancy, or exactly fits your needs, and for one reason or another it simply cannot be purchased. The answer here, of course, is to make it. I'm thinking of the shaped diapers we bought when our youngest child was a baby, nine years ago. They were far and away the best shaped diapers I've ever seen, before or since. Oh, how I regretted the wasted hours folding diapers for the older children — why, oh why, hadn't these marvels been available sooner? But the company that introduced them was quite a small company, and I guess went out of business, for a quick run-down of currently available diapers doesn't seem to include them. We used

them exclusively for the last baby, and gave some as baby gifts for a few years thereafter. One mother liked them so well that she immediately sat down at the sewing machine and converted all the standard oblongs to the new shape; she counted it as time well spent. Recently I've had an urgent request: "If you still have one of those shaped diapers stored away, I want to cut off a pattern. If I can't buy them, then I'll make them!"

Still another reason for sewing: If you're like me, sometimes just handling fabrics creates that urge to sew, along with the inspiration of the "perfect item" to be made from the fabric in hand. Such as the stretch terrycloth in a delicate spring green that I have on hand; it's earmarked for a robe, to wear over a swimsuit in summer, or after-bath in the winter. But the signs are unmistakable — another piece, in some luscious sherbet shade, will be bought to make some sort of baby gift. The stretch terry is ideal for sleepers, the all-day, all-night jumpsuits, for the little gowns with drawstring sleeves and drawstring at the bottom. (As the four-year-old neighbor boy once exclaimed, eyes wide as he watched me pull that drawstring after popping a dry gown on the new baby, "Look, Mama — she's got him in a bag!")

You won't find the stretch terrycloth just everywhere, but it's so marvelous it's really worth a bit of looking for. I got mine from a supplier of lingerie fabrics, odd as it may seem.

Lingerie fabrics, incidentally, offer a new field of sewing for babies. Had you thought of this? Formerly, our fabric choices were rather limited, and we wondered wistfully why we couldn't obtain the knits that the manufacturers of readymades could. Wistful no longer, a brief stay in a store stocked with lingerie fabrics and trims is likely to end with one staggering out with a bulky (though lightweight) package stuffed with "dreams by the yard" and yards of dainty trimmings for those dreams. My point here is that these fabrics needn't be limited to women's undergarments and robes — some are beautifully suited for whipping up gowns, robes, slips, dresses, sleepers, etc., for babies and toddlers. Which ones? you question. Well, there are cotton knits advertised as for knit tops and polo shirts, that work equally well for pajamas and gowns, and (pattern of the fabric permitting) for boys or girls. The brushed nylon fabrics are feathery soft, and offer warmth without weight. This material has more available patterns and colors that are suited for little girls than for little boys, but don't close your eyes to both possibilities. Stretch terrycloth, as we've already mentioned, Helanca knit, such as used

for women's stretch pants, makes perfect play clothes for tiny tots; one handy version is the zip-front overall, quick and easy to get on and off the child. (If you're making them for a little boy old enough to be toilet trained, remember to use a zipper long enough to extend clear to the crotch seam. The pattern will show it two inches shorter than this — but try it my way at least once, and see if you don't prefer it, too. Much more convenient for self-help!) Some of the soft sheer and semi-sheer nylons make breathably beautiful baby dresses (especially when smocked, or shirred and embroidered with feather stitching, or shirred and stitched over the shirring lines with multicolored machine embroidery.) "Frost" it with fluffs of lace, and add an opaque nylon tricot slip to wear beneath the sheer dress. Another tip: when sewing on the stretchy fabrics, try using the Flexi-Lace that's so good for hems on knit dresses. It works well on lingerie or on any garment made from stretch material. I think I use it on everything, now that I've gotten used to it! It can be purchased at most dime stores or notions counters, among the cards of hem tape, but if you use quantities of it, it can be purchased in bulk for 6¢ a yard. I think it is, from Newark Dressmaker Supply Company. It isn't on cards that way. But, carded, from your local store, it costs 39¢ for three yards, so it's a worthwhile savings to buy it in bulk if you plan to use very much of it. They also make a much wider width of Flexi-Lace, that is beautiful; of course, it is correspondingly more expensive. I've noticed that recently there have been a number of new elastics offered (some stretch in width as well as length) that are probably inspired by the surge of interest in sewing lingerie fabrics.

If you have the knack of looking at fabrics, and visualizing a finished garment — even of a completely different type — from it, do shop around your nearest supply center for the lingerie fabrics. With this notion in your head, you might come up with some unique ideas indeed.

One local fabric store offers remnants of quilted nylon lining for a fraction of its original cost from the bolts. But creative seamstresses have seized on it eagerly — not to use as lining at all; they are making robes of it, lined with tricot or flannelette. Or, they're using it for both sides of a comforter, bound all around with satin blanket binding, that offers warmth, light weight, and good looks. One woman keeps hers to use as a light throw over someone that's "under the weather" and resting on the divan, rather than hibernating in the bedroom alone. She's

(Continued on page 19)

# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The busy and exciting days of the holiday season are over, and life at the farm has settled down into its usual winter routine once again. We have been fortunate not to have had much snow so far, which makes it a lot easier to do the chores. We did have a long weekend of freezing rain before Christmas that did a lot of damage to the trees and caused more of the dead elms to fall. We were without electricity for one long stretch of 29 hours, with a total of almost 48 hours without power during the three-day storm. You don't realize how dependent you are upon electricity until you don't have it for a long period of time. I was trying desperately to finish some dresses I was going to give as Christmas gifts, but I couldn't sew even in the day time. I bemoaned the fact that I no longer had my old treadle machine. Here I sat with two electric machines I couldn't use.

I must tell you a good joke on myself that made me feel stupid. Frustrated because I couldn't sew, I suddenly thought I could at least get a dress cut out and ready to start as soon as the electricity came back on. I got the pattern all laid out on the material and knew I was going to have to hurry because it was getting dark fast. The quickest way to cut it would be with my electric scissors, and automatically I got them and plugged them in. It didn't dawn on me until I pushed the button that they wouldn't work. I was telling this to one of my neighbors and she told one on herself. They were eating supper by candlelight when someone drove into the drive, and she automatically told one of the children to jump up and turn the yard light on. We were inconvenienced, but we were much better off than many people. We could eat because we have a gas stove, and we were warm because we have an oil burner.

I didn't have room last month to tell you about a serious accident we had in our neighborhood. About 10:30 one morning our neighbor, Mrs. Roy Querry, called to see if Ralph Marker (another neighbor) happened to be here. He wasn't, but I could tell by her voice that something was wrong and asked her if there was anything I could do. She said Roy had just caught his hand in the cornpicker and the local doctor



Alison Driftmier removes her boots so she can don a pair of ice skates. Dorothy and Frank keep several pairs on hand for visitors.

said he would have to be taken to a Des Moines hospital immediately, where a surgeon had been contacted and would be waiting for him. They were hunting Ralph to see if he could drive them to Des Moines. Frank was in the field, a long way from the house, but I said I would leave him a note and could come at once.

We had two cars sitting here, Lucile's, which I had driven home from Shenandoah the last time I was there, and our own. I decided to drive hers because it probably would be more dependable than ours since it was a later model, had newer tires, and because it was heavier would cling to the road better with fast driving. Poor Roy was suffering so terribly that I wanted to get him there as fast as I could, but we got just seven miles from home when the fan belt to the generator broke. We pulled into an oil station but there was no one there to put a new belt on, and I didn't know what to do. Just then a man pulled into the station with a truck load of hay, and we borrowed a car and he took me back home to get our own car. I told Roy and Louise this was one time I hoped to see a patrolman and be stopped for speeding so he could go ahead and clear the way with his siren. This didn't happen, but we made it safely. The doctor was waiting for us and Roy went right into surgery. We were happy that the doctor was able to save all of his hand except one finger.

Bernie is getting along fine with her leg which she broke in October. She is still using crutches most of the time, but is able to put some weight on her leg now and manages to get her meals and do the dishes and other household tasks. She hasn't been able to go back to work at the post office yet, nor to

work in her beauty shop, since both jobs necessitate being on her feet, but things like this take a long time to heal and we are quite satisfied with the progress she has made.

Our four friends from Kanawha were here for deer season again this year, and again we enjoyed visiting with them over coffee and doughnuts after closing hours at the end of the day. One of the men, George Beukema, brought his wife and sons to meet us last fall, and I was sorry that I was in New Mexico at the time, but Frank enjoyed their visit. Maybe they will come again sometime. I did get to meet Mrs. Walter Grimm, another wife, when she visited Shenandoah with a tour of women from her county. I was there addressing the magazine at the time, so their tour was planned just right for me.

Kristin and the children didn't get to come for Christmas after all. Andy had just recovered from a bout with the flu when Aaron came down with it right at Christmas time. At this time of year the weather can be a big factor when we have to drive so far to meet their train, but it just happened that this year the weather was perfect and would have caused no problems, so it was too bad they couldn't come.

One of our good neighbors shared her children with us to make our Christmas a little more fun. I planned a little party for them the afternoon of Christmas Eve. We had a gift for each one under our tree, and after they had opened them the two older girls helped me serve refreshments. There were nine children, two boys and seven girls, all beautiful and well-behaved, and it just made my Christmas to have them here.

On the day after Christmas brother Wayne's children drove up from Shenandoah to spend a day at the farm. We get to see Clark and Alison about once a year, but Emily has been gone from home at times when the others have made the trip here, so it had been years since Frank had seen her. It was a beautiful sunny day and the ice on the bayou was perfect for skating. We have three pairs of shoe skates we have kept for years just in case any young people visit us in the winter and want to skate, so we got these out. As luck would have it the skates fit, and they spent the morning skating. Frank had a big dead elm to burn right on the bank, and he kept the bonfire going so they could get warm once in awhile. Frank and I had a nice day and I think Emily, Alison, and Clark did too.

I have much sewing to do, the first thing on the list being a pair of slacks for Kristin. Right now I'm going to stop and cut them out. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

## FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Just for fun, get out your encyclopedias and read what is written about the month of February. I have read so many interesting things about this second month of the year, but in our newspaper the other day was some information that I had never known. I did not know that the name *February* was derived from the Roman ceremonies of religious expiation and purification which took place at this time of the year. The Latin word, *februare*, means to expiate, to purify.

When the ancient Romans designed their days for religious purification, they chose February because of the old pagan celebration called the *Lupercalia* held in honor of the god Lupercus. It was in February that the Romans carried little statues of this goatskin-clad god of fertility, and goats and dogs were sacrificed in his name. All of this was long before Christianity, and the people saw nothing wrong with having all women purified during the *Lupercalia*, something that was done by having the women's hands struck by thongs of goatskin to insure fertility and to insure the safe birth of many children.

Only the other day I learned that we of the western world were not the first to have some kind of a connection between the first week of *February* and weather forecasting. According to ancient weather lore, the twelfth, the thirteenth, and the fourteenth days of February were days of forecasts. If these particular days were fair, then the year would be a stormy one; but if the days were stormy, then the whole year would be a mild one. I leave it to you to determine what connection all of this has with our Groundhog Day.

When the Christians came on the scene, they took some of the old Roman ideas and gave them religious significance. For example, just as the Romans held a purification ceremony during February, so later did the Roman Catholic Church hold a feast in honor of the purification of the Virgin Mary, calling it the Feast of Candlemas.

In an old, old colonial calendar marking the month of February, there was this little verse:

"Now is good Time to purge and bleed,  
And physick take, in time of need;  
But if diseases thou hast none,

You may as well let them alone."

February always stands out in my memory because it marks my sister Margery's birthday as Groundhog Day. I don't know if Margery is a good weather forecaster or not, but she certainly "picked" a birthday date that is easy to remember. Some people made a



A group of Frederick's church people held an auction recently to raise money for a worthy project.

study of groundhogs down in Pennsylvania, and that study revealed that over a period of fifteen years, the groundhog's weather forecasting has been proved right eight times and wrong seven times. Actually, that is not a bad average as weather forecasting averages go!

A short time ago one of my friends died of a heart attack only a few hours after he had been playing a game with me at the YMCA. This year I am sure to remember that February is Heart Month. Betty and I always try to give some money to the American Heart Association because we think that of all the health organizations and foundations, it is one of the best. Quite often when members of my parish died of a heart attack, the relatives ask that the friends make gifts to the Heart Association rather than to spend money on flowers. Last month I told you about my good results with fun games at the YMCA to strengthen my heart. The friend I lost had not started doing that soon enough.

Have you found it difficult to decide what health organizations merit your financial support? My goodness, I think that there is some kind of a fund drive for the fighting of one disease or another each month. I was amused when I read about the man who wrote to his family physician and said: "I need your help. I want to start a foundation to fight against some disease, and I cannot think of a disease that is not already being fought. Can you give me the name of a good disease that would have lots of emotional appeal and get much money from the people? If you can think up a good disease, I shall be happy to make you one of the directors of the organization." Whether the letter was actually written in just those words, I am not certain, but I do know that the intent of that letter is said to have been projected many times. There must be good money in it for the paid staff of directors and research people.

What do Betty and I do? Well, we give a small amount to some, and give nothing to others. What bothers me is the way some disease foundations demand to be treated separately from all others. The most of them will not cooperate with the United Fund or the Community Chest because they think that they can raise more money in a separate appeal, but the honest truth is that that they are "killing the goose that laid the golden egg". Most of us simply cannot afford to give to everything, and so we pick and choose, and the more health foundations there are, the less interest we are going to have in any of them.

As I sit here writing this letter to you it is snowing outside. My, but we have had much snow here this winter. David is home from university for the weekend, and tonight he has his mother's car for a date with his cute little girl friend. They have gone to a Chinese restaurant for supper, and then they are going to a motion picture. I just hope that David drives carefully! Isn't it a double worry when one of our children is driving a car in which there are other parents' children? Fortunately, we know that David is a very conservative driver, but he is not as expert in winter driving as we might wish. I realize that there is only one way for him to become an expert winter driver, and that is to let him take the car when there are bad road conditions. That is the way you and I learned, and that is the only way our children can learn. Experience is a great teacher, but sometimes it is so expensive!

Recently I had a great honor come to me: I was asked to be a Member of the Corporation of our large Roman Catholic hospital. Betty and I are both members of the corporation of two other hospitals here in the city, one of them being the famous Springfield Medical Center, but now I am the first protestant minister ever to serve on the corporation of our Roman Catholic hospital. It certainly will prove to be an interesting experience, and I think an educational one too. They are about to begin a big building program, and I am sure that they will want my help when it comes to raising money from the protestant side of the community.

The other day Betty and I took a tour of a hospital that is very near our church, one that we use for our own family needs. It has just added several floors of new rooms, all with the very latest scientific devices. Unless you recently have been in a very new and very modern hospital — one completed in the past two years — you simply cannot imagine what wonderful improvements have been made. I think that one of the biggest improvements is the

(Continued on page 18)



## Who Is Mr. Groundhog?

by  
Leona Meals

In spite of today's sophisticated and highly technical weather-predicting knowhow, groundhog day is awaited eagerly not only in rural communities but also cities. Chronologically half the winter is over on the second of February. What will the second half of winter be like? Everybody looks to the groundhog for this information. Newspapers, radios and televisions give minute details of the groundhog's behavior on this important day. In some rural communities one can get the information directly from the little weather predictor by waiting patiently for him to emerge from his cozy burrow. If he sees his shadow he will scurry back into the warmth of his shelter. But if the day is overcast he will grub around for some edible material. This is interpreted as the foretelling of six weeks of mild weather.

In Europe it is the badger that pokes its sleepy head out on the second of February. Our early settlers transferred the badger's weather-forecasting ability to the American groundhog, thus perpetuating a day whose origin reaches back into the centuries.

Mr. Groundhog belongs to the marmot family of which about 28 species are found in this country, such as the woodchuck, meadow pig, etc. Perhaps the most unique one is the whistling marmot with its built-in air raid system. When danger lurks a sentry marmot emits a warning whistle. It is one of the most piercing sounds in the animal kingdom. It can easily be heard for a mile. Marmots within hearing distance of the danger signal scoot into their holes and remain there until the sentry gives the all-clear signal. This sound is a lower-keyed note.

Mr. and Mrs. Groundhog are not very good parents. When their young ones are about two months old, they are driven off to fend for themselves. In order to survive they raid flower and vegetable produce, eating their roots and leaves. It is small wonder a lot of them are exterminated. But nature has special ways of balancing the scales. Marmots are prolific mammals. After they are one year old they bear a year-

ly litter of from three to five young.

If the groundhog doesn't fall prey to man's devious exterminating plans, he may get to be six years old. Unlike most hibernating animals, he doesn't store food in his winter burrow. Instead he eats heavily as summer draws to an end and gets very chubby. With the approach of cold weather he gets more and more sluggish. Finally he retires into his burrow which he has prepared in advance. He has dug a long, underground tube which opens into a room, large enough to accommodate him. He has lined his room with dry weeds and grass.

Here he passes the cold winter months in a state of almost suspended animation. His heartbeat slows to only fourteenth times a minute from the usual hundred during his active months. His breathing slows down to about ten or fifteen in a minute instead of eighty or ninety.

According to reports the groundhog can be made into a pet. One couple claims their groundhog pet is a good alarm clock. Each morning at six o'clock he awakens them by jumping on their bed. He whistles for his milk which is fed to him from a baby bottle. However he has one bad habit. He can't resist chewing on the furniture.

Another family reports they have had three groundhogs for pets and claim they can be trained like cats or dogs. Their current one has made friends with the family cat with whom it shares a saucer of milk. His favorite food is bread. And he is housebroken.

Mr. Groundhog has several fan clubs and to honor him, their members trek to locations where groundhogs are known to be sojourning in their winter quarters. The pilgrimage takes place on the second of February to learn firsthand what kind of weather to expect during the second half of winter.

Some of the groundhog's fans have a strange way of commemorating groundhog day. They end the day by banqueting. The piece de résistance is a plentiful of roasted groundhog. Some gourmets aver that groundhog meat is delightful. But others claim the animal is

## GOD'S LOVE

I am an heir to God's estate  
And may I ever faithful be  
To Him, and let me compensate  
By doing little things for Thee.

Mold my lips that I may praise  
His name, in every unseen thing.  
O may I lighten dreary days  
And cause some lonely soul to sing.

O may I have the power to bless  
This world of ours from day to day,  
And may I bring some happiness  
To all I meet along the way.

In all I do I ask, that others see  
The goodness of His love — and less  
of me. —Delphia Myrl Stubbs

## BIRD TALK

During the cold wintry days, don't forget your feathered friends who are searching for food, and be sure to have water for their needs. Cardinals love cracked walnuts. I always save the nut hulls from my fruitcake and cooky making and place them in an old tin pan close to the birds' nesting places.

Magic Bird Mix is a treat for the birds and this is how I make mine. Take equal parts of grease and heavy corn syrup with enough yellow cornmeal worked in to make a stiff dough. (One cup grease and one cup syrup with needed cornmeal will make about a quart of Magic Bird Mix.) Stale jelly, old honey or syrup works well, also I've found that by working in a cup of peanut butter I had a really tasty treat. The birds just gorged themselves on this mix! I use chicken fat or suet if I don't have bacon grease on hand.

Toasted bread, cut in small pieces and strung on string and tied to tree branches, is very much desired. Mockingbirds love apples if placed where they can manage them. When scattering loose grain, if you throw it around under shrubbery instead of on top of the snow, they manage to get to it better. Wrens just naturally prefer cracked nutmeats and very small seeds as they cannot eat sunflower seeds or the larger type feed such as corn and the like. Biscuit crumbs keep birds coming back for more. Put up more than one feeder if possible and locate them on opposite sides of the house. More birds will be attracted than if you put them all on one side of the house.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

too muscular and criss-crossed with ligaments and tendons to be good eating.

Good or bad, isn't that a humiliating way for our national weather prophet to end his day of glory?

## MARY BETH AND DONALD FIND IT ISN'T EASY TO MOVE A PIANO

Dear Friends:

I am writing you this month from the almost chilly interior of our music room. Does that not sound impressive? One of the rooms in this ranch-style house was an afterthought of the former owner, and because it was an afterthought it has no connection with the central heating system. They did wire the room with baseboard heating units, but we seldom remember to turn them on early enough to warm up the room. As a result we let the room remain more or less cool and do not use it often.

Now picture this reasonably good-sized, handsomely carpeted room, and a large, awkward, oversized parlor grand piano sitting enormously in the corner of our living room. When the time came last December to grapple with the question of where to put the Christmas tree, we once again considered how nice it would be if the piano weren't there to take up so much room. I casually mentioned that it would be nice to turn that emptyish room off the living room into a music room. Donald's eyes lit up with a determined gleam. He has had no love for that monster since the last two moves we have made. He has urged that we dispose of it, but I've turned a deaf ear to his pleas.

I was in no position to discourage his efforts to move the piano from one room to the other, but our door frames are just standard size, which doesn't exactly accommodate a grand piano in any direction. It was with fear and trepidation that I watched Don and Paul remove a leg, the pedals and attached lyre below it, and the keyboard — all guaranteed to lighten the load across the living room rug. I would not have been surprised if the piano had not budged for them, but I underestimated Don's long-standing desire to be rid of it. Where there's a will there's a way, because the piano moved under his push-pull method. It has now assumed a less conspicuous place in this cold room of ours, and hardly a week goes by that Don doesn't click his tongue over the fact that the living room certainly does look nice without it.

Oddly enough the children have taken a sudden liking to play the piano now that it is moved. Perhaps the sound is greater to them in this smaller room, but, regardless, they have spent an inordinate amount of time sitting and picking out tunes.

One day recently we had a school friend of Paul's here for the weekend. This handsome, ruddy-cheeked boy is



Paul Driftmier has ordered lots of snow for the rest of the winter so he and his sisters can put their new toboggan to good use.

new to the Academy this year, and we like to make the newcomers welcome. Breaking into a new school isn't the easiest thing in the world, as we can remember from the children's year in the Indiana schools. This guest of Paul's turned out to be a surprise to us. He plays the piano like a gifted artist, but the big surprise came when he told us of his grandparent's farm in Decorah, Iowa. He was surprised that Donald knew where it was, and we were equally surprised to learn that he also has relatives in Dubuque. It seems his mother, whose maiden name was Gillis (I think that spelling is correct), came from Dubuque. He hadn't been to Shenandoah but he knew about where it was.

The boy's name is Tom Gerleman, and if the world is as small as I suspect, I would imagine that there are among the readers of *Kitchen-Klatter* several people who will know him. It seems his daddy was one of twelve children, so there must be lots of Gerleman relatives around Iowa. The boys had a great time ice skating on the St. John's Military Academy ponds, after which they went tobogganing.

When Grandmother Driftmier sent the children some money to spend on a Christmas present, we decided that they were all old enough for something larger than a sled. (We have not yet gone into the ski equipment operation because of the enormous expense involved.) Donald bought a toboggan which seats six to eight, and with our children's long legs this is quite a fair size. A toboggan requires a long cushion which straps into place. I have not yet found the courage to get on this and perhaps I won't ever. I've always considered it a sign that I was

chicken not to try things that the children consider fun, but somehow, as I get older, that snow seems colder and more slippery and the ground infinitely harder when I sit down on it suddenly.

I have been waiting patiently for a time when I was not pinched for space to answer a letter from a woman who wrote me concerning the Palmer method of handwriting. I hate to admit that the letter came long ago, telling me that she too had tried to find Palmer method materials for use in the school where she taught. Well, I have finally found material that is really Palmer method. (I was not using a Palmer book, as I had supposed.) I hope the nice woman will see this address because it is a very much alive company with a new line of teaching aids that would be of great assistance to her in her class. It is the A. N. Palmer Company, 1720 W. Irving Park Road, Schaumburg, Illinois.

I went downtown to the teacher's convention (of which I am not a member so I had to throw myself on the mercy of the gentleman at the door, who was more impressed in my interest in books than the fact that I was not a member of the teachers' association). It was downstairs among the literally thousands and thousands of books that I found the Palmer booth. They were amazed to know that we were teaching our children to use script writing at six and seven years. They lavished on me samples of their workbooks for children in grades one through eight. I didn't have any idea that penmanship was taught in grades that high. I have been using the third-grade book, however, because their workbooks for first and second grade are still using printing.

I must pass on one of the little human interest items which is a first for me in this, my first full year of teaching. I was sitting at my desk and, as the little ones came by to turn in completed papers, one small, blond boy unobtrusively tossed a folded square of paper onto the center of my desk. I didn't have an opportunity to read it immediately. When I did open it I was touched, because carefully written in his best penmanship (without lines to help him) was the message "I love you". There are times when it is necessary to be stern with these little folks and even a cross look will occasionally reduce them to tears, so it was reassuring to me to learn that a kindly feeling was pretty much mutual between us. I've saved the note, needless to say!

The family is away ice skating this afternoon, so I'll close this and get some hot supper started, because they will need it when they get home.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

## A PUPPY AT LAST

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Spread out on the table are several booklets with such fascinating titles as "Sled and Harness Styles", "Building a Training Cart", and "Packing Dogs". (These are published by the Raymond Thompson Company of Alderwood Manor, Washington.) A periodical called "Team and Trails" and books from the library entitled "Wild Voice of the North" (Sally Carrighar, Doubleday and Co.) and "Alaskan Trail Dogs" (Elsie Caldwell, Richard Smith—New York) are being carefully read and digested.

The object of all this intensive research couldn't care less. He is all curled up with his nose warmly tucked into his tail, snugly asleep in the doghouse. This is the large red doghouse which once belonged to our big black collie, "Wheels". I heard recently of a family that antiqued their doghouse in preparation for a new puppy. Well, we didn't have to bother with ours. It started to be Colonial Red but has weathered into a lovely antique shade of old barn!

Our Alaskan Husky was born October 16th in Neligh, Nebraska. He arrived in Sidney just in time for Robert's birthday on November 24th, so he really belongs to Robert. After long deliberation with the family, Robert finally named him "Attu", which was the name he wanted from the very beginning! It is the name of an island in the Aleutian chain and we do hope the word has a meaning which is fitting for an Alaskan dog.

Attu is buff and white. His markings are like those seen in most pictures of Eskimo dogs; he has a white nose and then his ears and markings down toward each eye are buff. He has a white ruff around his neck and his back is the same light tan color as his ears. His paws are white. Even for such a young dog he keeps himself surprisingly clean, one of the qualities for which Huskies are noted.

The most striking aspect of Attu's appearance is his eyes. He has the deep blue eyes which are found among some northern dogs. The blue eyes are startling enough in the puppy's white face, but then to add glamour they are edged with black just as if someone had taken an eyeliner and intentionally gone around the edge of each eye.

He is a quick, alert and intelligent puppy. I can see why these dogs are used as helpers in the far north, for they surely can be trained in many ways. Jeff and Craig can hardly wait until Attu is old enough to carry a back pack or be taught to pull a small training cart or sled. Along about April



Bob and Jeff get together with Craig as he holds the fuzzy Husky puppy which is the newest member of the Birkby family.

or May they hope he will be old enough and big enough to start off at least with a light back pack and go across the bluffs on a hike. Since the books we've been reading suggest waiting for serious training until six or seven months of age this sounds like a good time schedule for Attu.

This cute teddy bear of a puppy has already provided us with much pleasure and some laughs. The other afternoon I was working in the basement when I heard a sharp, pained cry. I rushed upstairs and there was Attu back in the farthest corner of the patio making a great commotion. He was not cowering, far from it. He was standing firm and as tall as his puppy legs would hold him. Coming across the yard was the biggest dog in town and he must have looked like a monster to Attu. "Vike" is a Great Dane who belongs to Roger Eitzmann, the wrestling and football coach of our Sidney High School. Vike had simply wandered across a few back yards and come to call.

Telling Vike to go home, I picked up Attu and informed him all was well. Attu grasped my arm with his sturdy front paws, licked my hand and the crisis was over.

Of course, one crisis can quickly follow another. The very next day I heard another howling cry of concern. Attu was firmly chained in the back yard and my first thought was that he might have become entangled. When I reached the yard I could only stand and laugh. Delicately, gently tiptoeing across the frozen stalks of grass were five tiny Persian kittens. They were so small it surely must have been their first outing away from their mother. From the fuss Attu was making you would have thought five *Great Danes* were stalking across the yard.

The kittens paid no attention to the ferocious-sounding puppy until they were almost within reach of his paws.

Then the lead kitten spat and lifted up a paw with teeny claws extended. This so startled Attu that he sat back on his haunches, quit howling and just looked at the audacious creature.

A bit later that same kitten was tucked right under Attu's chin and he was busily licking the fuzzy fur with a loving tongue. "See," he seemed to say as he looked up at me with an almost grin, "I've got a pet too."

Attu's blood lines go right back up to Alaska. I asked Mrs. Kenneth Pierson, from whom we bought Attu, how they happened to become interested in raising Huskies. She told me that they had always admired Huskies but really didn't get involved in raising them until they went to Alaska in 1965 on a camping-hunting trip. Whenever they saw a sign along the Alaskan Highway which advertised dogs for sale they stopped to look them over. The idea was to buy *one small puppy*.

However, when they reached Fairbanks they stopped at the Lundgren Kennels. They have had several North American racing championships to their credit so are well-known dog breeders. The Piersons fell in love with blue-eyed Tina, a bred female. (She presented them with three puppies just two days after they arrived back in Neligh!)

I asked Mrs. Pierson if she knew how to make a back pack so we could get started off properly in this direction. She not only sent me a paper pattern but she also told me of the Indian lady who taught her how to make them.

It seems that on the same trip when they bought their mother Husky, Tina, Mr. Pierson and his son went hunting for two weeks in the Yukon with an Indian outfitter. The three girls and Mrs. Pierson stayed in their camper. While the men were gone the wife of the Indian guide taught the girls how to make moccasins and mukluks, how to fish for salmon and how to smoke fish. She also showed them, with her hand-crank sewing machine, how to make a canvas and moosehide pack for Tina. (Now if I can just find some moosehide---!)

The following winter the Piersons got their large male Husky from Anchorage, Alaska, and really went into the business of raising puppies. The two daughters who helped care for the dogs are using the money for college expenses.

Mrs. Pierson mentioned that they have a new strain of Alaskan Husky now, since they traded a couple of their dogs with the Fishbacks of California. For some time the Fishbacks ran the top teams in California.

When we bought Attu from the Piersons Mrs. Pierson commented, "We

(Continued on page 22)



## Sidelights from the Life of Lincoln

by  
Mary Feese

So many years have come and gone; so many thousand words have been written; so many questions have been asked. Those many questions can best be summed up into a single one: What sort of man was Abraham Lincoln?

For every book you read, and every person you ask, seems to have a different view of the man he was. It's quite possible that they may all be right! Human nature is such a mystery, and personality is created from a kaleidoscope of views; so Lincoln was at once humane and humorous. He was a man with a cause — the cause of preserving the Union — and that cause was greater than he was. In light of that cause, his funny stories seem a bit irrelevant, yet they are bits and pieces that yet remain to make up our picture of the man.

From so many "bits and pieces", then, let's recall a few that may be fresh and new to you. He once walked at night, on a country road, with a young man of nineteen. Lincoln talked of the stars, their names, their distance, and told his friend that he felt that he was looking directly at God. "I can see how it might be possible for a man to look down upon the earth and be an atheist," he mused, "but I cannot conceive how he could look up into the heavens and say there is no God."

His picture of the Lord shows even more clearly in the incident during the Civil War, when one clergyman hoped fervently that "the Lord is on our side." Lincoln replied that he was not concerned about that, for he knew that the Lord was always on the side of the right. "But," he added with emphasis, "it is my constant anxiety and prayer that this nation should be on the Lord's side."

In lighter moments, he was good at giving an apt reply, or at quoting some joke to fit the moment at hand. He liked for advice to be brief and to the point, and once told the story of a frontier traveler who lost his way in a desolate area, just as a thunderstorm came up. After floundering along for some time, the man's horse gave out. Flashes of lightning helped to show the man the way, but the thunder growled ever more ominously. After one crash that seemed

to split the very earth, the man knelt to pray. He seldom prayed, but now his plea was both brief and desperate. "Oh Lord," he begged, "if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light — and a little less noise!"

Then, a man once mentioned a body of water in Nebraska, which bore an Indian name meaning "weeping water". Mr. Lincoln shot back, "As 'laughing water', according to Mr. Longfellow, is 'minnehaha', this evidently should be called 'Minneboohoo'."

And they tell the story on Lincoln, that while he was president, he wrote to General McClellan, saying that he *must* have more information about what the army was doing. McClellan replied with a telegram, HAVE CAPTURED TWO COWS. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THEM? Lincoln had a quick answer, by telegram: MILK 'EM, GEORGE.

We remember him longest, though, for his flashes of insight; in answer to the question of how he could speak kindly of his enemies, when it would appear better to destroy them, he replied thoughtfully, "Do I not destroy them when I make them my friends?" Or, to the doctor who tried to dissuade him from visiting the wards full of Southern prisoners with the words, "You won't want to go in there. They are only rebels." Lincoln's quiet rebuke was only three words. "You mean . . . Confederates."

Lincoln refused to take time to defend himself against slanderous attacks, and his credo as then stated remains good advice today. "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Through the years, there has remained a controversy as to whether Abraham was a Christian. Certainly he read his Bible well, and prayed, and held high moral principles. Yet as to his personal salvation, he had little to say. For years, he put off making any sort of public confession of his faith in Christ. Did he say to himself, "I will do it

tomorrow, when I am less busy with affairs of state"? Yet for Lincoln — as for us — it proved only too true that "tomorrow never comes". When, a few years ago, someone researched the history of the New York Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., they found among its documents a letter signed by President Lincoln. In it, he said that after duly considering the question of his soul, he was at last ready to publicly profess his faith in Christ. The letter was dated April 13, 1865, and he was to be received into the church the following Sunday.

But for Abraham Lincoln, that Sunday never came. History tells us that he was assassinated on Friday, April 14, and died early the next day . . .



### KEEP MEMORIES OF FAMILY

Look around the house and gather all the photographs you can find.

Once together, separate them by individuals.

Then, starting with the oldest photographs, mount each on a single sheet in a loose leaf notebook. If there are several pictures of one person, make a section for that person. If you find more photos, just add them to the section.

Once divided in individual groupings, use one sheet of paper for comments — yours as well as members of the family — to characterize each person.

This notebook, a gallery of pictures, can become a photographic history of your family. And with it, a historical account of each family member.

As other relatives *get into the picture*, they will become interested in adding to the remembrances and remarks of Grandfather Ted and Uncle Joe.

Then, little Susie and six-year-old Bob will have an opportunity to see and to remember that Grandma Susan was a school teacher at the turn of the century and she had long, beautiful hair and an I-dare-you smile.

No reason to omit the fact that Gramps was quite a lady's man. And if he argued with his brother Amos, who was a preacher, record that too.

It's your family. The old and the young are part of it. Along with how they looked, you can tell what they were like. Good, bad, and interesting — let the children know their relatives. And one day, their grandchildren will get to know them, too.

**VALENTINE SALAD**

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 can jellied cranberry
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 12 marshmallows, cut
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 1/2 cup salad dressing

Combine cherry gelatin and hot water. Fold in jellied cranberry and cherry flavoring. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan. Refrigerate until firm.

Combine lemon gelatin with hot water. Immediately stir in marshmallows and stir until dissolved. Cool until syrupy, then fold in remaining ingredients. Brush red layer with hot water and then pour second layer gently on top. This keeps the layers from slipping apart when cut. Return to refrigerator until firm. Cut into squares and serve with red layer on top. This makes a very delicious and pretty "red-topped" salad.

**NUN'S CAKE**

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

Cream butter well; add sugar and beat until very light. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour and baking powder; add alternately with milk and flavorings. Beat well. Place in greased angel food cake pan and bake 1 hour, 15 minutes at 350 degrees. —Margery

**POTATO PANCAKES**

- 2 cups raw, ground potatoes
  - 1 small onion, diced fine
  - 2 eggs, well beaten
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 cup milk
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
  - 3/4 cup flour
- Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Mix well. Fry slowly on a greased griddle or skillet. Brown on one side and then turn and brown on the other. Delicious with sausages or bacon and eggs. Excellent for breakfast, but equally good for a lunch or supper menu. Makes about 15 4-inch pancakes.

—Evelyn

**BLUEBERRY STREUSSEL**

- 2 cups biscuit mix
  - 1/4 cup butter or margarine
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
  - 2 Tbls. honey
  - 1/3 cup milk
  - 1/4 cup flour
  - 1/4 cup brown sugar
  - 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 1 can blueberry pie filling
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
  - Whipped cream
- Combine biscuit mix, 1/4 cup butter or margarine, butter flavoring, honey and milk. Spread dough in greased 8-square pan. Combine flour, brown sugar, 3 Tbls. butter, and burnt sugar flavoring. Sprinkle over top of dough. Bake at 400 degrees for about 20 minutes. Serve hot topped with the blueberry pie filling which has been mixed with the blueberry flavoring. Top with whipped cream.

A little Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring may be added to the whipped cream to give added richness and flavor to this delicious dessert. —Evelyn

**POPPY SEED CAKE**

- 1/4 cup poppy seed
- 1 cup milk, warmed
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 egg whites, beaten stiff

Soak the poppy seed in the warm milk for one-half hour. Cream together the sugar and shortening. Stir in the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the flavorings. Add the poppy seed and milk and beat well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in two layer cake pans approximately 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. When cool, make the following filling to put between the layers, then frost with a white icing.

**Filling**

- 2 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the ingredients and cook until thick.

—Dorothy

**HONEY-SAUCE CHICKEN**

- 2 3-lb. frying chickens, cut up
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 cups butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/2 cup lemon juice

Combine flour, bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Dip pieces of chicken in milk and then roll in flour mixture. Put 1 cup butter or margarine in 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Add butter flavoring. Melt either over low heat or for just a few minutes in a 400-degree oven. (Do not let brown!) Remove from fire and arrange chicken pieces in single layer in pan. Turn chicken to coat with butter.

Bake 30 minutes, skin side down, in hot oven, 400 degrees. Turn chicken. Combine remaining 1/2 cup butter or margarine, honey and lemon juice. Pour over chicken. Bake 30 more minutes, basting frequently.

This may be prepared in an electric skillet. Brown chicken in butter in skillet. Turn heat down and top with honey sauce. Cook, covered, basting frequently, until done.

**COUNTRY-STYLE SALMON LOAF**

1 can salmon, drained  
 1 cup cracker crumbs  
 1 egg, slightly beaten  
 1/2 can Cheddar cheese soup  
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing  
 1/8 tsp. salt

Remove bones and skin from salmon if desired. Combine with remaining ingredients. Pat into a greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. It can be turned out on a platter and sliced nicely. This would be delicious served with a hot sauce made by combining the remaining half can of the Cheddar cheese soup with 1/4 to 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing and heating it. (This is also an excellent cheese sauce for vegetables or to spoon over toast for a rarebit.)

—Evelyn

**OVEN-BAKED DONUTS**

1/3 cup scalded milk  
 3 Tbls. sugar  
 3 Tbls. shortening  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 pkg. yeast  
 1/3 cup warm water  
 1 egg  
 2 1/3 cups flour  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Stir the sugar, shortening and salt into the hot milk. In a large bowl dissolve the yeast in the warm water. Beat the egg and add. Stir in the flavoring. Add the milk mixture alternately with the flour and nutmeg. Cover the bowl and let the dough rise. When it has doubled in size, roll it out on a pastry cloth about a third of an inch thick and cut with donut cutter. Place on a greased cooky sheet and let them rise again. Brush with melted butter and bake in a 375-degree oven about 15 minutes. While the donuts are hot they can be brushed again with butter and dipped in a mixture of sugar and cinnamon, or you can ice them with a powdered sugar frosting. When these are baking be sure to watch them carefully because they will brown very fast.

—Dorothy

**SATURDAY CHICKEN**

1 cut-up fryer  
 1 can cream of mushroom soup  
 1 cup coffee cream  
 Paprika (dash)  
 Garlic powder (small amount)  
 Chopped parsley

Mix garlic powder, paprika and put on lightly salted chicken. Put chicken in 9- x 12-inch pan and mix soup and cream and pour over top of chicken. Bake uncovered at 350 degrees for two hours. Top with parsley after baking.

—Margery

**BUTTERSCOTCH DESSERT COOKIES**

1/2 cup butter or 1/2 cup margarine plus 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 1/2 cups packed brown sugar  
 2 eggs  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 2 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1 tsp. baking soda  
 1 cup dairy sour cream  
 3/4 cup chopped nuts (I used pecans)

Cream together butter and sugar. Add eggs and flavorings. Beat until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, salt, baking powder and soda. Add dry ingredients with sour cream to butter and sugar mixture. Mix until all ingredients are thoroughly combined. Stir in nuts. Chill. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet about 2 inches apart. May use teaspoon if you want a smaller cooky. Flatten slightly with back of spoon. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) 10-12 minutes. Cool. Frost with Brown Butter Icing.

**Brown Butter Icing**

6 Tbls. margarine or butter  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 3 cups sifted powdered sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/4 cup hot water (approximately)  
 Brown butter over low heat. Add sugar, flavoring and enough hot water to make spreading consistency. Beat until smooth.

—Evelyn

**DELICIOUS NOODLES**

1 cup flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 4 egg yolks  
 3 tsp. lard  
 4 Tbls. cream or milk  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into a bowl. Make a well in the center and drop in remaining ingredients. With a fork, blend ingredients together. Turn out on well-floured bread board. Knead, adding more flour if needed, until smooth. Roll out as thin as possible. Let stand 20 minutes. Cut into strips. Shake strips out so they are spread out as much as possible. Let dry for several hours (cover with dry tea towel if you feel this would keep the dust away). Cook in salted boiling water, in broth or bouillon. Delicious with stewed chicken. We like them with the drippings from beef roast.

—Evelyn

**HONEY CUSTARD**

4 eggs, slightly beaten  
 1/2 cup honey  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 2 cups milk  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine eggs, honey and salt. Gradually stir in milk and flavoring. Pour into 6 custard cups. Place cups in pan, place pan in oven and pour hot water around the cups. Bake at 325 degrees for about 50 minutes or until mixture does not stick to a knife. Serve with a drizzle of honey and a sprinkle of toasted coconut on top.

A little Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring makes a delightful custard.

**ASPARAGUS-CHEESE CASSEROLE**

2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 1 1/2 cups milk  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 2 cups asparagus (frozen, canned or fresh cooked)  
 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced  
 1 pimiento, diced  
 1 Tbls. onion, grated  
 1/2 cup cheese, grated  
 Crushed cornflakes

Melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour. When smooth slowly stir in milk. Add flavoring and salt and continue stirring until sauce begins to thicken.

You can put the remaining ingredients in layers in a casserole, reserving cornflakes for top. Pour white sauce over layers. Top with cornflakes.

Or, simply combine all ingredients except cornflakes. When well blended with white sauce, spoon into casserole. Top with cornflakes.

Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. This is an exceptionally fine meatless dish. It may be made with fresh cooked asparagus, frozen asparagus cooked according to directions on the package, or the canned asparagus.

—Evelyn

**SOUTHERN CORN FRITTERS**

2 cups flour  
 1 1/2 tsp. salt  
 2 tsp. baking powder  
 4 eggs, slightly beaten  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen corn, cooked or canned whole kernel corn, drained

4 tsp. melted shortening  
 Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Combine eggs and milk. Add to dry ingredients and stir until smooth. Blend in corn and shortening. Drop by teaspoon into deep hot fat, 370 degrees. Fry to golden brown, about 3 to 5 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve with syrup.

—Margery

**SPICED ORANGE MOLD**

- 1 11-oz. can Mandarin oranges
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 6 inches stick cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. whole cloves
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin
- 1 3/4 cups cold water
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1/2 cup chopped English walnuts

Drain the oranges, reserving the syrup. Add enough water to the syrup to make 1 3/4 cups. Place this syrup mixture in a saucepan and add the salt and spices. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove from the heat and let stand another ten minutes, covered, to steep. Strain. Dissolve the gelatin in this hot mixture. Add the cold water, lemon juice and orange flavoring. Chill until partially set. Stir in the orange sections and nuts and pour into a large mold.

—Dorothy

## SUMMER is at hand

Maybe it doesn't look like it outside your window, but you can make it SEEM like summer if you put your hand to some creative cooking . . . using summery flavors like Cherry, or Strawberry, or Raspberry.

Of course, for best results you'll be sure to use good old **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**, because any recipe turns out better when you add flavorful, aromatic Kitchen-Klatter. Choose from sixteen:

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



If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$1.50 for any three 3-ounce bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.00. We'll pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

**ORANGE FROSTED COOKIES**

- 1 cup shortening (part butter)
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. fresh orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in egg, juice and flavoring. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add. Add chopped nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 11 or 12 minutes, or until lightly browned. Makes about 6 dozen. When cool, frost with the following frosting.

**Orange Frosting**

- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Blend together to make a smooth icing. If more liquid is needed, add a few drops of orange juice. —Margery

**SWEET POTATO UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE**

- 1 cup water
- 2 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 3 oranges, thinly sliced
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 1/4 cups lard
- 4 eggs, separated
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups grated raw sweet potatoes
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 cup milk

Put the water and 1/4 cup of the granulated sugar in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add the orange slices, cover, and cook 20 minutes. Drain, saving the liquid, and cool. Melt the butter in a 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan, and add 1/4 cup of granulated sugar and the brown sugar. Spread evenly over the pan. Cut the orange slices in half and arrange in three rows across the bottom of the pan.

Cream the lard and remaining 2 cups of sugar until light. Add the egg yolks and flavorings and beat until fluffy. Stir in the sweet potatoes and nuts. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the

batter. Spoon the batter over the orange slices. Bake in a 325-degree oven about one hour. Cool on a rack for five minutes, then invert onto a large platter or baking sheet. This cake should be served warm with the following sauce poured over it:

**Orange Sauce**

Orange liquid plus water to make 1 cup

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter

Combine the ingredients and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly. Serve warm over the cake.

This cake reheats well when wrapped in foil.

—Dorothy

**ESCALLOPED CABBAGE**

- 1 small head cabbage
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 3/4 cup thin white sauce
- 1/2 green pepper, chopped
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup buttered crumbs
- 1/3 cup crisp bacon chips

Cut the cabbage into eighths and cook in boiling, salted water 8 minutes. Place a layer of boiled cabbage in a greased baking dish then white sauce, green pepper and cheese. Repeat and sprinkle the top with buttered crumbs and bacon chips and brown in a medium oven, 375 degrees.

—Margery

**HOT FRUIT COMPOTE**

- 1 large can sliced pineapple
- 1 1-lb. can whole apricots
- 1 can dark sweet cherries
- 3 oranges (or 1 can Mandarin oranges)
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Drain fruits. Reserve juice. (Do not use cherry juice for the mixture if you want a light, clear color. Use the cherry juice for another gelatin dish as desired.) Combine juices, honey, and cornstarch. If you are using whole oranges, peel and section 2 oranges and squeeze the juice from the 3rd, adding the juice to the other juices. Heat juice and cornstarch mixture over low heat, stirring, until clear and slightly thickened. Stir in flavorings and butter. Arrange fruit in attractive rows in a glass baking dish. Pour fruit sauce over top of fruit. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream, whipped topping or commercial sour cream. Flavor the cream or topping with honey, a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring.

—Evelyn

## STIR WITH A SILVER SPOON

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

These long evenings give one time to look over old cookbooks, gather recipes, get them into card files, and dream of those luscious dishes of years past. The White House Cook Book is always an interesting volume. My copy was published in the Nineteenth Century, and provides hours of unusual information — even humorous at times. Surely the homemaker of those years spent most of her time in the kitchen!

The preparation of food took a long time *before* it was ready for the recipe. Killing and dressing the fowl was necessarily the cook's task. She must also know the many cuts of meat in planning her meal. She ground her own meats and worked out the proper method in using her stove. The clock was not necessary, as *common sense* guided her in understanding her stove.

The old coal range is pictured, the entire top covered with kettles of food cooking as well as a big pot of coffee bubbling away. Imagine using a fancy, colored damask tablecloth (with deep fringe) upon which she has placed all of the ingredients for a pie: a kettle of fruit, crocks of flour, butter, etc. The White House Cook Book pictures these methods in photographs.

The following recipes (pronounced *receipts* then) and suggestions kept me entertained for hours, checking methods and finding many laughs. My grandmother may have used these but not my mother. Oven cooking was the method most used when my mother taught me, so the oven recipes held my attention.

Then the oven: "The oven heat is very important in baking. The heat should be tested before a cake is put in which is done by throwing on the oven floor a tablespoon of *new* flour. If the flour takes fire, or assumes a dark brown color, the temperature is too high and the oven must be cooled. If the flour remains white after a lapse of a few seconds, the temperature is too low. The oven is right when the flour browns slightly in a short while. Setting a small dish of water in the oven will prevent the cake from scorching. Cakes made with molasses burn more easily than those made with sugar." The recipes for pumpkin pie are detailed, yet fail to give definite measurements: "about a cup", "a reasonable amount"; or "stir until ready to pour", or "perhaps three", etc. The picture showing the pie being made is something to study: a huge pumpkin being prepared on the damask cloth.

The corn soup recipe sounds like good eating. "Cut from the cob and boil the cobs in water at least an hour,



Look at the cream turn to butter! There are new experiences every day at "Our House", a day-care center for preschool children in Shenandoah.

then add the grains and boil until done, then pour in a pint of *new* milk, two well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper. Continue the boiling a while longer and stir in seasoning to thicken, a tablespoon of *good* butter rubbed with two tablespoons of flour."

An interesting note on preserving: "A new method of preserving fruit is given here: pears, apples, and other fruits are reduced to a paste by jamming, which is then pressed into cakes and gently dried. When required for use it is only necessary to pour four times their weight of boiling water over them and allow them to soak twenty minutes and then add sugar to taste."

"Fruit jellies are made thusly: take a stone jar and put in the fruit, place this in a kettle of tepid water and set on the fire. Let it boil until the fruit is broken to pieces, strain in a bag and to each pint of juice allow a pound of loaf sugar. While the juice is boiling put the sugar into shallow dishes and heat it in the oven, watching to prevent burning. In twenty minutes throw the lot of sugar into the boiling juice, stirring rapidly, making certain all is well. Withdraw the kettle instantly from the fire, roll glasses in hot water and fill. The jelly should form in an hour. When cold tie up."

The Cherry Bounce would certainly give a *bounce* to the consumer. It suggests "use as wanted".

Much stress is given to "sweet lard" and "fresh butter", and "spread with a knife", and "wash and wipe the meat" before cooking.

The directions for bread-making are staggering, concluding with the advice

(Continued on page 20)



Listen to  
Kitchen-  
Klatter  
for the  
best

home-tested recipes.

- KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
- KLIN Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:10 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.
- KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



by  
Pearl Etta Richardson

February oftentimes is cold and stormy in the north temperate regions. Frequently the heaviest snowstorms of the year come in this late winter month, although it is likely, too, to have occasional warm, sunny days that point forward to spring. There is an old belief, interesting even if its value is questioned, connected with February weather. On the second day of the month, Groundhog Day, it is said that the groundhog pushes his way out of his winter burrow to look about him. If he can see his shadow, he creeps back for another sleep of six weeks; but if the day is cloudy, he knows that spring has almost come, and that there is no more time for dozing.

February has an unusual number of days of peculiar interest, such as the birthdays of Lincoln, Washington, Dickens, Lowell, and Longfellow to name a few. St. Valentine's Day, the fourteenth, is named for a Catholic saint, but if you are paying tribute to Cupid on this day, you're celebrating a custom over 2000 years old. It all started,

historians say, in ancient Rome with a February feast day when young people drew lots for partners. Later Valentine customs sprang up in England and France, and were introduced to America in the 1840's.

February, the second and shortest month of the modern calendar year, has a name no longer significant in any way. It used to mean a great deal to the ancient Romans, for it came from a word meaning "to purify". February was not one of the pioneer months; that is, it was not in that earliest calendar year which Romulus drew up. Numa, however, added *Febriaris*, but made it the twelfth month of the year. Not for centuries was it placed after January.

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November.  
February has twenty-eight alone;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting leap year; that's the time  
When February days are twenty-nine.

Remembering this catchy little jingle from grade school days has stood me in good stead through the years when I needed to know how many days in a given month. February, however, has not always been so far short of its sister months in the number of days. Caesar took one from it to lengthen his honor month, July; and when Augustus named the eighth month for himself, he, too, took from February the extra day needed to give his month distinction equal to that of Caesar's. So every four years comes leap year to give the month twenty-nine days.

If the frigid, snowbound days keep the youngsters inside, a Valentine-making session can be both time-consuming and memorable for these little ones. Birds and flowers cut from old magazines and seed catalogs and pasted on red Valentine hearts in such artistic fashion as the makers choose can be pure delight. Blotting pads of red, ornamented with white hearts, bookmarks, and napkin rings similarly decorated are simple of construction. Parents and friends to whom such tokens are given should take care to make use of them, as nothing so pleases a child as to believe that he has made something which someone else could not do without.

Valentine's Day may be devoted mostly to hearts and flowers, golden birds, and courtly missives. Few of us are so aged or cynical that we don't secretly cherish a little romance in our souls; so if you are the main chef around the place, you very well know that the monotony of end-of-winter meals can be perked up with a batch of heart-shaped biscuits, candies, or cookies. No matter how staid the hennens of the family pretend to be, just watch how their faces light up at this little act of sentiment.

A lovely white angel food cake with pink icing and a row of little cinnamon hearts around the edge just might be incentive enough to bring your way, another year, one of those frilly, heart-shaped boxes of chocolates.

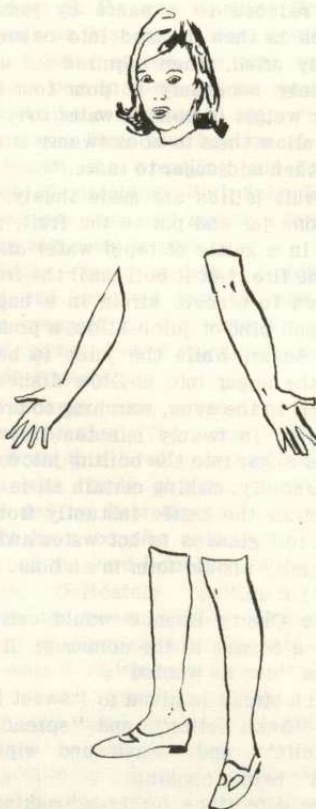
## What happened to your wardrobe?

Got some blouses that you keep shoving back in the closet because they are yellowed or dingy? Or dresses that suddenly give way — shredded and torn long before they should be?

Maybe you'd better change bleaches. You see, if you've had to make the choice between effective bleach and dangerous bleach, then you've had to settle for less than you should be getting.

Fortunately, now you don't have to sacrifice either bleaching power or complete safety, when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. It's the one bleach that gets everything sparkly and bright, yet is completely safe for all washables (even filmy new synthetics and permanent-press fabrics). Protect your precious wardrobe with

## Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



### AN IDEA

Painted orange, a black eagle decal on one side, my first washtub serves as a hamper in my utility room. It rates conversation as well.

A hoarder from way back, I decided to make use of this 35-year-old tub when my hamper wore out. Mixing some old red paint with what was left in the gold can the orange emerged compatible with the room colors and the dark paneling.

My tub sits on an old TV stand, which eliminates stooping. Wide open at the top the clothes for a particular wash are easy to find. —Marjorie Fuller



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

A book borrowed from a friend who reviewed it for a recent program has been inspirational reading, appropriately called *Lives That Inspire* by Beatrice Plumb. It concerns those from every walk of life who have made their lives meaningful. (See if your library or church library has a copy of this. It was published in 1962 by T. S. Denison Co.)

One chapter of this book, "Grace Noll Crowell, the Poet and the Woman", caught my attention. Although she wrote her first poem at age eight, it was after school, college, music, courtship and marriage that she again took up her pad and pencil to write more poetry. She married Norman H. Crowell, a writer. It was after the birth of their first son that she developed a nerve and spine weakness that kept her bedfast for a time. She learned how to carry a cross and lift another's. With her loss of them, she learned of the beauty of sparrows, blue-and-white dishes, and a little home.

Her first published poem was "The Marshland", about a broken home, a nest left desolate, and a mourning mate. It made every bird lover sympathetic. It was accepted by *The Outing Magazine*. With the five dollar check she received, she bought a linen tablecloth, which she called her "Marshland" one.

Many of her finest poems came out of her weary hours of illness including "This, Too, Will Pass". I quote the last verse:

"As certain as stars at night or dawn  
after darkness,  
Inherent as the lift of the blowing  
grass,  
Whatever your despair or your frustra-  
tion —  
This, too, will pass."

For a time the Crowell family lived in Sioux City, Iowa. Writes Beatrice Plumb, "It was here they bought their first car, and Grace in a linen duster and floating motor veil, rode froth to scale the heights of the hills known as the Broken Kettle. The name intrigued her. She wrote a poem, sent it to Scribner's magazine and it was accepted. She received the check on a Monday morning. 'How the washing got done I'll never know!' said Grace."

After moving to Texas, she gained



—Sentinel Photo  
We are very fortunate to have a fine Carnegie Library here in Shenandoah and a dedicated librarian, Mrs. Wilma Watkins, who spends countless hours lining up special material for the patrons. (In Lucile's letter she mentions details about the library.)

great recognition for her poems. In 1935 she was appointed Poet Laureate of Texas; in 1938 she was the American Mother of the Year. When a radio official asked what one wish she would ask for Christmas, she replied that spiritually, it would be peace of mind and body for herself, for troubled people everywhere, and for the world. For material things, she wanted a new rug for the back bedroom, as the other one was worn to the nap!

Probably her best-loved poem is called "So Long As There Are Homes" —

So long as there are homes to which  
men turn

At the close of day,  
So long as there are homes where chil-  
dren are —

Where women stay,  
If love and loyalty and faith be found  
Across these sills,

A stricken nation can recover from  
Its gravest ills.

So long as there are homes where fires  
burn

And there is bread,  
So long as there are homes where lamps  
are lit

And prayers are said;  
Although a people falters through the  
dark

And nations grope,  
With God himself back of these little  
homes

We still can hope.

Although Grace Noll Crowell is no longer living, her poems live on, putting into words the thoughts that many people often think. Her book *Poems of Inspiration and Courage* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$3.95) is still in print. If your bookstore does not have a copy, perhaps they can order one for you.

As my husband works on refinishing an old cane-seated chair which Mother gave me, and which was given to her years ago by her aunt, I am reminded of this poem by Grace Noll Crowell called "Grained Wood".

A century of growth, of sun and rain,  
Of calm and tempest, lie within the  
grain

That marks the lovely arms of this old  
chair.

I move a finger trip and trace them  
there

Within the curls of light: the running  
lines,

The darkened surface of the wood that  
shines,

And marvel greatly that I should pos-  
sess

In my small house such hoarded loveli-  
ness;

That I should have and hold for beau-  
ty's sake

A thing God took a century to make.

(Poems quoted from the book *Poems of Inspiration and Courage* Copyright © 1965 by Grace Noll Crowell, published by Harper & Row, \$3.95)



**Kitchen-Klatter Magazine  
makes a lovely Valentine gift.**

**\$2.00 per year, 12 issues**

**\$2.50, foreign subscriptions**

**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

"We are planning a fern garden," writes Mrs. Thelma H., Iowa. "We have a shady area on the north side of our home where nothing wants to grow. A friend suggested we plant ferns as they will grow with little care. I'm sure we would have to work up the hard, clay soil and make it more fertile. Can you advise how to do this, as well as suggest varieties of ferns for the bed. My husband wants to build a brick patio for summer outdoor living as the area is cool, shaded and protected from the wind. Any help you can give will be appreciated. Incidentally, we will be using old bricks for the floor of the patio. Can these be set in gravel or must they be cemented? We are rank beginners at both gardening and patio construction but are *determined* to do both."

Determination is half the battle, but you can count on some sore muscles, some hard diggin' and a great deal of satisfaction as your bed of ferns becomes established and your bricked patio becomes a reality. To prepare the soil properly it should be worked thoroughly either by spading or with a tiller. The latter will do the job quickly and will pulverize the clay soil better than can be done by spading. After the area is tilled, remove at least 10 inches of soil from the bed and cart it away to use as fill somewhere else in the yard. Fill the excavated space with a mixture of half humus (peat moss or leaf mold), sharp sand and good black top soil. Ferns prefer a loose soil and a mulch of leaves to duplicate their cool, moist habitat.



Alison and Emily Driftmier.

One can achieve a pleasing effect by simply planting several varieties of ferns in the same bed as they differ so in size, pattern and shades of green. Study catalogs that offer ferns and group them according to size using the taller kinds in the background, the intermediates (like the shield-fern) next and some of the miniatures at the forefront. Don't overlook the many native ferns in your area, but be sure to ask permission of the land owner if you seek roots from a country woodland.

Old bricks can be set in gravel and if the job is well done such a brick-lined patio will give service for many years. Here again, the area should be excavated to a depth of six inches and the removed earth replaced with coarse gravel. Allow this to settle and then imbed the bricks in it so they are level and firm. One can make interesting patterns by placing some of the bricks at an angle and by using both the narrow sides and the flat sides.

You can control weeds and grass that may appear between the bricks by carefully spreading rock salt over the surface and sweeping it off the bricks so it goes on the gravel between them.

## VALENTINE'S DAY

Valentine's Day retains its popularity because it is our only holiday with that personal "me to you" appeal.

Thousands of variations of "Be My Valentine" are poured onto the market each year with prices to fit all pocket-books — from one penny to bejeweled messages that may cost a hundred dollars!

## SLUSH!

I stride with accent on the heels.  
I walk on tippy-toes.  
I try a pigeon gait, or step  
Duck fashion — goodness knows,  
I always end up quite the same  
With splashes on my hose! —Unknown

## IF YOU'RE TOO BUSY — STOP!

Sometimes we have such rushing days  
As into weeks they roll;  
So one whole month has brought no time  
To just "invite the soul".  
We go to meetings, use the phone;  
We're busy day and night.  
We make out lists and check off lists;  
The schedule winds up tight.  
But then a friend brings us a flower;  
A child shares a new rhyme;  
A neighbor bakes us some good bread.  
(And didn't this take time?)  
O, how the joy and work can blend  
If we take time to love a friend.  
—Irene Rose Gray

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded.**  
wall-to-wall carpeting in all the halls and in all the rooms. How much quieter that makes things! And then there are the bedside connections with the nursing station. No more turning on a light and waiting and waiting for a nurse to come to your bedside. Now the patient can talk directly to the nurse over a little telephone device, and in some of the rooms there are television cameras that make it possible for the nurse to see the patients all times from the nursing station.

Whenever I call on a patient in the hospital, I always have prayer before completing the call. In that prayer I thank God for the wonderful miracles of modern medicine — for the drugs to kill pain, for the oxygen tanks to prevent suffocation, for modern surgical techniques, etc., etc. I say to patients, "When you lie awake at night, always say a little prayer of gratitude to God. So many millions of sick people have no hospital and no physician. Promise God that when you get out of here you will do what you can to help God bring help to all those others not as fortunate as you."

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

**"Ataturk"**

**THE BLACK GLAD**

**2 Big, Sure-to-Bloom Size Bulbs for only 25¢**

POST PAID

We sell these bulbs regularly for 35¢ each

**HENRY Field's SPECIAL OFFER**

ATATURK is a deep, velvety black glad that glistens with overtones of maroon.

**"For Over 70 Years"**

### The **BLACKEST** Glad You Ever Saw!

Ataturk is about as black as a flower can be. The color is a glistening, velvety black with overtones of maroon—not a dull black but a warm, glowing black. The vigorous, robust plant has spikes two to three feet tall, carrying 16 to 18 buds. Opens 6 to 8 flowers at a time, each one 3 to 4 inches wide.

Ataturk is so different it stands out from all other glads—when your friends look at your garden, they'll ask you about Ataturk immediately.

We send you big bulbs measuring 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 inches across. This is a low-priced offer to win new friends. Supply is limited, and this offer will not be repeated this season. Sorry, but we must limit orders to \$1.00 per person.

**HENRY Field Seed & Nursery Co.**  
7915 Oak St., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

I enclose.....for.....bulbs of "Ataturk," the **BLACK** glad, each bulb to measure 1 1/4" to 1 1/2" across, sent postpaid.

☐ Check here for big, free catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

P.O.....

State.....

(Zip No.).....

**SEWING FOR BABIES - Concluded**

applied a huge daisy in the center for a splash of color, and the resulting cover is delightfully attractive. Who minds an extra piecing seam or two on a coverlet or on an around-the-house robe, when it means a savings of 2/3 the cost from regular yardage that needs no piecing? Back to the subject of baby sewing, though, these quilted remnants make a practical and pretty bunting. You'll need enough for one 13½" square and one 35" square. You can piece the larger one, if necessary, being sure to add a bit of embroidery or trimming in some design that makes the piecing seams look planned and intentional. (Psychology? Possibly. But it works much better than haphazard, unplanned-looking piecing, anyway!) Fold the smaller square to make a triangle, with the right side of the quilted goods to the outside. Do a row of machine embroidery along the diagonal edge, back from it about the width of the presser foot, or sew a strip of pretty lace or decorative tape here. Pin lining fabric chosen, right side out, to batting side of the larger quilted square. Now, baste the triangular hood neatly to one corner of the larger square. Bind all the way around with satin blanket binding, mitering corners neatly. This makes a very attractive bunting for a newborn baby, and you can trim it to suit either boy or girl.

Since this is the year of patchwork popularity, you can carry the idea a step farther and use quilted remnants to make a small sleeping bag to delight your favorite small child. Cotton flannelette makes a practical lining, although it takes a bit longer to dry than do some goods; the flannelette is also inexpensive. And, the quilted remnants make the perfect lining for the now-popular ponchos and capes, that require so little time and expense to make. Dozens of publications now offer directions for making them, in all sizes; patterns are available; or, if you're clever, you can make your own. But I maintain that you can often substitute other fabrics for the ones specified in the directions, with acceptable results and far less expense, if you really set your mind to it. I always found that to be half the fun of sewing for small children - simply seeing what you could dream up, that cost only pennies. Truthfully, the rewards of using a creative imagination in your daily life are more stimulating (and surely much more healthful) than any "pep pill" you can buy. Rx for happiness: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine" - still so very true.

Of course, there are "about a million" possibilities on sewing for babies, and in this space it's not possible to touch on them all. Some tips



It has been several years since we've had a picture of Mother with her granddaughter Emily.

that hold true 'yesterday, today, and tomorrow' though, as the decades fly past, are details such as adding grow-tucks on those drawstring gowns, both for length in the main body of the gown and in the sleeves. Or, that raglan sleeves are so comfortable for children, and will fit comfortably for a longer time, since children's growth sometimes sprouts them in height several inches, without perceptible widening of the shoulders. Plan dress hems that will let down. For little girls who've grown taller, but not much wider, sometimes lovely baby dresses will serve as equally lovely blouse-slips under jumpers of Indianhead or sport denim or corduroy in some attractive solid color. If you wish, you can sew a ruffle or eyelet or lace around the bottom of the too-short dress, but if the jumper fabric is fairly heavy, it isn't really necessary. I once lengthened a lovely blue print princess dress, size 2, by sewing wide white eyelet embroidery flat around the hemline, and adding a touch of matching eyelet trim at the neckline; the dress drew more compliments that way than it did as originally styled. Remember, the people who write the "rules" are simply that - people, like yourself - so have a little confidence and dream up some ideas (yes, rules!) of your own. With a generous dash of common sense and good taste, your own ideas will work equally well, and you'll have the special satisfaction that comes with knowing that they *are* your own ideas.

The new "fake furs" and warm fleecy fabrics offer another direction for sewing. While fur trims on garments were always adorable on tiny tots, for hundreds of years they were practical only for the children of the wealthy. For, how to keep them clean? But now, you can make a "fur" cape, or add a furry collar to that little coat, with no trouble and little expense, and you can keep them clean right along with the garment itself. White acrylic plush makes a perfect absorbent (and wonderfully comfortable) pad to put under the

tiny baby.

As to what styles to make, that's limited only by your own imagination. Frilly dresses in no-iron fabrics, or little hoods and dresses that open out flat when not being worn, or . . . ? Ask some mother who has several children, and whose opinion you respect, what clothes proved themselves to be indispensable. The proof of the clothing is in the wearing, you know. You can make them bright and gay, to appeal to the child, and practical, to appeal to the mother, and imaginative, to appeal to the onlooker. What more can you ask?

By now you've surely gotten at least one new idea, or remembered an old favorite, and your fingers are itching to get started. As Goethe put it so many years ago, "Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute. What you can do, or dream you can, begin it." This can apply to your sewing dreams too, can't it? So don't put it off. Begin it!

## 50 YARDS LACE 98¢

Enchanting patterns & designs, Vals, edgings, insertions, braids, etc. in beautiful colors & full widths. For women's, girls', babies' dresses, pillow cases, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. None small. **FREE! 100 New Buttons!** Beautiful quality. All kinds, all sizes. ALL colors. ALL NEW. Many complete sets. 100 Buttons FREE when you order the LACE—none without Lace. Only 98¢, but pls. include 27¢ extra for post. & hdlg. or \$1.25 in all. **SPECIAL! 20 new ZIPPERS in assorted lengths and colors, only \$1.00** Money-back guarantee. Order NOW! **LACE, Dept. nl-156, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo.**



## Dinner Winner

Spark up dinner tonight with a grand new salad experience: **KITCHEN-KLATTER COUNTRY-STYLE DRESSING.** Pungent with spices, mellowed with smooth tomato flavor, not too sweet, yet not too tart. A rich, creamy, luxurious taste that makes a great marinade, as well as a dressing for salads, seafood, hard-boiled eggs, even sandwiches.

Every member of the family will slick up their salad bowl, when the dressing is

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Country Style Dressing**

**STIR WITH SILVER SPOON - Concl.**

that homemade yeast is preferred to any other.

For keeping fruit: "This method guarantees sound fruit at the end of two years: Use stone butter jars, prepare and cook the fruit as for canning in glass jars, fill the crocks with hot fruit and immediately cover with cotton batting, securely tied on. Remember that all putrefaction is caused by the invisible creatures in the air. Cooking expels all these, and they cannot pass through the cotton."

Chili sauce seems always to have had those good, snappy ingredients: "Boil together two dozen ripe tomatoes, three green peppers, cayenne pepper, one onion, half cup of sugar. Boil until thick, then add two cups vinegar. Then strain, set back on the fire and add salt, ginger, allspice, cloves, cinnamon. Boil five minutes. Very nice."

The cheese sandwich recipe is similar to ours today; then the remark "spread between two biscuits or pieces of oat cake and you could not require a better sandwich."

"Quick, delicious pudding: soak and split some crackers, lay the surface



Mother has an old White House Cook Book and it, too, has provided many an evening of entertainment. Although it was published ten years later than Mrs. Templeton's, it contains some of the amusing features referred to in this article.

over with raisins and citron. Put the halves together, tie them in a bag and boil fifteen minutes in milk."

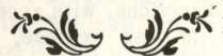
Instructions for making good coffee: "One full cup of ground coffee stirred with one egg and part of the shell, adding half a cupful of cold water. Put it into the coffee boiler and pour on to it a quart of boiling water; as it rises and begins to boil, stir it down with a silver spoon. Boil hard for twelve minutes. Remove from the fire and pour out a cupful, then pour it back into the pot. Three quarters of a pound of Java and a quarter pound of Mocha make the best coffee."

A bit of 1887 advice helps us appreciate our equipment today: "To keep meat from the flies put in sacks with enough straw around it so the flies cannot reach through. Muslin is used for the sacks, thin is as good as thick. Put a little straw in the bottom, then put in the meat and lay in the straw all around so flies cannot reach and deposit eggs."

The menu section was a delight. We who breakfast on fruit, cereal, and coffee open our eyes at this. "Baked apple, hominy, boiled fish or ham omelet, creamed potatoes, rolls, coffee" followed by noon meal of "oxtail soup, baked duck, turnips, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, macaroni in timbales, celery salad, pudding, jelly, fruit, almond macaroons, coffee." And supper on the same day: Boston oyster pie, sliced cucumber pickle, orange shortcake, tea." And this comment: "A family dinner can be made attractive and satisfactory without display or expense, consisting first with soup, then garnished fish, followed by a roast, vegetables, and some made dishes, a salad, crackers, cheese, and olives, rolls, dessert, drink." This is a sensible meal and within the means of anyone."

There is also an entire section on cooking for the sick, health suggestions, and a miscellaneous section on cleaning moths out of carpets, washing flannels, removing stains, washing black lace, washing feather beds, making soap and toilet recipes.

"This is a comprehensive cyclopedia of information for the home."

**WHEN MARTHA WASHINGTON WAS A GIRL**

When Martha was a little girl

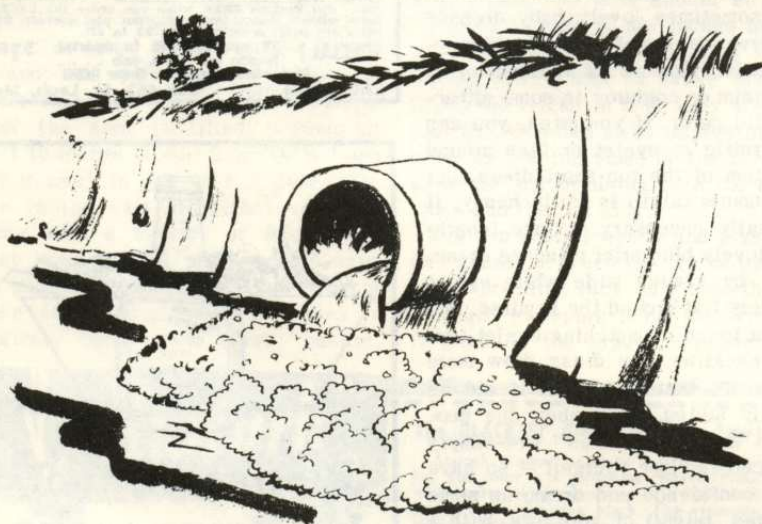
A long, long time ago,  
She didn't spend her day in play  
As I do - mercy no!

From fleecy wool each day she'd spin  
A long and slender thread,  
And then she'd weave a piece of cloth  
Of blue, or brown, or red.

She wore her hair all powdered white,  
Demure and neat in curls.  
I think she'd smile if she could see  
Short hair on little girls!

She never heard of bicycles  
Or roller skates - oh no!  
But she could dance a minuet  
And curtsy very low.

But when I think of all the fun  
I have at home and play,  
I'm sure I have much more fun  
Than girls of Martha's day! -Unknown

**WE DIDN'T DO IT!**

If you cleaned with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, you didn't dump suds, froth or scum into the environment. That's because Kitchen-Klatter is biodegradable (a big word that simply means that it chemically breaks down its already low suds).

But besides helping in the ecology movement, you're helping yourself when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. This miracle-working powder goes into solution the moment it touches water (hot or cold, hard or soft) and it goes to work cutting grease, grime and dirt the instant it hits it. Cuts cleaning time, and economical, too!

So do yourself and your environment a favor: use

# Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

**FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded**  
their instruments for making music.

All brought their poetry: ballads of heroes and tales of mighty dramas that told of the struggle of man for a life of meaning in his native land.

Each one brought homely things: a cherished dish, a familiar flower, a tree, a way of cooking, a way of worship, a family tradition.

I stood at the door saying, "Bring me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free"; but I also said, "Leave behind your old hatreds, your national prejudices, your set standards of living and class rights. These I would bar at the gates."

In America we have sworn ourselves to simple loyalty. We have bound ourselves to work and to sacrifice for this great land which gives us so much. We must give if we would gain. TOGETHER we can do much, give much, gain much.

**Narrator:** "Say, Brother Man, we got a together-job. It's not a me-job nor a you-job. It's not a black-job nor a white-job nor a red-job. It's an all-together-job of mending, where the world plays hob – the mending of a broken human mob."

And who is my neighbor, my brother?  
He who lives next door, or  
He who lives in China,  
Half the world around.

And who is my neighbor, my brother?  
He who has light skin, and  
He who has dark skin,  
We should treat them all the same.

And who is my neighbor, my brother?  
He who goes to my church,  
Or any church or synagogue.  
We all believe in one God. —Adapted

**Solo or Chorus:** "If I Had a Hammer".

**Statue of Liberty:** "An inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness." And what is happiness but sharing and caring and loving and peace of heart? This is true brotherhood upon which our country was founded "one nation under God", one people under God. One people who are concerned for each other because they care about each other . . . People who respect their country because of the ideals upon which it was founded, the goals for which it strives. Though they often fall short of those ideals and goals, they keep trying . . . People who have faith that the wrongs can be righted and goals accomplished without bloodshed and terror, through RESOLUTION, not revolution.

This country was not built by men who relied on somebody else to do the job for them. It was built by men who relied upon themselves, who dared to shape their own lives, who had courage to blaze new trails, to take the necessary risks.

The time has come, America, for us to re-establish the rights for which we stand, to re-assert our inalienable rights to human dignity, self-respect, and self-reliance, as those who wrote the Declaration intended we should have.

These are no times for little, selfish men. "These are no times for hatred. These are times for inspired leaders and dedicated people to stand forth, far visioned, stout of mind and heart. These are times for men of faith to go forward in freedom's name, their shining faith in God and brotherhood a beacon light in a dark world, drawing all men to fall in step — "marching along together, side by side".

"If America is to continue to grow, we must stop gagging at the word 'spiritual'. Our task is to re-discover and re-assert our faith in the non-utilitarian values on which American life has rested from its beginning." (Gould) "In God we trust" must again become an affirmation of faith, not just high-sounding words upon a coin.

This land of mine has beauty . . . This land of mine has pride . . . This land of mine rings with joy . . . through every countryside . . . This land began in greatness . . . As our forefathers knew . . . And we have a heritage . . . left by those faithful few . . . Born of

prayer and effort . . . Too priceless to define . . . This country, God keep her, . . . Your land and mine! WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS! (Holds torch high.)

**Narrator:** ("America the Beautiful" as background music.) I am an American, but a citizen of the world. The Golden Rule is my yardstick for human relationship. In humility and with gratitude to Almighty God I acknowledge the priceless heritage handed down to me from our forefathers. I will treasure my birthright and their ideals like them I shall hold these certain truths to be self-evident, to be nurtured and cherished as long as life lasts. The obligations that come to me as an American and as a citizen of the world, as a brother to all mankind, I will discharge with honor and pride. I am an American! I am your brother!

**Song:** "America the Beautiful", with the narrator reading the last verse as a prayer while the rest hum the melody.

"The true fountain of the brotherhood of man is belief in the knowledge that God is the Father of mankind. For us, therefore, brotherhood is not only a generous impulse but also a divine command. Others may be moved to brotherhood only by sentiment. We acknowledge brotherhood as a religious duty."  
—Harry S. Truman

## Awarded the SEAL OF APPROVAL



In the short time since we introduced **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops**, thousands and thousands of homemakers have taken it to their hearts. They tell us it's the laundry detergent they've been searching for: low suds, but with really high cleaning power. Economical, too. And the fact that it works in hot or cold water adds to its popularity.

If you're still looking for *your* dream detergent for all your laundry needs, look for **Blue Drops** at your grocer's. If he hasn't stocked it yet, ask him to. He'll appreciate the suggestion.

## Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

these crowded, happy years can be relived again and she can remember countless details about the children that would be forgotten if the record hadn't been put down in black and white. The telephone is a wonderfully quick means of communication and a source of tremendous reassurance if any major crisis develops, but I'm old-fashioned enough to think that nothing can take the place of letters and I try



Lucile's little Chihuahua, Abe, was difficult to photograph for he is constantly on the move! His favorite plaything is still the old red sock you see on the davenport.

**Don't pay  
thru the  
NOSE  
for banquet  
tables...**

**ORDER DIRECT**

FROM

**Monroe**

Churches, schools, clubs, lodges and other organizations save up to 30, 40—even 50%!—on top quality tables, chairs and other equipment by ordering DIRECT FROM MONROE! Find out how much you can save, too! Mail coupon today for FREE catalog!

**THE MONROE TABLE COMPANY**  
51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054  
Please mail me your new catalog.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

to get off long ones to her at least twice a week.

In this issue there is a picture of Mrs. Wilma Watkins, our endlessly patient and tireless librarian who has done so much for our community since she succeeded Mrs. Lorraine Weaver.

I have always been what is known as a "great reader", partly by inclination and partly by circumstance. I grew up in a home where books were considered tremendously important, and some of my earliest and most vivid memories are of Mother reading aloud to Howard and me when we were only four and three years old. I had my first library card when I was five years old, and from that time on my nose was buried in a book. Certainly it was a genuine lifesaver, this love for books, when physical disaster struck and I was cut off from the customary activities of young people.

Russell was a great reader too, and for many years we were weekly callers at the library to return a big stack of books and to pick up a new stack. We

always marveled that on such a small budget our library could supply varied and worthwhile assortment of books that would do credit to any big city library.

When Russell died on December 13th, 1963, I had no trouble at all deciding what I wished to have for a Memorial. It seemed to me most fitting and suitable that friends should remember him with a gift to the library that could be used and enjoyed by many people for years to come. Thus the Verness Memorial was created.

It is a great comfort to Juliana and to me that in our library today there are many beautiful and worthwhile books of lasting interest that never could have been managed on the annual budget. Mrs. Weaver spent endless hours going over material in her search for just the right things to buy, and when circumstances made it necessary for her to retire she passed on her enthusiasm to Mrs. Watkins. Periodically we go over lists and decide what to purchase. Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to hear the report that volumes such-and-such are being checked out constantly. In the truest meaning of the word it is a Living Memorial.

Now it is almost noon and two cardinals have come to the feeder. I want to go in by the big living room windows that overlook the garden and watch them, so until next month...

Always faithfully,

*P. Webb*

**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**

rics are in the stores — and they are so beautiful and tempting — I have the urge to get going. I haven't yet worked with polyester double knit but after reading the sewing articles in *Kitchen-Klatter* by Mary Feese and hearing Dorothy's enthusiastic comments I have the confidence to tackle it. Just talking about sewing makes me want to jump up from the typewriter and get some of my work done so I'll have time to sew. I guess I will do just that!

Sincerely,

*Margery*

**A PUPPY AT LAST - Concluded**

sell most of our dogs for pets rather than for working dogs, but we are rather selective, as a Husky can be too much dog for some people."

As I look at our fast-growing puppy I know just what she means, a Husky is a lot of dog! Our Attu certainly is one prime example. We are trying to do a good job training him as a helpful, happy pet. This is only the first step in what we trust will be a continuing story for a long time to come.

## **DARK JEWELS ZINNIAS**

OVER 1,000 BLOOMS FOR A NICKEL!

Giant 5 to 6 inch blooms in dark, shimmering colors, with just enough light colors for accent. A half dozen of these giants makes a beautiful bouquet. One packet per customer, please.

**Earl May Seed & Nursery Co.**  
1137 Elm St., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

I enclose 5c for my "Dark Jewels" Zinnia Seed and my free catalog.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_



**SPECIAL OFFER  
35c PACKET  
ONLY**

**5c**

## "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.

April ads due February 10

May ads due March 10

June ads due April 10

**THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

**\$6.00 PROFIT** per dozen lacing beautiful baby boots, baby moks. Cowboy, Warsaw, 74, Indiana 46580.

**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, Mich. 49501.

**WATCHES WANTED** - Any condition. Jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, silver. Prompt remittance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lowe's, 502 Ashbury Ct., St. Louis, Missouri 63119.

**CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD** - Jewelry, gold teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

**WILL YOU TEST NEW ITEMS** in your home? Surprisingly big pay. Latest conveniences for home, car. Friends buy on sight. Send no money. Just your name. KRISTEE, 167, Akron, Ohio 44308.

**HAVE YOU SEEN** the Friendly Magazine called "The Friendly Way"? (3 years old) 3 months - \$1.00. Box 95, Westbrook, Mn. 56183.

**OIL PAINTINGS** made from any photograph. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 353, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

**SEND TODAY FOR YOUR FREE COPY** of the WORLD'S LARGEST CATALOG OF BOOKS ON ANTIQUES. We stock over 1,500 titles at all times. MID-AMERICA BOOK COMPANY, Dept. KK, Leon, Iowa 50144.

**MAGNETIC REFRIGERATOR** patterns. 20 for \$1.25. Mrs. Harold L. Jensen, Viborg, So. Dak. 57070.

**MOTHERS AND FATHERS** Day plates. Danish, German and others. Send stamp for list. Maude House, 8009 Freeman, Kansas City, Kansas 66112.

**BETHANY COOKBOOK** - over a thousand tried recipes, featuring many Scandinavian. Send \$2.50 to Auxiliary, Eunice Anderson, 2112 S. Spring, Sioux Falls, S. D. 57105. Over 30,000 sold.

**SAVE \$10.00 to \$15.00 ON YOUR FOOD BUDGET** refunding box tops, labels. Hundreds of places to send for free cash and gifts. 3 monthly issues - \$1.00; full year - \$3.50. Golden Coins Refund Manual, 364 K, Muscatine, Iowa 52761.

**60 DOUBLE-EDGE** razor blades - \$3.00. Perriess, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

**EGGSHELLS TO OBJECT D'ART** - booklet gives instructions to decorate eggs for Christmas, Easter and special occasions - \$2.00 postpaid. Ima Ova, P.O. Box 605, Holland, Michigan 49423.

**THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR** - delightful greeting booklet (28 pages) combines greetings plus old fashioned recipes. Send to friends, relatives. 60¢ each; 3 for \$1.75. Mailing envelopes included. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

**SHELLED BLACK WALNUTS.** Pecans \$2.00Lb. English Walnuts, Hazelnuts, Cashews, Brazilis \$1.75Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

**CROSS-STITCHED APRONS** - \$3.50; bedroom slippers yarn - knitted or crocheted \$2.25 postpaid. Ruth Samuelli, Fairplay Ky. 42735.

**LADIES BATH TOWEL JACKET** pattern and instructions - 50¢. Mildred Huffman, 1106 Poplar, Wood River, Ill. 62095.

**RUGWEAVING:** Balls - \$1.50 yd.; unprepared - \$2.30. 50" rugs - \$3.40. Rowena Winters, Peru, Iowa 50222.

**KNITTED Stretch TV shoes.** \$1.50. Iva Haynes, 868 Hancock, Salina, Kans. 67401

**RECIPES!** 50 choice no-bake cookies - \$1.00; fifty more choice no-bake cookies - \$1.00; fifty luscious cakes - \$1.00; ten sugarless cookies for diabetics and weight-watchers - \$1.00. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

**HOROSCOPE.** 25¢ and stamped envelope. Birth date. Box 153-K, Creston, Iowa 50801.

**WORLDWIDE DELICACIES COOKBOOK.** Lower living costs with recipes from around the world. 1,000 choices. 256-page spiral bound masterpiece. Guaranteed. \$2.75 postpaid. Crescent Publishing Co., Hills, Minn. 56138.

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

**FUN WITH POPCORN!** Pocket book of popcorn recipes - \$1.00. Popcorn Pantry, Box 111, Garner, Iowa 50438.

**WATCH BAND CALENDAR** for 1971. \$1.00 postpaid. Box 153-K, Creston, Iowa 50801

**HANDKNIT PONCHO,** fringed. Washable, shape-holding, light. Give color, please. \$3.25, postpaid. Fits all. M. Langhorst, Box 341, Dodge, Nebr. 68633.

**SALE:** Registered puppies: Shelties; Pomeranians; Samoyeds; Wires; Pekingese; American Eskimo; Poodles; Westies. Closed Sundays. Zante's, Monroe, Iowa.

**WASHINGTON DAY** club program including musical biography. Hilarious skits. \$1.00. Rose Junker, Fairbury, Nebraska 68352.

## COVER PICTURE

So many of you asked for a picture of Lucile's little Chihuahua, Abe, that Margery got busy with her camera to see what she could come up with. She managed to get several pictures but most of them were one little blur for he moves like greased lightning. However, the one we selected for the cover gives you an idea of his tiny size.

## 1000 GOLD STRIPE 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 pstg. & pkg. or 45¢ in all. SPECIAL! 3 Sets for only \$1.20 prepaid. EXTRA! FREE Plastic Gift Box with each order for 1000 Labels! Write for FREE Money-Making Plans. FAST SERVICE! Money-back guarantee. Order NOW!

**TWO BROS. INC., Dept. b-51, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101**



## MONEY MAKING ALBUM WEDDING INVITATIONS

SELL FOR AS LOW AS 100 FOR \$1150 YOU MAKE BIG 40% CASH PROFITS!

Earn easy extra cash by showing America's biggest value wedding line. Smart designs, exciting new ideas get orders fast! Average wedding order \$50.00. Over 50 outstanding wedding accessory items that will double your wedding sales. Our line sells on sight as every prospective Bride needs and wants our items.

Send \$1.00 for album, refundable on first order or if returned in 10 days.

**ELMCRAFT CHICAGO** Dept. EW-192  
7201 SO. CICERO AVE. • CHICAGO, ILL. 60629  
or P.O. BOX 1125, CANOGA PARK, CALIF. 91304

# How's Your Hearing?

Chicago, Ill. - A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A replica of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone answering this advertisement.

Try it to see how it is worn in the privacy of your own home without cost or obligation of any kind. It's yours to keep, free. It weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Write to dept. 4431, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

## SCRAP CRAFT BOOKS

### FREE PLASTIC BOTTLE BOOK



87 clever, original projects to make from throwaway plastic bottles and jugs.

BUY THESE SIX BOOKS AND GET PLASTIC BOTTLE BOOK FREE

- PB-50 Christmas Decorations from Grocery Store Products.....75 projects
- PB-42 Make It With Coffee Cans.....61 projects
- PB-55 Make It With Yard Goods.....55 projects
- PB-39 Make It With Milk Cartons.....56 projects
- PB-40 Make It With Paper Plates.....64 projects
- PB-47 Make It With Styrofoam.....45 projects

GET ALL 7 BOOKS only \$3

IDEAS UNLIMITED Box 194-2K5  
Morton Grove, Illinois 60053

## OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



**KIT:** Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 15" tall \$6.99 p.p. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 15" \$12.45

p.p. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style 15" \$16.99 p.p.

**EVA MAE** Doll Co., Box 331  
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

# Olde Time

# 700

# Needle craft

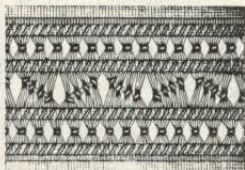


Inspirational **DESIGNS**

**INITIALS PATTERNS**

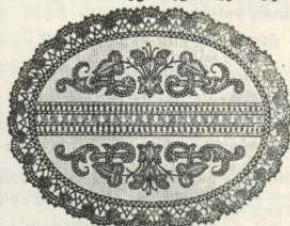
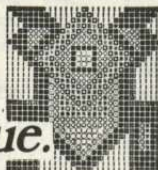


Decorative **BORDERS EDGINGS MONOGRAMS!**



Just \$1.00

Buys \$3. Value.

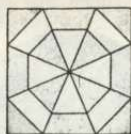
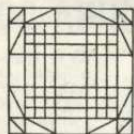


You'll find hundreds of wonderful needlecraft ideas in this book of over 700 old time designs, decorations, interesting patterns, etc.

And if you make quilts, you'll relish the 500 quilt designs included in this big book! This book is a must for every needlecraft home library!

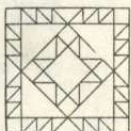
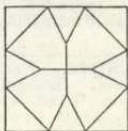
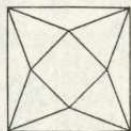
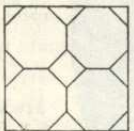
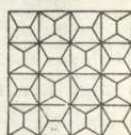
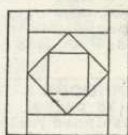
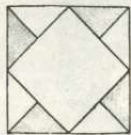
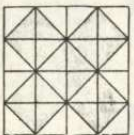
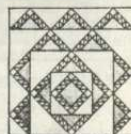
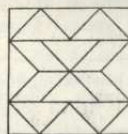
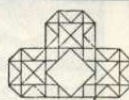
You may be pleasantly surprised to discover how useful many of these old designs and patterns can be and you may even be surprised to find how much you want to use them!

Rush \$1.00 for this big book NOW! (3 copies for \$2.50.)



## 500

## QUILT DESIGNS Alone Included



HOUSE OF WHITE BIRCHES, INC.  
BOX 337-CA SEABROOK, N. H.

Send me ..... copy(s) of your book "700 Old Time Needlecraft Designs".

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....